

TECHNICIAN

Vol. I

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No. 3

Registrar's New Home

Some of the boys have had considerable trouble lately trying to locate the much-dreaded place where they have to answer class absences. Usually, in their dilemma, after finding only a good-looking young lady in the particular part of the administration department where they usually make their time-worn excuses, they search for that place where they can hear the most noise going on; and consequently many of them find themselves lured in to the tune of "Possums" Multigraph and a battery of typewriters. The cause for all this consternation is the rearranging recently of the offices of the administration department. Radical changes have been made to give more room where it is most needed and to provide a reception room for visitors to the college. The office formerly occupied by the Registrar is being redecorated and converted into a nice, cosy room, where visitors may receive a warm welcome and may be more conveniently entertained while their college friends are being looked up for them. Such a convenience has long been in great demand at the college, and it is hoped that it will prove of benefit to all who visit us.

The Next to Go

Now, fellows, this is not going to be what you are thinking about. This disease is more dangerous than the T. B. or other like illness. Once you are under its power the whole world takes on a new aspect, not in the toils of every-day life, but by the surrounding agents of Dame Nature—the wind, the sea, and the beautiful flowers. The gentle wind plays through the hair as a soft, caressing hand, the sea shows its mightiness which cannot be controlled, and even the birds and flowers have sweet-scented notes to impart to you in secrecy.

What is it all about? Well, let's be frank. You know the fellow who loves to tease and play mischievous jokes which are often fatal. Well, the same old Dan Cupid is back again, and who do you think he picked for his subject? We know love is shy and does not often take the public into its confidence, but "T. Grady" needs help, and in what way we cannot say, for with this onrush came courage and a determination to win, judging from the changes this little germ has caused.

Since there is a time in every man's life when he, as the little birds, turns to love, let us believe this is a natural course, for it has been said that "no man ever lived a right life who had not been chastened by a woman's love, strengthened by her courage, and guided by her discretion."

—G. W. T., '20.

The Poultry Feed

On February the sixteenth about one hundred students, and twenty-five guests assembled at the animal husbandry building in response to special invitations sent out by the Poultry Science Club, for its annual feed. Among the guests were: President Riddick, Major Hulvey, Dr. Harrison, Dean Williams, men of the State Department of Animal Industry, Dan T. Gray, and the Agricultural Professors.

About eight o'clock all present were ushered into the stock-judging room, where the food was to be served. The menu consisted of fried chicken, eggs, pickles, cake, and coffee. To every one's satisfaction there was plenty; so it was distributed until even the largest capacity had been satisfied.

President McCoy then made a short opening speech about the work of the club; expressing its gratification for the cooperation from the college authorities, and students of the other departments. He then officiated as toast-master and gave a few appropriate remarks introductory to President Riddick's after-dinner speech. President Riddick in response made a short talk about the work of the club and the importance of such organizations; and it is to be understood that he was not speaking from the standpoint of the part we had all just taken part in. His talk was not all serious, however, for he brought in a joke as is invariably done on such occasions. President Riddick was followed by Major Hulvey, Dr. Harrison and Dean Williams, until all the guests had contributed their part of laughter and amusement. Then the toast-master recounted some of the experiences of the poultry-judging team at the national inter-collegiate contest held at Trenton, New Jersey, after which we said good night; every one having spent a very pleasant and sociable evening.

G. R. Sipe, '21.

Cartoons

Several men have asked why TECHNICIAN didn't run cartoons. Some have offered their services in the production of cartoons and we have had to decline their offer. It is not that we don't want to print drawings and humorous caricatures, but the expense of such an undertaking would be too great. Until the paper has passed its stage of initiation we must be content to abstain from cartoons. If, however, you have a cut that you think TECHNICIAN should print, please submit it. In the meantime look forward to the "Blue Ridge" number which will contain several beautiful cuts of the mountain rendezvous of the Y. M. C. A.

Y. M. C. A. NOTES

Report of Des Moines Convention

The conventions of the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions have "literally marked epochs in the missionary and religious life of the students of Canada and of the United States." Of the series which began in 1891 the eighth convention has just been held in Des Moines, Iowa. Certainly it was the greatest of the series in the number of students and professors present, in the number of institutions represented and in the number of students from foreign lands who shared in its great sessions. Moreover, as a result of the new vision coming to students growing out of the great War and its aftermath of world unrest, combined with the vision of the world's spiritual need and Christianity's answer thereto, as set forth in the addresses and discussions at Des Moines, this last Convention gives promise of being fully as epochal as those which have gone before.

