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The Red and White

DECEMBER, 1907

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C. T. MARSH, *Business Manager.*



THE FOOT-BALL SQUAD—1907.

The Red and White

Vol. IX

WEST RALEIGH, N. C., DECEMBER, 1907

No. 4

CHAMPIONS OF THE SOUTH.

Perhaps—

“The roses nowhere bloom so white
As in Virginia;”

And—

“The sun nowhere shines so bright
As in Virginia;”

But 'tis certain (that on November 28)

“Nowhere hearts so lightly beat,”

As those of the Tar Heels, who'd come to meet,
And cheer the boys from A. M. C.

On to a glorious victory—

“Down in Virginia.”

“The days are never quite so long,

As in Virginia,

Nor quite so filled with happy song,

As in Virginia,”

When the foot-ball eleven from A. M. C.,

Cheered by Tar Heels good and true,

Won the victory o'er Orange and Blue—

“Down in Virginia.”

Then here's to the A. & M. “farmer lads,”

And the College they represent,

For their foot-ball record of 1907

Let many a cheer be sent;

And next Thanksgiving on La Fayette field,

In the city by the sea,

May another band of Tar Heels

Cheer them on to victory.

S. W. McM.

HISTORY OF FOOT-BALL AT A. & M.

I have been asked to write a history of foot-ball at the A. & M. College, so I am going to try to begin with the first game I ever saw the A. & M. team play, and will wind up with the last.

The first team put out by the A. & M. College played only one game, and that game was against Morson & Denson's School, in Raleigh, on the 12th of March, 1892. You probably wonder why I remember so clearly the date; but that is because I was unfortunately playing center on the school team against the heaviest and strongest man on the A. & M. The A. & M. scored two touch-downs to the school team's one. Both of the A. & M. touch-downs were scored not between center and guard, but directly over center. Two other things I remember about that game, and they are that the field was not marked off with lime as it now is, but was marked off with a plow, and the game had halves of forty-five minutes each. Those two things were also impressed upon my memory because as the A. & M. scored her first touch-down over center I found myself lying in the ditch that formed the touch-down line and as I spat out a mouthful of dust and blood somebody said: "You have been playing five minutes now and there are only forty minutes left."

Mr. C. B. Williams, of the State Chemical Department, was captain and half-back upon that team.

The year following there was no team, but in the fall of 1893 the first team was organized to play another college, and each year since then we have watched the infant college and team grow and reach their strength.

The first team was coached by Mr. Perrin Busbee, of Raleigh, and there was not a member of the team who had previously been in a game against another college. The first game played was on University Day, October 12th, at Chapel Hill, against the scrubs and we lost 18 to 0; but by hard

work upon the part of both Mr. Busbee and the team, they later defeated the scrubs 8 to 6. The first game played against another college was against the University of Tennessee in October, '93, and was won 12 to 6. I almost forgot to say that I was captain of that team, my election being due principally to my having the only sweater in college. The team that year averaged about 155 pounds.

The next year was the first game with the University, and that too was played on University Day, and we of course lost 40 to 0. But again we worked hard, and by Mr. Busbee's assistance were able to play the same team again later in the season, and to hold them to eighteen points.

For five years after this the A. & M. team struggled along without a coach, and without money, to play and to be beaten by the University each year by scores ranging from 32 to 38 points. Occasionally winning from Guilford College, Oak Ridge, etc. But each year the University would have to fight a little harder to win until the game suddenly began to be looked upon by the University not as a practice game, but as a sure-enough game, and one that they had to fear, and the people in Raleigh suddenly began to appreciate the young giants' strength.

In October, 1899, with Dr. Jno. S. McKee as coach, and with Will Person, an old University Scrub, who never made his letters at Chapel Hill, as captain the team played at Chapel Hill, and were beaten 34 to 0. Again they came home and again they worked for the second game. The University came to Raleigh in November, '99, with a powerful team, which had among its members Bennett, who is considered by many the best tackle the University has ever turned out; Koehlar, of the Orange Athletic Club, and Earnest Graves, who was later captain of the best team West Point has ever had. The University expected to win easily, but when time was called at the end of the last half the score was 11 to 11, and this was then the greatest achievement of the A. & M. to that date.

In 1900 the A. & M. team was weaker than it was the year before. She did not play the University, but lost to Davidson and lost one game to Guilford College. Winning one game from Guilford and one from Oak Ridge; also lost and won a game from South Carolina. But in 1900 the A. & M. had one piece of unusually good luck.

There straggled out upon the field one day an awkward double-jointed mouthy kind of a Freshman named Gardner. He was eighteen years old, all head and mouth and hands and feet, and weighed 182 pounds. We tried him at tackle, then at full back and finally settled him at guard, where he remained for four years. Gardner's strength did not depend so much upon what he did, as it did upon what he could make an opponent think he could do, and upon what he could get out of the fellows working with him. So Gardner began with the team in 1900, and by working his big feet and hands some and his head and his mouth all of the time, is to be given more credit than any other one person, probably, for what the A. & M. team is now. For seven years, from the beginning, there was a captain who chose his team to suit himself; not always playing college men, and a manager who was indifferently responsible for the way he handled the team and the goods he ordered, and for what became of them later.

In the year 1900 the State Colleges drew up resolutions to govern the eligibility of players; this being brought about principally by Dr. Winston, of the A. & M., and by Prof. Holt, of Oak Ridge. This compact between the colleges died a quiet death in a year or two, but was greatly responsible for the Faculty Committee being formed to aid the captain and manager, and to give them advice of older men and to keep a general supervision over athletics. It was about this time that Gardner became manager of the A. & M. team and he was shrewd and far-sighted enough to know that he could do better work and get out a better team by the aid of the Faculty Committee, although his own power would be

curtailed, so he was heartily in favor of it and for the first time the A. & M. College found her athletics systematized. Even then it didn't run quite as smoothly as it should, for it was something new.

The team in 1901 was considerably heavier and stronger than the one the year before, but they played the University and were beaten again by one of the old scores of 32 to 0. This was directly due to the tackle back play which was carried to the University by Jenkins, their Yale coach. This play had just been brought out by Gordon Brown's great Yale team of 1900, which by its aid licked every team she played unmercifully.

I went up to the University to work with the ends and backs the last week before the game with Virginia on Thanksgiving Day, and realizing the possibilities and power of the tackle back formation as Coach Jenkins was working it, I brought the play to the A. & M., and by consent of Jas. McRae, the A. & M. coach, changed the whole offensive style of play Monday before Thanksgiving. The Thanksgiving game in 1901 was with Davidson, and by comparative scores Davidson should have won easily; but the A. & M. had possession of the ball almost the entire afternoon, as Davidson was as powerless to check the tackle back play in the hands of the A. & M. as the A. & M. herself had been earlier in the season against the University, and the final score was 28 to 0.

In 1903 the teams throughout the country were using the tackle back formation, and there was also developed a defence for checking it. So all teams were more evenly matched. This year the principal game was with the University again, and was a tie 0 to 0 played at the Fair Grounds in Raleigh.

In 1904 Kinnholtz from Minn. was coach and when he came he brought "Babe" and "Curley" Wilson, who played half back positions. This team was easily the most powerful that the A. & M. had had to date. Having on it the two Wilsons, Abernathy, who was shifted to full back that season;

Tom Sadler, Gardner, Tom and Dick Lykes, Gregory and Hadley, all of whom either then or later were good enough for any team south of University of Pennsylvania. That team also had on it men whose names are more familiar to the men in college, Sykes, "Cy" Perkins, Tull and Hardie, who later developed into a splendid back.

This team played Virginia a tie game of 0 to 0; also played the University a tie game of 6 to 6 at Chapel Hill.

The team of 1905 in my opinion was barely as good a team as the one of 1904, though many will differ from me in this opinion. The team of 1905 lost to Virginia 5 to 0, won from V. M. I., Davidson and won all other games except the one with the University, which was a tie game 0 to 0. The A. & M. should have won the game from the University by at least two touch-downs, but for the most stupid running of the team as the University goal line was approached. Time after time Wilson and Steele would get clear for good gains and a touch-down could have been had at any time the A. & M. chose by giving Wilson the ball for an end run, after getting inside the University's ten yard line. The University two weeks later defeated University of Virginia 17 to 0. Looking at these two scores the team of 1905 was stronger than that of 1904, but looking at the two teams, the team of 1904 was the stronger, which in reality was true.

Next came the new rules in 1906, with the forward pass and the ten yard gains, with innumerable forward passes and double passes, most of which came to grief as the first experimental period of the season wore off. Although the greatest individual half back in the country, Heston, was coaching the team, it hardly reached expectations, though it was about as strong a team as any other in the South Atlantic States.

The season of 1907 opened with prospects hardly as bright as they had been for the past four years, yet the season was the most brilliant in the history of the College. Whitehurst turned out to be the best offensive coach the College has ever had. As the best defence a team can have is a good offence

with the ability to keep possession of the ball, Whitehurst is to be considered the best coach in our history. The personnel of the team was not superior to that of several since 1900, yet they accomplished more by doing two things, working and sticking together on the field and by being good "up hill" fighters, in other words the team had "grit." The best illustration of this was shown in the Virginia game, when Virginia had the A. & M. fighting hard in the first part of the first half, and when Virginia scored by the most disheartening of all things to a team, a drop kick, the A. & M. grew stronger and her defence more stubborn, and her offence gradually was able to gain with greater ease until the whistle sounded for the last of the last half.

This team deserves more credit as a team in the Virginia game for fighting to obtain a second touch-down than it did to get the first. The first was a necessity, something it just had to have, while the others, that three times in the second half came so near coming, was not a matter of necessity, but was "grit."

With the exception of the forward pass the only place in this last game that Virginia could gain was directly through center. This was partially due to the great work of Virginia's center and to a faulty defensive formation on the part of the A. & M. A slight change in the formation was able to check most of this gain. Time after time Bray, who was on the side line would creep out to the coach and ask to let him get into the hole each time to be refused as the team would begin to run more smoothly, and as he was the only substitute should Thomason's knee go bad. This is just another illustration of what made the success of the team of 1907. It was the same thing that kept Tomason always plugging at Sloth, and the team always plugging at Virginia—"grit."

JOEL WHITAKER, M. D.

FOOT-BALL SEASON, 1907.

OUR SEASON'S RECORD—THE MEN WHO MADE IT.

September, 1907, found us deep in despair—only five old men back and the biggest Thanksgiving Day game ever scheduled staring us in the face. The old men who returned were Beebe, Thompson, Stroud, Sykes and Stevens, with a doubt existing as to the eligibility of two of these, Thompson and Sykes, defeat on Thanksgiving seemed sure to be our fate. The first few practices didn't brighten our prospects, but very little and gloom was slow in passing away. But with determination and with the untiring efforts of the best coach in the South, "Michie" Whitehurst, gradually the sun began to rise out of its dark horizon.

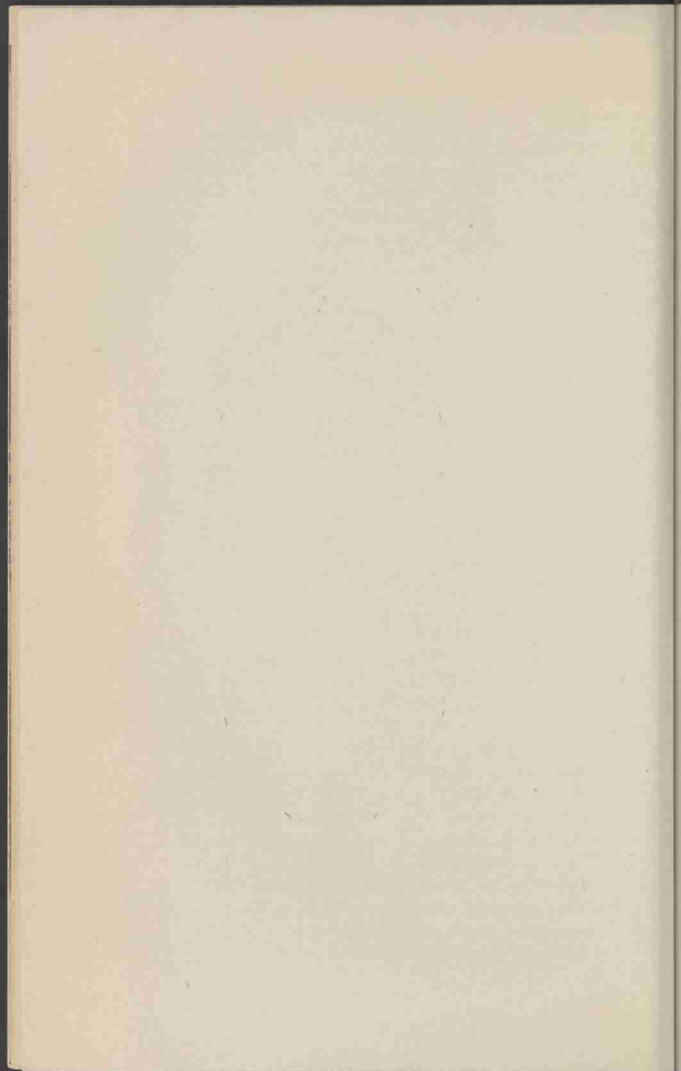
Our first games, which were small ones, gave us very much concern for we knew not of what stuff the new material was made. Gradually Sadler, Fox and Seifert began to show the effects of good coaching and improved wonderfully as the season advanced. Thomason and Bray at center, VonGlahn at guard, Johnson, Spencer and Long at backs, all responded to the untiring efforts of "Michie," and before the season closed A. & M. rounded out the best team in the South.

Too much credit cannot be bestowed upon our popular and gentlemanly coach, who loved his work and men, and who never tired of doing all he could to win success and fame for A. & M.

Beebe and Tull, the two best tackles in the South, have been a tower of strength and an inspiration to the rest of the team. Their work at Norfolk was phenomenal and much of the success of the outcome of that game is duly credited to them. Stroud, who developed into an all Southern half-back, maintained and added new laurels to his past reputation at Norfolk and to-day he hasn't a peer in the back field in the South. VonGlahn, new at foot-ball work, has nerve that was admired by the 10,000 spectators at Norfolk. With both eyes blacked



DR. MORRIS WHITEHURST.
(Coach of the Champions.)



to such an extent that he could hardly see, and his face swelled until he was unrecognizable, he stuck to his post and fought every inch of ground and many times broke through the Virginia line to tackle the runner in his tracks.

