The Red and White

OCTOBER, 1906

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The Red and White

Vol. VIII

WEST RALEIGH, N. C., OCTOBER, 1906

No. 2

THE RELATIONS BACTERIOLOGY BEARS TO EVERY-DAY LIFE



N the first issue Mr. D. L. White gave the readers a good idea of what bacteria are. It is my purpose to give a small idea of what they have to do with the changes that go on in nature, whether pathological or normal.

Bacteria and fungi parallel each other in many changes. Both are microscopic, some being of such size that it takes the highest power of the microscope, and even stains, to study them. The germ causing tuberculosis, better known as consumption, is a good example. No doubt many people wonder how the scientist can see and study these microscopic organisms when many of them are colorless. This may be explained by the fact that different bacteria have very marked differences in effect upon things they grow upon, and act very different when treated with different external agents. these peculiar properties the scientists are able to classify and study bacteria as the horticulturist can the fruits. The external agents used may be light, heat, chemicals, and stains. The stains are most important; for instance, the bacillus of tuberculosis will stain red by a certain process, when no other will.

Some will question how the scientist can say one germ causes one disease and another another disease. By always finding the germ with the disease it is said to cause, never finding the disease without the germ; by inoculating a healthy animal with the said germ of any disease, and producing the disease it is said to cause either in a mild or severe form. 40

Bacteria and fungi have a great power of breaking down animal and plant tissue, either by chemicals they produce or by direct effect. Many of the products from the action of bacteria, animal and plant tissue are of such benefit to man that he could not do without them. To illustrate, the fermentation of malts in making whiskies the bacteria act on the sugar to produce alcohol; in ripening milk and flavoring butter we could not do without them. Bacteria have partly solved the problem of how man can get nitrogen out of the air to restore that taken from the soil by plants. This is done by bacteria so fitting themselves to their conditions until they will only grow on the roots of the plant that the particular bacterium has selected for its home; but on the roots of this plant, always a legume, the bacteria will form nodules after they have multiplied. In these nodules they take the nitrogen from the air in the soil and deposit it in the form of nitrates; that form which man pays so much for for fertilizing purposes. Bacteria will act on some minerals to form nitrates. It is claimed that the sodium nitrate beds in Chille were formed by bacteria. Decaying vegetable matter is acted on by bacteria either to make it more available to plants or not, most always for the best. Stable manure is a good example.

The pathogenic bacteria are the ones that trouble the animal kingdom. These are the ones of which most notice is taken. By pathogenic bacteria we mean those causing diseases. The question naturally arises, why and how do these little plants cause man unlimited trouble. I may say as a basis that as long as one is in good physical condition bacteria are not going to find a ready growing ground, for such animals are in a condition to throw off such foreign parasites. Every one knows that when a plant is young it has to be nursed, but when it becomes strong it chokes out smaller weeds that grow up around it, but as soon as it ceases to struggle for existence those plants that are struggling will overcome it. So it is with man; when he ceases to care for

himself, lets weak condition develop, bacteria are going to come in; once in they are hard to kill out, for the same drugs you administer to kill the bacteria will act upon the tissues in the body, and it may be that the germs can stand more than the tissues. Bacteria will enter the body on or in food, in drink, in the air we breathe, or they may enter through a scratch, anywhere the blood can be inoculated. If the heart is weak or just getting over a case of sickness the germs will find an excellent place to grow.

I will mention some of the diseases caused by bacteria. As to their scientific names, they need not be mentioned in this article. The puss forming bacteria are those that cause boils, abscesses, peritonitis, cerebro-spinal meningitis, etc. The germs are found everywhere. They are the cause of wounds forming puss, which would have healed up quickly had they been kept clean. Nature will heal up a wound quicker itself if the wound is only kept clean. Some antiseptic must be used to kill out the germs. These puss germs make operations dangerous. The surgeon has more trouble getting his hands clean, and takes as much time in doing so as in operating.

Certain bacteria make toxins or poisons. These toxins will get into the blood, thereby causing trouble, such as the toxin of blood poison, tetanus and diphtheria. Many diseases can be prevented by injecting an antitoxine into the blood system, while some can only be detected, as in glanders. Diphtheria, lock-jaw and hydrophobia are diseases that can be cured or retarded by the injection of an antitoxine.

Some germs grow much better in a system that has been broken down by strong drink, such as the germs causing pneumonia and typhoid fever. When one that has been drinking much becomes sick from these germs his chance of life is not much. There is no antitoxin for pneumonia. The germ causing pneumonia is always with us, but does not cause the disease until the parts of the system they attack become weak, either from cold or some other reason.

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Consumption, that dreadful disease, the worst known to man, is becoming to be known as tuberculosis, kills only one-seventh of all the people that die of diseases in the world. It is called tuberculosis because tubercles are formed by the bacillus. They will be hard and calcarious. Every domestic animal has it except fowls. Wild animals will have it when caged. It can be transmitted from one to another, but will be transmitted more readily from one animal to another that are members of the same family in the classifications of animals. These germs mean so much to man I don't know when to stop writing about them. If I could only partly break away the narrow-minded sensitiveness that people have about tuberculosis, and put them to being more careful, I would feel that the major portion of my mission to humanity had been performed.

The disease is caused most always from the bacillus of tuberculosis being breathed into the lungs. It will infect the glands, muscles, and the mesentory of the diseased parts. I will only speak of the lungs. Here the bacteria begin to grow, getting stronger and stronger every time they multiply, especially so if the conditions are good for them. The course may be slow or fast, but eventually they will eat into the blood vessels in the lungs, thereby causing hemorrhage, often so great that death follows at once. They make hard, calcarious tubercles in the lungs, where they grow.

It is almost universally believed that tuberculosis is inherited, but it is not so. In about one case out of one thousand the young may take it from the mother ere it is born, but this is about as big a monstrosity as for one to be born with three legs. The conditions, such as narrow chest and weak lungs, may be inherited. When persons have tuberculosis, they very seldom think about how easy they can give it to any one. Women will go along the street, stop and kiss every sweet child she knows; most every one will spit anywhere he chooses. Along comes the wind to distribute them to some neighbor. Great care should be taken in coughing,

for this is when they are thrown out of the lungs, not when we breathe. One should be very careful in using old clothes of any description from a tuberculous person. In the pockets of coats are good places where handkerchiefs become contaminated.

Glanders of the horse is a very bad disease to the horse, and even to man, for he can catch it from the horse. More bacteriologists have died from glanders than any bacterial disease caught while studying the germ.

Tetanus or lock-jaw is caused by a germ that will not grow until all the oxygen around it is taken away. It is an anærobic bacteria, therefore a wound should heal from the inside. This germ produces a toxin that gets into the blood; the body soon becomes filled with the poison, then the muscles will contract. The toxin is the most poisonous thing known to science; .00000005 of one c. c. will kill a mouse when purified.

Diphtheria is caused by a germ that grows in the throat. It produces a toxin which can be cured by an antitoxine. This disease is very contagious. One will carry the germs with him from three to five weeks, though apparently well, thereby giving it to some one else. By treating diphtheria with the antitoxin in New York city, from 1893 to 1898, they have reduced the deaths from 2,558 to 843. This is remarkable. The same is true to a greater or less extent in many of the large cities of the world, where a record has been kept.

It is true that most all the bacteria infecting man to cause disease can be killed by boiling or some antiseptic. The antiseptic is the best, for many times one will not boil long enough; some will take even sixteen hours' boiling. How many people that pretend to be educated will look after this side of life, which many times means life or death?

It can readily be seen that by man having some knowledge of bacteriology, he can aid the doctors in preserving health, providing they don't treat it as a small thing. The bacillus North Carolina State Library. of typhoid fever may be small, but look what it can do; how it can be spread by a little carelessness.

