

The Red and White

APRIL, 1906

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MURDER

will out, so they say, but subscriptions will not, it seems. Really, fellows, we need that dollar you promised us last September. Kindly hold up your end of the agreement by paying up like a man. Hand in YOUR dollar to ROOM 4, WATAUGA HALL.

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The Red and White

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No. 8

FORESTRY.

When the early settlers from the Old World landed in this country, they had great respect for the forest. This was caused by generations of forest protection at their old home. This country was, at that time, covered with dense forests. There was no open lands for the plow, and they had to clear the ground before they could begin any agricultural pursuits. The forest gave them good shelter, fuel and game for food, but it was often filled with hostile Indians. The Indian was entirely at home in these primeval forests, but the white man was not, and a great amount of labor was required to convert the forest into open land. With all this it is no wonder that their respect for the forest gradually disappeared, and hate and fear took the place of respect. This hostility continued and increased among their descendants.

Far-sighted men soon saw that the forest was not an enemy but the best kind of a friend. In 1653 the authorities of Charlestown, Mass., forbade the cutting of timber on the town lands without permission from the selectmen, and in 1689 the neighboring town of Malden fixed a penalty of five shillings for cutting trees less than one foot in diameter for fuel.

The first steps in forestry were taken in 1795, when a committee of the Society for the Promotion of Agriculture, Arts and Manufactures in New York, made a report on the best way to preserve and increase the growth of timber.

The first professional foresters in the United States had to go abroad for their training, but in 1898 professional forest

schools were established at Biltmore, N. C., and at Cornell University. Others have followed them. The first school of systematic forestry in the United States was begun at Biltmore in 1892.

Different definitions are given for forestry. The following is a good one: Forestry is the formation, care and proper utilization of forests. Several years of experience and experimentation is necessary to give a thorough knowledge of forestry. A forest is supposed by some to be a clump of trees and nothing else. It includes all the plants and animals which may be in the forest, whether they do good or harm. The forest is a community, not of dead, but of living things. The tree is the most important part.

Forestry and silviculture mean practically the same thing. The term *silva* in Latin means forest. The term "arboriculture" from the Latin *arbor*, a tree, is applied to the growing of trees for any purpose, and in any way whatever—singly, in groups, or in forests.

Forests may be grown for many purposes, but the most important is timber production. The timber of the United States is getting so very scarce that it is very important that forestry should be practiced. It would be wise for the government to buy large tracts of timber land and practice forestry. When the public gets sufficiently aroused over this matter it will not be necessary for the government to take a hand.

Forestry should be practiced by every farmer on land that is too rough for agricultural purposes. In practicing forestry all decaying and dead trees should be removed. When any timber is desired from the land, remove the tree that is matured, or remove one where they are too thick. The canopy of the forest should be smooth, but not too close. It should be continuous if the best results are desired.

If a piece of cleared land is no longer cultivated it will begin to grow up in trees. Here is a good place for practice. The first thing to do is to thin the young trees. There will

be thousands of them on the land, and the fittest will survive, but we can aid nature by cutting out the weaker ones. This will give the fittest a better showing. This trimming should be continued until the forest is mature. The larger the trees the fewer should be on the land. When they are all matured they should be removed, and young trees will take their place.

Some of the benefits derived from forestry are: Their sanitary influence, their influence upon the water supply, their influence upon floods, their æsthetic value, and their influence upon wind.

The forest is very sanitary. People who live in the forest always have the very best of health. The sandy portions of France were at one time very unhealthy. They are now covered with pine forests, and are now health resorts. The water from a forest is invariably pure. The cities are dependent upon the forests for a supply of pure water. This reason alone should cause a great awakening in favor of systematic forestry.

The influence of the forest upon the water supply is very great. We never have any serious droughts in this State. On the Western plains, where there are no forests, serious droughts are common. The forests tend to hold the rains when they fall and give them up gradually. It has been proved that they have some influence upon the amount of rainfall. This is not the way in which the forest has its greatest influence upon the water supply, but in the power of holding the water, and giving it up gradually.

Its influence upon floods is also great. Where there are no forests, occur the most serious floods. There is nothing to check the speed of the water, and it rushes on at a continually increasing speed, and soon becomes a destructive flood. The way the forest prevents floods is by holding the water, as was stated before, and not letting it all run off at once. This is done by leaves, principally. The destructive power of a flood is due principally to the nature and amount of *debris*

it carries. The forest checks the flow, and prevents a large amount of *debris* from being carried off.

The æsthetic value of forests is of no small importance. Where does a tired city man go when he wants a rest? Nine times out of ten he will go to the forest if he can. Great summer resorts have been built up in the mountains and the forest is responsible for them. The wide, open plains are monotonous if you stay among them very long. Stay on the plains several years, and then you will know the value of forests for recreation. That the forests beautify the earth none will deny.

The forest is also very valuable as a wind-break. There is nothing more destructive to young, tender plants than a strong, dry wind. It not only beats and tears them up, but it takes the moisture from the soil, thereby depriving them of their water supply. A constant wind is very wearisome, and nothing will check it quicker or more effectively than a forest.

The forest is also very important as a soil-former. Great areas of fertile land consist almost entirely of the waste matter of the forest. The leaves are converted into humus, and this enriches the soil. The best way to renovate old worn-out land is to cease cultivating it, and allow it to grow up in trees. No surer method of soil renovation can be practiced.

The forest also prevents the soil from washing away. This is done by the roots clasping the soil particles, and by means of the leaves of the trees. Another way it does this is by preventing the wind from drifting the sand.

There are many other points that could be brought out in favor of the forest and should be, as the value of the forest is not now generally understood. But when the time comes that it will be better understood; when the people find out the real value of them, then legislative action and public opinion will cause better care to be taken of our friends, the forests.

L. A. N. '06.

Athletics

Since the last issue of this magazine several games have been played by our team, but as most of them were away from home no record of the results can be given. During their State tour the team met with a series of misfortunes wholly at variance with our former records in base-ball. This streak of hard luck may be accounted for by reason of the seriously crippled condition of our battery occasioned by the loss of Temple and Steele, and the accident to Thompson. Then, too, before the trip the team had very little practice, being prevented from outdoor work by rainy weather. This lack of practice caused the handicap of indifferent team work, which even the most brilliant sort of individual playing could not overcome. But the season is young and a few early reverses should not discourage either the team or their supporters. What the team now needs to help it win games is hearty support from the student-body. Let us again have the enthusiastic rooting that has formerly been so characteristic of athletic contests at A. & M.

