

THE 1920 COMMENCEMENT!

TECHNICIAN

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THE 1920 COMMENCEMENT

The 1920 Commencement promises to be unique in the annals of State College. A very elaborate program is being planned and enthusiasm runs high among the Faculty and Senior Class. This is the year for the reunion of the Alumni of the College. It will be a time when they assemble on the "old hill" to give their yells and sing class songs.

We are inviting all friends of the College to come out and enjoy the Commencement with us. Tech has a great student-body and we are going to show the Alumni of the College that she is still running in full swing.

One of the many interesting events for the Commencement is a lawn party to be given on the campus Saturday afternoon, May 22d. This occasion will afford an opportunity to become ac-

quainted with the inmates of our sister colleges and Raleigh girls.

The war is over, autocracy has been cut off so short that it will take it a long time to sprout out again. We want all the boys to meet the large number of Veterans and Alumni who are coming back to the 1920 Reunion. A general reunion is only held every ten years. Come on State College! Get the old spirit, boost the school, and the Commencement. Times are too good now to pay any attention to the chronic kicker. We are living in the greatest age ever known, and the most rapidly-growing State in the country. Therefore we can well afford to have a great time on the "old hill" from May 22d to May 25th.

FELLOWS, GET THE SPIRIT AND BOOST THE COLLEGE!

Electrical Society Notes

Plans and material have finally rounded into shape for the electrical show to be given this spring by the State College branch of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers, and the date has been permanently set as April the 10th and 12th. It was originally intended that the show be given early in March, but delayed material and apparatus, brought on by shortages in manufacturing and congested transportation facilities, necessitated a postponement. But the material has come at last and the work of getting the show in presentable shape has been progressing rapidly, and students and outsiders may assure themselves of a real treat in this line on these two days.

The exhibition is modern in its trend, comprising demonstrations of modern apparatus and appliances and many new freaks and stunts. Several large electrical manufacturing concerns have been kind enough to send us apparatus and material and it will be demonstrated in an interesting and instructive way. We have secured at considerable expense a complete telautograph installation, such as is used in banks and hotels today for the instantaneous reproduction of handwriting, and this will be in operation. The radio station will be in shape, and those who visit the show will have an opportunity of "listening in" on the messages flying through the air. And in addition to these and other modern apparatus, there will be many stunts of perplexing and hair-raising character. Housewives will be interested in seeing cooking done without heat, over a platter of real ice. Perpetual motion fiends will no doubt sit up and take notice of a top spinning without driving torque. And fair damsels will be thrilled to see heavy, flaming sparks of a million volts being taken into the human body, carrying several times the current necessary for electrocution.

The show is to be clean in every respect. It has been prepared for the ladies as well as students, and we hope that the boys will take advantage of this opportunity to bring "her" out to enjoy all the sights and the fun. And outsiders, too, are urged to come. The show is for *everybody*, and it is hoped that everybody will take advantage of it.

Don't forget the dates—April 10 and 12.

SECRETARY.

Remember the Commencement lawn party.

The Band Goes to Dix Hill!!

The entire State College Band was carried over to Dix Hill Thursday night, March 25. Now, I don't mean to leave the impression that the band has gone "bug-house," for it is not true. The majority of our musicians are of tolerable sound mind. You see, the band was carried over to play for the patients. Our band believes in doing a good turn when the opportunity presents itself.

There was some speculation as to the advisability of leaving some of our members, but when we were ushered into the auditorium, filled with intelligent-looking "crazy people," we decided not to lower the standard of the aforesaid institution.

You know some of our fellows always make a hit wherever they go; I mean with the fair sex, and this trip was no exception. As we passed through the audience to our seats one fair young patient was heard to exclaim: "Oh! Margaret, look what a pretty little red-headed boy; isn't he cute?" Well, if you had seen "Red's" grin you would have been in favor of having padded cell No. 9909 prepared at once. Some of them (I mean the inmates) were very much amused by a selection called "Lassus Trombone." When our slippery slides ran up the scale on those "syringical disturbaphones," the patients' faces became radiant, expressive of inward joy.

After rendering a score to our appreciative audience our concert ended in a shower of roses.

B. D. BARR.

An Appeal

Men, the **TECHNICIAN** is asking for your whole-hearted cooperation. We must have it to make our paper a success. If you haven't paid for your subscription do so at once.

