

TECHNICIAN

Vol. 1

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No. 21

STATE'S SPRING ATHLETICS

Our record in basketball was not to be envied, 'tis true. We lost the majority of our games, even with weaker institutions. Why we did is neither here nor there. It is now up to us to wipe the slate clean and champion basketball in basketball track.

Harry Hartse is recognized as one of the most successful coaches who ever handled State College material. He is a favorite with all the students and with the faculty as well. He is fast whipping into shape the men who responded to the call for baseball material. We have a number of old varsity men back on the job, and some fine prospects among the new men who are eligible. We can look for a winning baseball team.

Our track team has one of the best schedules ever, and the number of men trying out for the various events certainly proves that interest is high. Every event has several men contesting for the privilege of representing the Red and White in our inter-collegiate meets. This in itself is enough to insure us a winning team. However, coupled with this superabundance of material, is the fact that we have the best coaching staff any State track team has ever had. Dr. Carl Taylor, who has coached successfully both at Texas and Missouri, heads the list. In addition to Dr. Taylor, both Professor Dana and Jimmie McDougal will see that State turns out a championship team, or know the reason why.

COLLEGE DEGREE NO SPECIAL BENEFIT TO SEEKERS AFTER WORK

A man with a bachelor of arts degree from a college has little better chance of getting a job than a man without a degree. Dr. Frank J. Goodnow, president of Johns Hopkins University, declared, adding there was no reason why he should have a better chance.

He said further that practically-minded leaders of business and industry were justified in having little respect for the "high mark" in college studies and for the A. B. degree of a college. He spoke at the request of an interviewer by way of comment on the annual report of Mr. Lowell, president of Harvard University, who noted that the popular attitude toward excellence in college was not a complimentary attitude.

Dr. W. W. Moore Delivers Fourth Series of Otts Lectures at Davidson

The students and townspeople of Davidson had the great pleasure and privilege last week-end of hearing Dr. W. W. Moore, president of Union Theological Seminary at Richmond, and a Davidson graduate of the class of 1878, deliver the fourth of the series of Otts lectures.

The Otts lectureship was established in 1893 by Rev. J. M. P. Otts, D.D., LL.D., and provides for the delivery at Davidson College and the publishing of series of lectures in defense of Christianity against current heresies. Dr. Moore's lectures, presenting Christ as the keystone of the Christian faith and his own best evident, were quite the equal of the three preceding courses by Dr. Otts, Dr. Robert L. Dabney, and Dr. J. B. Shearer, and strengthened the Christian faith of all who heard them.

STATE COLLEGE RIFLE TEAM

Hicks, W. N.....	50	50	50	50	200
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—ALTERNATES

Barmettler	46	48	48	48	190
Yarboro, W. D.....	47	50	46	48	191

March 12th the rifle team fired the fourth corp area gallery competition in competition with all the colleges of the Southeast. We say for all the world to hear: "If these scores don't win, they will certainly scare someone." Please note that (possible of Hicks. Medicine dispensed at the hospital seems to have had the desired effect.

Miss Marie Edgerton, Chairman of Intercollegiate Press Association Executive Committee

The news item submitted last week showed Carroll W. Weathers, of Wake Forest, as First President, and thus chairman of the newly appointed executive committee. This should have been Miss Marie Edgerton, E-in-Chief of the Salemite. Please correct.

PULLEN ECHOES

Promptly at 6:30 p. m., on March 11, 1921, Judge Augustus R. Morrow called the Superior Court of Rhamkatt County to order.

The cases of State v. Veazy and State v. Sides were called for trial, but were postponed on account of the absence of the State's principal witnesses. Judge Morrow next called the case of State v. Elliott, to which Solicitor Langley replied that the State was ready. The solicitor then read the charge: "Swiping two quarts of green strawberries from the State College Nursery on the night of May 13, 1920. The accused plead 'not guilty.'"

Because of the notoriety and publicity the above case had amassed, Clerk E. B. Morrow had difficulty in securing a jury. After calling some twenty-five or more men he succeeded in swearing in the necessary twelve, and Judge Morrow appointed John D. Miller as foreman. Sheriff Jordan had considerable difficulty in keeping Juror Veazey awake, said juror disturbing the court a number of times with his vociferous snoring.

