The Red and White

FEBRUARY, 1906

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The Red and White

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THE HISTORY OF PAPER.

The history of the progress of civilization begins with the time when the genius of man invented a sign language that could be engrossed on some material. Different races made use of different materials; stone, brick, wood, leaves, bamboo, lead, wax, silk, parchment, and papyrus were prepared and employed for that purpose.

The crowning point was reached when the manufacture of paper was devised; in other words, when the original material of which paper is to be made, is disintegrated and brought back to a fibrous condition and then changed to a new substance. It is extremely interesting to study when, where, and how this double process was first known and practiced.

The first people who made paper were no doubt the Chinese. Their records seem to credit Tsai-Loun with the invention. In the first year of the reign of Yuan-Ling (A. D. 105) Tsai-Loun is said to have reported to the emperor his process of preparing a paper from the bark of a tree, from hemp, from old rags and fish-nets. Silk and bamboo had been used before his time, but after him the manufacture of paper spread and assumed great proportions, so that we find other substances, such as moss, stalks of rice and wheat, cocoons, etc., used for this purpose. The method they employed was to soak the bark of the mulberry tree in water to bleach its yellow color; then it was mashed and put into a vat filled with water and allowed to ferment; a

gummy foam formed on the surface, and this was removed by means of a bamboo curtain. For a thin sheet, it was dipped twice, for a thick sheet five or six times. It is very probable that the invention travelled next to Japan, through Corea. The first book, "The Book of Buddha," was brought from Corea (Kudura) to Japan in 285 A. D. Nothing much is heard about books or paper until 593 A. D., when a priest introduces from Corea to Japan the art of making paper.

The bark of the mulberry tree and hemp were used as raw materials; in about 300 years the industry spread and improved, so that at last a number of varieties and sizes of paper were known and used. Since then progress came to a standstill, the ancient methods being to this day employed, wooden hammers wielded by hand mash the bark, which is carefully washed, and bleached by boiling with buckwheat ashes; a bamboo curtain, similar to the Chinese, performs a similar service. Recently European and American methods and machinery have been introduced in Japan, yet the old family shops have not been entirely supplanted.

During the eighth century the Arabs were introduced to paper and its fabrication by Chinese prisoners of war, and soon established several important paper mills in Western Asia. From there it spread to Egypt and thence to Europe. Before the year 1000, we read about paper made on the banks of the Nile. A traveler in Egypt about the year 1200 writes that the Bedouins searched the cemeteries for bandages in which the mummies were wrapped, the large pieces being used for clothing, while the smaller were sold to paper-makers and turned into a cheap quality used in stores; before this it appears that the old papyrus was altogether supplanted by the new article "paper." When the kingdom of Fez and Morocco were conquered, the invaders brought with them the art of paper making, so that before 1200 A. D. Fez had some 400 paper mills. In Spain the industry was founded by the Moors. One reads of the famous city of

Xativa and its celebrated paper; however, the industry was nearly ruined by careless methods of manufacture, but some of the mills returned to the old and thorough methods of manufacture, so that to-day Spain has probably some 200 mills. Competition was another cause of the Spanish downfall in paper making. The Arabs carried the industry to Italy through Sicily. The manufacture was probably started about the thirteenth century; factories were established; the site being used to-day for the manufacture of paper. From here it traveled into Germany, France, Switzerland, Holland and England.

It seems difficult to explain under what conditions paper was first made in Germany. The beginning of the fifteenth century saw a great many paper mills in operation in various parts of this country; the Italians no doubt had something to do with its introduction. At Ratisbon the paper mill became the property of the city, the rules prescribed for the "Pappier-Muhl" afford interesting and instructive reading since they describe in detail the work, duties, faults, punishments, wages, and every particular connected with its manufacture.

Direct testimony proves that the Italians established the first paper mill in Switzerland in 1440, and created a new industry for the country. It is interesting to note that here, as elsewhere, rags became a valuable commodity, so that the government was asked to prevent the export of this material, and there resulted protective measures giving the home industry first chance to purchase rags.

John Tate established the first mill in England at Stevenage, in Hertfordshire. This work was so important that the reigning monarch, Henry VII, visited the factory, and made several presents to the owner. Thomas Churchyard sings the praises of Master Spillman, a high German, for founding a paper mill, providing work for 600 men, risking a fortune in buildings and machinery. This happened about 1562, but in spite of the protection of the queen and tribunals, Spillman succeeded, but poorly.

"I praise the man that first did paper make,
The only thing that sets all virtues forth;
It shows new books, and keepes old workes awake,
Much more of price than all the world is worth.
. . . . . .
If paper be so precious and so pure,
So fitte for man, and serves so many wayes,
So good for use, and will so well endure,
So rare a thing, and is so much in Prayse:
Then he that made for us a Paper Mill,
So worthy well of our and worldes good will,
And though his name be Spillman by degree,
Yet Help-man now, he shall be called by me."

In 1641 a patent was granted in England for the manufacture of writing paper. Strange to say it failed because of the fears concerning the spread of contagious diseases by rags used in the manufacture, and not until 1770 can it be said that paper began a real life in England.

Italian paper makers are said to have been imported into Austria in 1370, but mills were established later by Swiss and German workmen, Marie Theresa having done considerable to improve the quality of Austrian paper.

In 1322 paper made its appearance in Holland, where the Maerland rhymed Bible was copied; the Dutch continued to use foreign paper, chiefly French, until the first attempt to manufacture it at home, owing to an increase in price, towards the end of the sixteenth century. At first a very poor quality was made and most of the mills failed, but at last a Frenchman established a mill at Speldoom in 1613, which may be considered the first successful house in Holland. The end of the seventeenth century saw the invention of the Dutch Hollander in Zaan, replacing the old stamp mills. The output was increased three-fold, while the work was done in a better manner; it appears that this important invention was kept secret for years until 1717, when it was

made known by the German architect, Leonard Christopher Strum to his compatriots. The inventor remains unknown, yet in its original principle and improved forms, it is a standard machine to-day.

