

The Technician

N. C. STATE COLLEGE

Vol. II, No. 4

STATE COLLEGE STATION, RALEIGH, N. C., DECEMBER 1, 1921

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R. O. T. C. Sponsor Dance Successful

First Annual Dance Given by Military Department

Saturday evening, November 19th, the Woman's Club was the scene of the first annual R. O. T. C. Sponsors' Dance given by the Military Department.

The following invitations were extended:

"The Military Department of North Carolina State College At Home on Saturday evening, November the nineteenth, from nine to twelve Woman's Club Sponsors R. O. T. C. Regiment Dancing."

At the head of the receiving line Cadet Lt. Col. R. M. Stikeleather and Miss Alice Hedrick received the guests who were formally introduced. The receiving line was composed of Lt. Col. and Mrs. Gregory, Dr. and Mrs. Riddick, Dr. and Mrs. Withers, Major and Mrs. Ristine, Capt. Haywood, Capt. and Mrs. Fisher, Capt. and Mrs. Simmons, Capt. and Mrs. Wysor, Capt. and Mrs. Webb.

As the guests arrived and passed along the receiving line they took their places at the end until every one present had been formally introduced.

The Grand March, led by Cadet Major R. W. Kraft and Mrs. Gregory, broke the formality of the occasion as favors were handed out to everyone as they passed along the line of march.

The decorations—flags, pines and bouquets of many various tinted autumn flowers—fringed the walls and music stand. The soft glow of the electric lights perfected the scene of which we often dream: the atmosphere of the forest with a pale moon shining, throbbing music and cheerful, beautiful girls. Rea's orchestra hardly paused playing music guaranteed to make one dance. Everything was right and everybody seemed to drift just beyond the pale of human endeavor into a world knowing only joy and fun.

The first surprise of the evening came when the sound of the floor marshal's whistle filled the hall. The dancing ceased and everyone paused to hear.

"All cadet officers with sponsors please step forward."

Seven cadet officers with their sponsors recited "Officers front and center, march," and were seated

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The Agriculture Fair Is a Huge Success

Best Show of the Kind Ever Pulled Off by Students at N. C. State

Can the boys from the North Carolina State College do things by themselves? Can they put on a show or a fair that is worthy of note? Well, I say, can a duck swim?

On the morning of November the 19th the people of Raleigh were called from their breakfast, while some of the more fortunate were still in the land of dreams, to the street to see what the great stir was about. And "lo!" what did they behold? What was this peculiar scene on their streets so early in the morning? Was it the approach of some unknown band of travelers, or was it a train of gypsies on their journey? No, it was neither of these. There is heard the notes of strange music, the blowing of horns and the lowing of cattle. What was about to happen no one knew until the leading float of the parade told the story. Leading the parade was a beautifully decorated tractor bearing this sign: "The First North Carolina State College Fair." Following this were floats of every kind from the first modes of travel down to the present. And in like manner the development of agriculture was traced up to its present development.

Following the first float was the band, and some band it was, for there were musicians and music of all kinds, with faces black and horns bent, they played as if they were h— h— h— h— heaven bent. "How Dry I Am" was played by some, while others played the fa-

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Altogether For a Greater State College

Team Work—College Spirit— Will Put Across Present Programs

Fellows, it is a known an accepted fact that we, the student body of North Carolina State College, have been given that inalienable right of all men, namely, to govern ourselves.

We tried for eight long, hard, tedious years to obtain that right from the powers that be, and it was only after hard work on the part of a small group of men, who would not be beaten, that we obtained it.

We got together last spring and elected for its leaders the men whom the majority thought were the most fitted. These men have taken more than an active part in all student activities; they have been leaders. They know how to lead, and they know how to direct. But with both of these qualities, so essential to the man or men that lead an organization, they are powerless unless they receive to the fullest extent the co-operation of the men composing the unit they are trying to lead.

These men who were selected from the great majority to lead us have indeed improved conditions and customs in this school over fifty per cent. They have muddled their brains to obtain justice for wrongdoers who will be turned in. They have searched through age-long customs and picked the ones they thought most suitable for our adoption, and through all of this they have done their duty as they saw it.

Now, men, it is a question or not whether the rest of us have got the backbone to back them up. Raming,

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The Farmers' Ball An Old-Time Dance

A Novel Dance is Staged By the Agricultural Students

On Thursday evening, November 17, 1921, the Agricultural Club did some original entertaining by putting on an old-time square dance. At the first there was some argument as to the costume to be worn, but it was finally decided that since the dance was to be strictly an agricultural dance all the gentlemen should wear overalls and the girls gingham dresses. Since it was something new, the participants assembled with great expectancy, and all cheered in great style when Uncle Charles Park came upon the floor and announced that each gentleman would grab his partner and get ready for the quadrille. Did we have fun? It was a treat to see our editor, Mr. E. C. Tatum, in his eagerness to secure his partner, who stood on the opposite side of the room, run interference for Sammie Homewood, and as a result was tripped to the floor in a humiliating manner. This is one time that Homewood was not tackling dummies or bunting pig-skins. He had far more universal thoughts. This, along with many other things of equal interest, answers the question.