In spite of the vigorous efforts of Attorneys A. C. Jones and W. S. Morris, the latter making a particularly strong appeal to the jury, the foreman made this report after considerable deliberation by the jury: "This august body of men, being of unsound mind, and sound asleep, do find this man guilty of grand larceny."

Judge Morrow then sentenced the prisoner to serve ten months at hard labor—eating "hash" in the Mess Hall of the State College of North Carolina.

Upon request of Solicitor Langley, Judge Morrow adjourned court until the next session—any time in the coming twelve months.

The audience pronounced this the best yet of Pullen's annual mock trials. Messrs. Langley and Morris deserve especial mention for the excellent manner in which they presented their respective sides of the case.

On the night of April 5th the Sophomores are scheduled to meet in the third of the annual series of Inter-Society Debates.

One step won't take you very far;
You've got to keep on walking.
One word don't tell folks who you are,
You've got to keep on talking.
One inch won't make you very tall,
You've got to keep on growing.
One little contribution won't do it all;
Technician says keep them going.

(Adapted)

Whiting - Horton Company

33 Years
Raleigh's Leading
Clothiers

10 per cent Discount
to College Students

"PINE NEEDLES"

Prof. (sarcastically)—I'm not disturbing you back there, am I?
Kirkpatrick (thoughtfully)—No-o, but you might speak a little lower. I can't sleep. (Adapted)

Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha-Ha-Ha
It is rumored that the Mitchell Printing Co. will lose a good stenographer if "Croton"-nour continues to hand around after 5:00 p. m.
Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha-Ha-Ha

Mrs. Pilgrim: "Now, these boys air sister's."

The Census Taker: "No, you mean brothers."

Mrs. Pilgrim: "No, sir; I mean jes what I say; they are sister's. She lives nex' door in the red house."
Maroon and Gold.

One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more than man,
Of moral evil and good,
Than all the sages can.

—Wadsworth.

Why is it that a girl will say, "Don't you dare to kiss me," and when you inform her such a thought had not entered your head she will seem peeved?—Kentucky Kernel.

You can fool them under sixteen
With all your pleasing lies,
But when you try them eighteen,
Gosh, you'll find them wise.
—The Emory Wheel.

"It's got so these days a fellow can't

get married without having two licenses."

"How's that?"

"Marriage and automobile."—The Georgetownian.

Like to the falling of a star,
Or as the flights of eagles are,
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue;
Or silver drops of morning dew;
Or like the wind that chases the flood,
Or bubbles which on water stood,
Ev'n such is man, whose borrow'd light,

Is straight call'd in, and paid to night.
The wind blows out, the bubbles die,
The spring entomb'd in autumn lies,
The dew dries up, the star is shot,
The flight is past, and man forgot.

Bishop King.

Prrof. Vaughn on Exam.—Does any question bother you?

Sid Walters—Not at all, sir. The questions are quite clear. It is the answers that trouble me. (Adapted)

Roses are red,
Violets are blue,
War is hell
So is the flu.

Strick—What's biting you anyway?
Peter—Nothing's biting me.

Strick—Well you gave me a nasty look.

Peter—I never gave it to you; you were born with it.

Shy Young Thing—I can't stand kissing.

Veteran—I'll admit it is a bit trying. Shall we find a seat?

(Princeton Tiger)

At the grave of the departed the old darkey pastor stood. Looking down on the coffin, he delivered himself of the funeral oration: "Samuel Johnson," he said woefully, "you is gone. An' we hopes you is gone where we 'specks you ain't."

(American Legion Weekly)

A British lord has a lion named "Laury." Is it strange that none of the English verse makers seem anxious to be the poet Laury ate?

The seeds of knowledge may be planted in solitude, but they must be cultivated in public. (Johnson)

The common problem—yours, mine, everyone's—

Is not to fancy what were fair in life

Provided it could be, but, finding first What may be, then find how to make it fair

Up to our means—a very different thing.

My business is not to remake myself,

But to make the absolute best of what God made.

(Browning)

Prof. Nelson—Name something of importance existing today that was not in existence 100 years ago.

Zachary—Me.

