

# The Red and White

MARCH, 1908

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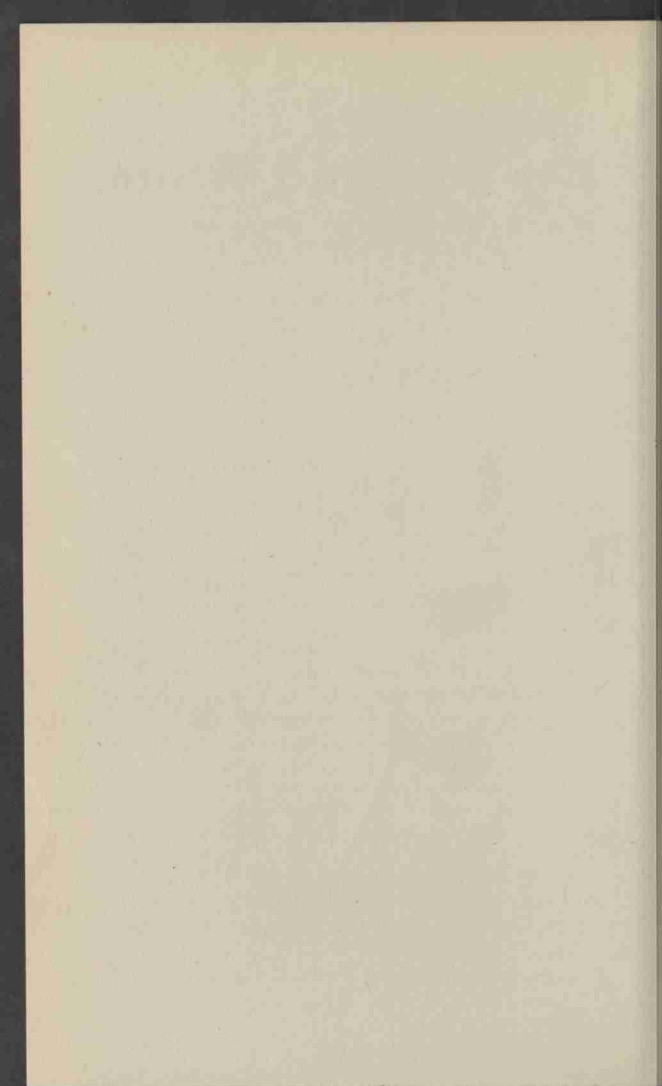
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C. T. MARSH, *Business Manager.*

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# The Red and White

Vol. IX

WEST RALEIGH, N. C., MARCH, 1908

No. 7

## CAROLINA.

### I.

The despot treads thy sacred sands,  
Thy pines give shelter to his bands,  
Thy sons stand by with idle hands,

Carolina!

He breathes at ease thy airs of balm,  
He scorns the lances of thy palm;  
Oh! Who shall break thy craven calm,

Carolina!

Thy ancient fame is growing dim,  
A spot is on thy garment's rim;  
Give to the winds thy battle hymn,

Carolina!

### II.

Call on thy children of the hill,  
Wake swamp and river, coast and rill,  
Rouse all thy strength and all thy skill,

Carolina!

Cite wealth and science, trade and art,  
Touch with thy fire the cautious mart,  
And pour thee through the people's heart,

Carolina!

Till even the coward spurns his fears,  
And all thy fields and fens and meres  
Shall bristle like thy palm with spears,

Carolina!



## III.

Hold up the glories of thy dead;  
Say how the elder children bled,  
And point to Eutaw's battle-bed,  
Carolina!

Tell how the patriot's soul was tried,  
And what his dauntless breast defied;  
How Rutledge ruled and Laurens died,  
Carolina!

Cry! till thy summons, heard at last,  
Shall fall like Marion's bugle-blast  
Re-echoed from the haunted Past,  
Carolina!

## IV.

I hear a murmur as of waves  
That grope their way through sunless caves,  
Like bodies struggling in their graves,  
Carolina!

And now it deepens; slow and grand  
It swells, as, rolling to the land,  
An ocean broke upon thy strand,  
Carolina!

Shout! let it reach the startled Huns!  
And roar with all thy festal guns!  
It is the answer of thy sons,  
Carolina!

## V.

They will not wait to hear thee call;  
From Sachem's Head to Sumter's wall  
Resounds the voice of hut and hall,  
Carolina!



No! thou hast not a stain, they say,  
Or none save what the battle-day  
Shall wash in seas of blood away,  
Carolina!

Thy skirts indeed the foe may part,  
Thy robe be pierced with sword and dart,  
They shall not touch thy noble heart,  
Carolina!

## VI.

Ere thou shalt own the tyrant's thrall  
Ten times ten thousand men must fall;  
Thy corpse may hearken to his call,  
Carolina!

When, by thy bier, in mournful throngs,  
The women chant thy mortal wrongs,  
'Twill be their own funereal songs,  
Carolina!

From thy dead breast by ruffians trod  
No helpless child shall look to God;  
All shall be safe beneath thy sod,  
Carolina!

## VII.

Girt with such wills to do and bear,  
Assured in right, and mailed in prayer,  
Thou wilt not bow thee to despair,  
Carolina!

Throw thy bold banner to the breeze!  
Front with thy ranks the threatening seas,  
Like thine own proud armorial trees,  
Carolina!

Fling down thy gauntlet to the Huns,  
And roar the challenge from thy guns;  
Then leave the future to thy sons,  
Carolina!

—Henry Timrod.



## SKETCH OF HENRY TIMROD'S LIFE.

Henry Timrod, "The Poet of the War" in the South and the writer of "Carolina," was born in Charleston, S. C., December 8, 1829. He was the son of William Henry Timrod, who was himself a poet and from whom the son inherited his poetical turn of mind. The Timrods were of German descent and their name had been closely linked with the history of South Carolina during the Revolutionary and Seminole Wars. The poet's mother was a daughter of Mr. Charles Prince, of Charleston, and she is said to have been a woman of much beauty and great strength of character. She loved the fields and wood, flowers and trees, and doubtless she had much to do with developing in her son his tender love of all nature's beauties.

Early in the life of the poet his father died, leaving the family in straightened circumstances; but nevertheless the early education of the gifted son was provided for. He attended one of Charleston's best schools, and was a desk-mate of Paul H. Hayne, who later became one of his staunchest friends. Timrod is described by his school-fellows as "silent and shy, full of quick impulse, and with an eager ambition, insatiable in his thirst for books, yet mingling freely in all sports, and rejoicing unspeakably in the weekly holiday and its long rambles through wood and field."

He studied much classic literature and drank deep from Virgil, Horace, Shakespeare, Milton, Burns, Wordsworth and Tennyson. He attended the University of Georgia for a time, but was forced to quit his studies because of sickness and lack of means.

He was weak-bodied, shy, melancholy, and nervous; but possessed quickness and an energy which denoted great seriousness and decision of character. As a first effort after leaving the University of Georgia he studied law with the distinguished jurist, James L. Petigru, but never practiced and



soon gave it up to prepare himself for a teacher. He spent ten years as a private teacher in families, and during this time was writing some of his earlier poems, which came out in the *Southern Literary Messenger* over the signature "Aglaus." Timrod's happiest associations and dearest friendships were in Charleston, his old home, and he always returned to them with the greatest joy. Here he was one of a coterie of young writers that William Gilmore Simms gathered about him, and from them he gained those encouragements and inspirations that helped to make his work of the highest standard.

In 1860, Timrod removed to Columbia, and just before the civil war broke out he published a small volume of his poems. This volume contained only the poems of the previous eight or ten years and was warmly received both North and South. It showed the culture, lively fancy, vigorous imagination, and artistic power of his mind. Life seemed fair before him now; but the war came on and being an ardent Carolinian he devoted himself to his native State and leaving books and study, he threw himself into the struggle as a volunteer in the army. He served in the vicinity of Charleston for two or three years and during that time wrote his stirring battle odes and martial lyrics. His war poems are profoundly appealing, for they are the very heart-cry of the people of that day. *Then* they were the war-cries of a stirring time; *now* they have a permanent place in American literature. Paul H. Hayne, Timrod's brother poet, spoke of "Carolina" as "lines destined perhaps to outlive the political vitality of the State, whose antique fame they celebrate." The lofty nature of the poet is shown in most of his battle odes by the fact that at the close he invokes peace.

The rigors of army life proved too exacting for Timrod, his health failed, and he was forced to leave the ranks. For a short time he served as a war correspondent, but in 1864 he had to return to Columbia where he did editorial work. About this time he was married to Miss Kate Goodwin, "Katie,



the fair Saxon" of his song. The war had broken his plans, wrecked his health, and at the burning of Columbia destroyed all his property, leaving him penniless with a wife and child dependent upon his failing strength for support. It seemed that all his calamities came in quick succession, and he nearly lost all hope. Consumption was slowly sapping his life; but with his characteristic energy he clung to his art and passed away with his work at his side, in October, 1867, mourned by a host of friends throughout the South.