When the orchestra opened up on "Turkey in the Straw" and each began to swing his or her partner as the case happened to be, gaily alone possessed the crowd. The older ones present became young and the young, younger. Following this selection came others of the same nature. During the playing of the many pieces the dance continued while partners were swung at every hand. During

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THE NEW AGRICULTURE EXTENSION BUILDING

This attractive building is being rapidly constructed on the west slope of our campus. It will be completed some time next summer and will be a valuable asset to the college by another year.

The Technician

Published semi-monthly by the students of North Carolina State College of Agriculture and Engineering.



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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.

EDITORIAL

State College and State Championship sound pretty good together, don't you think?

The next time that a thought strikes you that is worth passing along, just drop it in The Technician box. It may be the very thing that we want to publish.

We have received a number of compliments on the enlarged last issue, and it is gratifying to know that the students are being pleased; but the staff cannot fill up the paper by themselves. Our stationery says: "Published by the students of N. C. State College"; so be liberal with your jokes and articles.

Not long ago some one asked us if we were going to make this an Agricultural paper this year. We are not going to say as to whether he was justified in asking such a question or not, but we want to make it plain that we stand for absolute impartiality in regard to the different courses given here. To date, we have been able to publish practically all articles turned in, and if one class of students submit more articles than another, who is to blame?

One of our promising and ambitious Agricultural students, after hearing a lecture on Sweet Potatoes, was precipitantly possessed by an inspiration to burst forth in song of the merits and glories of the saccharine yam and began to verse his lofty sentiments as follows:

"I like potatoes baked, stewed, or fried;
I like potatoes canned, raw, or dried."

But at this juncture the inspiration departed as violently as it had come and our youthful poet was left without a poem for The Technician. We felt sorry for our aspiring young friend and ourselves that we are publishing the above lines, full of hope that some of our more experienced poets will complete the poem in the same beautiful style in which it was started.

SHALL WE WALK OR TAKE A CAR?

Most of us go uptown two or three times a week and we have the above question to answer each time. Of course, it is a small matter, but nevertheless it is well worth our consideration. If one is in a hurry it usually pays him to catch a car, but it is not at all impossible to beat the next car to town if you have just missed the last one.

If it is a matter of business with you, you can probably save as much as ten minutes with your seven cents. In other words, the time you are saving is costing you about 42 cents an hour. Is it worth that much to you?

But there is another consideration that many of us seem to overlook. It is the fact that most of us do not take enough exercise out in the open, and that walking is a very good form of exercise. Now, really, isn't it funny how we will crowd ourselves into a stuffy street car and stand up all the way to town

and back on Sunday morning and then go for a walk that afternoon? Of course the power company wants our money, but let us not allow them to rob us of any exercise that is due us. Let's do more walking if we are not too delicate.

"CHECKING"

Every Sunday afternoon a large number of our students promenade past our sister schools and inspect or "check" them. It is only natural that we like to see these young ladies, and there might not be any harm done if we conducted ourselves properly; but this is not the case. A few of our students and a number of town boys are in the habit of congregating on the streets and making remarks when the young ladies are taking their walks. Due to these facts, the authorities of these institutions have cut down the few privileges of these young ladies. Now, fellows, is this fair to the girls or ourselves? The worst part of this is that a large part of this ungentlemanliness is done by outsiders and we get the credit for it. Would it not be a better plan for us to make other arrangements about paying our calls?

CONSISTENCY

The Wolfpack has won the championship of the state. This makes the second championship in succession and is getting to be a habit with us. Three games won, three tied, and three lost. This record shows consistency which is truly a jewel.

THE "AG" FAIR

The fair put on by the "Ag" Club was a great success and was given favorable comments by all who saw it. Every department on the "Hill" should have a shower exposition of some sort. These agencies can do a great work in creating interest among the students, and also in advertising the college.

R. O. T. C. SPONSOR DANCE SUCCESSFUL

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where everyone might see who was who at the Sponsors' Dance.

The sponsors present were as follows: Miss Sarah Boyd, Peace Institute, Raleigh, sponsor for R. S. R. 1, Cadet Captain A. G. Floyd; Miss Gladys Brittain, Wilmington, N. C., sponsor for R. S. R. 2, Cadet Captain H. S. Hill; Miss Miriam Lee, Raleigh, N. C., sponsor for Second Battalion, Cadet Major W. I. Pickens; Miss Allie Hill Boney, Lillington, N. C., sponsor for Third Battalion, Cadet Major B. W. Williams; Miss Mamie Stokes, Coleraine, N. C., sponsor for Company A, Cadet Capt. G. B. Cherry; Miss Wyndan Ashe, Raleigh, N. C., sponsor for Company E, Cadet Captain C. O. Butler; Miss Frances Tabor, Durham, N. C., sponsor for Company B, Cadet Captain W. N. Hicks.

Time was given, when answering the roll call, for the cadet officer and his sponsor to rise and receive the ovation of applause from the other guests. The next dance was a special dance for those answering the roll call. After which the dancing continued with new enthusiasm.

Happiness reigned, and for three short hours those dancing lost themselves in the fringe of a dance whose superb setting and wonderful foot-trots, interspersed with an occasional waltz which carried one to Dreamland and to thoughts of love which will never be forgotten by those who danced.

Delicious fruit punch and a variety of refreshments were served by Misses Catherine Gregory, Jane Ristine and Martha Galloway.