In Russia, attempts were made at the manufacture of paper, but not until Peter the Great's time can the real development of the industry after the Dutch pattern, under the supervision of German paper makers, be said to have become an established fact. Previous to this, paper was imported from Italy, France, Germany and Netherlands, each replacing one another in the order named.

In France it was an early industry and they soon excelled in the art, exporting considerable into Spain, England, Switzerland, Sweden, Russia, Holland, etc. But this trade was lost by the rapid advances made by England and Holland.

About 1800 Louis Robert made a model of a paper machine in the shop of Francois Didot; this was afterwards taken to England to have a large working model built. Finally after considerable experimenting, the rights were purchased by Henry and Sealy Foudrinier, wealthy stationers and paper makers in London, who spent considerable sums of money before the machine can be said to have become a success. To-day it is the machine upon which the best paper is made.

About 1690 William Rittinghunsen, born at Booich, Holland, and preacher of the sect of Mennonites, came to America, and was one of the settlers of Germantown, Pa. He was a paper maker by profession. The printer Bradford, whom he met in Philadelphia, discussed the difficulty of obtaining paper, and as a result they established a paper mill, the first in the new world, at Roxborough, on "Paper Mill Run," a branch of the Wissahickon, a tributary of the Schuylkill.

The Rittinghunsen (later Rittenhouse) family played an important part in the development of the industry. In the latter half of the eighteenth century the United States en-

countered the same old difficulty of no rags. The demand for paper being so great, a substitute for rags was eagerly sought. Reamur, the physiologist, observing that the wasps built their nests of fibres from wood, probably gave the first impulse in the right direction. Dr. Schaffer made the same observations and tried to imitate the skill of the little artists. He succeeded in making sheets of paper from pulp made by stamping wood into fibers and the discovery was made known in 1765 in a book published by himself with samples of his paper. The results of this work was not made use of during the wars and revolutions which followed, until Kellner, a weaver, conceived the idea that wood pulp might best be prepared by grinding. He got Heinrich Voelter, a paper maker in Heidenheim, Germany, to build the first wood pulp grinder in 1844. The improved machine was patented in this country in 1858, and the first wood pulp newspaper made in this country is claimed to have been made by Russell in Franklin, Mass., for the *Boston Herald*. Straw was boiled to reduce it to a fiber. From this it spread to wood, giving a so-called soda pulp, and finally developing into a sulphite pulp or simply sulphite. At first the wood substitute for rags was considered a cheap and inferior material, but the process has so developed that to-day the newspaper, wall-paper, magazines, writing papers are either entirely wood pulp or a goodly part, the best grades having a percentage of sulphite. In Russia wood pulp is now being made into yarn for the weaving of coarse garments, the process of manufacture of the yarn being along the lines laid down by the paper maker. Paper, the aqueous deposit of a vegetable fiber, although it has passed through a wonderful series of changes on the mechanical side, yet the ancient principles are the basis upon which our modern plants are built.

Athletics

The base-ball season has now fairly begun. Coach Kittredge has arrived and early demonstrated his coaching ability by running the team through practice at a gait that smacks of the Big League. Mr. Kittredge expresses himself as pleased with the material and is sure it will develop into a splendid team as the season progresses. The new men are showing up well, and as the team will be largely composed of them, they should have the support and encouragement of the student body.

The following schedule of games has been given out by Manager Clarke:

Monday, March 19th—Trinity Park School, at Raleigh, N. C.

Thursday, March 22d—Bingham School (Mebane), at Raleigh, N. C.

Saturday, March 24—LaFayette College, at Raleigh, N.C.

Monday, March 26th—LaFayette College, at Raleigh, N. C.

Wednesday, March 28th—Oak Ridge, at Raleigh, N. C.

Monday, April 2nd—Wake Forest College, at Raleigh, N. C.

Wednesday, April 4th—Trinity College, at Durham, N. C.

Thursday, April 5th—U. N. C., at Chapel Hill, N. C.

Friday, April 6th—Guilford College, at Greensboro, N. C.

Saturday, April 7th—Davidson College, at Salisbury, or Charlotte, N. C.

Monday, April 9th—V. P. I., at Raleigh, N. C.

Wednesday, April 11th—V. P. I., at Raleigh, N. C.

Monday, April 16th—Trinity College (Easter Monday), at Raleigh, N. C.

Wednesday, April 18th—St. Johns College, at Raleigh, N. C.

Thursday, April 19th—S. C. College, at Raleigh, N. C.

Saturday, April 21st—U. N. C., at Raleigh, N. C.

Monday, April 23rd—Washington & Lee University, at Lexington, Va.

Tuesday, April 24th—V. M. I., at Lexington, Va.

Wednesday, April 25th—U. Va., at Charlottesville, Va.

Thursday, April 26th—Open. Probably Richmond College, at Richmond, Va.

Friday, April 27th—Georgetown University, at Washington, D. C.

Saturday, April 28th—Arranging for game in Norfolk, Va., with Norfolk.

Wednesday, May 2nd—Open.

Saturday, May 5th—U. Va., at Raleigh, N. C.

Monday, May 7th—Wake Forest College, at Raleigh, N. C.

Saturday, May 12th—Open.

Literary

A WOMAN'S TEARS.

Night, cool and refreshing, had wrapped Ancon Hill in darkness, and the brisk night air was bringing soothing sleep to the many sick ones who lay within the hospital that stood on the mountain's slope. The electric lights were coming on, like fire-flies in a summer's gloom, and the hospital nurses were passing quietly down the aisles of the wards dealing out the day's mail. Konnly, in the yellow fever ward, awaited eagerly the coming of his nurse. For many days he had been in the hospital dangerously ill, but now he was almost well. Each day he had scanned the columns of the Panamanian paper for news of incoming vessels, for the ships from the States brought mail, and mail meant so much. Week after week he had looked and longed for a certain letter, but the letter had never come. And even now, almost well and soon to be discharged from the hospital, he still waited for an envelope addressed in a familiar hand, and stamped with a familiar postmark. The nurse in charge approached his bed and with a smile extended him a letter, and moved on to the next cot. He took it silently, almost indifferently. The thing for which his soul had thirsted had been brought to pass, but the eagerness within him had died away. He gazed at the letter almost scornfully. The familiar, straggling handwriting failed to bring him the pleasure that he had anticipated in the delirium of his fever-guided dreams. She had decided to write at last, at last had broken the silence of many months. Perhaps she had forgiven, at least she had not forgetten; and breaking the letter open he commenced to read. Yes, she had forgiven him for all of the past. She had done more than that: she had reinstated him in her favor,

and begged him to return home and give up his dangerous work upon the isthmus.