"Do you love?" said the paper bag to the sugar.

"I'm just wrapped up in you," replied the sugar.

"You sweet thing," murmured the paper bag. (Store Chat.)

Another good kid in Bill Cristim. He went out with a girl and she kissed him.

His heart was a flutter;
The girl heard him mutter,
"This is great for the vascular system."

Queenie—Have you ever kissed a girl?

Oswald—Is that an invitation or are you gathering statistics?

We are not responsible for life, but for our manner of living. Born unconsulted, but conduct is our choice; it is woeful to be procrastinate opportunity by wrong conduct.

Professor Sherwin (on fertilizers.—Name three articles containing starch. Hollowell—Two cuffs and a collar.

Common Sense is Mighty Uncommon.

College Court Cafe

appreciates

the business that the boys are giving it—both students and faculty.

Meal Tickets Will Save
You 10% On What
You Eat

\$3.30 for.....\$3.00
\$5.50 for.....\$5.00

We are pen at nights that there is smething doing up town. Think—10 cents a day from half of the boys will enable us to cash checks and change bills. Come to see us.

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YOU GET THE BEST AT

The California Fruit Store

FOUNTAIN DRINKS
SMOKES, TOBACCOS
CANDIES and FRUITS

We Make Our Own Ice Cream—
It's Pure

Any Girl.

She was young and romantic 'tis true,
Tall and handsome her husband
must be;

An athletic man too, no other would
do,

She had lofty ideals, you see,
She'd have thousands of dancers ac-
claim

Her husband the best on the floor.
She had visions of fame, and she hoped
for a name,
She had all of these dreams, and
more.

Now she's married. At Hymen's sweet
call

She snapped up the first one who
came,
He's shrunken and small, not hand-
some at all,

And more than all that, he is lame.
But she's happy and he is, I guess
So why do we outsiders care?

At his first soft caress, she just had to
say "yes."

Why! Her name? Any Girl. Any-
where.

(Gustave P. Heller)

Mr. Bass—Allow me to sympathize
with you in your bereavement. And
may I ask what your husband died of?

Mrs. Shad—The poor fellow died of
hook-worm.

(Wolfe)

Rhodes—When you told your father
that I did not smoke, drink, or gamble,
what did he say?

Fair One—He said he did not want
me to marry a perfect man, but that
you were such an accomplished liar he
guessed you'd do.

Lou—Isn't Constable up-to-date!

Sou—I should say so! He taught
me seven new ways of saying good-
night in one week. (And Constable
lays his late hours to the Agromeck.)

(Adapted)

Sing a song of sixpence,

Pocket full of rye,
And any man that gets it for that
'S a doggone lucky guy!

(McGuiness)

College Court Pressing Club

BOYS, WE ARE FIXED
TO DO ALL KIND OF
WORK

We Guarantee Satisfaction In
All Cases

Come To Us With Your Clothes

"DOC" FAUCETT.....Prop.

LITTLE BITS FROM NATURE

"The year's at the spring,

And day's at the morn,

Morning's at seven,

The hillside's dew-pearled;

The lark's on the wing,

The snail's on the thorn;

God's in His Heaven,

All's right with the world."

Already we have had our first
thunder-showers, and as this is written
the steady murmur of raindrops upon
the roof would fain lull one to sleep
and coax us away into dreamland,
pleasant reveries, or pensive moods,
as becomes our several natures. How-
ever the spring shower is not the only
sign that spring is here for the golden-
bells and violets are in full bloom,
the frogs peep from moist places, and
the peach blossoms are already begin-
ning to fade, giving place to those
fuzzy, gray-green growths which are
no more than a promise of luscious
fruit from June to September.

It seems to me that the spirit of
spring is depicted well in a sketch on
April by John Burroughs. If we of
North Carolina will substitute March
for April we will better appreciate the
following.

"At its best, April is the tenderest
of tender salads made crisp by ice or
snow water. Its type is the first spear
of grass. The senses—sight, hearing,
smell, are as hungry for its delicate
and almost spiritual tokens as the
cattle are for the first bite of its fields.
How it touches one and makes him
both glad and sad! The voices of the
arriving birds, the clouds of pigeons
sweeping across the sky or filling the
woods, the elfin horn of the first honey-
bee venturing abroad in the middle of
the day, the clear piping of the little
frogs in the marshes at sundown, the
smoke seen afar rising over the trees,
the tinge of green that comes so sud-
denly on the sunny knolls and slopes,
the full translucent streams, the wax-
ing and warm sun—how these things
and others like them are noted by the
eager eye and ear!