The success of the dance was due to the untiring efforts of Lt. Col. and Mrs. Gregory, with the help of the officers and their wives.

Those attending were as follows: Lt. Col. D. D. Gregory and Mrs. Gregory, Dr. W. C. Riddick and Mrs. Riddick, Dr. W. A. Withers and Mrs.

Withers, Major B. F. Ristine and Mrs. Ristine, Capt. H. E. Fisher and Mrs. Fisher, Capt. N. L. Simmons and Mrs. mons, Capt. R. E. Wysor and Mrs. Wysor, Capt. L. A. Webb and Mrs. Webb, Capt. J. E. Haywood; Miss Alice Hedrick with Cadet Lt. Col. R. M. Sikeleather, Miss Sarah Boyd with Cadet Capt. A. G. Floyd, Miss Gladys Brittain with Cadet Capt. H. S. Hill, Miss Emily Jones with Cadet Capt. L. W. Greene, Miss Katherine Hughes and her guest, Miss Miriam Lee, with Cadet Major W. I. Pickens, Miss Allie Hill Boney with Cadet Capt. B. W. Williams, Miss Mamie Stokes with Cadet Capt. G. B. Cherry, Miss Annie Cooper with Cadet Capt. A. C. Hamrick, Miss Francis Tabor with Cadet Capt. W. N. Hicks, Miss Margie Ellison with Cadet Capt. S. F. Mauney, Miss Wyndham Ashe with Cadet Capt. C. O. Butler, Miss Ella Blackwell with Cadet Capt. A. H. Veasey, Miss Margurite O'Donnell with Cadet Capt. D. L. Cannon, Miss Margaret Keys with Cadet Capt. H. H. Weaver, Miss Thelma Owens with Cadet Capt. E. W. Ruggles, Miss Annette Boney with Cadet Lt. R. K. Ewell, Miss Kathleen Hunter with Cadet Lt. E. G. Singletary, Miss Elizabeth Gibson with Cadet Lt. W. T. Harding, Jr., Miss Charlotte Jones with Cadet Lt. O. L. Bradshaw, Miss Louise Brockwell with Cadet Lt. E. D. Barr, Miss Ruddy, Peace Institute; Miss Katherine Gregory, Miss Jane Ristine, Miss Martha Galloway. Stags: Cadet Major R. W. Kraft, Cadet Capt. W. O. Powell, Cadet 1st Lt. W. D. Hampton, Cadet 1st Lt. H. M. Shaw, Cadet 1st Lt. H. O. Kennette, Cadet 1st Lt. H. S. Lemmond, Cadet 1st Lt. A. J. Corpening, Cadet 1st Lt. L. R. Harrill, Cadet 1st Lt. H. D. Green, Cadet 1st Lt. G. L. Booker, Cadet 2d Lt. F. H. Corpening, Cadet 2d Lt. L. R. McGwin, Cadet 2d Lt. E. R. Betts, Cadet 2d Lt. F. T. Vance, Cadet 2d Lt. R. F. Matthews, Cadet 2d Lt. H. H. Bangs, Cadet 2d Lt. C. A. Cill, Cadet 2d Lt. W. O. Crary, Cadet Lt. C. W. Pegram, Cadet 2d Lt. F. Armstrong, Cadet Lt. W. Browne, III.



DR. LINDEMAN TO VISIT STATE

Dr. E. C. Lindeman, professor of sociology and economics at North Carolina College for Women, will visit State College on December 7th, and deliver two lectures on Social and Economic Conditions in Europe.

Dr. Lindeman spent the past summer in Europe. Being a specialist in the field of sociology and economics, he knows how to observe, and has gathered accurate firsthand information about the situation over there. Besides knowing the facts Dr. Lindeman is a forceful and interesting speaker.

One of the addresses to be delivered will deal especially with the conditions under which the European students are living. Reports indicate that if there was ever a time when the students of Europe need the friendship and aid of American students, it is now. Having visited many of the larger educational centers, Dr. Lindeman can speak with authority on the student situation.

The following schedule has been arranged:

December 7th, 7:55—Introductory talk (at chapel); 11:20—Address to class in Economics (the faculty and all students who are free at this hour invited); 6:30—Mass meeting in Pullen Hall—address on student situation in Europe.

HEY, FELLOWS!

(Give Me the Floor a Minute)

State College men, the "Y" building is your home; use it at all times. The student officers and the secretary are doing their utmost to make the "Y" organization a greater and more valuable asset to our college. I am glad to say that we are seeing results of importance—largely on account of the wonderful co-operation shown us by both students and faculty. We have formulated no rules or regulations as to the use of the building; however, we do make certain requests. One of these is that there be no smoking in the Y.M.C.A. lobby. The reasons for this request are obvious. The muss, the odor and the refuse would keep the lobby in a very disagreeable condition. Simply as reminders, we have posted these requests in conspicuous places.

Come to the "Y"—feel at home and act it. Don't thoughtlessly infringe the few requests of conduct that we have made, thereby making it "embarrassingly necessary" for us to remind you of our request. We hate embarrassment; you do, too.

Our motto is "SERVICE"—we are your "tombstone buddies." We will be glad to receive and consider any suggestions as to how we may make this great student organization a greater one.

