

The Red and White

OCTOBER, 1906

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
LEADING ARTICLES:	
The Agricultural Student	91
Chinese Immigration	93
Liquid Air	97
LITERARY:	
The Hallorens	100
Sketch of Audubun's Life	102
If Mamma Liked	105
Jingles	112
Y. M. C. A.	113
ATHLETICS	116
EDITORIALS	122
LOCALS	125
EXCHANGES	130
COMICS	132
CLIPPINGS	137

WEAVER
& LYNCH
PRINTERS
& BINDERS

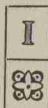


RALEIGH

The Red and White

Vol. VIII WEST RALEIGH, N. C., NOVEMBER, 1906 No. 3

THE AGRICULTURAL STUDENT.



IN this progressive age there seems to be nothing so available to a young man as a thorough college education; in fact, we owe much of our prosperous condition and the marvelous development of the natural resources of our country to our educational institutions.

We need a certain amount of training for the mind, but in what better way can we get this than by taking a course in an agricultural college, studying nature in all its phases? What better mind training is there than a complete mastery of some such subject as botany, bacteriology, or other study pertaining to nature? All educated people recognize the beauty of art and sculpture. No one dares to dispute the skill with which the painter uses his brush and with what accuracy the sculptor chisels the human form. These are indeed great; but should he be classed above the man who develops one of nature's plants or animals? With all due apologies to the great painters or sculptors, I say such a man as Luther Burbank deserves more honor than either the painters or sculptors. We all have heard how Burbank, while yet a youth, was walking in the field one day and noticed a singular object growing on a potato vine, which was only a seed. He planted it through curiosity, and selected the seed from it from year to year and at last secured what is known as the Burbank potato. Not only did he discover this new variety of potato, but he has given the world many new species of plants simply by observation and seed selection.

*North Carolina
State Library.*

Where did he get his training? Did he get his education at a literary college or did he attend an agricultural college?

What position does the agricultural student hold among the technical schools? Is he a leader, or is he simply a "farmer," as he is sneeringly called? I daresay he is criticised in many ways and is looked upon, not only by the other students of the same college, but by his neighbors, as "an old foggy farmer" going to college to spend four years just to learn how to farm. I have come in contact with such men myself and know just how one feels when he is so criticised. The man who is so ignorant as to say such things of the agricultural student is either an illiterate man or one who is simply talking to hear his head roar.

I have heard some men say it is all right for a man to go to a technical school to learn some trade, as electrical or mechanical engineering, because the South with its great future before it in cotton manufacture needs men to turn the raw material into the finished product; but still, he says, there is no use teaching agriculture. One can see at a glance that such men have very narrow minds; because we know we must have agriculture as a foundation to all cotton manufacturing.

The question at once presents itself, can a man be benefited by spending four years in college studying how to farm? Can he possibly learn the fundamental principles of agriculture without it? I answer the first question in the affirmative; the second must be answered in the negative, and I say a man must make it a study, under competent instructors if he expects to derive the largest success from it. Let me try to give an example to prove my point.

Let us suppose a man sows cow-peas to improve his land. All farmers know they can make better crops after peas than they can if they do not sow them. I think I will be safe in saying that one farmer in a hundred cannot tell why they enrich the soil. Of course they will say, because it causes the land to be mellow; but this is not the chief value of cow-

peas. Such things as these are learned by the "farmer" in college. A great many people think that the sole mission of man is to accumulate wealth. If this is a man's highest ambition, I would not advise him to study agriculture; but if he wants pleasure in its true sense, he must be a lover of Nature, and nowhere can he find this pleasure to the fullest extent unless he is a "farmer."

Now let the farmers of North Carolina encourage the agricultural student, and do not say he is wasting his time by going to college to study agriculture. I am sure no one would discourage any one who has the ambition to be a "farmer," if he would only think for a moment. The "farmer" in the near future will be the man who will control not only the wealth of the land, but he will be the happiest man in the land.

D. L. W.

*North Carolina
State Library.*

CHINESE IMMIGRATION.

Since the Chinese boycott against Americans and American goods has begun to be enforced, the old question as to the advisability of admitting the ordinary Chinese as immigrants to this country has again claimed attention. The boycott is a grave consideration, but before we jump to conclusions, we should study the effects in every way which would be produced by admitting the Chinese immigrant.

It has been seen by students of history that when two different races inhabit the same country, and come into contact with each other, that generally one of three things happen. Firstly, the two races intermarry and form an amalgamated hybrid race; or, secondly, one race overpowers and holds the other in subjection; thirdly, one or the other of the races is extinguished or driven out by the other. We in America to-day have two races together, and are trying not to do either of the above three things. We have, so far, succeeded. How well we will not here discuss.

In studying the Chinese question to-day we generally consider only the apparent material consequences it would bring about in the future, and do not pay much consideration to its past history. Really, the problem of the attitude of the civilized peoples toward the Asiatic races is one of ancient origin. From the early beginnings of history the barbaric hordes of Asia have threatened the civilization of Europe. If the Greeks at Marathon had not beaten back ten times their number of Asiatic assailants, Athens with its wealth of literature and philosophy would have been lost to civilization, because, in the past, when a Mongolian or Asiatic race took possession of a country civilization was at an end.

But if keeping back the Asiatic races was essential to preserve that civilization, should we lower our standard by bringing the Chinamen here? The United States has to-day a colossal problem in working out its present race problem, and it is plain that if we opened the door to the Chinese immigrant of the "coolie" class, the race problem would become very much more complicated. What true American citizen is there that would like to see a union of our Anglo-Saxon blood with that of the Mongolian. But supposing that we do not consider such a condition as that, there are still serious objections to having a large number of them among us.

A Chinese of high caste seldom comes to America, but prefers to send the coolie class, which is below the average. The American laborer can look with no friendly eye on his Asiatic competitor, and if we had the latter in large numbers we would have race conflicts and would therefore have to strengthen our army and police force to maintain order; and proportionately as the Chinaman on this side of the Pacific received injuries in riots or race conflicts so much would our American citizens in China receive them from the mob. Out of these racial conflicts would arise international complications which would strain relations between the two countries more than if the Chinese immigrant was barred entirely.

But supposing we admit him to our soil, if we adapted him to our social institutions we would have to begin by

eradicating his superstitions, beliefs and customs which have become a part of him from four thousand years' inheritance. The Chinaman has qualities that make him undesirable as an immigrant. He regards America as a land to be exploited, and has no real love for it. He is an inveterate hoarder of his gains, and generally wishes to get back to China, there to live in comparative affluence. The average Chinaman has an inborn passion for gambling, is ignorant, superstitious and is not disposed to make acquaintance with any other people except his own. All these qualities are against him as a prospective immigrant. He has good qualities with which he should be credited. He is thrifty, economical, trustworthy, and makes an excellent house servant or laborer.

It is the opinion of nearly all of our economists to-day that the way to improve the condition of the laboring class is by the limitation of population. We need to teach the dignity of labor and lessen the aversion to it. If our American ideals are to be realized there must be no barrier between the rich and the poor, and no obstacles in the way of advancing from manual to intellectual labor. When we see a nation in which the condition of the laboring class is being lowered instead of raised, we know that that nation is not progressing but declining.

Is it right that our native-born American citizen should stand by in enforced idleness, or take the alternative of lowering his standard of living on account of a race who has no inborn love for the country, and who has no intention of permanently affiliating himself with it, and who is not liable to military service even.

Generally speaking, the Chinaman, in some occupations, can make twice as much in America as at home, and yet work for half what Americans receive. It would require generations to bring our people down to a plane where they could compete with the Chinese, and this would impair the efficiency of their labor.

Some say that we need more labor for the purpose of developing our resources. But why develop our resources if

we do not benefit the majority of our people. If we were to have a large increase in labor, the price would be very much cheapened, and increased profits would go into the hands of the capitalists, and again the price of food products would advance, and so poorer lands would have to be cultivated, and the landlords of richer portions of arable land would claim an advance of rent. So we see that a large addition of laborers would mean increased prosperity to only two classes—the capitalist and the landlord.

From the strikes of recent years, and by the large strike now on, it is evident that it is very necessary that the employers and employees come into a closer union with each other and establish some permanent amicable understanding. Now would it be possible for these requirements to be fulfilled between the individual members or races so alien to one another as ourselves and the Chinese? By the admission of the Chinese the employer would not be beholding to Anglo-Saxon labor, and we easily see that no improved organization of capital and labor could be brought about.

