

The Red and White

FEBRUARY, 1908

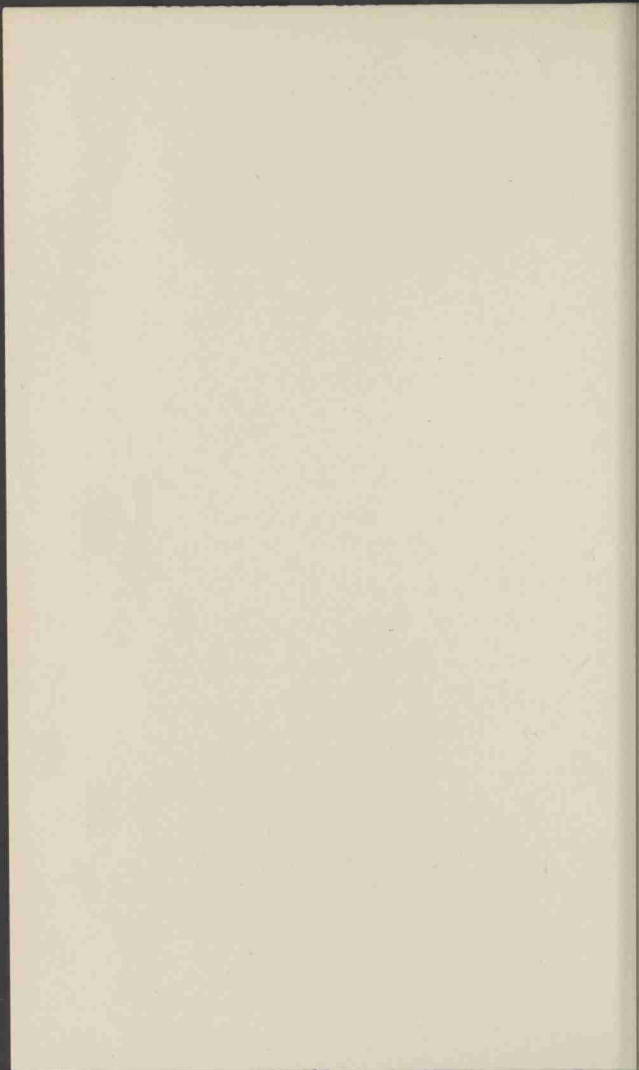
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C. T. MARSH, *Business Manager.*



The Red and White

Vol. IX

WEST RALEIGH, N. C., FEBRUARY, 1908

No. 6

THE SPIREA.

Of all subtle fires of earth,
Which rise in form of spring-time flowers,
Oh, say if aught of purer birth
Is nursed by suns and showers

Than this fair plant, whose stems are bowed
In such lithe curves of maiden grace,
Veiled in white blossoms like a cloud
Of daintiest bridal lace?

So rare, so soft, its blossoms seem,
Half woven of moonshine's misty bars,
And tremulous as the tender gleam
Of the far Southland stars.

Perchance—who knows?—some virgin bright,
Some loveliest of the Dryad race,
Pours through these flowers the kindling light
Of her Arcadian face.

Nor would I marvel overmuch
If from yon pines a wood-god came,
And with a bridegroom's lips should touch
Her conscious heart to flame;

While she, revealed at that strange tryst,
In all her mystic beauty glows,
Lifting the cheek her Love had kissed,
Paled like a bridal rose.

—Paul Hamilton Hayne.

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SKETCH OF HAYNE'S LIFE.

The author of this exquisite little poem—the beauty of which almost equals that most beautiful of all early blooming Southern flowers, the *spirea*—Paul Hamilton Hayne, was born of an honorable lineage and reared in an atmosphere and among associates, the lives and thoughts of whom were bent on proving to the world that the South, as well as other parts of America, was capable of producing literature of a type worthy of being read.

Paul Hamilton Hayne was born in the old aristocratic city of Charleston, S. C., January 1, 1830. His father, Lieut. Paul Hamilton Hayne, U. S. N., died at sea, while the child was still an infant, hence the rearing of the child was thrown upon his mother, a South Carolina lady of unusual accomplishments, and his uncle, Senator Robert Y. Hayne. He was educated at Charleston College and upon his graduation was admitted to the South Carolina bar, but never began the practice of law, his whole soul being at once thrown into the literary work that he had chosen to follow.

During the decade prior to the war Charleston contained the most brilliant and enthusiastic group of literary workers that had ever gathered in the South. At its head stood the prolific novelist, William Gilmore Simms, while around him were gathered many other of those writers who won for the South its first recognition in the literary world, such as Henry Timrod; and it was among these that Hayne spent the early part of his literary career, receiving from them the impulse that won for him recognition as one of the leading American lyric and sonnet writers.

This group of writers believed that the South could publish literary magazines as well as the North, so in 1857 a literary Monthly Magazine called *Russel's Magazine*, was established, and Hayne was chosen editor; but the South was not yet ready for a distinctively literary magazine, hence it died a

lingering death, even before the war broke out. His first poems were published in Boston, 1855; and two years later a second edition was published in Charleston; at the same time he was assisting in the editorship and contributing to the *Literary Gazette*, *Southern Opinion*, *Southern Society*, and many other periodicals.

In 1852 Hayne was married to Miss Mary Middleton Michel, of Charleston, the daughter of an eminent French physician, whose parents were of one of the leading families of France. Of the poet's wife it is but the scantest justice to say that she was the inspiration, the stay, the joy of his life.

As the poet's health had been delicate from childhood up, he could not enter the field during the war, hence was made an aide on the staff of Governor Pickens, where he rendered very valuable service. During the bombardment of Fort Sumter, in 1861, his home and entire fortune was destroyed by fire, and for the rest of his life he was thrown on his literary ability for his livelihood. In 1866 he made his home at Copse Hill, on the summit of the sand hills near Augusta, Ga., and here, in a cozy little home with his wife and son, surrounded by Southern pines, he lived in semi-seclusion, happy at the work that was to win fame for him, even though his strength was gradually waning, until his death, July 6, 1886. The degree of LL. D. was honorarily bestowed upon him by Washington and Lee University in 1882.

"No Southern poet has written so much or done so much to give a literary impulse to his section, so that he well deserves the title that has been bestowed upon him by his English friends as well as his own people, 'the Laureate of the South.'"—*Margaret J. Preston.*

ESPERANTO.

BY DR. A. RUDY,

PROFESSOR OF MODERN LANGUAGES, A. & M. COLLEGE OF N. C.

Of all the artificial languages ever proposed, Esperanto is the only one which is used by a large number of adherents as a living international language. It is the first and only artificial language with a respectable original literature of its own, and both its literature and enthusiastic supporters are rapidly spreading all over the earth.

Esperanto does not aim to supplant any of the existing languages. It is only an auxiliary language which is to enable one to get a better knowledge of one's mother tongue and also to facilitate the study of other languages. The plan is to introduce Esperanto in all the high schools of the civilized world as the first foreign language to be studied. There would be so much time saved by the facility to learn Esperanto that much more time could be given to the national language than is now done and in addition more time could also be given to the study of the second foreign language, whichever it may be.

As Esperanto contains about five thousand international words (words having more or less the same form or sound in from two to nine important languages) its vocabulary would make it easier to study any second foreign language. For instance the English word "week" is "semajno" in Esperanto. This would assist in remembering the Latin "septimana," the French "semaine," the Italian "settimana," the Spanish "semana," the Portuguese "semana," the Russian "sedmitsa," etc. All these words are more or less similar in sound or form, or both.