## THE SCHOOL OF THE FUTURE.

(CONTINUED.)

The pupils in a certain school were asked whether they could define or distinguish an educated man. After a long pause one little girl raised her hand and said that she surely could tell. "An educated man," the child said, "is one that does not work." This homely reply admirably illustrates a popular conception of education—that it does not put one into direct relation with the affairs of life, as if education and occupation are incompatible.

Most of us will not accept the child's opinion, yet there seems to be a deep-rooted feeling that a person cannot be really educated by means of subjects that have a direct application to the necessities of living. It was an old idea that education makes a man accomplished. It is the new idea that it also makes him useful; and as all spiritual progress is associated with physical welfare, this new education stands for the completer and the larger man.

It is still asserted that some education leads to "culture." This I have no desire to dispute, but I do not like the inference that other education does not lead to culture. This question cannot be closely discussed unless one defines what he means by "culture." Much of what passes as culture may be little more than good manners. But breadth of view, clear reasoning power, good judgment, tolerance, high ideals, sensitiveness to art and nature—these are of the greatest value, and they may be the result of more than one line of educational effort, but sensitiveness to life is the highest product of education.

How can a man's mind be trained? It can be trained by being employed in some definite, integrating, and consecutive effort. It matters little what the subject matter is, if the mind is employed effectively, it will be able to make a still more effective effort. Hard, straight, direct thinking de-



velops the mental powers and the number of subjects that can be made the means is legion. Many of the old subjects train the memory chiefly and their results are superficial. Reasoning power develops by use. This power ought to be as effectively used by reasoning from problem to solution in biology or physics or agriculture or engineering as in formal philosophy and logic. A man can be trained to think just as accurately by means even of agricultural subjects as by conventional subjects, provided the agricultural subjects are well systematized and unified and equally well taught. No one subject can have the monopoly of learning, unless we wish to restrict education. The theory of the choice of subjects is now well established, but we still need to liberalize the teachers and the schools. The difference between technical and cultural education is essentially one of intention rather than of subject.

If one subject may be as effective as another in training the mind it will naturally be asked why it is necessary to introduce the new subjects at all, inasmuch as the old are already well established. The answer is that the mere training of the mind is not the only purpose of education; but that education should make the man efficient and useful—it should put him into sympathy with common affairs and the questions of the workaday world, and it should give him usable information. Education should have a tendency toward something definite: for the educated man, if he is to help and lead the world, must not stand above mankind. When only Greek-minded men went to college it was enough that Greek was taught, but now that physics-minded and physiology-minded and farm-minded men go to college, engineering and physiology and agriculture should be taught. I do not suppose that there is any way whereby an examination of the fibre of an educated man's brain could reveal the means by which the mind was trained.

It must not be expected, however, that all these new-time subjects have yet reached their true value, although they are



rapidly approaching that ideal by being classified and organized. Often the science teaching is the imparting of mere information. Such is likely to be the case with all new subjects, but this does not at all disprove the assertion that these subjects have high scholarship value when taught as well as they are capable of being taught.

It is a favorite assertion that some education is liberal. So far as this word is merely a name to designate a certain group of subjects, no one can object, but if there is inference that other subjects are illiberal, then the statement cannot go unchallenged. The fact is that the older type of education is likely not to have a liberalizing effect, because it not only confines a man's attention to certain efforts that may be narrow in themselves, but often renders him unsympathetic to those who have not pursued a similar course, and also toward affairs in general. I once heard the president of an excellent institution say that his institution "educates men, not farmers and blacksmiths." Most persons now think that a college may educate farmers and blacksmiths to be men.

It is most curious that we should ever have considered the concerns of men to be unworthy of study until they had been more or less imperfectly embalmed in tradition and literature. The most liberalizing course of study is that which puts the man into closest sympathy with the activities and ideals of men in times past and in times present. We ought to recognize the transcendent value of human experience as well as expressed in its religions, its history, its art and its literature, and to make it the nucleating agency in the educational system. But it is just as fatal to the highest scholarship and to the best intellectual and spiritual development to have an education exclusively in what we are in the habit of calling the humanities as in what we call the sciences and the affairs: either is incomplete and one-sided and cannot give a perfectly rounded and rational view of life, or put one into full sympathy with the achievements of the race.



*The School of Affairs.* I like the farmer's advice to his son, who was leaving for college: "John, be careful not to get more education than your intelligence can stand."

This was the father's way of asking that the son should not get too far away from the actual necessities of life. He had known men to rise to high positions without schooling; he had known others to lead very ordinary or unresourceful lives even with much schooling: he had drawn the conclusion that schooling is related in some causal way to these results. I am afraid that there is more than a grain of truth in the farmer's conclusion.

There are two kinds of schools—the institutional school and the school of affairs. The unschooled man, in the father's mind was trained in the school of affairs. The untaught farm boy goes to the city and succeeds because he has learned certain things in the daily round of life that are of more value to him than all that he could learn from the books. The ideal training would be the addition of school work to the real work; but if either is to be omitted, it should be the school. In the old days the school was a supplement to the home; now it tends to take the place of the home. In many instances the child now spends most of his time in school and vacationing; and there is little opportunity for the development of the strong native traits that were so pronounced in the old days. I would not have less schooling, but I would advise that the school supply what the home and the business can no longer give. No boy or girl should leave school without the power to attack a question in actual affairs, or to do a piece of work with the hands. I do not consider a person lacking these powers to be well educated, even though he knows all the books. A minister came to see me, and I showed him the garden and the barn. His eye caught the work-bench, "What a fortunate man you are," he said, "you can use tools; I cannot do a thing with my hands except play golf."

I shall now speak of some of the ways in which the school of affairs trains men, developing qualities and powers that



are indispensable to a right life. I shall choose the case of the farm boy because I am most familiar with him and because his relationships are directly with nature, and the theme of my lectures is the meaning of the outlook to nature. In making these statements I have no desire to glorify the farm boy or to magnify the advantages of farm life; I speak of some of the positive training processes of the farm only in order to show that the unschooled man may be in a very true sense an educated man, and to enable me thereafter to make some suggestions for the schools themselves. Unlovely traits are often bred on the farm, but these faults are not necessarily inherent in farm life and they will be fewer in the future; nor do I wish to be understood as implying that the farm-bred man is to be as indispensable to the city as he has been in the past. The city is now finding itself and is developing strong men of its own; but even in the city many of the strong traits will also be developed in the school of affairs, for everywhere the business of life educates the individual.

The farm boy's activities are direct. He deals with real, actual, useful things, problems, and events and develops practical knowledge and ability. He can "do" things. City boys are likely to deal with pictures and models and descriptions and with made-up exercises. The farm boy must overcome difficulties for himself. He tips over with a load of hay in the back lot. Does he got to the village to consult an expert or to the library to look up references? He lives close to the raw materials, deals first-handed with them, and his methods, although sometimes primitive, are short and effective.

I am impressed with the expensiveness and indirectness of much of the work in cities—those who do public work especially seem to be killing time, and the methods by which they are employed seem to a country man to be political and to involve a great waste of efficiency.

The farm boy is trained to be industrious. If he turns out to be lazy he finds no system of political patronage to float him along. It is commonly thought by outsiders that the



farm boy's life is hard. It is true that it is often harder than it need be; but in general it is hard only to those who shudder at the thought of work. Eight hour men may think of it as hard. In Chicago, a short time ago I was amused to see "laborers" roosting on the iron fenders in front of labor bureau offices, where most entertaining signs were hanging around them and beneath them, offering attractive work at high wages and with free transportation; it was apparent that the men were not looking for work, but for the job that had the least work in it. The farm boy has little opportunity to choose the easy jobs. He is confronted by the entire situation—the series of problems imposed by the seasons and years. The farm course is complete in itself and its duties must all be met without the thought of escape; therefore it is a system of natural and native discipline.

The life of the farm boy is varied. The farmer handles an entire business, not some small part of a business, and he is, therefore, able to lead something like a normal and naturally rounded life. In an age of minute division of labor this is important, for it tends to develop many abilities rather than to make a man a cog in a wheel. It is said that the farmer's life is monotonous. This is true only so far as it may confine his activities to one locality. His work does not compare in monotony with that of the average working man or the average business man. The farm work itself while of the same general kind year by year is endlessly varied in its details, and this is the very reason why the business is so difficult for the unresourceful man.

The farm boy's life is simple, but simplicity is economy, and makes for straightforwardness, and therefore for power. One's amusements have much to do with his power, for they force their own example on the mind and they either divert or conserve one's energies—and here is where the farm lad has a great advantage, he is not diverted with too many side interests, by being consumed in social affairs. He is able to go at his work with singleness of purpose, and it is no part of



his thinking that he must be forever amused and entertained. Too much entertainment is a serious fault with our time.

The farm effort is steady. It is characterized by perseverance and stableness. It is probably more completely divorced from the gambling instinct than any other occupation—a fact well attested with the frequency with which the farmer of the past generation was “taken in” by the city sharper.