"I know you think that I'm very weak and foolish," she had written, "but a woman's view of thing differs from a man's view. I want you to come back if you still care for me. You are too far from home, and distance is not the only thing —for there are the dreaded fevers and other dangers. I shall look for you back on the next steamer after you receive this letter. If you do not return on that or the following boat, I will know that you have ceased to care. And after this occurs, if it should, nothing that you can do or write will alter matters. We will remain acquaintances, but nothing more."

He closed the letter and leaned back against the pillow. She had declared peace and issued an ultimatum all in one document, truly a master stroke of diplomacy. And then the old longing, the home-sickness, broke upon him. He longed to be within the hearing of her sweet, soft voice, longed to take her by the hand once more. And he fell asleep dreaming of a long trip home. The forty-mile trip across the isthmus to the port of Colon. The two thousand mile trip across the Caribbean Sea, and up the Atlantic ocean, and then the sky-line of New York rearing itself above the distant horizon. And last of all, the long train journey to the South. At last, morning came and with it the daily visit of the doctor. Konnly asked for his discharge, and the doctor gave it to him reluctantly. "You have had a close call, sir; and had better be careful," he told him. And Konnly replied with a smile, "I know it, doctor, and I'm going to sail for the States to-morrow."

It was on the work train bound for the La Boca pier that the words of a friend of his came to him vividly.

"There are a lot of quitters down here," his friend had said; "men who get cold feet, and rush for home. These men retard the building of the canal and cost the United States government much more than they are worth."

So he was a quitter, Konnly reflected. Four months ago he had come to the isthmus ambitious and full of enthusiasm over the great canal, and now he had cold feet. He took the letter of the day before from his pocket and re-read it carefully. It was final; he must either comply with its demands or give up the girl. But he had come to help dig the ditch. He was not an adventurer, he had come to stay. He had bragged that death or discharge could drive him away, but that nothing else could move him. The canal must be dug, and the government was asking for men who did not fear danger and hardship. He had enlisted in the service, and now he was going to desert, and why? Because a woman had asked him to do so. The folly of it all appealed to him in a manner hitherto strange and unknown. The train blew for La Boca station, and then came roughly to a standstill. To Konnly's right wound the Rio Grande and beyond that the canal. To his left stretched the grand Pacific. The call of the work came to him as clear as bugle notes, and crumpling the letter in his hand, he alighted from the train and walked slowly toward the office of the resident engineer.

Back in the States a woman awaited anxiously the arrival of a steamer from the far South. The steamer came, but it failed to bring the person for whom she waited. Another steamer came, and still another, but the man never arrived. And the woman wept because he had not kept faith with her. But down on the canal a man worked from day to day on a boring outfit and gloried in his work. Standing on a tank float, anchored on the axis of the canal, he directed the movements of his gang and sank his holes. The sun glared down upon him with all the vigor allowed it by the torrid zone, but he only smiled. The pump stopped suddenly, and he turned and cursed at the men in a jumbled language of French and English, and the monotonous clanking began again. He put a Stilson wrench on the drill rod and turned it for a while, and then twisted the casing with the heavy prize tongs. "Another piece of casing and the oil," he called sharply to a

Jamaica nigger, and the nigger lazily obeyed. And to another he shouted, "Run aloft on your derricks and tighten the water swivel." His commands obeyed, the men again turned the A frame's drum, and the heavy drill rod pounded its way through clay, sand and mud. Dirty and wet with the water dripping from the hose, he watched the drilling. The rod was going down rapidly. "We've struck soft clay again and are making six inches at a clip," he said to himself, and smiled like a child pleased with some new toy. The pathos of a woman's tears is effective at short range, but it fails when it tries to reach across the seas. And all the power and dignity of a woman's sorrow cannot swerve a man from his chosen path, when the call of the work he loves is ringing in his ears. KENYON.

Isthmus of Panama, 1905.

A SMALL LESSON.

You's got to quit yoh foolin' if you wants to git ahead.
You's got to quit regrettin' 'bout de chances dat is fled.
An' hopin' dat de future gwine to be so sweet an' grand
You's sure to grab de prizes without reachin' out yoh hand.
De butterfly is han'some es' as long as she's alive,
But homely Mistuh Bee done got de honey in de hive.
De leaves will sure be drappin' an' de wind is boun' to blow.
You wants to quit yoh foolin' or you won't stan' any show.

It's mighty sweet to hear de bird a-singin' f'um de tree,
But, son, you isn't any bird an' never gwine to be.
An' when de air is bitin' an' de frost is shinin' white,
You can't git up an' fly to whah de sky is blue an' bright.
It's hahd to keep f'um dancin' when you hears de music play,

But de man dat sticks to walkin' makes de progress on de way.
You may have uncommon smartness; folks may call you brave and strong,
But you got to quit yoh foolin' if you 'specks to git along.
—*Washington Star.*

THE REFORM MOVEMENT.

Concerning the wave of reform that has been sweeping over the country for the past year or so, it is worth while to pause for meditation and consider whether this "awakening of the civic conscience" is something that has gained its impetus from the too frequent tendency of the American people to dwell upon those matters and things that for a time arouse their interest and give them something to talk about, or whether it is based solidly on the desire for sane improvement and betterment of society in general. Upon one of these two points hinges the question whether this popular clamor against graft and dishonest methods in high places is something of the nature of a passing fad to be talked about to-day and let alone to-morrow, or whether it is something of lasting and permanent value. The American citizen is too prone to "let things slide," when he cannot see his way to obtain certain results immediately and with the cost of but a small portion of his thought, time and labor. It is indeed a hard matter to keep up the interest of the people in things that concern them most.