Stevens' headwork in the second half of the Virginia game was the delight of the vast audience and his carrying the ball and forward passes were fine. His first year at quarter shows him to be in the right place, and to rank with the best. Much credit is due the two ends who played in that game, Sadler and Fox, who allowed no Virginian to circle their end and often threw them for a loss. In going down on kicks and tackling the runner they were very good. Johnson at half-back, while kicking poorly at first, braced up and out-kicked his opponent in the end. His good, firm placement cinched victory for A. & M. Spencer, entirely new at half-back, did credit to himself and the College. Thomason, at center, although laid up with a bad knee, showed big Gloth, Virginia's center what he could do with him by just putting it all over him in second half.

The whole team deserves praise at the hands of every student and alumni of the College, for they have made history for A. & M. and have placed it where it should be, at the head of Southern Athletics.

With a score of 4 to 0 staring them in the face at the end of first half of Virginia game, they went into the second with that do or die spirit and it could be easily seen that they meant business and nothing could stave off victory. So on the grand march went until the one yard line was reached. The climax had come; A. & M. supporters held their breath; not a sound came from the band; "Michie" Whitehurst was a smile all over; Beebe was called from his place in line to take his stand beside the mighty Tull; the ball is passed to Stroud and following these two mighty tackles nothing could stop them. A touch-down and Virginia's death-knell was sounded. Pandemonium broke loose on the Tar Heel side, and kept up until the game was over.

THE CROWD PRESENT.

That such a great crowd should assemble at a ball field to see the game between Virginia and the A. & M. was very gratifying to the friends of the College. Having never made our appearance in Norfolk before, and on first appearance to be greeted by such a magnificent crowd is something we should all feel very proud of.

CONGRATULATORY TELEGRAMS, ETC.

Hundreds of telegrams have been received since our victory congratulating and rejoicing with our team upon their great victory.

A congratulatory telegram from U. N. C. was received and illustrates admirably well Tar Heel spirit—if you can't win yourself, you certainly want your brother to win, and we sincerely hope they will be more successful next season, and will live up to their old high standard.

A telegram from our sisters, the Normal girls, rejoicing in our victory, and extending hopes that we keep it up in the future, was received and is very characteristic of them—the fairest women in the land, the pride of this good old State. Another telegram from the N. C. girls of Richmond, Va., saying how glad they were we won, and were then burning a *fac-simile* bon-fire in the front yard out of hat boxes were received.

Never before has the alumni of this institution been so united in their praise of a victory won by the College and telegrams and letters from them have been profuse in praise of our teams.

CHAMPIONS OF THE SOUTH.

Never before has any team in the South claiming the Southern championship had such a clear title to it as the A. & M. has this year; and we base our claim of it upon the following: Davidson College tied the University of Virginia; defeated Clemson College, V. P. I. and V. M. I. Clemson College

defeated Georgia Tech, and Georgia Tech wiped out every team south of Atlanta. The University of Virginia defeated Georgetown and the University of North Carolina. A. & M. defeated Davidson, thus eliminating Georgia Tech, Clemson, V. P. I., V. M. I. and all teams that they played. Virginia knocked out U. of N. C. and Georgetown; all of these teams are out of the race, hence we cannot see how any except Virginia and A. & M. have any claim whatever to the championship, and it must lie between these two.

Gentlemen of the jury, you have the case. If the A. & M. defeated the University of Virginia on November 28th, you will bring in a verdict in favor of the A. & M., giving them the championship of the South.

Honor to whom honor is due. To our team nothing but praise. To say we are proud of them does not give adequate expression to our true feelings.

To them is due the honor of placing this college at the head of all Southern colleges in athletics, where we will forevermore lead while others follow.

In closing here is to our championship team of whom we are all proud.

C. D. HARRIS.

CHAMPION'S RECORD.

	Points Won by A. & M.	Points Won by Opponents.
Randolph-Macon College, at Raleigh, Oct. 1 ..	20	0
Richmond College at Richmond, Oct. 12.....	7	4
Roanoke College at Raleigh, Oct. 19	22	0
Richmond College at Raleigh, Oct. 28	12	0
Davidson College at Charlotte, Nov. 16	6	0
All Stars of N. C., at Raleigh, Nov. 20	5	5
Univ. of Virginia at Norfolk, Nov. 28	10	4
	—	—
Total	82	13

OUR COACH.

That the success of our foot-ball team was made possible almost entirely by the excellent coaching of Dr. Morris Whitehurst, of Baltimore, Md., cannot be gainsaid, for with material lighter than for any recent season and with less experience—nine out of the sixteen on the varsity squad never having played on first team before—he turned out a team that with ease maintained his past record.

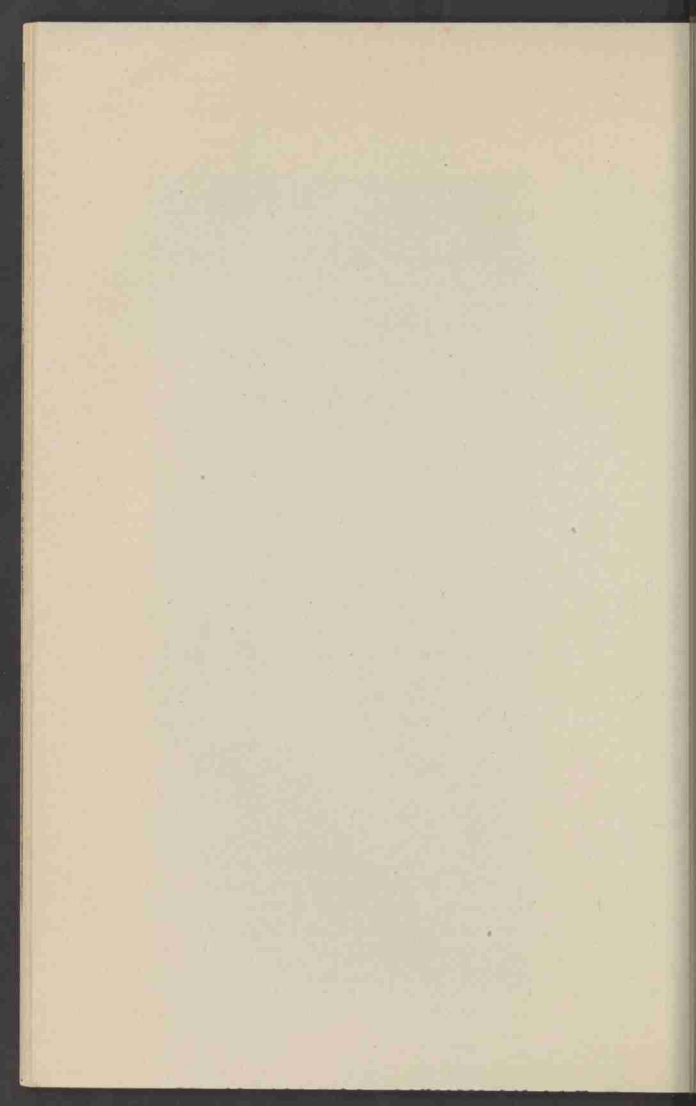
Dr. Whitehurst entered the foot-ball world in 1892, at which time he was a member of the Baltimore City College team, and for the three succeeding years he was a member of that team, also captain of the base-ball team. He entered the University of Maryland in '95, and for four years was captain of the base-ball and roller pole team, also a most valuable member of the foot-ball and hockey teams. In '97 he became a member of the Maryland Athletic Club and for eight successive years captained the State championship base-ball team.

In 1899 he began coaching foot-ball and that year coached the Druid Athletic Club's team, which won the inter-city championship, defeating Johns Hopkins University, the inter-collegiate championship team for that year. In 1900 he was coach of the Marston University championship team, the University of Maryland team, and the Maryland Agricultural College team, which won the State championship, playing quarter-back on the last named. In '01 he again coached the Maryland Agricultural College team, and put the finishing touches on the Western Maryland College for its victory over Johns Hopkins University. In '02 he became regular coach of the University of Maryland team, which defeated Johns Hopkins University, and also coached the Western Maryland College eleven.

From '03 to '05 Dr. Whitehurst coached the Western Maryland College team, winning the championship in the last two years. In '06 he was still coaching this team and there he



CHAMPIONS OF SOUTH IN POSITION.



demonstrated the new rules so far in advance of any other coach in the vicinity that at the close of the season his team tied for top honors of the State.

We sincerely hope that "Coach Michie," as his men affectionately call him, can be secured for another season, for his knowledge of the principles of coaching equal those of any coach that we can possibly secure, and we believe that were he to coach for another season the men that he developed during the past they could with ease maintain the record of the season of 1907.



OUR TEAM.

CENTER.—To pass the ball back there are two men either one of whom knows how and can play the position to perfection. Thomason, J. D., has proven this in every game he has played, and has been pronounced by some to be the steadiest center A. & M. has ever had. He was hurt in the Richmond College game and was out for some time, but played his position with his crippled knee on Thanksgiving as good as it could be played. Junior, weight 170, height 5 feet 10 inches, age 21, one year on varsity, or scrub team one year.

Bray, J. B., who played center while Thomason was out, showed how he could pass the ball in the Davidson game. He has played scrub ball for two seasons and has done excellent work both in and behind the line. Junior, weight 170, height 5 feet 8 inches, age 21, one year on varsity.

RIGHTGUARD.—Von Glahn, J. L., has held this place so well that no substitute has been needed. Has been pronounced by an expert to be one of the best guards in the South, and if one saw him throwing the Virginians for losses as he did, they are certainly prepared to believe this, and to have this said the first season one plays is certainly to be considered an honor; is equally as good on offensive as on defensive. Senior, weight 192, height 6 feet 2 inches, age 20, one year on varsity.

LEFTGUARD.—Sykes, V., who has played this position so well for four years that to mention how he plays is useless, for that he has for these four years been one of the best guards in the South is beyond doubt; either in defensive or offensive there are none better. Graduate, weight 210, height 6 feet, age 23, four years on varsity.

RIGHT-TACKLE.—For four years Beebe, H., has played this position to the terror of every opponent, who well knew before hand that Beebe was going through the line regardless of who had the ball. As good a tackle as can be found in the South, and as the rooters say, "When you see Beebe reach up and

pull off his nose-guard and headgear you may know that there is something going to be doing." Senior, weight 205, height 6 feet, age 22, four years on varsity.

LEFT-TACKLE.—Tull, Reid, another of A. & M.'s star tackles and has played his position beyond criticism for three years. Exceptionally fast for his weight and build, as was shown by his downing the Virginians in their track on nearly every punt. Graduate, weight 190, height 5 feet 10 inches, age 21, three years on varsity.

RIGHT-END.—Sadler, J. O., is undoubtedly "predestined" to be the best end in the South, and one of the best in America. Inexperience is all that keeps him off the All-Southern this year, and this is his first year of varsity ball. For handling forward passes and defensive end work there are none better, and for recovering a fumble there can be none better. Junior, weight 170, height 5 feet 10 inches, age 18, one year on scrub, one year on varsity.

LEFT-END.—Again we have two that were so good that coach could never tell which one to put in, so he usually let one play one half and the other the other half. Fox, R. L., the lucky one on Thanksgiving Daw—Seifert having been hurt bumping the All-Stars—is one of the fastest men on the team, and is excellent both in defensive and offensive work. Junior, weight 165, height 5 feet 11 inches, age 20, first year on varsity.

Seifert, D. W., or better known as "Dutchy," from looks, you would say would make a "crackerjack" high school end, but you will have to leave America to find one hundred and forty-five pounds and one year's experience made into a better college end, and two years from now it will be nip and tuck between he and Sadler to determine which is the best end in the South. Freshman, weight 145, height 5 feet 5 inches, age 17, first year on varsity.

QUARTER-BACK.—Here we easily have an All-Southern, for if one has watched the way Stevens, S. F., has run his team, and how he has played himself, both in offensive, for in mak-

ing quarter-back runs, forward passes and every other kind of a pass he cannot be excelled, and defensive work they are obliged to decide, as the judges will, that there cannot be found one better anywhere in the South. We will never forget how he played end last season unless our minds are over-filled with the excellency of his playing quarter; and for his size and experience we can with certainty say that there is no better foot-ball player in America. Junior, weight 145, height 5 feet 8 inches, age 19, one year on scrubs, and two years on varsity.

RIGHT-HALF-BACK.—Spencer, S. A., and Lattimore, B. B., both new hands at the foot-ball business, and yet they know how to handle their opponents as well as the ball to perfection. Spencer, the lucky one on Thanksgiving, plays either a half-back or tackle, and hold either position exceptionally well for his experience. Sophomore, weight 175, height 5 feet 11 inches, age 20, first year on varsity.

Lattimore, better known as "Bussy," decided that class foot-ball was too mild for him, so he jumped from junior to varsity team, and for hitting the line there are none better than he, of his weight. Senior, weight 170, height 5 feet 10 inches, age 22, first year on varsity.

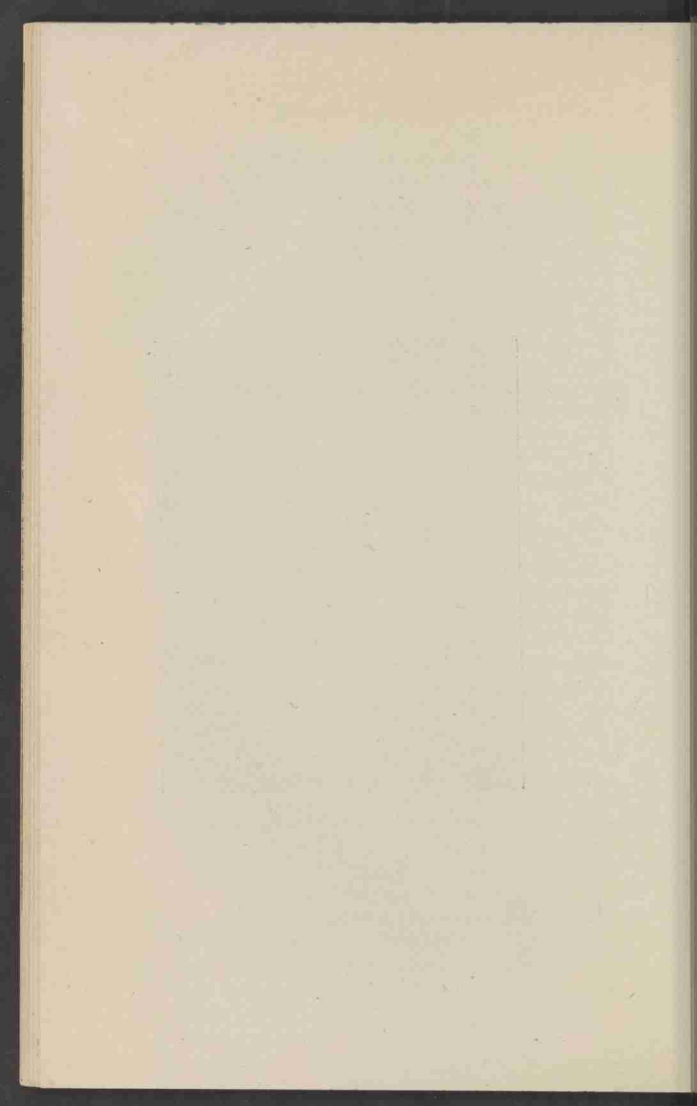
LEFT-HALF-BACK.—Here again coach must needs toss up to see who would play, as it seemed that both were good enough for our biggest game.