"Nuf sed," partners—I know you will continue to co-operate by park-

ing old Jimmy Pipe, our friend El-Ree-So, and Squire Chesterfield on the outside of the lobby.

"RED" HICKS.

FRIENDSHIP COUNCIL BANQUET

On Monday evening, November 21, the Freshman Friendship Council held their annual banquet in the Y. M. C. A. dining room. The College Woman's Club prepared and served the menu. Promptly at eight o'clock the fellows assembled at the tables and the blessing was asked by Mr. L. A. Brothers, followed by a loud cheer for the College Woman's Club. The delicious food was very pleasing to the fellows, and they lost no time in satisfying their appetites. Between bites there were numerous yells, which kept up until the last morsel was gone. First the Blues would yell for the Reds, and then the Reds would return it; the speakers also received loud applause.

After the tables were cleared of all the chicken salad and ice cream, which the fellows could not eat, Buck Morris, acting president of the Friendship Council, extended the hearty thanks to the ladies for their services, and offered the help of the council to them at any time. Mrs. Riddick, speaking for the ladies, said that they were always ready and willing to do anything they could for the college boys.

Mr. P. T. Dixon then made a review of the history of the Friendship Council and outlined the purposes and aims of the council. Mr. Dixon and Mr. Tilson are heading the two sides of the council to help them get a good start for a big year's work.

Mr. Morris then introduced the speaker of the occasion, Mr. Odis B. Hinnant, City Boys' Work Secretary, of Wilmington, N. C. Mr. Hinnant brought a strong message to the freshmen, holding them spellbound while he described the great need for friendship and fellowship in this world and on the campus of N. C. State College. The purpose of the Friendship Council is to create, maintain and extend high standard of Christian character on the campus of N. C. State College. It was along this line that Mr. Hinnant spoke directly, pointing out the ways and means by which the members of the council can best accomplish their purposes. He was a powerful speaker and kept the interest of every man until he took his seat.

Dr. Riddick made a few remarks to the fellows and outlined to them what the college expects of them. He also expressed his desire to visit the council at one of their regular meetings in the near future and tell them more in detail of his plans.

"Red" Hicks, president of the Y. M. C. A. at State College, compared the work of the Freshman Council to the work of the Promotion Force and

urged every member to prepare himself for the bigger work next year.

Col. Fred B. Olds and also Mr. Cloyd gave a few words of good cheer which were welcomed by the freshmen. The meeting was dismissed by Mr. Hinnant in a prayer asking for success for the council.

REPORTER.

ALTOGETHER FOR A GREATER STATE COLLEGE

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which was once a senior privilege, and in some cases I am sorry to say his weapon, has been now conferred to a certain extent upon the whole student body. There has been very little if any raming this year for cutting chapel, being upstreet during class hours, being upstreet improperly dressed, throwing bread in the mess-hall, and eating while announcements are being read.

Reading over the last issue of The Technician, I see that rules and regulations governing these very things have been passed upon by the Student Government and published for the benefit of all concerned. Now, the question comes up, who will enforce these rules? The men that passed them cannot be expected to see and take note of everything that goes wrong. Neither does anybody want to be the kind of fellow who is always snooping around trying to catch some one doing wrong so he can report him. None of us are so perfect that we can afford to throw too many rocks at the other fellow. But, we are supposed to be governing ourselves. It is a right every man wants and has until he of his own accord throws it away. Now the question for us to answer right now, once and for all, is, Do we want Student Government? And if we do, do we want it bad enough to back it up to the extent of reporting for action of the disciplinary committee, composed of students, those students who do not comply with the laws laid down, whether they be classmates, teammates, fraternity brothers, or roommates? That is a pretty big question to ask men, and the answer is going to take some time in coming. In the meantime think it over and remember—

To so live that when thy summons comes to join that selected body (the men who stand for the right)

Thou goest not like a quarry slave at night, scourged to his dungeon,

But, sustained and spothed by years of right living, approach thy duties like one who wraps the draperies of justice about him and looks the world straight in the eye.

To take up in detail the many misdeeds that occur on our campus would be to write a book. Such is not my aim or intention. It is my intention, however, to call to sight some few incidents that others may be parallel to.

For instance, there are a few freshmen who played on the Freshman football team this year who are constantly seen on the campus and at the drugstore without their freshman caps. Now, these men should know better. They appreciate the value of team work when playing ball. Why can't they realize that

life itself is just a game and only team work will win? These men shouldn't be allowed extra privileges. We all appreciate their good work on the squad and sincerely hope they will take their place next year on the varsity; but in the meantime, wearing a red and white cap is not going to dishonor them or minimize them a bit in our respect and estimation. It's the man who does the right because it is right that we want here, not the man who has to be driven.

Another thing. One sees upper classmen uptown in dirty slouch hats, unpressed pants, a ragged sweater and dirty shoes. It is absolutely a disgrace and a shame that mention of such has to be made. How any man with respect for his home and himself can go uptown among strangers in this condition is more than I can see. However, if there are such men amongst us it behooves the rest of us as self-respecting men and college men to see that our good name is not connected with those in any way. There is only one way to do this: report him, and if he does it consistently, ask him to leave college.