In Esperanto each word has one meaning only. In national languages, such as English, for instance, a word may have very many different meanings. For instance, the word "bill" may mean the abbreviation of the name "William" or

the beak of a bird, or a statement of an account, or a proposition for a law, or a posting bill, or a list of dishes in the restaurant. In Esperanto the name *Wilhelmo* abbreviated would be "Wichyo," the beak of a bird is "beko," the bill of account is "kalkulo," the bill of exchange is "kambio," the posted bill is "afisho," the bill of fare "manghokarto." It would be much easier to find in a foreign dictionary a word for each of these Esperanto words than for the English word "bill." For the other national languages are also irregular and illogical in the distribution of meanings for words and their irregularities are mostly entirely different from those in English. For instance, a bill of sale means in German "Schein." Looking up the word, "Schein" in a German dictionary we find that it may mean "to shine," to seem, to appear, to look, to suit, to please, to think, certificate, credential, etc. None of these additional meanings are contained in the English word "bill." Thus when one tries to translate an English word into German by the aid of the dictionary there is confusion worse confounded. Esperanto could be an excellent go-between for the two languages. The different meanings of the English word "bill" have different words in Esperanto, and so have the various meanings of the German word "Schein," while every Esperanto word has one meaning only. There is only one word in Esperanto for a particular kind of bill and there are not many words in German or English for any Esperanto word.

Foreign languages are often studied for the purpose of using them among different nations. To accomplish this one ought to know about a hundred different languages to be able to communicate orally or in writing with his civilized fellow-being on earth. This is of course impossible to accomplish and so most people do not undertake to study more than three or four different foreign languages, which is a hard enough task for the average intelligent person. And yet, after one has gone to the trouble of mastering four or more different foreign languages he may find himself employed in a place

where he cannot use any of these languages he studied, and where he badly needs one he has not studied.

How much simpler it would be if Esperanto were taught as a foreign language in all the schools of the civilized world! Then one could travel everywhere and be able to speak to his fellow-men. It would mean more than knowing a hundred languages, for there are more than a thousand different languages on earth. Esperanto as the universal foreign language could supplant them all and save nine-tenths of the time needed to learn any one of them.

Esperanto is now being taught in most of the civilized countries. Over four hundred organizations exist in different parts of the world for the purpose of spreading it. The U. S. government and other governments are advising and encouraging the study of it. Leading scholars and scientists, as well as statesmen and generals are enthusiastically supporting it. Over forty different periodicals regularly appear in it. Three congresses of Esperanto were held and the fourth congress will take place this year in Dresden, Germany. Catholic and Protestant religious services were conducted and sermons were preached in Esperanto. Public speeches were made in it to gatherings of many different nationalities who could all be reached together by Esperanto only. And the ball is still rolling and gathering momentum. But all of these are only the volunteer efforts of private individuals. What is needed now is to get a few governments to introduce it officially in the public high schools. As soon as two governments have done it other governments will follow rapidly and Esperanto will become the official international language.

Esperanto has an alphabet of twenty-eight letters, and its spelling is strictly phonetic. Its grammar is extremely simple and the rules of it never have an exception. All singular nouns end in the letter "o," for instance, *patro*, father; *frato*, brother, etc. The plural is expressed by a final "j" which is pronounced like "y" in "oyster," "*patroj*" ("oj" pro-

nounced like "oy" in boy) fathers, "fratoj," brothers, etc. The adjectives end in "a," "frata amo," brotherly love. The plural of adjectives is just like the plural of nouns. Adverbs end in "e," f. i., "bone," well. The infinitive of verbs ends in "i," f. i., "skribi," to write. The present tense ends in "as," which is the same for all persons and numbers, f. i., mi skribas, I write; ci skribas, thou writest; li skribas, he writes; shi skribas, she writes; ghi skribas, it writes; ni skribas, we write; vi skribas, you write; ili skribas, they write. The past tense ends in "is," mi skribis, I wrote; vi skribis, you wrote, etc. The future tense ends in "os," mi skribos, I shall write; vi skribos, you will write, etc. The imperative is expressed by the ending "u," "skribu," write. The conditional is expressed by the ending "us," mi skribus, I would write, etc. The verb ending in "u" together with the pronoun gives the subjunctive; "ili amu," they may love. The present participle ends in "anta" (participles are of the nature of adjectives, and so is also the definite article. They therefore end in "a," "la" the), "amanta," loving. The past participle ends in "inta," aminta, having loved, one who has loved; "amonta," one who will be loving.

The present participle of the passive voice ends in "ata," "amata," being loved. The past participle ends in "ita," "amita," having been loved, one who has been loved. The future participle of the passive voice ends in "ota," "amota," one who will be loved. The verb "to be" is "esti." All the modes are formed by combining the simple tense of "esti" with the participle. All verbs are conjugated in accordance with the above rules. There are no exceptions and there is no different conjugation for auxiliary or any other kind of verbs.

The numerals are: 1, unu; 2, du; 3, tri; 4, kvar; 5, kvin; 6, ses; 7, sep; 8, ok; 9, nau; 10, dek; 100, cent; 1000, mil; 1000000, miliono; 11, dekunu; 12, dekdu, etc.; 20, dudek; 30, tridek, etc.; 1st, unua; 2nd, dua, etc.; duono, a half, etc.; duoblo, a double, etc.; duope, by twos, etc.

There are no silent letters in Esperanto, and every word with more than one syllable has the accent on the last, but one syllable which is called the tonic accent.

Thirty-four short words are used in Esperanto as prefixes and suffixes to form new words and to make it easier to acquire a vocabulary. For instance "mal" means the opposite idea of something. It may be used as a noun, "malo," as an adjective, "mala," an adverb, "male," or a verb, "mali." When used as a prefix it changes the meaning of the original word to the opposite idea of it, f. i., alta, high; malalta, low; dika, thick; maldika, thin; plej ("j" pronounced like "y" in "oyster), more; malplej, less, etc.

The word "in" indicates the feminine idea of something. It may be used as a noun, adjective, verb, adverb, "ino," "ina," "ine," "ini." When used as a suffix it changes the meaning of the original word to the feminine idea of it, f. i., "frato," brother; "fratino," sister; patro, father; patrino, mother; bovo, ox; bovino, cow, etc.

"Ar" denotes a collection or reunion of certain things; vorto, a word; vortaro, a dictionary; homo, a man; homaro, mankind, etc.

"Eg" denotes augmentation, increase, intensity of degree, f. i., granda, great grandega, enormous; pafilo, a gun; pafilego, a cannon.

"Et" denotes diminution of degree, f. i., ridi, to laugh; rideti to smile; monto a mountain; monteto a hill.

The following is one verse of a song written by Dr. Zamenhof, the inventor of Esperanto:

La Vojo (pronounced lah voh-yoh).

Tra densa mallumo briletas la celo (vowels pronounced as in German "c" pronounced like "ts"); ("gh" pronounced like soft "g.")

Al kiu kuraghe ni iras

Simile al stelo en nokta chielo

Al ni la direkton ghi diras.

Kaj nin ne timigas la noktaj fantomoj ("nin, us; ni, we; final "n" means objective case)

Nek batoj de l'sorto, nek mokoj de l'homoj
 Char klara, kaj rekta kaj tre difinita
 Ghi estas, la voji elektita.

Literal translation:

Through dense darkness glimmers the goal
 Towards which we courageously go,
 Similar to a star in a nightly heaven
 It tells us the way to go.
 And the phantoms of night never frighten us,
 Nor beatings of fate nor ridicule of men,
 For clear and straight and very definite
 It is the chosen (elected) way.

There are many other poets and good authors of prose in Esperanto besides Dr. Zamenhof. The latter has written many beautiful poems in his own language. He constantly contributes to its literature, but he does not devote all his time to it. He is an oculist, and practices his profession. He was born on the fifteenth of December 1859, and so now he is about forty-eight years old. He has three children and lives now in the capital of Poland, Russia. His father-in-law helped him financially to publish his first text-book on Esperanto, which appeared in 1887. The title page of this little text-book had for the author the pseudonym Dr. Esperanto as the author of the language, and so it became known by this name. The word "esperanto" is one of those five thousand words which are more or less international. It has the meaning of "hope" in several languages. In French we have the word "esperer." In other languages "esperare," etc. In English we have the word "aspire," which sounds almost like esperer and which has a meaning akin to "hope," for one who aspires hopes to attain that which he aspires to.