The real farmer goes into farming as a life work, not as a makeshift, nor with any idea of ever changing his occupation.

The farm boy is compelled to be frugal of his money. The farm is capable of earning more money than it commonly produces, and the farmer, being more of a producer rather than a trader does not receive his share of the wealth that he helps to create. But it is hoped that the time will never come when the merit of farm life will be only its wealth. It has been noticed that the farm boy with two dollars will accomplish as much as the city boy will with four, and will make a better use of himself at the same time.

The farm boy develops slowly and naturally; he has time to grow and mature. His youth is long, in a time when our rapid civilization tends to eliminate youth. What schooling he gets has time to soak in and become a part of him. He comes to manhood fresh and with something to learn. He has an honest appetite and an intrepid digestion. The farm diet no doubt needs correcting, but in spite of its faults the average farm boy is rugged and unhampered. At all events the farm youth does not need music to encourage the appetite, eating itself is sufficient entertainment if hunger is keen and digestion good.

The farm boy has a family life. He is essentially a home boy, not a street boy; you can fill out the picture.

EATON.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



## THE MOSS ROSE.

Out in an old-fashioned garden bright,  
Near beds of posies pink and white,  
Swayed by the breezes to and fro—  
There's where the sweet moss roses grow.

Fragrant, wax-petaled, beautiful flowers,  
Fair dewy tenants of sylvan bowers—  
You, in your purity sweet and coy,  
Bring us a message of love and joy.

Spring comes with its myriads of gayer blooms;  
Bees hum 'mid the brightness and sweet perfumes  
Of iris and pinks and poppies gay,  
That flaunt their colors in bright array,—

And nod and dance thro' the sunny hours—  
But thou, oh! moss rose, art queen of the flowers!  
Your decked the wreath in our grandmother's hair,  
When she came as a bride down the oaken stair.

Now you are worn by her granddaughter fair,  
With her sunny smile and step free from care;  
They both love your blossoms pure and white,  
That nod and sway in the sunlight bright.

With your heart of gold and your fringe of snow  
We love you wherever your petals blow;  
But it seems to me that your blossoms light  
Belong to the old fashioned garden bright.

—S. W. McM.



## ONLY CHUMS.

Elkon is the colonial residence of Col. Henry Bryant. It is situated on a beautiful eminence overlooking the surrounding country, and is approached by drives of cedar which are ragged with age. The old colonial dwelling is surrounded by pretty lawn with a rose garden in the rear, which has for many years produced the most beautiful roses in the vicinity. To the front and sides of the lawn is an immense grove of oak and hickory. To the rear of the rose garden is a great meadow which has long been the home of the finest sheep, cattle and horses of the county, but between the two there is an immense scuppernong grape vine that has been so closely connected with the family history that it lives as a personage of confidence and consolation. The vine has two natural hanging branches, which are so arranged as to make a comfortable seat. Here it is that members of the family have for years past come for meditation, consolation and in confidence with friend or lover. On this natural seat three of the daughters of Elkon have been wooed and won. It is now occupied by Eva, the youngest daughter, and Debon Kenan. They have been life-long chums. Deb living only two miles away at Kenton, which is the sister residence to Elkon, has been Eva's instructor in fishing, shooting, riding, swimming, etc.; but both being students at college have been kept apart much for the past few years, however they have kept up their old relations by writing constantly, and by spending the vacations together. To-day is the last day of Deb's last vacation. The summer has been a jolly one, but it is over and to-morrow Deb must leave for college, but it is not with the same feeling that he has always left with before. Eva has changed from his chum of old to one that he loves ardently, and though he has refrained from telling her, he feels now that he must. Without hesitation he proceeds in his straightforward manner; when through, he feels that he has done wrong, and



almost regrets his haste while waiting breathlessly for her to reply. She hesitates; but finally turns to him and says, "Deb, I have always loved you as my friend—my chum—my brother; but I cannot think of you as a sweet-heart."

No other word was spoken. They arose; Deb held out his hand and said: "Good-bye, my chum."

That night was a long, restless one for Deb Kenan. Why was it that Eva had always been so gentle and kind to him, and now that she knew he loved her she turned him down? There must be a cause. "Can it be that she thinks me unworthy, because I have never done anything at college? It's true, I have not, and that I have won no honors either in scholarship or otherwise? Whatever the cause is, I will correct it, for I love Eva, and she is worth all that I can possibly do and far more. That little piece of honesty she showed this afternoon only makes her worth more in my eyes."

Work was his motto, and work he did. His friends would laugh at him for "boneing" all his time, but he did not care now that he had a purpose for it. On and on he worked, never writing to Eva, for to write to her only meant time from his studies, a deepening of his love, and a greater anguish. He tried to forget, and not think of her except in the sense that he was working in order that he might win her.

Christmas came, but as he had no desire to go home, for fear that it might throw his mind off his studies; he accepted an invitation from his room-mate to spend a few days with him. This visit he cut short in order to return to college to look up matter for his graduating thesis, his subject being, "America's Need of Better Trade Relations." He worked on this thesis constantly until it was time to hand it in; and you can imagine his surprise when it was pronounced the best thesis of the year, when we take into consideration the fact that it was the only speech he had ever written, and that he had only handed it in with the hope that it would pass. Still greater was his surprise when he was selected to speak it, for he had never had any idea of striving for honors



except in scholarship. In this he had been successful, raising himself from the lowest to the front rank.

Commencement came and he spoke as he never dreamed he could, for it was the first time during the four years in college that he had ever been on the floor before more than his class. So well did his speech take that it was heralded throughout the country by the press. His father was so proud of him that he almost wept. Not long though did his friends have to congratulate him, for he felt that his work was only begun, and had already formed a plan with his college chum, Eli Dorris, to go to Buenos Ayres, Argentine, and establish a bank and information bureau for the use of the American business men doing business in that country. By carefully studying the modern methods and means of international business, they had learned that these two needs were sore and depressing causes for the small volume of American trade with South America.

The proposition was a great one, in fact much greater than had been anticipated, but it is only the young, strong, energetic, and imaginative mind, backed by a strong, sound physical body, that is capable of grasping and mastering such problems, so the two united their heads and hands, working only with the information problem first. They were so successful at the end of the first year that they felt justified in starting the bank. To do this it was necessary for one of them to return to America to procure loans and funds, also they needed five or ten good men to help carry on the business. The question was, which should come. Both wanted to. The greatest drawback to their work was that both were in love at home, neither ever admitting it until they were in South America. Many hours had they wasted talking of their sweethearts. The only difference was that Dorris heard from his and Deb did not. The plans had been perfected, all except which one should go, and the time had come for one or



the other to get ready. Dorris remarked to Deb that he better decide to let him go, for he was sure he had a girl at home, while he was only depending on a broken stick. "I may be, but I will risk it anyway. We will match, then, to see who goes."

They matched. Dorris won.

Nearly four months had passed since Dorris had left, and not a day that Deb did not think of his hard luck in losing. At times he would find himself sitting idle in his office, his work lying before him undone, his mind back at Elkon. How much longer he would have held out, without writing is not known, for at this time Dorris returned with eight clerks, sufficient funds, and loans to start the bank, and a pretty little wife. The first did not bother Deb in the least, the new men were just what he needed to cheer him up, the funds and success of Dorris looked good, but that wife of his almost set him crazy. If they had not had so much work to do in getting everything under way, he could not have stood up under the strain. As it was he nearly worried the life out of Dorris asking silly questions; he almost blamed him for not bringing Eva back with him.

Eight months more and they had been in Buenos Ayres only two years. In this short time all the American business done in that city and surrounding country was done through them. Hardly a new customer was found or sale made in the entire republic that was not based on the information of Dorris and Kenan. Success was theirs and success called for a greater capital, an increased force, and a better advertising at home. This made it again necessary for one of them to return home. This time Deb would not listen to any proposition that had for its meaning any one else returning except himself, and never did a happier man land in New York than he. So great was his haste to get home that he did not tarry in New York long enough to attend to some important business that was very urgent, and business that he had promised Dorris he would attend to immediately. In fact, it did



not cross his mind until after he had been home a week. His business was in the South. Not in New York. Nearly three years, and not a word from Eva!

Eva had graduated the year following Deb, and since then she had spent much time visiting. Home was dull now that her chum was away, and to stay home was to think only of the pleasant past, and regret that it was no more. She had come to the point when to visit made her homesick, and to stay home made her yearn and long to see Deb Kenan, for even though she had led him to believe she did not love him, she did with all her heart. Why had he never recognized that letter she had written him congratulating him on his commencement speech? She had written it in such a way that he might have answered it if he cared, and appreciated it. Many times had she been tempted to write to him before that, but she thought he loved her, and that he did not care to correspond in the same old way; then she loved him, and she was afraid he would find it out. Now that everything had gone as it had she wished she had let him know that day—the last time they were together. It had been nearly three years now, but everything was as fresh in her mind as if it had just occurred.

