

The Red and White

MAY, 1906

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
Opportunities in Technical Agriculture.....	393
The Biag Society	394
Athletics	396
Literary	399
Alma Mater—A. and M.	
The Master Singer.....	399
The Inter-Society Debate	403
The Fishermen of Eastern Carolina	404
A Senior's Farewell (Poem)	409
En Passant	410
"Ticks" (Poem)	412
The Increasing Betterment of the Laborer's Con- dition	413
A Senior's Lament (Poem)	418
Y. M. C. A.	419
Editorial	421
Exchanges	423
Comics	426
Locals	429
Clippings	432
What Others Think of Us	438

SAY, FELLOWS!

We need that dollar you owe, so kindly pay up. There's a receipt book waiting for you in NUMBER 4, WATAUGA. We can't pay our bills if you don't pay up.

DON'T FORGET IT.

WEAVER
& LYNCH
PRINTERS
& BINDERS



RALEIGH

The Red and White

Vol. VII

WEST RALEIGH, N. C., MAY, 1906

No. 9

OPPORTUNITIES IN TECHNICAL AGRICULTURE.

All students of technical agriculture and of the sciences which form the foundation and basis of agriculture, rejoice in the far reaching effects which the passage of the Adams bill by Congress will have upon agriculture. This bill is also of special interest to students now in college and to those meditating college entrance, to students who are canvassing the possibilities of life as it lies before them, concerned with that momentous question the selection of a life vocation.

The bearing of the Adams bill is obvious to all. The work done through Federal aid by each Experiment Station of the United States will, owing to the increased appropriation by this bill, be doubled in amount within the next five years; and further increase through State aid can also be predicted in most of the States.

It is apparent, therefore, that the number of men employed by the agricultural experiment stations in a scientific capacity must be largely, very largely, increased during the next five years, thus creating a remarkably large number of openings in all the branches of science pertaining to agriculture. This demand is already felt. Inquiries are being sent far and wide from each station in the search of the needed, qualified man. This condition of opportunity for properly trained men must continue for several years to come, and students in selecting their course, or in deciding upon their future, should be aware of the conditions.

I would in no way advise anyone to take up scientific work

as a vocation in preference to a life upon the farm, nor would I advise a life upon the farm in preference to the scientific work. It is a matter of choice, taste and peculiar fitness of the individual. Either life is honorable, each has its attractions; either should be lucrative enough to provide the honest industrious worker with a comfortable living, and each offers opportunity for discovery and achievement leading to the advancement of the race, and to the benefiting of civilization.

F. L. S.

THE BIAG SOCIETY.

It will perhaps be of interest to all agricultural students to learn of the rapid progress and development which the Biag Society is undergoing. The organization of this society was started on January 16, 1906, through the influence of Dr. F. L. Stevens, who, through unwavering interest in the work of the agricultural students, has given much of his attention to the development of this society.

A sound system of government has been established, which puts the society on a sound basis, and from the excellent results so far, we see no reason why it should not be one of the soundest organizations in existence. And it is hoped that in the near future other chapters may be established in other colleges.

This society devotes itself to advanced work along biological-agricultural lines, and its membership is restricted to members of the upper classes, with graduate students as honorary members. Membership stands for special ability and scholarship, as well as exemplary character and good standing with student body. Students are chosen wholly upon merit, and the number is limited to ten active members from the Junior and Senior Classes. Upon this ground lower classmen belonging to the Biological and Rural Science

Clubs should make special efforts to avail themselves of an opportunity to become members of this organization when they become upper classmen.

The charter members are:

From the Senior Class—J. C. Beavers, Morrisville; M.H. Chesbro, Claremont, Va.; S. W. Foster, Vance; H. S. McLendon, Ansonville.

Representing the Junior Class—L. J. Herring, Clinton; L. F. Koonce, Richland; J. E. Turlington, Clinton; J. E. Overton, Ahoskie.

The honorary members are three at present—J. C. Temple, instructor in the Bacteriological Laboratory; J. O. Morgan, Farm Superintendent; and William Kerr, Assistant in Field Experiments.

As the end of the present scholastic year mark the loss of the four Senior members of the Society, action has been taken to fill their vacancies from the coming Senior and Junior Classes.

M. H. C.

A TOAST.

I have met many, liked a few;
Loved but one—here's to you.

Athletics

A. and M. has been hunting BIG game. By suffering defeat in games of minor importance, we caused the BIG game to underestimate our strength, and having thus lured them on to a belief in our weakness, we have fallen on and slaughtered some of the mightiest monarchs in base-balldom. St. John's, Carolina, Georgetown, Virginia—truly a list of triumphs to make the most comatose spirit in college gyrate with elation. The apparent inconsistency displayed by our team in losing small games and winning big ones cannot be explained, save by the fact that the ways of base-ball are strange and uncertain. We lose to "Prep." schools and win from some of the biggest Universities in the country, and these Universities have victories over still mightier teams to their credit.

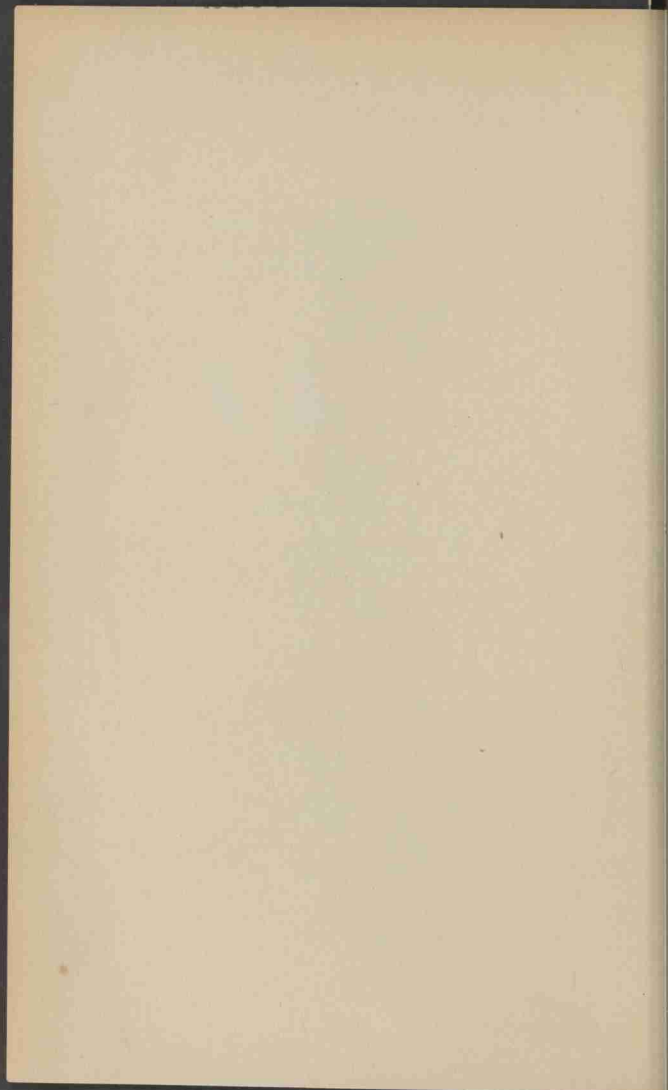
A detailed account of the manner in which A. and M. took the scalps of the above mentioned "big fellows" would be uninteresting, because to give an old tabulated score would be rehashing the mere statistics of the games. St. Johns was defeated in a swatting matinee attended by A. and M. at the expense of the visitor's battery. Carolina was beaten in the most brilliant game ever seen on our diamond. Splendid all-round team work won the game. To the magnificent pitching of McCathren is ascribed the victory over Georgetown. The home run by Harris was also a mighty factor in winning the game. Eskridge, who precedes Harris in the batting list was, of course, on base, and scored on "Pap's" big hit. The game won from Virginia is the greatest victory A. and M. has ever achieved in athletics. We were represented in the box by Temple who pitched his first game for the 'Varsity, and did it splendidly. His home run which scored himself and Eskridge caused the only earned runs of the game. Both Virginia and A. and M. figured largely in

the error column, but as the former bunched errors and scattered hits, and the latter bunched hits and scattered errors, the result was accordingly.

Some of our remaining games are with Wake Forest, Trinity and Carolina, and if we can keep up our winning streak and defeat these teams, we will have a string of victories to our credit that will be the envy of every team in the State.

A TOAST.

A friend what is social,
Good natur'd and free
To a pot of my liquor
Right welcome shall be.
But he that is proud
Or ill natur'd, may pass
By my door to an ale-house
And pay for his glass.