The writer of this article feels satisfied that Esperanto deserves a place in all public schools as an educational subject having a decided culture value like Latin, and still being so much easier than the latter language. There is no better introduction to Latin than Esperanto.

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There are numerous text-books in various languages teaching Esperanto by the translation method, which works more satisfactorily in Esperanto than in any other language. There are also text-books teaching the international language by the natural conversational and other methods.

The work required to learn Esperanto as well as any other foreign language may be divided into three stages, as follows:

- (1) Learning the grammar and a fundamental vocabulary.
- (2) Learning to understand its written and oral expressions.
- (3) Learning to use it orally and in writing.

The first stage is the most difficult and most disagreeable one. The second stage is much more agreeable, and the last stage is not easy, but very agreeable.

The work in Esperanto to go through the first stage is about one-twentieth of the time required for another foreign language. The work for the second stage requires about one-fifth of the usual time needed for other foreign languages, and the third stage may be gone through in about one-half the time needed for some other foreign tongue. Esperanto is no exception to the general rule that it is much easier to learn to understand a foreign language than it is to use it fluently.



THE STORY OF ROSE.

On the eastern shore of the Old North State stands a spreading maple tree; underneath its broad extended limbs lies a stone of unknown age. It has known the proposals of innumerable couples. It was there that the beautiful girl, Rose Clarendon, became the promised bride of Willie Gladston. Their wedding day was planned, life seemed one merry chime; even the birds sang above them as if in mutual happiness with the two. Autumn days came on and everything worked smoothly and pleasantly for the lovers. But, alas! all days cannot be sunshiny. A message came to Willie summoning him to go and fight for his country's freedom. With a broken heart he went to bid Rose farewell. On the day following he made his departure, leaving his own little sweetheart sad and heart-broken.

Daily she inquired at the post-office hoping to hear from the one idol of her heart, but, alas; no letter came. Days passed slowly by. Rose sang no songs, had no merry laughter now as did she when her heart was light and happy.

Days, weeks and months passed slowly by. No news of Willie had yet been received. Hopes had almost vanished, but with the one little spark of hope that still lingered she once more inquired for the long-looked-for letter. As she did so a letter was handed her, not in the old familiar writing she had expected, but in a coarse, heavy hand. She nervously broke the seal and read its contents.

"MISS CLARENDON: As requested by Mr. Willie Gladston, I write: 'Ten days ago I was seriously wounded; no hopes for recovery; have loved you to the last minutes of my life.'

"Sincerely,

DR. GRAY."

As she read it she became nervous and fainted under the weight of her troubles. She was taken home and became seriously ill. For days and days she was unconscious. The Doctor solemnly shook his head and doubted her case, but after

long, tedious days of lingering illness, she very slowly began to recover, and after three months the roses began to bloom on her cheeks once again.

After Rose had entirely regained her strength she astonished her mother with the statement that she was going to Richmond to assist in caring for the sick and wounded.

"Mother," she said one day, "since Will has died it seems that there is nothing for me to live for, and why should I not help our cause as well as those dear fathers and boys who are daily dying upon the battle-field; I can nurse them as well as any girl who has had no training, and the paper says they need a thousand nurses right now. I hate to leave you, but I hear a call to Richmond. Perhaps father is there wounded now. I shall answer it as the men have already done; besides, you have the boys and Nell here with you. Can I not go?"

With tears streaming down her cheeks, Mrs. Clarendon bid her third soldier farewell at the station, and as the train pulled out she called in a choking voice, "Come back as soon as you can and bring father with you."

Willie Gladston was not dead as Dr. Gray had written; but Dr. Gray after hastily severing a shattered arm and crushed leg, left him forgotten with the nurses, and hastened to those less fortunate.

For three weeks Gladston lay, dead to the world, in a tent hospital not far from where he was wounded. He then began slowly to improve, and was at once moved to a hospital in Richmond, this move almost costing him his life, for he at once contracted a case of fever which held him within a hair's breath of death for three months; a siege that it seemed no human being could endure. And when he had at last regained sufficient strength to talk, his conversation was of such that the nurses at once saw that practically all his past had been blotted from his memory by the awful attack of fever he had suffered. The only two things that he seemed to remember were his being wounded and some one named "Rose,"

"Rose who?" he had been asked, time after time, and in reply he would only murmur, "Rose—Rose—Rose."

For two days Rose Clarendon, on her hourly round, had heard some one over on the other side of the hall, deliriously, she thought, speak of "Rose," but she knew there were many Roses in the South, and she had only glanced over to see that it was not her father. But still that feeble, "Rose," came back to her during the few short minutes that she tried to sleep, and she determined to see for curiosity's sake who this poor fellow was.

For two minutes she gazed at the emaciated form, the hollow cheeks and sunken eyes, lying on the cot before her.

"Is it possible," she almost shrieked, as he opened his eyes and gazed up at her and eagerly whispered, "There she is; there's Rose."

"Will Gladston!" was all that Rose could say, as she fell upon her knees by her long dead sweetheart's cot, and kissed his atrophied lips.

Eight months later Will Gladston and Rose Clarendon were again seated on the large stone beneath the spreading maple tree. The war was over. Rose had just finished singing Will's favorite song, "Last Rose of Summer," and for the second time he turned upon her that longing look that only a lover can give, and said: "Rose, you know I love you with my all; can you consent to take me as I now am." And in reply she beamed upon him the same happy smile she had four years ago, and laughing, said:

"You little simpleton; don't you know that you sat right there four years ago and asked me the same thing, and I was only too glad to say, yes? And do you think I am going back on my promise?"

"Oh, don't tease me so; you know that all happened before that horrid battle; anyway I've been made the happiest man on earth by the same little queen for the second time."

Rose.

BEAUTIFUL DAN.

It was a dreamy day in autumn time,
 When the world seemed asleep in glad sunshine;
 The farmer, happy at his toil,
 Was turning the rich and mellow soil—
 Another followed with the grains of wheat,
 And lazily scattered them at his feet.
 This happy day I remember well,
 When a happy child I came to dwell,
 In my new home in this fairy land—
 Here on the banks of the beautiful Dan.

Ten short, happy years have run their span,
 Since first I beheld this grand Old Dan—
 Years of great pleasure sometimes rift with pain—
 Years of much loss and yet still greater gain.
 The times have seen changes, and so hath man,
 But thou art the same, oh, beautiful Dan!

I loved thee at first and I love thee still;
 Thy valleys, thy meadows, and shady hills;
 And what child could have a sweeter wish
 Than to sit on thy banks and fish and fish?
 At last, such luck! to get a bite,
 And then to pull with all you might;
 Then up he comes—such a great big fish!
 Big enough to fill any supper dish.
 To know in the depths on the golden sand,
 Are many more in the beautiful Dan.

Memories, oh, so sweet! come thick and fast,
 When I think of a day too bright to last;
 With many a jest and laughter and song
 O'er thy still bosom we glided along.
 "Lily of the Dan," was the name she bore,
 This beautiful maiden—I can't tell more.
 She gave me a sprig plucked with her hand,
 Token to keep from the beautiful Dan.

Dear Old River, in thy years yet to be,
I may drift far away from home and thee—
Out in the world with its toil and strife;
I may lead a busier, gayer life;
But in memory's casket ever shall be,
A jewel kept, so bright in love for thee:
For a happy life in a happy land
Give me my life on the beautiful Dan.

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COUNTRY AND CITY.

(Continued.)

A recent dispatch, reporting a club dinner given in one of our large cities, asserts that the great universities of the future are to be in the great cities, and further says: "In such cities the university will develop along special lines, because of their special environment, and their development will be the best; the scholar filled with the impulse of service is going to seek his home in the dark gray city, and strive to make it less dark. If a country wishes to study the fine arts she has to divert funds to buy the objects of study, but the metropolitan university can turn to the galleries of the city."