Johnson, W. F. R., who does the punting when Captain Thompson is out, is a new "booter," but fills the place so well that he was given the honor of kicking goals on Thanksgiving, and though he was kicking under the difficulty of inexperience, he scored half the ten points. He is perhaps the fastest runner on the team, and does exceptional defensive work. Junior, weight 170, height 6 feet, age 21, first year on varsity.

Long, R., "Shorty," hit the line so hard as full-back for the scrubs last season that he won for himself a place on the varsity squad this season. For hitting the line there are none



C. D. HARRIS.
(Graduate Manager.)



better of his size and on defensive work he knows how to hit a man equally as hard. Junior, weight 170, height 5 feet 8 inches, age 20, one year on scrub and one year on varsity team.

FULL-BACK.—Two of which it can well be said, "None better."

Stroud, J. S., who during his two seasons of playing has played every position on the team except quarter and end, and has won laurels in all; and the fact that he has never called for time shows the material that he is built of, every atom foot-ball. When the distance is to be made through the line everybody yells, "Run, Stroud, and you will be certain to make it, for there is no line in the South can stop him on a short distance." As to his speed Harris vouches for the statement that when in the vicinity of Apex he can double the time of the fastest Seaboard train. Is certainly an All-Southern half-back, his position when Captain Thompson is playing. Senior, weight 185, height 5 feet 11 inches, age 22, two years on varsity.

Thompson, F. M. (Captain), got himself together such a team that all he had to do was to stand on the side line and watch his magnificent team win victory after victory. Captain Thompson has played every position he has tried, to the delight of every foot-ball enthusiast. For drop kicks, place kicks and goals he equals any and for punting he excels all, and is equally as good in carrying or stopping the ball, and is even better in base-ball than in foot-ball. To much praise cannot be given Captain Thompson for the exceptional manner in which he has gotten together and run a foot-ball team that A. & M. College will ever look back on with pride and relate how this unconquerable team won for them the championship of the South. Junior, weight 175, height 6 feet, age 21, three years on varsity.

MANAGER.—Last, but, from one point of view, by no means least, comes Couch, L. H., manager of the champions, and Harris, C. D., graduate-manager; they have both shown unusual abilities in arranging games, especially the Thanks-

giving game for which they secured such excellent accommodations for carrying the large crowds there and in entertaining them while there, and in caring for the team, having so financed things that they were able to treat the team in royal style, give the public good games and still come out to the good in every respect.

To our Bursar, Mr. Brown, be praise forever also, for it was principally through him that our great Thanksgiving game was obtained, and a large part of the arrangements for this game were made by him. The interest he has manifested in athletics here has been unfailing through thick and thin, and it has certainly been appreciated by the student body, but most especially by the athletic managers to whom he has been of inestimable value.

SCRUBS.

The nerviest, most persistent and less praised than any element that goes to make a good foot-ball team, and one that is as indispensable as a member of the team. And to our scrubs this season more praise is due than usual, for without securing a single game in which to play they have stuck to their work—that of being run over by the varsity—without even a murmur. Should they have had a game they would have proven exceptionally strong.

THE CHAMPIONS.

The game is on 'midst wild delight,
Each man inspired with hope and might;
No loss must be when he may stand
To peril victory of his band.

Oh, fears, begone, and hearts be brave!
For Red and White to-night must wave,
Or we're no theme for Tar Heel praise.
Unblemished record we have gained:
Renown and glory must remain.

N. H. T.

HONORS TO WHOM HONORS ARE DUE.

The faculty of the College has passed the following regulations:

No student is to wear the College monogram or letters on any part of his clothing unless the right has been earned and permission to wear the same has been received from the athletic committee of the College.

Any student who has had the honor bestowed upon him to wear the College monogram, and who has rendered such other athletic service to the College as would entitle him to further honors, the athletic council of the College will present with a red star for each year of such service rendered.

The first foot-ball star shall be placed at the upper right hand corner of the College monogram, the second star at the upper left hand corner of the monogram, the third star at the lower right hand corner of the monogram, and the fourth star at the lower left hand corner of the monogram.

The first base-ball star shall be placed in the center at the top of the College Monogram, the second star in the center at the bottom of the monogram, the third star in the center to the right of the monogram, the fourth star in the center to the left of the monogram.

Under the above rules stars for foot-ball have been presented to the following named students: Beebe, monogram and three stars; Thompson, monogram and two stars; Stevens, monogram and one star; Stroud, monogram and one star; Sykes, monogram and three stars; Tull, monogram and two stars; Fox, monogram for base-ball and one star for foot-ball; Perkins, monogram and three stars.

The first honor men for this season are Thompson, Thomason, Stephens, Beebe, Von Glahn, Tull, Fox, Sadler, Johnson, Stroud, Sykes and Spencer. Second honor men are Long, Seifert, Bray and Lattimore.

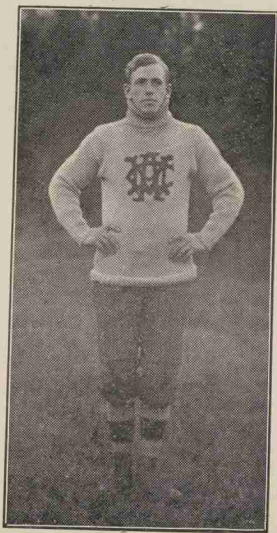
No more fitting or deservedly popular award has been made than the presentation of the foot-ball used in the Thanksgiving game to our All-Southern tackle Howard Beebe, immediately after the game. Those who saw him play in Norfolk know how manfully he fought to win the game for his alma mater and congratulate him for the honors he has won.

At a meeting of the foot-ball team in Wharton & Tyree's studio on December 6th, Mr. S. F. Stevens, quarter-back, was elected captain of the 1908 foot-ball team. Much depends upon a good captain, who will take deep interest in his men and who besides enjoys his work and inspires his team with that do or die spirit which has won so many victories when defeat seemed inevitable, and we believe that Captain Stevens is just such a man, and that in addition to his adding new laurels to his wreath as an athlete, will lead his team in such a manner that when its history is written in college annals, it will be even more brilliant, if possible, than that of 1907.

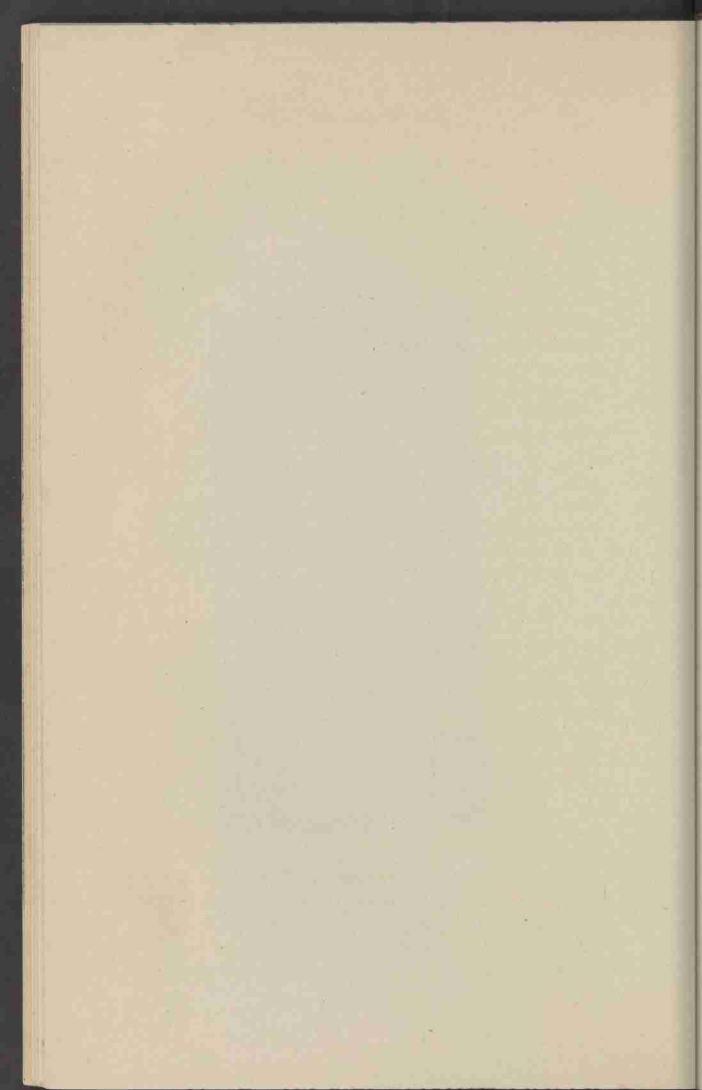
A. & M., 6; DAVIDSON, 0.

On November 16th, Davidson College's triumphant march toward the South Atlantic championship with an undefeated record was nipped in the bud by A. & M. 6 to 0. A large crowd were on Latta Park to see which of the two undefeated teams would bear the scalp of the other off, and all got their money's worth as the game resulted in the most beautiful and hardest fought game ever seen in Charlotte. It seemed that for one time the Presbyterians were "predestined" not to win, for they lost the game just as we did to V. P. I. last year, on a fumble after having a touch-down in their hands. The success with which A. & M. worked the forward pass was nothing short of marvelous.

The game started by Elliot kicking to Thompson on A. & M.'s eight-yard line. Thompson returned the ball 12 yards. Here the battle waxed hot, first one team and then the other



S. F. STEVENS, QUARTERBACK.
(Captain 1908 Team.)
Best Quarterback in South.



having advantage until Davidson made a futile place kick, A. & M. recovering the ball on her five yard line, from where Thompson punted to middle of field and again it passed from first one to the other until A. & M. by three well executed forward passes placed the ball on Davidson's 20 yard line.

On first down another forward pass was made, which landed safely in Sadler's arms on the 4 yard line. Thompson now made 2 yards, Stroud one and a half, and on third down Thompson was pushed through the whole of the Davidson team, who were exerting every effort for a touch-down. Thompson kicked goal.

With less than five minutes Davidson went in determined to score a touch-down before the half ended. Twice Beebe kicked out of bounds and Davidson kicked to Thompson on 5 yard line and with beautiful interference he went back 30 yards, A. & M., unable to gain, kicked, and Davidson returned the kick and secured the ball on a fumble on A. & M.'s 20 yard line. Morton for Davidson went through, but was forced out of bounds on 6 yard line. With but a few seconds left he was again given the ball and went through only to fumble and loose ball on the one yard line; time was now called.

The second half was very much like the first except in scoring. A. & M. tried two drop kicks for goal and Davidson one, all three missing only by a narrow margin. The game ended with the ball in A. & M.'s territory. Seifert, who took Fox's place at end, and Spencer, who succeeded Von Glahn at right guard both did excellent work.

LINE-UP.

<i>A. & M.</i>		<i>Davidson.</i>
Sadler.....	r. e.	Wilkinson
Beebe.....	r. t.	Shaw
Von Glahn (Spencer).....	r. g.	Warlick
Bray.....	c.	Edgerton
Sykes.....	l. g.	Axford
Tull.....	l. t.	Moore

Fox (Seifert).....	l. e.	Sadler
Stevens.....	q.	Elliott
Stroud.....	r. h. b.	Denny
Thompson (Captain).....	f. b.	Morton
Johnson.....	l. h. b.	Clark

Feature of the game was A. & M. working the forward pass.

A. & M., 5; ALL-STARS OF N. C., 5.

On November 20th, A. & M. went up against beyond doubt the heaviest and best players ever gotten together as a team in this State, and the line of this team proved to be by far the hardest one that our backs had ever buttled their heads into, for invincible Stroud, All-Southern half-back, hurled his one hundred and eighty-five pounds against it like a thunderbolt, all to no avail, and we were only able to make the required distance by resorting to off tackle and end runs and by using the forward pass, which our team has been phenomenally successful in handling this season.

The All-Stars, every one of whom was a star in his day, had practiced but a few days, hence could work but few plays, all of which our team could easily handle, and as a result they resorted almost entirely to kicking for offensive work. In defensive work they played as of old, for when A. & M. had carried the ball to the one yard line and everybody was yelling for a touch-down, they did as in their college days, when the citical moment would arrive—formed a barrier to their goal that no team in America could break through.

A. & M.'s touch-down was made in the second half when a long punt by Johnson was badly handled by the All-Stars' back field, and the ball rolled over the goal line, and the ever-ready end—Sadler—fell on it. A punt out for goal was then made, but Beebe failed to kick it.

The All-Stars' touch-down—the only time our goal line has been crossed during the season—was made by Sykes, A. & M.

star guard, who after blocking a forward pass recovered the ball and ran, as nobody ever thought he could make his 205 pounds move, for a touch-down. Thompson failed at goal.

The athletic element of our college, which is the whole, should and do feel very grateful to these men for organizing such a team, having as they did the sole object of strengthening our team for the Thanksgiving game.

The men composing this team are such well-known players to all North Carolinians that to mention their record is useless, several, as will be seen, being old A. & M. players, and Dr. Winston was not far from wrong when he made the statement: "We could find nobody else to beat us and so we tried ourselves, and could even beat ourselves, and the only man that has scored a touch-down on us is a member of our team."

The men playing were as follows:

Perkins, center; Sykes, right guard; Siegel, left guard; Whitaker, right tackle; Hines, left tackle; "Bull" Thompson, left end; Cox, right end; Simmons and Jacocks, quarterback; Wilson, right half; F. M. Thompson, full back; Dunlap, left half-back.

JUNIORS, 6; SOPHOMORES, 0.