Though I have not mentioned many diseases caused by bacteria the same can be said of many more. These I have mentioned should be thought of.

L. J. H. '07.

THE LARGEST SOUTHERN HYDRO-ELECTRIC PLANT.

At Whitney, N. C., the Whitney Reduction Company is building the largest power plant that has ever been undertaken in the Southern States. The Gillespie Company of Pittsburg and New York, has the contract at about two and one-half million dollars. E. B. C. Hambly, the vice-president and moving spirit of the work, is a man of uncommonly broad views, and gigantic is the plant which he is pushing to completion.

When "white coal," as the French have aptly named water power, is converted into electricity, there is no argument in favor of steam. The inherent practical advantage of the invincible force of electricity as a driver of all kinds of manufacturing machinery are removed beyond the possibility of intelligent controversy. This assertion is supported by the fact that every steam-driven mill in Columbus, Ga., was electrified as soon as electric power was available. But our aim in this article is not to demonstrate the advantages of electricity, but rather to give the reader some idea of the Whitney Power Plant.

Kilowatts, volts, amperes and other electrical terms are Greek to most people, but they know what horse-power means. When the first set of water wheels are installed the plant will develop fifty thousand horse-power. At the power-house the water will pass through eight steel tubes, each eight feet in diameter and two turbine wheels in each. This makes a set

of sixteen wheels and they are so placed that two other sets can be put in, thus utilizing the same water three times. The turbines will be of the vertical type, and the dynamos or generators will be mounted directly on the turbine shafts.

The initial voltage will be eleven thousand. At this voltage the industries of Whitney can be supplied. Current that is to be transmitted not over forty miles will be raised by means of transformers to thirty thousand volts, and should it become necessary to deliver power to points situated outside the forty-mile radius, voltage will be stepped up to sixty thousand volts.

The power-house will be six hundred feet long, one hundred and twenty feet wide, and one hundred and twenty-five feet high. This house will be four and one-half miles from the dam, and one-half a mile above the famous Narrows of the Yadkin. The water is conveyed from the dam to the power-house by means of a canal, which is a hundred and twelve feet at the surface and forty feet at the bottom. The water will be eighteen feet deep in the canal, and its capacity will be three thousand three hundred cubic feet per second.

The dam is absolutely the best and most carefully constructed example of masonry in the South. It measures one thousand feet between abutments, and is thirty-eight feet above the bed of the river. It is fifty-eight feet wide at the base and twelve feet at the crest, and is of the ogee type on the down stream face, the up stream face being vertical. The dam is built of dimension granite laid to half inch joints. The stone is cut and marked at Granite Quarry, twenty miles from Whitney. In the construction of the dam the water is turned away from the river bed by means of coffer-dams, and the foundation is laid from ten to seventy feet below the river bed.

When the river rises higher than its minimum level the surplus water is taken care of by means of a spillway. This spillway follows the dam in construction and type. It is one thousand and five hundred feet long, thirty-eight feet high State Biorary.

and forty feet at the base. It will take one hundred and ninety thousand cubic yards of masonry to build the dam and spillway. About sixty per cent. of which is now completed.

There are six steam shovels, twenty locomotives, and twenty-four steam derricks employed in the construction of the plant. These machines are kept running night and day by two forces of hands. There is a row of arc lamps on each side of the canal which furnishes light for the night force. This power is furnished by a small power-house built below the dam. The laborers are chiefly negroes, Italians and Hungarians.

By July, 1907, the company will be ready for the mills, with power enough to turn a million and a half spindles.

J. P. B.

THE LABOR SITUATION AS VIEWED BY AN ALUMNUS.

The question which will probably be of the greatest interest in the coming decade, and the one which will need the most speedy solution is the one of labor. It has not been until recently that we as a nation have begun to realize the precarious condition of the working classes, brought about by the vast accumulation of wealth into the hands of a few.

Over two years of travel in different parts of the United States, and the actual meeting of conditions as they exist, should give the writer some little knowledge of the situation as gained by experience.

The one phase of labor which has been most apparent is that where there is a large accumulation of capital, there labor is most poorly paid. It hardly takes the reasoning required in a simple problem of mathematics to find the cause for this. Through the corrupting influence of money in politics, the place has been reached where there is no fear whatever of punishment for the big thieving as practiced to-day

by the men of millions. In fact the laws of our national government are in many places so framed as to give the capitalist the very protection for all the high (way) robbery which they wish to practice. As a consequence, something like this transpires in a financial way. For example, take the street railways of some large city. Some millionaire finds through his trusty agent that the several lines of railway, owned and operated by different companies, can be purchased for two million dollars. Each line before the consolidation is paying a dividend of 121/2 per cent. per annum. However, the majority stockholders in these companies hesitate but little to sell, when they are able to do so at a profit besides being given a good block of stock in the new company. The capitalist who is now the principal owner of this property will have improvements of one-half million dollars put on in the way of connecting the lines and consolidating the system. Then comes the sale of stock in the new company. It has been a known fact that the old lines were a paving proposition-so much so that no stock was for sale. The stock of the consolidated system is announced to be worth \$6,000,000. When this stock is put on the market, people literally fall over themselves to buy it. It is only the question of a few months before \$3,000,000 of the stock is in the hands of small investors. This leaves a clear profit of \$500,000 to the promoter, besides still owning half interest in the property.

Men of ability as labor manipulators are placed as managers of the new company. They are informed that this property must pay 6 per cent. dividends. This means that a net profit of \$360,000 annually must be realized. This must be done in order that the minority stockholders will not lose confidence in the proposition, and thus cause a partial cessation of the investment of small capital in large enterprises of the kind.

As it now stands, \$360,000 profit must be realized to pay a 6 per cent. dividend on \$6,000,000 worth of watered stock, where \$250,000 paid a 12½ per cent. dividend on the same property at its true valuation. We can now see where labor is to be the loser by such a deal. The new managers, in order to increase the revenue to such an extent, must decrease expenses in every possible way.

Under the old managements, the men were allowed fair wages. Now the wages are cut so as to give the wage-earner only a mere subsistence. Here we see that the more capital is centralized, the worse becomes the condition of the wage-

earner.

Here I will speak briefly of a subject about which my views have considerably changed since I have been acquainted with the conditions as they actually exist. Through the press of the country we get the views almost exclusively as written by the capital interests; because they have the money to have their side of the question brought before the public. Well they know that the newspapers are the moulds for public opinion; hence the reason for the opposition to labor organizations by those who are not conversant with the conditions which cause strikes.

Whenever it has been impartially investigated, it has in almost every case been found that when strikes have occurred, it was because capital was either trying to give less compensation to labor or that the laborer was trying to better his condition (which is seldom to be envied) by demanding a more even return for the products of his labor.

In many places a man, if he is known to belong to a labor organization, he will not be given employment. Yet every business man, almost, as well as capitalist, belongs to some

organization for his protection.

Again, the capitalist not only has laws which protect him in the vast accumulation of wealth, but also the unnecessarily high protective tariff gives him an advantage which might be somewhat offset by giving the working classes the advantage of a much more restricted foreign immigration. Immigrant labor is pouring into the United States by the hundred of throusands annually, until now in the large cities and towns many citizens who are American born must live as does the Russian, Italian or Swede, who have been accustomed all their lives to the slums, because they must work for the same wage as do these. In this way not only are these foreigners added to our slum population, but thousands of native-born Americans must needs be a part of the same. On the other hand, the capitalist has the advantage of this cheap labor, which, with the same still high tariff, makes them able to sell their products to these very laborers for the little pittance which they have received. Thus we see from year to year the coffers of the capitalists grow fuller and fuller, while the condition of the unionized laborer grows worse and worse.

