

The Red and White

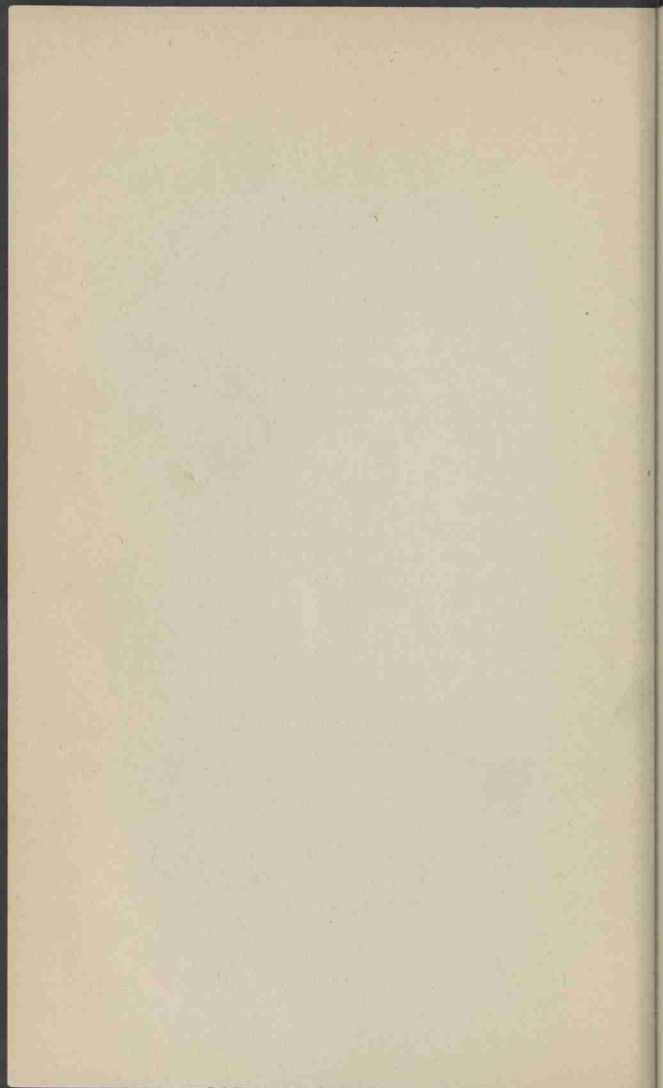
MARCH, 1906

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IF

IF YOU WOULD PAY THAT SUBSCRIPTION THAT
YOU OWE, WE WOULD CERTAINLY
APPRECIATE IT.



The Red and White

Vol. VII

WEST RALEIGH, N. C., MARCH, 1906

No. 7

THE STEAM TURBINE.

During the nineteenth century the steam turbine has been developed into a successful engine, and marks a return to the first known application of steam for power, namely, the engine built by Hero about 120 B. C. But Hero's engine never passed the experimental stage. The principle of Hero's engine was that of utilizing the reaction of a jet of steam escaping tangentially from a hollow globe.

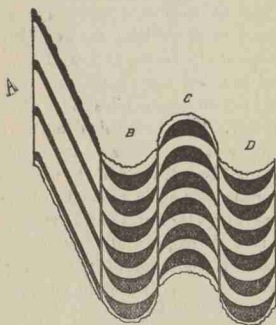
About eighteen hundred years later another turbine was devised employing the same principles as the familiar impact water-wheel of to-day. But about this date the reciprocating engine was invented and the engineers' attention was diverted to it, until some time about the end of the nineteenth century that the steam turbine was again brought to the attention of the engineering world by De Laval and Parsons. Since then the turbine has been developed until it compares favorably with the reciprocating engine of to-day. The performance of the steam turbine with its important advantages justifies the belief that the field held by the reciprocating engine for so many years is likely to be invaded very seriously by the modern application of the first known principles of steam engineering. This invasion is made possible by better materials, workmanship and more intelligent skill now available.

In both the De Laval and Parsons turbine the power is obtained by a jet of steam impinging against a vane on the edge of a revolving disc. The difference between the two is, namely, the De Laval has a single set of vanes and the steam

is expanded in the nozzle, the disc revolving at a very high speed, from 10,000 to 30,000 revolutions per minute. The speed is brought down by spiral gears.

The Parsons steam turbine has a series of sets of vanes alternately revolving and stationary. The stationary sets of vanes being so placed that the steam is deflected so as to impinge on the revolving set of vanes that are next to the stationary set. The steam is expanded in the vanes by a gradual increase in their depth. The expansion can be carried on until the peripheral velocity of the vanes is 50 per cent. of the velocity of the steam as it leaves the nozzles.

Another type of steam turbine that is somewhat of a combination of the good qualities of both the preceding types is



the Curtis steam turbine. The steam first enters the nozzles as shown in the cut at A. The nozzles are divergent so as to give the steam a very high velocity. The jet of steam strikes the first set of revolving vanes at B, and, partially giving up its velocity, is deflected by the curved vanes against the stationary set C, where a similar reaction occurs and deflects the steam to the revolving set D. There the steam is ex-

hausted after it passes through the set D. The steam is expanded by the vanes, gradually increasing in depth, and the steam can be expanded until it reaches the theoretical limit, which, as stated before, is 50 per cent. of the velocity of the jet as it leaves the nozzles.

It has been shown by repeated tests that steam turbines of about 400 horse-power will run under full load on a consumption of steam of about 14 pounds per horse power, and it is claimed that this can be reduced to 11 pounds with larger units. This goes to show, and service has also shown, that the steam turbine equals the best reciprocating engine under favorable conditions.

Apart from the economy of operation stands the important advantage of comparative space occupied by the reciprocating engine and the steam turbine.

Friction is reduced to a minimum, and the steam turbine can be brought to full speed in less than one-fifth the time that it takes to bring a reciprocating engine of the same horse-power up to full speed.

The perfect balance of the rotor and the simplicity of construction minimize vibration. Consequently wear of the machine is less and the life of the turbine is longer. The turbine can be safely placed on the upper stories of factories where the jar of a reciprocating engine would soon rack the walls of the building.

Although hardly beyond its infancy in the power field, the steam turbine has been used in the propulsion of ships with remarkable results.

The *Turbinia*, a vessel 100 feet long, and 9 feet beam, was driven at 34.5 knots in 1897, and the torpedo boat destroyer *Viper*, 210 feet long with 21 feet beam, was driven at 36.85 knots.

The *Carmania*, a large steam turbine ship of the Cunard line, has lately been put in service between Liverpool and New York. Her dimensions are as follows: Length, 672 feet; breadth, 72 feet; draught of water, loaded, 32 feet; dis-

placement, 29,866 tons. This large ship was designed for a continuous speed of 18 knots per hour, and on trial developed 20.34 knots without her bottoms being cleaned. Her sister ship, the *Caronia*, with the same boiler power, developed 19.15 knots after a thorough cleaning of her bottoms. The results were so much in favor of the steam turbines that the Cunard Company gave orders for two express ships to be driven by steam turbines.

For power transmission work steam turbines have much to recommend them, and there is a strong probability of them taking an important place in the solving of engineering problems of the future.

W. T. E., '06.

MR. ROHRER'S ADDRESS.

The students in electrical engineering were favored with a most interesting and instructive address on Wednesday, February 28th, by Mr. A. L. Rohrer, Electrical Superintendent of the General Electric Company. Mr. Rohrer is making a tour of the outlying properties in which his company is interested, and at the same time is visiting the technical colleges from which the testing department of the company's works receives recruits.

Mr. Rohrer's description of the General Electric Company and of the scope of its operations was in effect as follows:

It is the largest electrical company in the world, with capital of from fifty to sixty million dollars, and last year its business amounted to forty-six millions. The bulk of this business is done in the United States, but the products are shipped all over the world.