Although the field was muddy and it was raining at the time, a large part of the student body gathered on the side lines to witness the game between the Juniors and Sophomores. Since the game two weeks before, which had resulted in a score of 12 to 12, each team had been making strenuous efforts to strengthen its weak points and to perfect plays that would find the weak spots of their opponents. It was clearly seen as they came on the field that each team was determined to do or die. From the moment the whistle sounded, it was a fight to the finish. It was not long however before it was seen that the Juniors were gaining more ground than the Sophomores. For twenty minutes both sides bucked and counter-bucked, forward passes and on side kicks were used, but of

no avail; for at the end of the first half neither side had been able to score.

At the beginning of the second half the interest of every one was keyed to the highest pitch. For a while it looked as though the result would be another tie. This idea was soon dispelled. The Juniors failing to make the required ten yards in two downs took the only course open to them and punted. A long kick was made and Gattis, who was playing right end for the Juniors, fell on the ball on the Sophomores' five yard line. Pandemonium broke loose. The Sophomores called to their team to hold and the Juniors urged theirs on to a touch-down. Whitehurst, with Moore, Tate and Marshall "hicking" him, was put through right tackle for a touch-down. Marshall kicked goal. Neither side was able to score after this and time was soon called with the ball in Sophomores' territory. Score 6 to 0. Moore, Gattis, Whitehurst, and Morris for the Juniors, and Manning, Dunn and Parks for the Sophomores played well.

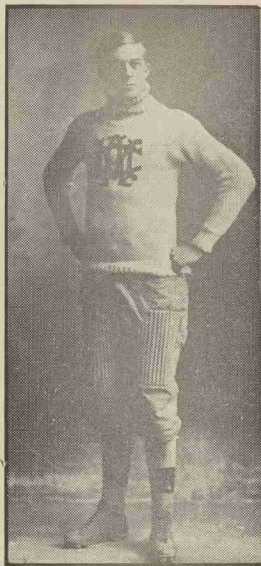
"Pap" Harris, Umpire; "Mickie" Whitehurst, Referee.

H. N. S.

CLASS CHAMPIONSHIP STILL UNDECIDED.

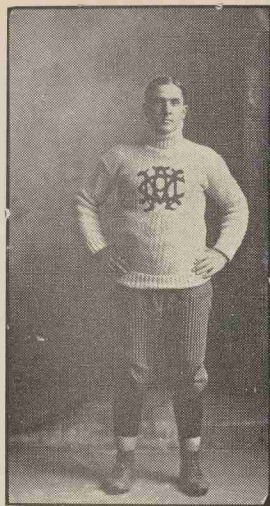
With perfect weather and the entire student body on the side lines, the Juniors met the Freshmen Saturday afternoon, December 7th, on the new athletic field, to decide which class should have its name engraved on the faculty foot-ball cup. The Juniors were confident of victory, and although the Freshmen did not say much it was very evident that they were determined to make it interesting.

The Juniors won the toss and kicked off. Hall received the ball and brought it back twenty yards. Hall was sent through right guard for five yards. Lamberth then makes three yards off left end. The Freshmen fail on an on-side kick. Moore gains 5 yards through right guard. Whitehurst is thrown for a loss of five yards and a forward pass to Gattis gains fifteen.

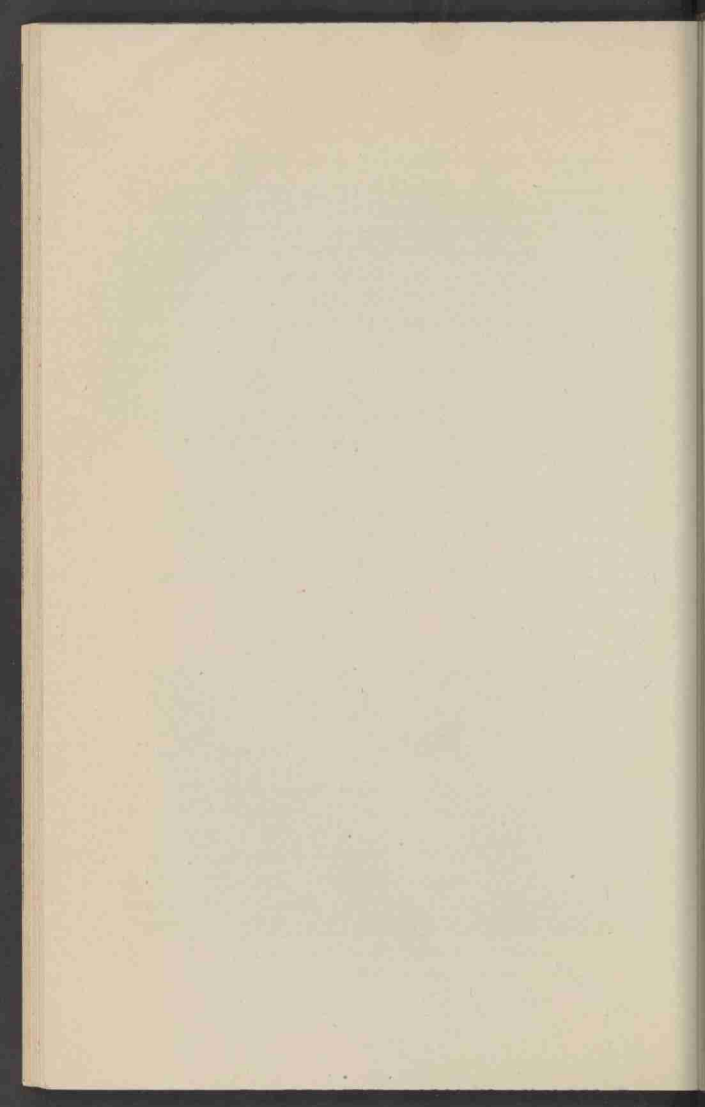


J. L. VON GLAHN.
(All-Southern Guard.)

NORTH CAROLINA STATE LIBRARY.



V. SYKES.
(Star Guard for Four Seasons.)



Morris makes three yards through right guard. Harrison having sprained his ankle, Steele takes his place. Moore and Tate each make gains through right guard. Within twenty yards of goal forward pass is tried and Gattis fumbles on goal line. Freshmen kick from 25 yard line. Juniors return five yards. On side kick gains 15 yards and 10 more are added on fake. Place kick is tried, but goes to left of goal. Freshmen gain five, but lose it on next rush and punt. Ball is returned 5 yards and add 10 more on next rush. Ball lost on an on side kick. Freshmen gain 12 yards on two rushes, but time is called with ball on their 30 yard line.

Much enthusiasm was shown when second half began and Freshmen were more confident. Davidson took Faison's place. Freshmen kicked off and ball is returned 20 yards. Juniors now make total gains of 30 yards, but are penalized 15 for holding and lose ball on an on side kick. Freshmen fumble and Juniors make gains of 25 yards and again lose ball on an on-side kick. Freshmen gain 5 yards and lose ball in same manner. Juniors lose 15 yards on forward pass by penalty and punt. Freshmen lose same and punt out of bounds. Juniors lose ball on an on-side kick and Freshmen gain 8 yards and punt, at which point time is called.

Score, 0 to 0. Umpire, Sykes; Referee, Tull; time of halves, 20 minutes.

FRESHMEN, 6; WARINGTON HIGH SCHOOL, 16.

In a hard-fought game of ball the Freshmen were defeated by Warington High School on Thanksgiving Day 16 to 6. In first part of game the Freshmen had things going their own way, and in three minutes had made a touch-down and kicked goal. Just before the end of the first half Warington tried a forward pass to end, which was blocked by quarterback Ward and Hall secured the ball and ran sixty yards, being downed on one yard line. Time was called before the ball could be carried over. Score, 6 to 0.

In second half Warrington received the ball and went steadily down the field for touch-down and goal. Again Warrington received, but were held for down by the "Yearlings," who in turn had to kick, Warrington's quarterback received the ball and circled right end for touch-down, but no goal.

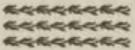
Freshmen again received, but were held for down, and again Warrington worked up to the twenty yard line and on forward pass scored another touch-down, but failed at goal.

TO THE FARMER.

Here's to him who holds the plow;
Friend of the horse, the hog, the cow;
Lover of plants the soil the air—
Noble, free—champion of the chaste, the fair.

EARGLE.



	Literature	
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BATTLE OF GUILFORD COURT-HOUSE.

The night was cold, the wind was shrill,
Fast fell the rain on vale and hill,
As near a village, long ago,
An army halted to meet its foe.

A village small, quaint and still,
Known to the country as Martinsville;
A dozen homes, perhaps no more,
All in sight of the court-house door.

But, oh! for a hundred years or more,
What memories have clustered about that door;
For on many a night as cold and wild
Has the tale been told to each grandchild—

How, after a night of rain and cold,
The dawn of day its curtains fold,
And slowly, rosy, still and bright,
Softly came the morning light.

The cry is heard: "To arms, my men,
Your country calls you to defend."
And heroes of both the Palmetto and Pine
Fall into ranks and form into line.

And just ahead in the sunlight, gleam
The British bayonets the first they'd seen.
But the militia stood in unbroken line
Heroes of the Palmetto and heroes of the Pine.

True to their command "twice fire, then retreat."
They let go their rifles with a flash and a screech;
While along the British line there ran
Cornwallis' voice in firm command.

Ah! noble men 'tis folly to stay longer,
The British veterans are too much the stronger;
Fly, fly for your homes, your children, your wives.
Think how they value each of your lives!

No, stay! the vanquished cry is turned to cheers;
Behold Joseph Winston with his brave volunteers!
Each fights from a tree, they do not retreat,
The old rusty rifles and bright bayonets meet.

The British thought they had won the day,
But the heroes of the Pine would not give way;
And firmly there they stood their ground,
Till the rays of the sun had long gone down.

Then they withdrew to rest and pray;
Eager to finish the fight next day;
Little dreaming that ere the sun should rise
Lord Cornwallis would become so wise.

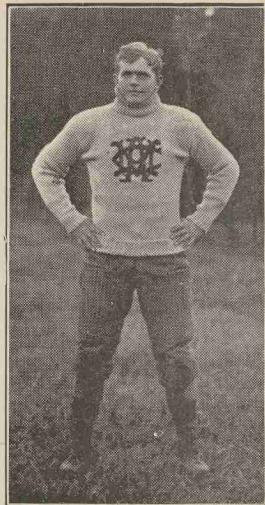
The next day broke with a bright cold gleam,
But Cornwallis' camp could not be seen;
For in the night their tents came down;
The British had retreated to old Yorktown.

These tried veterans had not come to fight
For home, for freedom, for God and the right
And no doubt, but that God had long forseen
That this battle must be given to General Green.

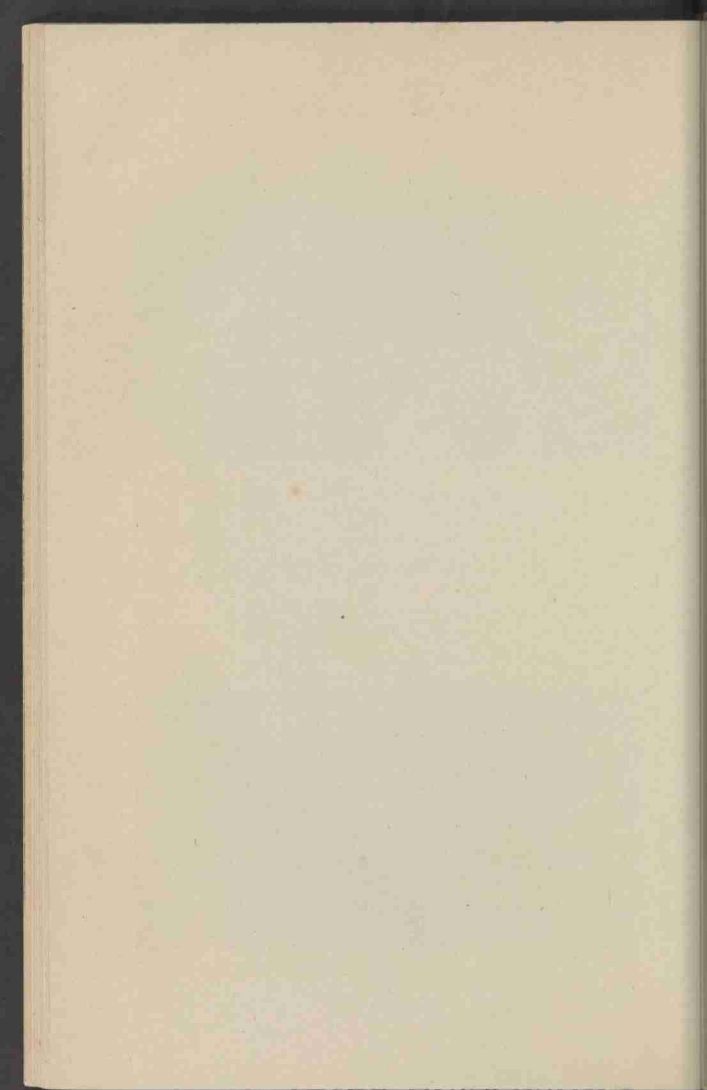
L——.



R. L. Fox.



J. O. Sadler.



BREEDING DISEASE-RESISTANT VARIETIES OF PLANTS.

It is an established fact that in nearly all varieties of our cultivated plants there are individual plants which show a remarkable resistance to disease. This quality is of fundamental importance in cultivated plants, and our interests should impel us to develop and maintain it in all stable, farm and garden crops. The plant physiologist and pathologist do not wholly understand the physiological reasons for the existence of this quality and do no more than to make plain the probable lines of natural action and to outline the processes along which we may proceed. Their experiments have taught us that strains of plants which are really resistant and immune can be obtained by rigid selection and an application of the principle of the survival of the fittest. If we look back over the history of our agriculture, we shall find numerous instances where, because of the ravages of disease, the cultivation of crops has been temporarily or permanently abandoned. For instance, in California at one time a vine disease prohibited the growing of grapes, while in another section the prevalence of black rot hindered the same industry. There are wide areas throughout the South, where it is nearly impossible to grow pears because of a blight, and watermelons because of a melon wilt.

There are many fungi which attack each of our cultivated plants. On the grape alone over 300 species have been found, and of these at least 20 are active enough to produce diseases of economic importance. There are numbers of diseases attacking other important crops, as tobacco, potato, oat, wheat, apple, or different vegetables. In fact, there are few plants that are free from disease. Of course, only a few of these diseases are of real importance, but these cause enormous losses annually, and measures dealing with them are of greatest significance. In 1904 rust in the spring wheat cost the States of the middle Northwest alone over \$25,000,000. The

same season the loss in New York from late blight of the potato was estimated at \$10,000,000. In 1902 the losses caused by flax diseases amounted to over \$4,000,000. The loss from peach leaf curl in one county was \$50,000, and one nursery company in a Western State lost \$40,000 from the cherry shot-hole fungus. In one county in North Carolina two years ago oat-smut caused the farmers to lose \$2,000, a sum equal to one-sixth of all taxes paid by that county.