Now, in conclusion, let me say again that I do not uphold the man who always snoops around trying to get the other man. But I do say that when you see a man doing wrong it is your duty to North Carolina State College, and yourself above all, to call him down, and if he does it again, report him for action of the customs committee. Now, fellows, let's all get together and pull together instead of in groups, and let's put dear old N. C. State College where she belongs—AT THE TOP.

THE FARMERS' BALL AN OLD-TIME DANCE

(Continued from page 1.)

the intermission of the square dance the orchestra played the jazz of today, during which each by his actions would have had one believe that he was the one who put sin in syncope.

Peanuts, apples and lemonade were at the disposal of all during the entire evening, and everyone broke the laws of etiquette by seeing who could eat the most.

The building was wonderfully decorated with corn, cotton and other products that came directly from the farm, which helped to make the gathering truly an agricultural one. As the hour was growing late the orchestra began playing "Home, Sweet Home," while two-by-two the partners reluctantly parted from the scene of so much attraction, each expressing their gratitude for the night's entertainment, and requested that it be made an annual affair.

S. W. M.

MECKLENBURG CLUB DINES

Thirty-eight members of the Mecklenburg Club of North Carolina State College, fourth largest club in the college, gave their fall term banquet recently at the Bland Hotel, Raleigh, N. C. This was an informal affair preparatory to a more elaborate banquet to be given in Charlotte during the Christmas holidays.

C. E. Bales is president of the club and W. I. Pickens is secretary-treasurer. J. F. HARKEY.

Exchange Department

Charlotte, N. C., Nov. 25.—On Monday, November 21st, Miss Rena Blanton, the Student Government president, was initiated into the Kappa Omicron Honorary Society. After initiation a banquet was given in her honor at the Brown Betty Tea Room, after which the members attended a lecture on Art given by James Pennel under the auspices of the Woman's Club of Charlotte.

Charlotte, N. C., Nov. 25.—Harry Mercer, a wonderful tenor, will give a concert at Queens in December. Mr. Mercer comes under the auspices of the Queens Blues. He will have with him a very capable accompanist and also a violinist. Mr. Mercer is now with the Redpath Chatauqua, and Queens considers herself very fortunate in being able to get such artists to entertain at the college.

THE AGRICULTURE FAIR IS A HUGE SUCCESS

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mous selection of "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here." People were now beginning to realize what was going to happen. A blue note if you stay here long. When the bandsmen stop to get a breath the next float in the procession comes within our view. Mounted on a large wagon and drawn by a huge tractor were many of the farm conveniences that make farm life happy for the farmer. You wouldn't think it possible if it had not been done; but those boys were actually sawing wood, shelling corn, grinding feed, and grinding corn into meal, and ground through the streets of Raleigh all at the same time. The next in line was a combination of two floats that were as different as day and night. The first carries us back to the days before the Civil War. There was the oxen drawing the two-wheeled cart with persons to suit mounted thereon. With long faces and long beard they wonderingly gazed at the high buildings of the city of Raleigh until their necks were bent and on they went. Following this was a float representing the life of too many of our farmers of today. Drawn by the lame donkey was a wagon suitably decorated for the purpose it was to serve. There was the washerwoman rubbing the clothes until her hands she did blister and then turning them over to her sister. There was the old-fashioned open-top well with the old oaken bucket hanging still. There was the old-fashioned churn and wash-boiler, too. Following this was the end of the housewife's dream, for truly all the conveniences were found here. There was the water for the turning of the spigot. There was the light for the touch of the button. There was the vacuum sweeper and the electric iron, the fan for the hot summer days and the electric heater for the cold days of winter.

Next in the line was the float advocating the ideal industry for North Carolina, the Dairy Industry. There was the Jersey cow with all her qualities. Around her were the things that are necessary for success in the dairy industry. The milker dressed in white, the milk pails and the scales were there, too. The separator its

tune was humming all the while. Following this was the float representing the everyday farmer. For farm crops there was nothing lacking for it was all there. The old negro mammy with her toothbrush and her apron was picking cotton, while the old darkey with his long knife was cutting the melon. Following this was the one representing education and the ways of getting an education. There was the boy riding the pony, the student with the bull, and the honest-to-goodness way of getting an education—hard work and a lot of it. Then came the student overall-clad with a cornstalk on his shoulder, marching as if he were at drill. And this was only the beginning of the Fair.

Back at the college there was fun of all kinds—fun for the schoolboy and fun for the college president. And our faculty friends were there, too. They were all anxious to have their fortunes told. The midway was

fine, as all admit it was the best that they have seen yet. That pole was so slick that no one could take the money from the top of it. It sure was fun to see some of our best athletes try so hard for that kale and then fail. In the side shows were the freaks of nature. There was the Horse Made Backwards, the Great Wingless Bat, the Swiftest Horse Known, the Great Swimming Match Between Two Dogs, and the One-Legged Calf. Here's where the fun stops and the real part begins. The exhibits were excellent and the judging was equally as good.

BAND NEWS

For the second time in as many years our college band journeyed over to Wakelon to render a concert for the Wakelon community. Going as the guests of Colonel Olds and the Raleigh Kiwanis Club, the bandsmen made the trip in automobiles, arriv-

ing at Wakelon in time for a real barbecue supper.

The concert was given in the auditorium of the Wakelon High School. The large building was taxed to its capacity, and every available space was occupied, including the window perches. Ovation of applause greeted Captain Price and his noise-makers after every selection.