CLASS FIELD DAY

Juniors Emerge Victorious

Enthusiasm ran high last Saturday and a brand of spirit not to be excelled anywhere was exhibited by State College men at the Class Field Day events. The Meet was called for 2:30 p.m. sharp, but long before the crack of the starter's pistol had officially opened the first contest the grounds were swarming with khaki-clad men. The track meet was held at the State Fair Grounds, the race track being used for the dashes, intermediate and long-distance runs, while the space enclosed by the speedway was used for the shot put, the discus and the javelin throw. This was the first opportunity Techmen have had of witnessing a track meet on the home grounds in four years. Judging by the interest shown in each contest it will be an easy matter to explain why so many men will forego Easter holidays this year, as we meet Wake Forest here Easter Monday.

The Junior Class, at the end of the meet, was pronounced victorious, with 37 points in its favor, the Sophomore Class followed closely with 36 points, the Freshmen came in third and true

(Continued on page 4)

Our Advertisers Back Us—Patronize Them

PINE NEEDLES

After reading a part of Henry W. Grady's speech, "The New South," which contained the following passage, "Women reared in luxury cut up their dresses and made breeches for their husbands," etc., to bring out a certain point in Sophomore public speaking, Doctor Summey continued as follows: "Well that passage about women cutting up their breeches is," etc.

RATHER AIRY

Windy March is now at hand,
To give us airy times,
And blow my lid from off my dome,
So thus these windy rhymes.

It sure does love to play with skirts,
And all that have an eye
Around the windy corners stand
To watch the limbs blow by.
T. R. T., '21.

??????

To sit beside dimpling waters
And gaze toward shores of sundown,
As twilight flits on tiptoes
And throws its cloak around.

The stars come forth to twinkle,
The moon rises o'er the pines,
The warm night-breeze stirs softly—
That's why I write these lines.
T. R. T., '21.

I BOUGHT THE SERGEANT'S FORD

I bought the Sergeant's bus of tin,
And started for a ride,
The crank got busy on my shin
And ripped off half my hide.
The motor started with a jerk,
And jumped and coughed and sneezed,
One cylinder did all the work,
The others only wheezed.

There was a tire, as he confessed,
Whose air-supply was slim,
But naught was wrong with all the rest—
They rolled in on the rim.

I jumped aboard. The motor's hum
Was purring soft and sweet,
I pushed the throttle with my thumb
And crept into the street.

Now's the time, and here's the place
To have some speed, methinks.
I snugged down and set my face
To pass the other ginks.

The motor groaned beneath its load,
Gave every ounce of power,
Went tearing down the asphalt road
At ninety yards an hour!

I scorned the speed-cop's frantic yell,
I spurned the walking chap,
Until the whole thing, crashing, fell
Into a tree—kerflap.

And that is how my story ends,
The best men sometimes fail,
I had to call up all my friends
To pay me out of jail.

ZIPPY MACK, '23.

Florida Flambeau

A young lady entered a drug store and asked if they could fix her up a dose of castor oil which could not be tasted.

"Why, yes," said the clerk.

"Won't you have a coca-cola?" asked a near-by young gentleman.

"I'd love to," said the lady.

And when the drink was served she said: "How delicious!"

But when he went to pay there was an extra charge.

"What was that for?" she demanded.

"For the castor oil, of course. It was in your coca-cola."

"Oh!" gasped she. "I wanted the dose for my mother."

Company G Again

Company G has but one failing, and that is a tenacious grip on the top rung in the ladder of Regimental Efficiency. The continued success of this organization at the regular competitive inspections can come from but one source, i.e., from within. In order for a company or any organized effort to reach the goal it has set out to attain there must be a stick-togetherness, a one-way pull—an *esprit de corps*.

A man may have no sense of honor;
He may not be loyal or brave.
A man may take pleasure in murder,
And swear at a friend in his grave.
A man may not love his country,
Nor honor his home above,
But the worst crime that a man can commit,
Is to fool a girl in love.

A girl may be wild and careless,
And drink and swear and lie.
A girl may be filled with meanness
And let her character die.
A girl may look up to a criminal
And defile the powers above,
But the worst crime a girl can commit
Is to fool a man in love.

—Va. Tech.