The third game on the home grounds was played with South Carolina College, and resulted in a score of sixteen to three in favor of A. & M. The first part of the game was very close, and intensely interesting, with the score in South Carolina's favor, but in the last few innings A. & M. rallied, and developed a batting streak that yielded plus bagger hits promiscuously. Farmer and Thompson slaughtered the Carolinian's delivery for home runs and three-baggers galore, while Eskridge hit like the "Willie" of old. McCathran served an elusive sphere, allowing the Palmetto State boys but two hits. A feature of the game was the vocal efforts of South Carolina's second baseman.

Literary

THE MESSAGE OF THE VIOLET.

Spring had sent her advance agent
In the midst of winter's snow,
Telling in a few bright pictures
Soon she'd give a gorgeous show.

Now 'twould be a day of sunshine,
Or perhaps a singing bird,
Just to brighten up our pathway,
Like a kind or helpful word;

But the singing bird and sunshine,
With their message of cheer,
Do not touch my heart so deeply
As this faded violet here.

Some fair girl had breathed its fragrance
As it rested on her breast,
Now it lies all bruised and fallen
Like a birdling from its nest.

Ah! you say its work is ended—
This sweet harbinger of spring;
Is a life no longer helpful
Just because it cannot sing?

Pull aside the withered petals
Of this faded blossom blue,
And you'll find a heart of yellow,
Shining, golden, loyal, true.

This is, then, the violet's message;
Humble men, both young and old,
Beneath a coat of faded brightness
Often wear a heart of gold.

M. A. Y.

THE ANSWERED CALL.

Diane stood between the silken curtains of her window; behind her the gloom of the unlighted room; before her the shadowy dusk of the unlighted street. It was a moment when she was oppressed with the weight of sorrowful memories, when she shrank almost loathingly from the world and all humankind. Suddenly a thread of sound, the fine, sweet note of a violin vibrated upon the hushed air. A boy, shabby, forlorn, pitiful, was trudging across the little park, where a few night stragglers were slouching along the paths or lounging on the benches. When the little fellow reached the flagging beneath Diane's window he paused and began to play. It was no ordinary performance. The instant he drew the bow across the strings, Diane knew the child was a genius.

A light shone from a window of the adjoining house, and gleamed upon his dark curly head, from which his cap had dropped unheeded; and his delicate, inspired face, the passionate intensity of the dark uplifted eyes, told that his young soul held the Italian's heritage of song.

He played only simple airs, tunes known and loved by everybody; then he stopped, picked up his cap, and looked wistfully from window to window. There was nothing humble in that appeal; instead it was eloquent with boyish dignity, as if he were a disguised prince indulging in some caprice of the moment. Diane turned to get her purse, when he began again to play. It was no simple tune now. It was some fantastic melody in a minor key, and it pulsated with

subtle meaning. It told of dreaming love, scarcely yet conscious of loving; then the ecstasy of knowledge and surrender; and then the passionate anguish; the martyr triumph of sacrifice and eternal renunciation. As he struck the prelude chords, Diane started, and then stood rigid, her beautiful face white with wondering pain.

Where had that gifted little musician learned that exquisite melody? Had it not been created for her, played for her alone, in those blessed days before a cynical world parted her from the truest lover ever a woman adored? Where was he now? Her stainless knight, for whom she had mourned all those bitter years with a grief nothing could dispel or console? Why was a wandering violinist playing that tragedy without words, that musical historiette which belonged to her own most sacred memories? Before she realized what she was doing, she was down on the flagstones before the boy musician.

"Who taught you that, my child?" she demanded in breathless emotion.

"My benefactor—my only friend," he replied.

"Yes; but who is he?" Diane persisted.

"He is—the Signor—my teacher," said the boy, who was unwilling, evidently, to tell anything.

But with a sudden little cry she snatched the violin from his reluctant hands. It was a valuable instrument, very old, and she knew it at once. As she held it to the light she discerned a tiny familiar device which was cut in the ivory ornamentation, and which revealed the "Signor's" identity.

"Come inside with me," Diane said to the boy. "You shall have your dinner, and you can tell me all about your kind Signor."

The little fellow was willing enough to be warmed and fed, but he persisted in his loyal reticence concerning his beloved benefactor. He could tell nothing to satisfy her heart, and Diane craved intimate and immediate knowledge. Finally she put him beside her in her own carriage and drove him

home. At the Signor's door she pushed him gently back, and crossed the threshold alone.

It was a small, dim room, with a single window, screened by floating vines. Beyond was a view of long, level roofs, along the edges of which pigeons were strutting and cooing. The Signor sat before a large desk which was littered with manuscript music. He had seen nothing, heard nothing; and Diane looked at him for a moment with a silent scrutiny before he became aware of her presence. Her eyes yearned over him in heart-breaking comprehension. His frame was gaunt, his face haggard; there were streaks of gray in his untidy hair. He was very unlike the brilliant composer and violinist who had been her merry comrade and knightly lover in the old enchanted days. This recluse with an alias was like a stranger. And then he turned, and each looked into the other's eyes.

He started to his feet as if he would have fled from her, and then he dropped back in his chair as if his strength had failed him.

"Are you here to reproach me, Diane?" he asked.

"Doesn't your own soul reproach you, Paul?" she answered. "A brave, strong man would have held fast to his own, and scorned the petty criticism of shallow natures! Oh, it was weak, it was cowardly, Paul, to seclude yourself like a hermit from every joy of life, merely because your pride rebelled against marriage with a rich woman! I can almost doubt you loved me!"

"You never need doubt my love," he said. "But when a pauper weds a rich woman he becomes a dependant and an underling rather than a husband. You would have despised me sooner or later, yourself, Diane."

"A pauper!" she repeated disdainfully. "Did your genius and fame count for nothing? What wealth can equal the creations of genius? Are you not a king to command the world's homage, where the merely rich man is numbered among the common herd? Oh, foolish Paul!"

Her beautiful eyes caressed him, wooed him, persuaded him.

"But it is too late, now, my love," he sighed.

"Would I be here with you, dear, if it was too late?" she replied softly.