The company is a consolidation of two large manufacturing companies—the Edison Company and the Thompson-Houston Company—which were formed in 1878 and 1880. There

were various companies under Edison's name, making products of his invention, chiefly in the incandescent field, and in 1890 all these were merged into the Edison Company. The Thomson-Houston Company was engaged in the manufacture of arc light apparatus. By 1892 the Edison and the Thomson-Houston Companies were strong competitors in many lines, and a combination was effected, with principal offices and works at Schenectady, N. Y., where the Edison Company was established, and where all the largest machinery is made. The Thomson-Houston plant at Lynn, Mass., was retained for the manufacture of arc machines and lamps, and the Edison plant at Harrison, N. J., continued to produce incandescent lamps.

The General Electric Company is interested in industrial education, and that, Mr. Rohrer said, explained his visit here. He said that during the last few years it had been his work to engage over fourteen hundred college men. There are now over 460 men engaged in this work, and they come from all over the world. "It seems," he says, "that the association must have a beneficial effect. We have had but one Chinaman, but have had in the last eight years some twenty or thirty Japs. These have gone back home and are always beneficial to us, because they recommend our apparatus."

The company employs over 13,000 people at Schenectady, 8,000 at Lynn, and 2,500 at Harrison. The works contain 2,000,000 square feet of floor space, which if put into a single-story building fifty feet wide, would make it over seven and a half miles long.

The testing work at Schenectady is divided into sections—transformers, motors, generators, marine generators, and others—altogether, about ten. The training of men is of secondary importance, but the company has an official whose business it is to follow up the men in the department, learn their abilities and ambitions, and recommend for promotion. An account of each man, together with his picture, is kept on file when he leaves, so that future inquiries from em-

ployers may be answered. Each man spends a certain number of months in each section, and although at times it becomes necessary to retain men longer in a given section, as soon as practicable they are moved on, so they may get general experience.

The pay for testing work is 15 cents an hour (56 hours a week). This is increased to 17 1-2 cents an hour after six months if the tester shows ability. He is in time given a position as assistant, and this means responsibility, with increase of pay. It requires 18 to 20 months to complete the course, but if a man has an opportunity at a good position with a customer of the company he is allowed to go. If any patentable ideas come to him during his employment with the company they are the property of the company.

Taken as a whole, the address was instructive and interesting, humorous at times, and gave the senior electricals something to think about.

A TOAST.

Here's to women who are tender,
Here's to women who are slender,
Here's to women who are large and fat and red;
Here's to women who are married,
Here's to women who have tarried;
Here's to women who are speechless—but they're dead.

Athletics

NOTES OF THE DIAMOND.

Manager S. H. Clarke has arranged for two more games to be played in addition to the regular schedule. We are not advised at the present writing as to with whom the games are to be played, but are sure they are with good teams. Manager Clarke secures those kind.

Our pitchers' staff, consisting of Messrs. McCathran, Steele and Temple, bids fair to furnish goods bearing a gilt-edged trade-mark. "Mac" has a bewildering variety of curves that is going to make opposing batters "wonder how it happened," while Steele and Temple, being "strongarm" men, have speed to spare.

Captain Knox is still at his old position on second base and is the same brilliant, reliable player as formerly. His batting is in the same class with his fielding.

Staples, as usual, is playing a very fast infield, and with a little improvement in stick work will reach the standard of third basemen set by "Diddle" Asbury at A. & M.

Mr. Kittridge's methods of coaching are an innovation in base-ball—to us. Never before have we had such painstaking coaching, and such brand-new ideas and foxy tricks as "Kitt" springs on us are opening our eyes as to what real base-ball is.

From Rhamkatte Astonisher: "Mr. William Eskridge, of the A. & M. College, can still play base-ball. Despite the predictions of the critics, 'Willie' is still a star of undimmed lustre, and promises to repeat his last year's performance of fielding the entire season without an error. 'Tis said that the frequency with which his bat makes connection with the ball is immensely pleasing to the students."

Frank Thompson as the receiving end of our battery is a star. He hits well, and woe to the player who tries to sneak second on Frank. Coach Kittridge praises him highly by classing him as one of the best catchers in the State.

Shuford is the "Big Stick" of the batters. He is somewhat of an expense to the Athletic Association since he so frequently causes it to disburse for new balls to replace those he loses in the cedars. A continuance of his heavy batting will place him in a class with Hadley.

Of the new men, Jordon, Fox and Council are doing especially well. Their work indicates that they will make positions on the team.

Our first game will be played in Raleigh March 19th, with Trinity Park High School.

The management is trying to secure a game with Harvard when that team comes South, but nothing definite concerning it has as yet been given out.

W. C. E.

Literary

THE SONG OF THE MOCKING-BIRD.

He sits outside of my window,
When the day is young, and sings;
He wakes me from my slumber,
He makes me forget my dreams.

Yea, every morning he does it,
And when the sky is bright,
He doubles and trebles his music;
He would show to the world his delight.

He chirrups, he calls, and he twitters,
He warbles, he whistles, in glee;
And every note from his merry throat
Is borne on the air to me.

Drink in, O Soul, of his joy,
For why should you now be sad?
If this little creature remembers,
Should a mortal forget to be glad?

W. B. T.

WHEN THE END CAME.

"Gentlemen," said the Professor, "this is a case of life or death—existence or annihilation. It is a question that involves me; one that vitally concerns you; one that may sound the death knell of the entire world."

There were six of us gathered in the spacious library of the Professor, in response to an urgent request from him. We had accepted for two reasons. First, because the Professor was a very good friend of ours, and second, because we often found much that was instructive and decidedly novel in his lectures on the invisible ties that knit together, as it were, the entire universe. Some of his theories sounded to us decidedly wild and improbable, but they nevertheless held for us a fascination that grew as the time went on. Now he had aroused our curiosity and we awaited eagerly for the next words:

“As I said, gentlemen, this is a question which involves the existence of this world in which we live. With this statement made, I will begin at the beginning, and when I have finished, you will agree with me that it is indeed a question of momentous importance.

“The earth, as I have told you before, was at one time a part of that body which we now call the sun. For ages it revolved with the sun as a material part of that molten mass; but one time, for reasons not known to astronomers, it was violently separated from the major portion and propelled with terrific velocity through the zone of attraction that surrounds the sun. Through infinite space its meteoric flight continued, until the equilibrium of the universe was again established, and there it rotated on its axis and continued in its orbit for myriads of years.

“The ages passed and the earth grew cooler and cooler all of the time; vegetation appeared, and finally it became cool enough for man. And, gentlemen, it is a fact that it is gradually growing colder and colder all of the time. It is not too much to say that it is only a question of time when it will become so cold as to be uninhabitable. Then, gentlemen, will come the end. Of course, in the natural order of this change it will not happen in our day and time, but suppose that some force, infinite in magnitude, should precipitate this change so that it would occur at some near date. Then would you not take some measures to protect yourself?

"From my observations I have come to the conclusion that this will happen two weeks from to-day. You are my bosom friends, and I take you into my confidence, knowing that you do not think me an alarmist or a scientific crank. In a room specially insulated from cold and provisioned with the necessaries of life, we will await the end, let it be what it may. From your silence, I take it for granted that you have taken a common sense view of the matter, and that two weeks from to-night we will meet again."

The days passed and I walked the streets in a state of intense mental suspense. The secret weighed heavily on my mind, and I could hardly keep from proclaiming at the top of my voice the awful truth, as the eventful day drew near. The weather bureau predicted an unusually cold spell, and immediately the price of fuel went up.

At last the morning of the day came. Telegrams from other cities told of the struggle for existence among the poorer class of people, and help was asked. The wave swept southward, increasing in intensity, as it left the ice-bound cities behind. Communication with the outside world was cut off and the city was in the grasp of the terror. The mayor asked for aid for the poverty-stricken portions of the city, but the cold increased. By nightfall the cold was so intense that only with the heaviest clothing one could walk the streets. I noticed a red glare in the heavens in the northern part of the city and presently the flames shot high above the surrounding buildings. I made my way to the place and found the entire river front in flames and huddled up as near the flames as possible were thousands of shivering people. As their benumbed limbs were wakened into life, they danced in frenzied glee in the light of the flames. Over in one part of the crowd a man was exhorting the people to repent, as the day of reckoning was at hand, but his voice could hardly be heard above the crackling of the flames and the crash of the falling buildings. With a nameless fear struggling within me and that sent speed to my feet, I sped away from the

scene that tore at my very heart-strings, and threatened to make me tell the truth. At the door of the Professor's house I paused. Through the still, frosty air was borne to my ears the sound of drunken revelry. In their madness they had broken into the wine-shops to stimulate their deadening senses and the end was near. And above all, the leaping flames ever mounted higher and higher, and I remembered that the smoke of their torment ascended forever and ever. As I stood the earth shook and rocked as if in the grasp of a mighty hand, and with a deafening roar the waters of the ocean swept in over the land extinguishing the flames with a mighty hiss, and I was violently dragged through the door from behind.