Grand and Glorious Feelings

1. When you can lie in bed Sunday morning and tell the world to go to, and stay put until you feel like getting up.

2. When you succeed in putting something over on the Registrar or the Major.

3. When you sleep through a three-hour class and find that your absence has been overlooked.

4. When your card gets stuck on the back of someone else's in Professor Derieux's room.

5. After being about as comfortable as a snowball in h— during a session with Captain Rodney you get a letter from "her."

6. When Heck forgets to give you one of his quizzes.

7. When you figure you have about thirty demerits and your name is not read out for Saturday's "Death Battalion."

8. When State trims Carolina.

9. When TECHNICIAN comes out.
PITT, '22.

Appropriate Clothing Material

For sailors: serge.
For gardeners: lawn.
For loud dressers: crash.
For fishermen: net.
For shoemakers: lace.
For millionaires: cloth of gold.
For nursemaids: kid.
For barbers: haircloth.
For resentful persons; pique.

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THE COLLEGE

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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

Faculty Stages Exhibition Game

State College was thrilled to the very core last Thursday night by one of the most exciting basketball games ever witnessed on a local court. The Faculty Varsity, which has been secretly practicing on the barn floor at the poultry plant, staged an exhibition game with its scrub team. Coach Riddick trotted his young warriors on the floor amid roars of the seething crowd. It was thrilling to see the Faculty section of the grandstand rise and greet its team by singing the Faculty song which had been so pathetically arranged to the tune of "If You Don't Like My Fish, Throw 'Em Back in the Cart."

Referee Leddy sounded his whistle at 9:15 sharp and the ball was tossed. From the very start the outcome of the game was doubtful. Buckner, the stellar center of the Scrubs, found a worthy opponent in Mr. S. L. Homewood, who is destined to make his mark in basketball fame if he continues to develop. One of the field goals was credited to him, he having caged the ball from a position directly in front of the basket while Buckner was guarding Hulvey. We've promised not to tell how many times he shot, but if shooting counted, Homewood would have contributed sixteen or twenty points to the Varsity score.

At the end of the third half Foster, the fast little guard of the Scrubs, collided with Hulvey with a velocity of a Vo+at, where Vo equals initial velocity, a equals acceleration, and t equals time. This almost broke up the game. Hulvey resented the unlady-like attack and did "As Skirmishers," from which position he told Foster if he saw any more rough stuff he would give him five demerits and see that John Hall drilled him on Saturday afternoon. After several minutes the referee and various members of the audience who had been awakened by the cry of "Fight!" succeeded in calming Hulvey and Foster and the game proceeded. At the end of the half Hulvey and Foster kissed each other to prove their good intentions.

No doubt the most extraordinary feature of the game was the goal-throwing of Vaughn. This promising young player contributed wonderfully to the Varsity's score. His eye was steady, his hand firm, and his judgment unexcelled. He has been playing professional ball with the Asbury Brush League for several years and this is his first appearance in an amateur's suit.

Two members of the Scrub team who deserve special mention are Prentiss and Lehman. Prentiss guarded Vaughn exceptionally well, allowing him only nine field goals. He also provided the whistle for the referee. Lehman encouraged his teammates by running around the court and humming "Does She?" with his bird-like voice.

The work of Mr. P. T. Long, the running guard of the Faculty team, must not be overlooked. He was in every part of the court at the same time and his passing, though wild, helped the Scrubs exceedingly well. Long has been training for this game for several years, and the form he showed in "Englishing" the ball aroused the admiration of the spectators. His physical development was so perfect that one breath of air lasted him the whole game.

The line-up was as follows:

<i>Varsity.</i>	vs.	<i>Scrubs.</i>
Long	vs.	Lehman
Homewood	vs.	Buckner
Vaughn	vs.	Prentiss
Hulvey	vs.	Foster

Score: Varsity, 26; Scrubs, 22.

Field goals: Vaughn, 9; Homewood, 1; Hulvey, 6; Lehman, 2; Buckner, 1, and Foster, 0; (Foster and Long together, 1); miscellaneous, 11. Running with ball: Prentiss, 1. Referee, Leddy, of Yale.

Substitute: Kinard, either side.