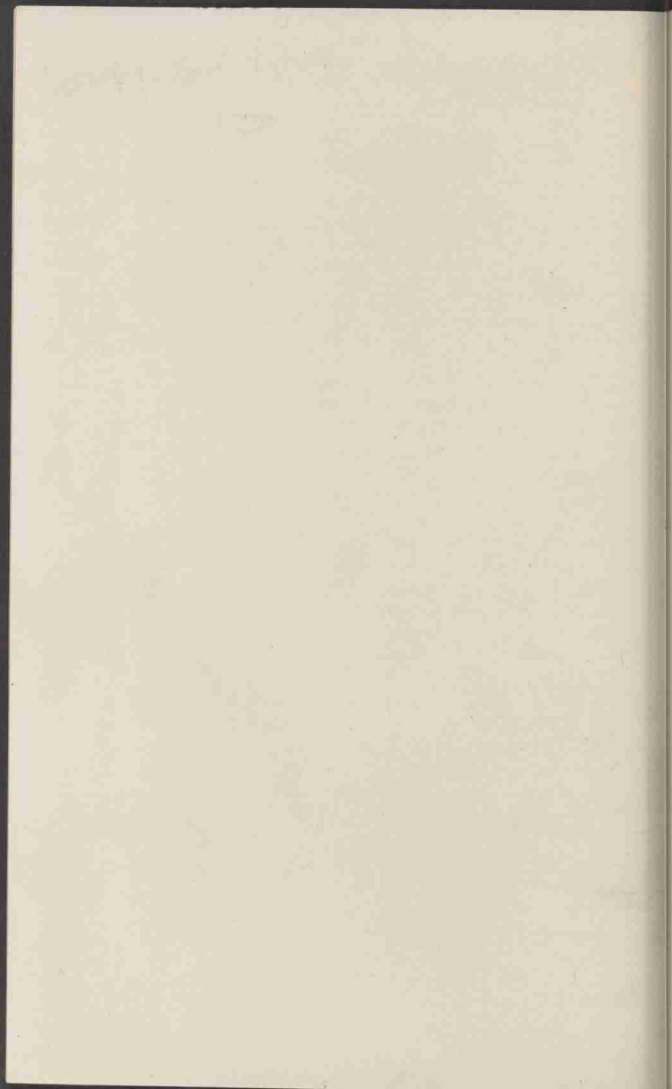
Alma Mater A. S. M.

Words by Albert Edward Escott, '06.

We're the men of the A. and M.,
But they are not all here.
Sun-kissed Carolina,
We sing a song of cheer.
Tar Heel State's a great old State;
She rambles far and wide,
From the Blue Ridge in the sky
To broad Atlantic's tide.

On the hill we've paced our beat,
With guns and tired feet;
But on war-path marching,
Or on enterprises sweet,
Then with scenes of college days
The recollection teems,
And we'll sing of Alma Mater
In our gladsome dreams.

North Carolina A. and M. College,
Sons in many climes,
True to thee and loyal
In peace and in stirring times,
Hail the flag of Red and White
For a college strong and free,
Alma Mater, Heaven's blessings
Always follow thee.



Literary

THE MASTER SINGER.

HOW THE MOCKING-BIRD LEARNED TO SING LIKE
OTHER BIRDS.

"Mornin', suh. Hope you well dis mornin'."

I assured Uncle Jim, as he stepped into my room, that I was never in better health, and that I was glad to see him about as usual. A familiar figure on the campus is old Uncle Jim, who for years regularly every Monday morning has wended his way across the campus to the dormitories from which he returns laden with the week's washing of several of the "young gemmens," and whereby his industrious wife is enabled to assist her helpmeet in earning their daily bread.

As was usual on his weekly visits, he found me this Monday morning in bed, although the sun was well up in the heavens, and just outside my window that gay songster, so well known on the campus, was venting his joy upon the world in a burst of song.

As usual, Uncle Jim chided me on my laziness. "Yessuh, you oughter be 'shame' yo' se'f laying up hyear in bed 'stid er bein' out an' praisin' de Lawd dat he 'low you to live in sech a fine and gloryus day. Dess listen to Mr. Mockin' Bird what's er settin' out dar in de tree an er singin' praises ter de Marster dess lack he's heart am full ter de brimmin' over pint."

And then he fell to discoursing on the qualities of the mocking-bird and its song.

"Has you ever notice, honey, how de yuther birds set right still en doan open dey moufs while Mr. Mockin' Bird is er

singin' his song? Well, dey doan fer a fact, en if you is ever out in de kuntry 'mongst all de singin' birds, you can see fer yerself. No, suh, dat dey doan. Dey got too much respeck ter sing dey measley li'l songs whilst he singin' his song and all dey songs too, an' dat better dan dey kin ever 'speck ter sing.

"Has you ever hyear huccome de mockin' bird kin sing lack all de yuther birds?"

I told Uncle Jim that I had never heard of it, and seeing that it was in him to tell the story, I told him I would like to hear about it.

"Well, since you ax me, I gwine tell yer. Hit wuz dess dis way. De time every when all de birds 'cide dey gwine hab er singin' convenshun dess lack folkes do. So dey call er meetnin' uv all de birds what kin sing, en dey give er invite all de yuther birds too what ain' never know how ter sing. Well, suh, hit wuz in de spring time er de year, an' when de day fer de convenshun come all de birds was dar dress' in dey bes' Sunday-go-ter-meetin' cloze. Dey sot de birds what ain' never sing out on de flo' so's dey kin listen to de yuthers, an' all dem what kin sing is envited up in de pulpit. 'Mongst dem in de pulpit dar wuz Mr. Jack Robin an' he cousin, Mr. Swamp Robin, en dar wuz Mr. Brown Thresh en all his cousins en all he family, en dar wuz Mr. Blue Bird and Mr. Cat Bird, en dar wuz Mr. Joree en little Tom Pewee, en dar wuz little Miss Jinny Wren, en all de yuther birds an' dey families, so many uv 'em dat hit would take me fum now twell Christmas ter name 'em all.

"Well, suh, atter dey call de meetin' ter order, dey 'lected Mr. Jack Robin ter perside over de convenshun an' ter call on de different ones ter come out in de pulpit en sing dey pieces as dey mout specify on de program. So Mr. Jack Robin he tuck de chair an' 'gin to call on de different ones fer ter come out and sing dey song.

"Whilst he wuz callin' on fust dis one an' den dat one, Mr. Jay Bird he up an' say he ain' see no use ter hab er singin'

if dey ain' gwine hab nobody fer ter sorter crittercise, an' tell 'em whevver or no dey is singin' dey pieces dess zactly right. Den Mr. Joree he up an' say dat Mr. Jay Bird pint am well tooken, an' dat he ain' never see how dey gwine git erlong widout nobody ter crittercize an' tell um when dey is singin' right an' when dey is singin' wrong. Wid dat he make de motion dat dey pint somebody fer ter take de job. Well, suh, de upshot er de whole 'scussion wuz dey 'cide dey sho' is bound ter hab somebody. Den dey 'gin ter look around fer ter see who dey kin got fer de place, an' hit sho trouble 'em right smart tryin' ter cide 'bout hit. At las' dey leave de whole matter ter de pres'dent, Mr. Jack Robin. Wid dat, Mr. Jack Robin riz in de chair an' say dat being as dey done place de 'sponsibility 'pon him, he ricken dat he blegged ter pint somebody, but dat he feel dat he wuz in de dark 'bout fer who ter pint dess as much as dey wuz. Howsomever, he say dat he done notice one uv de gemmens 'mongst dem, an' dat he sho' do lack de way he sing, an' de way he carry hissself whilst he wuz er singin'. An' den he pint out dis year bird what us folkses call de Mocking Bird, an' ax him ter come for'ard an' take charge er de singers.

"Now, in dem days, Mr. Mocking Bird ain' never sing lack nobody but hissself. If you is ever notice how de young mockers sing des atter dey leave dey mammy's nes', den you done hear how Mr. Mockin' Bird sing in dem days 'fore de convenshun. But all de time Mr. Mockin' Bird been singin' he been sorter noticin' how de yuthers sing, an' while he ain' never sing nothing, yit he done know all de time he kin sing lack de res' uv 'em if he try.