These instances show what an enormous tax plant diseases levy upon us, and point out the necessity of our striving to save these millions of dollars. A great saving can be effected by the annual application of fungicides, rotation of crops, pruning, and many other sanitary measures, which should be utilized to the fullest extent; but the most important step in advance will be taken by breeding resistant varieties. The cultivation of such varieties will not only reduce the loss, but will save the large sums now expended in spraying and other treatment. Breeding is the most effectual way of combating disease, but is usually resorted to only after other measures have failed. This is for two reasons: (1) Because it is a very slow process, and the demand for quick results has led to work along other lines; (2) if a resistant variety is bred it must be substituted for a variety already in cultivation. This substitution is doubly difficult, because the variety must first be introduced to the distrustful grower, and, second, the product must be sent to a market where it is unknown. If, however, the breeder has been successful, the remedy is a most satisfactory one, as it does away with both expensive treatment and disease for all time.

As has been said above, the process of breeding a new variety requires a long period of constant care; but the result of these years is of a permanent nature and are well worth the time and labor. Not only should the importance of this work be brought to the attention of the public, but the possibility of thus modifying the nature of varieties. We need to get the new conception of varieties as plastic groups instead

of fixed forms. Disease resistance has long been a recognized quality in plants, but we had never attempted its development as we had some other desirable qualities, such as flavor, size and productiveness. The science of plant breeding has shown that definite qualities may be produced and intensified as required, and experiments teach us that disease resistance is no exception.

There will be an increasing demand for the improvement of our common farm crops in this direction. It is a common observation that there are more plant diseases to-day, and that they are spread over wider areas than formerly. Now this is explained by the fact that in a new country the losses from plant diseases are relatively smaller than they are in later times. This is because immense numbers of one kind of plant are grown together, thus stimulating an increase of parasites, and furnishing a freer opportunity for their wide dissemination than found in nature. This is especially true where little attention is given to rotation and the destruction of diseased plants. Parasites adapt themselves to growth on botanically related crops, and so, in old communities plant diseases are more numerous, thus making it imperative that we improve our crops by breeding continually for greater vigor and disease resistance. The greatest progress is to be made by breeding for this quality, utilizing such methods as will solve the problem in hand.

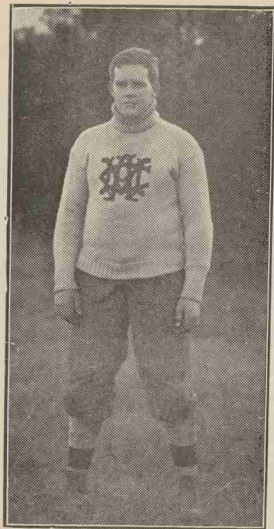
The nature of the plant to be bred, and the character of the disease affecting it will greatly modify the course to be pursued. One class of diseases, such as apple canker and cotton leaf blight attack mainly enfeebled plants or varieties lacking vigor. Here the breeder would very naturally have to introduce greater vigor by selection or by crossing with other varieties. On the other hand, we have another class of diseases, including pear blight, which attacks the thriftiest and most rapidly growing individuals, and so the breeder must try to produce a slower and hardier growth. In another group of cases susceptibility to disease is caused by the host

plant being grown out of its natural range, and in an unfavorable environment. Therefore, it is important that the cultivator should study the adaptation of his varieties to his locality. Each section must have its own varieties of fruits and grains, selected and developed with reference to the soils, climate, and disease resistance. Again, facts teach us that as some resistant varieties grow older they gradually lose their power of resistance and must be replaced by newer, more resistant varieties. This is instanced by the *Magnum Bonum* potato, which was a great success in England for many years, and then declined.

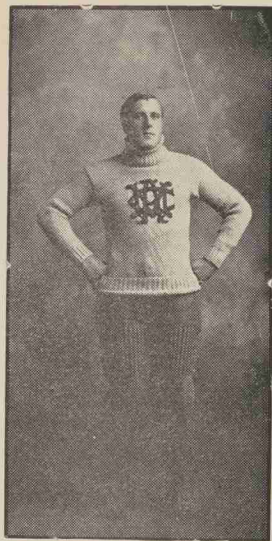
Disease resistance, in plants as we find them around us, is in some cases an attribute of species, in others, of varieties, and in others, of individuals.

Sometimes one species may be used to replace another which is attacked by disease, or else serve as a stock upon which the susceptible species can be grafted. An illustration of this is found in the disease of grapes caused by the presence on the roots of the insect *Phylloxera*. This pest had been introduced into Europe from America, and the grape industry of that continent was threatened with destruction because *Vitis vinifera* had no power of resisting the disease. To avoid destruction native American grapes, which had been developed along with *Phylloxera*, were introduced into Europe and served as stocks for *vinifera* scions, thus permitting the continued cultivation of European varieties. Other examples of substitutions that may be made are the durum wheats, which are much more resistant to rust than are the bread wheats. The Chinese or sand pear, with its hybrids, Kieffer and Le Conte, are much more resistant to blight than the European pear.

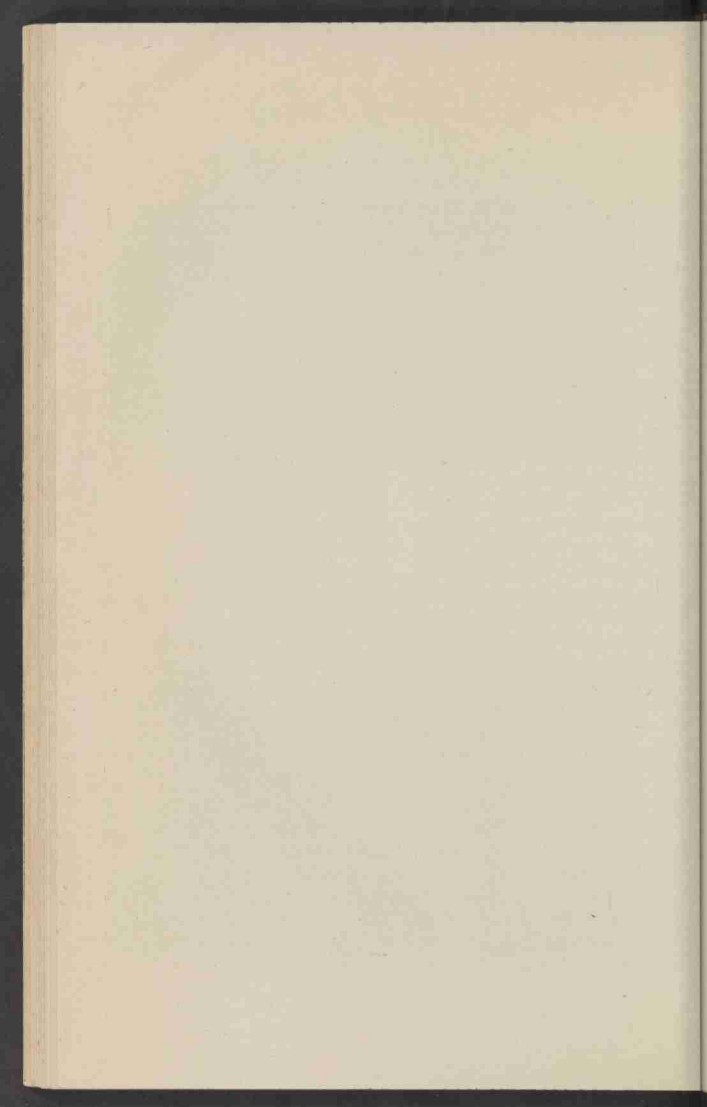
Plant diseases caused by fungi which have adapted themselves more completely to the parasitic mode of life are restricted to certain definite hosts. Therefore, we find plants attacked by serious diseases to which their nearly related kins-plant is much less susceptible. Thus in many instances



H. BEEBE.
(Best Tackle in South.)



REID TULL.
(Star Tackle.)



the plant breeder may find a resistant species closely enough related to permit of hybridization and be able to produce this quality in a crop formerly lacking it. A recent example of this is the hybrid made with the citron and watermelon. All varieties of watermelon are susceptible to a wilt caused by *Neocosmospora vasinfecta nivea*, a soil fungus. It was impossible to find an individual watermelon which was resistant, so a cross was made with the citron, an inedible, but wilt-resistant member of the same species. This hybrid showed greater vegetative vigor and productiveness, and resisted disease. Three generations were grown and a few vines were found to produce edible fruit. A second hybrid between the first generation and the original melon parent possesses superior quality. The wilt resistance of the citron parent is preserved, and as all breeding is done on infected land, those individuals that are susceptible are destroyed by the disease. This latter point is a prime requisite in all work on breeding for disease resistance. To breed a resistant variety of plants, a location must be chosen where the disease prevails, and if the disease be caused by soil trouble, then only infected land should be used in the breeding work.

Not only are there differences in resistance to disease in closely related species, but also differences among the varieties within the same species, and numerous instances could be given to show that while certain varieties are badly attacked, others are practically free from the same diseases. Scab is a disease to which the Fameuse apple and the Flemish Beauty pear are extremely susceptible, while the Ben Davis apple and the Duchess pear are practically free from its attack. The Kieffer pear is largely resistant to blight, and Texas rust-proof oats are practically what their name implies. One other instance is the iron cow-pea, which was found in cultivation in South Carolina, where it was valued as a very hardy variety. Trials proved it to be resistant to both the wilt disease and the nematode root knot, making it a very valuable forage and rotation crop on infected land. This variety cross-

ed with the Black variety, has given forms which combine the resistance to disease of the one with the color and habits of growth of the other. This is but an indication of the success that may be expected in like work with other important crops.

Disease resistance is an attribute of an individual plant also, therefore we find individuals within the same variety unharmed by a disease which has destroyed most of the other plants. Thus we see there is a possibility of obtaining resistant varieties direct by selecting individual plants from susceptible varieties. More attention will be given to this phase of breeding in the future, because in nearly every variety of plants resistant individuals are to be found and experiments prove that in most cases these individuals transmit their resistance, as well as their other qualities of productiveness, size, etc., which are already present and fixed. The Department of Agriculture has bred a wilt-resistant variety of cotton that may be cited as an example of this method. The fungus causing the wilt was present in the soil for years and could not be combatted by fungicides. Here and there over the areas infested scattering cotton plants remained and matured, and from these seed was saved, planted on infected soil, and produced a resistant progeny. In this way the Rivers Sea Island cotton originated in 1900, and since that time has had this quality intensified by selection. Efforts are now being made to get a wilt-resistant upland cotton and the prospects are bright. The introduction of such improved strains combined with rational systems of rotation will prevent much of the great losses now suffered from this disease.

In breeding plants it is comparatively easy to reproduce and intensify one quality; but it is extremely difficult to reproduce all of the desirable qualities and at the same time intensify one or more of them. So while breeding for disease resistance we must not lose sight of the great importance of the other factors of quality in the product, such as size, color, flavor, fineness, productiveness, adaptability to markets, etc. We must produce a variety that possesses these factors of

quality to such a degree as to make them worthy of cultivation aside from their disease resisting power. A variety must be good enough to compete with existing varieties or it will not come into general use, as farmers prefer varieties of good quality and productiveness. Now comes the question whether a breeder can obtain disease resistance without giving up quality. Many believe he cannot; but there is much to be said on the other side. It is true that if a breeder is striving to obtain a special quality, he is likely to overlook some other point and thus partly defeat himself. In breeding for resistance to a particular disease we may get a variety very resistant to one disease, but most susceptible to another. As an instance of this we have the cotton bred for resistance to wilt, yet subject to anthracnose and leaf spot. In breeding general hardiness should never be lost sight of. We believe that it is possible to secure both quality and disease resistance, and offer the Rivers cotton as a proof, because by selection not only has its resistance to wilt been intensified, but its productiveness and length of lint have been increased.

It requires a great deal of time to be spent in the fields, to produce a successfully resistant variety of plant and also a large outlay of money to pay for the cultivation of large trial grounds. The limitations as to time and money that have been placed on investigators in the past have hindered the production of resistant varieties; but now the day is at hand when much will be accomplished along this line. The field bristles with many inviting problems, as there are so many crops in need of just this sort of work. The soil diseases come first and already there are promising returns for work done on root rot of cotton and alfalfa. The wilts of the tomato, cabbage, flax, and aster require this treatment. To us of the South it is of the greatest importance that we produce varieties resistant to nematodes.

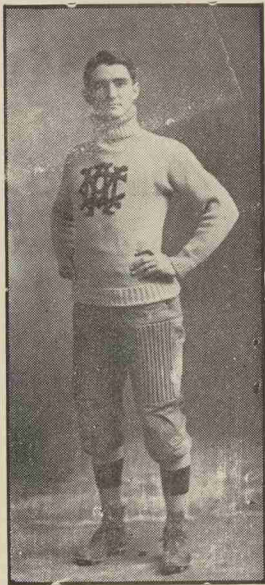
Experience has taught us much in regard to the best methods of breeding disease resistant varieties. The procedure is practically the same as when breeding for other qualities.

Selection and hybridization are the two methods employed, and selection is preferable, if the proper individual can be found, as it prevents breaking up the type. Great importance should be attached to the individual in such breeding work. Every strain propagated should trace back to a single plant, so that uniformity can be secured. In this way the desirable quality will be fixed from the very beginning unless hybridization has occurred earlier in the history of the strain. These resistant selections will retain their resistance under cultivation because the quality of resistance will be maintained just as any other quality would be. Selection must be practiced each year to prevent the reversion of a highly selected type. While not necessary it would be desirable to grow the seed each year to prevent the reversion of a highly selected type. might be weeded out. In the Rivers and the Sensation cotton and in the Iron cowpea the quality of disease-resistance remains unabated after several years of cultivation; and there is no reason to think that disease-resistant varieties, when properly selected and fixed, will not remain as well as any other variety.

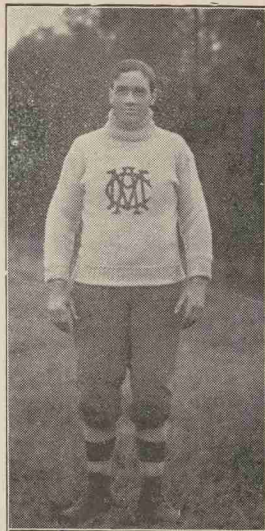
In conclusion, we think that every farmer should be a student of his plants and of their diseases and environment. He should be continually on the watch for plants of disease resistant quality, and by selection or hybridization should develop those varieties that will best thrive under his peculiar soil, climatic, and disease conditions. He should supplement his breeding operations by careful rotation of crops and better culture methods.