Convention messages, as presented in platform sessions and in section meetings, will be made quickly available, both for delegates and for those not privileged to be at Des Moines, in a report volume for which orders received at the Student Volunteer Movement Headquarters, 25 Madison Avenue, New York City, before March 15, and accompanied by remittance, will be accepted at \$2.00, carriage prepaid. The price of the volume when published will be \$2.50.

The Service Memorial

The last issue of the *Alumni News* carries accounts of many alumni meetings in various parts of the country, practically every one having taken definite action in regard to a memorial to N. C. State College men who were lost in the war.

The majority of these associations voted in favor of a building or some serviceable memorial of lasting good to humanity. Campus sentiment is entirely in accord with this. We ask, what can be of more benefit to humanity than a building housing some department of instruction, or students. Through it, for years to come, will pass a line of men going out into the world for the service of humanity. Then, too, a building can be just as beautiful and just as much a memorial as an arch or other ornamental structure, besides sheltering during a period of preparation those preparing to serve.

If it were left to the consideration of those to whom the memorial is to be, would they vote an arch that would only commemorate them to coming generations or would they say a college building that would not only honor them and commemorate their sacrifice, but be a continuation of their service to humanity.

"H. C."

Patronize Our Advertisers—They Will Treat You Right

PINE NEEDLES

CLOUDY WATER

Albright—I had a good night's sleep last night; I took a bath just before going to bed.

Oswald—Oh, that accounts for it—you were able to get closer to the sheets.

The unsolved mystery—mess hall soup.

Wanted: A sponge.—"Zip Hound" Graham.

There was a man in the R. O. T. C. Proud of his button and leather puttee.

Military he was feeling
Till he slipped on a peeling,
And fell on his tiddle-dum-tee.

—Rube.

Is fluorene good for flu?

You may think it's bull, but spring improvements have started on the campus.

ELEVATION

Meredith Senior—How's the curriculum at State College?

State Freshman—I don't know, but you can see all over Raleigh from the top of it.

First Rehab.—Say, did you get to do much shooting while you were over there?

Second Rehab.—Yes, I won \$90 the first day after I landed in France.

Nat Peirson to "Hip" Meyers (upon entering church)—Now, "Hip," don't forget to take off your hat.

"Hip"—What the h— did you think I was going to take off—my shoes?

Freshman—Professor, where do they get steel wool?

Prof. Park—Oh, they get that from a hydraulic ram.

'22—That fellow thinks a lot of himself.

'21—Yes, he is a regular optometrist.

'22—How's that?

'21—An eye specialist.

HOW HE GOT HIS PH.D.

A snail traveling without a pause would require 16 days, 8 hours, and 52 minutes to travel a mile.

VOID

Prof. Heck—Mr. Dale, define a vacuum.

L. J. Dale—Professor, I-I got it in my head, but I just can't explain it.

Professor Maynard had just asked a student a question on drawing, and not being satisfied with the answer put the question to Jesse Washburn.

"Mr. Washburn, did he answer the question correctly?"

"No, sir; it was only half right."

"Well, what is the other half of it?"

"I dunno. That's the half I knew."

—S. M. L.

TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN SCIENCE

Use the "burry-up" system in this experiment. It has been found that potassium iodide unites with sulphur under pressure with the following reaction: KI plus 2S equals KISS. Care should be taken to perform the experiment in the dark, as some of the material is explosive, and the reaction is violent.—*The Tiger*.

"You should have seen her face light up."

"Did you set off the powder?"
—*Ga. Tech Technique*.

On English class one day, "Wat" Powell was assigned to bring in an example of ambiguous construction taken from some paper. This is what he brought:

"Sale of bathing suits reduced almost to nothing."

Prof. Wilson remarked that there was not much room for reduction.

Found in the "Betsy City" News: Wonder if there are any "Reds" in the State College Poultry Farm.

The saddest words of tongue or pen. Are these three words: "I'm rammed again."
—W. W. C., '22.

The night was dark,
The stars were few,
When 'cross the campus
A freshman flew.
Then from his trousers
A pillow he drew—
Sophomores!!!
—W. W. C., '22.

English Teacher—Mr. Clarkson, what is meant by climax?

"Eddie"—Do you mean chewing tobacco, professor?

RESEARCH

While Dad was reading to his five-year-old son, after supper, the new colored maid entered.

"Daddy, why does Fanny black her face like that?"

"That's not paint, son; she's that color all over."

"Gosh, Dad, how did you find out?"

Freshman, on football field—Coach, how do you expect a man to carry his pipe in this uniform?

Captain Rodney—When a fellow gets out of step, how can he get in step again?