To the technical student who soon expects to begin the battle of life for himself, it seems very advisable to one who wishes him all success, that he should as early as possible enter some particular branch of his profession where skilled labor is required, and to ally himself with the labor organization of his profession, where not only the untutored is needed, but more the man who has the trained mind to help fight centralized capital.

T. Eldridge. '04.



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IS LIFE NOT WORTH THE LIVING?

Is life not worth the living,
Are we not by nature blessed?
In each taking there is a giving,
Go not through life distressed.

Wear a cheerful, happy smile,
While going through this life.
'Twill your troubles beguile,
'Twill help you through the strife.

Be up with the morning sun,
Be cheered by one another;
Repent the evil you have done,
To the right, be a sister, be a brother.

R. J. G. '07.

EARLY LIBRARIES.

The student of modern literature is very apt to form an opinion that the history of literature, and especially of the collecting of literature into libraries, does not date very far back; and it is true that there were not very many libraries before the time of Christ, and that what few there were were not very large or valuable, owing to the very poor facilities for writing and printing the books; but it is true that there were some libraries at this early date.

The earliest libraries of which we have any record were those that were found in the mounds of Mesapotamia. These consisted of Babylonish books inscribed on clay tablets, and are now supposed to have been written and collected about 650 B. C., though there is no way of determining the exact

NORTH CAROLINA STATE LIBRARY.

date. Some writers say that there was a library founded at Athens as early as 537 B. C., but this cannot be authenticated. It is known, though, that Aristotle collected books in 322 B. C., but the size of his collection is not known. Augustus collected two libraries for the temple of Apollo—one of Greek and one of Latin books.

There were many Romans that collected small libraries during the last hundred years before Christ. Cicero collected probably the largest one.

St. Jerome tells us that St. Pamphilus collected over thirty thousand volumes in 309 A. D. for the purpose of lending them out. If this be true, this was the first circulating library founded; but the size of this library at such an early date, would seem to throw some discredit upon the story.

The Alexandrian library, which was founded at Alexandria, Egypt, by Ptolemy Soter and Ptolemy Philadelphus, some time between 347 and 323 B. C., was, according to the record that we now have of it, by far the largest library founded up to its time. The number of volumes that it contained have been variously estimated, by different writers, at from one hundred to five hundred thousand; but these figures must be entirely too large. This library was destroyed in 47 B. C., but a supplementary one was opened in the Serapheum, and remained open until 391 A. D., when it was destroyed.

Most of the libraries of the middle age were of monkish origin, and were very small, and not of much value. There is now one in the Swiss Abbey of St. Gall that claims an antiquity of over a thousand years.

The first library founded in England consisted of nine manuscripts carried to that country by Augustine in 396 A. D., and kept at Canterbury. A little later than this many other English monasteries collected small libraries, none of which were of much value.

During the twelfth century many of the royal families of Europe began to collect libraries. The library of Charles VI of France numbered eleven hundred volumes in 1411 North Carolina
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A. D. The library of the king of Hungary probably exceeded in size any other library of the fourteenth century. In 1490 his contained nearly fifty thousand volumes, most of them being manuscripts, etc. This library was destroyed by the Turks forty years later.

The Laurentian library, which was founded by Pope Clement VII, about 1530 A. D., from previous collections, was perhaps the most valuable and contained the most rare manuscripts of any founded up to that period. The Ambrosian library, founded at Milan in 1609, and the Cottonian, founded about the same time, which later found its way into the British Museum, were among the most valuable of the seventeenth century.

The national library of France, which in 1895 was the largest one in the world, containing over two and one-half million volumes, contained only two hundred thousand volumes in 1789. This enormous growth is sufficient to show the rapid increase in the publication of books with the perfecting of the printing press.

Germany has for many years had the distinction of having the largest number and most extensive libraries of any European country. In 1875 she contained over twenty-five libraries that contained upward of two hundred thousand volumes each. France ranked second highest in 1895. At the same time the imperial library of St. Petersburg ranked third as largest in the world, with the British Museum as second. The British Museum, which was only founded in 1753, owes its rapid growth to the large number of valuable private libraries that were donated to it.

The first library founded in America was in 1638, at Harvard College. The library of Congress was founded in 1800. But notwithstanding the late date at which the first library was founded in the United States she now ranks well with the nations of the world in the number and extent of her libraries.

During the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries the increase in number and size of libraries was so rapid that to-

day the number of books collected in libraries cannot be estimated. This increase has not been sectional, but has been world-wide.

P. L. G.

ONLY ONE GIRL.

There's only one girl in this world for me, How often I've heard that is Fate's decree; That tyrant, Dan Cupid, the despot dread, Is to show her to me, whom I shall wed.

But the unkind archer forgot his task; The Fates answer not the question I ask. They have left the problem to doubtful me, And how may I know which is she?

There is Belle, who is pretty, jolly, gay, And Maud, so witty, in her winsome way; There is Julia, the prudent, stately, wise, And Edith, with her gentle, tender eyes.

Have they conspired my soul to tantalize? And must I pine on with none to advise? With any one there is bliss, I am sure, But which one I must know before I woo 'er.

Yet if I knew whom Fate assigns to me, Dreadful doubt! Would she know that I am he? Suppose she should decline my life to bless, By gently refusing to answer, Yes.

Still I ponder, harrassed by doubt and fear, No answer breaking 'pon the silence drear, And you, O friend, I shall grateful be If you will kindly tell which one is she.

N. H. T.

THE "KITTY."

The Claremont Hotel, of Cheshire, is situated fronting the waters of the Huron River, and is centrally located in a square just to the right of the business section of the town. A beautiful green lawn, shaded with large elms and oaks, occupies the thirty yards between it and the street, and on each side of the paved walk leading to the entrance is a magnificent fountain always gushing forth bright and crystal clear water.

Mr. Ashlev Morton chanced to be seated in one of the benches on the lawn scanning the morning paper, when his eves fell on the head lines, "The Claremont Hotel to be Leased." He noted the contents and found that the present proprietor, by some unknown misfortune, was going to be relieved of the hotel and that it was open for bidding on the lease. Also one of his most intimate friends and college mates, Alfred Johnson, from Chesterfield, Ohio, was one of the bidders, and stood fair to be the next proprietor. Mr. Morton was highly pleased to anticipate having Johnson as his near neighbor, and as his home was only the third house distant, he hurried there to tell his family. He soon wrote to Johnson asking him to be sure and come to the town, for he would be very glad to have him, and then he had a scheme that he was sure they could make an easy living if he would form a partnership with him.

Morton was devoted most intensely to his family, and had been suffering some on account of the sickness of his daughter Esther. She had always been a healthy girl, but about a year previous to this time she had a long fever and it seemed that there was no perceptible cure. Morton had tried several of the best doctors around without any good. Several things had been advised, but their application seemed of no avail, and most of all they wanted to keep her indoors for fear that too much air or exposure would be harmful. It was finally prescribed to let her have plenty of outdoor exer-

North Carolina State Dibrary.

cise, taking it by degrees of course, till she was able to stay out any time necessary. Esther was very fond of the water, and the first thing that came in her mind was to have a little launch to go out on the river every day. She knew that it would be like drawing blood out of a stone to get her father's consent, but the first opportunity she could not help approaching him.

"Papa, I think that the water would help me more than any other thing, and I want one of those little launches that is run by a gasoline engine. One that has a small, low cabin, a nicely arranged forecastle, a detachable awning, so that it may be taken off in the winter, and everything fixed up nice; you know what I want; you always did have a good taste for such things," she said, coaxingly.

"It isn't my taste, but my pocket, and you do not seem to consider that one like you want will cost \$2,500 at least, and that's a lot," he said excitedly.

"It will be so nice to carry my friends out riding and the like, and then it is so much safer than the ordinary boat," she begged.