She put one hand tenderly on the bowed head, so prematurely whitened with the long agony of their separation. He grasped the tender hand and drew her lips down to his own. After many long minutes they heard a choking sound, and they saw the boy musician huddled forlornly in one corner.

"My little lad, what is it?" Paul inquired.

"You won't want me any more now," the little fellow explained disconsolately.

"Why, Beppo, I shall love you more than ever, now," said Paul, "because it was you, it was the call of your violin that brought my dear girl back to me."

"You belong to us both, now," Diane said. "And Signor Paul means to get back his ambition and his old fame, and to make you famous, too, in playing his music."

"And your love, my princess, will be my strength and inspiration," said Signor Paul. W.

GERMAN STUDENT LIFE.

To begin with there is a marked distinction to be drawn between the German University and the American college and American University. The German University is primarily an institution for research, which leads to the doctorate; whereas in the American institutions the majority of the students strive for a bachelor's degree, and do little or no research. The entrance to the University in Germany is from the gymnasium the equivalent of the best high schools, or rather better than the best high schools, for many claim that a man on

completing his course in the gymnasium has an education equal to that marked by a bachelor degree in this country, and certainly in many instances the education attained in the German Gymnasia is more than equal to that of the American College. This is particularly true concerning the classics though the American institution usually presents, on the other hand, a better training in the sciences.

It illustrates the thoroughness of the classical education of the German student on entering the University, to say that a German professor does not hesitate at all to read to his class long quotations from either Latin or Greek, from books which the student is not presumed to have seen, with the full expectation that every student will fully understand such quotations; an expectation that is usually justified. It is needless to say that such facility with the dead languages does not exist among students who enter our colleges and universities.

This thoroughness of preparation is the result of extremely hard study while the student is in the Gymnasium. Throughout the years of his school life prior to his entrance to the University or College, the German student is probably a harder worked man than is to be found in any other country. His tasks are difficult and his task-master relentless, and the result is a constant application to books which turns out a man of high proficiency in all the studies undertaken.

When the student enters the University matters change decidedly. The student who has heretofore been under close guard, and been driven to study, is now relieved of all restraint. He attends classes when he wishes, meets no examinations, is in no way forced, urged or even encouraged to continue a student in the true sense of the word. The result of this complete lack of restraint after having lived through years of the most severe restraint, is too often the complete breaking away from student ideals. So that during the first, second, and sometimes even the seventh and eighth years of University life you will find the German student entering the University at the beginning of the session, paying his

fees, going to his first lecture, and possibly attending no more lectures until the end of the year or the beginning of the next. There is no definite length of time in which he may stay in the University excepting that there is a minimum under which he cannot receive his degree. The course, then, very often is for the student to enter the University, pass his first two or three or four years in comparative idleness, give his time to the corps, which corresponds to a certain extent to the "fraternity" of the American college, until in some later year his parents may remind him of the fact that they do not wish to keep him in college any longer. The student will then awaken to the necessity of securing his degree and leaving the University. He will then abandon all society, lock himself in his room, and study with the utmost diligence until he finds himself able to stand his examination in a fashion which will entitle him to his doctorate.

This picture of student life is not an attractive one. There is a deplorable waste of time and opportunity. I have known instances where the student has remained seven years at the University without making any advance whatever towards his degree. Such a length of time, however, is exceptional. Two or three years are more usual, but it is a very few indeed that ever get down to work the first year or even the second year of their stay.

The preparation for the examination consists in studying the lectures which the student is supposed to have listened to, studying certain text-books bearing upon the subject, and making a thesis showing the result of his research. I say lectures "supposed to have been listened to" because in many instances the student will attend the first lecture of the course and fail to go to any others, and since no check or record of his attendance is made, he receives credit for many lecture courses which in reality he has not heard. In such cases he secures notes of the lectures from some other student or from printed sources.

The preparation of the thesis is a *bona fide* piece of work, and the most important thing in reality leading to the degree. The investigation on which the thesis is based is conducted by the student under the guidance of the head professor. In some instances this professor gives the student very great assistance; in other cases he is left almost entirely to his own resources. In any event the thesis when published usually shows a mastery of the field involved, and usually discloses new thoughts or facts concerning the subject.

The corps mentioned above corresponds in a slight degree to the American Fraternity, as stated before, with its principle object, however, duelling and beer drinking. The corps holds periodical meetings, "the kneip," at which enormous quantities of beer are drunk. Each corps also maintains its honor against the others in the duel, "the menseur." Members of each corps may be recognized by the form of cap worn, the colors of the cap, and the colors which are woven into the ribbon which is worn diagonally across the breast. In many Universities there are also one or two corps similar to the others, excepting as regards the custom of duelling and beer drinking, which are by these exceptional corps prohibited.

All in all the life of the German student, until he enters the University, is vastly harder than that of almost any American student. After entering the University his life is less vigorous and less devoted to genuine study than with us.

F. L. STEVENS.

THE ACHE OF THE HEART.

'Tis the ache of the heart that turns to gall
 The pleasures of life alway;
 'Tis the ache of the heart that streaks the hair
 Of fathers and mothers with gray.

'Tis the ache of the heart that checks the song
 On the lips of the maiden fair,
 As she thinks of him who pledged his love—
 Who then forgot—who didn't care.

'Tis the ache of the heart that makes us long
 For a draught of the waters of Lethe;
 'Tis the ache of the heart that at last will part
 Our soul from sorrow's wreath.

H.

 LIFE IN THE UNITED STATES ARMY.

Last spring the Editor of the RED AND WHITE asked me to write an article on army life. At that time I did not feel as though I were capable of handling such a broad subject, and although I am still of the same opinion, I think I can perhaps write something of the army that will be of interest.

Army life has been discussed and "cussed" for years, especially since the Spanish-American war in 1898, when the people awoke one morning to discover that they had a regular army, something that few of them seemed to realize before that time, or at least never stopped to think about it.

Since that time the country has taken more interest in the regular army, and much has been written and said about it, but few have ever told exactly what a soldier does. We can

find out easily enough how much pay he draws, how much clothing, his rations; what he should do and shouldn't do, but unless one reads army orders or "soldier" it himself, it is a pretty hard thing to find out what he really does do.