Sheriff—By crow-hopping.

PLUS OR MINUS

Dr. Derieux—Mr. Singletary, what is a magnet?

Singletary—A good-looking girl.

HEARD IN C. LAB.

Mr. Queen—Mr. Jordan need not try the experiment with the flames; his moustache may get burned.

George Tiencken has discovered a new possibility—sleeping on class with his eyes open.

ONLY MODERN

Engineering Freshman to Agricultural Freshman (both of whom are viewing the college Holsteins)—Say, what model are those cows?

EXTRA DRY

The popular artist was telling of his St. Louis experiences when an admiring listener asked:

"What did you give your girl to drink; Bevo?"

"No. Nectar."

Honestly, Boys, We Like You—

and if its

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I take this method of thanking the boys now patronizing my Cafe for their confidence. All I ask is for you to treat me as I treat you, and to be patient during a rush; you will all get waited on. Come again. Thanks.

R. A. PAYNE

The Human Bidy

The bidie is divided into 4 main sections, namely, the hed, chist, stummick, and limbs, if any.

The hed is at the opposite end of the bidy from the feet, even tho you stand on it. It is full of notions, teeth, hare, brains, etc. The hed is one of the most important sections of the bidy, but some are more ornimental than others.

The eers that decorate the sides of the hed serve as windshields, preventing drafts on the back of the nek. They also keep your hat from sliding down to far, and prevent the feller behind you from seeing the show.

The "lamps" cause you to wear specks as you look at the eecks of the wind. They are 2 in number if one has not gone out. Above them is a bit of Nature's work, the eyebrows, to relieve the monotony of the landscape. Sometimes one is misplaced tho and grows wild on the upper lip.

The nose is an important part of the hed, dividing the fase into 2 hemisfeers. It provides a bridge for the specks to rest on.

The mouth is used to eat, drink and wissel, and to coff with if you ketch the fu.

The chist contains the bellowses, giving off compressed air during emergency. Other organisms are found in this siction.

The stumick contains the vitals and vowels, a, i, o, u, and sometimes w and y. And it furnishes a place, to, around wich to fasten a belt or to wear a pretty vest.

The limbs, if any, keep the rest of the bidy off the damp ground, making 2 tracks instead of one.

The feet are fertl fields for the production of corn crops—varieties, hard and soft. The yield varies directly with the season's fassions.

—R. C. Y., '20.

Food For Thought

Since chapel has been discontinued, why is it harder to get up in time for class? Please, oh, please, explain.

Why do the boys get fat in the mess hall?

The incarnation of Leavenworth.

The popularity of walking the bullring has attracted the Seniors. Oh, why?

Why is it Professor Heck never finishes his house?

Why aren't the Senior cadet officers required to understand their own commands?

Why, oh, why is the competition with our rival, West Point, so great?

Why does the O. D. climb up and look through the transom when the door is locked?

Why does Colonel Worth wear spurs? Why can't we get together and make TECHNICIAN the equal of any college paper in the country?

—pH, '22.

Heard at the Yarborough

Mat Stevenson to Sam Fetzer—Fetzer, look at the little girl over there—she has four tea hounds.

Fetzer—Oh, hush, Mat old boy, you're drunk; she hasn't but three.

The next to go—Jesse Washburn.

Electricity v. Gasoline

In a certain room there is a clock which has refused to run in spite of every incentive, from kind words to a gasoline bath.

In that same roof gathered a group to bring the cruelties of electricity to the practical point of a hot Sunday supper.

One hour's argument, and consultation with Mr. Hawkins developed the fact that I²R=H, the amount of heat to be expected from a given current and resistance, but no one knew how much heat was necessary to wake up a parcel posted sausage. As was attested by one *would-be*, because of a *series* experience, the current was unquestionably sufficient. Therefore, resistance got to be the question and Mr. Hawkins had been brief to the point of saying that cross-section area and length influenced resistance. Resistance developed into an argument of length from Cary to California.

As alternating currents alternate it was questioned as to just how far it might venture from home at its little sixtieth of a second cycle pace without being late returning for the next trip out. One Mr. Moss concluded that as currents travel only so fast, alternating currents could travel only so far, for if they ventured further, the next plus charge leaving home would meet a minus one coming back.

That clock is running now and there is no argument about electricity replacing gasoline.

"H. C."

Novelty Music

W. O. Powell and J. H. Lander uking the ukeleles and R. W. Kraft and L. G. Green harmonizing on harmonicas make up a quartet whose music is at once odd and pleasing. The strains resemble a cross between a saxaphone and an accordion. Peace and Meredith are probably better acquainted with this jazz band than we, for the frivolous four dote on serenades.