The days passed slowly in our lonely cell, and I resolved to make an attempt to get out, for I saw madness staring me in the face. My companions passed before me as in a dream, and their voices sounded afar off. They watched me as I moved about, but the chance came.

The sight that met my eyes checked my haste. From the window a wall of ice extended upward, I knew not how far. I staggered up the stairs and into the attic. The skylight was opened and through it streamed the blessed light of day. Madly I clambered out upon the roof and looked around me. Over the one side stretched the sea, solemn, silent and shining in its icy fetters. On the other the black tops of buildings above the ice, and below me a field of ice so transparent that I could see to the streets below.

Over the broad expanse of ice I walked, studying the scenes below me. Unconsciously my feet carried me above the place of the fire. Below me, as clear-cut as a picture, was the scene of that eventful night. As the wall of water swept in from the sea, it had caught the freezing thousands and swept over them with resistless fury. Mothers had clasped their children to their bosom, and with feeble hands tried to ward off the incoming flood. Men's faces leered up at me in a drunken smile, while their hands clasped black bottles of wine. Others

with their faces convulsed with the fear of death stretched their arms upward as if cursing me. The scene was too much for my shattered nerves, and I fell unconscious, my hands over my eyes as if to shut out the dreadful sight. When I came to my senses, I was in bed in the Professor's house. Through the open window before me, I looked out. The world was going on as before.

H. L. H.

LIFE AT THE U. S. NAVAL ACADEMY.

It has been said that one boy in every five thousand has a chance to go to the Naval Academy, one in every ten thousand gets an appointment, and that one out of every twenty-five thousand enters the Naval Academy and finishes his course successfully—that is, receives his commission in the navy. This may sound strange to most people, but when told that there are two appointees from every Congressional District in the United States, one for every Senator, and twenty-five from the United States at large, made by the President; that the course is four years at the Academy and two years at sea, and that each appointee must be physically perfect and able to pass a rigid mental examination, also be between the ages of sixteen and twenty years, the foregoing statement will not sound so strange, especially when the character of the entrance examination is taken into consideration.

Appointments are made either by selection from personal choice of the Congressman, or the fitness of the candidate for appointment is determined by a competitive examination.

The entrance examinations include Arithmetic, Algebra through the theory of quadratics, Plane Geometry, World's History, U. S. History, English Grammar, Geography, Spelling, Reading, Writing, and Punctuation. The difficulty in passing these entrance examinations, lies not in the fact that

they are so very hard, but that a much more thorough knowledge of the subjects passed upon is required than the ordinary boy of twenty years has obtained. In fact a more thorough knowledge of the entrance examination subjects is required than is taught in our schools. For most boys, a short period of time in one of the preparatory schools in Annapolis is almost essential to insure passing. A naval officer once told the writer that his experience had been that nearly all of the candidates for entrance examinations knew a great deal more than was required of them, but that they don't know what was required of them with the necessary thoroughness.

After the candidate has passed his mental and physical entrance examinations, he makes a deposit of two hundred and twenty-five dollars for the purchase of his outfit. After making the deposit, the candidate reports to the Superintendent of the Academy and is sworn in, after which he is a midshipman.

Then his troubles begin. He enters a world that is new to him—a small world with its own peculiar language and traditions, castes of society, etc. Everything is strange to him. The strict rules and regulations must be obeyed, and no allowance is made for ignorance. On his admission, the candidate is presented with a blue book, or "plebe's bible," as it is called by the upper classmen, and he is supposed to know the blue book from back to back, and govern himself accordingly. The upper classmen have little mercy on him, and all his blunders are a source of amusement to them, and they feel called upon to correct him whenever he departs from the straight and narrow path as described in the blue book and the "code of unwritten law" laid down by the first class.

A few remarks about the unwritten laws at the Naval Academy and hazing may, with propriety, be brought in at this point. All unwritten laws, or "rates," are made by the first or Senior class. These rates must be obeyed. A first classman rates doing anything allowed by the regulations and a great many things that are not allowed. The second class

rates are fewer than those of the first class, and the third class has still less privilege than the second class. The fourth classman can't look at an upper classman. If he does, he immediately receives the order "take those greasy eyes off me." When walking on the Academy grounds, the poor "plebe," as all fourth classmen are called, has to turn square corners—that is, he can't describe a curve when he goes from one walk to another at right angles to it. Taken all in all, a man gets very little pleasure out of his first year at the Naval Academy.

The hazing there may be looked at from two points of view. We will take that of the upper classman first. When a new man enters the Naval Academy, he is young and can be easily trained to do right if proper methods are used. The wording of the regulations give midshipmen many chances to misconstrue the original meaning, and the officers on duty at the Academy can't keep an eye on the midshipmen all the time, so cadet officers are appointed by the Commandant and approved by the Superintendent exclusively from the first class. The upper classmen have many ways of getting around regulations, and if "plebes" were allowed by the upper classmen to enjoy all their liberties, they would often get caught and frequent reports of disregard of regulations would soon cause such stringent regulations to be passed that the pleasures of the upper classmen would be greatly curtailed. Again, upon the entrance of a midshipman, he generally feels as if he were a Rear Admiral to begin with, and some means must be taken to take the "stiffening" out of him and teach him what's what. If the upper classman didn't do this, it wouldn't be done. The upper classmen also argue that as they will always be officers superior in rank to the class under them, it is a good thing to assert their superiority as soon as a new man comes in. They have the fourth class at their mercy, as it were, because the man that stands at the foot of a class, say the class of 1906, will always be an officer of higher rank than the man who leads the class below his, or the class of 1907. And again, strange as it may seem, the

upper classmen often haze the plebe they like the most, because they think a certain amount of hazing is good for anybody (and such is sometimes the case), and in a great many cases the upper classman that hazes a plebe the most is his best friend when he becomes a third classman. The very name given to the fourth classmen, "plebes," is indicative of the superiority felt by the upper classes. In the days of ancient Rome the lowest class of society was called "pleb"; so at the naval academy, the old name has undergone but slight change in spelling and pronunciation. The upper classmen hold that one year of being hazed is enough for a man, and so if a man has failed on some of his examinations at West Point, and then gets an appointment to the Naval Academy, he isn't hazed at the Naval Academy, but the rule has to work both ways, and a man who isn't hazed is not allowed to haze others when he is promoted to the third class, and he can do no hazing, even when he is a first classman.

And now for the view points of the fourth classman and the outsider: Hazing is upheld by traditions of centuries. The American hazing system is a relic of the English fagging system, so well described in "Tom Brown at Rugby." Hazing is a pernicious practice, and is another illustration of the principle "might makes right." The fourth classman at the Naval Academy doesn't enjoy being hazed. They have to submit to it. If they didn't they would soon have to leave the Academy. Every floor in the midshipmen's quarters has a "mid'n" in charge—an upper classman—and he can inspect any room at his pleasure, and frequent inspections mean frequent reports. The only ways a fourth classman can keep from being hazed are to report the hazers—and then be ostracised by his class and the upper classes—and be reported for so many things that his demerits would soon exceed three hundred, and he would then be expelled; and to simply refuse to take any hazing. In case of a refusal to be hazed, the upper classman tries to make the fourth classman fight, and if a fight is decided upon, some upper classman, a class-

mate of the hazer, is selected who can whip the fourth classman, and then a fight with seconds and referee ends the trouble. If the fourth classman wins, he has to fight another upper classman, and if victorious still, he has to keep on fighting. In any event of a fourth classman's refusal to be hazed, he soon has to leave. He is either reported frequently for room in disorder, or dust on clothes, or other things that his demerits expel him, or the upper classes make things so hot for him that he resigns.