"Yes, but it is not safe for me, and besides it will not be one iota of profit to me. The very idea, why you do not know one thing about how to run one, and in less than a week you would be east away or drowned, and all the blame would be on me. Your mother would never forgive me, and I could not stand it."

"Oh, father, don't always look on the gloomy side of everything. You know that an engineer could very easily teach me how to manage it, and the other expenses, such as gasoline, batteries, etc., would be very cheap."

It was a long time before Mr. Morton would agree, but finally he said:

"It beats me. I believe you girls are babies all your lives; cry for the moon till some one hides you from seeing it and gives you a piece of red candy of the same shape and you are satisfied. In this case I don't know what would be a good substitute. Anyway, I guess that the quickest way out is the best, and so I see no other alternative except to get the boat, engineer, gasoline, and anything else that you want."

The boat was soon furnished, and Esther displayed great interest in learning how to become her own engineer. She soon grew fond of managing the boat because she always wanted to be a little odd from anyone else, and it was not long before she could be seen daily making a trip on the water. Lately she had taken to like loneliness, and it was her greatest joy to be alone in her boat on the river. When the accommodating fellows of the town would ask to accompany her on the stormy days, she assured them in a kind of matter of fact way that it would be "much easier for her to save one life than two, and they needn't bother to go."

Everything was going well with Morton, and he was congratulating himself on having given in to Esther's request, because her health was fast improving. Also he thought that it was not long before Johnson was to be his near neighbor

and they could form the partnership.

Three months had passed and it was the day on which the lease of Claremont Hotel was to expire. Morton was in his office that evening when the newsboy placed the evening paper in his box. When he had glanced through it, he saw in large heavy letters, "Claremont Hotel leased to Vinton." Some trick had been played, was the first thought, as he continued to read. Johnson, it seemed, had made his last bid when a Mr. Vinton came up, at the last moment, and over-bid him, thus getting possession.

The paper described Vinton as a single man, young and energetic, and one who had come to the place, not merely for the purpose of managing the hotel, but as a kind of prospector for minerals, and was to use the hotel as an instrument to keep things together in business.

Morton wished right away that his prospecting would come to an end soon, and that something, no matter what, would take him from the town. Certainly he had terminated his

plans with Johnson, and Morton had already formed the idea that Vinton was one of those meddlesome and intrusive fellows who have no respect or feelings for others, and think that what they say or do should be countenanced and sanctioned by everyone. He had no desire whatever to see Vinton, and really he did not, because Vinton was attentive to his own affairs, and did not go out very much.

Esther was all alone up the river for a considerable distance early one afternoon, when all at once those recurring pangs of the engine skipped a place; another—two, and then stopped. Now was the time for Esther to use her engineering skill, but just then there came the pang of another launch that was coming around the bend of the river, and when it came in sight, who should it be but Vinton in his launch.

He brought his launch to a stop right by the side of the "Kitty"—that was the name of Esther's boat—and as he threw his cable over a cleat, he said, "Some trouble in there? May I assist you in making the repair?"

"It is very small. Only a broken circuit," she said emphatically, looking away from him.

"I'll mend it," and with that he took the pliers from her hands, as though he had been paid.

"He surely is handsome, but what if papa knew that he were here," Esther thought. She certainly did admire his features, for she liked a tall and erect person, with light blue eyes and dark hair.

"Why do you all think so hard of me," he ventured.

"I don't understand; what do you mean?"

"What on earth have I done to anger your people; I am not a spy; I haven't committed any crime; I haven't shown any imbecility, and yet you look on me with scorn."

"Please explain yourself; you haven't even the courtesy to tell who you are," she added imperatively. "Indeed I would be pleased to fix my own engine; you came in such an uncalled-for manner."

"Oh! I don't mind that; it is John V-"

"Never mind; you need not trouble," I did not say that

your name was unknown to me."

"Well, I would like to know why you all hate me so; I don't see the harm of a person leasing something to another when he gets a better price for it." He said this in such a melancholy and depressed way till she thought it was no more than human kindness to say, "Maybe it isn't quite so bad as all that."

Vinton had not really cared before he entered the boat, but seeing her beautiful figure as she stood over the engine, and brushed back her flaxen hair, he could not help feeling hurt from such thoughts.

"It is done," said Vinton, "and now I will try the engine."
All worked well, and the "Kitty" was soon gliding down
the river with Vinton's launch in tow.

"Thank you ever so much for your trouble," Esther said, in a kind of it is time to-leave tone.

"Ain't you afraid to be alone on the water like this. Something else might happen. Can't I see you safely home?"

"Oh! no. I am not at all uneasy; you see that I have been taught the trade," she answered.

"Well, I must leave, I guess, and I suppose it is good-bye forever."

"I suppose so. Good-bye. Many thanks to you." she said.
Vinton unfastened his boat, jumped aboard, and was undecided which way to go, when he thought of his journey,
and turned his boat in the opposite direction to the "Kitty."
He could not follow any way.

His first thought was to take a ride every day in his launch, but that was of no use, for she would have company after this if she went out at all, and finishing his journey he returned to Belmont.

He could not help keeping a watch for the "Kitty," but it was not to be seen.

Two weeks passed, and early one morning Vinton left in his launch for a trip down the river. His business caused him to be returning about four o'clock that afternoon. When he was nearly five miles from the town he passed a small bay that formed in the river side, and saw Esther alone standing in her boat and gathering ferns that were overhanging the bank.

Vinton turned the helm of his boat almost intuitively, and it swerved, cut the arc of a circle, and came up by the side of the "Kitty." The same "Kitty." Esther had thought Vinton pleasant and attractive, and it was a pleasant surprise to her when she saw him coming up the river in his launch, though she avoided such expression.

"I had a presentiment that I would see you again. May I help you gather the ferns," he said pleasantly.

"Thank you very much, but I have most all of them now. I thought that you left town this morning," Esther said.

"Oh! you thought that I had taken leave for a while at least, and that is why you came out."

"I didn't know any such thing; papa only told me to-day at dinner that it was a good time for me to take a ride, and I came here."

Vinton saw at once how things were, and as he stood looking out on the water thinking of the inevitable, he wondered what he had done to cause the warmth and heat of his beating heart to be shut out in the cold of silent and disdainful contempt.

"What is the matter? Why don't you talk? Why, you haven't even pulled those largest ferns over there, so near you."

"My thoughts are not on ferns. I am looking at and thinking of an angel; an angel that has haunted my soul and raptured my thoughts till I think and dream of no one else. That angel is you. I adore you, and have since our first meeting, and what hurts me is that I am looked on as a Pariah, and cannot go to see you, and send you flowers as other people do. I am separated by a wide and deep chasm, and that chasm is a living being, a human soul—your father—and how am I to capture him?"

"I don't know, but do you know how late it is, and I promised mother to write a note for her this evening, accepting our invitation to the reception to be given by Mrs. Melton. She lives at Lyons about fifteen miles up the river from Belmont, you know. Papa is going, and he is awful formal and particular on such occasions, and wants everything done up to style."

"How are you going? In the boat or by land?" said Vin-

ton, quickly.

"I don't know, but papa does not like the water any too good, and I expect that he will want to go by land."

"Esther, will you do me one favor? Be sure to get your father to go in the "Kitty," and leave at exactly 12 o'clock that night."

She finally agreed to carry out his wish, and they started for the town. Vinton was sensible enough to take his own launch at about a mile from the town, and wait for Esther to reach home. Then he went in alone and unnoticed.

The reception at the Meltons' was a success, and every one seemed to be enjoying it thoroughly, when Esther called

her father to go.

"Well, of the most curious, you are one. I should have thought you last in mentioning going home," said her father.

"I was afraid that it would make you sick to be up too late, and mother is feeble, you know. Come on now," she said, coaxingly.

He finally consented, and they only needed a few minutes

to have the boat ready to go home.