"The Westinghouse Six" of the electrical seniors, celebrated Washington's birthday by skipping "Buzz" and visiting the Grand *en masse* on the opening afternoon after the fu restrictions were lifted.

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Keep the home dope flowing.

Soon: "Atta boy; knock it out of sight."

Baker, DeBerry, and Murray in the box. Nuf ced!

Is the TECHNICIAN a good thing? Well say it is. The publicity department of the college recognizes the true worth of our efforts by subscribing to one hundred copies of each edition. These copies are to be sent by the Registrar to the different high schools of the State, in order that our younger friends may become better acquainted with the work State College is doing.

That gay, and so much talked of, season, is almost upon us, and with the coming of spring our campus begins to pink. Swelling buds, harbingers of the good and glad some days before us, are already glistening upon the trees. And oh, that joyous feeling, fellows; doesn't it make your very soul soar? Ah, yes, your spirit wants to climb to unknown heights, but how can you attain such bliss when your reverie is intermittently broken into by almost regular splashes of murky water. In fact, spring showers almost ruin the happy spring time buoyancy and they surely ruin our sand and gravel walks.

Our campus roads and walks are continually in a state of repair; workmen are forever sanding them and just as regularly said sand is washed away. In the spring this work takes on a brisker stride and a broader scope.

This continual application of sand and cinders is costly. Within the past four years enough money has been spent on the upkeep of our walks to have paid for concrete paths from all the dormitories to the street and connecting the buildings. Why can't we have permanent walks that will not require so much upkeep and that will at the same time enhance the beauty of our campus?

H₂S

Prominent consulting chemists of Massachusetts publish a booklet entitled "Chemistry in Overalls."

In our opinion that is chemistry out-doing the briarpatch rabbit; not only at home there but belonging nowhere else. The more overalls chemistry wears the more it will approach caring, not for investigation and research, but for the burden of crying needs which the world at present almost vainly holds out to it.

Fifty years ago it took a good nose to find chemistry. What can we touch today that does not involve it? Fifty years ago chemistry spent its time largely in delving into the unknown. It has managed to solve a few secrets and now, the world realizing just how helpless it is without it, has thrown itself bodily into the arms of chemistry and today chemistry finds its incredibly extended fields so sparsely tended that it gasps with its burden of carrying on. When we are inclined to doubt this it is only necessary to glance at our bulletin boards for letters from most any business. One firm writes: "Can't we get some man to at least tide us over?" Now, not only does chemistry find itself hopelessly overburdened and deprived of its heritage, "Research," but pitifully handicapped in self-propagation. Means that were sufficient a few years back are entirely inadequate now. We ask what is to be done about it. Just one thing: equip adequate stations and train men. When we ask where, it brings us home.

North Carolina State College is a technical college. Engineering Chemistry is primarily a technical subject. Why should N. C. State not have a chemistry building to house and allow to grow unhampered a Chemistry Department that would honor any State. At present this department is struggling under the handicap of overcrowding. While doing excellent work the department finds itself outdistanced by industry, and the days of giant-killers are in fable.

When is State College Chemistry to be freed from its cramping shackles of confinement, newly outfitted and housed, and sent to do its part in world work?

"H. C."

New College Publications

We are getting a number of first issues of reorganized college publications requesting exchange. It is indeed gratifying to welcome these. It indicates that colleges are getting back to pre-war status in habit, if not in cost.

We entered this field only two issues ago, and are very much pleased to have so many coming in with us. We think the water is fine and hope them all the very best of success.

"H. C."

Some Points About the R. O. T. C.

There are some essential facts regarding the R. O. T. C. that are not fully understood by all. The following points are of material importance and should be studied.

1. There are some faculty rulings that should be fully understood, first among these are the facts set out in G. O. No. 6, recently distributed to all students. This order provides for extra drills on Saturdays from 1:15 to 3:15 p. m. for those having 10 or more demerits for the week. Attention is called to the fact that publication of the lists on the bulletin board at the Commandants' office constitutes notice to the student. Should a student fail to do his extra drills, and at the end of the month his record is not cleared, and he has not been excused by the Commandant, dismissal is the penalty. This rule will be strictly observed.