As to the boycott against American goods, it has not been brought about by the hard regulations enforced against the Chinese at our ports of entry, or of travelers and merchants being treated rudely, but the concessions demanded are such that it is impossible to grant them. When the people of China have been compelled to petition the officials for certain concessions to be granted them, and when such petitions have not been heeded, they have been accustomed to use the boycott against the officials, and so they conceived the idea of using it against the Americans. Our government should not be influenced by and threats affecting trade, for the subject is too grave to be determined by mere commercial considerations. Some of their demands are: That their artisans, laundrymen, clerks and school-teachers be allowed to come to America, and that any act affecting Chinese interests in this country should be approved by the Emperor before being enforced. There are other demands of more or less

importance. If we were to accede to the first named that we admit the artisans, clerks, etc., China could furnish a sufficient number for nearly all our shops and offices. So you see that the price demanded for repealing the boycott is too high. In time the Chinese will see that they are hurting their trade interests as well as ours, and the boycott will be no longer enforced.

Lastly, our national conscience makes us give some consideration to the welfare of the Chinaman himself. Most people think that the Chinese Empire is very thickly populated, but it is only a little more than one-third as thickly populated as the most sparsely populated portions of Europe. We have the testimony of travelers that there is a large extent of uncultivated land in the interior, and that its immense mineral wealth has not yet begun to be developed. All the Chinaman likes is energy and enterprise to stay at home and develop his own resources and make his own land one worth living in.

S. E. '07.

LIQUID AIR.

As this subject has been treated very slightly in the RED AND WHITE, I will endeavor to give a few facts concerning it.

It is, comparatively, a recent discovery, and from all indications, bids fair to rival electricity and gas as a power, and can be used also for a great many other uses.

Liquid air was first made known to the public in 1878 by Raoul Pictet. He submitted air to enormous pressure, combined with intense cold, and as a result he got a few drops of a bluish liquid, which bubbled violently for a few minutes and then vanished in a cold gray mist.

Early scientists believed that air was a permanent gas, and under no condition whatever could it ever be anything else. Pictet, however, proved that oxygen was not a per-

manent gas, but the vapor of a mineral. In later years, the other constituent of air, nitrogen, was liquified and frozen into a thin, mushy ice. It is said that the first ounce of liquid air cost over \$3,000.00.

The principle involved in the liquification of air is simple. Every one who has ever pumped a bicycle tire knows that the compression of the air heats the pump. When this pressure is removed and the gas expands it must take back from somewhere the heat which it gave out, therefore it must produce cold. This principle has been made use of by a northern professor, who compressed nitrous oxide gas and ethylene gas, and by expanding them suddenly, produced an intense degree of cold which liquified air almost instantly. This method, however, was too costly to use to any extent.

Mr. Chas. Tripler, of New York, devised a better plan. He invented a machine which simply compressed the air and produced large quantities of liquid air. After the machine is started it takes only a few minutes to liquify the air. At times the cold becomes so intense that the receiver pipes become frozen solid.

Liquid air can be handled with safety so long as it is confined. When it is confined it explodes with terrific force. Because of this it cannot be transported to any great distance.

Liquid air has very many curious properties. It is nearly as heavy as water and as clear and limpid. When left standing in the open air, a white mist rolls up over the edge of the vessel and out along the floor in beautiful billowy waves. A few drops held in the hand for a moment feels like so much red-hot iron. If placed in a tea-pot and set on a block of ice, it will boil vigorously. This is because the ice is as much warmer than liquid air as a stove is warmer than ordinary water.

If a tea-pot of liquid air is placed over a flame, a thick coating of ice collects on the bottom of the kettle between it and the flame. Alcohol freezes in it hard as a lump of ice, and mercury freezes hard enough to drive nails with a lump

of it. A rose when put in a vessel containing liquid air, and then taken out and dropped upon the floor, shatters into a thousand fragments, like a piece of chinaware.

The uses it can be put to are many. It can be used as a power to drive machinery of submarine boats, flying machines and various other pieces of machinery. It can be used also to cool the hospitals and hotels. A hotel owner with a liquid air plant near by could furnish his guests with cool air and delicious breezes as easily as furnishing hot and cold water.

Of course much is yet to be done before liquid air revolutionizes power, but it is merely a question of time.

L. F. C. '07.

*North Carolina
State Library.*





Literary



"THE HALLORENS."

HALLE is a charming old town in central Germany, situated in the beautiful valley of the Salle river. Here is a fine University, made famous by a number of the most brilliant scientific men of Germany, and of the world, among them such names as Roux, Klebs, etc.

A fine botanical garden and a splendidly equipped botanical laboratory brings to Halle botanists and students from every country and every nationality. Halle is an old old town, and one sees many curious sights and customs in the course of even a short sojourn within its borders. A most interesting group of people seen often upon the streets of Halle are a quaintly garbed group here and there, known as Halloren, taking their name from the town Halle. These are a distinct class of people living in a little suburb of their own and carrying on the manufacture of salt, an industry unique in this part of Germany. We should think the manufacture of salt as carried on by these people very crude, and so it is; but it is interesting to see this industry as a profession of honor and distinction among this peculiar people. Salt water is pumped from a well in the very center of the town on the market square, and conveyed in a pipe across (under) the Salle river to the west side of the town where are located the works.

The salt water is then purified of other mineral ingredients by exposure to the air, that is it is run through a series of troughs. It is then conveyed to large vats perhaps 25 x 35 feet, under which is the fire. The salt water is mixed with "beef blood" to purify it and cause impurities to rise to the surface. There were three large vats boiling the afternoon

we were there. After it has evaporated it is carried by cars to another "drying vat" where it is finished when dry. A man with a heavy "mall" pounds it until it is fine enough for the market. That seemed so strange to us, but here man labor is so cheap they have no need of machinery. Of course the salt is not so fine or nice as we can buy at home, still it is beautiful and white and with our facilities for grinding and selecting they could furnish a fine article. After visiting the vats we went over to the well but could see nothing there except the engine. The well is very deep and yields an enormous quantity of salt. Very queer and interesting features have the people who work in the plant.

They are a distinct class who wear a peculiar dress and have peculiar manners and customs. They are called "Halorens," and have been a separate people no one knows how long. They do not know themselves. They have had charge of these salt works since time immemorial and have exclusive control. They intermarry among the Germans, but try to see to it that one son takes the work of his father. They dare learn no other trade, and when they are sixteen years old they are confirmed in the church and then go to work. Their dress is very peculiar. They wear a long coat much like a Prince Albert, knee trousers, high top boots or low shoes with blue or red stockings, a peculiar broad-brimmed hat turned up in front and at the sides giving a queer three-cornered shape. The band of silk beaver completes the costume. They wear on festive occasions a very fancy colored silk vest. There were about forty-two Hallorens in Halle in 1901—their number is gradually growing less. The women are usually nurses to the royal families. These people have some distinction with the administration. Whenever there is a change of reign the incoming King presents the Halloren with a fine horse which they sell and buy a cup and banner with the money. There is quite a collection of cups and banners. Once a year they have a

festival, when the village in which they live provides them with all the beer they can use. So they are quite an honored people. They perform still another office. When any one dies, instead of using horses as we do, the Halloren draw the hearse. In earlier days this custom was universal, but now horses are coming more into use. I should think they would look very somber in their black clothes and their curious black hats.

SKETCH OF AUDUBON'S LIFE.

"The *Birds of America*, by Audubon, is the most magnificent monument that art has ever erected to ornithology."—*Cuvier*.

The above is probably the highest encomium that has ever been pronounced upon a work of art produced by a man born in the South, and yet how few of the Southern people know that there was ever such a work published or even know who Audubon was. They have probably heard of the Audubon Society, and know something of its work, but beyond this they know far less about this genius and his work than they do of numbers of the Greek philosophers, and it is the purpose of this sketch to put before the people a few of the leading incidents of this great man's life.

John James Lafarest Audubon was born near New Orleans, Louisiana, May 4, 1780. His father was a retired officer of the French navy who married a lady of New Orleans; and it was here that they lived for several years, but soon after John James was born they moved to Hayti, where Mrs. Audubon was killed during an insurrection. The family then moved to the old town of Nanteo, France, and it was here that young Audubon spent most of the early part of his life, and received his education.

Audubon, while still very young, developed wonderful accuracy in reproducing, in drawings, the outlines of the birds

that he saw, and the story runs that his nurse prophesied that he would some day stand before the rulers of the world, having won his fame by his wonderful drawings. Audubon seemed never to tire of wandering over the fields and woods endeavoring to get a glimpse of a new bird that he would draw, with wonderful accuracy, after returning home; and all of the time not spent in the French lyceum, where he was educated, was thus spent.

His father was very desirous to have young Audubon join the navy, but upon seeing the bent of his son's nature, very early gave up this desire and encouraged him in his drawings. To further his artistic talent he sent him to study art under the celebrated artist David. But young Audubon soon tired of drawing and painting statues and marble faces, and longed to again hide by some secluded brook and wait for a bird to come to drink, that he might reproduce its form on paper, and so far as possible in colors. The training, though, that he received here was of inestimable value to him later in life.