Then its odors! I am thrilled by its
fresh and indescribable odors—the per-
fume of the bursting sod, of the quick-
ened roots and rootlets, of the mold
under the leaves of the fresh furrows.
No other month has odors like it. The
west wind the other day came fraught
with a perfume that was to the sense
of smell what a wild and delicate
strain of music is to the ear. It was
almost transcendental. I walked
across the hill with my nose in the air
taking it in. It lasted for two days.
I imagined it came from the willows
of a distant swamp, whose catkins
were affording the bees their first pol-
len; or did it come from much farther
—from beyond the horizon, the accu-
mulated breath of innumerable farms
and budding forests? The main char-
acteristic of these April odors is their
uncolting freshness. They are not

sweet, they are oftener bitter, they
are penetrating and lyrical. I know
well the odors of May and June, but
they are not so ineffable and immat-
erial and so stimulating to the sense
as the incense in April.

Some advocating a law making crim-
inal attacks upon women and children
deserving of capital punishment.
There are things in this world more
sacred than human lives, and the first
of these is woman's honor. If, in-
stead of lynch law, the extreme pun-
ishment could be meted out for such
an offense by regular process of law,
much would be gained. A woman's
honor is worth no less than a man's
life.—The Lutheran.

Pat—I can't take the clock up-stairs.

Mike—Why not?

Pat—It always runs down.

—Octopus.

Ma, did you ever hear a rabbit bark?
Rabbits don't bark, dear.

That's funny! My story book says
rabbits eat cabbage and bark.

Soap Box Orator—An' I tell you that
all them millionaires' money is tainted.

Unconvinced One—Ow do ye mean,
'tainted?

S. B. O.—Well, 'taint yours and
'taint mine.

—London Opinion.

The hard, cold facts often render
ideals impossible.

—Lloyd George.

Why does every man believe he is a
devil with the women?

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When your SHOES need
repairing, it will pay you
to save them for our
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L. O. ARMSTRONG.....203-1911

College Court Pharmacy

HEADQUARTERS

FOR STATE COLLEGE

BOYS

A Cordial Welcome Awaits One
and All

TECHNICIAN



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Our advertisers were solicited with the purpose of putting before you dependable shopping points. Remember this and feel perfectly safe in guiding your shopping by the **TECHNICIAN**.

FEAR!

(By DR. FRANK CRANE.)

It is safe to say that no good work was ever done in Fear.

Until you have struck the shackles of Fear from your HANDS you can do nothing.

Until you get the grip of Fear loosened from your MIND, your brain is not efficient, and you cannot remember well, think straight, or imagine constructively.

Until you purge the poison of Fear out of your HEART, your emotions instead of giving you power and pep will cause you only shame and confusion.

Fear is your greatest Enemy.

It is a ghost. It is nothing at all. But it is no less terrible for all that.

For we ourselves are but Ghosts, housed in bodies, and we get our deepest hurt from other Ghosts.

It is Fear that tangles your feet, of success from your lips just when you are about to drink.

It is Fear that reaches out its ghostly hands to strangle you in the

nick of crisis, just when everything depends upon you.

It is fear that tangles your feet, hangs like a millstone about your neck on your journey; it dims your eye so that you cannot see the truth, roars in your ears until you cannot hear the music all about you, fevers your blood, unstrings your nerve and pours its senile impotence into your cup of life.

You have one big battle. It is to conquer Fear. That done, the world is yours, your own will come to you, and the stars in their course will fight for you.

If you will think a bit you will see how Fear spoils all your life.

LOVE is "The Greatest Thing in the World," and it is Fear that turns the Heaven of Love into the Hell of Jealousy and Suspicion.

Don't be afraid of Love, and to believe that you are loved. Unfortunately it is easy to imagine any one hates you, and hard to think any one loves you.