President Schuman, of Cornell, lecturing on this same subject, says: "Not the noise and glare and rush of the inane city streets, but the majestic calm and beauty of the face of nature, is the proper place for the spiritual nurture of young men and maidens during the few short years devoted to the higher education. And fortunately there is no branch of learning or science, no sort of liberal culture, no species of professional training that cannot be more advantageously pursued in the country than in the city."

These two diametrically opposite utterances are not at all surprising when we stop to think. They are the expressions of men who see great opportunities for useful service, and illustrate admirably well the trend of thought of the true city and country man.

Will the City Dictate Our Civilization? Whether civilization will center only in the city is the question I now propose to discuss. That there is a great future before the city and that the city will forever remain the world's great nuclei can not be denied, but we must also remember that the science of city building is still in its infancy, and that cities cannot build cities. The country builds and must continue to build the cities, while the city only handles and transforms what

the country produces. There are three great sources of raw material—the sea, the mines and the soil. Some day the mines will fail; the sea only serves as a medium on which to trade; men do not live there, hence the inhabitants of this great world of ours must eventually depend primarily on the country or the soil for their livelihood. Cities will increase, but they can never contain the larger part of this world's population.

The country problem is the city problem, and what makes for the good of one makes for the good of the other. The country problem is an outlook to nature and the farmer is the naturalist, and in proportion as he is a good naturalist, he is a good farmer. More men, and more capital, are engaged in agricultural pursuits than in any other occupation. I sometimes think that as a race our real outlook to nature is to rest largely on the farming occupation, and therefore we need to conserve this occupation in order to recruit and reinforce the native strength of our civilization, as well as to supply a source of material supplies. It is true that the population is now moving towards the city. I am glad of this, for the city needs the fresh country youth to maintain its virility; and that the country population is proportionately decreasing; but we must remember that there are in the country now more than enough farmers to supply the demands, were they properly versed in their art. The so-called scientific farming—which is really *practical* farming—succeeds because a given amount of effort, when more intelligently directed, produces greater results. Inasmuch, then, as the amount of edible agricultural produce which the world can consume is limited, the more intelligent or scientific the farming is the smaller will be the number of farmers required to produce the needed supply, and the larger will be the numbers driven from the country to the city; hence it seems that the idea of making farming more profitable to prohibit farmers from abandoning it is altogether misleading, but we have not taken into con-

sideration the hundreds of unedible commodities—three of which exceed in value the total food products.

Perhaps some are dreaming of the day of chemical synthesis, when the laboratory will make the food supplies, and hence supplant the unneeded farm; which day I am glad to say will never come. The chemist may synthesize starch, but he will never make a potato. He can never make a lettuce leaf, a hen's egg, an apple or a turnip seed that knows when to grow, and whether to grow into a turnip, a cauliflower or a cabbage. He may make food that will sustain life, but we are never going to be content to be fed, above all be fed on tablets or pills, and even should he make these things, the city cannot supply him with his necessary materials, they must come from the country—the farm. Cut off the milk and water supply from the country for twenty-four hours and Boston will be in distress. Annihilate the cities and the country will exist, and I should not be much surprised if it would be many months before some of the countrymen would hear of the phenomenon.

Is the Country Making Progress? Yes, the country is beginning to make very remarkable progress. This progress is not expressed so much in so-called improvements as in the city, but it is nevertheless real and permanent. The rural progress consists in a really marvelous development of machinery; in a still more marvelous extension of the fundamental knowledge of the principles and practices of good farming; in the rise of social and economical organizations and in the spread of sources and means of general intelligence. If Iowa's soil were underlaid with gold it would be worth less to her than her soil with its present source of plant food, for plant food develops permanent human institutions that stand for the uplifting of humanity, which gold could never do. These improvements originated mostly in the West, but are now reacting on the East. I stand then for the country, for its affairs, for its trees that grow there, for the heaven's above, for its men, for its women, for its institu-

tions. The country has its life; it will have a better, more hopeful, sweeter, saner and warm-hearted life.

There are homes maintained for sailors, soldiers, actors and others, but where is the home designed for the farmer. Each farmer builds his own home; it is the first thing he does. Let Congress or any legislature propose to establish a home for farmers, and it rightly insults every farmer in the land. The farmer is practically the only person who makes his home, lives in it and passes it down to his children.

The countryman will not always go to the city to be taught; 'twas not so until recently, and let us hope that soon the city children will be attending country universities, instead of country children being forced to go to city schools, for each should be taught in his chosen or best suited realm, Country and city, city and country co-operating—together they are to build civilization, and it is probable that most of the leadership will be with the city, and that the regulating and conserving element will lie largely in the country.

Countryman and City Man. There are two kinds of country and of country life—the country of the countryman and the country of the city man. The city man looks outward to the country; it is his respite and release. The countryman is a part of the country; it is his realm and his support. The city man thinks chiefly of the agreeable nature of the country; the countryman does not think of the features; he escapes neither weather nor season. The city man thinks as the city thinks, while the countryman has his own peculiar mental processes and points of view. You know the genuine countryman when he comes to the city, but he cares little what you think of him, for he has a deep-seated dislike for the city.

There is a growing tendency for the city people to move into the suburbs, and to spend their vacations and summers in the country. The home idea in the city is clearly dying out; thus the people are endeavoring to live as nearly in the country as possible, and this movement is causing great speculation on the part of social and political philosophers, as to

what effect it is going to have on the coming generations; but it is enough for us to know that it is true and that the life of both the country and city are, for the present at least, both receiving unlimited benefits.

Why do the Boys Leave the Farm? Probably you would like to know what the country boys outlook on life is, because of the fact that he will probably some day become a part of the city. The one rural question that is most asked and least answered is this: "Why do the farm boys go to the city?" Of course, the one comprehensive answer is: "Because they think they can better their conditions." This answer does not, however consider ultimate causes. The question then resolves itself into this: Is the farm lacking in natural opportunities or is the boy mistaken?

Before answering this question we shall do well to disabuse ourselves of the idea that this migration to the city is necessarily deplorable. It is a part of the genius of a democratic country that the boys do not of a necessity follow the occupations of their fathers. Furthermore, the country does not need proportionately as many men as it did fifty years ago, because then it required four and one-half hours to produce a bushel of corn; now it requires only forty-one minutes, and the reduction in labor has been proportionately as large for the other farm products.

We will now consider some of the influences aside from the natural bent towards other occupations, that seem to me to be most powerful in turning boys from the farms.

First. There may be no business opening for the young man at home. The father continues to run the farm and may not give the boy a chance, and as he has no capital with which to purchase a farm, he must of necessity seek employment elsewhere.

Second. Often the old farm is not worthy the educated young man. The buildings are shabby, the grounds are bare, the fences are down, the cattle stand in mud, the roads are poor and even the inside of the house is austere and comfort-

less for the well educated youth, hence there is nothing to attract him thitherward.

Third. The boy often lacks congenial associates. Perhaps he has attended the village school or his imagination has been fired by reading and he longs for comrades with whom he can talk about the new things. The hired man does not satisfy his longings.

Fourth. The farm may appear too small for his activities. He is ambitious and sees that achievements emanate largely from the city.

Fifth. There is less financial risk in some other business, for there he can work for a salary, with some one else assuming the responsibility.

Sixth. There may seem to be more ready money in some other business. While the rate of earning of money invested in farming is usually larger than in any other business, the capital invested is usually so small that only a simple living is derived from it. The prospects of spending the money earned may also have some attraction for the boy whose life has been spent under the paternalism of the farm.

Seventh. He may expect to find more diversion and entertainment in the city. He feels that entertainment does not belong to the country.