"So, atter he tucken charge er de singin' dey go on wid de program, an' call on little Tom Pewee fer ter sing. Atter Tom Pewee sing he piece, Mr. Mockin' Bird crittercise him, an' tell him erbout how some part he sing good an' some bad. Mr. Pewee thank him fer he seg'stions, and say he gwine do better next time. Den dey go on down de program, an' call fust dis one an' den dat one, an' Mr. Mockin' Bird sing de

pieces er mighty nigh all uv 'em fer show 'em how dey oughter be sing.

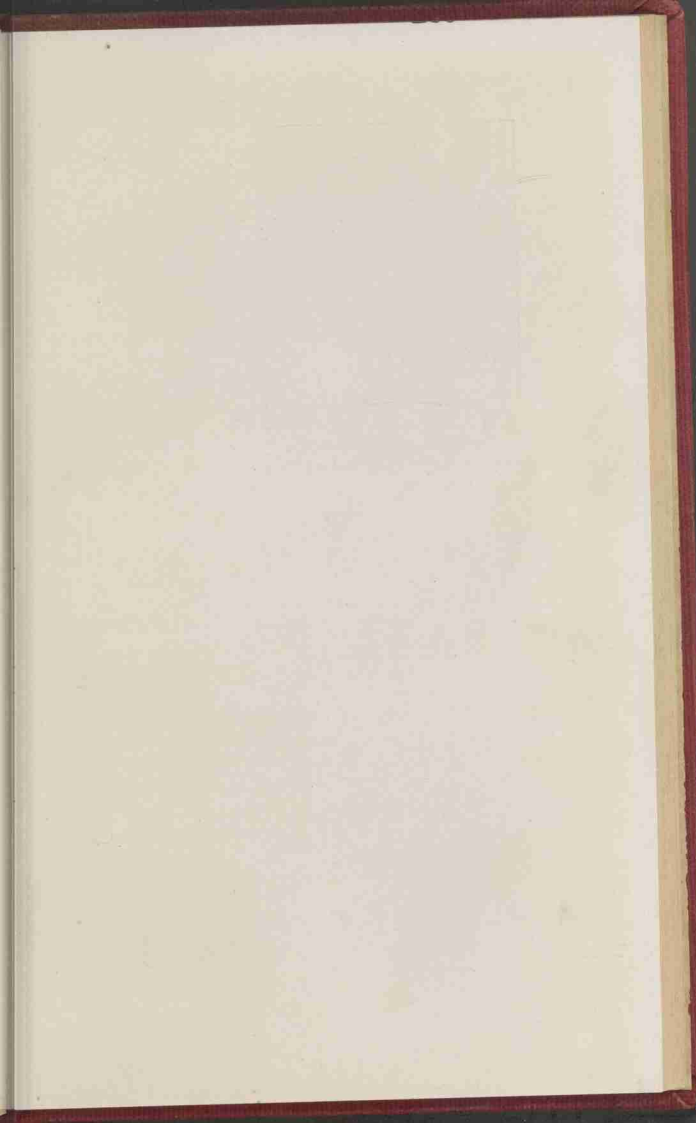
"When dey come down to Miss Jinny Wren on de program, she come er splittin out in de pulpit an' switch her tail up an' den dis way an' den dat way, and dess take on powerfully. Den she th'ow her head 'way back an' ack so uppity when she sing dat hit look lack she ain' got no sense. She feel so smart she bleegeed ter sing her piece over five or six times 'fore she stop. All dis time Mr. Mockin' Bird ain' say nothin', but de yuther birds sho' is shocked monstrous. He dess wait twell she stop an' den he 'gin ter crittercize de way she come out, an' de way she carry herse'f whilst she wuz singin'. Den she git mighty mad an' sass him, an' say if he doan lack her style he needn't, an' wid dat she flirt herse'f outen de meetin', and never come back to no mo' singin' meetin's. An' honey, ef you dess notice dem Jinny Wrens right ter day, you kin see how dey is, an' how dey ain' got no respeck fer nobody.

"Yessuh, dis Mr. Mockin' Bird he go ter all de singin' convenshuns an' crittercize an' sing dey pieces fer 'em twell hit soon git so he kin sing all uv 'em by heart an' dat better dan dey kin sing dey own songs dey selves. In betwixt de singin' convenshuns he he'p 'em wif dey practice, and den wuz de time he sot he se'f in de top er de tree whiles all de rest keep quiet an' listen ter him. An' he sing so fine, an' he sing so sweet dat dey call him de Marster Singer. An' dat what he sho' is, hit doan make no matter if us folkses do call him de Mockin' Bird.

"Well, honey, Liza's over yander waiting' for dese year cloze, an' I rickon I better be gwine, kaze my old 'oman is powerful 'tickler 'bout gittin' ter work on er purty day lack dis."

Bidding me good morning he ambled out through the door leaving me to muse on the "Marster Singer" and his song just outside my window.

S. H. S.





WINNER OF MEDAL.

A. E. ESCOTT.

WINNERS OF THE INTER-SOCIETY
TRIANGULAR DEBATE.



J. C. MYRICK.

THE INTER-SOCIETY DEBATE.

The first Inter-Society Triangular debate at A. and M. College, a new departure in the literary activities of A. and M. College, was held last night in Pullen Hall. This event perhaps marked the zenith of literary achievements among the students of A. and M., and it was said to have been the most intellectual, well-balanced and interesting debate ever held at the college. Each debater acquitted himself well. So excellent was each speech that the judges found difficulty in determining upon both the successful contestant for the medal and the Society winning the debate. The speakers developed a splendid order of intellect and mastered their subjects; they spoke with ease and grace, and without attempting to be eloquent and dramatic, they thrilled their hearers and stormed the strongholds of the argument of their opponents. In each speech there was a vein of patriotism, an attachment to the commonwealth and devotion to North Carolina that some day may save the State.

Mr. Albert E. Escott was awarded the medal, and the decision of the judges was in favor of the Pullen Society, which was represented by Mr. Escott and Mr. Jesse C. Myrick. The other debaters were: Messrs. R. Henry Tillman and Charles F. Niven, of the Tenerian Society; and Messrs. George P. Asbury and Shirly W. Foster, of the Leazer Society.

The query was: "What Shall We Do for Labor?"

The positions supported by the Societies were as follows:

Tenerian—*Resolved*, That we use our own labor, increase slowly in wealth, and keep in our State a homogeneous Anglo-Saxon people."

Leazer—*Resolved*, That we admit and encourage those immigrants who are thrifty and intelligent, and thus increase more rapidly in wealth.

Pullen—*Resolved*, That we admit and encourage all classes of immigrants, educate and assimilate them by our schools and public institutions, and thus increase most rapidly in wealth and material prosperity.

The judges were Justices P. D. Walker, H. G. Connor and W. A. Hoke. Justice Hoke, in speaking for the judges, and announcing their decision, said that they desired to express for themselves and the audience, sincere appreciation of the high quality of the speeches, which showed careful preparation and elegance in sentiment, and he declared that the speeches in their splendid effect reflected credit, not only upon themselves, but upon the Societies they represented, and the great institution of learning, A. and M. College. He said it was the opinion of the judges that the Pullen Society had excelled in debate, and that the gentlemen who had won the medal as an earnest in achievement, and reward for having made the best speech, was Mr. Escott. There was prolonged applause upon this announcement, and the College and Society and class yells rang out in hearty congratulations to the winner.

At intervals during the exercises the band delighted the audience with captivating numbers, and the beautiful music contributed largely to the success of the occasion, filling the auditorium with a lively spirit, and inspiring the speakers.—(From *The News and Observer*).

THE FISHERMEN OF EASTERN CAROLINA.

The fisherman lives by no means as secluded a life as some may suppose. It is true that some of his work is done in the dull hours of the night, and the day time is taken in rest and sleep, but part of his rest is taken during the night, so that in the day he can enjoy the beautiful sunshine, and the best lux-

uries of life as well as any man. They have their churches, schools, entertainments, social gatherings, picnics, and pastimes, which, while not so elaborate and expensive as might be, serve as well to give pleasure and joy to the fisherman as if they were furnished with all the splendor that wealth can give.

One thing especially praiseworthy of these people is their honesty and industriousness. Strangers are always received with hospitality, and to the fisherman it is a pleasure to do a kindness for anyone. Life is sweet to him, and likewise he wants others to enjoy the blessings that the Creator has given to them.

The climate is healthy, and in the summer time when the sun is glaring down with all the heat allowed it, the wind from the ocean blowing cool, moist and refreshing, moderates the heat to a very great extent. The water rolling high, and the waves bursting on the shore send their spray to help cool the atmosphere till the thermometer rarely gets above 80 Fahr. Winter is also very moderate, caused by the warm sea breezes that prevail.