Presidents of our republic may come and go; officers of the big trusts and corporations may be superseded by others, but the fact that to-day we have turned out a few rascals is no guarantee that we will not have other rascals with us to-morrow. It was Thomas Jefferson, I believe, who said,

"Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." But really, isn't "eternal vigilance" the price of everything that we would keep? If for the sake of the life of our nation, we would continue to possess our saving portion of civic virtue, each generation must march to the fore girded to take up its part of the burden of the fight. A sort of continuous battle, if you please—for the fighting of graft and dishonesty is as old as the hills.

To-morrow we college men will, in our time, be occupying many of these higher places in commercial and political life, and with our feet upon the threshold of the industrial world and just about to enter, is it not worth our while to pause just for a moment to consider this question of common honesty in private and public life and then decide for ourselves that not only will we keep ourselves from all questionable and reprehensible methods of earning our daily bread, but that we will ever keep ourselves in the aggressive ranks of those battling against those methods? There is nothing sweeter to the healthy mind than conduct by conscience sustained.

SAMUEL HAMPTON SMITH.

CUPID'S DART.

It was a beautiful July day; the sky was without a cloud and the air was laden with invigorating breezes from the ocean.

On the spacious veranda of a large hotel in New Jersey stood a crowd of laughing girls awaiting the arrival of a steamer which was to bring the Senior Class from the U. S. Naval Academy for a month's stay before starting on their cruise.

There was one figure in the group who always commanded a second glance from any passer-by. This was none other

than Winifred Meredith. On this particular evening she looked unusually pretty in a soft fluffy gown of white muslin. The delicate pink of her plump arms and exquisitely shaped neck contrasted well with the sparkling beauty of her dark brown eyes and golden hair.

They were in the midst of an animated discussion when the sound of a steamboat whistle caused them to look around, and they saw the longed-for ship swiftly putting into port. The ship being anchored, the cadets soon found themselves in the midst of this group of charming girls. Among the first to meet Winifred was the President of the Senior Class, Jack Seldon. He was a tall, handsome fellow, with broad shoulders, mischievous brown eyes, and wavy black hair. With this striking personage we do not wonder that Winifred soon fell desperately in love.

After dinner all the young people of the hotel retired to the ball-room, where they were soon engaged in the figures of a german. It had been arranged for Winifred to lead it with Jack, and as they glided softly over the floor they became more and more charmed with each other.

From this on they were the most ardent lovers, and could be seen at almost any time strolling along the beach, sailing, or in the midst of large surf parties. This continued until Jack in his eagerness to find if Winifred's love was true, decided to flirt with some of the other girls of the hotel. He carried this to such an extreme that poor Winifred was almost driven to distraction.

One morning on her breakfast tray she found a note. Thinking possibly it was from Jack, she eagerly tore it open to find only an invitation to a surf party at eleven o'clock. She accepted, hoping in some way to see her "Ideal" and have a definite understanding as to his conduct.

When the party gathered, her heart sank to see him swim off with Edna Whitmore. Every one seemed to be having a delightful time, when suddenly the chaperon called loudly for help. All the men rushed to her assistance, thus leav-

ing Winifred, who was farther out than the others—alone. In the strong belief that Jack did not love her, she decided that this would be a good opportunity to put an end to her unhappy life. Just as she appeared the third time above the crest of the wave, Jack saw her and swiftly swam to her rescue. But alas! too late!!

He succeeded in carrying her lifeless form to shore. Kneeling beside her and pressing upon her forehead his first kiss, he cried in anguish: "Oh! my darling, my precious love, come back to me. If you had but known how I loved you and how it wrung my heart to treat you as I did."

The crowd noting the disturbance soon gathered, to find the dead body of this beautiful and popular girl, beside which the prostrate form of Jack Seldon. This sudden grief was too much for his already overtaxed mind and after a long illness he died a raving maniac. C. F.

JOAN OF ARC.

Nearly every schoolboy has heard the name of Joan of Arc, but most of them and many older people do not know her story.

Joan of Arc was born January 6, 1412, in the village of Domreny of Lorraine, a province of France. Her childhood was that of the ordinary peasant girl of that time. Her father was poor, but owned a little land. Joan did not have any education, but was taught the Catholic faith and the creed of the saints. She liked to listen to the silvery chimes of the church-bell in the evening, and delighted to give her small coins to the poor.

It was when Joan was a maid, that France was about to lose her existence as a nation. England had been warring against her for a hundred years and France's own Queen was

entering into conspiracy with the foes of her country. The French stood in such awe of the English that it is said that one Englishman could whip four or five Frenchman in the field.

Joan of Arc had heard the old prophecy that "France, lost by a woman, shall be saved by a woman." She was surprised when she heard that the savior of France was to be a virgin from Lorraine, her own country.

The distress of the people around her, filled her heart with pity. After a while she came to believe that Merlin's prophecy applied to her, and that God was calling her to the great work of saving France. She confided her hopes to her father and asked him to help her. He wanted her to marry, but she vowed to remain a virgin. After much persuasion, she gained the governor's permission to see the king, and she set out attended by two trusty knights and several men of lesser rank. She asked the king to give her men so that she might go to meet the English, and after much delay the king gave her the desired permission. A suit of beautiful armor was given her and she was put at the head of the Army of France. Her faith in her high mission aroused confidence in the French troops and disconcerted the English.

At last everything was ready, and she set out to deliver Orleans. Night and morning there was one thing she would not omit. An altar was raised, the consecrated standard placed beside it, songs were sung, and virgin and soldiers took the sacrament together.

The English troops were soon defeated by the intrepidity and courage of the French troops and their leader, and the way was made clear for Charles to be crowned King of France.

Her mission done, she desired to go back to her mother and father and her brothers and sisters, but the selfish king wanted her to go on a campaign of conquest. Joan protested, but the king was importunate and at last Joan consented. Joan led the troops with great bravery, but in one action she was captured by the English and led into captivity.