TECHS OPEN SEASON WITH A RUSH

Lenoir College Swamped in Initial Game of Season

On Monday afternoon, March 22, State College defeated Lenoir College by a score of 15 to 2. The game started with DeBerry in the box for State and Miller on the mound for the visitors, and at the outset bided fair to be a regular diamond struggle. The visitors gained one run in the second, while Coach Fetzer's men brought a man home in both the second and third innings. The prospect of a real contest was held by every one present until the fourth inning, when the Lutheran pitcher blew up and allowed twelve men to cross the home plate. At this point Benfield succeeded Miller in the box for Lenoir and the game once more assumed the aspects of a regular ball game.

Tech scored again in the fifth inning, but from then on until the ninth no runs were made by either team. Lenoir as a last chance succeeded in crossing the home plate once in the ninth inning.

The Tech pitching staff showed up splendidly. Baker, DeBerry, and Murray exhibited exceptional form and a brand of hurling that is sure to put State in the limelight for this season. The fielding by the home team wasn't up to the standard, but as some positions were tentative and the team is still in the formative stage no great amount of criticism should be made.

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The race-track at the State Fair Grounds is witnessing some strenuous efforts on the part of some of the best track material seen at State in some time.

The sap is surely rising and the fervor of youth is keeping pace with the proverbial expressions of affection for the fairer sex that usually flow from the pen of the enamored at this season. The whole student-body must have felt this subtle throb, judging from the mass of rhymed literature that has been placed at the disposal of the staff for this issue.

J. D. Miller's poem, "Alma Mater," which appeared in the last issue of the TECHNICIAN, is worthy of a great deal of thought and consideration on the part of the student-body. A great deal has been said about publishing a book of State College songs and now that such a jewel has been submitted it is no wonder that many have expressed the desire to see it set to music.

Our suggestion box so far has worked wonderfully. For each issue contributions have come in quite liberally and we are glad to see that the fellows appreciate a good paper and are so willing to help make ours one of the best. We are glad to note, too, that there is a marked improvement in the copy that comes in through the suggestion box. Contributors seem to understand more now just what kind of material is most desirable for a college paper and are selecting their matter accordingly. But a great deal of otherwise excellent ma-

terial we have to escort to the wastebasket for no reason other than that it was not credited, and we have no way of supplying the credit. It is the law of the press that when one paper prints material taken from another the articles so "borrowed" shall be so designated by a credit at the bottom, or some other suitable place. Contributors who have turned in the original clippings have in general been thoughtful of this, but we find that lots of our young aspirants toward quill-driving have attempted to "camouflage" some of this borrowed material by copying it in their own hand and turning it in without credit. Such material, or as much of it as has been detected, has invariably been cast aside. We are glad to print such matter if it is suitable, but we cannot publish it without credit.

And we would like to ask our contributors, too, if they won't be kind enough to put their names somewhere on the copy in addition to their *nom de plumes*, so that we may know at a glance just who is the author of the material. Already we have published the wrong author to several articles and we are anxious that it shall not happen again.

And let the good work continue!

H₂S

Nowadays it is just one eternal squabble about peace treaties and leagues of nations.

Some say we cannot exist without a league of nations; some say we cannot exist with one. We hear one side and contemplate lending a helping hand; we hear the other and wonder if we should "Let Europe wash her own dirty linen." Politics on the one hand invites us in to help kill Caesars, on the other, to set the world aright.

If existence is impossible with a league of nations, what of the countries who have "signed up"? If a league of nations be the only bridge across the gulf of ruin, is the crossing imperative? What of the past, not warless past, just past. Certainly, a future without wars is the idea. A league of nations may give us that; it may not. It is gratifying to the physician to know the malady before treating for it. Seemingly, the future does not recommend itself particularly warless.

Wars are deadly, the unsuccessful ones the most deadly. The unsuccessful ones are avoidable only by the aid of Chemistry. Wars are impossible without Chemistry. So is peace. It is successfully possible only by the aid of Chemistry. There is one problem that is always with us, in peace or war; it is always acute and will always remain. The world with or without peace treaties or leagues of nations, with war or without war, must be fed, clothed, doctored, comforted.

Natural resources have covered these essentials more than they ever will again. As man increased natural resources decrease. Man must consume to exist. Nature offers for consumption with a limit. Man may exist in excess of these offerings only in as much as he supplements. There are in abundance the indestructible elements which nature has always combined into things man must have. He may supplement by combining them, too. Who is man's

only possible supplementer? Chemistry. Whether we do or do not have wars, leagues of nations, or peace treaties we must have Chemistry. Whatever the future may offer is impossible without it. With such a burden on Chemistry it must have strength. There is just one way to give it strength: train men. We have them; the problem reverts to the equipping of adequate stations to train an army of men sufficient to meet the present, and to go into the future. The states with such an army will take the lead.