The fishing season lasts the whole year, but the best time is in the fall and winter when the fish are in greater demand, and are generally to be found in some abundance. The spring time is taken in catching such fish as mullets, shad, spots and numerous other kinds that feed on the bottom of the water bed. At this season the fish are scattered very much, and it is not frequent that many are caught at a time. The hot summer days are not productive of many fish, and a great part of the time is taken in preparing for the later seasons. The best season of all—the fall—is always sure to bring the fish both in the shallow and deep water. Trout, blue-fish, drum and mullets are caught during this season. It is a pleasant scene to witness the men catching fish in the edge of the sea. To do this kind of fishing it is necessary to have a crew of at least a dozen men, and, as any other organization, they have a captain to superintend the men, and

they also have to provide for a lookout who watches for the coming of the fish. The boat used is sharp at both ends, and has a rounded bottom, made especially for riding the large waves. It is kept up in the dry shore when not in use, and the seine is folded, the cable coiled, and the oars, all placed in the proper place in the boat. The men are constantly on the alert, and at the signal from the lookout, who stays some distance from the shore in the direction from which the fish come, they see that all is arranged properly, and when the fish are within about one hundred yards the boat crew push the boat into the surf and row around the fish. The men on the shore hold one end of the seine which is thrown out of the rear end of the boat as it is wound around the fish. When the other end of the seine has been brought ashore, and the fish enclosed, the men gather at the ends of the seine and pull it ashore. The seine is generally two hundred yards long and about thirty feet deep, and sometimes the "school" of fish is so large that they break through the seine and the fishermen loose all.

Catching flounders would be quite a sport for anyone, for it is very simple and can be done without any great difficulty. One person can do this by himself if he has a small boat, and it is well equipped. A large torch or lantern is fixed at the end of a long rod which extends about eight feet from the bow of the boat. The flounders live mostly on small fish, and on certain tides they come in the shallow water to feed. They secrete themselves by stirring the bottom with their fins and then letting the sand or mud settle over them. The person wading along very easily and watching the bottom closely can see the flounder and sticks his gig through him. Other small fish can be caught in this manner, but it is seldom practiced.

As a rule there are very few wealthy fishermen, for most of their finances come by fortune more than by hard labor. Quite unlike the farmer, mechanic, merchant and mason, and others who toil from morning till night for their living,

the fisherman, during his leisure, works about his home, till some morning he rises early and finds that the wind has changed its course, the weather is warmer, clouds shade the sky, and a mist of rain is falling—he could not be suited better—and without doing his usual morning's work, or waiting for breakfast, he makes haste for his boat. His rubber clothing, boots, etc., have all been arranged some time before, and he next takes his net aboard and hurries to the place he thinks best for the fish. He "runs" his net around the place and generally finds the fish there, and after "hauling," this and probably many other places by the early evening, often has enough fish to bring—above all expenses—more than the ordinary man's monthly salary.

It should not be thought that these people are not industrious, because some of their profitable labor is done in spells. They do the most laborious work of any people, and during favorable weather, are always at work, whether prosperous or not, but when the time comes for action they are quick to see the opportunity nature has given them, and quickly respond to the call.

When fish are not in sufficient quantity to interest the fisherman, he finds employment in catching oysters, clams, turtles or crabs, and when not hunting any of these he can be preparing everything for the time when the work is at hand.

No other person is afforded with any better opportunity to study Nature. Various varieties of trees, plants, vines, and shrubs thrive all around him. The most common of the animals, such as are hunted, are to be found, and wild geese, wild turkey's, ducks, swan, herons, gulls, and numerous other birds are to be found in their season. Hunting the ducks is a sport indeed. It is very easy for any one to build a blind in a suitable place, and secreting himself in it, can shoot the ducks and birds when they come down and light in the bay or bend of the sound.

Many things combine to render the fisherman's home a happy one. The divine knowledge and power of Nature so

made the earth and water that where these two come together there is always something attractive and fascinating.

Looking over the ocean the distant horizon can be seen, and heaven and earth seem to come together and join hands. The bursting billows look as white as snow and the water rolls on never stopping for rest.

What is more beautiful than to watch the sun in the morning as it rises and throws its rays of light on the water? The little ripples caused by the gentle zephyrs catch the bright sun rays and as they are reflected in numberless directions you can see the many colors of the rainbow.

These are the huntsman's sport, the traveler's pleasure, the sailor's home, and to the lover it is love. The fisherman has the advantage of enjoying all of these and how can such people, surrounded with the health in the air, the cleanliness of the water, and warmth of the sun, be otherwise than hospitable, gentle and courteous to his fellow man?

C. L. G.

A TOAST.

To woman's love—to man's not akin,
For her heart is a home, while his heart is an inn.

A SENIOR'S FAREWELL.

To A. & M. we'll say farewell—
Some forever, for who can tell
That we shall never meet again,
And future hopes will be in vain?

When to each other we say good-bye,
How can we then prevent a sigh?
For now our college days are past,
But forever will their memory last.

Then others will come to fill our place;
They, too, will run that same old race,
And soon we'll be remembered not,
But A. & M. won't be forgot.

'06, we say farewell to you,
Our good old class, so dear and true;
Some of us part, ne'er to come back:
Farewell, farewell, our orange and black.

L. F. R.

EN PASSANT.

It was summer time in Tokio and the evening air was redolent with the perfume of the cherry blossoms, and even in the dim light of the paper lanterns, the trees looked one solid mass of bursting white blossoms. In the limpid waters of the little lake, spanned by the quaint bridge of rustic work, swans of snowy whiteness swam among the gorgeous colored lotus. Over in the grove of cherry trees stood the little tea-house under the wistarias, and toward which strolled Maxton, lately arrived, and correspondent to one of the New York dailies.

It was by no wish of his that he had been forced to stay over in Tokio for three days. He was *en route* to the scene of the war in the valley of the Yalu, and the delay was caused by the "natural cussedness," as he said, of the polite little Japs. And then he had been in Tokio before, and with a desire to while away the time and also with a, perhaps not subordinate, desire to see his little friend of the tea-house, he found himself in the shadow of the wistarias.

Inside, he seated himself with practiced ease cross-legged before one of the pearl-inlaid tables that were barely four inches in height. Hardly had he been seated when in came, not his friend of old, but an even daintier daughter of Nippon. She wore a kimona of shimmering blue, with storks embroidered all up and down it, in threads of crimson silk, and as she poured his tea he could not help noticing in admiration her beauty. Her lily-fair face, the slanting eyebrows tinged with a touch of rouge, her rosy cheeks and her laughing eyes, all appealed to him, a lover of beauty.

But under all his admiration ran the idea that he had somewhere before seen that face of wondrous beauty, and not in Japan either. In a flash he knew that the girl before him was the original of a picture that had adorned his room

while at Yale. Yes, this was Tama Yan's sister. This dainty creation of the gods was his room-mate's sister? The idea at first thought seemed preposterous. Why should the sister of Tama Yan be in a common tea-house as a geisha?

Yes, she knew some English, and the tale soon was told to the 'Merican. Tama Yan had gone to the war and had fallen in the first battle. The silk mills were closed, and there was naught left for her to do but dance and sing for the 'Mericans. Would not the honorable friend of Tama Yan like to see her dance?

Maxton had seen the geishas dance before, but he had never seen the equal of the bewildering maze of graceful motions that now danced and sped before his eyes with kaleidoscopic brightness. A movement as graceful as roses bending beneath evening zephyrs, and again forest monarchs lashed into fury by the storm, all followed one another in rapid succession. As quickly as it had begun, the tinkling music ceased from behind the silken screens, and the dancer dropped beside Maxton apparently unaffected by her exertions. "You lig see me dance," she asked. "Mos' 'Mericans do."

"You are like the roses and cherry blossoms," he said, and she looked pleased.

It was late when Maxton left the little tea-house under the wistarias, and with his going the girl in the blue kimona grew sad, and her smiles came not so often.

For the next two days, he was a frequent visitor at the little tea-house, and with his coming Tama Yan's sister blossomed like some wondrous flower into a kimona of purple with threads of golden silk woven through it in patterns of astonishing beauty. She danced for him, sang for him the songs of Nippon, and talked of America and the great world. And when the talk was of Tama Yan, her eyes were tearful, and her voice was low, and it is not to be wondered that Maxton took her into his arms as if she were a tired child, and consoled her as best he could.

"I lig you," she said one day. "When you go away, you come 'gain—some more."