The English hated her and brought all kinds of shameful accusations against her, and at last she was tried for her life. They could not prove their base charges against her, and knew that if they put her to death without some excuse, her death would be considered a martyrdom. By the meanest treachery she was persuaded to sign her name to what she thought was a form of recantation, but which was really a confession of the charges brought against her.

She was condemned to die and was at last carried to the stake to be burned. She was chained high upon the pile, and the fire started, while she prayed aloud for her king, her friends, and her enemies. The flames caught her in their warm embrace, and with one last cry of "Jesus," she expired, and Joan of Arc rode into history, the bravest of the brave.

S. E. '07.

"JUST AS THE SUN WENT DOWN."

"One kissed a ringlet of thin gray hair,
The other, a lock of brown,
Bidding farewell to the stars and stripes,
Just as the sun went down."

The sun was slowly sinking in the west. The western sky was a bright crimson, as if colored with the blood of the gallant heroes who had fallen in that last terrible charge made by the United States Marines on the stone fort that defended Guantanamo Bay. The men who had given their lives in this battle had not died in vain. They died nobly in defense of their country's honor and flag. But now the fort was taken. The Spaniards who survived were taken prisoners, and the victors, worn out by a long, hot day of constant fighting, sank down, exhausted, as soon as they had secured their prisoners. The air was calm and sultry and the only sounds

to be heard were the groans and cries of the wounded and the beating of the surf upon the rocky shore.

This was war in all its horror. Noble men shot down, some dead, some dying; others, wounded and unable to move, suffering beyond all description from both their wounds and from the want of water.

Within six hundred yards of the stone fort lay two men, mortally wounded. One was older than the other and tried to comfort him, but words were of no avail now. The sufferings of both men were so intense that neither heard what the other had to say. Their thoughts were far away.

The older man, Walter Anderson, thought of his gray-haired mother, far away in her Southern home. He had been her only means of support, and now he could help her no more. "What would she do for support now?" groaned he. His mind wandered back to the days when he was young and happy. The little farm; the many happy days he had spent there. His father was living then, and fortune smiled on the happy family. Why had he enlisted in the Marine Corps against his mother's wish? He had always been an obstinate, headstrong boy—he had sown his wild oats and was now reaping them. His dear old mother,—she had been his best friend and had done all she could do for her boy, but now, he lay on a Cuban battlefield, dying, and she had no one to tell her where her son was, nobody to comfort her in her old age. She would go on, living on the old farm, waiting for her wandering boy, whom she would never see again, perhaps never hear of. Yes, she would at least be notified by the Navy Department that he was dead. Her grief would be inconsolable and there would be no one to comfort her. Bad as he had been, his mother still loved her boy, and would always love him. He would never see her again. Drawing from his pocket a ringlet of thin gray hair and kissing it, he lay over on his back—dead.

A long-drawn sigh came from Walter Jacobs, the younger of the two men. He had seen his comrade draw from his

pocket the lock of hair and mechanically he drew from his own pocket a lock of deep brown. He thought of a fair girl he had left nearly a year ago when he enlisted. He knew his life would soon be gone—no man could live, shot like he was. He would never see his devoted Carrie again. He and Carrie Baker had been engaged for several months before the war broke out and would have been married now, but Jacobs's enlistment delayed their plans indefinitely, and as it now proved—forever.

F. S. A.

THE LOVE OF A SOLDIER.

Edgar Wallace was the only son of a rich old farmer. He was loved and respected by all who knew him, and with his gentlemanly ways he won a large circle of friends. He always shunned evil companions and never yielded to the many temptations which daily confronted him.

When he had finished the High School at his home, his father sent him to a minor college, where he was prepared for Yale. Edgar was a friend of every one in college and it was with a heavy heart that he told them good-bye and listened to their words of praise and their many wishes for his great success.

The next fall Edgar entered the Freshman class at Yale, and there he determined that the wishes of his former fellow-students and friends should be fulfilled. He studied day and night and made use of every moment of his college life. After finishing his first year's work, he started for home, when, by mere chance he became acquainted with Miss Margurite Houstin. He was walking down the aisle of a very crowded car looking for a seat, when he noticed a young lady, with whom no one was sitting; so he approached her and handed her his card.

"Pardon me," he said, "but I have been traveling all day and if you do not object I would like very much to occupy this seat with you."

After some hesitation, during which she eyed him very closely, Margurite consented to share her seat with Edgar, and before they reached their destination she had become very friendly to him. Edgar was very much pleased at having met so pretty a girl and began to like her from the beginning. Margurite also seemed so well pleased with Edgar that he took advantage of this fact and asked for permission to correspond with her, which was granted. They were both true to their promise and, after having received many letters from each other, their mutual friendship began to grow stronger and stronger until finally it became love. Luck favored them and they spent many happy moments together during the summer. But it was with a sad heart that Edgar said good-bye to Margurite when he left to take up his studies again at Yale.

Days seemed as long as months to the young student, and the suffering which he felt from being parted from the one he loved, cannot be expressed in words. Many were the times that he lay awake in the dead hours of night thinking of Margurite and praying that the time would not be long before he might look into those brown eyes once more. Although Edgar was very much in love he never allowed the thought to interfere with his duties, and to his friends great surprise he graduated at the head of his class. Margurite was very much pleased at this and loved him all the better because he had won such an honor.

Soon after Edgar had graduated, the Spanish-American War began. There came a cry for volunteers and Edgar Wallace was among the first to respond to the call. As he did not want his enlistment to be generally known it was not made public until after his departure. The night preceding the morning on which he left he wrote a note to be delivered to Margurite after he was gone. The note read as follows:

DEAR MARGIE:—It has been my lifetime desire to do something for my country, and now, although my life is at stake, I have volunteered as a soldier. Ere this reaches you I will be far out upon the mighty waters. I did not come to tell you good-bye because I knew you would object to my going. Although it nearly breaks my heart to write this, I feel that it is my duty, and now, dear, remember that I love you and will until death. Margurite, although it pains me to say it, good-bye forever, if we should never meet again.

Lovingly, EDGAR.