The fourth class is composed of men who are strangers, and it has no organization. It is allowed none by class rate. The upper classes are well organized and their members stick together. At the Naval Academy there are no secret societies—none are allowed; but in lieu thereof are the different upper classes, the members of which stick together as well as the members of college fraternities.

Hazing at the Naval Academy sometimes assumes a brutal form, especially so when the fourth classmen are made to do physical exercises until they faint from exhaustion (an experience the writer has undergone), and when they have to fight a better man than they themselves are. Hazing assumes many different forms, among which may be cited the following: Fourth classmen made to bring meals to upper classmen, to hand in to some upper classman the menu in three or four different languages, to tell funny stories before each meal, to learn all the latest songs and sing for upper classmen, to imitate various animals, to eat meals under the table, to race with another fourth classman when eating dessert, to make out a list of all things a fourth classman doesn't rate doing, to find out what drill for the evening or for the whole week to come, to make love to each other, and last, but not least, to do gymnasium exercises. The writer has known of fourth class midshipmen who have been so stiff and sore from hazing that they had to go to sick quarters. The most popular exercises that the upper classmen force the fourth classmen to do are the following: Standing on the head, which is putting

head and hands close together on the floor and kicking up in the air at the rate of about a hundred times to the minute; sixteenth exercise, or placing hands on hips and bending the knees, alternately, into a squatting position and then straight; sitting on infinity, or crossing one leg over the other and assuming a sitting posture, the whole weight of the body resting on one leg, and with nothing to support the body laterally; leaning rest, or lying with the stomach on the floor and raising the rigid body up and down by the arms; the crew exercise, or lying flat on the back and raising the legs, held rigid, first up to a vertical position and then down nearly to the floor, but never touching the floor; and the "crew" exercise is also used as a means of hazing in another way. The fourth classman is made to hang from a door, with his back to the door, and hold his legs straight out from the hips in a horizontal direction. Such exercises are frequently "indulged" in, and also a great many others. The recital of these methods doesn't sound so bad, but let the reader do the "sixteenth" for at least three hundred times, and he may well imagine how fourth classmen often feel at the Naval Academy. The writer has often seen one insignificant looking, self-important upper classman in a room with about a dozen muscular fourth classmen, making them do all kinds of stunts for his amusement. The writer once saw an exhibition of hazing that was very amusing. A great big fourth classman was made to sit in a bowl of cold water, and then row with a pair of tooth picks, singing all the while in a trembling voice, "Pull for the Shore, Sailor, Pull for the Shore."

There are a great many regulations against hazing. The blue book contains them, orders have been published and acts of Congress have been passed, but the pernicious practice still continues. As the writer sees it, the only thing that will ever stamp out hazing from that exclusive little world of its own traditions, the Naval Academy, is the force of public opinion.

The fourth class stay at the Academy during the summer studying French and drilling. The upper classes take an an-

nual three months cruise in the three ships, Chesapeake, sail; Hartford, sail and steam; and Indiana, steam. They are allowed the month of September at home. All midshipmen who haven't received over a given number of demerits during the month previous are allowed liberty to visit Annapolis on Saturday, and by special permission from the Commandant, on Sunday.

Regularity is the word at the Naval Academy. Twenty-eight hours on class and fourteen hours a week for drills. When the bugle blows at 7:30 P. M., every night in the week but Saturday night, every "midy" must be in his room and observe study hours.

A special uniform is worn for every different drill, and when on class the service or fatigue uniform is worn, while on Sundays and holidays while in Annapolis, and upon all special occasions, the full dress uniform must be worn. Midshipmen must always appear, when outside of their rooms, in the uniform of the day, and they must wear the uniform of the day in their rooms between the hours of 8:00 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.

Midshipmen often have their strenuous life softened by a box from home, and the pleasure comes in long after "taps" has sounded and every midshipmen is supposed to be asleep. The light from a candle suddenly beams forth from a window and at the appointed hour four or five friends assemble to assist the lucky man in getting rid of the contents of his box. One cold night in February a first classman got a box, and several friends assembled to enjoy it with him about midnight. The officer in charge for the day, Lieutenant ———, smelt a rat, and came walking down the corridor with his sword clanking at every step. Instantly the box was put out of sight, one man in each bed, one man under each bed, and man in a serious dilemma. Quickly he raised the window and hung outside with his hands on the window sill and feet resting on the top of the window below. In came the officer in charge. Himself once a midshipman, he knew where to

look for the culprits, and soon had the box of good things in his office, the offending midshipmen in their beds and their names on the conduct report. The "midy" outside was just congratulating himself on his good fortune when a step was heard below. By all that was unlucky, the Commandant was just returning from a reception and happened to look up. He saw a white object outside of a window, and hastened in and up to the room to investigate. As a result of his investigation the midshipman's name appeared next morning on the conduct report as follows: "Midsipman——, apparent insanity, hanging outside of window in pajamas at 12:15 A. M."

The life of a midshipman would be a void if he didn't have his girl—his Navy girl. She takes up a large share of his affections, and when the ships leave New London and are homeward bound for dear old Annapolis, and September leave and a "month with my girl," a mighty shout goes up from the throats of the "middies." If good weather favor them, they will soon be in dear old Annapolis—dear old Annapolis on September first, but d—d old Annapolis on October first, when the Academic year with its study and drill begins.

The drills at the Naval Academy are many and varied. Among the most important may be mentioned seamanship, infantry, artillery, rowing, steam launch, great gun drill on the double turret monitor Terror, ordnance, target practice, long and short range with revolvers, rifles and heavy guns; steam drill, gymnasium, setting up exercises, fencing, boxing, bayonet exercise, and many others. Little cruises are often taken out in Chesapeake Bay on gunboats, torpedo boats and destroyers, which are generally enjoyed by the midshipmen, as they give a variety of work, and on these little cruises, as on the three months summer cruise, each midshipman is given a chance to do everything on board a ship from firing the boilers to commanding.

The pay of a midshipman is five hundred dollars a year with commuted rations, which brings the amount up to

\$608.66. Fourth class midshipmen are allowed \$1 a month for spending money; third classmen, \$1.50 a month; second classmen, \$2; and first classmen, \$3. The Navy Department sends a circular to the parents of each midshipman saying that the spending money allowed by the government is enough, and requesting them not to send any money to their sons who are in the Academy. All articles of clothing and supplies, books, etc., are received on requisition, approved by the Commandant, the amount of cost being deducted from the midshipman's salary. The expenses of the battalion's mess is divided by number of midshipman, and that amount is also deducted from the salary of each midshipman.

There is one thing in connection with the Academy that should be mentioned by all means. A great wooden frigate, the *Santee*, with her masts cut down and a roof over the deck. She is now used as a receiving ship and as quarters for a marine guard, and, incidentally, she provides shelter for a great many midshipmen of all classes who have been "too good." The writer spent several short periods of time on the *Santee*, or in other words, made a few cruises varying in length from one week to two months.

The Naval Academy is a school where the youths of our country go to learn how to fight, and here may be mentioned a peculiar occurrence: Two midshipmen had a fist fight and both had badly disfigured faces. The next morning was Sunday, and the Commandant noticed the faces of the two midshipmen in question, and reported them for fighting, giving each twenty-five demerits. About two months later several midshipmen were on the gun deck of the U. S. S. *Chesapeake* spinning yarns. Just after one midshipman finished an improbable tale, another said jokingly, "My! but you are a cheerful liar!" Commander ——, who was at that time in command of the *Chesapeake*, reported one midshipman for insulting another, and the other he reported for not resenting an insult. So, going by the facts cited above, which the writer vouches for, a midshipman is, to use a familiar ex-

pression, often standing between the devil and the deep blue sea.