When Audubon was nineteen years old his father, in accordance with young Audubon's great desire—that of returning to America—purchased "Mill Grove Farm," near Philadelphia for him, and here he came to live. Most of the time here was spent in collecting specimens and drawing those that he could not get. While living here he married Lucy Bakewell, a very accomplished young lady, who fully appreciated her husband's one desire, and greatly encouraged him in his work. In accordance with her father's demand, Audubon moved to New York, and for some time followed up commercial pursuits with varying success. During this time he made a visit to France, where he added a large number of specimens to his already large collection of drawings. Upon his return to America he moved to Louisville, Ky., where he carried on a merchant business, but owing to the fact that by far the larger part of his time was spent in the woods and at his drawings, his business did not prosper, and he soon gave

North Carolina
State Library.

it up and moved to Hendersonville, where he continued his search for new specimens of birds, wandering for whole days at a time and undergoing severe hardships just to get a glimpse of a new species. His finances soon failed, and he was compelled to return to Louisville and engage his time at making crayon portraits. Here he met Wilson, the celebrated ornithologist, who was greatly impressed with Audubon's drawings, and gave him much encouragement.

From Louisville Audubon moved to Cincinnati, where for some time he was curator of the museum. But here again the longing to fulfill his life's mission became the controlling factor of his life, and he again sought the wilds for the comfort which a true naturalist can only gain by being alone in the woods. He soon moved his family to New Orleans and made that the center of his wanderings. From here he visited almost every part of the United States. On these wanderings whole weeks—even months—were spent in the open with only his drawing material, rifle and knap-sack as company, until his son was large enough to follow him; and the hardships that he suffered in these forests that never before a naturalist had explored, cannot be appreciated.

On one of these wanderings he reached Philadelphia, where he met the celebrated naturalist, Prince Charles Lucie Bonaparte, who instilled into Audubon the desire to have his drawings published that the world might become acquainted with the birds of America. Before this time he had only worked because he loved to do, but now the desire to become an ornithologist of fame put new zeal into his work. He now endeavored to perfect all of his drawings.

In 1826 Audubon visited Europe exhibiting his wonderful collection of drawings, trying to secure a large enough number of subscriptions to have his drawings published. He met with far better success than he had hoped to, meeting many of the leading scientists of Europe who gave him a very warm reception. He soon secured one hundred and seventy subscriptions at \$1,000 each, many of them being from the

courts of the leading nations; never failing to secure a subscription from those who knew how to appreciate art in its truest form. And between the years 1827-1838 his several volumes of "*The Birds of America*," which consists of four hundred and thirty-five handsome plates of about thirteen hundred birds, in natural colors and natural size, along with several volumes of "*Ornithological Biographies*," which consisted of sketches of the habits and descriptions of the birds, were published.

Audubon was now recognized by all to be a genius, and all of the leading scientific societies of Europe and America elected him a member. But he did not stop work now; he returned to America and devoted the remainder of his life to a similar work on the quadrupeds of America, but died at his home on the Hudson river, near New York,—this later becoming Audubon Park—before the work was completed, January 17, 1851. His son, assisted by Dr. Beachman, finished and published this work.

During the latter part of his life everywhere that he went every honor possible was bestowed upon him, and he died feeling that he had fulfilled his life's mission. The work that he started has not and never will stop, being carried on by the Audubon Society which was named in honor of the man that had done so much to make known to the world the life history and habits of the feathered tribe of America.

P. L. G. '08.

IF MAMMA LIKED.

It was on a bright May morning, when all nature was decked in her holiday attire, that a young lawyer sat in his sumptuously furnished library. For the last hour or two he had been trying to read, but occasionally he found himself gazing out of his window upon a meadow which stretched for miles out before him. Its monotony being only now and

then broken by clumps of trees on some lovely bed of flowers. This handsome young man, with delicate chiseled features, was none other than Ernest Colet, who graduated three years previously at one of the leading Universities of America. Though it had only been three years since his graduation, he had made a fine record as a lawyer, and there was already some talk of him standing a good chance to represent his district in Washington at the next election.

But this morning, for some unknown cause, he became tired of his study, it became uninteresting. Throwing the books upon the table he leaned back in his chair and allowed his thoughts to wander where they might, a privilege they had not been allowed since his college days. Could he rest peacefully at this? "No." For he possessed too much of the Anglo-Saxon blood in his veins to allow him to even think of starting backward, after he had worked so hard to make a reputation—especially when the season's breath, flavored with the sweetest of perfumes, floated in through the slightly raised window. It soon revived, created a desire, a passion for anything picturesque. As it was, with money and time at his command, which would have been the better for him to have conquered this new desire, or have allowed it to master him? Once and for the first time Ernest Colet found that he was not a master.

On this particular morning, an unusual mood seized him, a fit of unhappiness, he was restless and unsatisfied at every thing, his gorgeous bachelor life wearied him, there was nothing left for him to do but to go away and seek for that which he longed. Surely it must have been a lesson from and taught by nature, for he had always been a woman hater. Since his childhood he preferred to spend his leisure moments exploring the beauties of his neighborhood rather than seek the company of the fair sex.

Taking one of Shakespeare's volumes in his hand, he started to Kent's Park, one of the garden spots of Virginia. He had no reason to give for it—must have been one of his

fancies—in after years he called it his fate. On this ramble Ernest laid aside all state and rank; he took neither valet or footman with him, as he did not wish the people to know that he was considered as one of the best lawyers in his State. He wanted rest, and had determined to have it, let what come that may.

At last he reached Chestnut Hill, one of the park's favorite peaks. It was so beautiful that he at once decided to climb to its utmost heights. For no other purpose than to get a better view of it and the surrounding country and read a few lines of poetry, not thinking that when he reached the desired spot that he would be charmed without the knowledge of the charmer. No sooner had the desired spot been reached than his eyes fell on the figure of a young girl who sat at the brow of the hill. She was sitting under a tree, her fair face with rosy cheeks turned toward the water of a passing brook. It was the expression of this lovely and innocent face that riveted Ernest Colet's attention. He saw on her face what he had never seen on any other—a shadow, a peculiar expression—a something that told of an unusual fate, a power which was already beginning to master his thoughts. There was some sign of sadness in the lovely clear-cut features, yet involuntary as he looked at her, he said she must have lived in the greatest of luxury.

The young lawyer, a woman hater, went to the brow of the hill where he might purchase get a better view, and was soon lost in the beauty of the scene, and dreams, he had never dreamed before. Suddenly a cry of distress startled him, and turning hastily in the direction where she sat, he beheld her no longer. Going quietly down the hill he found that she had fallen, and was lying, unable to rise, upon the grass. He hastened toward her and asked if she were hurt. He thought that he had never heard true music until he heard her voice. She had stepped on a large loose stone, which had turned over and hurt her foot so seriously that she could not move.

South Carolina
State Library.

"The pain will perhaps soon pass away," she said in answer to his inquiries. "I am so sorry that I cried out and disturbed you."

"If it were not that you are hurt, I would call that a lucky stone," saying it softly and quietly but nervously. He sat down near her, for she had refused all offers of aid. Little did she think or dream that she was the first of the fair sex that this young lawyer had honored with his presence so near, yes almost dying to please her, and to do something which would relieve her of the pain and see her safely home. Nor did she realize that her very actions, conformation, voice, not to mention her blue eyes, had completely captivated a man of honor and a woman hater. If she had who knows but what she might have lashed him, teased him and laughed little haughty laughs to have seen him show his bashfulness. For what girl that will not use that masterful power to see a lover tremble, blush and even stutter as he tries to say something to please her?

Yes, for the first time in his life, the woman hater wanted to be of interest to one fair-faced girl, but it seemed impossible for him to think of anything which would interest her, yet unconsciously he began telling her how sorry he was that she had been hurt, and that he was almost crazy to help her and see her home safely.

After some time he asked her if she lived near. "Oh, yes," she answered, adding that her name was Miss Gertrude Marshall. She lived with her mother, a widow, and grandfather just outside of the village.

He waited and listened to her story for nearly an hour, then begged her to accept his escort, assuring her that she was not able to walk alone.

The whistles of the many manufacturing plants of the near by village notified the strangers that it was noon time, and Gertrude finding herself unable to travel alone, allowed Ernest to assist her over the rocks, shrubs, streams, and across the field to her home. As they went together slowly down

the hill and over the field, Ernest became more and more charmed, for Gertrude had a poet's soul, full of beautiful, noble ideas, and romantic and fresh as a flower steeped in dew, and a mind that seemed only capable of receiving beautiful impressions. Soon, perhaps sooner than the woman hater wished, they reached an old gray house that she called home. Could it be possible, thought Ernest, that it had been two hours since he had met this fair damsel, and he had not even told his name? What if her mother should object to allow him to pay Gertrude a few visits? Time, it seemed to him, had slipped by more rapidly than ever before, even faster than when he was pleading a case at the bar.