North Carolina is one of the leaders in agriculture. This is one of the many things that advances hand in hand with Chemistry; should she not be one of the leaders in Chemistry? Our college is her school of engineering and science, the logical training-ground. We are already crowded, with no promise of the abatement of such a condition. What is the only solution? There is planned in the college future a chemistry building that would be another step for the State in the direction of chemical leadership. Plans for a State building of this nature, another field of practice, are reported in process of preparation. Are we to call on other States for trained men? The future ever hinges on the present.

"H. C."

CLASS FIELD DAY

(Continued from page 1)

to the old adage: "The last shall be first," etc., the Senior Class brought up the rear.

Following are the events. Men are placed according to place attained:

100 YARDS

Davis, Merrimon—Sophomore.
 Robertson, John—Freshman.
 Allbright, J. D., Jr.—Junior.

200 YARDS

Davis, Merrimon—Sophomore.
 Robertson, John—Freshman.
 Allbright, J. D., Jr.—Junior.

440 YARDS

Ernst, R. C.—Junior.
 Robertson, John—Freshman.

880 YARDS

Kraft, R. W.—Sophomore.
 Norwood, H. E.—Sophomore.

1 MILE

Blakney—Sophomore.
 Elliott—Sophomore.
 Harris—Freshman.

2 MILE

Blakney—Sophomore.
 Harris—Freshman.

HIGH JUMP

Lawrence—Junior.
 Park—Sophomore } tied.
 Pool—Freshman

RUNNING BROAD JUMP

Kirkpatrick—Junior.
 Park—Sophomore.
 Pool—Freshman.

SHOT PUT

Smith—Freshman.
 Long—Junior.
 Lawrence—Junior.

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(Continued from page 4)

DISCUS

Lawrence—Junior.
Brower—Junior.
Cooke—Senior.

JAVELIN

Long—Junior.
Brower—Junior.

The Next to Come

Fellows, on Friday night, March 6, we had the privilege of witnessing one of the best basketball games ever played in North Carolina. We were further privileged to root for—yes, fellows, it is the best team in the South, whether it wins every game or not, and we are proud of our team.

But we cannot afford to be satisfied with the laurels our team has won; neither can we afford to be satisfied with the standards our student body accepts as theirs. The spirit of satisfaction which pervades our student-body must be shaken off! It is high time for us to awake to our possibilities. It is our duty, as sons of our beloved N. C. S. to become the most aggressive and most progressive college in North Carolina—yea, in the South.

A few months ago this question was put before the student-body: "Why hasn't N. C. State a college paper?" and we were so ashamed when we thought of having to answer that question that we just got busy and put out a paper on short order.

The time has come when we must answer another question, a question which concerns the very kernel of student life: "Why hasn't N. C. State a Student Council?" Immediately comes the reply that we elected a student council last year, but the faculty refused to recognize it. And there you have the thing in a nut-shell. The antagonism which has existed for the last three years between faculty and student-body has been an eating sore in our student life. Who is to blame? In all probability both parties are at fault.

Now fellows and faculty, forget the old-time differences of the past and let us bend our efforts toward the building of a "better State College." As yet no steps have been taken upon the question in regard to our student council. We are sincere when we say that student government and its necessary student council would be one of the most valuable assets our college could possess. We want to see men go out from our college fully equipped for life, trained to lead and to govern because of the fact that they have governed and been governed in a representative way. Why not incorporate in our college the fundamental principles upon which our great Nation was formed—representative government democracy?
S. A. W.

When the Band Went Out to Drill

Capt. Rodney—Who can show the squad how to stack arms?
(Silence for about thirty seconds, and then):

Wade Rice—"I can, Cap'n," and stepping out in as-good-as-done manner: To stack arms: grasp the piece with the right arm, throw the muzzle-end to the front, place the butt of the gun between your two toes and—

Capt. Rodney—Oh h—! Stop!!!

For a Greater State College

On October 7, 1889, State College opened its doors for the reception of students. Seventy-two matriculated that year. Practically all the work at that time was carried on in the Main Building, as that was the only building on the campus.