It is hard enough to enter the Naval Academy—to pass the required mental and physical examinations—but it is harder to stay in after passing the entrance examinations. A midshipman doesn't have a great deal of time to himself. Just for the first year, besides his drills, he has to study English, French, Spanish, Marine Engineering and Naval Construction, Freehand and Mechanical Drawing, Constitutional Law, Solid Geometry, Higher Algebra, Plane and Spherical Trigonometry, Logarithms, Curve Tracing, Descriptive Geometry, and Astronomy, besides a great deal of practical work in each department. The scale of marking at the Academy runs thus: 4.00, perfect; 3.50, very good; 3.00, good; 2.50, or $62\frac{1}{2}$ percent., satisfactory, or a pass mark. If a midshipman falls below the 2.50 mark on his annual examinations, his resignation is pretty apt to be called for.

At the beginning of this article, the writer remarked that when a man entered the Academy he entered a new world as it were. Even the method of keeping time changes. At the Academy and on all ships there is a large bell. At 12:00 noon, it is struck eight times; at 12:30, once; at 1:00, twice; at 1:30, three times; at 2:00, four times; at 2:30, five times; at 3:00, six times; at 3:30, seven times, and at 4:00 p. m., eight times, and so on for every twenty-four hours. At the expiration of every four hours eight bells is struck, and just after eight bells comes one bell for the first half hour and a bell added for each additional half hour.

It is hard to get into the Naval Academy, hard to stay there, and it is quite a hard place any way it may be taken.

AN EX-MIDSHIPMAN.

FISHING SEASON'S COMING.

I'se gwine to git my hooks and lines
Ready for the coming spring,
I'se gwine to mark every hole I finds
Whar I thinks dar's anything.

I'se got some poles a seasonin' now;
De'll be ready soon to use.
If de don't, I'll make out some how,
Fo' I'se got no time to lose.

Fust I goes an' bates a hole
To 'tice de fish to come
Den I takes my line an' pole
An' lan's 'em one by one.

Dat sucker what pulled me in
Was a big ole yallow carp;
Don't think one could do it ag'in
Fo' he's done made me sharpe.

GILL.

WHAT SHALL WE READ?

The average reader of to-day prefers, or seems to prefer, light, shallow fiction and romance to good literature. Consequently in nearly all of the magazines published to-day we see the preponderance of the above kind of matter. Likewise most of the books newly published are of the same type. Generally the story is about a love affair, telling what the man says to the woman and *vice versa* what she says to him. Such reading as this may give a shallow kind of pleasure

while we are occupied with it, but after we have finished, do we feel that we are any better, or that we have been benefited in any way by it? On the contrary, we feel as if our time had been wasted and our mind weakened instead of strengthened.

If the ordinary reading man or woman would devote his or her leisure moments to reading history, biography, or first-class fiction, they would not only derive pleasure but lasting benefit from so doing.

I do not object to reading fiction. But if we prefer fiction, why do we waste our time in reading the latest trash in preference to some recognized standard literature? For my part, I had rather be able to say that I had read a book like George Eliot's *Romola* or Victor Hugo's *Les Miserables* than that I had read a hundred such novels as Charlotte Braeme's or Bertha Clay's. Is there any comparison between fiction of the latter stamp and the former?

I quote the following passages from Eliot's *Romola*:

"Love does not aim simply at the conscious good of the beloved object; it is not satisfied without perfect loyalty of heart; it aims at its own completeness."

"She who willingly lifts up the veil of her married life has profaned it from a sanctuary into a vulgar place."

"Our lives make a moral tradition for our individual selves, as the life of mankind in general makes a tradition for the race; and to have once acted greatly seems to make a reason why we should always be noble."

"Can man or woman choose duties? No more than they can choose their birthplace or their father and mother."

"The higher life begins for us when we renounce our own will to bow before a divine law."

Can you find such high, ennobling passages as the above in "The Duchess" or "For Love of Her," or any other similar trash?

Most people seem to have the idea that the classics are dry

and uninteresting. But the truth is that if we once get into the habit of reading them, we would not think of returning to the shallow, sentimental love stories that are written to-day.

S. ELDRIDGE.

THE TRIAL OF THE "METEOR."

I had just closed the office and started down town when a messenger handed me a telegram. I took the yellow envelope and opened it, thinking to find some news from Benton, who had gone South on a business venture of ours, but instead found the following:

"Come out to Girton to-day. Got a new scheme on foot, and need your help.

WILKINS."

To the uninitiated this did not mean much, but to me it conveyed worlds of meaning. To me "Wilkins" and "new scheme" were always associated with one another. New scheme! Yes, I knew all about those schemes of Wilkins', and needed my help too! Seems that he needed my help when that confounded water motor of his blew up and put me under repairs for a month, and he needed me badly when the Wilkins Automatic Fire Extinguisher went off at the wrong time, giving me a chemical bath besides ruining a new suit of clothes. Yes, and the only time he ever really did need my help was when I pulled him out of the wreck of his dirigible balloon.

Crumpling the yellow slip up, I pitched it into the gutter and started on down town when a tug at my coat tails and "Say, ain't youse fergot sumpin," made me remember the kid. Pitching him a quarter and calling a cab, I was soon at the interurban station, where a few minutes later I caught the car for Girton.

Wilkins is one of these scientific cranks who is always experimenting or inventing some new apparatus that, as

Wilkins always puts it, would "revolutionize the world." His machines would always work like a top for a while, but when they did take fool notions, they were just like the Deacon's "One-hoss shay," they went to pieces all at once, and usually with disastrous results to the premises and Wilkins coming in for his share.

The inventor met me at the station and would have told me the whole secret of the machine at once if I had listened, but I was enjoying the scenery that I had seen a dozen times before. He did get down to where the baffle plate, when placed at right angles to the line of motion would—and then I told him if he wanted to depend on my help he would have to shut up. That cooled him down, for somehow or other Wilkins thinks I am indispensable when it comes to the test.

After lunch Wilkins took me out in his shop and showed me the machine that was destined to "revolutionize the world." In big letters on one side were painted the words, "The Meteor." In appearance it looked like a big cigar on wheels. The case was made of sheet iron and contained the machines inside which Wilkins said were of one hundred horse power. I couldn't dispute his word, and so began to ask questions. He got out a blue print of the machines, and tried to make me understand the workings of it.

"This," he said, "is the accumulator for the liquid fuel. Those pipes lead to the gasifier, and then to the engines. The battery is to start the engines."

"And what is the folding attachment in the side," I asked.

"That is the arrangement on which depends to a large extent the success of my invention. Notice these levers in the corner. When we attain a speed of one hundred miles per hour, more or less, the folding attachment is unfolded and stands out from the car. The passenger stands on the platform, and when at the station the engines are suddenly reversed. The passenger is gently deposited on the platform, and the machine is half way back to the starting point. Could anything be more perfect?" and here Wilkins stepped back

and struck an attitude that was characteristic of him when he surveys his inventions.

"Look here, Wilkins," I said, "I know I am a pretty big ignoramus when it comes to your new-fangled inventions, but you can't make me believe that your non-vibratory, automatic passenger depositer is going to work in any such way as that. Anybody can see that when your machine starts back the sudden jerk will tear things up, and then there will be a funeral."

"See those springs in the corner," and he pointed out two big spiral springs. "Well, they will take up all that jar. You don't believe it will work. I will be the passenger and you the engineer, and we will make the test."

Wilkins found some trouble in getting me into his infernal machine, but at last I consented. "See that long stretch of track down through the field? Well, there is a mile of it, and the machine is waiting."

Wilkins showed me what levers to work, and he placed himself in the front part of the machine and gave the signal to start. With a cough and a jump she was off. The machine buzzed in my ears and the smell of hot oil and gasoline filled my nostrils. I tried to look out, but the air pressure was so great it cut my face. The speed meter showed a speed of fifty miles an hour. "Give her more," shouted Wilkins. "Push the lever way forward," and the machine under the increased power shot forward like a bullet. "When I say ready, reverse her," shouted Wilkins, and he clambered out on the platform. A cracking sound in one of the engines gained my attention, and a muffled explosion reached my ears from the rear of the machine. "Ready," shouted Wilkins. With a shove I pushed the lever forward. A crash, a blaze of fire and—darkness.

When I came to, I was in bed with my face bandaged up. Wilkins was in a bed opposite me. "You blamed idiot," he said, "you pushed the wrong lever." And I could only shake my fist in rage at him.