F. H. B., '08.

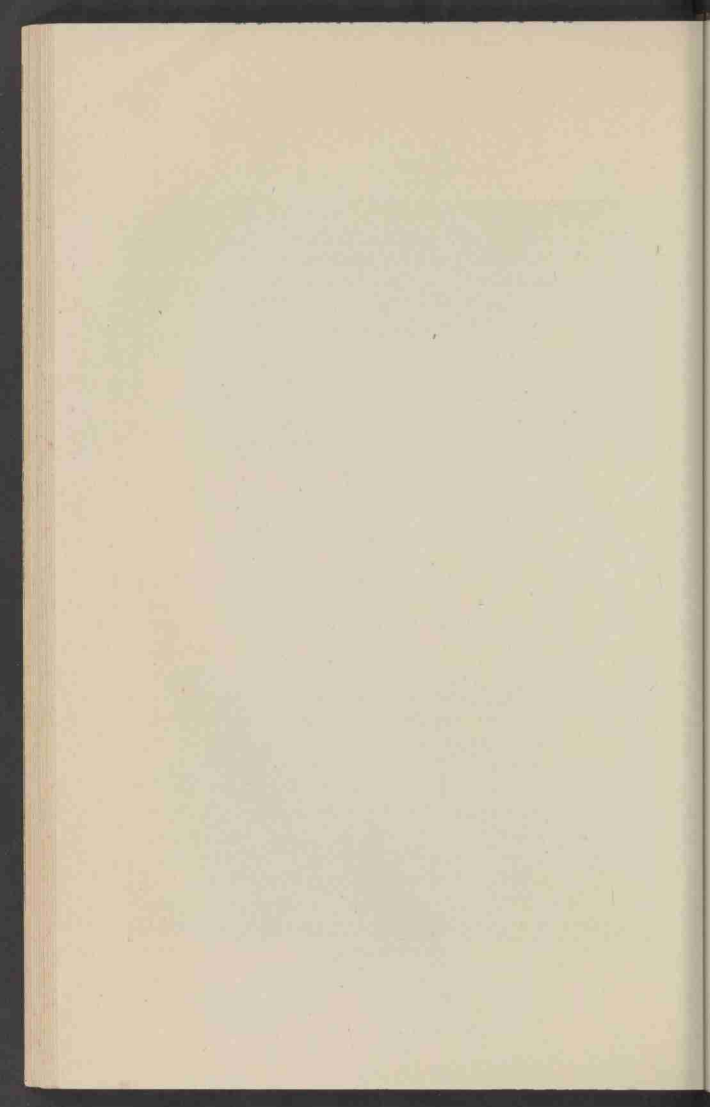




W. F. R. JOHNSON.



J. S. STROUD.



THE PEACEFUL VALLEY.

Reaching up over my bunk for the trusty gun that always hung there when not in use, I strolled off through the wood, determined to bring home a supper worthy a king of the forest. On I walked past gigantic oaks, 'neath dark, shady pines, whose heads were raised far above the surrounding trees, through small jungles and thickets, emerging at last from this forest primeval at the head of a still, dark, solemn looking valley from which no sound whatever came.

A dim little trail led down into the valley and I followed it. I had gone but a short distance when a rabbit sprang from a bunch of clover near the trail and started off down it; raising my gun I fired at the innocent little creature, but it continued to hop on, either the distance being too great or my aim poor, and the reward for my effort was a deathlike thunder-roll that came back to me from up the valley. As I paused to reload my gun this echo re-echoed from the forest through which I had just past and I could not help thinking how peculiar this noise must be to the animals living in this uninhabited valley, as it re-echoed from one end to the other, and as the sound gradually died away the quietude that prevailed over the solemn valley threw a gloom about me that I could not dispel, and I wandered on wondering by what authority I could drive this innocent little child of nature from his evening meal.

A little farther on I came to a tiny little streamlet of cool, clear, crystal water that a little further up bubbled out through a crack in a large rock and formed itself into a beautiful little pool from which I stooped and quenched my thirst. Again I stopped to think for a moment. Why had Nature formed this beautiful little pool? Was it for me to quench my thirst just this one time that this rivulet had bubbled on for all past ages! Just then a wood wren gave its peculiar defiant little whistle at my elbow, and like a flash the truth

dawned upon me. I was invading its domain; nature had erected this small fountain for her small children and I was a thief to use it after God had endowed me with such faculties as would enable me to build pools for myself.

Seeing a large hickory tree under which the ground was covered with nuts near, I sat down at its root and leaned back against its massive body to wait for squirrels which I knew must frequent such an ideal storehouse of food as this king of the forest afforded. Soon one appeared and for some time I could not make out what it was doing, so industriously did it seem to be at work digging holes, but when I saw it drop a nut into one and cover it I knew that winter was approaching, and that this industrious little fellow was making preparations for its winter food. I raised my gun to fire whispering to myself, "My young man, your labors are all in vain for I shall eat you for supper." The little fellow saw me move and gave a jump to a nearby bush, and began dancing up and down barking and shaking his tail in a very hostile manner, as if to say, "By what authority come you thither and invade my store-house." Another up the tree took up the war cry and it seemed was going to attack me, so close to my head did it come, barking, popping its tail and dancing from first one side of the tree to the other.

I lowered my gun and sat perfectly still watching their peculiar actions, and again I found myself wrapt up in solemn thought. Again I asked myself the question: "For whom did Nature cultivate and grow this hickory nut tree; was it for me who was now paying my first visit to it, or was it for those true children of hers—the squirrels which had lived off of it for hundred of years."

Soon the little fellows quit their barking and began again their industrious preparations for winter, stopping occasionally to eye me very critically and eat a nut, but they soon decided they were fooled and that I was only a part of the landscape, and came so near me that I could easily have struck them with my gun, but how dare I. God had built

this home for them, and though not in his image, they were his children as much as I, and I was an invader come with the sole purpose of taking their lives, but yet I could not even move for fear of losing sight of the dear little creatures who now possessed beauties before unseen, and who trusted me so implicitly.

The solemn gloomy spell cast over me at hearing the death-like echo of my gun had wrought a change in my very inmost soul and I no longer desired to destroy Nature's weaker children. I felt at peace with the rabbit, and desired to beg its pardon for having frightened it away from its evening meal, the wren, the brook, the trees, the squirrels. I drifted off into a dream—a reverie; my thoughts passed from one to another of the beautiful objects of nature that I had never before seen to appreciate. I thought how few of the real gifts of God these poor little creatures are endowed with, and yet I came forth to destroy their one precious treasure—their lives.

When I awoke the sun was down; my squirrels were gone, and I slowly wandered back home to lay my gun in its same old place, never to be moved again for that purpose.

“D——.”



THE TROUBADOUR.

The lady fair and sweet, sits in her window wide,
In evenings when the moonlight casts shadows by her side.

One night when calmly thinking, her thoughts were recalled
from afar,
By the soft and mellowed sweetness arising from a lover's
guitar.

At first the music was low, but grew more forceful and bold,
As the strings of his beloved instrument came in accordance
with his heart and soul.

"My lady love, so far, to thee goes out my heart,
I go away; from thee I wish a token ere we part."

Her handkerchief she dropped, sweetly perfumed before;
The troubadour took it with a sigh—departed and was heard
no more.

R. K. B. '10.

AND ALL WAS WELL.

From childhood's happy bare foot days James Talton and Grace Saxton had loved each other, and since they had become grown both realized that it was much more than merely a friendship's love that existed between them, and Talton would probably long since have asked Mr. Saxton to entrust his daughter's keeping to him, had he not so many times been told—and in earnest—from his earliest days of love, when he and Grace would so earnestly, in their childish way, plan their future: "Before you can marry my daughter, my little man, you must have a home for her, and be old enough to take care of her." And now, just after his graduation it seemed to Talton that he was further from filling the requirements than ever, for even though he now held a good position, the financial crisis that had for months been hanging over the entire country, forbade a rapid accumulation of wealth and hence he must fight financial odds.

This financial crisis it seemed would culminate in the breaking of nearly everybody in town of Lexington, for you could secure money under hardly any conditions, hence debts were going unpaid even by those who possessed large wealth.

Talton's father, a wealthy merchant of Lexington, not fearing for a moment but that he could secure his deposits from the Lexington National Bank as Mr. Saxton, its president, was one of his best friends, had placed a large order for goods earlier in the season, and the bill was now due. But Mr. Talton had not realized how scarce money was, so when he called for a sufficient sum to meet this large bill and was told that it was impossible for the bank to meet such a demand, he could not believe it. And even after a long consultation with the president, which finally ended in a bitter quarrel, he still would believe nothing but that the bank was trying to beat him out of his money. To add to the bitter feeling that now existed between these two former business partners, a week

later a check came in to be cashed signed by James Talton, who had never deposited any money there. Mr. Saxton on seeing this check became almost insane with rage, for he naturally concluded that Mr. Talton, desiring to brake the bank at any cost, was the cause of his son's doing such a thing; so when he went home for dinner he called Grace, his only child, into his study and at once began to give vent to his cooped-up rage.

"Grace," he began, "do you know what that sneaking cur with whom you have been going all these many years has done? You know to whom I refer; he has had the audacity to forge a check on our bank. I'll admit that I believe his father was the cause of it, but if he is such a fellow as to allow himself to be twisted around Abe Talton's finger in that manner, he is not a fit associate for you; and I have called you in here now to tell you that hereafter you shall associate with him in no manner whatever, until you have my permission to do so."

"Father, James Talton is every whit a gentleman, and I do not and will not believe that he has forged a check until he tells me so himself."

"Here it is with his name signed to it; will you believe his writing?"

Grace took the check and eyed it very keenly for several minutes and answered, "I have been reading James Talton's handwriting ever since I can remember, and even though that is a good imitation, it is not his handwriting."

"Shuh! don't you suppose that I know a man's handwriting after reading it as long as I have his, and the least you can do for such a man is never to even think of him again, and so sit down there and write what I dictate.

'Lexington, Dec. 5, 18—.

'Mr. James Talton:

'No gentleman would treat my father as you have, and I do not care to have any connection with any but gentlemen, hence our friendship, in every form, is forever severed.

'GRACE SAXTON.'

"Father, you know I cannot send such a note as that to James, as much and as long as I have loved him; you do not realize what you are asking me to do, and were you any one but my father I would flatly refuse to do it."

"A daughter of mine shall associate with none but gentlemen, and if you still desire to go with him and refuse to mail that note, you can go; but remember, you will be no daughter of mine."

With that he picked up his hat and walked out.

Grace sat for several minutes with tears slowly running down her otherwise rosy cheeks, murmuring to herself, "I just can't do it; if father knew as I do that James Talton did not sign that check, he would not ask me to write such a note. And if it was not mother's request I believe that this is one time I would refuse to obey father, come to what it would; but since father demands that I mail it I must, but I will forever hate the day that throws this impassible barrier between my love and I."

Just one long, miserable year had slowly dragged by since Grace mailed that note to Talton. A year—the only one in her short life in which she had not been happy every day, but not one happy day had she spent during this three hundred and sixty-five, and but very few nights but that she had either lay awake and thought or slept and dreamed of that note she had written. And now for three weeks she had lain in bed gradually growing weaker. Worry had long since driven the roses from her cheeks and all the medical science that money commanded, could not replace them and she had gone from bad to worse. To-day when she asked the nurse to bring her father to her bed side, she had determined to tell him just what she knew to be the cause of her illness.

"Father," she slowly and almost in a whisper, began, "do you remember that one year ago from to-day you dictated a letter to James Talton and forced me to send it to him, in

which you barred him from my friendship? Since then my life has been a miserable heart-broken wreck; I have not seen one happy day and what I have suffered no mortal can know unless by experience. I am now on my deathbed and am going to make one request of you; if you love me one particle, you will grant it, for unless you do it will be the last request that I will ever make on this earth, for ere the sun rises again my body will be at rest, but my soul can never rest until I have James Talton's forgiveness. Telegraph James Talton *immediately* to come here on next possible train, is my request."

Dear little daughter, you do not know what you are asking; I have forbid that man to ever enter my door again."

"You knew not what you *demand*ed of me a year ago to-day." With that she closed her eyes and turned her face to the wall.

Mr. Saxton sat for a moment fighting himself; then rose, leaned over and whispered: "I will, dear," and as he kissed her fevered cheek he saw a faint smile play across her face, the first for weeks.

James Talton was sitting in his office and for the three hundred and sixty-fifth time was going over in his mind the mystery connected with that check, and the note that he had received from Grace, for he knew that the two were closely connected, and even though he knew that the note was in Grace's handwriting he had never believed anything but that her father had caused her to write it, and he still loved her and some how could not help but believe that she still loved him, when a messenger boy entered and handed him a telegram. With impatient haste he tore it open and read:

"Lexington, Va., Dec. 5, 18—.

"James Talton:

"Come at once. Grace is deathly sick. Her one request is to see you.

J. H. SAXTON."

"Her one request is to see me," he again ran over in his mind, "and nothing but death shall keep me from going on the next train."

When Talton met Mr. Saxton at the station the only welcome that he received was, "Get in the carriage," and the savage glance that he gave him was sufficient evidence to Talton that hatred in its truest sense still lingered in his heart. Not a word was spoken as they rapidly passed over the mile to the Saxton home, and when it was reached another savage look and, "The nurse will show you to her room," came as a relief to Talton.

As the nurse and Talton entered the room and the former softly whispered, "Mr. Talton, Grace," she opened her eyes and for the first time in months roses, though faint in color, bloomed on her cheeks. Talton's one desire was to take her in his arms, but he realized how weak and frail she was, so falling on his knees beside the bed he said: "Grace, I'll swear I never signed that check."

"I knew it, James," she whispered, "and I never wrote that note, but won't you forgive me for sending it?"

Talton did not need to answer, and a ring that he had purchased more than a year ago for Grace, was now very gently placed on her thin finger and as Talton held it up for her to see and softly asked: "Sweetheart, can it stay there?" it seemed to him that the smile she now gave him was the sweetest he had ever seen on her face, and with a kiss he was gone, calling back as he passed out, "Will come again as soon as I can."

"Boss," said old Uncle Bob to James Talton a few days later, "if I tell you what I'm gwine to, will you promise dat you will not get mad and hurt de old man?"

"Why certainly; what is it?"