2. This being a Land Grant College, all students of the Freshmen and Sophomore Classes are required by law to take military instruction. By action of the Board of Directors and the Faculty all members of the Junior Class are required to drill. This makes military instruction required in the first three years. Credits towards graduation are given as required subjects as follows: Military drill, 2 periods towards graduation, 3 hours per week; Theoretical, 1 period of 1 hour per week. In the Junior Class the Advanced R. O. T. C. is optional. Should Advanced R. O. T. C. be taken the credits are 2 periods, 3 hours, drill per week, and 2 periods, 2 hours of theoretical instruction. Should a Junior not elect Advanced R. O. T. C. he will be required to elect 2 hours additional work to take place of the 2 hours theoretical instruction. The same rule applies in the Senior Class except when Advanced R. O. T. C. is elected in the Junior year it must be continued in the Senior year unless excused for approved reasons or unless dismissed from the R. O. T. C. In any such case additional work must be scheduled.

3. Members of the Freshman and Sophomore Classes who may be excused from military work due to physical reasons are required to schedule 2 extra hours per week of Modern Languages. It is of special importance that all understand that additional work as explained above must be taken in case the full military requirements are not met.

4. Those physically fit may join the basic R. O. T. C. during the Freshman and Sophomore years, in which case uniform or commutation of uniforms are furnished by the Government. Those not physically fit for the R. O. T. C. will schedule the additional hours or, if able, take military instruction for credits, furnishing their own uniforms.

5. Any student who has had two years of military instruction in a school or college where an officer of the army is on duty as Professor of Military Science and Tactics, and presents such credits, may make application for the Advanced Course R. O. T. C. Commutation of rations, now \$12.00 per month, is paid, besides the uniforms. Also such students are required to take one summer camp in their Junior year. Army service is not yet authorized as equivalent training, but the matter is before Congress for action.

6. The same credit is allowed for

military as for other college work, as indicated in paragraph 2. Absences must be made up by extra drills or by make-up work before credit is allowed. A failure in military science or unexcused absences from drill at end of term will be counted as a deficiency. Absences from drill must be made up, hour for hour, before a student is given credits. Members of regular athletic teams are not required to make up drill lost while on trips with the teams.

7. A General Order gives details of prizes offered for excellency in military work. Prizes are offered for the Best Battalion, Best Company, Best Squad, and best drilled cadets. The prizes will be competed for during the spring months. Every drill has its bearing on the award of these prizes. It should be the pride of each student to help his organization and College to win distinction. Points that will help you, as an individual, to make your organization win may be tabulated as follows:

(a) Promptness and regularity at drills.

(b) Complete and proper uniform at drill and while on campus. Neatness in uniform.

(c) *Saluting.*—This is the outward sign of efficiency. Your training is reflected by the manner in which you render the salute. It indicates the state of mind of the student. A snappy salute indicates an alert mind, while an indifferent salute indicates a sluggish mind; probably too many cigarettes, or else—accent on the "else." Saluting also indicates a pride in organization and is the military way of being courteous. All salutes must be returned with the same spirit. It shows poor spirit and sometimes poorer training to neglect the salute. Some men hesitate to salute in public, thinking evidently that it shows some sort of undue requirements. Always remember that saluting is the sign of training and failure to salute reflects upon you and your organization.

(d) Study your drill programs and be ready to answer any question bearing upon the lesson. When the inspector comes he will probably ask you questions; be ready and quick to answer. The alert man will be passed as satisfactory. Example: At the last inspection the inspector asked a man the number of his rifle; quick as a flash the man sang out a series of numbers. The inspector passed on. When asked how he knew the number was the correct one the inspector replied that he knew it was correct by the promptness in which the man made reply. On the contrary, a person in poor uniform, neglecting to salute properly, if at all, may be expected to be the same way in every other duty. When he is questioned the answer will likely be verified.

Study over points (a) to (d) above and try to see to it that you are not one of those who are constantly making it hard for your organization to make progress forward. As well described by "A member of Co. G," in last issue of the *TECHNICIAN*, it is to you, the men of N. C. State, to do your part, a man's part, to uphold the standard of our College. Let's do away with the idea of anything being "required" as if "forced," but rather look upon our work as a duty, the duty of a man; a real man, never has to be forced to do his duty, rather he takes a pride in it

and thereby learns and imbibes the essential qualifications of a "worthy citizen."

8. In conclusion allow me to ask your consideration of a few more thoughts. The N. C. State College is your college. Your record is a part of the college record. The record you make here will live long after you are away from college.

You should reflect upon the bearing your individual conduct has upon the unit as a whole. Sometimes one man will make a bad impression for the whole corps. True the good points of one man often reflects credit upon all, but the poorer impressions are given more publicity and seem to be sought out by those who wish to give adverse criticism.