H. L. H.

TO MY PURSE.

Oh! purse, how canst thou empty be,
 Knowing how much I think of thee?
 It is quite sad, oh! cruel, indeed,
 And just the time I'm most in need.

Where goeth all I give to thee?
 I never know. Where can it be?
 Surely an account you could keep,
 And not devour such a heap.

I'm sure it was just this week
 I filled you up, but, oh! such cheek
 As yours, a mortal never had—
 I fear you'll drive me to the bad.

Now I shall have a month to wait,
 But that will be a month too late,
 For bills are waiting day by day
 Which poor dad will have to pay.

L. F. R.

THE COST.

“At the devil's booth are all things sold,
 Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold;
 For a cap and bells our lives we pay,
 Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking.”

In the life of every human being, the question that is ever present is that of cost; of the relative value of the things that go to make up life. This question of cost is not restricted

to the purely commercial sense and to be considered only with the measure of gold and silver, but should be applied in a larger and broader way to every plan, purpose or deed that comes in the ordinary daily life.

According to a man's ability to judge whether this thing or that is worth what it shall cost, he is deemed wise or foolish. Very early in life does he begin to acquire that experience which tells him that some desires are gratified at a price entirely out of proportion to the pleasures of indulgence. He soon learns from his own experience, if he will not profit by the experience of his elders, that there are certain physical laws which forbid some things and require moderation and judgment to be used in supplying all of his wants; that he must observe these laws or inevitably pay the cost in physical pain or discomfort for every transgression. He also learns that there is something within him that requires him to follow a certain line of conduct in his intercourse with his fellows; that he must live according to what are called the principles of honor and justice or pay the penalty; that base or ignoble acts bring upon him the contempt, scorn and hatred of all upright men which will cause him much mental discomfort, and oftentimes loss of material things and of opportunities of almost inconceivable value. Even if he is shrewd enough to keep his misdeeds from public knowledge, he can not escape the inexorable punishment of the inward monitor.

These laws are all wise, tending to both individual and general welfare, and should be obeyed and regarded as kindly restrictions, and not as unnecessary prohibitions and causeless limitations to our pleasures and indulgences that may be evaded and violated for our slightest whims in the vain and foolish hope that we may gain some desire, and escape paying the price. We must even pay the cost for the fulfillment of lawful desires in addition to the labor required for their attainment.

The ambition to gain wealth and power is, to a certain degree, natural and commendable, but many a man finds after

he has gained his wealth, that it will bring him the comforts and luxuries of existence; that it will give great influence and power, but it can never repay him for the friends he has neglected and the friendships grown cold; for the lost opportunities for culture and social enjoyment; for the health he has lost; the sleepless nights and restless days he has endured and must still endure; and perhaps for the clear and easy conscience that once was his.

Were it given us the power to see the true value of the things we desire and strive for and, at the same time, the ultimate price we must pay for these things, how different would the lives of men be? Could we but see and understand that truth is the noblest trait in human character, that honor is the most priceless possession any mortal can have; that friends are better than riches, and that nothing that causes the loss of any one of these can ever be of sufficient value to warrant such a sacrifice. What man is there, who, if he had this foreknowledge of values would give for wealth, honor, health, friends, or even the good will of those who know him? Would he endeavor to pile up gold if he knew it would cause the better part of his nature to grow hard and cold; that he would look with suspicion and distrust upon those around him, wondering whether they associated with him because of friendship or from a hope of furthering their own fortunes, perhaps, at the expense of his, until he had alienated his friends and had left about him only a group of sycophants who would desert him at the first blast of misfortune, or at best a circle who merely respected him for his wealth and ability?

Would any man be so ruled by avarice or love of power that he would stoop to dishonest deeds, and endeavor to add to his own estate, or gain political power by defrauding his fellow man, and oppressing and wronging those who were unable to oppose him?

When an unwise man yields to a desire for some article of petty value, and takes it without the owner's permission; when a man with more knowledge and ability engages in dis-

honest transactions, or when a man in political life is led on by either money or power until he forgets there is a price to pay and commits some criminal act while striving to reach his goal; when these men have their misdeeds uncovered to the public gaze, and they see they have forfeited their good names and the esteem of their fellow men; that prison doors are opening before them, and sorrow is come upon them and their families; they, as well as we, can see that they are paying an awful price compared to which, the things sought, seem infinitely small and worthless. At the present time there are numbers of once noted and distinguished men all over our country whose unsavory records have recently been brought to light and now in shame and disgrace they are ruefully regarding their lost prestige and shattered reputations, their names a by-word of disrepute and their appearance in public a signal for jeers and hisses. They have given that which was priceless for something they did not need. What would not these men give to erase their past and begin their life anew in uprightness and honor? These can well testify that when the bounds of justice and right are overstepped, the price to be paid is appalling.

N. H. T. '07.

A TOAST.

To you and me when the skies are blue,
To you and me when tempests be,
To both together in every weather.

The Red and White

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It is with deep concern that the students, particularly of the Agricultural Department, have heard that Dr. C. W. Burkett, Professor in charge of the Agricultural Department of the College, will likely leave North Carolina to accept a position next session in Ohio. Every student who comes in contact with him loves him for his strong manhood, his enthusiasm in his work, and his perfect fairness.

Four years ago there were twelve students in agriculture here, and the theoretical work was cramped in the Main building, Primrose Hall and the little frame dairy house. To-day there are 100 studying agriculture, and a magnificent brick building full of equipment for instruction, and costing

\$100,000, graces the campus and stands as evidence of Dr. Burkett's zeal.

Not only in college work, but among the farmers of the State who do not get to college, Dr. Burkett has been a never failing friend and helper. His technical knowledge and advice is always at their service. He is a graduate of the Ohio State University, Master of Science and Doctor of Philosophy, and combines technical ability in a high degree with a broad education and understanding of life.

We hope a strong effort will be made to keep him. Neither the College nor the State can afford to lose such a man as Dr. Burkett.

* * *

We regret to announce that we have received the resignation of Mr. W. F. Brock as Exchange Editor. Mr. Brock has withdrawn from College to accept an engineering position. As Exchange Editor Mr. Brock has made that department one of credit to the magazine, and he will be sadly missed. THE RED AND WHITE bids him farewell, and may success crown his efforts in his new work. Mr. N. H. Tate, of the Junior Class will succeed Mr. Brock.

* * *

The editor wishes to apologize for not acknowledging in the RED AND WHITE of last month the receipt of Professor Thomas' article on "The History of Paper." The omission was an oversight, as we are always grateful for contributions from members of the faculty and others.

* * *

Editing a college paper is a nice thing. If we publish jokes, people say we are rattle-headed. If we don't we are fossils. If we publish original matter, they say we don't give them enough selections. If we give them selections, they say we are too lazy to write. If we don't go to church we are heathen. If we do, we are hypocrites. If we remain at the office, we ought to be out looking for news items. If

we go out, then we are not attending to business. If we wear good clothes, they say we have a pull. Now what are we to do? Just as likely as not someone will say we stole this from an excheange. So we did.—*The (Boston) Tech.* via *Georgia Tech.*

* * *

"Copy all in."

To me that expresses everything—the end of the game. You know what it means, of course. At the end of so many weary, weary nights I have scrawled the words as the finale of toil and as the good-bye to my men. "Copy all in"—and sleep! That is all—the last of life and then—the rest.—Erwin Avery.—From Trinity Archive.

Comics

Wanted—Boarders at Hotel de Skinner.

Who is the fellow who walked into a telephone pole while passing St. Mary's last Sunday?

McLendon, Piver, A. B., and "Governor" Lyerly have been having "eating matches" in McLendon's room. They have been persuaded that the public should have a look, so on April 1st they will give a performance. Price of admission ten cents; proceeds to cover doctor bill. Object—to increase McLendon's sales.

Ask "Posey" how about his "tiger" diagram of the "deficiency" of electric lights.

Commandant (on tactics)—"Mr. Staples, tell us about the funeral escort."

Staples—"Well, they usually have a dead man along."

For information concerning the monk in the park, go to Ellis or Dutchy.