Eva's mother had been sick during the spring and summer, so necessarily she had been detained at home. It was the first of August her mother was nearly well; so, taking a book, Eva had gone out to the old seat beneath the grape arbor, late in the afternoon, to read. She sat there watching the sheep and cattle for a few moments, then began her story; she had not been reading long when her eye lids began to grow heavy, so she decided to turn her reading into sleep. This was not hard to do, as a hammock had been substituted for the old seat. The tinkle-tinkle of the sheep bell grew fainter and fainter until she was in a deep sleep, and from sleep she fell into dreamland. Sunset came and she slept on, dreaming, dreaming, until late twilight, when she suddenly awoke, con-



scious that some one was standing over her. Was it that her dream had come true? Could it be possible that her old chum, Deb Kenan had come back to her after all? She had dreamed that he was with her, that they were again together under the grape arbor, and that he had renewed his suit, and that she had accepted. Still she lay on afraid to look for fear it was only a dream, for he was in South America.

The thoughts were flying through Deb's head at the rate of a thousand per minute. Before him lay his life-long friend, chum and now love—the only woman he had ever loved. She was fast asleep. Should he wake her or should he tiptoe away, she had rejected his love once? "It's a golden opportunity. I can't miss it!" He tried to speak, he had no voice; again and he failed. Again with the result of a whisper, "Eva." That was enough, their eyes met, two hands were held out to him and her dream was reality. G——. '08.

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### TWILIGHT THOUGHTS.

BY E. D. HELLWEG.

The twilight shadows come to spread their shroud  
Of darkness o'er my tired and care-worn heart,  
While all the brightest hues of sunset's proud  
And glorious splendor one by one depart.  
Reluctant to retire and leave my soul  
Abandoned to the blackness of the night,  
Their going takes from me the very goal,  
Of life, with the withdrawal of their light.  
I would not live forever thus, and long  
To see the morrow's regal birth, to taste  
Again the sweetness of the day, so strong  
Is life to light allied. But God, in haste  
To show His love, has hearkened to my call—  
He's lit the candles of His vaulted hall.

—*Randolph-Macon Monthly.*



## BETHABARA.

Late in the afternoon of November 17, 1753, a little band of fifteen weary travellers arrived at what is now known as Old Town, in Forsyth County, North Carolina. With their goods in a large wagon, they had made the long journey from Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, having left there October 8, 1753. The previous year a party of surveyors, after undergoing many hardships and privations, had selected and surveyed a tract of nearly one hundred thousand acres which they named Wachovia. This tract was purchased from Lord Granville by the agent of the Moravian Church. On it there was a deserted hut, and this was the objective point of the travellers, and here they settled, naming the place Bethabara.

Three of the party, after a short visit returned to Pennsylvania. Each one of the twelve remaining had some useful trade or profession. There was a minister, a physician, a business manager, a carpenter, a tanner, a blacksmith, farmers, etc.

They at once started to work, clearing and plowing the land, sowing grain, building houses, planting fruit trees, building a mill, etc. The settlers of the surrounding territory brought their sick to the little settlement to receive medical treatment from the physician.

At first the Indians were friendly, but as the French and Indian war wore on they became hostile and the settlers built a triangular shaped stockade enclosing most of the houses of the village. This fort furnished refuge for many settlers throughout a large section of the country whose homes were attacked or threatened with attack by Indians. The labor and forethought required in building this fort, and also the mill, no doubt, saved many lives that would otherwise have been lost either by massacre or by starvation.

Upon one occasion a band of Indians had assembled upon the hill west of the village intending a surprise attack. The



bell was rung for the regular evening religious service, and the Indians withdrew, thinking they had been discovered, and that bell was rung for the purpose of calling the people together for defense.

New settlers arrived from time to time from Pennsylvania. The village grew and suffered no severe misfortune until the summer of 1759, when it was visited by a deadly fever which caused the death of twelve people including the minister and the physician.

In September, 1767, Bethabara was visited by Governor Tryon and his wife. Again in 1771, after the Battle of Alamance, Governor Tryon, with his army of more than 3,000 men, spent several days in the village. On June 6th the army held a review there in honor of the birthday of King George III. Tryon's successor, Governor Martin, also visited Bethabara in August, 1772.

Having religious scruples against war the settlers took no part in the Revolutionary War. On this account it was charged that they were aiding the British and a Committee of Safety was sent from Salisbury to investigate these charges. This they did and reported them groundless.

On several occasions bodies of troops of both armies passed through the village. On February 10, 1782, Cornwallis passed through in his famous pursuit of General Greene.

After the war Congress and the State Legislature passed acts excusing the Moravians from military duty on account of their religious beliefs. However, in this connection, it is well to note that they afterwards renounced this privilege and in the Civil War there were no braver or more loyal soldiers than those from Wachovia.

Salem was founded in 1766 and Bethabara gradually sank into the background and the new town became the active center of Wachovia.

Several of the buildings erected by the first settlers are still standing in Betharaba; notably the old stone church built in 1788. At this church on November 17, 1903, was held the



Sesqui-Centennial Celebration of the settlement of Wachovia. Several thousand people from all sections of our country witnessed the unveiling of the monument commemorating the event. Stones were also placed establishing the corners of the old stockade so that visitors in the years to come may locate the historic old fort.

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## MET LIKE VESSELS AT SEA.

BY DR. A. RUDY.

Like ships they have met at life's high sea.  
He hailed her and said, "Come, sail with me.  
So long I waited, my love, for thee;  
Now let's be mated. Come, sail with me."  
She smiled and gave him a look like love.  
He thought he had won his coining dove.  
Alas! too soon, she set her sail  
And left him alone 'mid storm and gale.

## CHORUS.

Met like vessels at sea,  
Hailed her and said, "Sail with me."  
But she smiled and refused him, refused him;  
And now he cannot forget  
That beautiful vessel he met,  
And now he cannot forget  
That beautiful vessel he met.

Through danger by storms too far from land,  
No one to cheer him, no helping hand—  
Such times have passed while sailing alone,  
No gold amassed, his talents not known.  
He met her again—two failures in love—  
He raised his eyes to heaven above:  
"O Lord, so young and left in the cold,  
What will it be when one gets old?"

(Copyright, 1907.)



## OUR UNITED STATES.

A PATRIOTIC SONG.

BY DR. A. RUDY.

## 1.

Our United States we treasure  
And her banner we adore  
For there is no purer pleasure  
Than her homes from shore to shore.  
We'll uphold her constitution,  
Independence, union, States,  
For her war of revolution  
Opened wider freedom's gates.

## CHORUS.

Guard ye our United States  
Hoist the flag a despot hates,  
Guard our homes from sea to sea,  
Keep our land all grand and free.

## 2.

Here mankind of many races,  
Finds in liberty a home;  
Public schools with merry faces,  
Are Columbia's crowning dome.  
Here we have good recognition  
For all honest men who toil  
And a laborer's condition  
Sings of our Columbian soil.

## 3.

And the Stars and Stripes, our banner  
With its red and white and blue,  
O we love it in a manner  
So devoted and so true.



Six and seven stripes are showing  
All our first successful states  
And as many stars are glowing  
As are states within our gates.

## 4.

Hail! Hail! our United Nation!  
She is helping freedom's cause  
With her men of every station  
Who obey their country's laws.  
Liberty for us and neighbors,  
East and West therein agree,  
North and South have joined their labors,  
And our land is grand and free.

(Copyright, 1897.)





## LOOKING UPWARD.

There is an upward tendency working in the universe. I mean to say that there is an evolution going on from better to best—the latter will be ultimately accomplished or else why are we progressing?

Pessimists cry that the world is growing more venal, more wicked, and more sordid than ever, and when we walk down Broadway of New York City and see the mark of the beast in most faces, even in those that show great intellectuality, and when in going through the tenement district on the East side we see squalor, ignorance and poverty on every side—when we see these things we are inclined to agree with the pessimist. Others say that we are not progressing upward in that we have had no man since Jesus' time who excelled or approached him in soul-devotion to the human race, nor that we have had any one who was intellectually and morally equal to Socrates. But we cannot judge the progress of the human race by its best men of each age. Rather we should judge it by the average man.

Can even a pessimist assert that the average is worse or as bad as it was a generation, a century, or two thousand years ago?

What shall be our relation to this upward tendency?

Shall we help it onward? Shall we kick the world backward or help lift it a little bit nearer perfection? Shall the stream of life be purified as it goes through us or shall it become more polluted than it is?

These are the most awful questions, the answer to which a man must work out in his daily life. Answering them as we can and are impelled to do by the moral law which is a part of nature may not bring us happiness in the ordinary sense of the term, but the consciousness that we are attaining a small degree of virtue is the sublimest kind of blessedness.

Hitch your wagon not to the star of wealth, position in the limelight of publicity, or material comfort, but to the star



of a moral perfection for yourself and the world. "Be ye therefore perfect," and at the same time give the world the same command.