They were met upon the lawn by a tall, stately lady, who, when she had heard the story, overwhelmed the stranger with thanks. "I have no need to ask your name; our vicar was speaking of you yesterday, and you passed at the time. It is to Mr. Colet that I am indebted to for this kindness."

Mrs. Marshall pressed him to remain for dinner. He stayed. He found it difficult, even impossible, to tear himself away, and before he knew it he was ushered into the parlor where he talked of science and literature as if they were his profession.

"You are stopping at Hotel Lafar, are you not?" asked Mrs. Marshall. "If you should find yourself unable to go on with your work and study amidst the noise of the city, pray avail yourself of our quiet little library," a permission which the young lawyer was not slow to accept, and often made it convenient to call during the following months. It was wonderful how frequently he would go with book, paper and pencil in hand, and request that he might study in the library. But it was not long before Mrs. Marshall found out that those visits were extended to her daughter, although the young lawyer declared it was the quietness of the library he sought.

What is expected to happen when youth, beauty and poetry meet? For often he would bring an extra book of poems

and criticise some few little gems of tenderness, but he always selected those he thought expressed what he wanted to say to Gertrude. What does the old story tell? The day had come when the successful lawyer knew that his future happiness was centered in one girl, who seemed to him to be the sweetest and fairest of all others.

This peculiar feeling for her came to him like revelation. He loved her as only the young, generous and gifted can love. For many long weeks the delicious secret of Ernest's love for Gertrude remained unspoken between them; each knew it but he was an epicurian, and held the cup to his lips before he tasted it. But he soon learned to have no fear, the sweet blue eyes and trembling lips told their own tale. They drooped shyly when he entered the room, her fair face flushed while tender gleams of light played over it.

One bright June morning, thirteen months after he met Miss Marshall on the brow of Chestnut Hill, he called at the Marshall's home. Although it had only been two weeks since his last visit, it seemed as if it had been six months. On that last visit Gertrude had been shy and untractable, though he searched and waited for hours. This could not go on longer; it was painful and killing to not be in her presence, and to think she avoided his company. He must know at once what it meant. He was met at the door by her mother, who told him that Gertrude had gone out on the hill-sides in search of flowers. Ah! he thought, she'll be on the hillside among the flowers, like he first found her. He remembered how often he had heard her speak of flowers as he imagined other young girls spoke of friends and school-fellows; touching them as tenderly as if a touch would hurt them. He made no reply, but turned at once in the direction and walked rapidly to the place where he was told he would find her.

In his pocket he carried a costly diamond, and as he journeyed onward to Gertrude's favorite spot, his heart in his

throat as ever, his eyes sparkling with hope, his lips trembling and teeth chattering, he would often clasp the ring and cry out within his heart, 'Shall I be so fortunate that my heart will once remain in its place, and allow me to pour out my love to Gertrude in such a way that she would think me a hero, and accept and wear the ring.'

He found her sitting on a rock, her little basket filled with wild flowers. She was singing softly and sweetly, the sound of her voice renewed the burning fire of his heart; he determined that once more in her presence he would tell her what he had come to tell. He went up to her and took her hand gently and softly, but this time he was master of himself, and not bashful. And Gertrude Marshall listened to his story; although she had had others to tell her the same story, it had never before seemed so interesting and so true. It made a flush on her beautiful face, and joy too great for utterance in her fast-beating heart. Her feeling for him was different than any she had ever felt for any other. He loved her! She knew now why the birds were always singing, what their songs told to each other, what the winds said to the flowers—it was all love. All the passion of the girl's heart seemed to flush and brighten up into a new life.

At her feet were clustered many bluebells, and once while he was speaking, she bent her head over them and said: "Ernest, could you not fancy those tiny bells were ringing in the wind?" But Ernest would not listen; he would have an answer—did she love him and would she accept the diamond ring.

She took the ring in her little hand and carefully examined its gems. "Why, Ernest, I ought to scold you; I know what diamonds are; even the cost of this ring would have furnished a cottage for two."

He looked up at her with an air of impenitence. "It was made for you, and you will forgive me and be friends; I will promise never to be extravagant again if ——."

Gradually the fair head drooped nearer to him, and he read the answer given in the sweetest voice that he had ever heard.

Yes, she loved him, and if he thought she was old enough—and mamma liked—she would be his wife.

(SHORTY) OVERTON. '07.

WHO'S WHO?

From the crags of Carolina,
Hails a jolly friend that I kno';
Who twists his tongue
Till my heart is wrung,
As he names the parts of boiler.

T.

"RABBIT HASH."

From Kaintuck, that State of broils,
Comes a lad who daily toils,
Midst stinking fumes,
In Phonsey's rooms,
And strives for fame by midnight oils.

T.

A TOAST.

Here's to the one I love,
The one and the only one,
And may that one be she
Who loves but one and only one,
And may that one be me.

Y. M. C. A.

MR. JOSEPHUS DANIELS, editor of the *News and Observer*, gave the Association a very interesting and helpful talk a few days ago on the subject of intemperance. Does intemperance pay financially? Does it pay physically or morally? Does drinking liquor lead to anything that is pure, honest and noble? Does it lead to anything that is impure, degrading and immoral? These are some of the points Mr. Daniels brought out. He laid special stress on the clause, "be a man." How many, or probably better, how few real men are there in the college, men who will step out squarely and honestly before their fellow students and their God and pledge themselves not to indulge in strong drink, or some other little pet sin? Fellows, let's be men.

We will remember that last spring, at the suggestion of and through the efforts of President Winston, a temperance club was organized here at the College. If we recollect rightly about sixty or seventy students signed the pledge. This year the Temperance Club has been absorbed by the Young Men's Christian Association. On the afternoon of Mr. Daniels' address all those who desired to do so were urged to sign the temperance pledge. Thirty men responded. A canvass will probably be made later in order to give those students who have not had an opportunity to pledge themselves an opportunity. The Association hopes and prays that every student will sign the pledge—and keep it. Standing by the pledge is what counts, not the pledge itself.

As far as the writer is able to judge the college as a whole is on a much higher plane of morality and Christianity than it has been for the past three years. We are only beginning. We must go higher. We want and must put the A. & M. College on an equal or, if possible, a higher plane than any other college in the State. What is the view of the student body on this subject?

The address of Mr. Daniels was the beginning of a series of addresses on "College Evils." The second address was delivered by Mr. N. B. Broughton, superintendent of the Tabernacle Sunday-school. The subject of his forceful address was "Profanity." Secretary E. R. Walton gave us the third address of the series. By statistics he proved that the subject of "Impurity" should demand a great deal of attention from the college students. The fourth address of the series was presented by Rev. J. C. Masee, pastor of the Tabernacle Baptist Church. He presented the subject in his usual interesting, logical and forceful way. He gave logical biblical reasons why the Sabbath should be strictly observed.

Other addresses of the series will follow.

Although the attendance at these meetings has been reasonably large, we would urge that more of the students attend. This series of addresses is particularly adapted to college men. Come! You can't do any harm by coming; certainly every one that does come will be the better off by it.

EARGLE, *Cor. Sec.*

Although we had some trouble in getting Mission study reinstated here in the College, we can now report two classes doing good work. The Freshmen are studying "Effective Workers in Needy Fields," in which five countries are studied. The upper classmen are studying the Philippine Islands. These courses will be completed by Christmas; after which time the committee intend to begin classes in the history of China, India, Japan and Africa. In these courses you get ten lessons on the people of these countries: studying their history, customs and religions. For general culture and interest there is nothing in College more attractive than this work.

The Souvenir Calendar for this session will be ready for delivery about Thanksgiving. As soon as a sample can be

obtained all will be given an opportunity to give orders for as many copies as are desired. It was thought best by the committee to order a definite quantity this year before taking orders. We hope, though, to have enough to supply every one. If you give your order beforehand your calendars will be held back for a reasonable time. It is made of the best white paper, trimmed in red and contains twelve of the best pictures obtainable, showing the buildings and different phases of College life. It will make one of the best Christmas gifts that you can possibly send to your friends.



Athletics

ON TO RICHMOND THANKSGIVING.—THE BIGGEST GAME IN THE SOUTH BEFORE THE BIGGEST CROWD.—ALL PREPARATIONS MADE FOR A BIG TIME.—IF YOU DON'T GO YOU'LL WISH YOU HAD.

Thursday, November 29th, will be a big day for every A. & M. student. For the first time in the history of this institution a big game with a big team in a big town will be played. That much interest is centered in this game from all over Virginia and North Carolina is a conceded fact.