Eighth. The tendency of his teaching probably has not been such as to give him sympathy with the farm. There are three human agencies that more or less effect the young: the parents, the preacher and the teacher. The unconscious influences of the home has much to do with the course of one's life; and I am convinced that many boys and girls are turned from the farm because they hear the farming occupation undervalued at the family fireside. The preacher and teacher are also both great governing factors in the lives of the young, and they both often—contrary to their one duty—lead away from the farm by picturing to their young followers lives of nothing but pleasure lived in the cities.

The Outlook for the Country. Over against all the disadvantages of the country should be set the unlimited advantages of farm life in the training of men, and these advantages will become apparent as soon as the eye is open to see and the mind trained to comprehend and utilize them. Gratest of all these is the farm boy's continuous hand-to-hand combat with real problems and real necessities. No person should be sent out into life without the power to do something positive and useful.

Many definite agencies are now aiding the farmer and helping to build up the open country. The research of the experiment stations and the teachings of the colleges are giving the countryman new facts and new points of view, and this general growth of knowledge is causing him to develop a higher self-respect and to demand more consideration from those who shape government policies. The farm is the ultra-individualistic element in our civilization. And one of the most detrimental agencies to the upbuilding of the country is the extremely difficult problem of inducing the farmers to combine under any conditions, even for their own protection.

The country must be improved through an elevation of its ideals and this can come about only by means of education. Hence the farmer should be educated in those matters pertaining to the country, and among these the improvement of present conditions, should stand first, for in many localities the present conditions are far below what they might be, even without the expenditure of any large sum of money. Education also comes through associating with one's fellows, and this doubtlessly accounts for the natural alertness of the city people. In some way the deadening effect of too complete isolation of rural families must be overcome. I hope that the many dispensing agencies will tend, in a large degree, to check the present migration townward by bringing those things that men desire and need to the country; such as good roads, trolley lines, bicycles, auto-vehicles, telephones, rural free-delivery and parcel posts, periodicals and itinerant

lecture courses. The country will always be comparatively isolated; but this does not mean that the country is of necessity to be characterized by intellectual poverty. The farmer needs literature that is bright, true and relevant, above everything else, and it is up to the present day nature writers to supply this need, and in doing so they will promote, as no other, the welfare of the larger masses of our populace—the country.

We Need the Country, therefore, I preach the open country because it is natural and without affectation. I preach the plain and frugal living of plain people. I preach the steadiness of country life, its freedom from speculativeness and from the great temptation of evil doing. We need the example and influence of men who do not live on salaries. We need the native love of home. At present we are magnifying the comforts of living indoors, and nothing could be more detrimental to the virility of our future generations, hence we need the healthfulness and buoyancy of the country and the open air.

We all perceive a growing tendency countryward, coming in response to a universal soul-longing that the strenuous and complex city life does not fully satisfy, and sooner or later most men come to feel as did the city school boy who declared: "Some day I will live in the real country and will build my house out-of-doors."

P. L. G.



A BATTLE WITH HEREDITY.

A sudden change in one's deportment or conversation never fails to arouse great curiosity on the part of our companions, especially when your companion happens to be a girl. So it was in Richard Mayfield's case. Margie Upton never knew him in but one way and that as an extremely jolly good fellow. He never ceased to interest her, on his not infrequent visits to her home, with jokes and tales of a most amusing character, which he seemed never at a loss to find. In fact she had never seen him when he was serious or when she could believe half what he said. His reputation was by no means confined to Margie Upston alone, for his name had come to be used throughout the town as a synonym for any kind of an exaggeration.

Hence Margie could not help but notice the change which took place in Richard Mayfield's conversation and action upon a certain visit to her home. For the first time in her life she noticed that he was uncomfortable and apparently nervous. He spoke more deliberately, seemingly choosing his way as if he were afraid of saying something offensive. Then once he began to say something and stopped short as if he were choaked, his face turned ashy pale and his lips quivered, but gave forth no audible sound. Margie thought she saw demons in his eyes as he gritted his teeth and clutched his chair arms as if some raging passion had seized him. After a few moments, which seemed almost like hours to Margie Upston, he regained his presence of mind and became conscious of her bewilderment.

In answer to her inquiries if he were sick or if she might call some one, he replied: "No, thank you; I—er—I'm not sick; I—I don't know what was the matter, but you may know some day."

In spite of all her questions and curiosity, he would say no more, and after a little while its interest was lost for the time being in the revelation of new subjects.

The two separated that night with strange thoughts. To Margie this change and strange action in Richard Mayfield was inexplicable. Had she offended him in some way or had he been wronged by some one else and the sting of it reached him here? In vain did she think of a thousand things which might have caused it, but through many sleepless nights and restless days it remained unsolved as far as she was concerned.

As Richard stepped out upon the street on his way home one might have noticed the characteristic smile of the victor upon his face. He walked proudly, but was completely absorbed in his own reflections, so much so that he did not hear some one accost him across the street or the call of the cabman, nor the many other things he was accustomed to seeing and hearing on his way home. He did not even stop to caress his dog, which was always eager to greet his master, and which now, to rebuke his master for not recognizing him, sent up a terrible howl, which passed also without being heard by Richard. Almost unconsciously he walked to his room and carelessly opened a little red Bible, which his mother considered it her duty to keep on his table. His eyes fell on these words: "But the tongue can no man tame; it is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison."

When he had read these words, the very words of all words he did not want to see, he rose, closed the Bible and stood trembling like a prisoner who had just heard his sentence. He paced the room to and fro, there was no smile upon his lips now. Finally he turned to the window and fancied he saw the moon rising higher and higher and he thought, "Can't I rise any higher? For Margie's sake, *I will or I'll die trying.*"

Scarcely two weeks had passed since Richard's last visit to Margie's home before all the town had noticed a change in him. He was no longer seen on the street corners with a crowd of eager boys gathered about him listening to an incredible story of his own manufacture. He had been seen at church for the first time in several years, for which he re-

ceived no small amount of taunting from his old companions. But in the face of all their jeers he continued to run the race he had set before himself. And as time passed on people became more accustomed to the new Richard, but there was one person who was still very much perplexed over his strange actions on certain occasions. So one summer's night when he was going to call, Margie decided to demand an explanation.

Richard seemed to be in a good humor, and was easily led into the conversation.

"Richard, don't you remember that you told me that I would some day know the cause of your trouble? It has been nearly two years since that first attack, and you have never told me yet, although I have been dying to know. Will you tell me to-night?"

As Margie spoke these words, Richard half turned and looked out of the windows, and he remembered the night when he stood before the window in his own room. Suddenly the moon, emerging from under a cloud, shot its rays through the lace curtains as if to remind him of the pledge he made upon that night. Nodding his head in reverence to the moon in recognition of its services, he turned to Margie with a light heart and a smile upon his face.

"Yes, I will tell you to-night because it is all over now; it shall never happen again. Listen, and you shall hear it all. You have long since heard how my father was sentenced to the penitentiary for perjury in that famous Babstock case, and probably you have heard that my great grandfather was court-martialed and shot during the Revolutionary war for lying to an army officer."

Then hanging his head for shame to avert the gaze of the girl beside him he continued:

"Then, I added more to the family disgrace by being expelled from college for lying. So it has been, I am ashamed to say, a weakness of our family. Lying! How I hate the very word! I could not help being born of such parents, nor

could I help inheriting their bad traits of character. Margie, I have loved you a long time, but I have never told you so, because I was not worthy of even your friendship. How could I, a mean, low, lying, trifling boy, ask the love of one so pure, so honest, so true? So I swore before God and man that I would rise or die trying. The sin of black and dirty lying was natural to me; it held me firmly in its grasp, thus it became a struggle between my measley little soul and Satan himself to see which one would survive. And the little occurrence which you saw was the beginning of a year's fight day and night. The lie was on my lips, but by aid of a higher strength I suppressed it. Now, I am a free man in spirit and in truth, and I feel more worthy to ask your friendship, and may I say it?—your love.”