"Certainly," he said, cheerfully. But his heart was not light when he thought of the few hours that lay before his departure.

The night before he was to leave, they stood in the shadows of the purple curtain, he told her of his intention of leaving in the morning. "You teasing me," she answered. "No, my little cherry blossom, its the truth."

"Then you not lig me," and her eyes were tearful. He did not reply. "You got go now?" she said, as he started off. "Then you kess me a good-bye," and warm tremulous lips met his, and a dainty white hand was clasped in one of tan.

Half hid behind the purple flowers that swayed gently in the scented breeze, she watched him till he was hid from her sight in the shadows, and turning, went inside, and the kimona of blue with the storks all up and down it shone in the light in a misty haze.

H. L. H.

"TAPS."

When life's last bugle has sounded,
 And all is silent and dark,
 When the last faint echo has rebounded
 And every one has striven for his mark.,

It is then we shall rest forever,
 Conscious we have done our part—
 Doing life's "zams" with our best endeavor
 And learning its lessons with courageous heart.

S. H. S.

THE INCREASING BETTERMENT OF THE
LABORER'S CONDITION.

In ancient history and also in modern history up until about a century ago, we see but very little written about the laboring class, their conditions and environments, and we could almost come to the conclusion that a country was composed of its king and nobles, and that the laborer formed a very insignificant part of the country in which he happened to live.

But the real prosperity of a nation is measured, in a large part, by the prosperity, happiness and social condition of the average laborer in it. Compare the United States and Russia to-day. In Russia the bad treatment of the peasant or laborer is almost proverbial, and we see the insurrectionary movement gaining headway which will in time overturn the present dynasty unless reforms are made. On the other hand, in the United States, in the eyes of the law, the day-laborer is the equal of the millionaire capitalist, and we see the effect of this in the laborer's individual prosperity and in the prosperity of the country at large.

In ancient times the condition of the laborer was very degraded. In most countries he was a slave, and the word "slave" describes his condition. We have never had civilization any higher developed in any country at any time in the world's history than the old civilization of the Greek and Roman Empires. Yet Greek civilization and culture was founded upon slavery, as it would have disgraced a noble or citizen of Greece to have performed manual labor. In Greece the lot of the slave was not so hard, but when we turn to the slavery of cultured Rome of the same period, its horrible cruelty beggars description. Mommsen says that in comparison with the abyss of suffering of Roman slavery, all negro slavery is but as a drop. Man hunts were organized for the

purpose of capturing slaves, and at one market ten thousand slaves were sold in one day.

During the fourth century, however, the condition of the laborer or slave was greatly bettered. Augustus began the policy of selling prisoners captured in war to the landed nobility, and these captives were called serfs. They did not belong personally to the landlord, but were permanently attached to the land, and could not be sold or driven away. They usually had freedom of action and control over the lots of land assigned to them, but had to pay the landlord an annual rental, and when called upon were compelled to bear arms in the service of their lord. The institution of serfdom grew rapidly, and the slave was soon raised to the level of the serf, and from the slave's view-point this was an immense advance.

The institution of serfdom was kept up for centuries, and so was slavery to a lesser extent. In later times the oppression of these serfs was extreme, and it was only during the last century that the inhuman institutions of serfdom and slavery were abolished in all countries.

Ancient labor has very little similarity to modern labor, since the industrial development of the world has altogether changed labor conditions. This industrial development started first in England near the beginning of the eighteenth century when a capitalist class began to exist, and was greatly hastened about the middle of the eighteenth century, and more especially between 1760 and 1785 when the steam engine was invented, and several other inventions of great industrial use.

The inventions and discoveries of this period created an enormous demand for labor, and consequently one man sometimes employed thousands of laborers. In the early period of this industrial development, the wage-earner was practically at the mercy of the employer, and the employer could impose the most arbitrary conditions under which the workman was compelled to sell his labor. This greed and ra-

capacity on a large part of the factory and mill owners necessitated the organization and development of the modern trade union. These unions existed in some form in some places of England during the eighteenth century, and even two or three hundred years before there were trade guilds, but these trade guilds had but little relation to the modern trade union. In the earlier period of trade unionism it was not very effective, and before 1824 they were even unlawful in England, the land of their birth.

Before the trade unions became to be effective, the factory system in England gave rise to a rarely unparalleled oppression, and the misery of the working class was extreme. Sometimes the factory hand was compelled to labor fourteen or sixteen hours per day at wages barely sufficient to keep them provided with the necessaries of life, and the families who worked in the factories became degraded physically and morally.

In America of that period, which is the America of colonial days, and for several years after the Revolution, laborers and people of the lower class received but little consideration in the eyes of the law. They struggled incessantly for a livelihood although their condition was not near so bad as that of the British working man. In America before, and for a considerable time after the Revolution, people of the lower class were required to wear a costume which distinguished them from the important land-owner and aristocrat class. Also even after the Revolution a workman could be imprisoned for a trifling debt, and hundreds of them languished in prison for the crime of not being able to pay a small indebtedness to some influential or wealthy man of a higher station in life.

The wages of that period were extremely low. An ordinary unskilled laborer would have to work a day and a half for a bushel of corn, four days and a quarter for a bushel of wheat, and about two days for five pounds of salt pork. The payment of the wages were very irregular, and the la-

borer could not insist on being paid regularly, since in that time labor was plentiful and the laborer and employer both knew this, and this put the laborer in such a position that he could not demand his rights without being thrown out of employment.

Since that time the condition of the average laborer has been considerably bettered. The industrial development had given great growth and power to labor unions, and by the time of the civil war, they had become a powerful agent for the good of the laborer, who was a believer and member of organized labor. In the rural districts of the South, however, the poor white class were looked on with contempt by their slave-owner neighbor, and the condition of the poor white day-laborer was little better than that of the well-treated slave.

The civil war almost wiped out this class distinction in the South, and after the war was over the crippled industries began to take new life and the labor unions became better organized, and from the civil war to the present day the condition of the working man in this country, and to a lesser extent in the old countries, has been steadily and rapidly growing better.

The trade union enables its members to bargain collectively and not individually, and this results in an independence and power of the individual laborer that has never been attained before. His wages have been advanced, and now a good laborer who has had no special training, may command a remuneration of \$500 or \$600 for his year's work. Of course this does not apply to the rural districts where expenses are not so high, nor the plane of living as elevated. This increase in wages enables the wage-earner to provide comfortably for his family, to educate his children, and to have something to hope for in his daily life.

This increased power and consideration given to the laboring man has not been inimical to the interests of the employer, or any other class. A six hundred-dollar laborer is

able to earn proportionately more than a four hundred-dollar laborer.

Even if the high wages paid to labor prevents the large accumulation of capital, it would be better anyway. The important question of the United States to-day is not how to increase our wealth, but how to distribute it. Of greater importance to any nation than its palaces and millionaires are its million of laborers whose prosperity, contentment and enlightenment vitally effect its outward and inward prosperity.

The laboring class is also beginning to take an active part in governing. In the reform bill of 1866, the Parliament of Great Britain enfranchised the laborer, and since then he has been granted special privileges and immunities by the government.

It seems that a new political party is about to be organized in Great Britain. This is the Labor Party. In the present Parliament there are thirty or forty labor members and the laboring class has a powerful representative in the Ministry in the person of John Burns. The Premier, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, favors radical labor legislation which would give the laboring class more privileges and favors than they now enjoy.

The laborer of our own country is a growing and potent factor in our social, economic and political life. I believe we could well follow England's lead by organizing a labor party in this country. This is an especially good suggestion at the present time, since it seems that part of our two great political parties are being controlled by corporations and not by the people.

It should be a thing of pride to every true and patriotic American that the man who is born low and destitute need not remain so, but that his success is measured by his capacity.

S. ELDRIDGE.

A SENIOR'S LAMENT.

The afternoon sun of a warm spring day
Hangs over the hills and the meadows
And the song of a thrush trills out on the hush
That lies on this village of play.
This village of play is the college domain,
Where study and work are the rule;
But as I awake from post prandial slumber
And ponder on dreams of the day,
A thought of the future o'er shadows the past
And I wonder what gracious employer
Would deign to bestow on a fellow like me
Daylight hours for sleep without number.

E.