Our R. O. T. C. unit is in competition with those of other Colleges. We are competing for a prize: Distinguished Mention. We have everything that it takes to make a distinguished unit if each man will play his part. We are in the race, there is no doubt about it; the majority are in favor of doing the job with the spirit of real sons of the Old North State. When we consider that our college is in the race no one should feel at ease if he is not doing his part to help to win. What do you say men? Read again paragraph 7(a) to (d), can't you add something more to the spirit that wins? Of course you can, and you will feel all the better for it.

During the last few weeks I have noted in my record book the expression I have heard made of the Student Corps. Among the expressions are the following:

(a) The best looking corps of men, physically, I have ever seen.

(b) An excellent spirit.

(c) Can be depended upon in an emergency.

(d) Excellent Plus.

Are we going to add "Distinguished College" to the list? Seventy-five per cent have answered "Yes" by their spirit, but remember "the weakest link."

Zippy "Mac"

M McCormack is a handsome man,

As all the world may see,
But when I'm in the mess hall, please
Keep him away from me.

If I should dare to throw some bread
Or cuss about the zip,
Oh, sure he sees me every time
And scares me with his "lip."

Of course, I guess he thinks he must
To keep his job in there;
But to hold our cuss-words till we
bust—
I think 'tis hardly fair.

He sometimes gives us goat too strong—
It makes us bleat for joy.
I guess he thinks that nothing tastes
As good as goat to boys.

If we find worms while eating beans,
"Don't think of it," says he;
"I eat them reg'lar every day,
What a tummy they've made on me."

M McCormack is a fearless man,
As all the boys may see;
And when I'm in the mess hall, please
Keep him away from me.

—Anonymous, '23.

SADNESS

Water dripped from the potatoes eyes,
The cabbage hung its head and sighed;
It was a sad time in the kitchen
When the vinegar's mother died.

—A Soph.

IN MANY CASES

Adam's downfall was caused by an apple, but many a man's downfall can be traced to a "peach."

She—Why do they put corn-meal on the dance-hall floor?

He—To make the "chickens" feel at home—*Literary Digest.*

WANTED—To know where a girl's lap goes to when she stands up.—*Ima Nutt.*

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The Private's Paradise

The bugle call has sounded taps,
And out went every light,
So I hit the hay in my two-by-six,
To sleep throughout the night,
When suddenly a heavenly voice,
The night time's stillness rent,
'Twas good St. Peter's call for me,
And heavenward I went.

It took me just one hundred years,
I didn't journey fast,
But rather like a Seaboard freight
Or a troop train going past.
I wondered why he made me stop,
'Till I heard St. Peter say,
"Sidetrack all the Generals,
There's a private on the way."

At last I reached the pearly gates,
In awe I looked around,
For there were forty Majors, all
Policing up the grounds,
While in dismay a Colonel stood,
From early unto late,
He overstayd his one-day pass
And couldn't pass the gate.

St. Peter came as I looked on,
And held within his hand,
My army service records, in
A red-tape rubber band,
He struggled and he sweated,
And he swore a little, too,
Before he saw the record, and
With red tape he was through.

He looked it over carefully,
Then he shouted through the door,
You joined the Hospital cops,
You joined the Medical corp,
I know you tried to go to France,
And help write history's page,
It's not your fault you had to wait
Till death came from old age.

He led me gently by the arm.
Through pearly gates ajar,
Where prisoner beer and aig and aig,
Flowed freely from the bar,
From highballs and from cocktails,
He let me have my pick,
And not a drink was Hooverized,
Each had the old time kick.

The barracks were of marble made,
Inside were easy chairs,
And Captains fanned my fevered brow,
While Corporals swept the stairs,
The Sergeants there as porters,
Were all supplied with mops,
And all the First Lieutenants were
St. Peter's Kitchen cops.

The mess hall was all pink and gold,
With table cloths of white,
And butter there three times a day,
And chicken every night.
The mess Sergeant sat upon the stove,
Where I could plainly see,
Him eat all the beans and stew
He used to give to me.

No gold harp did I receive,
Like storied pictures show,
But instead a silver whistle, like
The Sergeants used to blow,
I blew it loudly, only once,
And then upon the scene,
Lieutenants in blue denim came
To load the magazines.

I had them search for cigarettes,
Cigars and matches, too,
And had them carry twelve-inch shells
Until the day was through,
And when from lack of daylight,

They came back from their whirls,
They stayed in camp to scrub the floors,
While I had all the girls.

And I could dress in any style,
With any girl could I speak,
And three-day passes I could get,
And took them twice a week.
I drew my pay just when I pleased,
No pay-roll did I sign,
And fares were just one cent a mile
On Heaven's railroad line.