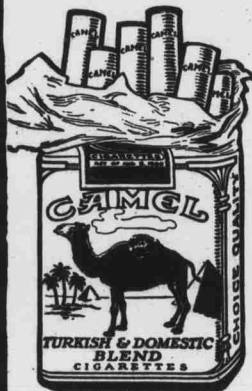
Attired in white trousers, white shirts and black ties, the bandsmen made a very neat appearance.

The band expects to make one more trip before Christmas holidays. If all indications are correct, Lillington, N. C., is the destination. There are several very important trips in store for Captain Price and his wind warriors next term, and unless we miss our guess they will do their share to put State College on the map.

E. O. B., Reporter.

If the moon had a baby would the sky rocket?

Here's why CAMELS are the quality cigarette



BECAUSE we put the utmost quality into this one brand. Camels are as good as it's possible for skill, money and lifelong knowledge of fine tobaccos to make a cigarette.

Nothing is too good for Camels. And bear this in mind! Everything is done to make Camels the best cigarette it's possible to buy. Nothing is done simply for show.

Take the Camel package for instance. It's the most perfect packing science can devise to protect cigarettes and keep them fresh. Heavy paper—secure foil wrapping—revenue stamp to seal the fold and make the package air-tight. But there's nothing flashy about it. You'll find no extra wrappers. No frills or furbelows.

Such things do not improve the smoke any more than premiums or coupons. And remember—you must pay their extra cost or get lowered quality.

If you want the smoothest, mellowest, mildest cigarette you can imagine—and one entirely free from cigarettey aftertaste,

It's Camels for you.

Camel

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, Winston-Salem, N. C.

SPORTS :-: SPORTS

Wolfpack Plays
Another Tie GameTrusty Toe of Captain Brewer
Staves Off Defeat for His
Teammates

Playing in a sea of mud, before a crowd composed chiefly of Maryland supporters, the football team representing the University of Maryland was enabled through the sterling toe of Captain Brooke Brewer to tie the Wolfpack from N. C. State.

For the first time since Carolina defeated us in 1919 have we needed the extra point that is allowed from a goal kicked after touchdown, and for the first time in the last two years has "Runt" failed to give us that extra point. We had honestly come to believe that it was impossible for "Runt" to miss placing the ball squarely between the uprights.

About the middle of the second quarter a splendid toss by Faucette and a pretty catch by Homewood placed the ball behind Maryland's goal line for a touchdown. Even when Faucette failed to kick goal the six points that were to our credit looked big because up to that time neither side had been able to register a first down. In the latter part of the second period, with the ball on our 30-yard line, the Maryland quarterback called on Brewer for a drop kick, and on the next play he responded with a beautiful 40-yard kick that was perfect in distance and air. In the fourth period again Brewer responded when called on, and when the final whistle blew the score stood N. C. State 6, University of Maryland 6.

Although Maryland was able to make five first downs to our one, we were able to cross the goal line of our opponents with the ball in our possession, a thing they found impossible to do on account of our superior defense.

Starring for Maryland was Brewer, while Sam Homewood played in "All American" form for State at right end.

Maryland	Position	N. C. State
Young	L. E.	Groome
Nisbet	L. T.	Weathers
Moore	L. G.	Pasqu
Bailey	C.	Bostian
M. Brewer	R. G.	Baker
Clark	R. T.	Floyd
Branner	R. E.	Homewood
Semler	Q. B.	Faucette
Pugh	L. H.	Pierson
B. Brewer	R. H.	Johnson
McQuade	F. B.	Park

Score by periods:

Maryland	0 3 0 3—6
N. C. State	0 6 0 0—6

Touchdown: Homewood. Goals from field: B. Brewer (2). Substitutions: Maryland, Plassnig for Clark; N. C. State, Holland for Johnson, Wearn for Groome. Referee: Alexander, Yale. Umpire: Tyler, Princeton. Head linesman: Hodgson, Virginia Poly. Time of quarters: 15 and 12 minutes.

Wolfpack Undisputed
State Champions 1921Defeat of Wake Forest Cinches
Coveted Title in Best Played
Game of the Season

By defeating Wake Forest in our annual gridiron battle the State College "Wolfpack" removed any particle of doubt as to who are the state champions in intercollegiate football in the State of North Carolina.

Although uncorking the best offensive play of the season and executing all plays with a snap that was pleasing to its supporters, we were unable to pile up the score that would have told a true story of the game. A disastrous fumble by State in the first five minutes of play saved Wake Forest from being scored on in the first quarter. Three penalties of fifteen yards possibly staved off one or two more. A score of 28 or 35 would have been necessary to reveal the true strength of the Wolfpack against the Baptist team.

For the first time this season we saw "Runt" playing in his old-time form, circling the ends for long gains and bucking the line consistently. Park was again conspicuous for his punting, and Pearson for his consistent gains from the scrimmage. Bostian, although suffering from an injured shoulder, played an excellent game, and once he broke through Wake Forest defense and blocked a punt on her fifteen-yard line. Our forwards, although minus the assistance of "Doggie" Weathers, played one of their best games of the season, keeping their eye on the ball constantly and in nearly every case allowed the interference to pass through only to nab the runner when he hit the line.