The fact that the winners of this game will be the champions of the South makes the interest more keen. The writer spent a day recently in Richmond, and the town is alive with anticipation of the great battle on the 29th. This is true in spite of the fact that articles have appeared in the Richmond papers written by some of our friends to the effect that the game may not be played.

It is estimated by the sporting editor of the leading paper of Richmond that between ten and twelve thousand people will see the game.

The park will seat about ten thousand, and there is standing room for about three thousand. A picket fence encloses the grid-iron, and no one but the officials will be allowed beyond this fence. Twenty-five policemen have been secured to keep order, and everything points to a great game and a great time.

The Seaboard will run two special trains to carry the crowd. One will start from Raleigh at 7 A. M. and returning leave Richmond at 12 midnight. Another train will run from Durham, and all our Trinity friends will be aboard

wearing A. & M. colors. The Wake Forest students will go on the first train.

The A. & M. cadets 400 strong and the band will certainly make Richmond know they are there. Eight hundred seats have been reserved for the A. & M. and Raleigh people. These are the best seats in the park, being on the bleacher in the center of the field where the game can be seen to the best advantage. These seats will be put on sale in Raleigh one week before the game. Arrangements have been made to put the A. & M. team up at the Richmond Hotel, and two specially decorated automobiles have been rented to convey the team to and from the grounds. The three boxes in the theatre have already been contracted and signed for by the A. & M. management, and the team will occupy these after the game. The seats in the theatre, on the same side with the A. & M. team, should be secured by the A. & M. students, so that we can celebrate that night if we never do again.

The A. & M. team will go to Richmond the day before the game and have a light work out in the park to get acquainted with the grounds.

Low rates are offered by the Seaboard, and every A. & M. student should go if he has to borrow the money. V. P. I. will have 400 students and the A. & M. should go them one better, and have 401, and when these 400 cadets with their band turn loose rooting, there certainly will be something doing.

The fellow that misses this game will have no one to blame but himself.

SOME INTERESTING READING CONCERNING THE THANKS-GIVING GAME.

On reaching Richmond Saturday, November 10th, to look after the A. & M. game to be played there Thanksgiving, the writer's attention was called to the following, printed in one of the Richmond papers of Friday, November 9th. The article was written from Chapel Hill, N. C.:

WILL V. P. I. PLAY A. AND M. HERE? SAID TO BE SOME DOUBT ABOUT IT—CAROLINA LIKELY TO COME AGAIN THIS MONTH.

(Special to The Evening Journal.)

CHAPEL HILL, VA., Nov. 9.—The Carolina A. & M. game was called off almost on eve of the battle. It has not been a year since Carolina, V. P. I. and A. & M. entered into an agreement and signed a set of rules which governed the eligibility of players representing the respective colleges.

Carolina has entered protest against A. & M.'s captain, Wilson, upon the ground of his having served his allotted time on the gridiron—four years. In fact, this is Wilson's sixth year, and the case is parallel with that of Johnson's, of University of Virginia, which caused the discontinuance of relations between Carolina and Virginia.

Agricultural and Mechanical sent her final decision to Manager Robinson, of Carolina, flatly refusing to meet the University team without their captain. Carolina students have eagerly awaited the meeting of these teams. In a large degree the game would have taken the place of the old Carolina-Virginia game.

Agricultural and Mechanical is under the same binding obligation with Virginia Polytechnic Institute.

Information from good authority has reached the "Hill," that V. P. I. will stand by Carolina in her demand to rule Wilson out, and since Agricultural and Mechanical offers no excuse, but simply refuses to stand to her agreement with Carolina, V. P. I. will likewise cancel the game with Agricultural and Mechanical, for Agricultural and Mechanical cannot refuse to meet North Carolina and then meet V. P. I.

The consequences will be Carolina will either meet the Indians in Richmond on the 24th or V. P. I. on Thanksgiving in Richmond.

Carolina cannot meet the Red Men on November 24th and V. P. I. on Thanksgiving; her team could not stand the two hard games so close together.

However, Richmond will surely see the Tarheel team in action again. If Carolina meets V. P. I again the game will be worth going miles to see.

It is evident from the above that Carolina is making an effort to get our game with V. P. I. Thanksgiving. Concerning the above, we have written the management of V. P. I. athletics that the eligibility of our team has been passed on by our Faculty Committee, and the list of eligible players, including the name of Capt. Wilson, has been sent them. Furthermore, we stated that if the above list was not satisfactory to them, and they still believed Wilson ineligible, we would withdraw him from the game, and any other man or men on the team. We don't intend to be euchered out of this game if there is any way that it can possibly be played.

The A. and M. management has never tried to break up a game between two other institutions in order that she might play one of them, and it never will. This is not our way of doing things, and if we can't act honestly and squarely in all out athletic relations, then we will withdraw.

For the first time in the history of our institution has our Faculty Committee said a man was eligible, and had their actions impeached by another college or institution as did Carolina in the case of Wilson. That's another thing the A. and M. will never question. When we receive a list of players signed by a member of the faculty of that institution, the matter ends there, and we don't believe a lie has been told.

It is stated in an article printed in the Richmond paper that A. and M. can't withdraw Wilson from the V. P. I. game because it didn't withdraw him from the Carolina game. Well, some one else may be running our athletics for us, but we will still use our judgment concerning the men we will play certain games.

The following is reprinted from the *Tar Heel*, printed at the University of North Carolina:

"It is very plain that A. and M. has acted in anything but a sportsmanlike manner in regard to the game which was to

have been played next Saturday. Furthermore the trouble this fall has been only a repetition of the semi-annual wrangle that has preceded every athletic contest that Carolina has ever held with A. and M. It is all right to want to win—that's natural—but the thing to do is always to win squarely. That is the only kind of victory that we at the University glory in. Besides this, we do not care to preserve athletic relations with any college when those relations serve only to created continual friction. The recent action of the A. and M. College has brought matters to a crisis. The only thing that remains for us to do, as the *Tar Heel* sees it, is to sever athletic relations. It is a pity that two State institutions cannot get on smoothly in athletics, but since it has been so slearly demonstrated that they cannot, it would be far wiser for them to separate."

Besides the above in the same issue appears the following:

"Furthermore the University eleven has it upon good authority that A. and M. did not expect to play Wilson ten days ago. Since then, however, a number of accidents have weakened her team materially. Hardee has suffered a broken leg and Bebee a fractured ankle. Handicapped thus, the Farmers decided to play Wilson or draw out of the game."

It certainly is a pity poor Bebee is suffering so much with a broken ankle. As for the A. and M. being afraid of defeat we have never contested a man on any team we have played in two years, and this year, in every case, have never demanded a list of the players of the teams we were to play. We are not afraid to play anybody, and have written most of the teams we were to play that we did not care for a list of their players, but we would meet them with whatever they had. And this is what we will do. Did you ever hear of the A. and M. refusing to play a game because some college wouldn't withdraw some player from the game? The answer is no, and furthermore you never will.

The *Tar Heel* says the A. and M. has acted "unsportmanlike." That is the most amusing thing we have ever read.

This college played for eight years when it couldn't beat a decent high school, but it never flinched and never showed the white feather. It has gained in the last five years to a position in Southern athletics that has taken some of her rivals a hundred years to reach, and after November 29th, we will stand as the champions of the South in foot-ball, even if Wil-son is barred from the game.

The following appeared in the *Raleigh News and Observer* November 14th:

"REFUSE TO PLAY—CAROLINA UNWILLING TO ARRANGE
GAME WITH WASHINGTON AND LEE.

(Special to *News and Observer*.)

"Lexington, Va., November 13.—Manager John Lyle Campbell, of Washington and Lee University foot-ball team, has been endeavoring to arrange a game with the team from Chapel Hill for some time, but it seems that Carolina is unwilling to play, and so far has assigned no good reason for not doing so. It will be remembered that Washington and Lee lost to Georgetown on their own field, 6 to 5, and that on the following Saturday Georgetown defeated Carolina, 4 to 0, at Norfolk, so that every indication is that the game would be a close one, the Virginians having a little the advantage in coaching and speed, while Carolina's team is slightly heavier."

And Carolina won't play Washington and Lee! The A. and M. played Washington and Lee. Now, who are the quitters?

Explanation: Washington and Lee has the best team it has had in years.

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:

O. F. McNAIRY Editor-in-Chief
GUY PINNER Business Manager

DEPARTMENT EDITORS:

E. F. WARD	} Science
R. J. GILL		
W. B. TRUITT		
J. P. BIVENS		
S. ELDRIDGE	} Literary
O. D. HARRIS		
G. F. HINSHAW	} Athletic
H. S. MONTAGUE		
W. W. JONES		
C. L. GARNER Local
	 Comic
	 Exchange

EDITORIALS.