“Richard, I am sincerely glad you have won in the struggle with heredity. Yes, I am glad you are a victor in this struggle, for a victor of one's own heart may be a victor of the hearts of others.”

And Richard Mayfield knew he had won a two-fold victory.

L. P. M. '10.



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LIFE OR DEATH.—Do the students here realize that it is just as impossible for the RED AND WHITE to live in this College without support, both financially and literarily, as it is for them to live here without support? We do not believe you do. Do you also realize that when you pledged so much support to the magazine, in the form of subscriptions, we

planned the magazine for the year based on those pledges, and that unless they are paid we cannot possibly carry the magazine on, up to its present standard? We do not believe you do, or the *Business Manager* could not report that a third of the subscriptions remain unpaid.

Fellows, we cannot possibly allow the magazine to drop, but unless we receive the support you promised; this is the only alternative.

Your support is also needed almost as much in furnishing your part of the literary material as in furnishing your part of the finances. *So give us your support in every way.*

COMMENCEMENT PRIZE.—Some time during the last session Mr. Wm. Dunn, of Newbern, a member of the Board of Agriculture, offered a twenty-five dollar gold medal for the best oration delivered at commencement. He did this because he realized that the students here did not attach enough honor to becoming one of the orators; and he hoped in this way to increase the interest in the commencement orations, and if possible increase the number of contestants. But in the preliminary contest for the orators at last commencement there were not over half dozen contestants from the half hundred composing the Senior Class.

Fellows, at other colleges every eligible man endeavors to win the commencement medal, and it is considered the highest honor obtainable in college; in the outside world also it is considered one of the highest college honors. Let every one enter the contest soon to be held, and winning the Dunn Medal will soon be considered the highest honor here. Surely it is worth trying for. It is true that we are handicapped by the lack of literary training, but if we try we can certainly find material in our chosen profession for orations that will interest those who attend commencement, and if every Senior will try, the standard will soon be raised to that of any college.

HAZING AGAIN.—This has been the cry of the newspaper press now for a week, and again has our College suffered—probably deservedly, probably not—severe criticism at their hands; also a portion of the public throughout the State, because it so happened that an outbreak of hazing, a little rougher than ordinary, in some way got into the hands of newspaper reporters, and in their hands received its usual magnification. And again these mighty wielders of the pen would have you believe that half-a-dozen Freshmen were murdered, half-a-dozen Sophomores knocked out, and that the entire College is composed of the dregs of the State, collected together into one mighty mass the ranks of which no gentleman dare enter for fear his curly locks will be shorn and his fair complexion forever tinted with some unknown and mysterious chemical mixture. In fact, it is even hinted that we shall forever be barred from civilized society. Why? Is it because we consider ourselves too much of gentlemen to allow such a state of things to continue in our midst, and without hesitation dismiss from our presence the perpetrators of such disgraceful, ungentlemanly and unmanly acts? Or is it because we do not as a whole flee for safety to our country homes or call out the militia to protect us from half dozen toughs who have already had the good sense to take our advice and flee themselves for safety?

We do not hesitate to say that the recent outbreak was atrocious, uncalled for, disgraceful and cowardly; but we would hesitate to say that it has never been paralleled in the South—though we hope it has not; but we are led to believe that in many college acts, of almost equal disgrace, are annually perpetrated on the new men, but which never reach beyond the campus bounds, hence the public never knows of them. Do not misunderstand us and infer the erroneous idea that we are upholding this form of hazing. Far from that; we are just endeavoring to impress upon the minds of the public the fact that the verdancy of their sons is washed off regardless of where they send them, and that before they

relegate us to the lower regions, they would do well to, also, investigate the institutions to which their sons would have to turn; and thereby help us to banish forever this accursed practice from the South; so that men when they enter this and other higher institutions will not already hold a diploma in this art.

Does the State believe that this form of hazing is upheld by the students of this or any other college? If so, we defy any man to find, even in the Sophomore class of this College, where class-spirit is often carried beyond morality, six men who will say that they approve of it. And if so, why were investigations begun by the students themselves? It certainly was not because they desired to diminish their number. It was simply because the matter had gone beyond the endurance of gentlemen, and as such the students are simply endeavoring to ferrit out from among themselves the black sheep that are to be found in every flock. Not merely to rid themselves of those who haze. The majority of students honestly believe that Shinola applied to their green countenances when first they sought knowledge here, was of inestimable value to them; but they further realize that it is impossible for the valuable element of this practice to be carried on without the disgraceful element creeping in; hence they have—the most thoughtful—determined as far as possible to do away with it, rather than that the innocent shall suffer at the hands of those few cowards who have not the manhood to meet an enemy face to face; and the Senior Class, upon whose shoulders the burden most heavily falls, earnestly desire the co-operation of the entire student body in the fight to maintain the code of a gentleman in this institution.

Athletics

A. & M. COLLEGE BASE-BALL SCHEDULE.

SEASON 1908.

March 16—	Bingham School	Raleigh
March 20—	Lafayette College	Raleigh
March 21—	Lafayette College	Raleigh
March 25—	Randolph-Macon College	Raleigh
March 28—	N. C. Deaf and Dumb	Raleigh
March 30—	Cornell University	Raleigh
March 31—	Colgate University	Raleigh
April 3—	Guilford College	Greensboro
April 4—	Davidson College	Charlotte
April 6—	Dartmouth College	Raleigh
April 7—	Dartmouth College	Raleigh
April 11—	Wake Forest	Wake Forest
April 13—	Davidson College	Raleigh
April 15—	Villanove College	Raleigh
April 17—	Princeton University	Richmond, Va.
April 18—	Richmond College	Petersburg, Va.
April 20—	Wake Forest	Raleigh
April 22—	St. John's College	Raleigh
April 24—	Guilford College	Raleigh
April 27—	Mercer University (pending)	Raleigh
April 29—	Georgetown University	Washington
April 30—	U. S. Naval Academy	Annapolis, Md.
May 1—	St. John's College	Annapolis, Md.
May 2—	Eastern College	Front Royal, Va.
May 4—	University of Tennessee	Raleigh
May 5—	University of Tennessee	Raleigh
April 8—	Eastern College	Raleigh
May 9—	Kentucky State University	Raleigh
May 11—	Wake Forest	Raleigh
May 18—	La. State Un. and A. & M. (pending)	Raleigh

Y. M. C. A.

During the latter part of January, Dr. A. Dudy, Professor of Modern Languages in our College, gave us a very interesting address on the subject of "Philosophy and Religion." The speaker presented his subject with much force, keeping the close attention of his hearers at all times.

Recently our Young Men's Christian Association was delighted to hear our popular commandant, Lieut. J. S. E. Young, on his "Experiences in the Philippines." He began by relating some interesting incidents of the trip to Manila, after which he gave a description of old and new Manila, with their quaint, simple, interesting habits and customs. He also gave a brief description of the surrounding country, and the manner of living among the natives. Lieut. Young saw active service in the Philippine; and this, together with his ability as a conversationalist and lecturer, made his lecture one to be enjoyed and remembered by all.

At the same meeting we were fortunate in having some of Raleigh's leading musical talent. Mrs. Brinson and Miss Ray, of the First Baptist Church choir, sang very beautifully and touchingly. May we look forward to other good meetings like this one.

Mr. R. V. Taylor, Assistant Travelling Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association, held a series of evangelistic meetings here January 31st to February 2d. It was his purpose to give three addresses along this line, but when he arrived, he was requested by many of the students to devote one evening to the discussion of the Honor System. This he agreed to do, and on Friday evening he laid the plans before us in a very brilliant and effective manner.

On Saturday evening he discussed very fully the good that may be derived from attending the Southern Student Conference, which will be held near Asheville, N. C., in June.