When this sad letter reached Margurite she was very much surprised as well as shocked to learn that her lover had left so unexpectedly on such a dangerous mission. The girl looked on his departure almost as an act of desertion, and worried over it constantly. One day her grief became so violent that she fell to the floor and wept like a child for the one she so dearly loved. But her mother soon consoled her by saying that God would protect the brave boy who had so willingly put his life at stake for the honor of his country.

As soon as Edgar reached land he wrote Margurite a cheerful letter, in which he assured her that he was perfectly safe.

These words were very comforting to her stricken heart, and they seemed to make the dark moments of her life brighter. But all the time she could not help fearing that something would happen to Edgar—and who knew but that it would be death!

Alas! It was on a dark, cloudy morning that Margurite was looking over a newspaper and saw that General Andrews, with his army, was marching to meet the Spanish, who were only fifty miles away. As she read this her color changed to a deathly pallor. She knew that Edgar had enlisted in this division of the army. Between her lover and possible death there was only fifty miles. Each moment was making this distance even less. The poor girl passed the next two days in a horrible suspense, which unnerved her almost as much as the news of Edgar's death would have done.

But to return to the American soldiers in Cuba. On the morning after she had seen the news in the paper, Edgar's regiment was charging up a hill towards the Spaniards. By hard fighting and with a heavy loss of men, they won a complete victory. After a few moments' rest, the General gave orders that the dead be searched for their names and then buried. On one brave soldier was found a card bearing the word "Edgar," the other part of his name having been destroyed by the bullet that killed him.

The morning after the battle found Margurite eagerly reading the newspaper. Her eyes fell upon the word Edgar. A feeling of horror seized her. Tremblingly she read all concerning this "Edgar." So sure was she that it was her sweetheart that she fell unconscious. This shock to the poor girl caused her to be taken with a serious illness, from which she was some time recovering.

Edgar Wallace came out of the battle unhurt and immediately wrote Margurite to let her know that the man, "Edgar," who was dead was not her Edgar. By some misfortune she never received his letter. Not hearing from her as soon as he expected, he wrote again, and still received no answer. The third and fourth were written, but all were lost or destroyed, and Edgar, thinking that he was forgotten, never wrote again.

After Margurite's illness her health remained so poor that her father planned to take her to some foreign country. Immediately after the war had ended and affairs began to be more quiet, Mr. Houstin and Margurite started on their journey, unaware that Edgar Wallace was nearing the harbor of New York, from which they were about to depart.

The wharves were not very crowded that day. So when the young soldier stepped on land and glanced over the people, who should his eyes fall upon but Margurite. It was so unexpected that he could not believe his own eyes, but one more glance convinced him. He quickened his step and was soon

by her side, where he was received with many warm kisses, which he never forgot. Margurite's trip abroad was postponed, and after a few months, in which Edgar devoted most of his time to her, she became —Mrs. Edgar Wallace.

D. N. A., '08.

The Red and White

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PRIZES ARE OFFERED FOR THE BEST ESSAY, THE BEST STORY AND THE BEST POEM.

The appearance of last month's issue was the occasion for a grand rally of the tribe of knockers. With "big sticks" and sledge hammers galore, they kept up their mighty knocking, and the editor and the staff were compelled to retire in confusion to the "tall timbers," so great was the noise thereof. Now, in the name of all the gods at once, what do you want? You say you want more stories and better stories. What kind? You answer in kittenish murmurings, "Love stories." Shades of Romeo and Juliet! So you think we can manufacture Laura Jean Libbey or Bertha Clay love stories for you? Why not go to a bookstore and buy those "wishy-washy," "lovey-dovey" stories that fairly reek with sentimentality, and in their honied contents satisfy your morbid craving?

We would not publish one single story of this class were it not for obvious reasons. We cannot say, "To the devil with the people," for more obvious reasons. And so we must keep on as we have always done; depending on you for help that we never get; burning oil in "the wee sma' hours o' night," that you may be satisfied; and in return—hear the knocking of the rabble, a practice that dates from the time of the children of Israel.

The chief engineer of one of the largest and best managed railway systems in the country said the other day, "I will not have men who have not had a college training, at the head of any department. I endeavor also to have as their assistants, men with a technical training. While these men cannot be held in the organization long because there is little room for advancement, yet their higher average intelligence makes it worth while to have them." In his address to the students of Harvard University, President Eliot says, "The great distinction between the privileged class to which you belong, the class that has opportunity for prolonged education, and the much larger class that has not that opportunity, is that the educated class lives mainly by the exercise of intellectual powers and gets therefore much greater enjoyment out of life than the much larger class that earns a livelihood chiefly by the exercise of bodily powers. You ought to obtain here, therefore, the trained capacity for mental labor, rapid, intense, and sustained. That is the great thing to get in college, long before the professional school is entered. Get it now. Get it in the years of college life. It is the main achievement of college life to win this mental force, this capacity for keen observation, just inference, and sustained forethought, for everything that we mean by the reasoning power of man. That capacity will be the main source of intellectual joys and of happiness and content throughout a long and busy life."

In these two quotations we have both sides of the question. One from the point of view of the scholar, the teacher, and the other from the viewpoint of the man who has learned from experience. Both show that the man of to-day is the man who can think. It is the men who can think that hold the ten thousand dollar a year jobs. It is the men who can think that become "captains of industry." "Learn to think when you are in college," says the teacher, and then "it will be worth while to have you," says the practical man. These statements from those who know, should indelibly stamp in every college man's brain the fact that if he would get the best of this world's life, he must learn to think.

The position of Literary Editor of the RED AND WHITE, made vacant by the death of Mr. Moore, has been filled by Mr. S. Eldridge of the Junior Class.

Comics

The following is an extract from the editorial columns of a South Dakota County newspaper:

"We have heard it stated the society leader of the town kneads bread with her gloves on. That is not strange. We need bread with our shoes on and we need bread with them off. We need bread with our coat on, and we need bread with it off; and if the subscribers of this old rag of freedom don't pay up their subscription we will need bread without a darned thing on, and South Dakota is no garden of Eden in the winter time."

TO THE BOARDING DEPARTMENT.