State's two touchdowns were made early in the second and fourth periods. Homewood placing us in scoring distance the first time and Pierson doing the best of it the for the last score.

WHAT AN AUTHORITY THINKS
OF OUR "SAMMY"

Friends of State College and Sam Homewood who have been following our football team through its ups and downs this year will be interested in what Curley Byrd, Maryland coach and former sporting editor of the Washington Star, has to say about our sterling right end. "Sammy's" work in the University of Maryland game brought forth this fine tribute from our opponent's coach:

"Football experts who want to pick 'all' teams of any kind would do well to consider young Sam Homewood of North Carolina State for right end. There may be better ends in the south, but the writer has not seen them. In the last two months the writer has seen players among the best in the South Atlantic section, in western Pennsylvania, in New York, in New Jersey, and in New England, but of all the ends who played on teams in these sections only two have



BOSTIAN, CENTER

Although Bostian suffered injuries most of the season, his grit and fight kept him in the line-up of every game.

been seen who should be classed above Homewood. These two are Potter of Carnegie Tech and Sturm of Yale. Homewood is a great defensive player, is exceptionally good at handling forward passes, has the knack of eluding defensive backs and getting where they are not in order to catch forward passes, and is fast and covers punts accurately and follows the ball just as well as a good rabbit dog does a hot trail on a frosty morning. Homewood is heavy enough to stand the gaff of any kind of a game, tipping the scales at 185."

CAMPUS BLUES

Summer is fading fast away, the grass is turning brown; the trees get barer day by day to wait their autumn gown. The birds are flying southward, too, with scarcely any stops, the frogs in Fessor Metcalf's zoo have lost all their hops. The campus has a look somehow of sorrow and of woe; it seems as if our pep just now is acting mighty slow. Our Wolfpack won the championship for dear old N. C. State; the victory from their fangs does drip as they pass through Fame's gate. We bid adieu to Sam Homewood, 'Runt' Faucette and the rest; Wolfpack, you played the best you could—in fact, you did your best. Your record here we shall adore and cherish with the years; we won't forget the brunt you bore midst our wild shrieks and cheers. And so we linger on our way to trod old learning's track; O that we might have been in the fray with our mighty Wolfpack. Winter is coming on us now, it makes us pause and sigh; we think of snowball fights somehow that were held in days gone by. We think some snow would liven things up with a whoop and bang. Well, here's hoping that winter brings more pep to the whole gang.

E. O. BREEN, '24.

LIVELY INTEREST IN
CLASS BASKETBALL

Junior Textiles Outclass Junior Mechanical Engineers in Great Game in "Y" Gym

On last Friday night the students of State College enjoyed what was said to be one of the best games of basketball ever played in the college "Y" gym. The "lint dogers," playing their first game of the season, showed some good material when they met and defeated the strong aggregation of Mechanical Engineers, 6-5. The game was fiercely fought and each team was a credit to its class.

The managers of the teams said they hoped to schedule a game with each of the various departments, and authorized The Technician to announce their challenge.

The teams may be assured that they have the hearty support of the student body, for aside from the pleasure it is to witness the games, it will no doubt develop some good material for the varsity squad.

All departments take note of the challenge and get busy on your team.

Line-up and summary:

Textile	Position	M. E.
Curtis	Center	Deadmon
Bostic	R. F.	Crockford
Smith	L. F.	Memory
Barnhardt	R. G.	Richards
Stockton	L. G.	Graham

Scoring: Textile, field goals, Stockton, Curtis, Smith. M. E., field goals, Crockford, Graham. Foul goal, Graham. Referee, "Sammy" Homewood.

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KAMPUS SAYINGS

Professor Park: "State the properties of hydrogen."

Freshman: "Hydrogen is odorless, colorless and smellierless."

Professor: "Give principal parts of the word 'sick.'"

Student: "Sick—worse—dead."

When a pretty fairy gets on a car
And her dress comes kinder high,
The goodly man will steal a glance,
Even as you and I.

But when he's with a real nice girl,
To look he will not try;
He is a regular "model man,"
Even as you and I.

P. W. H., '24.

Their jests, their quips, insipid jokes,
I've heard till I am full.
Why can't men sling prayers
Instead of flinging bull?

WILLIAM, '24.

Will the gentleman who stole my
door last Sunday afternoon while I
was asleep, please return same? Cold
weather coming and it is needed.

(Signed) P. B. LITTLE,
Room 328 1911.

Roses are rare,
Violets are few,
I sure picked a lemon
When I got you.

P. W. H., '24.

Mrs. Price: "How did you make this hash?"

Head Cook: "We didn't make it. It accumulated."

WILLIAM, '24.

Cummings (seeing Faucette receive a package from the postoffice):
"Let's go to the room and eat some candy."

Faucette: "All right. It's nothing but B. V. D's, but we can chew the rag awhile."

If Gilmers sell overcoats for \$20,
how much is Woolworth?

"Hooch" is a hybrid resulting from
crossing the Canadian line with a
Ford car.—Life.

WE WONDER WHY?

Perhaps you have noticed the E.E.'s,
How they wear their clothes pressed
at the knees,

How they slick back their hair with
olive oil,
And go on class free from filth and
soil;

How they shine their shoes with stove
polish,

For muddy shoes they do not relish.
We stare and wonder in perfect awe,
It's the funniest sight we ever saw.