The College has gradually grown until it has become a modern institution of learning, recognized by all the leading schools of the country. Since the foundation of the College more than seven thousand students have attended the school, of whom more than eleven hundred have graduated. All of us admit that State College has made rapid gains during its short history. BUT ARE WE TO MARK TIME NOW?

We are living in an age when all thinking people are going forward and not backward; when people are looking for more progressive LEADERSHIP. This institution has done a great work for the young men of this progressive State. The demands upon the College are annually increasing. Realizing this we will have to have progressive leadership. It is impossible to tell just what place the Agricultural and Engineering College will hold in carrying on the educational work of this rapidly-growing commonwealth.

The chief function of this College in the future, as in the past, will be the training of young men for the agricultural and engineering professions, to perform these functions in an adequate manner, State College must develop as the demand upon the professions develop. It is a known fact that North Carolina is rapidly forging to the front as an agricultural and manufacturing state. Because of this fact greater responsibilities are being placed upon the agriculturist and engineer.

North Carolina now stands fourth in value of crops and she is also one of the leading textile states. Because of the great advance of North Carolina as an agricultural and manufacturing state, because of the great demand for technical trained men and the increasing responsibilities being placed upon them, State College is calling for wider development and more progressive leadership. Come on and get ready to ask the Legislature for greater appropriations, in order that we may pay our teachers more and expand to meet the demands of the times. We are living in a great age and in a great state. WE CANNOT AFFORD TO MARK TIME NOW.
HOBBS.

Idle Thoughts

I know not what might be my way
Without a girl to make me gay,
To cheer my soul and drive away
The dreadful thoughts that cloud each day.

The music of her tender voice
Brings to my soul a great rejoice,
And listening to it day by day
I feel the thoughts I cannot say.

Show me a home that is complete
Without a girl to grace it sweet,
There's nothing so dear in all this world—

Oh, what is life without a girl!

R. F. T.

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HEADQUARTERS FOR ALL
SPORT DOPE

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Have Shoes for Warmer Days.
Come Look Them Over.

17 E. Martin Street

Tiencken (thinking about his girl)—
I need thee every hour.
Peden—What; sleep?

Exchanges

The *Trinity Chronicle* says: "Trinity defeats A. & E. (N. C. S.). Championship is ours."

Though we were not flattered at that last field goal we reckon turn about is fair play.

The *Guilfordian* says: "Endowment fund goal set at \$350,000; \$80,000 secured."

We call this business. It is not the college that is seen all the time that is being felt in the world.

We note in *The Carolinian* that invitations for Junior-Senior dinner issued for March 20. No further secrets divulged.

Some of us were fortunate in seeing that dinner through; a most admirable token of esteem from Junior to Senior. The same beautiful spirit that built the Y. W. C. A. hut in which they gathered characterized the dinner, one striking sequence of so enjoyable events that the evening was done ere one was fully aware that it had begun.

The *Collegiate World*, a national monthly paper of Indianapolis, Ind., devoted to college interests, writes:

"Every college student will always have a fair opportunity to show his wares in *The Collegiate World*. Won't you please tell your readers through your columns that we offer him or her an opportunity for some distinction by furnishing us material, and moreover, the bank roll can always be touched.

Seen Red Hunter with a sweet Pickle?

Campus Trotter No. 1—What a long guy!

No. 2—Must be one o' that Skin County bunch.

Skin County, from behind—Nope! Two inches shy of height.

Jud Albright, after frowning through a letter—The more I learn about horses the more I know about women.

Baseball

The baseball shark is on the mound,
And spring is in the air,
The crack of the ball as it rebounds
Is heard most everywhere.

From left to right we hear them say
This is the National sport;
And sure as fate at the end of 'May
You'll find us holding the fort.

We opened up in battle array,
We shall not cease the fight.
We are surely out to win the fray,
But we are going to treat you right.

Come on ye aspirants, with all your might,

To get that coveted flag.
But when the season ends the fight
You'll find it in our bag.

J. D. M., '21.

She—Can you drive a car with one hand?