Fortress Monroe, where my company is stationed, is located at the entrance to Hampton Roads, twelve miles from Norfolk, and ten miles from Newport News, Va. The walls of the fort proper may be easily seen from the steamers passing through Hampton Roads, although the batteries containing the large rifles and mortars are outside the walls, scattered along the beach. The reservation is often called Old Point Comfort, and the famous Chamberlain Hotel is situated at the lower point.

The garrison is composed of eight companies, all coast artillery, a band and hospital corps. Six of the companies are quartered in one large barracks. Each company's quarters is divided into four squad-rooms, day-room, office, wash-room, mess-hall and kitchen. Each squad-room contains about twenty privates and four "non-coms," and is in charge of a sergeant. One private is detailed daily to sweep out the squad-room, but each man is responsible for the "policing" (cleaning) up of his own particular bunk. These are made up in a certain way, shoes fixed alike, and clothing packed on shelves. Regularity is the rule. Haversacks and a certain amount of clothing are allowed to hang on the walls. Everything else must be folded and packed on the shelves. Each man has a locker, which is packed in a certain way and opened at every inspection. On this "bunk" is a card with his name, rank, company number, and number of his rifle printed upon it. First call goes at 5:45 A. M., and every one immediately jerks on his clothes and makes a dash for the wash-room to wash before reveille, which sounds 10 minutes later. Attention goes at 6:00, and rolls are called and reports made to the officer of the day. Then follows 15 minutes of double timing and setting up exercises, and then breakfast at 6:15, which is announced by the call, "Come and get it."

"It" consists of bacon and potatoes, or eggs; sometimes "meat balls." Either rice or oatmeal is always served and coffee and bread. Irish potatoes are "spuds"; sweet potatoes "yams," hence North Carolinians are always "yam diggers"; coffee, usually "Java"; and bread, "punk." You seldom ever hear them called anything else. Dinner usually consists of beans or "spuds" and cabbage, or roast beef and "spuds," usually with tomatoes or peas or corn, and some kind of pudding or pie. Sometimes "slum" (Any A. & M. "mixture") is had for supper, or steak, etc. The food is far superior to mess-hall grub and is always well cooked and plenty of it.

After breakfast, until 7 o'clock, all are engaged in "policing" the squad rooms and around the barracks. At 7, fatigue call goes, also sick call. At 7:30 artillery drill sounds. The men are carried to the various batteries by train and clean up the guns and drill until 9:15. As the drills are intricate and hard to explain to one who knows little of artillery I will not say much of them. During the winter months, from December until April, indoor instructions are held, so that men going up for gunner may receive instructions. Second-class gunner pays one dollar extra per month, and is denoted by a small red projectile worn on the right arm. First-class pays two dollars extra, and such a man wears a first-class gunner's badge (two cross cannon with target at intersection). First-class includes the higher branches of gunnery, and therefore is more difficult to make.

At 10 o'clock parade call sounds and all the companies turn out wearing khaki in summer, blue clothes in winter. In cold weather overcoats are worn with the cape turned back over the shoulder showing the red lining. Parade is followed by "Butts' Manuel," a set of exercises with the rifle. These are executed without commands and by the aid of music, and the spectacle of 800 men in perfect time is a very pretty one.

At 11:30 guard mount is held. As the guard is done by companies each goes on for twenty-four hours every eight

days. This is the hardest duty of all, for no matter how cold or hot or wet, every post must be walked day and night, year in and year out. "Soupy" goes at 12:00, and again at 5:30. At sunset and as the sunset gun booms, the "Star Spangled Banner" is played, and as the Stars and Stripes flutter to the ground, one can say, "Only so many days to do." From noon until the next day no drills are held, and one is practically free, as a pass to miss retreat and 11 P. M. inspection can be had any day for "city" if one desires, and special passes of two to five days are often given.

About once every ten days a private may be detailed for "old guard," which consists of chasing prisoners—generally "bob-tails," as men are called who have been dishonorably discharged.

There is practically no society for the enlisted man. The civilians near an army post despise and look down upon the soldier. He in turn knows this, and is looking for trouble, and has little use for the civilians in turn. For recreation one can go to the theatres and such things, and in the summer there are several summer resorts near here. Also there is the Y. M. C. A., which contains bowling alleys, pool tables, "gym" and reading rooms, the post library, and the "canteen." That isn't near as bad as the papers picture it. Ours contains a lunch counter and room, bowling alley, shooting gallery, a fine "gym" and a store where one can buy almost anything he wants except beer. Liquor has never been sold there. The W. C. T. U. and the Saloon Keepers Association joined hands and persuaded Congress to stop the sale of beer, so there would not be so much drunkenness in the army. Congress did so, and now the soldiers simply walk off the reservation and can take his pick of a dozen saloons, gambling houses. It is easy to see where the soldiers' pay goes. In regard to the pay it is very small. Private, \$13; corporal, \$15; sergeant, \$18. I have already explained about the gunner's pay. Much of the soldier's time is spent in reading and playing cards, etc. Sleeping is a very good way

of killing an afternoon, and is very often used. An outsider can seldom really become acquainted with a soldier as they prefer to stick together. Although ignorance of what he really is, much abuse and condemnation is heaped upon him. Ninety per cent. smoke and the majority drink. Gambling is a soldier's hobby. Of course there are few who carry these to extremes. It is something like a college—good, bad, and indifferent characters mixed. One may choose as he pleases, and is his own master so long as he obeys orders and behaves himself.

In conclusion, I will add that I shall be glad if any of the boys from old A. and M. who ever happen to visit near Old Point Comfort will hunt me up, and I shall be only too glad to welcome them and do anything in my power to show them the places of interest within the walls of historic Old Fortress Monroe.

F. C. P., '04.

Sixth Coast Artillery.

EASTER LILIES.

At last the day had come and the long night was over. The morning sun had not yet risen above the tall sky-scrapers, but its rays, feeble though they were, were yet bright, warm and welcome to the weary watcher at the bedside. He had thrown the windows open wide, and in with the caressing rays of the sun, that lighted up the ill-furnished room, came the noises and din from the city that never slept. As he watched the labored breathing of the woman who lay motionless before him, her face white as the snowy pillow only for the red spots on her cheeks that told only too well the tale of the white plague, his face was drawn with the agony of suspense, and now and then he would murmur a prayer.

The figure on the bed moved. "Chris," she called in a voice so low and weak that he scarce could hear it, "its the day again, and I feel much better." "Nata, Nata," and his voice was choked with grief, "can you ever forgive me for bringing you to this cursed place?"