But you must be bold to believe in Love, if you would be happy. You may be deceived if you trust too much, but you will live in torment unless you trust enough.

"He that believeth in everybody may be bitten, but he that suspects everybody will be devoured."

Fellows, our drinking fountains about over the campus are out of commission. We need these fountains, and especially during these hot spring days. Most of these fountains were broken through improper use, rough handling, etc. The college is only too willing to make the repairs necessary to their proper operation, but it expects its students to use all reasonable precaution so that future breakage be reduced to the minimum. This is only fair, and we should recognize such requests by heeding them.

He was a wonderful sleeper. Big healthy babies are strong on sleep and Warren was a wonder. Also he was the hardest fellow to wake up you ever saw. Nothing would arouse him. Often I had to pick him up, in addition to the other burdens, and lug him home to supper, sound asleep."

It was about this time that the Doctor, like so many others of his time, determined to forsake teaching and adopt a "learned profession." He read medicine with intermittent attendance at lectures in a medical college. There were long absences while the prospective sawbones was assimilating the necessary knowledge; many weeks of longing for the little family circle, and then, the holiday season. At the first returning, in early December, 1870, the Doctor got off the train four miles from Caledonia and started to trudge home through the snow.

"It was pitch black, cold and there was fourteen inches of snow on the level," he continued. "I was hours and hours making it; there was a light

burning down-stairs and mother sat waiting for me, all the little folks having been stowed away for the night. I was so tired that I went to bed and didn't wake till long after breakfast. Only mother knew I was home. She'd kept my arrival as a surprise for the little folks.

"I do wish Popple'd come home last night," said Chatty (Charity). "He said he would."

"And then mother said, 'Chatty, you and Warren slip up-stairs and see what's in the big room.'"

"It was me," the Doctor laughed. "Then we had our first family reunion."

"That very summer, when Warren was four years old, he had his first pair of boots. Little fellows in the country always wanted them with red tops. Not only did Warren get 'em himself; he even had 'em charged, establishing his first credit account before he could more than talk plain."

"Mrs. Harding and I were going away to make a little visit and take the baby, Chatty, with us and we wanted to leave Warren behind in care of his Aunt Frank Wyant. Warren wanted to go with us, of course, but I pacified him by promising that while we were away he might go down to Mr. Day's store and pick out a pair of red-topped boots. We left him all smiles and straining to be off to the store. After we got back Day told me of Warren's purchase."

"He walked into the store and, singling out the proprietor himself, he said, big as a man:

"I'd like to look at a pair of boots."

"Day showed 'em to him and made him pull them on, straining fit to bust a blood vessel, and Warren strutted up and down the store."

"I think they'll do," said Warren.

"Want to wear 'em home?" asked Mr. Day.

Scene: Foster's Physics Class—

Alf Sears—If the sun up above us is that hot I wonder how hot the place below is?

Prof. Foster—I do not know, but maybe some of you will have a chance to find out some day.

Shipman—Yes, I guess that will be the end of my research work too.

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COLLEGE LAUNDRY

"Now, Tommy Smith?" said the school teacher one morning during the usual hour of torture, "what is the half of eight?"

"Which way, teacher?" asked the youngster, cautiously.

"Which way?" replied the astonished lady, "What do you mean?"

"Well, on top or sideways, teacher?" said Tommy.

"What difference does it make?"

"Why," Tommy explained, with a pitying air, "half of eight topways is naught, but half of it sideways is three."

—Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

GRAND OLD DAYS

(By WALT MASON.)

Through mists of tears I often gaze far backward, to the grand old days, of which we read in books; then blue laws taught men how to walk, and there was no such godless talk as this new era brooks.

The pillory was made to curve the very sins we now endure without rebuke or frown; it was an instrument sublime that put the lid on local crime—'twas found in every town. If Hiram Smith or Richard Roe played dice or euchre for the dough, the pillory was theirs; and while they stood, on wobbly legs, men pelted them with ancient eggs and old dead cows and mares.

I often think what gaudy times saints must have had rebuking crimes in that sweet distant day; but now the wise old laws are dead; no henfruit hits the sinner's head, he laughingly goes his way.