Purify human life. Do not pollute it. Woe be to the man who himself retrogresses. But still greater woe to the man who leads his fellows down. Who that feels the impelling moral law working within him would not rather lose his right hand or his intellect even than write such a book as some of our recent ones which by their insidiousness are wrecking the moral character of thousands of men and women, of boys and girls.

Follow the law within you. Has it ever led you astray? Learn to do the right. Learn to know the right.

—S. Eldredge, *Columbia University.*



NORTH CAROLINA STATE LIBRARY.



## REFLECTIONS

At some conspicuous point on the largest business street in every city of any size will be found an office of the National Cash Register Company, and in the show window of this office there is or has recently been one of their most novel and attractive advertisements which consists of a small pond of water on the bank of which is seated a typical, lazy old farmer of perhaps seventy summers, fishing. At regular intervals this aged gentleman "gets a bite," arouses himself from the sleep that he has been enjoying for perhaps a minute and gives a very expectant jerk to his line, but as long as I have watched him in the hopes of seeing his tireless efforts repaid, I have never yet seen him land a fish, though it seems not to worry his mind, for he at once allows his hook to settle back in the water and dozes off again only to be again awakened by some ever-persistent and lucky inhabitant of the depths below. These old gentlemen so admirably illustrate the true type of this large class of country life that the first time I ran across one, being very deeply interested in this side of human nature and desiring to get a deeper insight into the thoughts of this great mass of humanity and noticing the varied expressions upon this old fellow's face which I knew—being a more or less proficient physiognomist and also mind-reader—to be the reflections of the varied thoughts that rapidly passed through his mind while seated there, to all intent enrapt in dreams of either the past or the future—and having nothing else to do I sat there beside the aged fisherman for an hour transcribing his thoughts as I read them and saw them reflected in his face, to paper and I shall endeavor to give you now as nearly as possible what this lonely, silent fisherman thought for the first five intervals between bites, that I was studying his character, hoping thus to give you a slight insight into the course of thoughts that occupy the minds of this large class of God's earthly tenants.



"That sermon last Sunday that that fellow—that new parson—what is his name. Oh! yes—Jones; that's it; I knew it was some uncommonly common name. By the way they say he's a sportin' that red-headed gal of Sy. Brown, Sally, already, and he hain't been here but two Sundays. Well, sir, he's bad off, 's all I've got to say; for this is certainly a case of red-headed temper. She came by it honestly, though, for old Mrs. Brown and her mammy before her both had heads as red as a pod of ripe pepper, and their tempers were just about as hot, and Bill Brown himself, if he warn't too garl darned lazy—I can't see what under the sun makes people so lazy anyway—if he wan't too lazy to get mad he would have a temper himself. I know that to be a fact, for when I caught his flop-yearred sow in my tater hill and shut her up, when he came after her he had got kinder warm in the collar. But as I was just thinking 'bout that sermon, where he said that John—I think it was John the Baptist—there are so many Johns in the Bible that it would take a Solomon to keep them straight—I believe there are as many as there are in this county—there's John on the island; beheaded John; John the brother of Jim; John the askariot; John Bunyan—well, it don't make much difference how many there are—anyway that John took Jesus Christ down into the river and that he knew he was a Baptist because John the Baptist baptized him, and he know'd good and well that he dip him all over in the water because there never was a Baptist that would sprinkle a fellow, especially if he got him into water deep enough to duck him in. I just felt like shouting to him, 'You are right, brother, for that is argument that can't be disputed.' But when he said—"

"Law that must have been a whopper; I ain't never seed a cat that could give that kinder bite. I'll get him next time. Every time I go fishing it reminds me of one time when I was just about the size of that little boy of Jim Jackson's that is forever chasing widow Simpson's hogs with that yallow



cur of his; if I were her I would fix that cur so he'd never chase any more of my hogs. The very first time I caught him around my place when some of the family wan't there—that'll be hard to find, though, for they all got more curiosity than a cow—I'd give him a dose that would fix him; he ain't fit for nothing but to suck eggs. That time pa sent me and that little nigger Frank down in the field to replant corn. It was a little early to catch cats—didn't use to begin fishin' till corn was nearly knee high—but we couldn't resist the temptation to try our luck when such a grand opportunity was at hand. So we replanted three rounds apiece, I think it was, and went to dig bait. Digging bait was as hard as replanting corn, but we were soon fishing—we fished with grubs and earth-worms. Frank had one hook baited and stuck it in the mud to fix another, when he got a big bite. I yelled, 'Look, Frank!' and he grabbed the pole and that fish—he must have been a whopper—jerked that nigger in the water 'fore he could turn loose. The water wan't knee deep on the edge. But when that nigger came out of there he was making enough fuss for a whole big camp-meeting, and, sir, he kept it up, never looking around, hollowing, 'The devil's got me.' And sure enough a terripin—I'd just as leave for the devil to get me—had him by the toe, and he was a rouser, and I ain't never know'd yet how he got up that hill so fast with that thing swinging to him. And papa he heard the racket clean home and when we went home we got—"

"That must be a blackfish, for he surely can bite without getting caught. I'll get you yet, old fellow, just watch what I tell you. . . . You may talk about pretty girls, but I ain't never yet seen one that looked as near like I imagine Pharaoh's daughter did—law, she must a-bin prettier than a speckled trout—as did Buck Williams' old woman when she was young. I loved that gal—I'll bet I told her a thousand times that I loved her, more than Benjamin Franklin with all his knowledge could tell, and I gave that gal more



candy than ever I gave all the rest of my gals put together. I never will forget that day when me and her was pickin cotton; had rows side by side and when she would get behind I'd help her up. I thought I was just a gettin' along all to the mustard, for it had only been two Saturday nights since I had kissed her when we was playing "rabbit-in-the-peapatch," and to me that kiss was sweeter than any candy I had ever tasted. So I thought I'd pop the question, so I says to her, 'Meg, you know I have loved you for a long time, and now honestly I love you as hard as a terrapin can bite, and I don't see'—here I had to stop, and before I could say more, she kinder tossed her head one-sided and replied, 'Buck ain't quite as slow and lazy as you. He has a road-cart and a mule, and he takes me to ride and when we are on lonely roads he—'

"That was on a nibble. Guess it must have been a eel; those darned things are the most aggravating—next to 'skeeters—that a fisherman has to deal with. . . . And Jim Tew is running for constable against Ben Johnson. Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! if that don't beat all. If I was in his place I would come a darned sight nearer running from it; but, by grannies, I reckon that's why he is trying to get it in his hands, for he won't be afraid of himself, and he knows good and well that if Ben Johnson gets it, he will have to do better than he has been doing. Vote for him, I'd sooner see him in—an ice-factory. Why, he's the good-for-nothing rascal that sold me that bellosed horse, and then had brass—equal to a brass monkey—enough to try to sell me that old cow that's had the hollow-horn for four years—by the way that old fellow John Middleton says he can cure any case of hollow-horn, or tail either one, by boring a hole in it and filling with molasses that costs thirty cents a gallon, and I reckon its so too, for I've seen everything else tried and nothing was any good, and this is the only time I ever heard of using sweetness as a remedy. But I was just a thinking



what kind of pollyticks we will have in a few years. I believe that if George Washington had ever thought that Jim Tew and Ben Johnson would have been running for constable he never would have been the father of this country. But the funny part of it is that Jim's got a notice in the *Banner*, saying: 'HONORABLE JAMES TEW IS PROHIBITION CANDIDATE FOR CONSTABLE,' just as if he didn't like 'old rye' better than me. If that don't beat—"

"Wonder what Betsy will say when I go home to-night? If these fish keep on biting like they have been, I think I'll have a pretty good bunch of fish, though, and when I take a good bunch she don't usually say much, but I know just what she thinks. I never will forget that time when I went home without a single fish and had been fishing most all day, and she seed me coming when I was way down by the melon patch. I know'd there was something wrong, for I heard her saying to Jimmy, 'Go, tell that trifling dady of yours that I said for him to come here at once and fix this pump;' well, sir, when I got through fixin' that pump, she had used up all the words to be found in Webster's—wonder if he was any kin to John Webster—biggest dictionary on me, and more of her own make. I never seed a woman so mad before, but I guess if she had gone off and hadn't cooked my dinner, I would have been just as mad, so I quietly went off 'possum huntin' and next morning she was all O. K. I wouldn't trade her for any wife south of Missouri, for she can cook the best hoe-cake, and can put the best patch on a pair of breeches that I ever saw look almost like new. And then she loves me and the children even if—"

—Anonymous.



# The Red and White

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

## SUBSCRIPTION:

One year, . . . . \$1.00. Single copy, . . . . 15 cents.  
For Sale at room 18, Watauga Hall.

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

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Examinations over again, and we are beginning the last term work of this session, which, with such beautiful weather and so many ball games, etc., interspersed now and then with a little hydraulics, geology, meteriology, astronomy, etc., will doubtless be gone before we know it, and another course of exams be on hand to be fought out. Examinations coming



just at the time they did has caused a delay in the appearance of the RED AND WHITE, which we regret, but could not help; however, we shall endeavor to be more prompt in the future.