On Sunday afternoon, Mr. Taylor spoke on the subject, "How Does it Pay?" He used the fourth chapter of Matthew for his lesson, and from it he brought out many valuable lessons. He drew a very vivid picture of Peter while fishing in the sea of Galilee, and how it paid him to drop his net and follow Jesus. Throughout his discourse he emphasized the fact that it is our duty to give Jesus Christ a chance at our lives.

On February 9th, at the regular weekly meeting of the Y. M. C. A., we had the pleasure of having Mr. R. D. Dixon, of Union Theological Seminary, Richmond, Va., to speak on the "Call to the Ministry." He said that our State institutions have not sent out their proportion of ministers, and urged that we consider this important matter.

The different stages of Isaiah's call to the ministry were outlined with much force in order that we might more fully understand how this call might apply to us. In this strong plea for students to accept that life-work which is highest and most noble, he emphasized four principal facts. First, that all men are religious beings. Second, that the only true religion is that of Jesus Christ. Third, if this Christian religion is the only true religion, then it is our duty to give it to other men. Fourth, why do men refuse to answer this great call to the ministry?

Mr. H. N. Blanchard, of Wake Forest College, formerly a student of A. & M., was a recent visitor in our midst. While here he addressed the Y. M. C. A., using the "Call of Matthew" as his subject. Mr. Blanchard made his subject very interesting. He has a very bright future in his chosen vocation as a minister of the Gospel. We wish him much success in his work.

The Y. M. C. A. has elected the following men as officers for the next year: W. S. Dean, President; J. S. Bray, Vice-President; L. P. McLendon, Recording Secretary; J. A. Arey, Corresponding Secretary; J. W. Barrett, Treasurer.

His many friends are glad to hear that General Secretary E. R. Walton is improving from his illness of several weeks.



Locals

Mr. J. W. Sexton has returned to college after being absent for several weeks on account of the death of his father. We are glad to have him back again, as he strengthens our base-ball team very much.

Mr. B. B. Lattimore has recently withdrawn from college to accept a lucrative position with The Whitney Power Co. While we regret to lose him from our class, we congratulate him on his early success.

Mr. L. R. Gilbert, '07, was a visitor on the 10th.

Mr. Rollins, one of the young men who entered college Christmas, had a very serious and painful accident to happen last Friday. While at work in the wood shop his hand was caught in the buzz planer, and three of his fingers were cut off. It will be remembered that he is the second man to whom this accident has happened within the last year, and both men have been hurt by the same machine.

Mr. G. Anthony, '10, spent a few days with friends here last week. He was on his way to the University.

At a recent meeting of the Senior Class the following were selected as marshals for commencement: Chief, J. B. Craven, '09, J. W. Harrelson, '09, S. F. Stephens, '09, J. W. Sexton, '10, L. P. McLendon, '10, O. M. Sigmon, '11, A. E. Elliott, '11.

The work on the 1908 *Agromeck* is being rapidly completed, and it will be ready for the press in a few days. From all present prospects it will be one of the best ever gotten out at A. & M.

We were very much grieved to hear of the sad death of Mr. L. A. Joyner, '10. He left College several months ago on account of his health, and his condition gradually grew worse until his death last Wednesday.

"Mickey" Whitehurst, our base-ball coach, will be here in a few days to begin his work. Capt. Thompson has the squad already in excellent condition, and from the present outlook we are going to put out one of the best teams in the South.

Mr. J. D. Fennel, of Wilmington, has been visiting his son, who is a student here, for a few days.

The American Moistening Company have recently donated to the Textile Department of our College a complete Humidifying Plant. The installation of the plant has just been completed, and this will add greatly to the equipment of our school.

The officers for the Y. M. C. A. next year will be: W. S. Dean, president; J. S. Bray, vice-president; J. W. Barrett, treasurer; L. P. McLendon, secretary.

A most charming event in the A. & M. social life was the January dance of the Thalarian German Club. Music was furnished by Bason's Orchestra. The german was led by Mr. W. R. Hampton with Miss Juliet Crews. Others dancing were: Mr. Geo. Harrison with Miss Irene Lacy, Mr. S. F. Stephens with Miss Emmie Drewry, Mr. W. R. Marshall with Miss Lizzie Rogers, Mr. H. Beebe with Miss Elsie Haywood, Mr. H. S. Tanner with Miss Nannie Hay, Mr. W. F. R. Johnson with Miss Margaret Boylan, Mr. R. R. Faison with Miss Josephine Boylan, Mr. A. S. Goss with Miss Margaret Mackey, Mr. G. Harris with Miss Caro Grey, Mr. C. D. Brothers with Miss Katherine Boylan, Mr. M. Gold with Miss Normie Rogers, Mr. R. F. Jones with Miss

Rosa Skinner, Mr. T. T. Dawson with Miss Edith Pou, Mr. Wm. Etheridge with Miss Margaret Steadman, Mr. D. Y. Hagan with Miss Brown, of Greensboro, Prof. Smith with Miss Josephine Gilmer, Prof. Eason with Miss Vivian Moncure, Mr. W. A. Faison with Miss Nannie Lee, Mr. E. H. Smith with Miss Margaret Lee, Mr. D. Lindsay with Miss Cowles, of Charlotte. Stags: Dawson, "Spat," Hill, Eagle, Harris, Smith, McKimmon, Thompson and Long.

On the night of Feb. 9th, the Thalarian German Club gave another one of their delightful dances which was greatly enjoyed by all present. The musical selections were beautifully rendered by Bason's Orchestra. Those dancing were Mr. Roy Hampton with Miss Caro Grey, Mr. R. R. Eagle with Miss Dortch, of Goldsboro, Mr. Francis Cox with Miss McNeal, of Fayetteville, Mr. Gordon Smith with Miss May McNeil, of Fayetteville, Mr. Jas. McKimmon with Miss Emmie Drewry, Mr. H. Beebe with Miss Katherine Boylan, Mr. D. H. Hill with Miss Margaret Lee, Mr. R. Long with Miss Josephine Boylan, Mr. Geo. Harrison with Miss Nonnie Rogers, Mr. W. T. Grimes with Miss Edith Pou, Mr. C. W. Hewlet with Miss Betsey London, Mr. W. C. Etheridge with Miss Emily Higgs, Mr. R. Faison with Nannie Hay, Mr. R. F. Jones with Miss Juliet Crews, Mr. Dick Johnson with Miss Alice Johnson, from Marion, S. C., Mr. C. C. Dawson with Miss Fannie Bryan, Mr. M. H. Gold with Miss Irene Lacy, Mr. Albert Cox with Miss Petty, Mr. Gordon Harris with Miss Lizzie Rogers, Mr. Sid Goss with Miss Margaret Boylan, Mr. and Mrs. W. N. Holt, Mr. D. Lindsay with Miss Farish, Mr. Wm. Lambeth with Miss Fannie Young, Mr. S. F. Stephens with Miss Elizabeth Russel, Mr. T. T. Dawson with Miss Sallie Doolittle, Mr. W. A. Faison with Nannie Lee, Mr. E. H. Smith with Miss Grizelle Hinton, Mr. Wm. Boylan with Miss Loula McDonald, Mr. Val Per-

kins with Miss Cousse. Stags: Tanner, Manning, Becton, Hendrick, Boylan, Thompson, Dr. Whittaker, Gibbs, Prof. Mann, Rose and Smith.

Patronesses: Mrs. Lee, Mrs. Jas. Pou, Mrs. Latta and Mrs. Higgs.



Comics

BU\$INE\$\$ MANAGER'\$ \$ONG.
How dear to my heart
I\$ the ca\$h \$ub\$scription,
When the generou\$ \$ub\$criber
Pre\$ent\$ it to view;
But the one who won't pay
I refrain from de\$cription,
For perhap\$, gentle reader,
That one may be you.

—*Bus. Mgr.*

There was a student from W. Raleigh,
And he was gay, blithe and jolly;
He went to the fair,
Took a drink while there,
And it made him all reely and bally.