"Don't, Chris, don't," she said, but not heeding, he continued. "Would that I had never left the land of lilies. We were happy then, and you were so well and strong. Don't you remember how we used to walk down by the seashore in the cool of the evening and listen to the song of the waves as they broke, gurgling and swishing on the beach? And then the lily fields, too, Nata. How fragrant they were, and so pure and white. You were my little Easter Lily, then, Nata. Don't you remember how, in the evenings, when the cool moist air swept in over the lily fields and I walked by your side, we would draw deep breaths of their fragrance. Then came the evil day when we left for the great city? Nata, forgive, forgive!"

"Chris, don't blame yourself. You know that I said 'whither thou goest, I will go,' and your wishes were my wishes. I am going to get well, Chris, and then we will go back to the land of the lilies as you call it. Oh, the lilies! I can never forget them, and to-morrow is Easter, too, Chris, and—." A fit of coughing shook her, and she sank back pale and still, the hectic flush deepening into crimson on her cheeks.

The hours passed and the sun rose higher and higher, and the din from the busy city sifted through the now half open windows to the ears of the man who heard naught but the faint breathing of the still figure before him, and his hands were clutched until the nails bit deep into the flesh.

The shadows of the evening were falling, and the sun had sunk behind the tall buildings, when the woman spoke. "I have had a dream, Chris. I was back with the lilies, and was happy. They were so cool, so fragrant. Oh, for a lily! Just to feel its cool petals would make me well. Chris, is

it possible for you to get me one? Just one, Chris. I will wait."

Outside, the man hurried to the flower stalls, but no lilies were to be found. What could he do? It would not do to go back to his dying wife empty-handed, to be unable to grant her last request. As he stood thinking of every possible means of obtaining the lily, an idea came to him, and as a last resort, he eagerly grasped it. A block or two away was a church where they always had lilies on Easter. He would request just one from the pastor.

At the clergyman's door he paused. What if they wouldn't let him have one? No, surely they would not refuse him when he told them of Nata—his dying Nata. He knocked and made his request known to the clergyman. "No," he was answered, "it would be impossible for you to get one."

"But, sir, my wife is dying," he pleaded, "and surely you won't refuse me. You have a wife and you can understand."

"I am very sorry, sir, but it is impossible," and the door was slammed in his face. Slowly he started back. He had done all that was possible for him to do, and he would explain all to Nata, and she would understand.

As he passed the church, a thought flashed through his brain. Yes, he would risk it.

Inside the church, he groped his way in the dim light to the chancel rail. Yes, they were there, and even in the semi-darkness they stood out clear-cut against the dark back ground of gloom. He would take only one, but he would at least enjoy them all, and he breathed deeply again and again the heavy odor that filled the church. Again he was in the lily fields of Bermuda with Nata. Yes, Nata—and the thought of her woke him from his reverie. Softly he tip-toed out the way he came. He stumbled against a bench, and the sound as it echoed through the silence found a still louder answer in the beating of his heart. But at last the ordeal was over, and he was out and safe, as he thought, when a quick step behind him caused him to glance quickly

around. "Where did you get the lily, my man?" came coolly from the blue-clad patrolman. Throwing all discretion to the winds, and thinking only of the probable consequences were he caught, he broke into a run and darted into a side street. Close in pursuit came the patrolman. A quick side-step into an alley and he was safe, while the patrolman lumbered on ahead.

A few minutes later he was listening to Nata as she held the lily tightly clasped in her hands, its cool petals pressed against her feverish cheeks. Her mind was wandering, and she was back in the land of the lilies. With Chris she walked the sands, golden in the evening sunset. She prattled childishly of her girlhood days, the Easter festival with its attendant delights, and the soft murmur of the sea borne in on the evening breezes, and with it peace and the refreshing fragrance of the lily fields. The lilies she wooed, she kissed, she talked to, and was happy.

A slight sound, and Chris turned to see the blue clad patrolman standing in the door. He opened his mouth to speak, but Chris had turned to the bed again, and Nata heard not.

"Chris, I am so tired," she said. "I must rest," and with a deep sigh of mingled weariness and pain she closed her eyes as if seeking the rest in quietness. "The lilies, Chris!" she cried, her eyes shining with a feverish brightness, "they call me! See! The lilies!" and she sank back on the pillow with a smile of ineffable happiness on her face, and the Easter lily clasped tightly in her hand.

Tenderly crossing the dead hands across her breast, he turned. "I am ready to—," he began and then stopped. He was alone with his dead, and through the half-closed windows came the noise and din from the city that never slept.

H. L. H.

UNSELFISHNESS.

Have you ever thought of the one great theme?

“What is the highest mission in life?”

How great it is to always act nobly

And never be weak in the strife?

Shall our life be one of selfish endeavor?

Senseless struggle for wealth and fame?

Or shall it be spent in scattering sunshine

Among the meek, the lowly, the halt and the lame?

True glory consists not of fame nor of wealth,

But of the consciousness of duty well done

That duty, to work for others and not for self,

As given to man by the Almighty One.

S. ELDRIDGE.

 THE EDUCATION OF THE TECHNICAL MAN.

A great many college graduates seem to have the impression that their education is finished when they have received the long-coveted diploma. But a college course is only a start or preparation for a good education. We simply learn how to study and find out something of our tastes and what we wish to study. If a man lives to be three score and ten, and devotes several hours each day to study he will then feel that he has only an incomplete education.

In the days of Bacon and Ben Johnson, the sciences were in their infancy, and, consequently, one man in his life time could almost encompass the whole scope of human learning.

Bacon said: "I have taken all knowledge to be my province." But in the present day, when the sciences have been greatly explored and widened, it is no use for a man to try to know much of all things.

To the engineer and technical man to-day it is rather a difficult question to decide which department of study to take up. Of course he should take up some line of study outside of his particular profession. Too often the technical man develops into a mere machine for doing work, and lives only in his profession.

To the technical man who has a thirst for knowledge, I would suggest that he first make himself a complete master of his profession. When we come to the question of who commands the highest salary for services rendered, we always find that it is the man who is thoroughly a master in one small department.

I do not think in this busy age that one should spend much valuable time in learning the modern languages. Latin and possibly Greek should be learned, for to learn Latin and Greek is a good way to learn English, because a very large per cent. of our words are derived from these languages.