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PROHIBITION.—Perhaps this is a subject somewhat without the realm of college journalism, but since it is at present being so much agitated throughout the State, perhaps it is nothing amiss for the State to know something of the students' attitude toward a question that is of such importance to the State; for there are gathered within college walls in this State more than two thousand young men who will be denied the privilege of directly assisting in this campaign and of even casting their vote, as they would so much like to. College men, as students of every phase of life, are brought face to face with this question in a somewhat different manner from that of the citizen. They have to study it, not from a political or religious point of view, but as a student of economics in its different phases, and hence are taught its effects primarily upon the State as a whole principally from this point of view. And no student who has even casually regarded the effect of alcoholic beverages, as all have, from this light, is in favor of longer permitting its sale within his State. Then what are we to do? Influence! The power of that one word in the hands of two thousand young men from every town, village and hamlet in the State is almost unlimited, and we see the imperative need, so let's use it one and all.

THE STUDENTS' BUILDING.—This building—perhaps we should call it the Y. M. C. A. Building, since it is to be erected under the auspices of that body, but since the Y. M. C. A. is composed of by far the larger portion of the students and since this building is to contain in addition to adequate quarters for that organization, a home for every student organization in college and is thus their sole possession, we would prefer to call it their building—is an assured fact, and



it is hoped that it will be completed for use during next session, and will be, if the remaining unsubscribed funds can be secured.

Do we need such a building as it is proposed to erect? The following question and answer answers beyond a doubt this question in the affirmative: What have we now? A half dozen absolutely indispensable student organizations that are of inestimable value to every student in college, and *absolutely no home* for a single one of them, to say nothing of the minor societies etc.; the Y. M. C. A., the Athletic Association, the literary societies, the student publications, five in number, including the RED AND WHITE, and numbers of other societies and clubs; not one of which has an office or hall or any appropriate place in which to meet. In fact there is no place outside of our rooms that we can meet and feel at home to talk, discuss or transact any business. In this building provisions will be made for all these; in other words, this building will provide a home for the students and all of their organizations. Do the students desire such a building as this? The simple fact that within two weeks after a movement for its erection was begun they had subscribed, themselves, over five thousand dollars, and in another month had secured outside subscriptions amounting to more than another five thousand, it seems would be evidence enough to convince any one that we see our needs and are fighting for them. But will ten thousand dollars erect such a building? No. Are the students able to subscribe the other necessary ten thousand? No. Then to whom are we to look for help. The college itself cannot. The legislature of the State has all it can do to care for the college.

Are the friends and patrons of this college to allow its students, upon whom the future material welfare of the State depends, to labor on for the next fifteen years against the ever-increasing and overwhelming obstacles that they have had to fight for the past fifteen, and thus have their otherwise rapid progress handicapped for the petty sum of a few thousand dollars? We cannot believe it, but this is the inevitable



unless you give us your personal financial assistance. We cannot but believe that did the friends of this college realize the utter impossibility of the proper future progress of the student organizations—two of which are the most vital elements in a present day education, *i. e.*, the Y. M. C. A. and the literary societies—without the erection of this or some similar building for their use, as do the students, especially after they have so heroically, many at a sacrifice, subscribed one-fourth of the necessary amount, they would likewise respond to our needs and have an even more spacious building than is planned erected and ready for use at opening of next session, at their expense alone, and leave only the furnishing for us, but this is not what we ask. Citizens of North Carolina! friends of this College! we are yours, and we need your assistance. We believe this building an absolute necessity and we cannot erect it alone. Is it not a privilege—nay, is it not your duty to invest ten thousand dollars in a proposition that will for all time to come be of such inestimable value to your State as the erection of such a building here could not help but be.





# Athletics

## BASEBALL TEAM.

Since the arrival of Dr. Morris Whitehurst, Coach, the improvement in our base-ball team has been remarkable, especially in the batteries and batting work, as the batting is the one feature most emphasized by Coach Whitehurst, who says that ability to bat will win a man a position on his team. Showing in every respect so far has been excellent, and this bids fair to be one of our most successful seasons. Following are the men who will play the different positions:

Catcher: Thompson (Captain) and Abernethy; Thompson, who has successfully handled all balls that have crossed our home-plate for two seasons, will do most of the work there this season, assisted by "Pat" Abernethy, a new man with good eye for the ball, which places him near the top of the batting list. Thompson leads the batting, and has always proven equal to any emergency. His head work behind the bat is beyond censure, and this with his catching and batting ability places him among the first of college players in the South.

Pitcher: Sexton, who gave the ball such mysterious twists last season, has improved almost marvellously, as was evidenced by his striking out eleven of the Southern Pines professionals in six innings. His work so far has been almost phenomenal, which with his perfect control and quick curves bids fair to place him among the foremost of college pitchers in the South this season. Will pitch the first game against Lafayette.

Cline, who is just beginning his first season as a college pitcher, is undoubtedly one of the coming pitchers of the South, as his work so far has evidenced. His 6 ft. 3 in. stands him in good stead and coupled with his speed makes him a pitcher capable of carrying his part of the game.

"Pap" Harris, who always comes in when others fail, will



assist in the slab work again this season. Will play field when not in the box. Will make Lafayette look like a three-cent piece in the second game.

First Base: Fox, our star first baseman for two seasons, is again delighting all who see him play by his quick, sure and spectacular work on the initial sack. His ability to catch men napping is gilt-edge. Third in batting and first in advancing runners. His excellent past record bids fair to be excelled this season.

Second Base: Goss and Black are hotly contesting this coveted position at present. Goss by virtue of his previous playing, holding this position last season, has somewhat the inside track, but Black is improving wonderfully under the coaching and will give Goss a close race. Neither bat up to the standard, though both are improving, and this will probably decide who shall play the position.

Short-stop: Seifert and Lamberth are both working hard, Seifert having a slight advantage so far, his work in the first game being especially praiseworthy. Batting of both can be improved and here again this will decide who shall be successful. Lamberth is also playing for a field and his batting and base running ability will assist him to secure a position.

Third Base: Here again we have an old star and standby in Farmer, who played the position so well last season. His base-running is unexcelled. Batting up to standard and fielding superb. Will be one of the leading third basemen in the South this season.

Left Field: Ross and Baker. Ross has call on Baker in his batting, while Baker's fielding is better; both will have to work hard. Ross is by far the most scientific batter on the team and displays best form at bat.

Center Field: Council and Gattis. Council has call on batting, fielding of both about equal and below standard.

Right Field: Lamberth and Abernethy. Abernethy having lead in batting will probably play position when not catching. Fielding of both below standard, though Lamberth is perhaps some better than Abernethy.



# Y. M. C. A.

## PRESIDENT'S REPORT FOR 1907-'08.

B. TROY FERGUSON.

In glancing back over our year's administration which began March 1, 1907, we are made to feel glad that we are able to recall a few things which we believe to have been to our interest and for the advancement of Christ's kingdom. When this term began our General Secretary, Mr. Walton, had been with us for about six months. During this time he had made many friends among the students and members of the Faculty and by his persistent and never-tiring efforts had systematized the work and gotten some of the rough places ground down more smoothly. We must say that we have worked under very adverse circumstances, especially in that we have no place that we can call home. Our meetings which are on Wednesday and Sunday evenings are held in Pullen Hall, which is not well suited for our purposes. In view of this fact and realizing so fully the need of a home, we set to work about the middle of March to form plans for the erection of a well equipped Young Men's Christian Association Building. In order that our plans might be clearly understood throughout the College, we gave a banquet the last of March and began the campaign. At this banquet able addresses upon the subject of a building and its uses were made by Messrs. W. D. Weatherford and Josephus Daniels, President Winston and Governor Glenn. This occasion was enjoyed very much by all who attended, and much enthusiasm was manifested on the subject of the new building. At once we set out to raise the funds for the erection of the building. At the end of one week we had raised over five thousand dollars from the student body. With this magnificent beginning we called on the



Faculty and other friends for help and pretty soon the sum had reached ten thousand dollars, a portion of which is now in the treasurer's box awaiting more.

We sent one delegate to the Interstate Convention held at Wilmington last spring, eight delegates to the Asheville Conference last summer, one to the International Convention held in Washington, D. C., last November and one to the Ruston Conference during the Christmas holidays.

Last October the North Carolina Bible Study Institute was held here, which proved to be very instructive and helpful. Among the speakers were Prof. Edwin C. Mimms of Trinity College; Dr. Lilly, of Winston-Salem; Dr. W. D. Weatherford, of Atlanta; G. C. Huntington, of Charlotte, and R. V. Taylor, of New York.

During this session the *Intercollegian* was issued for the first time. The circulation has been two hundred copies per month, and has enabled us to keep the work of the Association before our friends in addition to keeping our members posted as to their work.

Five hundred hand books were issued and a copy mailed to each prospective student during the summer. An equal number of calendars were issued and sold.