Y. M. C. A.

That we will have a General Secretary for our Y. M. C. A. another year has at last become a reality. Mr. Paul Micon, of the University of Virginia, has been secured for the secretaryship. From what we have learned, Mr. Micon is a very desirable man, a thoroughly Christian man, and a hard worker—the right man for the place. And a worker! That's what we need. There is plenty to do. Every phase of our college life needs to be placed in a higher and a nobler sphere. Athletics needs cleaning up, the Literary Societies need development, the Y. M. C. A. needs more enthusiasm, it needs more workers and better workers. Every thing can be improved upon. What a broad field and what a noble work for our Secretary and for us! Through the dawn of a General Secretary we can see a brighter day.

An effort is on foot to secure Primrose Hall for a Y. M. C. A. building next year. A committee has been appointed by the Association to make a strong plea to the Board of Trustees for such an arrangement. And each individual student should, as far as possible, make his influence bear in that direction. Primrose Hall will be a desirable building for the Association work. It is conveniently located, well lighted and well heated, and is sufficiently large for our present needs. It has a neat little office, a room which will make a splendid reading and recreation room, and a hall large enough to accommodate an audience of one hundred. We need the hall, we need the office. If this building can be had, and the present plans carried out, a reading and recreation room will be kept up by the Association for its members. This will give excellent opportunities to the students for

social, intellectual and Christian refinement. Are the benefits to be derived from such advantages worthy the while in trying to secure the advantages? Surely they are. Then let's get the building and the advantages!

M. L. EARGLE,
Corresponding Secretary.

The Red and White

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION
OF THE
NORTH CAROLINA COLLEGE OF AGRICULTURE AND MECHANIC ARTS.

SUBSCRIPTION:

One year, \$1.00. Single copy, , 15 cents.
For sale by Members of the Staff.

Entered in the West Raleigh post-office as second-class mail matter.

Students, Professors, Alumni, and friends of the College are invited to contribute literary articles, personals, and items of interest. Contributions should be signed by the writer's name and sent to the Editor-in-Chief; and all subscriptions to the Business Manager.

Advertising rates furnished on application.

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

STAFF:

H. L. HAMILTON, Editor-in-Chief.
J. W. CLARK, Business Manager.

DEPARTMENT EDITORS:

A. E. ESCOTT, } Science.
M. H. CHESBRO, }
W. C. ETHERIDGE, Athletics.
S. ELDRIDGE, Literary.
G. G. ALLEN, }
J. P. LOVIL, } Local.
L. T. WINSTON, }
C. C. CLARDY Comic.
N. H. TATE, Exchange.

EDITORIAL.

This issue of the RED AND WHITE marks the close of one of the most successful years in its history. The addition of the Science Department, we believe, was an important step towards making the magazine one of intrinsic value, and we believe that it has met with the approval of all. The student-body, with few exceptions, has not given the Board of Editors the hearty encouragement that they should have had, a fact which, in all its plainness, is certainly a deplorable one. As a result the board has labored under difficulties which at first seemed insurmountable, the entire year, and

had it not been for the timely help of a loyal few, hard indeed would have been their lot. For those who, while doing nothing said nothing, we have no words to spare; but to the "knockers," the back-biters, we can compare them to the double-faced hypocrite, the hissing serpent, and we bow our heads in shame when we think that they too, are classed with the loyal sons of A. and M. To the friends of the RED AND WHITE we extend our sincere thanks; to the staff, the editor-in-chief feels deeply grateful, and to one and all the retiring editors wish a happy vacation. The curtain is drawn, the race is run, and the echoes call "farewell!"

* * *

To the Senior, this time of the year is fraught with questions of momentous importance, and between visions of the future and recollections of the past years spent in the school, he is the happiest mortal on earth. And why should he not be? The heritage of the past is a pleasant one indeed. Recollections of the old school house, the grape-vine swing, the Sunday-school picnics, and last, but not least, the little frocked maiden with the dimpled cheeks and the sunny smile, as she listens to the first confessions of "puppy love"—all these are priceless treasures of the memory. The future holds in her hand bright and alluring promises of fame and wealth. Dazzling in brightness, she crowns his air-castles with gems of wondrous beauty and charms. This is why he is happy, gentle readers. But his stock quotations of happiness sink far below par when he views the situation with untinted glasses. He understands that the problems of the world must be met and solved. He understands that thousands of other young men just as ambitious as he are to meet the same trials, and that the fittest will survive; and with this understanding comes a determination to do or die. Much will be expected of him and on his comportment will rest the public opinion of his Alma Mater.

* * *

We wish to thank Prof. F. L. Stevens for his contribution.

Exchanges

'Tis with a feeling closely akin to regret that we review for the last time the exchanges that have been welcome visitors to our table during the present college year. We realize that much good has been accomplished in the college magazine world through the agency of the exchange department, a fact that should give the exchange editors no little pride. We also realize that while the general average of the magazine articles has been good, there is a needed change in the line of fiction. We refer especially to that class of stories which deals with the saccharine heart workings of a silly girl and a still sillier boy. You know them, of course. Some are merely unreadable, while others soar into the illimitable empyrean of concentrated tommy-rot. Why such senseless stuff is ever written is a question that is unanswerable. I would rather try to answer, "Does a doodle do?" or to ascertain the age of Ann, or to find out what becomes of the pins, than to attempt to give a reason for the existence of this class of stories. Let every editor refuse to accept such twaddle for publication and they will gain the everlasting gratitude of every lover of a good story. And so, we bid you hail and farewell, brother editors, while "the curtain falls and the players silently, one by one, disappear."

After a wait of some few weeks we are pleased to note the *Wake Forest Student* for March. Of the essays, "The Fate of Inferior Races" is by far the best, the essay on "James Russell Lowell" following next. The fiction is not worth mentioning. We attempted to read "Regained," but we stood in such dread of the "brawny armed hero," whose "great rolls of black hair fell dangling to his shoulders," with "an indescribable charm (the writer must have meant

"perspiration") about his broad forehead," and our heart is weak, too, that we refrained from doing more than sampling this "Regained" hash. We admire the editorial "Patriotism in the South."

The University of North Carolina Magazine reflects great credit on the Sophomores. We predict an excellent magazine with such support. "The Expensiveness of Jimmy Barnes" is an excellent story and reflects much credit on the writer. After reading "A Tale of Three Centuries" we are forced to acknowledge the cleverness of this disciple of Poe. Like others who attempt to write that of which they are ignorant, the writer of "In the Land of Love and Pride" fails in his attempt at negro dialect. Agnostoxiography, the faculty of writing that about which one is ignorant, is certainly not possessed to any marked degree by this writer.

We have always admired the products of Mr. Lawler's genius in the *Georgetown Journal* and his excellent story, "A Piker's Bet" certainly strengthens our admiration for this versatile writer. The poem "Easter" is very good. The rest of the fiction is not above the average.

The University of Arizona Monthly for April contains two descriptive stories that are of interest. Several good illustrations add much to one of them. There is room for improvement in its fiction which was scant, brief and rather unreal.

The Mercerian has some well written editorials and book reviews. "My Ma's Chicken," written in small boy dialect, presents some youthful logic and emotions in an amusing and natural manner.

In the *Red and Blue*, "The Man Who Spent Father's Money," is as good a story as is generally found in a college magazine. We are only sorry that it is continued. The poem, "Past, Present and Future," is an excellent one.

The High School Enterprise for April is a decided improvement on the first issue. The articles show the result of more preparation. "Time's Mutations" is a clever little poem.

We acknowledge our usual exchanges.

Comics

Don't ask Asbury how much milk he drinks, you might embarrass him.

Ogburn was talking to three St. Mary's girls a few days after A. and M. beat Carolina 3 to 0, and another girl was sketching him.

Ogburn.—“I want that sketch when you finish it. And put on it ‘three to nothing.’”

The Artist.—“Yes, it looks like three to nothing over there now.”

Hewlet.—“Professor, what makes this so loose?”

Professor Paine.—“Why, Mr. Hewlett, its because there's nothing to hold it.”

(And “Posey” had no more questions to ask.)

Jones, W. W.—(Morning after the debate). “I'll t-t-tell you why Escott w-w-won that m-m-medal. He j-j-just got up there and m-m-made them judges b-b-believe everything he s-s-said.”

Sing a song of base-ball,
A pocket full of “chink,”
Virginia came to beat us
And she did? Well, I don't think.

Again a song of base-ball
Carolina sure was sore,
When she heard we'd beat Virginia
To the time of 5 to 4.

Regarding songs of base-ball,
 Why is Car'lina blue?
 Oh! Virginia put it on her,
 And the score was 4 to 2.

Tread softly as you wander
 'Round Car'lina's trundle bed,
 For it may be that you'll waken—
 Oh! say; enough's been said.

H.