Ellis—"McLendon, what do you think of the inhumanity of dehorning hydraulic rams?"

Mc.—"It is absolutely brutal and should be stopped."

WHAT WE HEAR IN THE CLASS ROOM.

"Wake up, come on and get in the game."

"Now, gentlemen, this infinitesimal ———."

"Wrought iron has ———."

"As I was saying."

"Decidedly."

"Yes, yes."

"Hoodlededoo—choo—choo."

"Get it—that's right, get on it."

"Now he will gyrate."

Lovil—"Hampton, why have you one light over your table and one over your mirror?"

Hampton—"The one over the table is for me to study by and the one over the mirror is for Lacy to look at himself."

? ? WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW. ? ?

What was the matter with the Senior who thought the switchboard was the bulletin board.

Why "Judge" Ewart spruces up so before going to meals.

McBrayer (leaving hospital)—"I showed my ignorance to-day."

Latimer—"How did you do that, Mack?"

McB.—"Mrs. Lewis was taking my temperature, and I put the wrong end of the telescope in my mouth."

First Freshman—"Say, what is ozone, anyway?"

Second Freshman—"Don't you know? It's a patent medicine, and one of the best made."

Prof. Montgomery—"Mr. Myrick, what is ——?"

Escott—"Mr. Myrick is not in this division."

Prof. M.—"Oh! I beg your pardon, Mr. Chesbro, I always get those names balled up."

Dr. Winston (in political economy)—"Mr. Valear, what determines the price of cotton?"

Valear—"Well, Doctor, I would think that ——."

Dr. W.—"Now, Mr. Valear, don't start the wheels in your head. The moon going into eclipse, dogs barking, John Smith punching himself, or a high tide in Newfoundland—all this has nothing to do with the price of cotton. That will do, Mr. Valear. Mr. Oden, let's hear you. Have you wheels in your head, too?"

Dr. DuBose (meeting Asbury, Hansleman, Hewlett and Carleton on St. Mary campus)—"Gentlemen, where are you going?"

Boys (in chorus)—"We're going to serenade the girls."

Dr. DuB.—"The girls are asleep. Don't wake them. Go over there and serenade Bishop Cheshire. He is away from home and will enjoy it much more than the girls will."

What professor required "Judge" Ewart to learn a verse from the Bible for his next recitation? "Come on now."

Tomlinson—"Prof., what is the practical use of astronomy?"

Prof. Riddick—"Well, there are various uses of it. For instance, you might get to be a dispensary keeper and would have to know when the sun rises and sets."

Girls, do you ever receive anything like this?—

"My darling ——: I received your sweet little missive

yesterday and have been thinking of its thrilling contents ever since. Now that I am sure you are mine, I can hardly realize how happy, how fortunate, how blessed I am in winning the heart of such a veritable angel."

This is a true copy of a letter, or note, written by a *senior*, but for the sake of humanity we withhold his name.

We learn, though not authoritatively, that St. Mary's School has now a course in Mechanics and Refrigeration. At any rate, Tom Ogburn will supply the girls with textbooks. He places them in the honeysuckle vines near the road, while he takes a walk to town, and the girls get them. Tom, the only way to get your book is to take the girl too.

There are girls in the time of men
 Who, if taken at their word, lead on to fortune;
 Ignored, all the voyage of "his" life
 Is bound in singleness and miseries.

SAY, YOU OUGHT TO—

See "Dutchy" mock Dave looking for something.
 Hear "Judge" Ewart sing.
 Hear Smith S. H. and "Posey" ask questions.
 Hear Lewis giving commands by the bugle.
 Tend to your own business.

There was a young man from Raleigh
 Who, the first time he rode on a "trolley,"
 Said out loud, right in a crowd,
 Oh! say, this is fine, by golly!

Exchanges

It seems that there exists among the exchange editors of some of the colleges and universities, a tendency to overlook the publications of some of the less prominent educational institutions, especially the High School publications. Now while we do not always carry the idea in view, the object of an exchange department is to increase the general standard of college publications, by helpful criticism. Too often the exchange department degenerates into an excuse for a mutual exchange of compliments. The continuance of this custom which is prevalent among some of our exchanges, will certainly in the end defeat the true purpose of an exchange department.

The *University of Virginia Magazine* again upholds its standards of good fiction and editorials. Every one should read the editorial on "The Influence of Ribbon Societies on Our College Life." It is a strongly written, outspoken view of the subject, and is a shoe that will fit many a foot. Would that we could have more such editorials.

The Observer merits one criticism; that is, the fact that its leaves are uncut. The average exchange editor has not the time to spend in cutting the leaves of a magazine. We find many new conceptions of Poe's masterpiece in Mr. Cullom's analysis of "The Raven." The quantity of fiction is about balanced against the quantity of heavy matter, but the odds are in favor of the heavy material when it comes to quality.

The Muse strikes us as being entirely too local in nature. We would suggest that you substitute for fifty per cent. of your local news, one or two stories, an essay and one or two poems. Surely the ability is not lacking. We would rather ascribe it to the influence of custom.

We are very glad to notice that the *Guilford Collegian* has recognized the fact that an article like the "Harnessing of Niagara" has a legitimate place in a college magazine. The *Collegian* is a well balanced and strongly edited magazine. "The Power of Habit" is a well written article and should be of much help to those who forget.

The *Catawbian* has undertaken to publish a serial story. Now the college magazine is not the proper sphere for a continued story, in our estimation; but judging from the opening chapter, this interesting "novelette" will outweigh the objection. "The Battle of King's Mountain" is well written.

The *Furman Echo* has a poem of worth in "Press On." The opening article, "The Industrial Age," is a remarkably well written article. The logical conclusions reached and the optimistic spirit of the article makes it an exceptionally instructive one. We have heard of "The House of a Thousand Candles," and "The House of a Hundred Lights," and now we have read of "The House of the Single Light." No doubt we will next be acquainted with "The House Without Any Lights." Imagination plays a ninety-nine per cent. part of "The House of the Single Light," the other one per cent. is held by the title.

We are always glad to receive the *Georgian*, for we are sure of variety in its contents. The two poems on "Homesickness," come to think about it, touch a responsive chord

in our hearts, for "——— thank God, this year's my last, and next June I'm for South Georgia, and the silky, tall wire grass."

"The Test" comes nearer to our conception of a good story than any we have read of late. We would suggest that the comments made on the exchanges be separated by a little larger space.

The Trinity Archive receives a hearty welcome. The article on Mr. Isaac Erwin Avery's writings is an excellent one indeed. The "Town Loafer" has a very good plot, but the dialect is strained and forced to such an extent that it detracts from the enjoyment that should be gained in reading the story. Of the poems, "Life" is the best.

The *Richmond College Messenger* meets with our approval. The heavy articles are so good and the fiction so bad that we lose sight of the latter in our contemplation of the former, among which we class "Augustus" and "Study of Browning's 'Cleon' and 'Karshish'" as the best.

We acknowledge our other exchanges.

A TOAST.

Here's to love—

That disease which begins with a fever and ends with a yawn.

Locals

Well, how do you like your new boarding place?

Mr. W. C. Huband spent a few days in Durham recently.

Mr. L. T. Winston made a business trip to Charlotte a few days ago.

Everybody is glad the March examinations are over at last, for every one we pass puts us that much nearer the goal.

Prof. Withers recently gave to the library a copy of "Memoirs of Stonewall Jackson" by Mrs. Jackson, and "Plain Mary Smith," a novel by Phillips.

Mr. T. M. Lykes was called home on account of the sickness of his father, but we are glad to state that his father is better and Mr. Lykes has returned to college.

Mr. C. W. Hodges, '06, who went home with pneumonia some time ago, developed some complications, and is still very sick. His friends wish for him a speedy recovery.

On the evening of February 21st, the younger members of the Faculty gave a skating party in the auditorium. A large crowd of boys and girls attended and everybody had a good time.

Mr. R. H. Smith, '07, who had pneumonia after Christmas, was here a few days ago. His many friends are glad to know that he is well again, but sorry that he will not return to college this year.