They had gone about four miles, when that familiar knock of the engine began to come irregularly, and then it quit, and the boat stopped.

"Just what I expected! What is the matter now?" Morton exploded. "I told you before we left home that something would happen if we came in this thing."

"Oh! cheer up, papa, it isn't much." I will soon fix it,

and we will go home all right."

"Let me have the lantern, Esther. You may fix those wires and things, for I don't want to fool with them."

Upon examination she found that it was a burnt fuse and it was readily replaced, and the boat started off, but they had not gone more than one hundred yards before the engine stopped, and the boat came to a standstill again.

"Yes, this looks like going home; you'll bet that I am not caught in this fix again," muttered Morton. "Just what I

expected."

The fault was not found quickly this time. Morton was as restless as a fish out of the water, and in wiping off the engine he had received several burns and small shocks, which did not make him any more agreeable. Esther finally suggested that the gasoline might be gone, and Morton in his eagerness to see, thrust his hand to the bottom of the tank, thinking that it would be dry, but no; the tank was full and now his arm was dripping wet with the liquid.

"Oh! gracious, what a fix," he mumbled out; "I had rather pay for ten such boats than be in this condition. What if some of the people from the reception should overtake us. I wish that gasoline and boats had never been invented."

Now what was there to do but try the engine again, and it proved all right for about a quarter of a mile, and then all at once something seemed to slip, a double explosion occurred, and another stop.

Mrs. Morton had kept very quiet and Esther was holding her patience well, but it had passed the limit for Morton. He was like a worm in the fire, and would have given almost anything possible to have been out of that predicament.

The boat was leaking slowly and as Morton went forward for a bunch of waste he stepped in water over his shoes.

No wonder that his manner was unpleasant, when he was splotched with grease, had one arm soaked in gasoline, both feet wet, and the boat in still worse condition.

Just then a pleasant sound was heard—pleasant then indeed, for it was that steady pang of an approaching gasoline

Reace Diegary.

launch. Evidently it was coming to their rescue, having seen the light in one place so long, but Morton did not give them chance to decide, for he almost screamed, "Help! Help! or we will soon be drowning," and as the boat came up by the side of the "Kitty," Morton said, "For Heaven's sake, can't you help us? Something is the matter and we can't find out what."

"I'm glad to render any service possible," was the pleasant answer, as he stepped into the "Kitty," to begin work.

That voice was familiar to Esther, for it was Vinton; but she remained silent and Morton told what had happened and how they had tried to fix things. The battery was in good condition, and there was plenty of gasoline, but none was being fed into the engine, and after some trouble Vinton found a lump of trash in the feed pipe. This had almost completely stopped the flow of the gasoline, and what little trickeled through the trash could be used up in a few seconds, consequently the engine had to stop when it had gone but a short distance.

Now he tried the engine, and it almost ran away with itself, but the boat did not move. The propeller was slipping, and this could not be fixed there, so they had to get Vinton to take the "Kitty" in tow and carry them home. Morton said that it would be best to have him accompany them anyway.

Vinton was under a strain to keep from talking, but he succeeded well, and when they were nearly to the Belmont dock, Morton said, "I certainly feel under obligations to you for your kindness. How did you know that we were in trouble, or were you coming the same way, too?"

"I saw your light in one place so long till I knew that some one was in trouble, and I came."

"Your thoughtfulness saved us, I am sure."

They were at the dock, and Morton had raised to go.

"I want you to come to the house with us," he said; "but you haven't told me your name yet."

"Oh! well, I—er don't know as I should, but my name is John Vinton," he said as he handed Morton his card.

Morton was wonder-struck, but he finally said, "I suppose I have been too harsh in my opinions of you, Mr. Vinton; but please pardon me; I should not have done so."

"How did you manage to do all that," Esther said, while walking to the house.

"You see I had to do something, and all that was simple enough."

"I bent the spring in the sparker, so that it would not close the circuit any more than possible. I fixed the trash to stop the gasoline, and to be sure that something would happen, I loosened the screw on the propeller, and that is why it slipped."

G

The silences of night are less divine Than are the perfect silences of love; When thou and I sit wordless in the gloom, And gaze, not at each other, but away Into the plumbless depths between the stars, Where dwells a silence, not as rich as ours, And yet not poor, for there the waves of light Flew tremulous across infinity In synchronous vibration, star to star. And make of God's unbounded universe A finished arch of lucent harmony; But where we sit and look into the night, There is a nobler harmony than this, A perfect concord of two hearts—two souls, To which the assonance of yonder spheres Is but the deep, primordial counterpart.

-Selected.

WHY THE BEAR WENT OVER THE MOUNTAIN.

A big brown cub in his mountain lair Crawled out of the rocks in search of air; He fled, for a great, wide grin, Over a big, broad chin, Informed him that Teddy was there.



KOKOKOKO KOKOKOKO

Y. M. C. A.

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THE Faculty reception, given in honor of Mr. W. D. Weatherford, Traveling Secretary of the Southern Student Associations, was the first of its kind ever given by the Association of this College. The officers of the Association, chairmen of committees, members of the reception committee and members of the Faculty were present. After holding a short conference with the officers of the Association, in which different phases of Association work were discussed, Mr. Weatherford made a very forceful presentation of the work of the Association throughout the South. He was followed by Mr. C. D. Daniel, the College Secretary of the Carolinas, who gave a sketch of the work being done in these States. Mr. Walton then gave a short statement of the work which the local Association has planned for this session; after which refreshments were served, and the members of the Faculty introduced to Messrs. Weatherford and Daniel.

The Bible Study Department of the Association is now the strongest part of the work. It has an enrollment of one hundred and thirty-six. Prof. Withers and Mr. Walton are leading the teachers' training classes for the Freshmen and Sophomore studies, and Prof. Paine is teaching the Junior Class in Old Testament characters. Two mission study classes will be conducted by Mr. Walton, in which "The Philippine Islands" and "Effective Workers in Needy Fields" will be studied before Christmas.

In bringing our Y. M. C. A. before the student body, and the public generally, we cannot fail to mention the name of

our General Secretary, Mr. E. R. Walton, and his record,

past and present.

As most of us know Mr. Walton is a Mississippian, coming directly from there here the first of September. He graduated with the degree of Bachelor of Arts from the University of Mississippi in 1905, and studied law at the same school last year. His record while at the University was an excelent one, peculiarly fitting him for the great and noble work he is doing at A. and M. During his Sophomore year he was chairman of the Bible study committee; during his Junior year he was treasurer of the Y. M. C. A.; and during his Senior year he was president of the Y. M. C. A. He was one of the four debaters at the graduation excreises in 1905. With all this experience and one year of teaching experience in the graded school, Mr. Walton is undoubtedly the right man in the right place.

As to Mr. Walton's record here at the A. and M. for the past two months, every student and teacher knows. In fact, in my opinion, he has done more work and has applied himself more thoroughly and more conscientiously than any

teacher or student here.

EARGLE, Cor. Sec.



A. AND M. 39-0 TO NOTHING IN THIRTY-FIVE MINUTES OF PLAY—FIRST GAME OF THE SEASON AND A. AND M. TEAM SHOWS UP STRONG—PLAYING OF WILSON, HARDIE, THOMPSON AND ESKRIDGE FEATURES.

The foot-ball season opened on Monday, October 1st, with A. and M. against Randolph-Macon College, of Ashland, Va. The weather was bad and disagreeable, and before the game was half over the rain come down in sheets. The spectators were obliged to seek shelter in the big grand stand two hundred yards from the gridiron. A large crowd was out to see the new rules put in operation, and to get an insight into what kind of a team the A. and M. had this season.

The A. and M. band was on hand, and kept the spectators in good humor, although they were wet to the skin.