We wish to render thanks to the following gentlemen who have worked so faithfully as committee chairmen:

D. J. Middleton, Bible Study; P. L. Gainey, Devotional; M. L. Eargle, Publication; J. S. Stroud, Social; F. H. Brown, Finance; W. S. Dean, Employment; J. A. Arey, Prayer-meeting, and R. A. Shope, Music.

Last summer the names of prospective students were secured from the Registrar, and letters were written to each by the General Secretary, Bible and Mission chairmen, and members of the committee on work for new students. At the beginning of the session in September the new men were met at the station and helped to find their rooms. On the first Friday night after the opening the regular annual reception was given to the new students, at which speeches were made



representing the different phases of college life and refreshments served. About a month later another reception was given to members of the Association and their friends. These entertainments give an opportunity for the new students to become acquainted.

We are under many obligations to the ladies of the community for the service which they so kindly rendered in making our banquet and entertainments successful. We take this opportunity to express our thanks to the citizens of Raleigh for their assistance in entertaining our guests during the Bible Study Institute and to the members of the different choirs and others who have sung or played for us in our various meetings.

Among the speakers whom we have had during the year are: Capt. Richard Pierson Hobson, Prof. E. L. Middleton, of Carey; Rev. Junius W. Milliard, Atlanta; Rev. A. H. Barber, Dr. A. H. Moment, Rev. J. C. Massee, Dr. W. C. Tyree, John E. Ray, Dr. H. A. Royster, Dr. D. H. Hill, T. B. Eldridge, J. S. E. Young, Dr. A. Rudy, J. T. Pullen, of Raleigh, W. D. Weatherford, of Atlanta; R. V. Taylor, of New York; G. C. Huntington, of Charlotte, C. D. Daniel, of Nashville; R. M. Harper, of Harvard, and Prof. Blair, of Guilford College.

It is a sad fact that the Young Men's Christian Association is not reaching out in college life and taking as strong a hold as it should. It is not as representative of the student body as it should be, nevertheless we think it is building up and I am sure that those who have taken an active part in the work this year have gotten value received and more for all the time and money they have spent in that way. As we think of the men actively engaged in the Association work we see nearly every phase of college life represented, men from all parts of the State, and from other States, representing the different Christian denominations, working shoulder to shoulder for the advancement of the kingdom of God. Some of our strongest men on the athletic field, in the literary societies, in the glee



club, and in other college organizations are leaders in the Young Men's Christian Association.

Again looking back over the past year we feel that we as an Association have fallen far short of our opportunities; the active men and especially the officers have not felt the responsibility and privilege which their position affords. The attendance at the meetings has not been large enough. We have not had enough men in the evening prayer circle; the mission classes and the Bible classes have been too weak. Yet we feel thankful that we have been permitted to do the little we have.

In closing I must say that our work as a whole has not measured up to the standard to which we had hoped and planned for, yet the future is before us; then let us put forth our best efforts and push onward and upward and do more this year than ever before. Let's make our lives and words prove that we are living for the one great common cause—Jesus Christ.

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A most enjoyable and instructive lecture was heard by the College Y. M. C. A. during the latter part of February, the speaker being Dr. W. L. Poteat, President of Wake Forest College. The lecture was not only heard by many of the students, but by a large number of visitors from the city.

Dr. Poteat used as his subject, "The Principles which Should Guide in Selecting Life Work." He gave much valuable advice to all, and especially to young men. He emphasized the chance, the plans, the man, the time and the way to choose. It was a clear presentation of a vital subject to young people who are just entering into life's work.

At the same meeting we had the pleasure of hearing some excellent music rendered by Mrs. Earnest Martin, accompanied by Miss Phyllis Woodall, violinist, and Miss Bessie Futrell, pianist.

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At the first meeting in March the new officers took charge, and the new president in a short, interesting and appreciative



talk, asked the assistance and co-operation of the entire Y. M. C. A. in the performance of the very responsible duty involved in the presidency of such an organization, and we sincerely hope that it will be given him, and that the Y. M. C. A. will live the most prosperous year of its life under his guidance.

At this same meeting, we had the pleasure of listening to a very interesting and instructive lecture on the Book of Ruth by Dr. Hill, of the Faculty. He read from Genesis and then placed the Bible before us as the one standard and masterly literary production of the world, containing history, law, poetry, love stories, commercial information or any kind of high and uplifting literature. He used the Book of Ruth as an illustration of the wonderful, high, ideal character sketching to be found in it, and gave us a concrete, but thorough review of the several parts to be found in this masterpiece, including sketches of the leading characters—Naomi, Ruth and Boaz.

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At the next regular meeting Secretary E. R. Walton brought out very plainly, "What it means to be a true Christian," emphasizing the absolute necessity of willingness to undergo a sacrifice of any kind when called by duty to do such. He also mentioned the importance of our sending a large delegation to the Southern Students' Conference to be held at Montreat, N. C., this summer. Our number increased from two in 1906 to eight last summer, and we should at least double this number this year.

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At a recent meeting the annual Interstate Convention of North and South Carolina, to be held at Columbia, S. C., was discussed with the view of sending as large a delegation as possible, and it is hoped that several will attend.

*Cor. Sec.*



## Locals

Quite a number of the boys spent Saturday and Sunday away from college last week visiting friends and relatives.

Mr. Luther Tillet, '07, was a visitor on the hill last week. He has a lucrative position as civil engineer in Florida.

Dr. "Mickie" Whitehurst, our coach, has arrived and has put the squad to work in earnest. He is very much pleased with our prospects for the coming season and with the material we have with his excellent training we are sure to turn out a winning team.

His many friends will regret to learn of the serious illness of Mr. E. L. Hines, of Winston-Salem. He is confined with a severe attack of appendicitis and at present is in a very critical condition.

Mr. R. H. Tillman, '06, who has been working with the General Electric Co., since graduation, has recently accepted a position with Rochester Railroad, Rochester, N. Y.

Mr. Ben Suttle, of Shelby, was a visitor for a few days last week. He was a member of the '08 class, but left college during his Sophomore year.

At a recent meeting of the Senior class Mr. C. T. Marsh was elected Manager of the class base-ball team and Mr. P. L. Gainey was elected captain.

Mr. L. R. Gilbert, '07, of Jonesboro, gave us a pop-call last week.



Mr. Albert Escott, '06, who is at present Secretary and Treasurer of the Neuse and Raleigh Cotton Mills, gave the Textile Society of our College an instructive lecture on "The Cost of Production in a Mill."

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Mr. O. F. McNairy was with us on the 10th. He has been engaged in civil engineering work in Florida.

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Several of the civil engineering Seniors have been standing civil service examinations for the last few days. If they passed they will soon receive an appointment in the Philippines.

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The March dance of the Thalarian German Club was one of the greatest successes and most thoroughly enjoyed dances given this year. Music was furnished by the Third Regiment Orchestra. The dance was led by Mr. Roy Hampton with Miss Lizzie Rogers. Others dancing were: Mr. R. Faison with Miss Nannie Hayes, Mr. R. Long with Miss Josephine Boylan, Mr. H. Beebe with Miss Normie Rogers, Mr. Dick Johnson with Miss Katherine Boylan, Mr. T. T. Dawson with Mr. Grizelle Hinton, Mr. R. F. Jones with Miss Juliet Crews, Mr. M. H. Gold with Miss Betsy London, Mr. J. S. Springs with Miss Hill, of Durham, Mr. C. C. Dawson with Miss Louise Wright, Mr. Buck Harris with Miss Emmie Drewry, Mr. A. S. Goss with Miss Irene Lacy, Mr. K. S. Tanner with Miss Annie Young, Mr. Roy Marshall with Miss Fannie Johnson, Mr. D. Lindsey with Miss Mildred Goodwin, Mr. "Billy" Parks with Miss Pansy Peppermint, Mr. J. M. Council with Miss Edith Pou, Mr. E. Pemberton with Mrs. Holt, Mr. Francis Cox with Miss Hage, Mr. J. L. Beeton with Miss Katherine Mackey, Mr. "Pap" Harris with Miss Margaret Boylan, Mr. E. E. Smith with Miss Foy Yancey, Mr. Geo. Harrison with Miss Caro Grey, Mr. M. Hendrick with Miss Margaret Mackey, Mr. S. F. Stephens with Miss Rosa Skinner, Mr. William Boylan with Miss



Hage, "Resolved" Gibbs with Miss Vivian Moncure, Mr. Gordon Smith with Miss Loula McDonald, Mr. Albert Cox with Miss Hague, Mr. Richard Hicks with Miss Fannie Young, Prof. Smith with Miss Emily Higgs, Dr. Whitaker with Miss Elsie Heywood. Stags: Farmer, Manning, Smith, Grimes, Hill. Chaperones: Mrs. Wright, Mrs. Pou, Mrs. Boylan.

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### IN MEMORIAM.