What a man should seek to do is to become acquainted with the laws of philosophy, the thought of the old philosophers, the masterpieces of the world's literature, the history, and geography of the world, together with the science of the government, and a study of sociology.

In setting out to learn something of the above subjects, if we read indiscriminately of each at the same time, we will not learn much more of either than a bird setting on a telephone line hears of the message traveling along the wire. We should take one subject and get one or two or three of the very best books on that subject, and completely master it. But we should not swallow down whole all that we see in a book, even if the author is a good one. Study is beneficial only as it aids our thought. Reading is not thought, but food for thought. After completing one subject we may proceed to the study of another, and so on.

There is one thing that is of vital importance, which most of the business men of to-day neglect, and that is to be well informed on the leading questions of the day. To be able, when called upon, to express a sound, conservative opinion on any of the vital questions of the day, is no insignificant mark by which we are judged.

But I do not think the newspaper should be read very much by the busy man if he is trying at the same time to become an intellectual, cultured man. The time that the average business man spends in ten years reading of murder cases and unimportant news items, if spent studying history, would make him an authority on the history of England, Greece, or Rome.

I believe the surest way of enlarging our influence and strengthening our personality is, as outlined above, to become acquainted with the master minds of all ages, and using their thought as a means of developing our own thinking faculties.

S. ELDRIDGE.

Y. M. C. A.

Our Y. M. C. A is now passing through a trying time, perhaps the most trying time of the year. These pleasant spring Sunday afternoons do not attract the students' attention to the Association meetings, but rather detract their attention from them. Can we hardly blame the boys, since having worked the six week-days, and having gone to Sunday-school and to Church on Sunday forenoons? Still the Association is doing good work under the wise guidance of its new president. We dare not complain.

Recently a temperance club was organized among the student body and the faculty. Officers, and an executive committee were elected. More than thirty of the young men, headed by President Winston, have already signed the pledge.

Although this temperance movement is not directly a part of the Association work, the two go hand in hand, and are consistent workers. We think this movement a noble step, an onward step towards placing our college on a higher plane of morality and Christianity. But there is one thing we would like to make clear. There are two classes of extremists who would picture our college. One class would have the public believe that the college is a den of drunkenness, a kind of hell-hole; the other, that no immorality whatever exists. Not so. One is as far from correct as the other. Put the two together and divide the result by facts and common sense, and we will have a representative picture of the actual conditions. We have some drinking—little drunkenness. We admit that. If we did not we would be lying. But on a whole we think the A. and M. is on just as high, if not a higher, plane of morality than the other State schools, or the denominational schools.

M. L. EARGLE, *Cor. Sec.*

no mean value. A two years course in German, beginning with the Junior year, cannot fail to be productive of beneficial results, and is hoped that another year will see such a course adopted.

* * *

We regret that the college must lose another Department Director. Prof. Henry M. Wilson, who has been at the head of the Textile Department for the past six years, has resigned in order to become superintendent of the Poe Manufacturing Company's Cotton Mill, at Greenville, S. C.

Under Prof. Wilson's progressive management the Textile Department has grown from a handful of students doing theoretical work with nothing in their hands but a lone loom standing idle in the basement of the main building, to more than thirty students doing practical work in cotton preparation, carding, combing, spinning, twisting, reeling, winding, dyeing, designing and weaving on machinery which with the new building is valued at \$80,000. Most of the machinery was secured as donations or at large discounts from regular prices from the manufacturers.

Prof. Wilson was graduated in arts at Johns Hopkins University, studied two years at the Philadelphia Textile School, and was then engaged for some time in mill work before coming to Raleigh.

The company that has now secured his services is capitalized at \$500,000. The mill is one of the largest in the Piedmont region, where large mills are the rule. It contains over 58,000 spindles and 1,500 looms. The product is a wide plain cloth called "converter's goods."

Prof. Wilson was an enthusiastic worker for the general good of the college, especially in athletics, and he will be missed by all. Our best wishes go with "Prince Henry" to his new field.

Locals

Keep your eye on the Seniors from now on.

Messrs. Syme, Morson and Harding, all graduates of this institution, passed through Raleigh recently. They were on their way to Mexico, where a lot of road building and other engineering work is to be done. They go into the interior of the country amidst hostile tribes of Indians.

Prof. H. H. Hume, who has been associated with this institution for the past two years, has tendered his resignation. He has accepted a position as head of the department of horticulture at McDonald College, of St. Anne de Bellevue, near Montreal. This college is very richly endowed, and the cost of the buildings and equipments runs up into the million mark.

At last it seems as if our dreams of an athletic park are to be realized. A charter has been granted to the Raleigh Athletic Park Co., in West Raleigh, under the direction of the A. and M. College. The incorporators are: President Geo. T. Winston, Professors D. H. Hill, W. C. Riddick and W. A. Withers. The authorized capital stock is \$25,000, and the limit is for twenty-five years.

A. and M. students and graduates are always in demand. Recently Mr. L. V. Edwards, a member of the Senior Class, was appointed chief engineer of the electric railway which is being constructed between Greensboro, High Point and Thomsville. Mr. Edwards took with him as an assistant Mr. Raymond Maxwell, also of the Senior Class. They will return to college in time to graduate.

BRILLIANT RECEPTION.

The Senior Class of the College will ever remember with pleasure the delightful reception tendered them by the Junior and Senior Classes of the Baptist University for Women on the evening of the 9th. "Personal" visiting cards were given to each member of the class, with the letters in each name arranged according to the inductive method. Each lady was to unravel the name of the bearer of his individual card. The ladies entertained with their usual grace and hospitality, which gives them the unrivaled title of charming hostesses. Nearly every member of the Senior Class was present, and those unfortunate ones who were detained by duty realize that they missed the most magnificent social event of the scholastic year. Delicious refreshments were served during the evening.

Comics

Dr. W.—“Well, your son has filled out his line of demerits. I just wanted to know what you have to say about it.”

Dr. H.—“Cut out the line and let him start anew.”

Who won the game when St. Amant and the Commandant were playing “mumble peg” in the summer house on the campus?

Officer of the Day (at 11 P. M.)—“Cut out that noise, Freshman, and go to your room!”

Perkins (who had been dancing in his wooden shoes)—“Mr. O. D., this is no Freshman, but I’m bigger than a Freshman.”