The A. and M. students were especially interested in the showing the team made in this game, as just five days later they were to meet the strong team of the University of Virginia.

The Randolph-Macon boys were lighter than the A. and M. team, but put up a plucky fight and spirit of never give up until the end.

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA, NOTHING—A. AND M. NOTHING.

At Charlottesville, on October 6th, A. and M. fought Virginia to a standstill, neither crowd being able to score. The game was fast throughout, replete with punting and thoroughly enjoyed by the crowd. It was singularly free from

North Cardina State Bibrary.

rough playing, and only one man was substituted during the

whole forty minutes of play.

In the first half Virginia had the advantage of the wind which almost blew a gale directly the length of the field. Punting was resorted to almost continuously, and the ball was kept in A. and M. territory the greater part of the first half. A. and M. had the better success in carrying the ball, and twice she made the required ten yards. The first by line plunges, and the second by Wilson's twelve yard sprint around Virginia's right end.

In the second half A. and M. started off with a rush, and carried the ball to Virginia's twenty-five yard line, where they lost it on downs. Once Virginia came very near scoring, having the ball on A. and M.'s eight yard line, but the team came to the rescue and held them for downs when the ball went over and was punted out of danger.

A. and M.'s team put up a superb game. The work of Wilson, Hardie, Beebe, Thompson, being especially brilliant.

LINE UP.

Virginia.	Positions.	A. and M.
Myers	left end	Thompson
Lind	left tackle	Stroud
Spear Woo	dsleft guard	Sykes
Gloth	center	Temple
Williams	right guard	Perkins
Casha .	right tackle	Beebe
M. 11	right end	Stevens
Maddux .	right end	Eskridge
Randolph .	quarter back	Hardia
Johnson	left half back	Wilson
Waples	right half back	Wilson
McMurdo .	full back	Shuford
Referee-	-"Dave" Fultz, of Brown. U	mpire—Mr. Rob-
4.3	T 1 C 1' M' l	Magana Pools and

Referee—"Dave" Fultz, of Brown. Umpire—Mr. Robertson, of North Carolina. Time-keepers—Messrs. Peck and Crocker. Linesmen—Messrs. Sawrie and Harris. Time of halves—20 minutes.

M. N. O.

GAMÉ BETWNEEN A. & M. AND RICHMOND.

One of the best and most exciting games of the season was played at the new athletic park on October 11th between A. & M. and Richmond Colleges,

The A. & M. team was too confident of victory, and was a little surprised at the strength and decisiveness of the Richmond team.

The score stood 0 to 0, but it is almost sure A. & M. would have scored if Wilson had not been put out during the first half for rough play. It must be said, in fairness to Wilson, that the offense for which he was put out was entirely unintentional on his part, and some have criticised the ruling which barred him out.

A. & M. made two successful forward passes, Richmond made one good one.

A. & M.'s star players were Hardie, Stephens, and Eskridge, a feature of the game being the spectacular tackling of Stephens.

S. E.

A. & M. versus V. M. I. AND W. & L.

Up to the present our foot-ball team has certainly been leading the "strenuous life." The schedule of games played has been unusually hard, but the A. & M. eleven has stood the strain remarkably well, and has well earned the reputation of being one of the strongest, if not the strongest team in the South.

The following games have been played to date:
September 29th—Randolph-Macon, 0; A. & M., 39.
October 6th—University of Virginia, 0; A. & M., 0.
October 11th—Richmond College, 0; A. & M., 0.
October 13th—Virginia Military Inst., 0; A. & M., 17.
October 15th—Washington & Lee, 4; A. & M., 4.

From the above it will be sure that three games have been played from the 11th inst. to the 15th inst., inclusive, and another game is to be played on the 18th—William & Mary.

On Friday morning, the 12th, the A. & M. team left for Lexington to play the Virginia Military Institute, and Washington & Lee University. After a very hard trip, missing railroad connection once and having to remain in Lynchburg until the 6 A. M. train out, the party finally arrived at Lexington. But the way they played ball in the afternoon against V. M. I.'s strong team must have made every one think they were in the pink of condition.

A. & M. won the kick-off, and sent the ball flying far toward the goal, but V. M. I., with a lucky run, brought it

back to A. & M.'s 30-vard line.

With a few line plunges, and short gains around ends, the visitors forced their way straight toward their goal, but lost the ball on the 15-yard line. Now the punting began, which

was practiced often during the game.

A. & M. in a few minutes, however, gained her 20-yard line again, and with two downs and 5 yards to gain, scored four points on a beautiful place kick by Thompson. A touchdown by Hardie, and another place kick by Thompson netted a score of 13 points at the end of the first half of twenty minutes.

In the second half A. & M. played mostly on defensive, saving the men for Tuesday's game. Thompson for the third time tried a place kick, and sent the ball curving beautifully over the goal for the third time, running the score up to 17.

The V. M. I. boys played hard ball, but were not in it against A. & M. Every A. & M. man played good ball. Wilson, Hardie and Thompson were the stars.

The line-up was as follows:

A. & M.	Positions.	V. M. I.
Thompson	L. E	Stude
Stroud	L. T	Fray
Sykes V	L. G	Riley
Temple	C	Hancock
Perkins	R. G	Reedles
Beebe	R. T	Montgomery
Stephens,	R. E	Nicholls
Eskridge	Q. B	Byrd Ward
Hardie	L. H. B	Coshy
Wilson	R. H. B	Beckner
Shuford	F. B	···· Poague

On Monday, 15th, A. & M.'s same eleven went against that of Washington & Lee. This game resulted in a tie, both teams scoring 4 points each; a place kick by Thompson for A. & M. and a drop kick by Bagley for W. & L. This was a hard-fought game. Washington & Lee had a strong and fast team, in good condition to put against the hard-worked visitors.

There was much punting throughout the entire game by both sides. Wilson made two runs of 15 and 20 yards, once coming very near getting away for a touchdown.

The Washington & Lee students considered the tie a victory for them, and proceeded to take in the city with their celebrations.

The A. & M. eleven is to be congratulated in the splendid record it has made under such trying circumstances, and should receive the hearty support of every student in College. *********

Locals

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Mr. Ed. Roe Stamps, '03, spent a few days with us last week. Mr. Stamps is superintendent of a fertilizer factory at Macon, Ga.

Mr. W. D. Faucett, '01, who has been assistant engineer on the S. A. L. Ry. at Savannah for the last five years, has been promoted to the position of assistant to the chief engineer of the Seaboard, at Columbia, S. C. Mr. Faucett is succeeded at the Savannah office by Mr. E. C. Bagwell, '03, who will have entire charge of all construction and improvements on the Seaboard, south of Columbia.

Mr. L. M. Oden, '06, was with us for a short time last week.

Mr. L. T. Winston, '06, is with the Wm. Ritter Lumber Co., of Panther, W. Va.

Mr. W. N. Holt accompanied the foot-ball team to Charlottesville to see the Virginia game.

Mr. H. K. McConnell, owing to other duties, has resigned from the Red and White staff. Mr. W. W. Jones has been elected to succeed him. Kindly hand all comics to "Bully" in Room 1. We are glad to secure Mr. C. D. Harris, graduate manager, as athletic editor.

Nearly half of the Junior Class are taking civil engineering. "Horse Sense."

Mr. C. S. Tate was up to see the A. & M.-Randolph-Macon game,

"Babe" has been elected captain of the foot-ball team.

Mr. Frank Miller, who is a rodman for the Southern Railroad, spent Sunday with us a few weeks ago. Last fall, at the close of his Soph. year here, he accepted a position with this company. He is now located at Charlotte.

Mr. Lacy Moore, '06, dropped in to see his friend—s on the 23rd ult.

Mr. J. H. Williams, '06, stopped over at the College last week on his way to Chicago, where he will enter the Institute and Training School of the Young Men's Christian Association. Mr. Williams has decided to follow this calling as his life's work.