I sigh and yearn for days of yore,

for time when witches held the floor, as doubtless you have yearned; for then the righteous man might say, "A witch lives just across the way," and she was promptly burned. If some old woman's nose was hooked, she was a witch, her goose was cooked, her protests were in vain; and if she kept an old black cat, who could dispute such proof as that? Her guilt was doubly plain.

When there was no one in the stocks at whom the saints might throw some rocks, they'd rustle up a witch; oh, every minute was sublime, with something doing all the time, and life was full and rich.

We have the witches with us still; we see them vamping with a will, and dare not throw a brick; they are not shriveled up old dames, but ardent girls whose eyes shoot flames, and they are smooth and slick. They are adored by gay young men, they are portrayed by poet's pen, and by the artist's brush; but they are witches just the same; the way they play their sinful game must make the righteous blush. But now we cannot bake the girls who try the vamping graft on ears, reporters, judges, clerks; a hiring press would stand on end and let its ribald wrath descend on us and all our works.

We righteous have but little chance the cause of Virtue to advance, the Truth to usher in; we may but reprimand the gang, we've no authority to hang the followers of sin. We're striving now for stringent laws to bolster the aforesaid cause, without them, sin prevails; they'd place a bludgeon in our hand by which we might reform the land and fill the country's jails.

We haven't e'en the ducking-stool, we may not brand the erring fool who breaks the Sabbath day; and so our efforts to reform the idle, vicious human swarm, are efforts thrown away.

Oh, help us, friends, with purse and jaws, to get the greatly needed laws, and stars will deck your crown; we want the pillory brought back, we want the thumbscrews and the rack in every sinful town.

Gene Wall—Did you ever see a dog that would eat dirt?

Daddy Pate—Has some dog been biting you?

Kirkpatrick—Do you think that marriages are made in heaven?

She—Well, if all men were as slow as you, they would have to be.

To "Chunk" Adams:

Tell me not in mournful numbers

"Social's" but an empty dream,

For the Guy is dead who slumbers

When he might woo some young Queen. (Adopted.)

You can lead a student to lectures, but you cannot make him think.

WHAT IS LOVE?

Love (says the Flapper) means a diamond and platinum engagement ring just like Mabel's.

Love (says the Statistician) is a very important factor in increasing the population of the country.

Love (says the Playwright) is an indispensable element in dramatic motivation.

Love (says the Puritan) is a Duty the Obedient Wife owes to her Spouse.

Love (says the Bigamist) is the light that leads me on and on, from wife to wife, in my search for the Ideal Woman.

Love (says the Cynic) is what fills the almshouses with the children of fools who married and tried to live on bread and cheese and kisses.

Love (says the Middle Aged Gentleman) is a series of mistakes that I would gladly make again.

Love (says the Philosopher) is all foolishness, and God grant that I may be a fool once more!

Love (said the Lover) is Yes! Yes! (said the other Lover) I know we know!

From which we deduce that Love is something that cannot be defined by the only people who really know what it is.—Don Marquis.

Message to Peterkin—"Give my love to Eddie."—Who sent this? Why, ask Eddie!

A hair cut I do want,
Says Stewart to the barber.
I cannot stand the Sophs haunt,
Nor the idea of a robber.

An oldtime cut will suit me best,
Says Stewart to the barber;
And let me tell you—all the rest:
I certainly dread a robber!
(Shakenyson.)

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for State College

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Sodas Cigars
Candy Magazines

Just a
Little
Different

King & Holding

Just a
Little
Better

Raleigh's Young Man's Store

Fashion Park Clothes

Borsalino Hats : Manhattan Shirts

Yarborough Hotel Building

C. E. SOCIETY NOTES

The C. E. Society held its regular meeting on March 15th. Prof. C. L. Mann, of the C. E. Department, was the speaker for the evening. He gave a lecture on the Engineers License Law, which was recently passed by our State General Assembly. His explanation was so clear every man was enabled to understand the law thoroughly.

Among the regular business transactions was the farther discussion of our annual banquet, which took in the appointment of a committee to arrange a program of entertainment. We all look forward with interest to the coming of that event. Let every member be ready to come out on that occasion.

Sweet Young Thing: But I've never been kissed before.