IT is our desire to make the Christmas issue of the RED AND WHITE an extra good one—something that will be a credit to us—and to do this we need the earnest co-operation of the entire student body.

We hope to have some pictures of the buildings and other things of interest about the school. Extra copies will be printed, and these can be had from the members of the staff. Let all who can get to work and make this issue one to be proud of. All material should be in before December 5th.

Some one has originated the terse expression, "Don't let your books interfere with your college education." While this is not exactly the right sentiment, it is on the right line. When a man can get a reasonably good education without devoting all his time to his books, it is not justice to himself, his college, or his fellow-students for him to do so. It is not justice to himself because he is not getting all that he can out of his opportunities. If he does not mingle with his fellow-students and learn to judge character and see what motives influence them, he is losing one of the things that makes college education most valuable. Then he becomes narrow minded and does not get the views of others; he does not pick up the morsel of valuable information that even the dullest may sometimes drop. The wisest man can learn something from the fool, and for this reason it does him good to come in contact with others, and to hear what they have to say.

It is not justice to your college because it is in itself a small government, and the man who has not become familiar with all the phases of the situation, and acted according to his views of what is right or wrong, is not a good citizen, and is not what his government wants. No man can know the different phases of college life unless he is an actual participant in them, and if he does not mingle with others he cannot be a participant.

It is not justice to your fellow-students because they, most of them, do their share to make college life what it is, and it is selfish of any one to try to get all they can out of what others have done without his contributing any thing.

Of course this does not apply to the man who has to continually grind to get a knowledge of his studies. If that man cannot devote any of his time to anything but his books, it is his duty to work as much as he can.

We all admire the man who can grind. It is not every one that can apply himself closely to study, but we do not admire the man who grinds just because he wishes to store himself with book knowledge, and could easily do his work and have

time to devote to others but does not do it. The greatest successes of the world have come from a knowledge of men, and this knowledge has not been obtained from books, but by being constantly thrown in contact with and studying people.

Again we want to bring before the students the subject of college spirit and the RED AND WHITE. No doubt many of you think very little about the finances of this magazine. You do not realize that without the aid of our advertisers it would cost you twice as much as it now does. Our advertisers have an interest in the College and they help us—not to say that we do not also help them—but several firms in town will not advertise with us because, they say, we do not patronize them. How can they expect it when they offer us no incentive.

If the students would support us, they would be surprised at the change it would make. When you go down town to buy anything remember who advertises with us and purchase your article from him. If you forget ask him does he advertise in any of the College publications, and if he doesn't demand a good reason before you get anything from him.

If the man across the street advertises with us, and the man on your side does not, take it upon yourself to cross the street. The man over there expects, and rightly, too, that you should patronize him, and it is your duty if you have any college spirit to do so.

Some of the men who received a liberal patronage from the students last year have positively refused to advertise with us this year, and have treated our representative with the coolest indifference. Now, how can any loyal A. and M. man afford to spend even a nickel with any such persons.

We wish to thank Mrs. Stevens for her interesting article on the Hallorens. We are always glad to get articles from the faculty or others who feel an interest in the RED AND WHITE.

Locals

VISITORS DURING THE FAIR.

MR. L. M. HOFFMAN, JR., '05; Mr. Joe Lovill, '06; Mr. Allen Heath, Mr. J. H. Morgan, Mr. S. H. Clark, '06; Mr. W. F. Brock, '06; Mr. J. A. Miller, '04; Mr. Clinton Wharton, '04, with his cousin, Mr. Miller Hinshaw; Mr. W. W. Rankin, '04; Mr. C. S. Tate; Adj. Carleton's father; Lieut. Ferguson's two brothers; Mr. H. N. Steed's sister; Mr. J. O. Saddler's father; Mr. E. W. Davis' father; Mr. Snider's mother, Mr. J. C. McCaskill, Mr. H. Parsons, Mr. R. R. Holt.

Mr. J. G. Morrison, '06, attended the Fair as one of the marshals.

Mr. L. A. Blackburn, now at the University of North Carolina, ran down to see us a few days ago.

Mr. W. G. Broadfoot paid his friends a visit last week. He is with the Lowell Machine Company.

"Scotchie" Hardie, our clever left half-back, got his leg injured in the Washington and Lee game. The student body and faculty are grieved over Mr. Hardie's accident, but are pleased to know that he is able to be among us again, even on crutches.

Mr. E. E. Smith, '08, spent a few days at his home in Greensboro during Fair week there. He was accompanied by his class-mate, Mr. D. Y. Hagan.

Mr. M. S. Mayes, '10, spent a few days at his home at Stem, N. C., the first of the month.

The student body wishes to thank Lieut. Young for his kindness in arranging for them to witness Barnum & Bailey's big show. All enjoyed the occasion.

We are glad to note that an effort is being put forth to have our lawns green practically all the year. A special grass seed is being sowed. (Freshmen take note, especially a few, too much color will ruin the effect.)

Mr. I. O. Schoub, of Ames, Iowa, made a trip back to see his Alma Mater a few days ago.

Mr. Will Pearson, of Sparrows Point, Md., spent a short time with us last week.

Mr. S. N. Boney, '03, attended the atheletic hop.

Our graduates are doing well along every line, not only in technical pursuits, but also in matrimony. Mr. J. C. Beavers was united in marriage to Miss Graham, of Maxton, a few weeks ago.

Mr. Ralph Bingham, the well known American humorist, gave the first of the College lectures on the ninth. It was a rare treat for the battalion and friends of the College. The large audience was either filled with laughter or very solemn, just as the speaker chose.

The Glee Club is fortunate in securing Mr. Hagedorn, of B. U. W., as director. With his assistance, the prospects of the Club are much better for this season than ever before. More interest is being taken by the cadets.

A dress parade is given every Monday afternoon from four to five o'clock. All friends of the College are extended a cordial invitation.

The penant won by Company C was used for the first time on the 18th at dress parade.

HALLOWE'EN PARTY.

On the night of October 31st, at the home of Dr. F. L. Stevens, in West Raleigh, a most delightful Hallowe'en party

was given by Dr. George Summey and Mr. C. P. Bonn. The Miss Elizabeth Briggs, as the fortune telling witch, told very interesting secrets to those who inquired about the doings of Don Cupid, and light refreshments added to the enjoyment of the happy evening.

Those present were Dr. and Mrs. F. L. Stevens, Misses Mary Smedes, Emily Higgs, Helen Smedes, Mary Carter, Vivian Moncure, Mattie Higgs, Jessamine Higgs, Belle Moncure, Pauline Hill, Margaret Mackay, Emily Steinmetz, Elsie Stockard, Belva Huntington, Mary Dew, Pattie Clark, Lula Brewer, Elizabeth Briggs and Mabelle Massey; Messrs. George Summey, Jr., C. P. Bonn, J. C. Kendall, L. S. Vaughan, W. T. Clay, J. H. Shuford, Ernest Hoffman, C. W. Curtis, A. J. Wilson, W. C. Etheride, H. N. Steed, S. F. Stephens, C. P. Gray and C. L. Mann.

The two ladies' prizes were won by Misses Jessamine Higgs and Emily Steinmetz, and the gentlemen's prizes Messrs. Curtis and Wilson.

The second of the College Lectures was given to a large and appreciative audience on the twelfth by Dr. Leonard Levey, formerly of England, now of Pittsburg, Pa. Dr. Levey's subject was the "Onward March." It was a very instructive and elevating discourse.

The Presbyterian boys with their friends spent a very enjoyable evening at the reception given by the First Church.

Prof. Henry M. Wilson, who left the College last spring to accept a position as Superintendent of the Poe Manufacturing Co., of Greenville, S. C., has resigned from this position to become superintendent of a cotton mill at Gainesville, Ga.

Quite a little excitement was created last week by a small fire in the boiler room of the new Agricultural building. Prompt use of the hose and buckets by the students and professors soon put an end to the conflagration before much damage was done.

THALERIAN GERMAN CLUB.

The October dance of the Thalerian German Club of the A. and M. College, given at the Olivia Raney Library Hall, was greatly enjoyed. The music was delightfully rendered by Levin's orchestra, and was complimented very much.

Besides the many girls from Raleigh and North Carolina, there were quite a number of visiting young ladies from other States, who added greatly to the occasion.