Prof. H.—"Mr. Goss, did you ever see Exeter Cathedral?"

Goss—"No, sir."

Prof. H.—"Did you ever see a picture of it?"

Goss—"No, sir."

Prof. H.—"I thought so; there is one in to-day's lesson."

Harrison—"Fellows, why is it they are hanging so many reformers (transformers) on these electric light poles?"

Eagle—"Mr. Loftin, why is it this molasses tastes like kerosene?"

Stewart—"Because there is kerosene in it."

RESULTS OF WATER FAMINE.

Freshman—"Where is my room-mate?"

Sophomore—"He's in the bath-room."

Freshman—"Well, where is that?"

Dr. Winston (hearing a noise in the rear part of class-room)—"What's the matter, did somebody wake you up, Mr. Beebe?"

Dr. Rudy (on German)—"What part of speech is that word?"

Black—"A verb."

Dr. R.—"What kind of a verb?"

Black—"An adverb."

Potter (in machine shop, to Powell)—"What are you making?"

Powell—"I don't know."

Potter—"What do you know?"

Powell—"I know what you are."

Potter—"Well, you had better not tell it."

THE RIGHT MAN FOR A. & M. RADIATORS.

Robertson—"Let me get to the radiator, I am a good magician (machinist); I will fix it."

Prof. R. (on astronomy)—"When is noon?"

Poole—"When our meridian is on the vernal equinox."

Prof. R.—"That's spring."

Prof. H.—"Who was Aesop?"

Beebe—"I don't know the exact connection, but he is somebody in the Bible."

Prof. R.—"When did Mendell publish his works?"

Parker—"After he died."

Prof. H.—"Who is an anchorite?"

Montague—"I don't know, sir; unless he is a man that makes anchors."

"Babe" Walton dropped out of the Sophomore sonnet contest because he couldn't think of enough sentimental gush to write about. Here is how much he wrote:

The engines do puff,
The belts do lash,
The switches close in
And the arc-lights flash.

"*Dock*" *Eller* (after hearing a lecture on the construction of incandescent lamps)—"'Fessor, is the carbon filament on the inside or the outside of the bulb?"



Clippings

A girl who lived out at Lucerne,
 Had a pa. who was crabbed and stern;
 He'd startle young men
 By appearing at ten
 And saying: "I move we adjourn."

An artist who was employed to touch up a large painting in an old church in Belgium rendered a bill for \$67.30. The church trustees, however, required an itemized statement and the following was duly presented, audited and paid:

Correcting the Ten Commandments	\$5.12
Renewing Heaven and adjusting stars	\$7.14
Touching up Purgatory and restoring lost souls	\$3.06
Brightening up the flames of Hell, putting new tail on the Devil and doing several odd jobs for the damned,	\$7.17
Putting new stone in David's sling; enlarging the head of Goliath	\$6.13
Mending the shirt of the Prodigal Son and cleaning his ears	\$3.39
Embellishing Pontius Pilate, and putting new ribbon on his bonnet	\$3.02
Putting new tail on the rooster of St. Peter and mend- ing his comb	\$2.20
Replenishing and regilding left wing of Guardian An- gel	\$2.20
Washing the servant of the High Priest and putting carmine on his cheek	\$5.02
Taking the spots off the son of Tobias	\$10.30
Putting ear-rings in Sarah's ear	\$5.26
Decorating Noah's ark and putting head on Shem...	\$4.31

There was an old lady named Dennis,
 Who spent all her time playing tennis;
 When they begged her with tears
 To consider her years,
 She replied, "I must go where the men is."

Mistress—"Now, remember, Bridget, the Joneses are coming to dinner to-day."

Cook—"Leave it to me, mum. I'll do me worst. They'll never trouble you again."

Dan Cupid is a marksman poor,
 Despite his love and kisses;
 For though he always hits the mark,
 He's always making Mrs.

Boy—"My mother bought some slippers last week."

Man—"Felt?"

Boy—"Yep; three times already."

A certain bright minded Sophomore was passing a cafe the other day with his girl, when she exclaimed, "Oh! doesn't it smell good?"

Sophomore—"Yes, let's stop and smell some."

"It's no sign that a policeman is a musician because he knows how many "bars" there are to a "beat."

'Twas in a restaurant they met,
 One Romeo and Juliet;
 And since that time he's been in debt,
 For Romeo'd what Julie't.

Exchanges

The January magazines are, on the whole, good considering the fact that many schools open so late after the holidays that very little time for preparation is afforded the board. We note with pleasure the increasing amount of purely literary matter in the magazines. Nothing is more disappointing to an editor than to open a thick magazine and find one story, a few comics and a mass of locals, a combination which he hates to characterize according to his feelings. In those colleges where the local news is of such abundance or importance, it would be better to issue a weekly than to issue a so-called magazine full of this stuff. We, therefore, beg of our contemporaries to continue to increase the space given to literary work, for the magazine work we do here in College is not to make newspaper men of us necessarily, but to develop in us the talents of description and composition. It is evident then what part of the magazine is of most value to us in our preparation for after life.

The first magazine to come to our notice is the *U. N. C. Magazine*. Decidedly the best story is "Jutt's Job," a story of college life and spirit, hardly probable, though. There are also a number of other good stories. The poetry is hardly up to the standard of the University, although "The Silent Watches" is an exception, being an exceedingly clever piece of writing. We enjoy the breezy style of "Things Talked About."

The *State Normal Magazine* is a fine production from a literary standpoint, but it is entirely too solemn. A bit of sentiment dropped here and there would have improved the magazine wonderfully. Surely the "Old Maids," as they jokingly called themselves, have not lost all taste for that sort

of stuff. The opening poem is a tribute to the lamented Dr. McIver, to whom the school owes so much. A very interesting and instructive article is the one on the "Science of Advertising." A subject dear to soul feminine is treated of in "Costumes." Two articles of great intellectual merit are "Vergil's Influence on Literature" and Bunn's Characteristics." We beseech our sister institution to give up their too serious view of life as revealed in their magazine.

We have somewhat the same complaint to make of the *Trinity Archive*. Usually a well-balanced magazine, there is nothing in this issue except history, which while interesting, especially the biographies, ought not to take up all the space. We agree with the editor as to the value of history study, but if we should take into consideration the wishes of the student body, our subscribers, we would not devote the whole of the magazine to such a subject.

We are glad to see the increased attention given to literature in the *St. Mary's Muse*. The poem "Epiphany" is a beautiful bit of verse on this feast of the church. The story, "Somebody's Little Sister," is very remarkable in that, contrary to the custom, it gives a love story, which does not take all of the story itself, but leaves a place for a description of a phase of human interest, that is, sympathy for the suffering. We commend the interest taken by the *Muse* in the welfare of the alumnae of St. Mary's.

Particularly appropriate at this season is "A New Year's Prayer," in the *Winthrop College Journal*. "Alexander" is a delightful story of child life and its amusements. "A Pedagogic Nightmare" is a charming parody on "Ichabod Crane." "The Snow" is expressive of a very uplifting thought.

The X-Ray, although in its first volume, is producing some excellent stories. "The Mother's Heart" in their December issue shows rare ability. "Is Love at First Sight Love" is a short essay on hasty loves and marriages. The editorial department contains several editorials well worth reading.

The Horner Magazine is a new entry in the field of college journalism and we wish the editors much success in their work.

We acknowledge: *Black and Magenta, Clemson Chronicle, Converse Concept, Davidson College Magazine, Furman Echo, Georgetown College Journal, Ga. Tech., Guilford Collegian, Messenger of Richmond College, Park School Gazette, Randolph-Macon Monthly, Southern Collegian, T. C. U. Collegian, U. of U. Chronicle, Univ. of Ariz. Monthly, Univ. of Miss. Magazine, Wofford College Journal, Wm. Jewell Student.*