Unbelieving Young Man: What?
S. Y. T. (continuing)—Before breakfast.
(Banter)

THOMPSON Shoe Co.

THE BOYS' STORE

Fellows, for honest-to-goodness shoes, come to us.

We guarantee to sell them cheaper.

See our samples at the College Court Pharmacy.

When you want a place to loaf make this store your headquarters.

17 East Martin St.

Police!

When he was young he had long hair,
And Archie he was called;
He's fifty now, no hair is there,
And he's called Archibald.

Kirby (Quinn) told that shy maid of
his love;
The color left her cheek,
But on the shoulder of his coat
It stayed for several weeks.

(Adapted)

One of the latest clubs on the hill is the North End French Club. The purpose of the club is to enlighten its members on the art of parlevousing. The standard authority on all questions is Mera's Te Second Libre. Still it is a much debated question whether or not Remi et Cupi, or J'enie saw pa. For various and sundry reasons the names of the officers and members cannot be made known to the public. The club meets every Monday and Friday night. We are in the market for a good translator. We are sure that this club will have a very successful season.

Essay On Onions.

Onions are kin to the lily, while the lily is noted for its beauty, the onion is noted for its strength. It is also a first cousin to garlic the breath of a nation. Evidently Samson ate onions when a boy. It is said an apple a day will keep the doctor away. Onions are frequently the cause of many lovers quarrels, the young man calls up and asks if he can have a date and then she replies: "I'm sorry but I ate onions for supper." School girls love onions; don't know exactly why but they like to cry anyhow and the dear creatures must have some form of dissipation, moral: If you wish to find your children in the dark feed them onions.

Small Boy—Will you please give me a stick of chewing gum, Mr. Blunderly?
Mrr. Blunderly—I don't chew gum Bobbie. What makes you think I do?

Small Boy—Because I heard my sister say that when you were at the dance the other night you gummed the whole party.

Punch Bowl.

Prof. Mann—Stresses in bridges are caused by live and dead loads. The dead load including the weight of the bridge, snow, etc., while vehicles, teams and presons walking across the structure are live loads.

Rich Biberstein—Professor, suppose a funeral crosses a bridge; which is it—live or dead load?

(Adapted)

The cotton still has got its gin
The seacoast has its bar,
And each of us will have his bier,
No matter who we are.

W. D. Carmichael.

We laugh at the professor's jokes
No matter what they be
Not because they are funny jokes,
But because its policy.

Frances Grogan.

In ages past the adage ran,
Do ever right and fear no man;
Years have taught the weak, lame human,
To never write and fear no woman!

P. R. Walker.

Dr. David Wesson, manager of the Technical Department of the Southern Cotton Oil Company of New York City, on March 16 addressed the Barzellius Chemical Society of State College. His subject was, "The Fat of the Land." His lecture was very interesting, describing all the steps in cotton oil refining, and giving the processes of securing "snowdrift" and Wesson Oil in detail. He presented the Society with sample pictures of the various steps.

Ikey and Izzy were separating after an evening together, when Ikey said, "au revoir."

"Vat's dat?" asked Izzy.

"Dat's 'goodbye' in French.

"Vell?" said Izzy, "carbolic acid."

"Vat's dat?" asked Ikey.

"Dat's goodbye in any language."

—Early Egyptian Comic.

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Vogue
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VOGUE SUITS ME

.... RALEIGH, N. C.

HERE'S WHERE CONTRIBUTIONS PAUSED

The superintendent of a Sunday school out west thought it would be a good idea to have the children quote scriptural texts as they dropped their pennies into the contribution box.

On the first Sunday this plan was tried one little fellow as he dropped in his coin quoted: "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver." The next boy said: "Charity covers a multitude of sins," and the next: "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

All went well until it came to the turn of the seventh boy, who evidently with thoughts of other uses for his penny, bawled out as he dropped in into the box: "A fool and his money are soon parted."

Saturday, March 12th, the rifle team fired an individual competition for places on the team. "Red" Hicks and Stickleather were high men.

The follownig men have been selected to represent State in the corps and competition: Hicks, W. M.; Stokeleather, P. M.; Kenneth, H. O.; Overton, D. D.; White, C. M.; Steele, W. L.; Ewell, P. R.; Cherry, R. B.; Johnston, W. W.; Brown, W. H.