"Boss! here's dat money what I been owing you for more'n a year."

"What do you mean? You never owed me any money."

"Well, de nigger muss tell. Don't you know 'bout dat check what I fo'ged on you. Boss, I was in jest sich a close place dat I jest had to have de money; you know when dey had me up for stealin' and I had to get myself a lawyer, I know'd you had de money and would give it to me if you was here, and I know'd I could write dat check jest like you, 'ca'se you's de one what learnt me how to write, and I knowed I could pay it back, so I jest could not go to jail when I could help it, and dat's what I done."

"Uncle, you did a pretty bad trick, for I did not have a cent in the bank, and you like to have caused me to lose my all; certainly, I would have let you have the money, and now I expect I'll have to let you have it to get you out of trouble. I'll help you all I can though, but you better go to Mr. Saxton in a very humble way, pay him, for it was his money you got, and beg his forgiveness, but doubtless you will have to go to jail, for he is strictly a business man."

"You don't tell me dat, do you? Lawd, I'll be on my knees to him in a mighty short time."

Uncle Bob shuffled up to Mr. Saxton in a very humble way and made his story several times as bad as he did to Talton, when he was through Mr. Saxton said: "Bob, I'm a good mind to kill you, you scoundrel; but a nigger with that much sense is worth living, so go back there in the yard and cut me some wood."

With one jump and a yell, Uncle Bob was at work harder than ever he had worked before, and all was well.

FENTON TOWE, '08.



PICKANINNY'S MISSION.

Recently a man was riding along a dusty country road on a hot summer day, when he met a group of small boys coming briskly down the highway raising all the dust they possibly could by shuffling their feet along the ground, and each was emitting a peculiar sputtering, chugging noise. They paid no attention whatever to the traveler except the foremost one, who gave vent to a hoarse "Honk! honk!" but did not swerve from his course. The rider, considerably amused by their conduct, pulled his horse to the side of the road and let them pass, asking one of them as he did so, the meaning of this unusual procession. The boy ceased his sputting just long enough to say: "Playing automobile," and passed on.

About two hundred yards further down the road, the traveler encountered another boy about the same age as those of the former group.

He was a cold black pickaninny, but he was puffing and blowing along just as the others were doing, and when asked what *he* was doing, said: "I'se playin' automobile, sah."

"But what are you doing way back here? Why don't you play up yonder with the other boys?"

"I b'long back here, Boss, I'se de smell."

T.

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This issue ends the first half of our year at the magazine making business, and if we have made any success whatever it has been due almost entirely to the editorial board and those not concerned one way or the other, for we certainly have not received the help from the students that we pleaded for in the beginning.

Wake up, fellows! If we can beat the University of Virginia playing foot-ball, we at least ought to beat Elon in putting out a college magazine.

This is our first attempt at a foot-ball issue, and if it is a success, give your praises to the athletic editor who worked the editor-in-chief sleepless arranging the material that he shipped in by the car-loads.

We wish to thank Dr. Summy, H. C. Fry, N. H. Tate and Dr. Joel Whitaker for the excellent articles they have contributed during the fall and hope that they will continue their good work.

Thanksgiving—the only real glorious one in the history of this college—has come and gone, and has left A. & M. standing where she has never before been—before the eyes of the South as leader, in at least one phase of college athletics, foot-ball, for there can be no doubt but that we have this past season won the championship of the South in this sport. And as Governor Glenn said at our mas-smeeting, Tuesday night before Thanksgiving, North Carolina has been a leader in all the leading events of our nation, and there is no reason why she should not lead in college sports as well, and it is up to us to maintain this high standing.

Never before has such interest been manifested in a foot-ball team or in one single game as was in our team during the past season, and in the game at Norfolk Thanksgiving Day. This was due no doubt to the comparatively short history of our college, and to the wonderful growth it has made along all lines and most especially in athletics, and we would insist that every reader carefully read the history of foot-ball in our college that appears in this issue prepared by a man who played against our first team, on our second one and who has watched and aided our growth in foot-ball as no other individual has, and to him the college and friends of the college

should extend thanks unlimited, for never a year has passed since he and his team representing a high school of Raleigh were beaten by A. & M.'s first team, has he not rendered our college team valuable service.

Another leading element in our success during the past season was the assistance we have received from the press, especially the *News and Observer*, and when the following editorials, truly voicing the sentiment of the State and especially Raleigh, appeared in the red letter edition of that paper, declaring our victory to the world, the Raleigh people truly responded and gave our team a welcome that will long be remembered by the college:

The season for red heads has again appeared. The A. & M. foot-ball team yesterday upheld the honor and sovereignty of the State.

Raleigh to the victorious A. & M. foot-ball team: If you do not see what you want, ask for it!

To the A. & M. team: Raleigh belongs to you.

Who cares for a money famine when the A. & M. team can beat all comers on the grid-iron and become the champions of the South?

Finally, brethren, we are glad the A. & M. foot-ball team licked the University of Virginia team and showed them that this old State is ahead in everything!

Let everybody say, "So be it," in giving an unprecedented welcome to the victorious A. & M. team upon their return to-day.

We were also very glad to note the space and favorable comments both on the team and those accompanying them to Norfolk by the Norfolk papers, and we believe that a few more such victories as this will prove to the world that we are

not so bad after all, and that we do some things other than haze Freshmen and indulge in class rushes—at least that we play foot-ball; so let's have them.

Work on annuals—the yearly movements of college life—should be well under way by now, and even though it requires hard work, and abundance of perseverance, also plenty of cash to put out one, we believe that every college should do so, or some part of the college. We believe that we practice the best method possible in that the annual is published by the Senior class, and though the editorial board consists entirely of Seniors, they are very grateful for any suggestions or contributions that will tend to improve it, so let every one do his best even if that is only purchasing one; this aids very materially.

For the last three months we have been led to understand that the college authorities were negotiating with the city authorities for a supply of water. We are glad to hear of the "negotiations," but we would by far rather see some pipe laid, not one lick so far as we know having been struck. For this three months we have seldom been able to get water for bathing purposes. At present water is turned on the bathroom from six till six fifteen each afternoon, the only time one can get supper in the mess hall. Shall we go dirty or hungry? One condition is inevitable.

We get absolutely no water fit for drinking; sometimes we can get a bucket of dirty, greasy water and at other times we cannot get any.

It does seem to us that in the last half year some arrangements could have been made to supply us with good, clear water, and that some one has neglected his duty in not doing so.

Through the columns of the RED AND WHITE, the official organ of A. & M. athletics, the graduate manager wishes to extend his personal thanks and those of the entire student body to the *News and Observer* for its untiring efforts to aid us in every way possible during the past foot-ball season, and especially are we thankful for the way it boosted our Thanksgiving game for us.

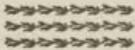
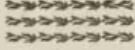
The Red Headed edition of the *News and Observer* of Nov. 29th, telling the world of our victory now hangs framed in the college library as an inspiration for all new-comers to the college.

To Mr. C. H. Gattis, the genial and deservedly popular traveling passenger agent of the Seaboard we extend our most hearty thanks for his untiring efforts in getting us the exceptionally low rate to Norfolk and for the splendid way in which he handled the special train to Norfolk and for his services in arranging other matters for us in Norfolk.

We are very sorry that we have no cut of Captain Thompson in this issue, but as no cut of him has been made we could not obtain one.

C. D. HARRIS,
Graduate Manager.



	Y. M. C. A.	
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BUILDING.

I know we are building our heaven,
 As we journey along the way;
 Each thought is a nail that is driven
 In structures that cannot decay;
 And the mansion at last shall be given
 To us as we build it to-day.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

Mr. G. C. Huntington, Student Secretary for North and South Carolina, was on the campus Nov. 15th. The object of his visit was to aid in the campaign for the Y. M. C. A. building at this college.

Rev. J. C. Massee, pastor of the Tabernacle Baptist Church, addressed the Y. M. C. A., Nov. 17th. He had the close attention of each one present, and gave them a good message. He emphasized the importance of beginning work in early life for Jesus Christ, and not giving this, the most valuable part of your life, to serving the evil one. He said: "Every man must have one master and let that be God. You must strip yourself of your sins and return to Jesus if you would be of most service to yourself and to humanity."

Mr. Eldridge, teacher of the Baraca Class at Edenton Street Methodist Church, conducted the exercises of the last meeting in November. He used for his subject, "Claims of the Bible upon Men." In part he said that a world of profit can be secured from the systematic study of God's word.

Bible study appeals to men now more than ever before. This is proven by the increased numbers that are studying it daily. The Bible gives us noble examples of men, and by studying about them, helps us to keep from sin.

General Secretary E. R. Walton, who attended the International Young Men's Christian Association at Washington, D. C., Nov. 22-26, gave a very interesting account of the convention the first Sunday in December.

From the following abstract of the report it can be seen that the Y. M. C. A. is a world wide movement, and one in which the best men of ever civilized nation are interested. At this convention two thousand and twenty delegates were registered, representing countries all over the world.

The speakers were all of national or international reputation. For example, such men as Hon. James Brice, Ambassador of England; Governor R. B. Glenn, of North Carolina; Sarasin Warnery, of Geneva, Switzerland, Chairman of the World's Committee; Rev. Logan H. Roots, Bishop Hankow, China; Hon. J. A. McDonald, of Canada, editor of the *Toronto Globe*; Christian Phildius, of Geneva, Switzerland, Secretary of World's Committee; J. H. Putterill, General Secretary of London, England; Dr. Kumetaro Sasao, Japan, President of the Government University; Robert E. Speer, New York City; and Hon. William J. Bryan, Nebraska.

Subjects of world-wide importance, such as the following, were presented and discussed: "The Divine Element in Character Building," "What Constitutes a Nation's Greatness," "The Nation's Need of Strong Christian Young Men," "The Association and the Working Man," "Christ in the Life of Men," "The Out-reach of the Association to Non-Christian Lands."

One of the most helpful and enjoyable events that has occurred here this session was the visit of Rev. Millard, pastor of the First Baptist Church in Atlanta, Ga. He came Dec. 4-6, and spent three days here. He held three services of evangelistic nature. At each service he spoke with such force and clearness as to keep the closest attention of his hearers. The services were of much benefit to all who heard them. We hope he may come to us again.



Locals

Exams, Exams, Exams, and still more Exams.

Messrs. Snowden and McNairy, two of our alumnæ, gave us a call on the 20th.

About one hundred and fifty cadets attended the foot-ball game at Norfolk Thanksgiving. After winning the game they took Norfolk by storm and celebrated until the excursion left that night. Judging from the many hoarse voices next day they must have aided very much in winning the game by their yells and songs.

We were glad to have with us for a few days last week our former major, Mr. W. B. Truitt. He is now situated at Greensboro, and has been meeting with splendid success in his work of mechanical engineering.

At a recent meeting of the Athletic Association the following officers were elected: President, J. D. Grady; Vice-President, "Stubby" Hampton; Secretary and Treasurer, M. Hendrick; Manager Foot-ball Team, C. P. Gray; Assistant Manager, L. P. McLendon.

Among our visitors on Thanksgiving were the following: Messrs. D. L. White, '07, C. L. Garner, '07, K. C. Council, '07, Jack Crosswell, '11, and Jim Lynch, '07.

Prof. C. M. Connor, who has been at the head of our Agricultural Deparement, has tendered his resignation, and will not return to college after Christmas. He has been appointed Assistant Commissioner of Agriculture in the Philippine

Islands. While we regret very much to lose him, we wish to congratulate him upon his being appointed to this honorable position.

The Society of the Royal Sons of Rest of the Senior class held its banquet on the night of December 5th in the elegantly arrayed banquet hall at Cafe Giersch. Mr. Giersch served a superb menu in his characteristic style and the occasion intermingled with true college wit and spirits will long be remembered as one of the most enjoyable incidents of the participants' college life. The following is a list of the toasts: D. Y. Hagan, toast-master. "His hours filled with riots, banquets, sports," Ancient History, E. E. Smith.

"An honest man can speak for himself." Our Constitution, L. L. Pittman.

"Thou sayest and undisputed thing in such a solemn way." The Easiest Way to Talk, J. L. Becton.

"I love thy fondness for hot air." The Future of Our Order, D. Lindsay.

"I am Sir Oracle and when I speak let no dog bark." Rest as an Art, C. T. Marsh.

"Love, hope and faith shall ever rest."

Menu: Oyster cocktail, celery, olives, consomme puntainer, Spanish mackerel, broiled, saratoga potatoes, filet of beef, madiera, roast turkey, dressing, cranberry sauce, shrimp salad, ice cream, cake, cheese, crackers, coffee. (Rest implied.)

Those present were D. Y. Hagan, L. L. Pittman, J. L. Becton, D. Lindsay, C. T. Marsh, J. L. Von Glahn, H. W. Keuffner, E. E. Smith, and S. M. Gibbs.

On the night of Nov. 18th an athletic dance was given in Pullen Hall in honor of Mr. and Mrs. O. Max Gardner, of Shelby. Music was furnished by Levin's Orchestra, and the dance as a whole was one of the most brilliant social events of the season. Those dancing were: Mr. Johnson with Miss

Lacy, Mr. Faison with Miss Lizzie Rogers, Mr. Moore with Miss Lee, Mr. Buck Harris with Miss McDonald, Dr. Whitehurst with Miss Allbright, Dr. Whitaker with Miss Lamar, Mr. Lattimore with Miss Norris, Mr. Cox with Miss McGee, Mr. Smith with Miss McKay, Mr. Gibbs with Miss Yancy, Mr. Hagan with Miss McKay, Mr. Durham with Miss Pou, Mr. Etheridge with Miss Steadman, Mr. Jones with Miss Crews, Aburn Harris with Miss Milla Norris, Ollie Higgs with Miss Ball, "Si" Perkins with Pattie Carroll, Gordon Harris with Nonie Rogers, D. L. Stephens with Miss Hancock, Mr. Bounoghs with Miss Clark. Chaperones: Dr. and Mrs. Stevens, Mrs. Lee, Mrs. Pou, Mrs. Latta and Mrs. Dr. Delia Dixon Carroll.