The hospital was also there,
Where surgeons, weak or strong,
Got three "Knocks" every morning and
Inspections all day long.
One surgeon who had broken both legs,
Got salts and three white pills,
I had him marked for duty,
To cure up all his ills.

Then tired from my wanderings,
Upon a feather bed
I lay, no thought of reveille,
I'd sleep 'till noon instead,
But all at once I felt a jar,
A voice in my ear spoke:
'It's 4 a.m.—3d relief's outside,
And then, O! hell! I woke.

—Author Unknown.

Locals

W. M. Johnson, better known as
"Red," spent a few hours with us on
February 20. "Red" was our catcher
on the 1919 baseball squad and also a
star on last year's basketball quint.

J. L. Benbow, better known to the
older men as "Admiral," has returned
to college as an instructor in the Agri-
cultural department.

J. H. Haddock, '15, formerly of Stone-
wall, Mississippi, but now with the
Durham Hosiery Mills, Durham, N. C.,
was in town February 18.

E. B. Garrett, '18, of Burlington, re-
cently spent the week-end on the cam-
pus.

S. J. Marion, of the Chemistry de-
partment, has successfully weathered
an attack of influenza and is again able
to take up his work.

Dr. W. A. Withers has recovered from
an attack of influenza.

Professor H. E. Satterfield is again in
his office after several days illness with
influenza.

J. A. Northcott, '18, visited the
campus on February 14. "Johnny" is
doing radio designing at the Norfolk
Navy Yards.

Ph.D.

I used to think I knew I knew;
But now I must confess,
The more I know I know I know
I know I know the less.
—"Capt. Billy."

JAMES E. THIEM

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Smith—Professor, how am I going to
get through analytics and calculus.
Prof. Lehman—Use the slide rule.

The Duty of An Engineer

No man should be satisfied until he has done the best that he is capable of doing, and he must remember that it is vastly more important to himself that he sets and maintains a high standard in his work than it is for the teacher, or later, his employer, to set it for him. The least duty of every man is to help make the world a little better. This can't be done by merely sitting back approving and imitating what others have done. A great military leader once said: "Duty is the sublimest word in the English language." Hence the sublimest act a man can do is to do his duty.

One of the greatest wrongs which the age of machinery imposes upon men is to grasp from them their medium of self-expression. The giant industry is changing many of us into mere cogs in the mechanism of modern civilization. The debt of service is a debt of honor, and how best to discharge that debt should be the desire of every honorable man. This being true, why should the engineering men need other than our every-day laws of right-living and service which apply to every avocation?

- "The honesty which is unswerving.
- The truthfulness which abhors a lie.
- The helpfulness which lightens the burdens of life.
- The human sympathy which gladdens aching hearts.
- The honor which scorns to take a mean advantage.
- The courage which always dares to do right, and
- The courtesy of kindness."

The engineer's obligation to serve is not limited to the duties for which he is paid; he owes it to his subordinate and to the public at large. In him should be found the help of good example, a friend whom anyone could approach for counsel, one who is willing to impart his knowledge of life and dealings with men to aid others in shaping their lives, conduct and purpose according to the principles above. It has often been said, "They also serve who only stand and wait," and it may be characteristic of those who, through misfortune of some kind, have been cut off from the activities of life's highways, but it is not so with the engineer. "He must be up and doing." Much more is expected of an engineer than is of most any other profession that might be considered. The engineer has to not only prove his ability before he starts a job, but furthermore has to give his price almost to the exact dollar as to the cost of his work. When we send for the doctor, the lawyer, the business man, or many others, we never first ask what it is going to cost or how cheap will you do the job for me? You never consider his ability or his obligation to serve, but wish your pain cured or your statement made valid. While in the case of the engineering profession, he is called upon in every case to show his engineering knowledge, skill and experience.

Never should an engineer in any way favor his client or contractor by reason of the source of his income. This service demands that he need no word or act to compromise his inability or offend his sense of justice or right. The chief aim of every engineer should be to stand upon the watchtower of time, warning against danger and showing the way to better methods in dealing

with problems of engineering. It is "Lest we forget." A code of right living accepted by a great body of professional men, in the declaration of their faith, is the chart by which they direct their course in the voyage of life. To this chart one who is in doubt may go for suggestion as to the right course to pursue in any time of perplexity, and by the principles laid down in this chart transgressors will be judged and disciplined by their fellows.