At a recent meeting of the Y. M. C. A. it was unanimously decided to take "Judge" Ewart in as an honorary member, on account of his regular attendance at chapel.

It has been stated, although we cannot vouch for its truthfulness, that Vaughan and Steed intend to take a post-graduate course at Elon College next year. Subject: "Picnics and Picnicing."

Prof. Hill.—"Mr. Graves, who wrote 'The Life of David?'"

Graves—"It was either Mark or John; I think it was John."

Bivens—"I think the play 'As You Like It' given at B. U. W. last night was real good for armatures."

Young Man—"What makes you so stoop shouldered?"

Old Man—"Young man, we are like a field of wheat. All the ripe heads are bowed down, but the green heads stand erect."

Prof. Paine—"Mr. Ford, what is heat?"

Ford—"It is a kind of energy, isn't it?"

Prof. Paine—"Yes, but that doesn't describe it. If I were to ask you what is grass, you would not say grass is green. Other things than grass are green, Mr. Ford."

Tuttle—"Professor, will you tell us about what the horse power is in this problem?"

Professor—"I think some of the electrical Seniors should learn the multiplication table."

Mr. Ellis is a good authority on the management of dry goods stores. Perhaps we should say on the management of dry goods store managers.

Dear "Dutchey": "I will be at the recital at St. Mary's to-night. Please be there. I have something important to say to you." Sincerely, _____

Mr. Clay (next morning—"Dutch, did you see your girl last night?"

"Dutch"—"No, dod gast it, she fooled me."

The next "Comics" will be written by a Junior.

Locals

Exams—Commencement—Home, Sweet Home.

Messrs. D. W. Robertson and G. G. Allen expect to go to work with the Gibson Manufacturing Company, of Concord.

Mr. J. H. Williams is thinking of going in a mill at Chapel Hill.

Mr. A. E. Escott has accepted a position as machine salesman for the D. A. Thompkins Company, of Charlotte.

At a recent meeting of the Athletic Association the following officers for next year's RED AND WHITE were elected: Editor-in-Chief, N. H. Tate; Business Manager, Guy Pinner.

Prof. H. M. Wilson came up from Greenville for a few days the last of April. Prof. Wilson is very much pleased with his work.

On May 1st a great many of the boys attended Shakespeare's play, "As You Like It," given by the Dramatic Club of the Baptist University. The play was well presented and thoroughly enjoyed by every one. After the play a few minutes' reception was given to the audience, which made the occasion even more enjoyable.

Mr. H. M. Hodges, a former A. & M. student, looked in on his old friends a few days ago.

Mr. R. F. Richardson, of the class of 1900, was on the campus recently.

The Business Manager of *The Agromeck* desires all those who ordered *Agromecks* to please pay up, as he must settle with the printer at once.

Mr. C. D. Welch, '02, spent several days at the college some time ago. Mr. Welch is working up in the Loray Cotton Mill, at Gastonia.

Mr. E. G. Porter, '05, who is an engineer for the Seaboard Air Line, was here a week ago. He is stationed at Portsmouth.

Mr. Jas. D. Clark, '06, of Tampa, Fla., was called home the last of April on account of the death of his father.

Dr. and Mrs. C. W. Burkett charmingly entertained the Agricultural Seniors at their beautiful home Friday evening, April 27th, to a delightful dinner. Covers were laid for thirteen, and a most enjoyable evening was spent.

The words and music of "Alma Mater—A. and M." have been published in "Songs of all the colleges" by Huids, Noble and Eldridge.

KAPPA SIGMA DANCE.

The Beta Upsilon Chapter of the Kappa Sigma Fraternity of the A. and M. College gave a dance Friday night in the Olivia Raney Hall, complimentary to the other fraternities of the college. Beautiful dance programmes were given to each of the guests, which added much to the pleasure of the occasion. Levin's orchestra furnished music for the dance. Mr. Lewis T. Winston gracefully led with Miss Loula McDonald, assisted by Mr. W. S. Tomlinson with Miss Caro Gray.

SIGMA NU DANCE.

The Beta Tau Chapter of the Sigma Nu Fraternity at the A. and M. College gave its fifth annual hop in Raney Library Hall Friday evening, May the fourth, which proved to be one of the most brilliant social events of the season. The german was gracefully led by Mr. James McKimmon with Miss Ethel Maraschino, of New York, ably assisted by Mr. Bill Crow with Miss Josephine Boylan; Mr. Bill Holt with Miss Sackie Latta, and Mr. Reid Tull with Miss Nannie Hay. Delightful music was furnished by Levin's orchestra.

We are glad to state that Mr. W. S. Temple has recovered from his illness, and has returned to college. He has been greatly missed by the ball team, but we were glad to have him return in time to defeat University of Virginia.

W. F. Brock spent Sunday with us recently. He has a position with the Southern Railway, and is located at Greensboro.

The following members of the Senior Class have accepted positions: J. F. Hanselman, with Foos Gas Engine Co., at Springfield, Ohio; R. Maxwell, with Carolina Electric Railway Co., at High Point; W. T. Ellis, with Seaboard Railway, at Portsmouth; T. J. Ogburn, with Hillgreen Lane & Co., at Alliance, Ohio; C. C. Clardy, J. C. Tuttle, R. H. Tillman and H. L. Hamilton, with General Electric Co., at Schenectady, N. Y.; C. F. Nivens, with Hale Orchards, at Fort Valley, Ga.; L. A. Niven, with a large nursery at Geneva, N. Y.; F. J. Talton, with a dairy at Ihrie, Miss; S. W. Foster goes to Ithaca, N. Y., for the summer as assistant to Prof. J. H. Comstock in the Cornell Summer School of Entomology; C. Myrick and C. W. Hewlett have accepted positions with the Wilmington Street Railway Company.

Clippings

THE NOW.

The charm of a love is its telling, the telling that goes with
the giving;
The charm of the deed is its doing; the charm of a life is its
living;
The soul of the thing is the thought; the charm of the act is
the actor;
The soul of the fact is its truth, and the now is its principal
factor.

The world loves the Now and the Nowist, and tests all as-
sumptions with rigor;
It looks not behind it to falling, and forward to ardor and
vigor;
It cares not for heroes who falter, for martyrs who hushed
and recanted,
For pictures that never were painted, for harvests that never
were planted.

The world does not care for a fragrance that never is lost in
perfuming,
The world does not care for the blossoms that wither away
before blooming;
The world does not care for the chimes remaining unring
by the ringer,
The world does not care for the songs unsung in the soul of
the singer.

What use to mankind is a purpose that never shone forth in
a doer?
What use has the world for a loving that never had winner
nor woer?

The motives, the hopes, and the schemes that have ended in
idle conclusions
Are buried along with the failures that come in a life of
illusions.

Away with the flimsy idea that life with a past is attended;
There's Now—only Now,—and no Past—there's never a
past, it has ended.

Psychology for Teachers—"This transcendental, immortal, eternal, immutable, immaterial, unchangeable, static, imperceptible, intangible, indefinite, inherent, *something* or *ego*, becomes an evanescent, variable, tangible, fluctuating, versatile, changeable, material, definite, temporary, yet existent *self* or *nothing*.—*Ex.*

He (to girl refusing to let him see her home)—"You're
as full of airs as a music box."

She—"That may be, but I can do without a crank."—*Ex.*

You can lead a man to college, but you cannot make him
think.

The world is a school in which flunkers are not given a
second chance.

How dear to our hearts is the old silver dollar, when some
kind subscriber presents it to view; the liberty head without
necktie or collar, and all the strange things which to us
seems so new; the wide spreading eagle, the arrows below it,
the stars and the words with the strange things they tell; the
coin of our fathers, we are glad that we know it, for some or

other 'twill come in right well; the spread eagled dollar, the star spangled dollar, the old silver dollar we all love so well.

"Please hand me the review of reviews," he said.
 The landlady's eyes did flash;
 But another young boarder looked absently up,
 And silently paced him the hash.

BUSINESSLIKE.

A large manufacturing concern in the East recently received the following postal, sent from a little country town in the South:

"Dear Sir—Plees sen me yore caterlog of ecletrical bat-treys.
 Yourstruly,

"_____.

"P. S.—You need not sen it. I have change my mind."
 —*Harper's Magazine.*

Freshman—Feel Wiser.
 Sophomore—Budweiser.
 Junior—Get Wiser.
 Senior—Look Wiser.—*Inlander.*

A pretty girl without a mate,
 Alone on the ice, out for a skate;
 A dude passed by this girl to win,
 Stood on the ice where it was thin,
 Took off his hat, made a low bow—
 There is no ice where the dude is now.