The athletic hop given in honor of the foot-ball team last Friday night was one of the best attended and most successful dances that has been given this year. Those dancing were: R. Faison with Miss Nancy Hay, Geo. Harrison with Miss Crews, "Stubby" Hampton with Miss Lee, B. B. Lattimore with Miss Ruby Norris, "Dick" Johnson with Miss Boylan, S. F. Stevens with Miss Boylan, "Bill" Etheridge with Miss Irene Lacy, G. Anthony with Miss Willa Norris, H. Beebe with Miss Elsie Heywood, "Bird" Eagle with Miss Bailey, "Pap" Harris with Miss Nonnie Rogers, Jack Harris with Miss Foy Yancey, Jim Towe with Miss Nellie Fort, Seburn Harris with Miss Loula McDonald, L. H. Couch with Miss Detwilder, Moses Gold with Miss Lizzie Rogers, A. E. Escott with Miss Cribbs, Prof. Smith with Miss Skinner, Mr. Higgs with Miss Skinner, "Doc" Ferguson with Miss Higgs, Mr. Taylor with Miss Heywood. Chaperones: Dr. and Mrs. Winston, Mrs. Lee, Mrs. Wright, Mrs. Latta, Mrs. W. N. Holt and Lieut. Young. Stags: Atkinson, Sadler, Bray and Long.

All hail to Raleigh for the grand reception she gave our ball team at the Academy of Music on December 2nd, at which rattling good speeches, giving them the praise due, were delivered by Governor Glenn, J. Bryan Grimes, B. F. Dixon, Dr. Winston, Josephus Daniels, W. S. Primrose, C. W. Gold and C. D. Harris, the leading men of Raleigh. The house being packed with people, gave evidence of appreciation of a good foot-ball record.

We often wonder how long a man is supposed to live off of *one good meal*.



Don't This Jar You?

"ELEGY ON A FRESHMAN."

Through the streets of a city at midnight,
Deserted and weary and alone,
The shades of a Freshman wandered—
His body had turned into stone.

He had seen a beautiful vision
At a party one night in Charlotte;
And, as is the custom with Freshmen,
He had asked her to join his lot.

She was a Medusa-like Gorgon,
But the innocent lad was too slow.
And with furious facial expression,
She had hurled him the fatal "No."

On the following morning we found him;
And the cause of his fate soon arose.
His pearly teeth had been broken—
He had bitten Medusa's nose.

You who say he now is in college,
Will find it is only his shade.
So beware! you remaining Freshies,
Lest you follow the path he has made.

ROBERTY BOB, '10.

Towe (to photographer)—"I wish you would make me a nice picture."

Photographer—"You will have to get some one to pose for you."

"Indian" Smith—"I would like to know how in the world you would solve an equation with only one unknown quantity in it."

Dr. Summy—"To what class of literature would you assign 'Rip Van Winkle'?"

Mayes—"Freshman Class."

Barrett says the fortune-teller told him that the girl that would marry him would have blue hair and red eyes. And he did not see the point.

Atkinson (to Prof. Moore)—"How do you mend an electric circuit when you break it?"

A TAR-HEEL BET.

While perched high up on the bleachers between the halves of the game at Norfolk, wondering how the next half would end, the writer's attention was drawn to a young fellow yelling one hundred to two hundred on Virginia. After this fellow walked up and down the bleachers a few times he found his right man. An old, gray-haired Eastern North Carolina farmer with long whiskers waltzed up and said, "Look here, sonny," pulling out a neat roll of bills containing one hundred dollars, "won't this cover your hundred?"

"No, sir, I want two hundred against this one hundred on Virginia," said the lad. The old man reaching down in his left hand breeches pocket pulled out a wad of greenbacks that would choke a rhinoceros, and said, "Sonny, I never seen a Tar-heel downed yit, and I am gest gwine to bet you dis here two 'gainst your one, and when I gets back to Possum Trot I's gwine to tell Sally what a d—— fool I found in Norfolk." When last seen the old man was seated on the Western Union

Telegraph booth in the Monticello Hotel spitting tobacco juice far and wide. None of us know what became of the nervy jay.

WOMAN'S CURIOSITY.

One can readily see from the exchange department of the *Acorn* that it is edited by a female institution since they say they would like to see the full name in place of the initials at the end of the stories in THE RED AND WHITE.

Dr. Winston—"Mr. Pierce, a pound is measure of weight, a yard of length; now, what do you measure in a quart pot?"

"Pungy"—"Liquors, I guess."

Ferguson—"Professor, I didn't know before that there was a grain export city in N. C."

Professor—"I didn't either; which one is it?"

Ferguson—"Newport News."

Professor Conner—"It wasn't the Aztecs who first cultivated corn successfully, but who was it?"

Middleton—"It was the Georgia Teechs."

We sincerely hope the next legislature will provide the college with a rapid talking Edison phonograph with this record, "The following students are directed to call at the Registrar's office" (from A—Z) to be used every morning at breakfast.

Prof. Riddick (illustrating certain qualities of zero in calculus)—"Gentlemen, if each of you in this class has no money why then all of you as a class have none. Now that is true," etc.

"Dock"—"Who is to be the spooner (sponsor) for my company this year?"

THE NERVY KID.

There was a kid so very wise,
 A Prof. he sought to satirize;
 'Cause Prof. once drew
 A pencil blue,
 And wrote a grade that did surprise.

T—.

THERE IS REST FOR THE WEARY.

When he who answers name of Pi,
 For copy shall no longer cry,
 We'll rest in peace,
 In sweet release,
 From calls for stuff we can't supply.

T—.

Eagle—"I didn't know Knox College was a mixed (co-educational) school."

Freshman (in mess-hall)—"I am eating a lot of this rabbit because I have to go on delinquent drill and wish to run well."

Lambe—"It will cost about two hundred dollars to carry the team to Norfolk."

White—"It can't, for you can challenge (charter) a car for seventy-five dollars."

Some one kindly inform Jones that there cannot be three halves in a foot-ball game.

Prof. Parks—"How do you distil water?"

Parks—"Run it through distillum paper."

"*Dock*" (at swell reception)—"I did not know we were supposed to wear our dress suit cases."

"*Dick*" *Rhineheart* (picking up rocks)—"Boys, watch me break that radiator (insulator) on that telegraph pole."

Lambe (to Bryant taking extra apple at table—"I admire your nerve."

Bryant—"Gaul is divided into three parts."

Lambe—"Yes, and if you had been there, you would have gotten two parts."

Senior G. (telephoning to B. U. W.)—"I believe I hear a saw-mill over there. No, it's not either—somebody is playing a piano."

Marsh illustrated before a large assembly of class mates that a finite quantity divided by infinity is zero by passing a dollar into the crowd and getting one to hide it temporarily and all state accordingly that they possess none of it. His trick worked well, even on himself, and his dollar is still at large.



Clippings

When you court a girl to wed her,
Never let the question stop;
First you have to pop the question,
Then you have to question pop.

He—"Don't you think I'd make a good foot-ball player?"
She—"I'm afraid you would be penalized too often for holding."

"What is college spirit?"
She blushing drew near—
"I know that students like it,
Now is it wine or beer?"

EXAM YELL.

Skidoo, skidoo!
Skidoo, skidunk;
We're the bunch
That's going to flunk.

When we speak of man, we mean, of course,
Humanity in common,
Because we can't deny the fact
That man embraces woman.

PROOF OF ANCIENT ORIGIN OF BASE-BALL.

In Genesis we hear much of the beginning.
 Eve stole first, Adam stole second.
 Cain made a base hit.
 Abraham made a sacrifice.
 Noah put the dove out on a fly.
 The prodigal son made a home run.
 David struck out Goliath.
 We hear much of the foul flies in Pharaoh's time.
 We know Rebecca was in company with a pitcher.
 Judas was a base man.
 John's team was highly praised.
 Even to-day, we hear of the Egyptians' short stop near
 the Red Sea.
 Ruth and Naomi did good work in the field.
 A slave fanned Pharaoh.

Little boy,
 Box of paints;
 Sucked the brush,
 And joined the saints.

Heads of all Sophomores remind us
 If we dance the proper jig,
 We may come back next September,
 With our own heads just as big.

Signed,

"FRESHMAN."

"Evolution," quoth the monkey,
 "Maketh all mankind one kin;
 There's no chance at all about it,
 Tails we lose and heads they win."

The Senior wears his dinky hat, and likewise, too, a cane;
The Sophomore extends his chest and shakes his bushy mane.
The Freshman stands, a verdant thing, and runs not from
the rain.
The Junior has no freakish trait, but looks on in disdain.

"Dear father, once you said, 'My son,
To manhood you have grown;
Make others trust you, trust yourself,
And learn to stand alone.'

"Now, father, soon I graduate,
And those who long have shown
How well they trust me want their pay,
And I can stand a loan."

Susie—Mamma, can I take my beautiful French doll to
heaven when I die?

Mother—No, dearie, I'm afraid not.

Susie (sighing)—Well, I guess I'll take my dear Teddy
bear and go to Hell!

A widow, coy and sweet, was wooed by a bluff old sailor,
who thought the world of her. But not trusting himself to
make a direct proposal of marriage, he decided to speak to
her in the metaphor of the sea:

"Kate," he said, "your boat is drifting down the sea of
life, with no strong hand to steer it safely past the rocks.
May I be your captain and sail it for you?"

"No, Jack," she answered with an engaging blush, "but
you may be my second mate if you like!"

STATISTICS.

Seventeen winks One smile
 Nine smiles Three words
 Thirty-nine words One tryst
 Two trysts One kiss
 Seventy-seven kisses One proposal
 One proposal One sister
 Three sisters One engagement
 Three engagements One marriage
 One marriage Forty years' misery
 Forty years' misery One funeral
 One funeral One happy man

ONE KIND OF ENGINEER.

Who comes with Faber sharpened keen,
 With profile long and sober mien,
 With transit, level, book and tape,
 And glittering ax to swat the stake?

The Engineer.

Who sets the level, bends his spine,
 Squints through the glass along the line,
 Swings both his arms at rapid rate,
 Yells "Hold that bloomin' rod up straight"?

The Engineer.

Who raves and snorts like one insane,
 Jumps in the air and claws his mane,
 Whene'er he sees a scraper take
 A whack at his most cherished stake?

The Engineer.

Who swears he'll charge "an even ten"
 For stakes destroyed by mules and men,
 While on all fours he tries in vain
 To find the vanished stake again?

The Engineer.

Who saws the air with maddened rage,
And turns with haste the figured page,
And then, with patience out of joint,
Ties in another "reference point?"

The Engineer.

Who calls it "your unrivaled gall"
Whene'er you kick for "overhaul,"
And gives your spine the frigid chill
Whene'er you spring an "extra bill?"

The Engineer.

Who deals with figures quite profuse;
Then tells you solid rock is loose;
That hard-pan's nothing more than loam,
While gumbo's lighter than sea-foam?

The Engineer.

Who, after all, commands our praise
(In spite of his peculiar ways),
While others harvest all the gains
That spring from his prolific brains?

The Engineer.



Exchanges

The magazines for the month show a marked improvement over those of the preceding month, especially in the way of fiction. It seems that there is more thought taken toward the use of a plot in these stories, a thing that has been sadly lacking in some, especially those of a sentimental nature, which seem to think it necessary only to tell what "he" and "she" said as they decided to "live happily ever afterward."

The *Clemson Chronicle* opens this month with a very excellent poem, "The Revery of a Student," which is good work for this class of poetry. Among the stories, the concluding chapter of "Cupid Conquers," gives a happy ending to a rather tangled situation, although the plot is just a little old. "The Cigarette" is a very good detective story, which is made more interesting by the love story running through it. We consider "An Invitation" to be the best of the poetic contributions to this issue. In addition to this large amount of lighter reading there are several articles of more serious trend, chief among these being "The Development of Electrical Power in the Piedmont," an article which will interest any one having anything to do with this kind of work. We note the absence in the list of department of one devoted to locals. This department, with a capable editor can be made of great interest to the readers.

The *Georgetown Journal* for the month contains a very appropriate frontispiece, also an excellent drawing on the first page. The story "Lorinne of Charente" is the best college magazine story that we have read this year. Modeled on the lines of one of our modern novels, the author gives us a long story in short space, which is so written to avoid any appearance of choppiness and disconnection, faults very common in a story of this sort. "The Story Without a Girl"

is something new, for we had almost come to think that a story couldn't be written without the girl. It is a very neat character sketch, especially in the case of "Johnny," where it seems that the reader has actually a photograph of the little street waif. "The Celts," an essay on the Irish race, whom the author very fitly calls the "Jews of modern civilization," is a very vivid description of the former glories of this, in many ways, peculiar people, and gives us a very logical explanation of the inability of the Irish, notwithstanding their great wealth, learning and valor, to maintain a home government. "Georgetown Fifty Years Ago," is a humorous sketch of the customs, manners and institutions of the time, which would be helpful reading to any student who feels that existing conditions are not quite all they might be.

The Converse Concept for the month is one of the best numbers we have seen from this college. It contains a number of stories and poems, all of which are good, showing that the college has no lack of literary genius. The only fault we find, and that is not really a fault, is the length. A little attention to making longer stories would make a vast improvement in an already excellent magazine.

The Acorn for November opens with a eulogy of the late John Charles McNeill, whose contributions to the literature of the State made him among the greatest of North Carolina writers. There is also the last poem from the pen of this author, "In the Woods," a poem on his favorite subject, that of nature. In this issue we have the conclusion of "Darl Glyston's Star." Among the essays are "Jewish Feasts" and "The Pre-Raphaelites," the former being descriptive of the religious feasts of the Jews, the latter giving the characteristics of that group of artists known as the Pre-Raphaelites. The magazine on the whole is very creditable.

The first number of the *Palmetto* to reach us is fully up to its past high standard. This magazine makes a specialty of the short story, stories that don't cause the reader to think they were put there to fill space and which are really delight-

ful reading. We would make especial mention of "The Christmas Hop," which is one of the best pictures of rural life we have seen in some time. Among the poems, the "Marriage Hymn" from Catullus is to be highly commended, for in addition to an excellent translation the versification is such that it is a most delightful piece of poetry.

The Wofford College Journal is very well gotten up this month as much as there is of it. We would suggest that the literary department be enlarged. The poems are all good, especially "Aunt Lindy's Sacrifice." The story "An Extremist" is of too sad a tone to make it really interesting. Nevertheless, it is a very good story. In addition to these the magazine contains an essay, "The South and Immigration," which treats in a very able manner a question which is now of great importance to the South.

In addition to our usual exchanges we acknowledge the first issues of the following magazines: *Linsley Cadet*, *Florida Pennant*, *Norfolk High School Magazine*, *Pine and Thistle*, *R. H. S. Enterprise*, *Palmetto*, *State Normal Magazine*, *University of Arizona Monthly*, *The Bowen Blade*, *The University of Mississippi Magazine*, *The Oracle*, *Woodbury Forest*, *The Oracle*, *Duval High School*, *The Ivy*, *Freedom Echo*.