THALERIAN GERMAN CLUB.

The opening dance of the Thalerian German Club, at the Raney library, on September 21st, was a most delightful event. Music was furnished by Levin's orchestra, and the german was gracefully led by Mr. Ralph Long, with Miss Irene Lacy, ably assisted by Mr. Cebe Harris, with Miss Emmie Drewry.

Those who enjoyed this occasion were Mr. R. B. Lattimore with Miss Louise Wright, Mr. Ralph Faison with Miss Emily Higgs, Mr. W. C. Staples with Miss Johnson, of Columbia, Mr. F. M. Thompson with Miss Lucile De Lorne, of Chattanooga, Mr. W. R. Hampton with Miss Bennie Mc-Aden, Mr. William Walters with Miss Jessamine Higgs, Mr. W. Peck with Miss Willa Norris, Mr. Bill Holt with Miss Ruby Norris, Mr. Henry Montague with Miss Loula Mc-Donald, Mr. Harwood Beebe with Miss Juliete Crews, Mr. Gordon Harris with Narnie Rogers, Mr. K. C. Council with Miss Rosa Skinner, Mr. Geo. Harrison with Miss Lilly Skinner, Mr. P. W. Hardie with Miss Sackie Latta, Mr. E. F. Ward with Miss Louise Lamar, Mr. Walter Cowles with Miss Margaret Stedman. Stags: E. H. Smith, W. T. Grimes, J. P. Walters, D. Y. Hagan, Edwin Pemberton, J. Crosswell, I. N. Tull and L. H. Siau and Mr. W. M. Heston. Chaperones: Mrs. Higgs, Mrs. Latta, Mrs. Skinner, Mrs. Cowles.

The reception given to the A. & M. cadets, by the Brotherhood of the Good Shepherd Church, was greatly enjoyed by a large number of students. Amid very artistic decorations of golden rod and ferns, a pretty and entertaining musical program was carried out. Delightful refreshments were served. All voted the occasion a very pleasant one.



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.

With this issue of the Red and White goes a change in the staff which is much to be regretted. In the withdrawal from school of Mr. N. H. Tate, editor-in-chief, we feel that the Red and White and the class have lost a most valuable man, one who did his duties quietly and conscientiously, without any brag or blow, but who showed his college spirit in deeds and actions.

In the short time that Mr. Tate has been here he has made many close friends, and we all wish him much success in the future.

NOT A FABLE, BUT FACTS.

Once upon a time there was started a college magazine in the western part of Raleigh known as the RED AND WHITE.

This magazine was not started for the purpose of bringing financial returns, but to enthuse in that vicinity a most important thing—college spirit.

From the beginning it has been successful in its attempts, but of late it has been greatly handicapped by the crowd commonly known as knockers. Those who sometimes—we know not how—manage to get up enough energy to borrow their neighbor's Red and White and read it. Then begins the pounding. They gather in a crowd and try to make others think they are wise by knocking something which they are either too lazy or have not the mental ability to do.

We do not like to see this spirit. It is undermining the whole purpose of the magazine and keeping many from con-

tributing articles which would interest all.

The idea also seems prevalent that the staff are the only ones to prepare all the material and are selected to do all the work. Such is not the case. We want the Red and White to be representative of the entire student body, and to be this the whole of its reading matter cannot be prepared by a chosen few. We want to hear from all.

Don't sit around and abuse what some one else has written.

Try to write something better yourself, and see how much
good it will do you and the Red and White.

This year presents a great change in all the affairs of the College, especially in respect to discipline. With the present regulations A. & M. is going to rapidly advance to an equal, if not higher place in the State than any other of the colleges, and it behooves us to get up and be doing. A. & M. is a College, and not, as the general impression is, a preparatory school and a reformatory. Already we have shown the other

schools that we were "in it" when it came to athletics, and this year let us show some of them that they are not "in it."

Now it is "up to" the boys generally to "get busy."

Our teams go out and work—work that is work, and they are doing it for the glory of old A. & M., and if they can go out in the heat and do all the druggery of practice, surely the student body can go out and urge them on with their presence and applause.

Get together and root. Let's get the spirit that Capt. Phelps used to encourage. Get out and yell. Whoop up the men in their work.

Everything this year is favorable to having great college spirit. Our commandant is an enthusiast on athletics and the students seem to have more spirit than ever before. So let's all get together and pull A. & M. to the front, not only in athletics, but in every other respect.

Do something for your College Annual and Magazine. Help in the work if you can, and if you can't, subscribe to them. Patronize their advertisers and persuade those who can to do work on them. Don't be like a pot of water when the flame of enthusiasm or excitement is applied, bubble up and run over, but when the heat is taken away, subside and become more flat. All that comes of the bubbling is steam, and steam is gas and you know what gas amounts to when it comes to the problems of every-day life.

THE AGROMECK.

1907.

Among other things that the student should take interest in is the College Annual. There may be some who do not know what an annual is, especially in the sense of a college publication. No doubt a great many students at Δ . & M., if they know anything about it at all, expect the Agromeck

to be some sort of magazine, or perhaps a catalogue. Now it ought to be understood by every one that it is nothing of the kind. It is the aim and the ambition of every one of the editors to get out something creditable, something far in advance of all previous issues.

In order to make the Agromeck the most possible, in order that our Annual may represent every phase of college life, in order that you may be represented in it, and that we may be able to publish a book you will be proud of and will preserve as a souvenir of 1906-7, the Board of Editors have unanimously decided that they need the support and hearty co-operation of the student body. We cannot of ourselves make college life. We cannot organize the students into various clubs and societies which ought to be represented. Such organization belongs to you. But we are willing, and in fact wish, to publish any material that may be furnished by clubs, societies, or individuals which will make the Agromeck attractive.

Therefore, we, the Board of Editors, ask that where it is possible and not detrimental to college life, organizations, especially county and city clubs, be perfected. If you wish any information, or to give any advice, or to make any suggestion whatever, see some one of the editors. We will be glad to consider any suggestions, but don't bother us with foolishness. We intend to make a great many improvements and we will make the Annual in value and attractiveness in just the proportion that you support us.

Material should be in by December 1st.



Exchanges

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SEVERAL exchanges have come to our table this month, and it gives the editor pleasure to read them, for that which is needed most in our magazines—a good start and foundation—is plainly shown. This promises good work for the ensuing year, and it is our sincerest desire that this spirit and interest be maintained throughout the session.

"The Man with the Green Eye," in the University of Virginia Magazine, is a well studied theme, and the story holds the interest of the reader to the last, when all comes out in mystery.

In general all of the stories are good and are creditable to the magazine.

We are glad to have the New Mexico Collegian on our table, but we would suggest that the writer of "Bessie's Trip West" would put more imagination in the story and not leave it for the reader.

The Wake Forest Student is a magazine that has a high standard in all its departments. In the October issue the poetry, essays, and fiction are very creditable indeed. Of special note are the poems, "Courage" and "Blind Baldwin." The thought in both is very good, and the style is almost elegant, especially in "Blind Baldwin." Of the stories, "An Invisible Master," is worthy of mention. It is well worked out and shows vivid imagination, but the conclusion is not what it should have been, as the reader wishes to know the mystery. The essays are well written, and show careful preparation.

We are glad to receive the October issue of the Trinity Archives, and are much pleased with the contents. The article, "Songs, Merry and Sad," an excellent appreciation of the North Carolina poet, John Charles McNeill, is well written and gives the reader a good insight into the poetry of this Tar-heel. The story, "A Mountain Flood," is well written and well told, but perhaps contains too much of the morbid. "The Witch," a poem, was enjoyed very much. "A Story Without a Name," shows a character applicable to everyday life in most any town, and shows a good insight into the workings of the Doctor's mind. The Archive as a whole is well written, and is unusually good for a college magazine.