Colley—No, but I can stop.—*Ga. Tech-Technique.*

The following poem was contributed by a young lady of a distant state, and is called

The Trail

Some day some other man must do these things
That now you do. Some day some other man
Will find the honey and will feel the stings
And have to work and hope and dream and plan.
But let there be no sadness in the thought,
But rather cheer; and as your own days grow dim,
Let's hope that your experience has taught
You ways to make it easier for him.

We make the path that other men shall tread.
How shall we make it? Devious and poor,
Or, upward and onward, ever straight ahead,
The goal before us and the footing sure?
Some day some other man must walk the way
That you walk now. If he succeed or fail
Perhaps depends upon this very day—
On you, the pioneer who makes the trail.
C. D. L., '22.

Pullen Literary Society

Due to the war and the attendant trials brought with it the Literary Societies have had a real struggle at N. C. State. However, all of our past hardships are being fast overcome and old members and friends of Pullen should be glad to know that she is emerging in fine trim. We have added some pennants and a beautiful banner to the decorations in our hall, and in addition to the improvement in looks there is a gradual upward trend in deeds. The programs this spring are being well organized and the men are coming across with some real work. The under-class men are appearing in strength, and though there may be no oratorical geniuses in the crowd, it is certain that the older men have some real work to do to keep in the lead. Truly, the old spirit of Pullen is coming to the front and under the leadership of "Jimmie Peden," and with the strong backing of other "live wires" among the older members, we are going to uphold our traditions and help carry forward the banner of literary training at N. C. State.

E. B. MORROW.

JAMES E. THIEM

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PENNANTS THAT I
HAVE ON HAND
CHEAP

J. GUY STEWART
213—1911

Progress

The *Salem College Journal* reports that Salem College was able to accommodate less than half of those who applied last fall. Plans for new buildings are in hands of committee. Campaign opens next Monday.

We congratulate Salem College on her spirit of progress. She makes an appeal that is heard by those who would move forward. When they come in greater numbers than accommodations can meet, she immediately sets about to make them room.

Many other schools failed to accommodate all applicants the past year. This overflow is generally attributed to be the result of the coming back of those kept away by war. We may note that the female schools were the more rushed.

It is a fact that education is daily becoming more essential; that there are more people than ever before to be educated; that a greater per cent of them are seeking an education. Schools must grow to accommodate them. Dragging or just keeping up never marked a successful school; growing ahead of the times does.

It is always to the future that we look. Can the State better guarantee the future than by educating its citizens? When the people know this need there can be no doubt of a willingness and anxiousness to extend schools, not only to care for the present, but to fix the future; to take the lead.

There are two ways of meeting growth: one, to pack some already condemnable building and drag students through its course; the other, to build and equip adequately and leave the student to pursue his work free of all avoidable handicap. Natural mental inertia drags too many from the path already. Every possible obstacle should be removed.

What of our own school? How have we met the past? At least it has been met. How are we meeting the present? Gasping. The future—? We had this problem of crowding; it is still with us. Some of the Salem spirit here would be invaluable. We have a building program, generally have had; is it in keeping with progress and prosperity? The fact is, we are going to have to have some who will be heard, to state what we need, to show why we need it and the progress we are failing to make in the race with time, without it; and then to go after it, not with the spirit of the ox—as far as driven—but with the conviction that success is keeping abreast of the times.

We have students who would gladly make the start. The regrettable feature of this is that the student who makes himself heard is attributed with that form of insanity peculiar to youth and is perhaps tolerated. We won't say that one is altogether the product of his surroundings; we do ask though, how long until our school takes a lead.
"H. C."

The Swann Orchestra had been trying a four-part melody with small success.

Leader Asbury—Say, Fram, were you humming baritone?
Fram—Naw, I was humming nary tone.—*Ga. Tech-Technique.*

Is It Worth While?

Is it worth one hour of your time every two weeks to attend the *Poultry Science Club meeting*? Of course the answer to this question depends on whether you want to get something beneficial or not.

Every program consists of live subjects with valuable information put before you in an interesting way, so that it will stick. So why not attend the meetings and get something without the regular class-work grind, and something that most of you do not have a chance to get? The last program consisted of talks on grades and grading, and export marketing of farm products. These subjects are the largest problems of the scientific men of today.

The next meeting is Monday night, April 5th. Everybody welcome; so come and bring someone with you.

G. R. S., '21.

The Little Violet

Dear little violet, so fragrant and blue,
Thou art a beautiful thing.
We are always glad to welcome you
As you appear with the breath of Spring.