We are pleased to know that Walter Clark, Jr., of the class of '03, who was here in February to stand for his law license, answered all sixty-six questions correctly. His paper being the first perfect one ever handed in in this State.

Judging from the large number of boys taking advantage of the opportunity to board out of college, the private boarding houses can put up better board for the same price than the college boarding department, though for a smaller number.

Dr. and Mrs. F. L. Stevens gave an elaborate reception at their home in West Raleigh on Washington's birthday to the Agricultural corps of the College and their friends. The house was beautifully decorated with the National colors, with flowers and ferns intermingling. Many games were played, each guest defeating a fort, upon which were miniature flags. Delicious refreshments were served during the evening. The ladies' prize was awarded to Miss Mollie Dew, and Mr. Will Graham won the gentleman's prize.

Miss Belva Huntington charmingly entertained a few of her friends on Valentine evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Chamberlain in West Raleigh. Novel guessing contests were analyzed, and after much deliberation it was found that Miss Pauline Hill had won the ladies' prize, and Mr. J. C. Myrick the gentleman's prize. Each guest was presented with a heart, upon which was an appropriate verse, with miniature baskets of candy, tied with red and white ribbon. Dainty refreshments were served during the evening. The guests were Misses Carol Sherman, Pauline Hill, Margaret Steadman, Mabel Massey, Sara Gardener, Mary Mitchell Chamberlain, and Messrs. L. L. Vaughan, J. C. Myrick, T. J. Ogburn, L. T. Winston, W. A. Parker and H. W. Morton.

Messrs. J. H. Williams, J. H. Henley, B. T. Ferguson, and G. G. Simpson represented the Y. M. C. A. at the fifth Annual International Convention of the Student Volunteer Movement at Nashville. They report a very nice time. There were over four thousand delegates present.

Mr. J. H. Glenn, '03, died at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Glenn, at Gastonia, N. C., on March 2, 1906. Mr. Glenn had typhoid fever more than a year ago, and which ended in pleurisy, and finally in consumption. He took a trip to California, and other Western States in search of health, but was not able to withstand the terrible disease.

Mr. Glenn graduated with highest honors in his class, and after graduation was, for a year, assistant instructor in mechanical drawing at the A. & M. College.

While in college he exerted a great influence for good by an exemplary Christian life and unceasing efforts for the Y. M. C. A. and Literary Societies.

The Beta Upsilon Chapter of the Kappa Sigma Fraternity gave their annual banquet February 21st at Giersch's Cafe to celebrate the anniversary, having been established three years. The banquet was artistically served, and the following toasts were responded to:

Toastmaster, W. S. Tomlinson. "Our Anniversary," by T. M. Lykes; "Kappa Sigma," by J. A. Higgs; "Our College," by E. F. Ward; "Beta Upsilon," by P. W. Hardie; "The Kappa Sigma Girl," by L. T. Winston; "Alumni," by E. E. Culbreth.

The following members were present: Dr. C. W. Burkett, Prof. C. L. Mann, Prof. J. C. Kendall, T. M. Lykes, L. T. Winston, J. A. Higgs, W. S. Tomlinson, W. C. Staples, P. W. Hardie, E. F. Ward, H. S. Montague, D. Y. Hagan, P. N. Pittenger, W. Watters, L. D. Belden, K. C. Council, W. M. Kenley, R. R. Faison, E. E. Culbreth and Messrs. Lyon, Woodard, Hartsell, Perry and Sparger of Trinity College.

Clippings

HAVEN'T YOU FELT THAT WAY.

Haven't you often worn goggles of blue,
And seeing life's sham and its shame,
Felt it was all a big scramble, and you
Might as well get into the game?
That nothing much mattered but a big bunch of cash,
And the man that was good was a jay,
And the whole country was going to smash;
Haven't you, haven't you felt that way?

Haven't you felt it was hardly worth while
To try to live up to your best?
And haven't you smiled a synical smile—
And something way down in your breast
Whispered that life had a prize that was higher than gold
And sweeter than fame or display?
And the faith that had slipped took a brand new hold;
Haven't you, haven't you felt that way?

And didn't a peace come near that was far,
And urged you to strive towards it still?
And didn't you turn your face to a star,
And didn't you say, "I will!"
And weren't you strange, and didn't you find
The world as better, and didn't it pay
To be brave and patient and cheery and kind;
Haven't you, haven't you felt that way?
—By Maurice Smiley, taken from Collier's Weekly.

The gladdest words from a student's pen are these: "Dear
Dad, I've passed again."—*Ex.*

WHO SAYS KISSING ISN'T DANGEROUS.

She sat close in his automobile,
 And he gave her a kiss—
 At that moment a rock struck the wheel,
 And they looked like this.

First Student—I thought you took Calculus last year.”
 Second Student—“I did, but the faculty encored.”—*Ex.*

Student—I don't think I deserve an absolute zero.
 Professor—No, sir; neither do I. But it is the lowest
 mark I am allowed to give. Good day.—*Yale Record.*

Talk, scold, rip and kick—anything to make yourself con-
 spicuous. We have too many sensible cusses in the world
 anyhow! i

There was a young girl of Montana
 Who gave a young man a havana
 When he smoked it awhile
 She remarked with a smile
 “Do you think you would like to have Anna.”

“What sort of an audience do you like best,” a friend asked
 of Mark Twain. “Who, in your opinion, makes the most
 responsive listeners?”

“College men,” replied Mark, after a moment's thought.
 “College men and convicts.”—*Harper's Weekly.*

He sent his boy to college,
And now he cries, "Alak!
I've spent a thousand dollars
And got a quarter-back."—*Ex.*

Billy Jones wrote on the black-board in big white letters:
"Billy Jones can hug the girls better than any boy in this school."

The teacher, seeing it, said: "William, did you write that?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Billy.

"Well, you may stay after school."

The children waited for Billy to come out and then began to guy him.

"Got a lickin', didn't you?"

"Nope," said Billy.

"Get jawed?"

"What did she do?" they asked.

"Shan't tell," said Billy, "But it pays to advertise."—*Ex.*

A lovely young maid, Sarah Jane,
Was suddenly stricken with pain,
They called in a doctor
Who pronounced it incurable incompetence and osculatory
blisterinus, incompatible alacnae of loquatory inconsis-
tency. So the aforesaid M. D.
With electricity shocked her,
And now she is blithesome again.—*Ga. Tech.*

Lemuel—"Paw, what is a talking machine made of?"

Father—"Well, the first one was made out of a rib."—*Ex.*

A night of cram,
 An angry Prof.,
 A tough exam.—
 A busted SOPH.—*Ex.*

“What do you think now, Bobbie?” asked his mother, as she boxed his ears.

“I don’t think,” replied the boy. “My train of thoughts has been delayed by a hot box.”—*Ex.*

Where there’s a will, there’s a lawsuit.—*Georgia Tech.*

Tommy—“How do girls spend their time?”

Jimmy—“Trying to make little boys stop asking questions and big boys begin.”—*Ex.*

Sunday School Teacher—“Who killed Abel?”

Bobby—“I don’t know ma’am. I just moved here last week.”—*Ex.*

MODERN TITLES.

“Say, is the big noise in?” inquired the visitor as he entered the office.

“Naw. He’s out feedin’.”

“Well’ where is the chief gazabo—the one who has charge when the big noise is out?”

“He’s outa town.”

“Ain’t there some one here who acts as the main squeeze when they’re away?”

“Nobody but me.”

“And who are you?”

“I’m de small bunch—de guy what sweeps out de office. See?”—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

SONG OF THE ELECTRICALS.

How doth the effective little b,
 Improve each induction motor
 By reaching out from the stator
 And busily working the rotor.—*Ga. Tech.*

BLOODED.

“I feel dar is royal blood surgin’ in me veins,” said the
 young hopeless.

“You, kid?”

“Yes, me. See dem marks where de old man walloped me
 dis mornin’?”

“Yes; but what do they prove?”

“Dem is de prints of whales. See?”

A TOAST.

To that curious thing called love,
 Which comes like a dove
 From heaven above
 To some;
 While to others it flits,
 And scathes their wits,
 And gives ’em all fits,
 By gum!