Ye gods, it doth amaze me
A man in a Republic should
So get the start of his fellow men
And control a government alone!
Why, he doth bestride these mighty States
Like a Collossus, and we, the very
Backbone of all his greatness, must
Crawl with condescension 'neath his legs
Grateful for our mere existence.
Now, in the name of all the gods at once,
Upon what right doth this tyrant
Base his claim to power?

PROPOSED CHANGES IN FOOT-BALL,

SUGGESTED BY GEO. ADE.

"Under the revised rules, which I am now submitting through the medium of your valuable paper, the test of a player's ability will be his class standing. It is hoped that these rules will be approved by that vast army of editorial writers whose knowledge of the game has been obtained by reading the headlines. Walter Camp may object to some of the provisions, but what care we.

"Selection of players—the eleven players constituting the team shall be selected by the faculty, and the student who had received the highest grade in Greek mythology shall be captain of the team. No student shall be eligible for the team unless he is up in his class work and has an established reputation for piety.

"Weather conditions.—In case of rain, snow, high wind, extreme heat or cold, a contest may be indefinitely postponed or transferred to a class-room.

"Preliminaries.—When a team appears on a field for a contest, it shall greet opposing team with the Chautauqua salute, which consists of waving the handkerchief. After this a few friendly chats concerning books and writers may precede the opening of the game.

"Substitute for Toss.—Instead of tossing a coin to determine which side gets the ball, the two captains shall be called upon to extract a cube root of a given number provided by the professor of mathematics. The captain who is first to hand in the correct solution gets the ball.

"Advancing the Ball.—The ball having been placed in the center of the field, the umpire, who must be a professor of geology, exhibits to the team having possession of the ball a fossil. All members of the team who think they can name the geological period to which the fossil belongs hold up their

right hand. The umpire selects a player to name the period. If he answers correctly, he advances the ball two yards. If, in addition, he gives the scientific name of the fossil, he advances the ball five yards.

"Off-side Plays.—Any player who makes a grammatical error, mispronounces a word or seeks assistance from a fellow student, shall be deemed guilty of an off-side play, and his side shall be penalized at least five yards.

"Substitute for Kicking Goal.—After a touchdown has been made, the team making it shall be credited with five points and the captain of the team shall translate 500 words of Cæsar's Commentaries. If he does so without an error his team is given an additional point, the same as if a goal were kicked. If he fails, the ball goes to the opposite team on the twenty-five yard line.

"Resuming Play.—On resuming play after a touchdown, one of the players, to be known as 'It,' is blindfolded and the other players join hands and circle around him, singing—

"London bridge is falling down,
Falling down, falling down,
London bridge is falling down,
So farewell, my ladies."

"While the players are circling about, the player known as 'It,' touches one of the others in a gentlemanly manner and asks him three questions, which must be answered. Then he tries to guess the name of the player. If he succeeds, he picks up the ball and advances it fifteen yards.

"Conduct During Game.—No pushing, scuffling or boisterous conversation will be permitted. Both players and spectators must maintain absolute silence during the mental tests.

"These rules probably will require further elaboration, but as they are given herewith they are sufficient to start the game on a new humane system."

Exchanges

The *College Message* from Greensboro, N. C., is an attractive little magazine from the outside, and upon investigation we find some readable matter within. "The Awakening," the best of the four love stories, is creditable. Now, love stories are all right occasionally, but we think four at one time in a magazine is too many. A few articles containing some heavy matter, poetry and one love story in each issue would greatly improve the standard of your publication.

From Tuscan, Arizona, comes the *University Monthly* richly attired in a new garb—a decided improvement upon the old. "Pet's Experience As a Cow Puncher," is a humorously written article, setting for the trials and tribulations of a young Scotch immigrant. "Twilight," a poem, is fair; while "Arizona" is one of the best poems it has been our pleasure to read this year in any college magazine. It is a patriotic appeal for Statehood separately, and not jointly, with New Mexico. The editorial department is especially strong in this number. The editor in the most emphatic terms states his objection to Statehood with New Mexico.

"Nature's Contradiction," in *The Erskiman,* is an exceptionally well written piece of poetry:

"Why should the spirit of mortals be proud,"
In foolish mockery the poet cries;
His days are short and fraught with sighs,
With cares and wearisome burdens ploughed.
But foolish this—naught can enshroud
His greatness who can reach the skies
And higher than the heavens rise,
For with God's gifts man is endowed.
A babe can play on the ocean's beach,
Innocently stand on the mountain's crest,
Teasingly toss its head toward the blue
And truthfully speak unto all and each:
"Ye are by nameless infinity blest;
I'm only a child. but greater than you."

"Three Heroines in Poetry" is an article which shows the author to be a lover of poetry. Two of the heroines are creations which Shakespeare's genius has made so lovable; Portia and Rosalind. Portia is dignified, noble, Rosalind mirthful and vivacious. Each is intellectual, brilliant, witty, each is truly womanly and lovable. Perhaps the most beautiful traits brought out in Portia's character is her devotion and respect toward her father's memory. Rosalind has been compared to a "May morning, the silvery summer clouds, a mountain stream sparkling in the bright sunshine." She is tender and loving in disposition. Her heart is full of mirth, yet she never loses her dignity. The other creation is Longfellow's Evangeline. There is no more pathetic story of a woman's loyalty than Longfellow tells of the love of Evangeline for Gabriel. The girlhood of Evangeline appeals to us strongly, yet it does not appeal to us so strongly as her mature womanhood.

We are always glad to welcome an exchange like the *University of North Carolina Magazine*. It is one of our best exchanges. It is well balanced, and its stories, essays and poetry are of the first class.

In the *Wofford College Journal,* we find several stories of merit. "One Night's Experience" is well written. "Soul's Final Triumph" is a story which is seldom equalled in a college magazine.

The *Limestone Star* from Gaffney, S. C., is both good and bad. The good is very good and the bad is very bad indeed. The good consists of two essays, "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," and "Thomas Hood." The poetry is fair. The bad—we won't mention it.

The *Mercerian* we hope will awake from their sleep some day, and use cut pages. We would like to read the *Mercerian* as it is usually a very creditable magazine, but we haven't time to cut the leaves.