McBrayer (looking on the map, found Alamance County)—“I didn’t know there was an ‘Almanac’ County in this State.”

Tillman and Tuttle—“Professor, we have read all the books and journals we can find on the construction of photometers and we can’t get much information on it.”

Prof. Paine—“Well, you need not go into anything elaborate. Just take a small goods-box, a piece of greased paper and a candle. That is all you need.”

“What is the correct garb for a surgeon about to perform an operation?”

“A cutaway I suppose.”

It is astonishing to note how electricity is being utilized in all departments of science. In the medical science it is becoming more and more useful and especially in surgical operations. In the latter, electricity sometimes so simplifies the operation that the patient himself is able to perform it. We saw the other night a remarkable instance of a patient performing an operation on himself by the aid of electricity when we happened on E—— in M——'s room paring corns by the aid of the electric light.

THE FIRST KISS.

The greatest surprise to a girl who gets kissed the first time is, there is no taste to it.—*Pocahontas (Ark.) Times.*

No taste to it? Well, by the hen feathers on Cupid's dart, but the *Times* man must be color blind in the palate! They tell us, those who have tried it, that it tastes like the double-distilled essence of honey spread thick on a piece of pumpkin pie. Away back in the dim joyful years ago before we lost our teeth and our cinch on the beauty prize, the prettiest girl in all the world told us with her eyes that it felt like a covey of quail flying out of each ear and ended with a sensation like a flock of angels pouring molasses down one's back. No taste to the first kiss? Great Scott! It would make a wooden cigar Indian's hair curl and his toe-nails quiver in ecstasy. The *Times* man must be an ice-house.—*From Clover Leaves.*

Commandant—"Mr. Jones, if you were on guard duty, and were suddenly surprised by a party of the enemy, what would you do?"

Jones—"I would form a line, sir."

Commandant—"What kind of a line could you form with only one man?"

Jones—"I would form a bee line for camp."

B. U. W. Girl—"My goodness, I thought Mr. Hanselman was a post-graduate."

Asbury—"Why did you think so?"

B. U. W. Girl—"Because he told me last year he was a Senior."

Prof. Hill—"Mr. Clarke, what is a dilemma?"

Clarke—"It is a kind of spasm or fit."

Exchanges

If a person were to read exchanges all of the time, his memory would be a veritable scrap-book of knowledge. He could tell you of orations that soared upward into the depths of the deep blue sky, of debates in which the vanquished were annihilated in a perfect avalanche of logic, of stories that fairly reeked in blood, of tales that caused you to tremble with fear at the thought of them, of stories that caused the love thrills to run up and down your spinal column like "celestial molasses out of the bunghole of the universe." Verily, indeed! college journalism wears a coat of many colors.

The *Enterprise* published by the Raleigh High School is very creditable for a first issue, and we wish it all success.

The *Red and Blue* from the University of Pennsylvania is a welcome visitor to our table. The poetry is good and the essay on "William Butler Yeats" would be of credit to any magazine.

To the *Georgia Tech* we unhesitatingly award the palm for originality in their comic department. We would advise all engineering students to read the scientific articles in the *Georgia Tech*. It's worth the time.

The *Messenger*, by the Durham City Schools, is another new arrival, and it promises to make good in the future issues. Steer clear of the namby-pamby love stories, youngster.

The *Erskinian* for March is unique in that it has not any fiction. The essays are excellent, but don't you think that some fiction would greatly improve your otherwise excellent magazine?

The *William and Mary Magazine* has some excellent poetry in the March issue, of which "Over the Waves" seems to reflect the rollicking spirit of the writer. We would advise the writer of "Black Mammy's Spirit" to apply the test of Webster's "Unabridged" to his meaning of "exhaled." When we studied physiology we were always taught that "to exhale" meant the action of the lungs in expelling the air from which oxygen had been extracted, said air being mainly CO₂, and of a temperature about blood heat. "Parson Jones" must have refrigerated his internal workings, according to our worthy contemporary. We appreciate your editorial, "Why Forget the Magazine," Mr. Editor.

At last we are face to face with the *Clemson Chronicle* after a long wait, but since the editor has satisfied us as to the whys and wherefores of the delay, let it be. We find ourselves interested in "The Mission of the Twentieth Century," while we stand in awe-stricken silence before the stupendous imagination of the writer of "The Twentieth Century Power Producer." Verily, it is a wonderful story, at the least, and should prove a drawing attraction. Vale! O most imaginative of the imaginative!

The *Georgetown College Journal* for March is up to its usual standard. Of the fiction, "Died on the Table" is decidedly the best.

The *Davidson College Magazine* is very evenly balanced. "Independence in Politics" and "An Evil of To-day" are excellent essays. The style of "At the Mercy of the Law" is too forced and choppy. The poetry is creditable.

We find much of value in the *Mercerian* for March. The essay, "The Invisible Empire of the South" and "The Aluminum Age" are full of interest. The editorials show the result of much thought and are of some real value, an exception to the general run of editorials.

The *State Normal Magazine* finds a hearty welcome. "To a Southern Girl" is a poem that reflects credit on the writer.

In the *Georgian*, "Longing" is a poem of worth. Of the essays, "A Square Deal" is decidedly the best, but we cannot say there is any best in the fiction, which is not up to its usual standard.

The *University of Virginia Magazine* is an exchange that is always welcome. There have been imaginative writers from time immemorial in the "Mag," but the author of "My Friend Laroda" takes the cake for imaginativeness. We have always admired the editorials and especially we admire the "Easter Advice." It appeals to us, Mr. Editor, for we too are acquainted with the "boot-lickers," the blue-bottle flies of a spineless aristocracy.

We acknowledge our usual exchanges.

Clippings

WHERE IT WAS DONE.

Joe Bing, he cut ten cord o' wood
From rise to set o' sun;
He cut it, an' he piled it, too,
Yes, sir, that's w'at he done.
To cut ten cord of wood, I vow,
Is one tremenjus chore—
Joe Bing cut his behind the stove
In Luscomb's grocery store.

Joe Bing, he cut eight load o' hay,
I swan, an' raked it, too,
An' in twelve hours by the clock
He was entirely through.
He could, I guess, before he slept,
Cut jes' as many more—
He cut it where he did the wood,
In Luscomb's grocery store.