For many months you were beneath the sod,
The clime was bleak and drear,
But now come forth, the handiwork of God
In this glad season of the year.

Thy presence here, so fair so sweet
An inspiration brings.
We cast base thoughts beneath our feet,
And think of better things.

When Autumn comes and thou must go,
We miss thee as a friend,
But still rejoice that after the snow
You will appear again.

J. D. M., '21.

College Life

Are you a Lumnus of N. C. S.? Do you ever wonder if they still tan green hides; if they are still learning the relation of *dies* and CS.; if the inspector is still on the trail; if they've finished surveying the campus; if they've yet found how long it takes things to fall from the top of a high mountain? Do you want to know how they spend the days you can in memory live over again? Do you wish to keep up with the goings-on at N. C. S.—then subscribe for the *TECHNICIAN*.

"H. C."

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Just For You

I am here
Just for you.
Dull and weary, sad and blue,
Always sighing
Just for you.

Do you ever like to be
Just with me?
To talk of life for you and me,
The future you'd like to see
Just with me?

L. E. W., N. C. College.

Untold Thoughts

You are the dearest one on earth;
I want you always near me.
I live for you alone, dear—
Can and will you love me?

It breaks my heart to love you
When I know it must not be,
To know that you're for someone else
And you'll forget I love thee.

Search the depths of your heart
And see if you can find
If but the finest little thread
That binds your heart to mine.
L. E. W., N. C. College.

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Decorations

Some pining gentleman, unable to feel at home otherwise, decorated the trees, building, and campus of the north-end of 1911 dormitory in a grotesque manner. We are undecided whether it was foresight of a rainy Sunday—or just an intention of staying in and feeling at home on that day. We agree that it is great to feel at home, whether it be curling feathers, shoveling coal, or spending ones time surrounded with all that is dear to him. We would have approved though of these decorations having been confined to the room of said decorator, as there is some variation of taste from north-middle section, going north. However, as wind and weather make such intimately suggestive decorations very unstable, we will gladly weave for the homesick artist, of the material so dear to him, a neck-wreath of Hawaiian fashion. Should he not then feel at home we will call on some of our chemists, or should he prefer realistic surroundings, we will invite him down stairs.

"H. C."

"Woman"

A product of love—an improvement on dust,
A helpmate to man to prevent him from rust.
A second edition of Creative Art,
Of all creation the better part.

From whence she cometh, of whatever stuff,
Matters not; she delighteth, and that's enough.
She's here in the world; that she is well,
Else man would be inhuman, and earth would be hell.

A SURE TEST

According to Dr. Withers, a sure test for grain and wood alcohol is that grain alcohol will make a fool out of you while wood alcohol will make a corpse.

A Freshman's Dream

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I grant the Lord my gun to keep,
And may no other student take
My shoes or socks before I wake.

Lord, please guard me in my slumber,
And guide the handshaker to my number.

Now O, Lord, please answer my prayer
And keep the Soph's from my hair.

Keep me safely in thy sight,
Protect me from a ram tonight,
And in the morning let me wake
Breathing smells of mother's steak.

Relieve me from all class and drills,
And if I miss, don't ship me home,
I want to stay just one more year
To let my dad know that I'm here.

In a snow-white feather bed,
Is where I long to lay my head,
Far away from the college scenes
And the smell of grits and beans.

Take me back into the land,
Where one can rest and be a man,
Where no thrilling bugle blows,
Where I can keep my gun and clothes.
Sgt. BONDS, U. S. A.

The Twenty-third Spasm

Entomology is my Jonah: I shall not deny it.

It maketh me to lie down in beds of anger; it leadeth me beside the hedgerows looking for bugs.

It dwindles my life away; they require us to take it for its name sake.

Yea though I walk through the valley of pleasure, I always fear evil; for thou art ever with me; thy bugs and scales they discomfort me.

Thou preparest a desk before me in the laboratory; thou anointest my head with cattle lice; my anger boils over.

Surely your grasshoppers and life-cycle charts shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the "bug-house" forever.

SPIRIT OF '21.

The Juniors seem to be in a *strut* over Doc Tommy's thesis.

TIME!!!

ANYTIME

PLACE!!!

STUDENTS CO-OP STORE

WHAT ? ? ? ANYTHING

"Come and See"