A. L. WHITE, '20.

Have Courage, My Boy, to Say "No"

You are starting today on life's journey, Alone on the highway of life. You'll meet with a thousand temptations,

Each city with evil is rife. This world is a stage of excitement, There's danger wherever you go, But if you are tempted with weakness, Have courage, my boy, to say "No."

The siren's sweet smile may allure you, Beware of her cunning and art, Whenever you see her approaching, Be guarded, and haste to depart. The billard saloons are before you, Decked out in their tinsel and show. Should you be invited to enter Have courage, my boy, to say "No."

Be careful in choosing companions— Choose only the brave and the true, And stand by your friends when in trial, Ne'er changing the old for the new. And when by false friends you are tempted, The taste of the wine-cup to know, With firmness, with patience and kindness Have courage, my boy, to say "No."

The bright, sparkling wine may be offered, No matter how tempting it may be— From poison that stings like an adder, My boy, have courage to flee. The gambling halls are before you— Their lights, how they dance to and fro. You may be invited to enter; Do you have courage, my boy, to say "No."

In courage alone lies your safety, When you the long journey begin, And trust in your Heavenly Father Will keep you unspotted from sin. Temptations will go on increasing, As streams from a rivulet flow, But if you are true to your manhood You'll have courage, my boy to say "No."

L. M. Leach in *Red and White*.

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Straight Up!

(A tragedy in one act)
By J. O. H.

Scene: A marble-topped table, around which six chairs are set. Other tables in background.

Characters: Hard-boiled.

The Innocent.
Spirit of Hunger.
Rasping Voice.

(Great confusion and noise.)
Rasping Voice: Battalion, 'tenshun!
(noise increases). Seats!

The Innocent (entering from right):
Same ol' bull.

Hard-boiled (entering from left):
Ducks!

(Spirit of Hunger glides in, bearing paper napkins and a pitcher of water.)

Hard-boiled: Ha-ha! It was funny to see the four who once sat here slowly starve. I was too quick for them—never once have I failed to get ducks.

(Spirit of Hunger chuckles harshly.)
The Innocent (raving): Once I had a happy home; for breakfast I always had a steak smoth—(a bowl of mush obliterates his face).

(Spirit of Hunger whispers in his ear. He means despairingly and slides under table.)

Rasping Voice: Battalion, 'tenshun (M-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m) Rest!

Hard-boiled (to Spirit of Hunger):
How about some bull?

Spirit of Hunger (triumphantly):
Straight up!

(The Innocent expires in great agony under the table.)

Hard-boiled, raving, recites "Only Three Grains of Corn, Mother."
(Curtain.)

The Idol

Fair one, you are the idol of my dreams
As I see you appear upon the screen.

Your eyes are beautiful as the bright
stars

That shine at night around the planet
Mars.

Your personalities are far beyond
The desert of Egypt, where you were
born,

But kind and soft and gentle as the
sleep

That softly o'er the weary traveler
creeps.

And, too, you have attractions which
you know

Will win the hearts and souls of men
who woo.

For men, once blooming there so fair
and strong,

Now haggard lies the playing of the
wrong.

Your life is like a flower, doomed to
die—

Your body lives, your soul soars in the
sky. —G. W. Tiencken, '20.

Great will be the joy of B. D. Barr
when Meredith again opens its doors to
the masculine visitors. He has been
somewhat morose lately, but with
thoughts of what the future holds in
store for him he is now becoming more
sociable.

Prof. Wilson—Mr. Braswell, what is
a philanthropist?
Braswell—A fanatic, sir.
Prof. Wilson—Quite right.

Kinder Peculiar

'Tis strange indeed that Ralph Query still makes his regular week-end visits home, after positively swearing in the presence of several interesting young ladies at the college that his lady fair at home has *went and done him wrong*. Ralph, for goodness sake, can that gag.

WANTED—To know what became of a nice box of candy that "Red" Hunter bought and lost one night a week or so ago.

Senior Physics

Four gills, one pint; two pints, one quart; four quarts, one gallon; one gallon, one quarrel; one quarrel, two fights; two fights, four policemen; four policemen, one judge; one judge, two months. —"Capt. Billy."

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Ragan (very anxious about the V. P. I. game)—Say, "C. V.," how did the game come out last night?
"C. V."—The game? Oh, I didn't lose anything!

Major Hulvey (after lecturing to the cadet officers in the armory)—Say there, Stacey, didn't I see you light a cigarette a moment ago?

Stacey (hesitating and snapping to attention)—Y-y-es, sir.

Major Hulvey—Well, give me one!

"Lit up" '22 to Senior—I want you to understand, there's many a sober man walking around that ain't half as drunk as I am.

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