Joe Bing, he ploughed four acres onct,
He ploughed it good an' neat;
An' 'fore the sun had near gone down
The job was all complete.
The hosses never turned a hair,
Wan't tired, near leas' bit sore.
He ploughed it all in one short day—
In Luscomb's grocery store.

Joe Bing, he made five dollars onct
By simply pickin' hops;
He done it all in jest a day
With time for sev'ral stops.

He could as well a-kept it up
 A dozen days or more.
 Where was it done? The same ol' place—
 In Luscomb's grocery store.
 —*John D. Larkin, in Woman's Home Companion.*

He—"Why is a kiss like creation."

She—"Don't know; why?"

He—"It's made out of nothing, and God knows it's good.—

The Emory Phoenix.

JUST A LITTLE LATIN.

Boyibus kissibus
 Sweet girlorum,
 Girlibus likibus
 Wantie somorum.

Popibus hearibus
 Kisse somorum—
 Kickibus boyibus
 Out of the dorum

Darkibus nightibus,
 No lightorum;
 Climibus gatebus—
 Breechibus torum.

HEARD IN ACADEMIC.

"Shutem?"

"Nope. Gotterzero."

"Butterlukeout, wontgetouterexam."

"Dontcare. Gointerflunkanyhow."—*Ga. Tech.*

AN OLD SAW.

I saw Esau kissing Kate,
 The fact is we all three saw.
 I saw Esau, he saw me,
 And she saw I saw Esau.

Pat was the proud father of a young son and heir, and very naturally wished to impart the good news to his friends. So when he met Mike, the latter had to guess the sex.

"Oi guess it is a leetle gurl," hazarded Mike.

"Ye be wrong, guess agen," answered Pat.

"Well, begarra, it must bae a boy," guessed Mike.

"Somebody's been tellin' youse," declared the astonished Pat.—*Ga. Tech.*

Though they had never met b-4,
 What cause had she 2 care?
 She loved him 10-derly, because
 He was a 1,000,000 aire.—*Ex.*

"Now since Eve Tempted Adam,
 Man has been a total wreck,
 And the apple above his collar,
 Proves he got it in the neck."

"Pa, what's experience?"

"Experience, my son, is the compound extract of butting in."

The following sublime paragraph is from one of the latest fashionable novels:

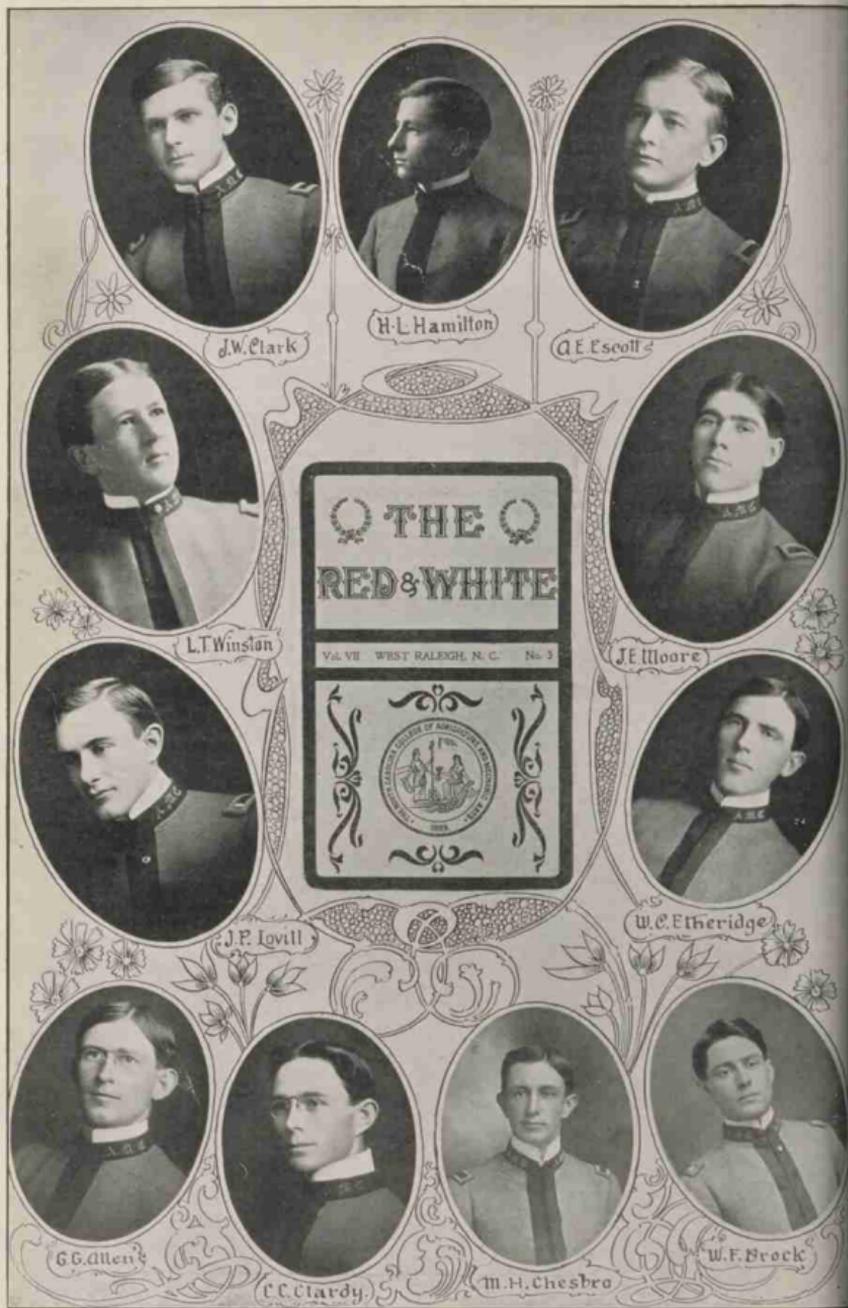
"With one hand he held her beautiful head above the chilling waves, and with the other called loudly for assistance."—*Tit Bits.*

Concerning college foot-ball teams,
Too oft it comes to pass,
The man who's half-back on the field
Is way back in his class.

—*Exchange.*

Danny had a little goat,
'Tis very sad to tell;
He nibbled at the dynamite,
And it blew him all—to pieces.

—*Exchange.*



BOARD OF EDITORS.