The January number of the *Clemson College Chronicle* is superb. It is about evenly divided between solid matter and fiction. We have only one criticism to make—there is a dearth of poetry.

We acknowledge our usual exchanges.

Clippings

REJECTED.

Unto the charnel Hall of Fame
The dead alone should go;
Then write not there the living name
Of Edgar Allan Poe.
—*John B. Tabb, in New York Times.*

Now listen to my tale of woe,
It really is no joke:
When I go forth on pleasure *bent*
I always come back broke.

Three is a crowd, and there were three;
He, the lamp and she;
Two is company, and no doubt—
This is the reason the lamp went out.

Said an A. & M. cadet to his Juliet,
"I'm like a ship at sea,
Exams are near and I much fear
That foundered I shall be,"
"Oh! no," said she, "the shore I'll be
Canst rest, your journey o'er,"
Then silence fell and all was well
For the ship had hugged the shore.

He put his arms around her
The color left her cheek
And stayed upon his coat sleeves
For just about a week.

A very young Sub., a promising lad,
Struck old A. & M. and went to the bad;
One Saturday night,
He came home tight,
And now—but it is so sad.

She came, she saw, she conquered;
But I was not her foe—
I came, saw, was conquered,
And now I am her beau.
—*Trinitonian.*

FOLLY.

Folly wears a broidered robe
Rich with fair and purple dyes;
Golden stars are round her brow,
Silver starlight in her eyes.

Folly holds the wine of life
In a cup of carven jade;
Smiling whispers, "Stoop and drink,
Stoop and drink it unafraid."

Folly sets her lips to mine—
  Sweet as mellow fruit her lips—
All the lure that moves the world
  Thrills me to the finger-tips.

Folly, with her tinseled feet,
  Leads me through the shifting dance,
And with music of her voice,
  Back to lands of Lost Romance.

Good my masters, one and all,
  Ye that flaunt and flout at her,
I have found the spell she weaves
  Sweeter than all things that were.

K. S. Goodman—In the Nassau Lit.

A MISTAKE.

A maid, two men, they love her so,
A brother small, a mischief though;
Electric switch outside the door,
A click, and darkness settles o'er.

Each suitor swiftly moves his chair,
Each finds the hand he'd hold fore'er;
Each pressure is returned, oh, bliss!
Each takes a very willing kiss.

Another click, the light is on,
A moment more the men have gone;
A maiden laughs in joyous glee,
They'd held each other's hands, you see!

—Ex.

Freshman year—Comedy of Errors.
Sophomore year—Much Ado About Nothing.
Junior year—As You Like It.
Senior year—All's Well That Ends Well.—*Ex.*

Locals

Are you going to board out?

E. W. Pegram, '07, has withdrawn from College to accept a lucrative position at Gastonia.

Mr. W. B. Cartwright, '05, was on the "Hill" recently. Brozier has a good position with the S. A. L. railroad.

Messrs. C. W. Hackett and J. L. Pinkus, both former students of the College, have been visiting friends here recently.

At a recent meeting of the Senior Class, Mr. W. S. Tomlinson was elected commencement orator to represent the class.

Mr. Koboyschi, a native of Japan, delivered a very interesting and instructive lecture here last month on Japan, its past and present.

Walter Clark, Jr., and Branner Gilmer, former students of A. and M., but now of George Washington University, were visiting here recently.

Mr. Leslie Jordan, '06, has received an appointment to the Naval Academy at Annapolis. We are sorry to lose Leslie, but wish him success in his new course.

Mr. Kittredge, our base-ball coach, is here, and has had the base-ball squad out "warming up." He expresses himself as being well pleased with the showing the boys are making.

The younger members of the faculty entertained in a rather unique way Thursday evening, February 8th. The event was a skating party, and those who had the pleasure of being present reported a delightful time.

The A. and M. College Glee Club, assisted by the orchestra, gave its annual concert at the Academy of Music Tuesday evening, January 30th. The concert was a success in every way. On Friday evening, February 16th, they gave a concert in the auditorium of the State Normal College of Greensboro, N. C.

On January 19th, the German Club gave their dance in the Olivia Raney Hall. This was the first of the mid-term dances, which proved a brilliant success. The music was from Washington, D. C., and added much to the excellency of the dance. Mr. Lewis T. Winston, with Miss Nettie Davis, of Spartanburg, S. C., led with unusual grace, and many beautiful and complex figures were executed. Mr. T. M. Lykes with Miss Lillie Ferrall ably assisted. The couples were as follows: Mr. J. O. Shuford with Miss Irene Marsden; Mr. R. R. Faison with Miss McIntosh, of Norfolk, Va.; Mr. J. P. Lovill with Miss Rosa Skinner; Mr. L. Moore with Miss Irene Lacy; Mr. Gordon Smith with Miss Mary Barbee; Mr. R. H. Harper with Miss Emily Higgs; Mr. W. C. Piver with Miss Lily Skinner; Mr. L. T. Winston with Miss Nettie Davis, of Spartanburg, S. C.; Mr. K. Council with Miss Jessamine Higgs; Mr. E. N. Pegram with Miss Caro Gray; Mr. B. B. Lattimore with Miss Ruby Norris; Mr. W. N. Holt with Miss Sackie Latta; Mr. A. B. Suttle with Miss Lizzie Rogers; Mr. J. D. Clarke with Miss Louise Linton; Mr. W. S. Tomlinson with Miss Cribbs, of Georgia; Mr. T. M. Lykes with Miss Lillie Ferrall; Mr. Reid Tull with Miss Narnie Rogers. Stags: Messrs. R. Long, A. B. Piver, P. W. Hardie. Chaperones: Mesdames Norris, Skinner and Turner, Miss Mattie Higgs.

FEBRUARY GERMAN.

The German Club gave the second of its mid-term dances February 9th in the Raney Hall. This was largely attended, and the dance was pronounced a success by all. The dance was led by Mr .T. M. Lykes with Miss Margaret Connor, of Wilson, N. C., assisted by Mr. W. S. Tomlinson with Miss Lillie Ferrall.