In *The Georgian* for October are many articles of interest. "Who's That Woman," is an excellent article and shows that the author, is capable of handling a plot in a realistic way. "Or Preserver," is an interesting article on education, and it brings out many phases that to the reader is an idea of the value of education and reputation. "Noses" is a humorous as well as scientific article, and is well told. The poetry is fair, "The Cynic" being very good.



WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW.

Who said the mess-hall was improving?

Why Shuford stopped asking questions on business law?
Why Battie bought a new sword and had his picture taken
in full dress?

Who drills on Saturday?

How Herring increased his barber trade?

What Senior it was that slept in a box-car to keep from paying what he owed Collier's Weekly?

Who wanted to know who Mr. Quorum was?

Why certain persons have stopped getting sick?

Why Ferguson thought the wires were blue when they were charged?

Who wanted to fix the Freshmen?

Where Wells got the gout?

Dr. Winston (on business law)—"Mr. Tillett, when you read that and didn't understand it, did you read it again, or did you quit?"

Tillett-"I quit."

Dr. Winston-"Well, you may quit now."

Dr. Hoffman—"Mr. Warren, will you state the law of definite proportion?"

Warren-"Er-er-er," and states the law.

Dr. Hoffman—"Yes, I guess most of us can read it out of the book. Next."

Dr. Rogers-"Mr. Gardner, where is your pain?"

Gardner—"That's the trouble. I can't tell whether it's the back-ache or the stomach-ache."

Ask the Senior civils if their pocket change has ever passed through zero.

Major Truitt says he has one sponsor, and can get four more if he wanted them.

Fowler (at 'phone)—Miss ——, are you going to the skating rink to-night?"

Miss —. —I hadn't thought of it. Why? Are you going?"

Fowler-"No."

FORCE OF HABIT.

College boy (waiter at summer hotel)—"Rah, Rah! Roast beef, Rah. For two mashed potatoes, corn flippity flop, we're on top. Tomatoes, Hullabaloo, Ice-cream, Siss, Boom, A-a-h- Demi, Tasse."

Dr. Winston—"Mr. Pittman, what property is treasured most highly by the Anglo-Saxon race?"

Pittman-"Woman."

Dr. Winston-"Well, that ain't half bad."

Pittman (after he had thrown a piece of meat under the table to Maggie which she had not eaten—"Go ahead, help yourself."

Maggie-"No, thank you. Too tough."

Young lady to Freshman—"What Company do you think will get the pennant at the Fair?"

Freshman—"C Company, of course, for they carry the colors now."

Classmate—"Reinhardt, what have you got to drill for next Saturday?"

Reinhardt—"Blamed if I know. Something about 'same and same."

Sadler-"Thoys, are you taking short course?"

Thoys—"No, I am taking the longest course here—a five year course in Agricultural Engineering."

Atkinson at Post-office—"Is there any mail for me?"
Postmaster—"What is your name, please?
Atkinson—"Can't you see it on the letter?"

Freshman—"Lieut. Young has been around the world." McBrayer—Yes, and I'll be darned if he couldn't carry a squad around the world in two Saturday afternoons."

Freshman Williams (at the Fair grounds Sunday, after looking at the Ferris wheel for some time, and seemingly very much struck with it)—"Say, I tell you that is going to be a—ell of a big wagon when they get the other three wheels up."

Revival of the Ancient.

"Affaire D'honneur."

The following challenge was actually sent by one "Fresh to another:

A. M. C.

A.— Sir.

I will ask you for your apology, for what you have said.
Or I will ask you to appoint the time, and place in which

you wish to approve it.

And the weapon in which you wish to use.

If you don't wish to fight fair.

We will appoint two reliably men two sanction it, and see that there will be no weapon used except the one in which is named.

Or if you dont wish to take it that way, I will take it any way you saiz.

Truly,

B-----

N. B.—But somebody took water.

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Clippings

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### A PREDICAMENT.

OH! women are the strangest things
There are beneath the sun;
Although I know that very well—
I mean to marry one!

But which one, is the question, for I don't know what to do; Although I mean to marry one—
I am engaged to two!

The situation surely is

As trying as can be;

Although I am engaged to two—
I am in love with three!

And then there is another fact
That troubles me still more:
Although I am in love with three—
I am beloved by four!

She—"Am I the first girl you ever kissed?"
He—"Why, do I go about it like an amateur?"

<sup>&</sup>quot;Dick has a bad habit of talking in his sleep."

<sup>&</sup>quot;Yes, but he has one worse habit."

<sup>&</sup>quot;What's that?"

<sup>&</sup>quot;His talking when he's awake."

A girl who is kittenish during courtship may develop into a cat after marriage.

Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O ball. In the autumn we have foot-ball, in the winter the social ball, in the spring base-ball, and in the summer the moth ball.—Four Track News for July.

And in the autumn, winter and spring and summer we have the highball.

### THE MOO-COW-MOO.

My pa held me up to the moo-cow-moo So clost I could almost touch En I fed him a couple of times, or two, En I wasn't a fraid-cat—much.

But if my papa goes into the house, En mamma, she goes in, too, I just keep still, like a little mouse, Fer the moo-cow-moo might moo!

The moo-cow-moo's got a tail like a rope
En it's raveled down where it grows,
En it's just like feeling a piece of soap
All over the moo-cow's nose.

En the moo-cow-moo has lots of fun
Just swingin' his tail about;
En he opens his mouth and then I run—
'Cause that's where the moo comes out!

En the moo-cow-moo's got deers on his head
En his eyes stick out o' their place,
En the nose o' the moo-cow-moo is spread
All over the end of his face.

En his feet is nothing but finger-nails
En his mamma don't keep 'em cut,
En he gives folks milk in water-pails
Ef he don't keep his handles shut.

'Cause ef you er me pulls the handles, why
The moo-cow-moo says it hurts,
But the hired man he sits down clost by
En squirts en squirts!

-Edmund Vance Cook.

MONUMENT TO McIVER—APPEAL TO THE PEOPLE OF NORTH
CAROLINA TO ERECT HEROIC BRONZE STATUE TO PERPETUATE HIS MEMORY.

To the People of North Carolina:

Dr. Charles D. McIver devoted his life to the service of his people. No man of our day has rendered greater and more lasting service. Moved by the love of his people and consciousness of his mission and duty, at great financial sacrifice, he rejected tempting offers from time to time to leave the State and to enter the commercial world at home. His life stands out perhaps the highest ideal in this generation of North Carolinians of unselfish civic service. We believe that the people, whom he served in so many ways with so much fidelity, ability and love, will deem it a privilege and an honor to contribute to a fund for the erection of an heroic bronze statue to perpetuate his memory. The undersigned committee, therefore, appointed by the Governor of the State, earnestly appeals to every citizen of North Carolina, who loves his State and honors unselfish service, to send at once a liberal contribution for this memorial.

The statue should be worthy of the man and his people. It is hoped, therefore, that at least \$15,000 may be contrib-

uted. Fifty men and women in North Carolina could easily contribute \$100 each; one hundred men and women \$50 each; two hundred men and women \$10 each, and a host of men and women will, we believe, gladly contribute smaller amounts. Let all express their gratitude for unselfish service rendered by a contribution to this worthy cause. The committee will make every effort to raise the necessary funds within the next thirty or sixty days. Let the responses be prompt.

Send all contributions and pledges to J. Y. Joyner, Chairman, Raleigh, N. C.

J. Y. Joyner, Chairman; W. H. Osborne, Josephus Daniels, F. P. Venable, Miss Gertrude Mendenhall, Mrs. J. Lindsay Patterson.

All newspapers in North Carolina are requested to copy the above appeal.