SCHEDULE OF GALLERY MATCHES

March 11th and 12th.—Corps and Competition.

March 26.—Georgia Tech.

April 2d.—South Carolina University.

April 9th.—Auburn.

Two other matches are pending settlement of dates.

Red Hicks was elected captain of the team.

"North Carolina" Can't Be Cornered.

"Dear Mrs. Caldwell:

"Read my poem and if you think it worth while, stick it in some corner of your O. M. page.

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To Dine Here*

—AND SENSIBLE, TOO

Sensible, because the food is good, the variety so satisfying.

ASK ANYBODY

SMITH'S Cafeteria
—Gilmer Building

North Carolina.

The sun never shone on a country more fair

Than Carolina beautiful North Carolina.

There is life in a breath of her purified air,

Carolina, prolific North Carolina.

Her knights are valiant, gallant and bright,

Her beautiful daughters are just about right,

And her babies, God bless them, are clear out of sight,

That crop never fails in North Carolina.

Our homes are alight with the halo of love,

In Carolina, contented North Carolina,

We bask in the smiles of the heavens above,

In Carolina, beautiful North Carolina.

Our corn waves as billows of gold in the sun,

The fruits of our orchards are equalled by none,

And our pumpkins, at least some of them weigh a ton,

In Carolina, prolific North Carolina.

Our girls are sweet models of maidenly grace,

In this modern Eden Carolina.

Perfect in figure and lovely in face,

That's what they are in North Carolina.

Their dresses are stylish yet modest and neat,

Their smiles are both bewitching and sweet,

And a tribly would envy their cute little feet,

In Carolina, beautiful North Carolina.

And when I am called to lay life's burden down,

I hope I may die in Carolina.

I could ask for no more glorious crown,

Than one of the sods of Old Carolina.

And when the last trump wakes the land and sea

And the tombs of the earth set their prisoners free,

You may all go aloft if you choose, but for me

I think I'll just stay in North Carolina.

MAYBEL NIVEN STEELE.

No. 9 East Seventh Street, Charlotte, N. C.

The only joys I'd live again,

Are the joys of long ago.

The only pains I'd live again,

Are the pains in days of yore.

Oh the balmy days,
Oh the palmy days,
Oh the days of youth!

Oh the dashing days,
Oh the slashing days,
Oh the days of youth!

—XZ

JAMES E. THIEM

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ATTENTION

THE 1921 AGROMECK

Is On Its Way

OUR BOOK REPRESENTING OUR COLLEGE

Lets Make It The Best Ever

Luke McLuke Says.

Even the smartest man has taken the hook so often by the time he is 60 years old that his mouth is pretty sore.

The old-fashioned who used to train his dog to turn somersaults now has a son who is trying to train his auto not to turn them.

Cheer up! Maybe if you were making twice as much salary you would merely make twice as big a fool of yourself.

Nowadays a man never refuses an invitation to a booze party. He is afraid there will never be another party.

Woman was created from man's rib. And she has been a bone of contention ever since.

You can't blame a good baseball pitcher for getting swelled-headed when he wins ten straight games. But no pitcher was ever as proud of his curves as a well-built girl is of hers.

You may have noticed that nearly every girl is a speaking likeness of her mother.

There is many a married man who thinks they should change the slogan to: "All the Discomforts of Home."

There wouldn't be so much trouble in life if you would just take as good care of your stomach as you do of your face.

The woman who talks about nobody is the only woman who nobody talks about. And there ain't no such animal.

And if you hadn't regarded life as a circus when you were young maybe you would have more of a show today.

Furthermore, when a man wants a highball so bad that his thirst hurts him from his hair to his toes he doesn't care three hooraws in Halifax what happens to the benighted heathens in Polynesia.

The Bravest Battle

The bravest battle that was ever fought,

Shall I tell you where and when?
On the maps of the world you will find it not;

'Twas fought by the mothers of men.

Nay, not with a cannon or battle shot,
With sword or nobler pen;

Nay, not with eloquent words or thoughts

From the mouths of wonderful men.

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TAYLOR
DO
YOUR
TAILORING**



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BE SOMEBODY!**

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