—*Wash.-Jeff.*

"My boy," said the father, "here is a musical cigarette case."

"Musical?"

"Yes, every time you take out a cigarette it plays 'Nearer, my God, to Thee.'"

At his watch he gazes intently,
 While a smile lights up his face,
 And I know as well as can be
 There's a woman in the case.—*Ex.*

A little four-year-old, occupying an upper berth in the steamship cabin, was awakened in the middle of the night. His mother asked if he knew where he was.

"Tourse I do," he replied, "I'm in de top drawer."—*Ex.*

First Undergraduate—Have you telegraphed the old man for money?

Second Undergraduate—Yes.

First Undergraduate—Got an answer?

Second Undergraduate—Yes; I telegraphed the old man, "Where is that money I wrote for?" and his answer was: "In my inside vest pocket."—*Blue and Bronze.*

Everybody works at our house
 But mother—she fads 'round all day,
 Goes to clubs and mothers' meetings,
 And takes in the matinee.

Father, he just worries,
 And has a good time—nit.
 Everybody works at our house
 But ma—she's quit.

As a maid so nice,
 With step precise,
 Tripped o'er the ice,
 She slipped—her care in vain;
 And at her fall,
 With usual gall,
 The school-boys call,
 "First down—two feet to gain."—*Ex.*

The college men are very slow
 They seem to take their ease,
 For even when they graduate,
 They do it by degrees.—*Ex.*

The lightning bug is brilliant,
 But he hasn't any mind,
 He goes stumbling through existence
 With his headlight on behind.—*A.*

AFTER THE WEDDING.

"Who gave the bride away?"

"Her little brother. He stood up right in the middle of the ceremony and yelled: 'Hurrah, Fannie, you've got him at last.'"—*Ex.*

Mrs. A.—"What did the parson say when you sent him the brandied peaches?"

Mrs. F.—"He said he didn't care so much for the peaches as the spirit in which they were sent."

A CHANCE FOR INVENTORS.

Inventive power's something grand,
 Men study night and day
 On plans to use by-products, and
 They make their ideas pay.

Some way I hope they'll soon propose
 'T will poor men all enthuse—
 To take the shine from off one's clothes
 And put it on one's shoes.—*Judge.*

Some say that kissing's a sin;
 But I think it's nane ava,
 For kissing has wann'd in this world
 Since ever that there was two.

Oh, if it was na lawfu',
 Lawyers wad na' allow it;
 If it was na' holy,
 Ministers wad na' do it.

If it was na' modest,
 Maidens wad na' tak' it;
 If it was na' plenty,
 Puir folk wad na' get it.—*Anonymous.*

When the unexpected happens,
 As it is bound to do, you know,
 You always find somebody
 Waiting to shout, "I told you so."

 IT WAS IN "OLE KAINTECK."

First Native—"Why are those men ovah there rolling the
 colonel ovah the barrel?"

Second Native—"He took a drink of water by mistake."

Shipwrecked mariner (to a native who is showing his friendship by rubbing noses in the usual way)—“Look ’ere, I don’t mind you makin’ me a king or a hemporer, but I’m ’anged if I’ll be a bloomin’ pocket ’andkerchief.”—*Ex.*

A bashful young couple who were evidently very much in love, entered a crowded street car in Boston the other day.

“Do you suppose we can squeeze in here?” he asked, looking doubtfully at her blushing face.

“Don’t you think, dear, we had better wait until we get home?” was the low embarrassed reply.—*Life.*

“Oh, my friends!” exclaimed the orator. “It makes me sad to think of the days that are gone, when I look around and miss the old familiar faces I used to shake hands with.”—*Exchange.*

WHAT OTHERS THINK OF US.

We think it would be very advisable if all University of Nashville students would read “College Journalism” in the September number of *Red and White*, and insert “Peabody Record” in every place where “*Red and White*” is found.

“The Textile Industry in North Carolina,” an article contained in the December number of the *Red and White*, sets forth reasons why the young men of North Carolina should study the textile industry. Following this is an article entitled, “Cotton in the South.” This article deals with the history of the cultivation of cotton, since it was introduced in the United States in 1721. The writer shows the increase in the cotton acreage and the effect of the price of cotton on the

South. The article shows much research. The December number is decidedly the best number we have ever seen of the *Red and White*. The material is varied and evenly proportioned.

The material of the *Red and White* in the September number easily divides itself into weighty matter, fiction and local news, the greater part of the magazine being devoted to the last-named class. "Gentle Honey Bees" is a well written, interesting article which deserves especial mention.

The *Red and White* for March contains some excellent matter. It is evenly divided between light and heavy fiction. The opening article, "The Steam Turbine," gives a concise history and description of the steam turbine. "Life at the United States Naval Academy," is an excellent article, written by a former student of Annapolis. It deals fully with the subject of hazing, giving the different methods employed and why they are employed. "When the End Came" and "The Trial of the Meteor" are both very good articles, The latter is particularly amusing. "The Cost" is a very strong and forcible argument in favor of poverty with uprightness rather than riches with its dishonesty.

Our friends at the A. and M. College of North Carolina deserve congratulations upon the excellence of their magazine. In mechanical appearance and make-up it is well worthy of commendation. Some original verse, however, would have made the February number more attractive. We can sympathize with the editor in his reply to the "knockers."

The *Red and White's* Christmas number deserves great credit. It is one of the best exchanges on hand—balanced and well edited through and through. "The Textile Industry in North Carolina" is a strongly written article. The stories, with the exception of the "Story of the Crimp," are

all good. This would measure with the rest were it not for its rather tame close.

The September number of the *Red and White* is exceedingly well gotten up for the first issue of a magazine. The Literary Department is exceptionally good, as are all the rest of the departments. However, we have one objection to the magazine—the brevity of all the articles, which cause a magazine to have the appearance of a newspaper. Aside from this we can offer no criticism.

The *Red and White*, published by the students of the N. C. A. C., shows up very strongly, having some good technical and literary articles.

The *Red and White* for January contains some very interesting matter. All the articles are very well written. "Between the Dark and the Dawn" is an exceptionally good story. Also "Wireless Telegraphy" and "When the Tables Turn" contain some valuable and interesting facts.

The *Red and White* for January, while of a neat and attractive appearance outside, is somewhat of a disappointment in the interior.

We would, in the kindest spirit imaginable, offer our worthy contemporary a word of advice.

Would it not improve your magazine to add more fiction and poetry to the contributions which usually appear?

The *Red and White* presents an attractive appearance from the exterior, and we find a number of articles written to hold our attention, of which "A Woman's Tears" and the sketch "Joan of Arc" are the best. We would advise the writers of "Cupid's Dart" and "A Soldier's Love" to secure better plots before attempting to write any more love stories.

In the November issue of the *Red and White* the sketch of Ralph Waldo Emerson, though short, is very good. We think that this issue is not quite up to the mark in point of literary quality.

The *Red and White* for this month is very good. "The Textile Industry of North Carolina" is a very good and interesting piece, but is hardly strong enough to make one overlook its length. The poetry of this issue is of a very high order, but we can't say much for the stories.

We are glad to welcome the *Red and White* with its usual attractive cover. Both the managers and editors deserve much credit, for taking the magazine as a whole it maintains its usual high standard. We are pleased to note an absence of the usual hackneyed love stories and the publication of some interesting scientific matter.

The *Red and White* is to be commended for their excellent literary department.—January *Bethany Collegian*.

Truly, Mr. Editor, your editorial appeals to us. We, too, have faced the "knockers," and have begun to love them. Thank Heaven they never asked us for nauseating love stories, but had they done so we would have condemned them to perdition, and preserved in this way at least, the respectability of our magazine and our digestion.

The lack of poetry in the *Red and White* is another deplorable feature. Let your sentimentalists turn to this phase of literature and pour out to us their unalloyed sorrow and the twistings and creakings of their heart strings.

Our eyes have been attracted to the *Red and White* by its novel covering, and on reviewing the contents of the magazine we found much to interest us. "The History of Paper" is somewhat long for publication in a college magazine, but

the subject is one in which we all can display interest. "The Reform Movement" is a well-written article, and merits a careful reading. This magazine does not overcrowd its pages with fiction. The literary contributions are well selected.

"Life at the United States Naval Academy" is a thoroughly instructive article, not badly written. "When the End Comes" is imagination, and the reader almost sees the horror of the ice deluge. The *Red and White* is neat and well conducted.

PROPERTY LIBRARY
N. C. State College