The german was gracefully led by Mr. Ralph Long with Miss Leslie Treckel, of Baltimore, ably assisted by Mr. Cebe Harris with Miss Ball, of Norfolk. Those present were:

Mr. B. B. Lattimore with Miss Narnie Rogers, Mr. William Peck with Miss Loula McDonald, Mr. W. C. Staples with Miss Vivian Moncure, Mr. Burke Haywood with Miss Annie Harris, of Baltimore; Mr. W. F. R. Johnson with Miss Irene Lacy, Mr. Harwood Beebe with Miss Caro Gray, Mr. F. S. Goss with Miss Juliet Crews, Mr. Edwin Pember-ton with Miss Rosa Price, of Atlanta; Mr. W. M. Cowles with Miss Margaret Lee; Mr. W. M. Waters with Miss Louise Wright, Mr. K. C. Council with Miss Nannie Hay, Mr. I. R. Tull with Miss Emily Higgs, Mr. Jack Croswell with Miss Margaret Mackay, Mr. Bill Holt with Miss Sackie Latta, Coach W. N. Heston with Miss Louise Adylotte, of Ann Arbor, Mich.; Mr. George Bason with Miss Johnson, Mr. George Harrison with Miss Cribbs, Mr. Guy Pinner with Miss Celura Huntington, of Nashville, Tenn.; Mr. Henry Montague with Miss Bruce Spright, of Pittsboro, W. Va.; Mr. Gordon Harris with Miss Savage, of Richmond; Mr. S. O. Perkins with Miss Ginn, from Columbia; Mr. W. R. Council with Miss Catherine Mackay.

Stags: Messrs. McLean, Hagan, Faison, Connor, Smith and Thompson.

A. AND M. COLLEGE DANCE.

One of the most beautiful and enjoyable dances of the season was given Saturday night by the A. and M. students in the Pullen Hall.

Mr. Cebern Harris led with Miss Irene Lacy. The other couples were as follows: Mr. Ralph Long with Miss Juliet Crews, Mr. D. Y. Hagan with Miss Lily Skinner, Mr. C. K. McClelland with Miss Yanita Cribbs, Mr. Walter Kenley with Miss Margaret Steadman, Mr. C. L. Mann with Miss Helen Smedes, Mr. George Hall with Miss Nell Hinsdale, Mr. C. D. Brothers with Miss Pearl Heck, Mr. W. F. R. Johnson with Miss Nannie Hay, Mr. E. F. Ward with Miss May Lee Montague, Mr. J. C. Kendall with Miss Mary Smedes, Mr. E. L. Pemberton with Miss Louise Wright, Mr. J. A. Park with Miss Jessamine Higgs, Mr. W. N. Holt with Miss Caro Gray, Mr. Henry Montague with Miss Margaret Lee, Mr. J. L. Ferguson with Miss Amelia Walker, Mr. S. Eldridge with Miss Mary G. Cowper, Mr. B. B. Lattimore with Miss Mary Barbee, Mr. L. R. Tillett with Miss Belle Moncure, Mr. —Gore with Miss Helen Hall, of Hamlet; Mr. Guy Pinner with Miss Vivian Moncure, Mr. Louis Couch with Miss Nellie Fort, Mr. W. C. Etheridge with Miss Emily Higgs, Mr. George Harrison with Miss Sackie Latta, Mr. W. R. Marshall with Miss Athelia McGee, Mr. D. M. Campbell with Miss Minnie Moring, Mr. George Bason with Miss Blanche Heartt, Mr. C. W. Hewlett with Miss Fannie Johnson, Mr. M. H. Gold with Miss Rosa Skinner, Mr. "Si" Perkins with Miss Jessamine Higgs, Mr. F. G. Williams with Miss Katherine Mackay.

Stags: Messrs. P. W. Hardie, H. Bebee, Jas. McKimon, G. W. Rogers, E. H. Smith, J. D. Crowell, B. F. Jones, J. M. Council, E. B. Everett, L. E. Lougee, ——— Ball.

Chaperones: Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Riddick, Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Bowen, Mr. Whitaker, Mrs. Sherwood Higgs, Mrs. James Higgs, Mrs. W. C. Moncure, Mrs. Paul Lee, Mr. and Mrs. E. Culbreth, Mrs. C. G. Latta, Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Skinner.

North Carolina
State Library.

Exchanges

AGAIN the time has come for criticism, and turning to that work a feeling of submission and simplicity rings in the mind, but in doing that work it is the purpose to treat none with partiality and to give all our comment and opinion as best we see, hoping that they will be of profit.

Our list of exchanges for October is very large, and it is regretted that all cannot be reviewed, but, however, our appreciation of the work will be shown by taking part of our list at the time.

The Trinity Archive is a very creditable magazine, most all of the contents are well written and deserve merit. The poem, "What Matter" is elaborately worked and purports the beauty of nature as we see it in no other way. In it we see something concrete and tangible, and most of all it is food for the reader. "The Blue Flame," "The Naming of the Roanoke," and "The Haunted Hut," are all interesting stories. The climax of "The Blue Flame" is handled with deftness, and it is a pleasure to see the author maintain the spirit of faithfulness and trueness to the end, although the degradation into which he lets himself drift is not always congruous with the character peculiar to the real essence of a man.

The biography of Dr. Charles D. McIver, in the *North Carolina University Magazine*, is very good. The explicit thought and unity of structure combine and make the story suitable to the man in whose memory it is written. In "The Razor" we see that superhuman propensity which reminds us of the story "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." The climax in "Rape" is hardly a pleasing one to most people, but what is most admired in the story is the separation from the usual form of magazine fiction.

The University of Mississippi Magazine is on our table, and the color design of the cover is very appropriate, but from the leading articles, "The Hazing of Freshman Jim," and "In the Days of Hazing," we would conclude that hazing was the chief game at that college.

The University of Virginia Magazine comes to us with the usual promptness, and contains many well written and interesting articles. "An Adventure in Bohemia" is a well-told story; the reader's interest is held throughout the story to the end, and the author shows his ability to deal with fiction. The poem, "The Cup of Life," draws a picture true to life in some respects, but it is often doubted whether or not he is true when he says, "Each day the sweetness seems to grow."

The Georgian is an attractive magazine, and the poems, "Ocean Song," and "The Hand That's Gone," are both good and deserve merit.

The Carolinian has a beautiful cover design, and the contents of the magazine do not fall below the impression made by the outside. "How Sir Baldwin Kept His Vows" is appreciated more from the fact that it does not follow the usual form of stories than really from its worth. The fact that the old and ancient manner of things is coming into use is probably why the author selects this style for his theme.

We acknowledge our usual exchanges.

Comics

WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW.

"Why the pure food bill didn't effect the mess hall?"

"What Weaver thought he was getting when he swiped the bottle of oil?"

"When we can get in the hospital since Mrs. Lewis locks it while at meals?"

"Who mistook Graves for Collier's Weekly collector?"

"What Prof. it was that forgot the Lord's prayer?"

"How Hayes got lost when he took some freshmen snipe hunting?"

"What Truitt said when some one threw a can of beans in his room?"

"Who's a s— mullet?"

"If McBrayer caught a cold on the surveying trip."

"Why Montague scratched out an article in the RED AND WHITE."

"McBrayer says he could have made the Jr. foot-ball team if he had not had to drill every Saturday."

(After Chapel) "The longer the spoke, the greater the tire."

Lieu.—"Mr. Carleton, didn't I tell you to represent the battle with cross sabres?"

Carleton—"Yes, sir."

Hardesty—"Well, how do you represent an engagement?"

Carleton—"Why, with a ring of course."

Waiter—"No milk this morning, the water is frozen."

Freshman—"Did a paper come to the office to-day with the wrapper torn off?"

P. M.—"No. Where were you expecting a paper from?"

Freshman—"Why, from home."

Boys, don't get Jimmy Powell mixed up with Robbins, Yarborough, or Hawks; it worries him.

Hayes at Church—"It looks to be like that rooster would fly down some time.

Freshman—"I wonder why they don't put this table cloth on square?"

Classmate—"I had rather see them put on a square meal."

Why does Blanchard throw up his left hand when he gives "Squad halt"?

"Robbins says (to his great sorrow) that no laundry man can enter a fraternity."

Dr. Stevens (on Freshman botany)—"Nothing produces starch except those things that are green."

Loftin—"Doctor, do we produce starch?"

Dr. S.—"Yes, certainly."

Freshman—"This meat looks pretty loud."

Soph.—"Well, you see it used to bark."

Prof.—"Mr. Little, who has to pay poll tax?"

Little—"Every male man over twenty-one that has a wife.

Freshman Williams (entering a Jr.'s room and seeing a penant)—"That's a pretty rosette you have."

Corporal Simpson (to his squad on drill)—"Half left turn, back step, march. It looks like you all might get that right some time."

Prof. Riddick (on Jr. Mechanics)—"Some one please wake up Mr. Bebee, I want to ask him a question. Mr. Bebee, can you tell me that? Then wake up the next man. Mr. Poyner, it embarrasses me to have a man go to sleep on the front seat. Mr. Marsh, please stop that man from snoring."

Grimshawe (on drawing)—“Prof., do you want these red lines put in with blue ink?”

Captain Hardesty—“Well, what do you think of this; I have only had one application for sponsor’s place.”

Freshman—“They tell me there is a man in the show with two heads on his shoulders.”