Whereas, It has pleased the all-wise Author of the universe to remove from our midst our brother, ERNEST RUSSELL HINE, of Old Town, N. C., and

Whereas, We deeply grieve to lose so loyal a friend and so faithful a worker:

*Therefore, be it resolved*, That we, the members of the Pullen Literary Society, assembled this day to honor the memory of our departed brother, do extend our deepest and heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved family and other relatives of Mr. Hine, and

*Resolved, further*, That a copy of these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of the Society, that a copy be sent to his parents, and that these resolutions be published in the RED AND WHITE, *News and Observer* and *Winston-Salem Journal*.

H. W. KUEFFNER,

J. T. GARDNER, *Committee*.

West Raleigh, N. C., March 23, 1908.

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### RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

Whereas, God, in His infinite wisdom, has taken from among us to dwell with him our class-mate and friend, ERNEST RUSSELL HINE, of Old Town, N. C., and,

Whereas, We deeply grieve to lose so loyal a friend, so faithful a student and so manly a man from our College and our State;

*Therefore, be it resolved*, That we, the members of the Freshman Class of the North Carolina College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, assembled this day to honor the memory of our departed class-mate, do extend our most heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved family and other relatives of Mr. Hine, and

*Resolved, further*, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Mr. Hine's parents, and that they be published in the RED AND WHITE, the *Winston Sentinel* and the *Raleigh News and Observer*.

C. R. McMANAWAY,  
H. D. ABERNETHY,  
PAUL HENDREN, *Committee*.

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## **"Ah! Forget It"**

### A STUDENT'S SOLILOQUY.

To flunk, or not to flunk, that is the question;  
Whether it is nobler in the mind to suffer  
The looks and "marks" of outraged professors,  
Or to take up arms against a sea of lessons,  
And by learning end them? To flunk, to fail  
No more, and by a failure, to say we end  
The studying and thousand natural shocks  
That students are heirs to,—'tis a consummation  
Devoutly to be wish'd. To flunk, to fail;  
To fail! perchance to leave, aye, there's the rub,  
For in that leaving, what results may come  
When we have shuffled off this student coil  
Must give us pause: there's the respect  
That makes calamity of so long life,  
For who would bear the studying and toil of time,  
The professors' wrongs, the faculty's contumely,  
The insolence of office and the spurns,  
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,  
When he himself might his quietus make  
With a bare failure? Who would studying bear  
To grunt and sweat under the burden of study,  
But that the fear of something after school days,  
The undiscovered work, from whose bourn  
No student returns, puzzles the will,  
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,  
Than fly to others we know not of.  
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;  
And thus the native desire to pass  
Is sickled o'er with the thoughts of study,



And studies of great pith and moment,  
With this regard their currents turn awry,  
And lose their name of action.

W. R. S. '11.

"Indian" Smith (to Fox, bragging)—"Fox, you'd be a good-sized man if you sucked half as much as you blowed."

*Poyner* (stamping letter to a young lady)—“Well, here goes another stamp to the devil.”

NOTICE IN WOODSHOP.

(Before)

Students Must Not Run Machines Without Permission  
From Instructor.

(After)

Students Must Not Run From Instructor.

*Prof. Parks* (in machine shop)—“Mr. Price, you ought to be a baker.”

"Ditto."—"Why so, 'Fessor?"

*Prof. Parks*—"Because you'd get stout eating what you had spoiled."

Bray (looking at picture of Whitehurst's girl)—"Sudie, who is this?"

"*Sudie*" Whitehurst—"Man, she is the sweetest thing that has ever crept into existence.

*Registrar*—"Mr. Abernethy, you made four conditions last term; you will have to write your people about that."

"Pat" Abernethy—"I am all there is of them, and as yet there is no R. F. D. to heaven."



## Clippings

God bless the man!—he's only one,  
(O gracious heaven! send us more);  
Who reads a joke and doesn't sneer,  
"I'm sure I've read that thing before."

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*He*—"Don't you think my mustache is becoming?"  
*She*—"It may be coming, but it's not here yet."

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Cæsar's dead and buried,  
And so is Cicero;  
And where these two old gents have gone,  
I wish their works would go.

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*He*—"Your face is photographed upon my heart."  
*She*—"Let's go in the dark and develop it."

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*Professor*—"Do you believe in taxing breweries?"  
*Student*—"I do. To their utmost capacity."

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*First Kid*—"Didn't your sister's beau make you mad?"  
*Second Kid*—"Yes, but I got even with him. I put quinine in sister's face powder."

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*Old Lady*—"What is that odor?"  
*Farmer*—"That's fertilizer."  
*O. L.*—"For land's sake!"  
*Farmer*—"Yes, ma'm."

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In Century Dictionary, under the word "question" is the following: "To pop the question—see pop."



*Mistress*—"Katie, do you know anything about my husband's whereabouts?"

*Katie*—"Sure, mum, I left them hanging in the closet."

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An elderly gentleman was riding on a street car the other day. A boy began to laugh, and laughed so he couldn't stop. The old gentleman told his mother the boy needed a spanking, and she replied that she didn't believe in spanking on an empty stomach, whereupon the man said, "Neither do I. Turn him over."

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*Student*—"I want the Life of Julius Cæsar."

*Librarian*—"Brutus is ahead of you, sir."

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"Why don't you marry Matilda? She loves you and would make you happy. What's the trouble with her?"

"Her past."

"Her past! And what fault do you find with her past?"

"The length of it."

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#### AN EPITAPH.

Here lies the body of Mary Jane Lowder,  
Who died while taking a Seidlitz powder,  
Although she's gone to her heavenly rest,  
She'd better have waited till it effervesced.





## Exchanges

Foremost among our Southern magazines is the *University of Virginia Magazine*. Designed as a purely literary magazine, it is doing Southern life and literature an immeasurable service. We refer more especially to the articles appearing each month on "Charming Southern Towns." These stories told in rambling Southern style without any annoying attention to details, are real contributions to Southern literature. "The Spring Song" is one of the best pen pictures of the old time "darkey" that we have seen in some time. In this number is begun a series of criticisms of some of the more classical dramatic productions of the day. Hauptmann's "And Pippa Passes," is discussed in a very masterly manner. We have been reading very appreciatively the studies under the head of "Brink o' Dawn," but we are free to confess that we hardly understand the latest one of these. It seems to us that the narrow thread of the story which is intended to run through the whole is too completely hidden by the beautiful setting of philosophical discourse which surrounds it, detracting in some measure from the general beauty of the story. We are glad to note that the last of these stories is to be followed by the stories of "Mill-Folk," the first of which appears in this issue.

The *Carolinian* for January, a review of which was unintentionally omitted from the last issue, by the character of its contents reflects great credit on the institution which it represents. "The Ballad of the Spectre Ship" reminds one somewhat of the "Ancient Mariner," especially in the character of Peter Gail, who on account of a broken oath fears a horrible end. There are several other short poems of merit. The best of the stories is "A Yankee Trusted." We would make spe-



cial mention of and commend the article "Some Aspects of College Journalism," in which many problems in reference to the work are discussed.

We are glad to note such a large amount of improvement in the *Randolph-Macon Monthly*. "Twilight Thoughts," the opening poem, is a beautiful description of this time of day when one's thoughts turn naturally toward revery. "That Shall He Reap" is on the wonderful power of music to move men. "The 'Possum Hunt" tells in delightful dialect the experiences of two little negroes in this most glorious sport of their race. The rollicking style of "Skating" is well fitted to the subject.

We have hearkened to the cry of the *Chatterbox* and hasten to give our opinion of their magazine. The literary department opens with a very meritorious essay on "The Principal Characters in Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar." This is followed by an amusing story, "What's One Twin Without the Other." A review and commentary on the Book of Hosea is ably treated. We have one complaint to make and that is about the amount of poetry. One poem to six prose articles is not a good proportion. The poem "Reflections" is very good. However, it looks so lonely.

The *Elonian* contains a number of good articles, but is entirely lacking in poetry. This lack hurts even the mechanical make-up of the magazine. The prose is good, especially the article on "Whittier's Life and Writings. The story "Sybil Dean" is good, except for the fact that the action is a little hurried, giving the story a rather choppy effect.

The first article in the *Arizona Monthly* is on the Tucson Meteorite, a subject of much interest to students of Geology. "Experiment No. 1" is an excellent story, based on an impossible, but nevertheless interesting incident. We commend the exchange editors in collecting and publishing the college news of interest. The Clippings column gives evidence of careful editing.



In distinction to the general run of the magazines for the month the *Wake Forest Student* comes to us, having in addition to a number of stories, four poems. Surely the Muse of Spring poetry must have paid our neighbor an early visit. In this connection we would mention "The Singer and the Song" as appealing very strongly to us. The stories are not quite up to the standard of *Wake Forest* and need just a little improvement. The closing lines of "Strands of Fate" have too lofty a sound for the importance of the theme. Indeed this seems somewhat to characterize the whole of the story.

We acknowledge in addition to our usual exchanges the following new arrivals at our table and express the hope that they will continue to visit us: *The Chisel*, *The Criterion*, *The Limestone Star*, *The Radiant*.