Herring—“Well, that’s nothing new. I had two on mine last night.”

Prof.—“Mr. Meares, can you quote a passage from the Bible where it speaks of eating.”

Meares—“Eat, drink and be *married*, for to-morrow you may die.”

Hemphill—“Parks, please loan me fifty cents.”

Parks—“What did you say?”

Hemphill—“Loan me a dollar.”

Parks—“I wish I had heard you the first time.”

Prof. Hill—“Mr. Wells, why do so many of our boys read cheap novels?”

Wells—“So they can talk intelligently with the young ladies.”

Prof. (on history)—“Mr. Robbins, how long had Washington been dead when Roosevelt was inaugurated?”

Robbins—“I dunno; but it hasn’t been very dead since he has been there.”

Herring—“Hemphill, you can’t give one case where a snake poison has killed any one.”

Hemphill—“Yes, I can; I know of plenty of cases.”

Carter (whispering to Hemphill)—“Cleopatra was bitten by an asp.”

Hemphill—“Yes, that’s a good case from the Bible; Cleopatra was bitten by an asp, and it killed her.”

Prof. Thomas—"Mr. Bryan, why didn't you study your steam."

Bryan—"We didn't have any to study."

Freshman—"Lieutenant, I can't make up my drill this evening."

Lieu.—"Why can't you?"

Freshman—"I haven't the dollar to pay my condition fee."

Prof. H.—"Mr. Carleton, what is the difference between vision and sight?"

Carleton—"Well, I called on two young ladies this week, one was a vision of loveliness, but the other was a sight."

B. F. Montague wants to know why a fellow has to study *Farmacy* to learn how to farm.

Eldridge says he spent all the money he had at the St. Mary's reception having his fortune told, so the girls would hold his hands.

"Dear sir: Please send me your catalog of musical instruments. Yours truly, H. S. Battie.

"P. S. You need not send it. I have decided to buy a sword."

Mr. Deal—"Say, Prof. Park, what caused the fire in the Agricultural Building?"

Prof. Park—"The fireman was whistling 'Hot Time,' and set the shavings on fire."

"Kibe," alias "Chunk," alias "Kibo," says that he had his picture taken the other day, and that he looked "as cute as a mule."

Fresh. (trying to cut the steak at breakfast)—"Gee! but this is a hard job."

Junior—"Aw, go on, ain't that what you pay your physical culture fee for."

It raineth every day
On the just and unjust fellows;
But mostly on the just, because
The unjust taketh the just's umbrellas.

Conundrum—"Why are all of the angels beardless?"
"Because the men have such a close shave to get there."

Three women may a secret keep,
If, as it has been said,
One of the lot has heard it not,
And the other two are dead.



Clippings

A "BILLET-DOUX."

She was a winsome country lass,
So William on a brief vacation,
The time more pleasantly to pass,
 Essayed flirtation.
And while they strolled in twilight dim,
 As near the time for parting drew,
Asked if she would have from him
 A "billet-doux."
Now this simple maid of French knew naught,
But doubt not 'twas something nice,
Shyly she lifted her pretty head,
Her rosy lips together drew, and coyly said,
 "Yes, Billy—do,"
 And William—did.

CRUSHED AGAIN.

He called her Lily, Pansy, Rose,
And every other flower of spring.
Said she: "I can't be all of those,
 So you must Li-lac everything."

"How thankful I am my work is done!"
The joyous editor cries.
"Every one knows my work is dun,"
The business manager sighs. —*Exchange.*

Mary, on her pretty arm,
Found a little flea;
Every time she grabbed at it,
It would twenty-three.

Fido saw her acting up,
And the cause he knew.
Fido laughed and said:
"Ah, ha! Mary's got 'em, too."

—*Selected.*

WOMEN MEN ADMIRE.

I have read whole reams descriptive
Of the women men admire;
Read descriptions of their bonnets,
Of the style of their attire;
Read of how they do their hair up,
How they talk and how they look;
But I've never seen them mentioned
As the women who can cook.

I have read the brand of powder
That they wear upon their face;
I know of the brand of corsets
That around their forms they lace;
I know of their education,
Where they went and what they took;
But I've never seen them mentioned
As the women who can cook.

No writer tells a fellow
He should swift attendance dance
On the maiden who has studied
How to build a pair of pants;
Who goes singing round the kitchen
Glad and blythely as a brook

Through a valley; on the maiden
Who has studied how to cook.

But what would we be without her
Who, her dimpled elbows bare,
In a white and starched apron,
And a white cap on her hair,
Trips about a spotless kitchen
With a rapt and thoughtful look,
And her cheeks as red as roses—
The sweet woman who can cook.

—J. M. LEWIS, in *Houston Post*.

CATECHISM OF A MARRIED MAN.

A married man has been bold enough to write a catechism on the marriage question. The questions and answers are unsurpassed in their cynicism. A few are:

What is marriage?

Marriage is an institution for the blind.

When a man thinks seriously of marriage, what happens?

He remains single.

When a man marries, has he seen the end of trouble?

Yes, but it is usually the wrong end.

What is greater than a wife's love?

Her temper.

Do married women suffer in silence?

Yes; they all suffer when they may not talk.

What is a mother-in-law?

See General Sherman's definition of war.

Little Margie—I said my prayers seven times Sunday night, papa.

Papa—Why did you do that, dear?

Little Margie—Oh! so I wouldn't have to bother saying 'em the rest of the week.—*Exchange*.

COULD USE THE OTHER KIND, TOO.

"Here," said the salesman, "is something we call the 'lovers' clock.' You can set it so it will take it two hours to run one hour."

"I'll take that," said Miss Jarmer with a bright blush. "And now, if you have one that can be set so as to run two hours in one hour's time or less, I think I'd like one of that kind, too."

He writeth best who stealeth best
 Ideas, great and small;
 For the great soul who wrote them first
 From nature stole them all. —*Exchange.*

WANTED TO BE OBLIGING.

A lady visitor, wishing to be polite to the little son of her host at table, said:

"What a pretty dimple you have, Benny!"

"You think that's a pretty dimple?" said the boy. "Mamma, can I show the lady the one on my stomach?"

THE WERE BOTH CHARGED.

A little girl, brushing her hair, found that it "crackled," and asked her mother why it did.

"Why, dear, you have electricity in your hair," explained the mother.

"Isn't that funny?" commented the little one. "I have electricity in my hair, and grandmother has gas in her stomach."

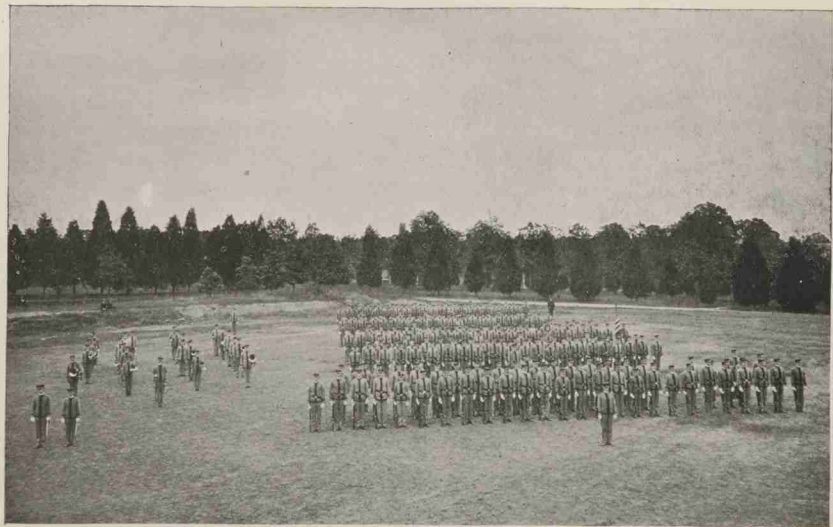
If Eve had been as 'fraid of snakes
As women are of mice,
We'd not have had to pull up stakes
And move from Paradise.

What are the principal trades in the United States?
Operating for appendicitis, writing advertisement poetry
and going out on a strike.

PUT IT BRIEFLY.

A young lady of this city entered a Main street dry goods store recently and blushing asked the head clerk if he "had any of those elastic bands, capable of being elongated and adjusted at pleasure, and used by the feminine portion of mankind for putting around the lower extremities of their locomotive members to keep the proper position and the required altitude for the habiliments of their tibias." The clerk is working in a mine now.—*From the Trinidad Advertiser.*

I ain't got nothing, ain't had nothing,
Don't want nothing, but you;
I ain't seen nobody, don't know nobody,
Ain't had nobody, 'tis true.
If you'll have me, I'll love you,
If you want money, I won't do,
'Cause I ain't got nothing, ain't had nothing,
Don't want nothing, but you.



THE BATTALION.