After solving the question in our
head,

We blame it all on our dear Co-Ed.
E. O. BREEN, '24.

STUDENTS ENJOY THANKSGIVING SERVICES IN Y. M. C. A.

Although many of the students
were out of town on Thanksgiving
Day, a good number assembled in the
"Y" auditorium and enjoyed strong
talks made by Messrs. E. C. Tatum

and G. A. Glazener of the Senior
Class on the meaning of Thanksgiving
Day. The speakers went back to the
days of the Pilgrims, by whom this
day was held almost sacred, and com-
pared their reasons for thanksgiving
with ours. Surely, if they had rea-
sons to thank God for His mercies, we
should be ready and willing to do so.
The music was led by Dr. Derieux.

OUR LITERARY SOCIETIES

Why is it that more State College
men do not take part in literary so-
ciety work? To the writer's mind
there are but two reasons. One is
that membership is not compulsory,
and the other is laziness. It would
be a blessing if our professors could
convince you of the tremendous ad-
vantages offered by the two societies.

In the first place, a literary society
offers you the opportunity to learn to
stand on your feet before an audi-
ence unembarrassed, thereby cultivat-
ing poise, that wonderful control of
your physical self which everyone in-
stinctively first seeks in you, and
which is so essential in life. There
is nothing that handicaps a man so
much as timidity. It is not only an
obstacle on the road to success, but
it deprives one of the peace and com-
fort of mind to which he is justly
entitled.

It is not to be expected that one
can become a good speaker in a few
months or a year. It requires time—
more for some than others—and stu-
dents should not delay in joining
one of the societies.

With a thorough knowledge of
English grammar and the ability to
speak in public, the technical engi-
neer should experience no difficulty
in forging ahead of his university
rivals.

A golden opportunity awaits every
student of State College. Grasp it
before it is too late!

THE L. L. S. STEADILY GROWING

Things are booming in our society
and it is steadily growing in every
way. There have been several new
members initiated and a few old ones
reinstated since the last meeting.

We are looking forward to the or-
atorical contest next week, which we
intend to take. Although our men
made a good showing in the declama-
tory contest, we lost. We congrat-
ulate "Red" Hicks on his victory.

A committee composed of Glazener,
Harrill, Fountain and Barber are
working on queries to be presented
when our committee meets that of
the Pullen Society to decide on the
debates next year. These subjects
for debate will be announced next
term.

The college has not taken part in
intercollegiate debating for years.
Elon has asked us for a debate. The
societies have the question under con-
sideration. Stewart, Glazener and
Barber will meet the Pullen men to
decide whether we will accept the
offer, and if accepted to arrange de-
tails.

It is nearing our last meeting of
the fall term, and it is very impor-
tant that all members be present at
every meeting, as there are many
questions of our society welfare to be
discussed. Also, there is the election
of officers for the spring term. Each
man should be deciding who he wants
to fill the places of our present men

who have guided us through our "re-
construction days" and put us on a
sound basis again. We are there
now. Watch us grow!

REPORTER.

M. E. SOCIETY ENJOYS OYSTER ROAST

The M. E. Society was recently the
guest at an oyster roast given them
by the Woman's Club, on the Red
Diamond. Needless to say the roast
was a very enjoyable affair.

At a recent meeting papers were
read by Norris on the Carburetor, by
Rickards on Ignition, and by Over-
ton on the Marmon Motor. These
papers were very interesting and in-
structive.

C. O. Butler was elected to repre-
sent this branch of the American So-
ciety of Mechanical Engineers at the
national convention to be held in
New York from the 5th to the 9th of
December.

"There," said Cohn, pointing to the
six little Cohns, "there are the
Cohnsequences."

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POETS' CORNER

YOU'RE IN LOVE

When the days go by you flying
Till finals will be here,
When you find that you are sighing
And you're feeling mighty queer,
When you feel a queer sensation
'Round the place you call your heart,
And then a strong temptation
To play the loafer's part,
When you seek the velvet moonlight
'Neath a starry sky above,
There's no other way around it:
You've fallen deep in love.

When the P. O.'s strong attractions
Lure you down there every hour,
And its griefs and satisfactions
Leave you jubilant or sour;
When the movies seem to beckon you
With stories of love and such,
Then you think and you reckon
You won't ever amount to much;
When you write her a letter
Starting with, "My Turtle Dove,"
You couldn't do much better:
'Cause you've fallen deep in love.

When you hear some music playing
And then it always seems
That you are lightly swaying
With the idols of your dreams,
When your studies are a bother
And you don't care how you stand,
When you feel you'd much rather
Have your woman by the hand,
When you try to shoot a game of
pool
And your cue you cannot shove,
And you cuss the balls and all the
school:
Oh, boy, you're knee-deep in love.

—Selected.

HERE YOU ARE

We were delighted to run across
this poem, for it looks as if it had
been written for the college chap who
is about to lose his pep. Read it over
and get it into your system.

Keepin' On

When the day seems sort o' gloomy
And your chances mighty slim,
When the situation's puzzlin'
And your prospects mighty grim;
When perplexities keep pressin'
'Till hope is nearly gone,
Just bristle up and grit your teeth—
And keep on KEEPIN' ON.

Fumin' never wins a fight
And frettin' doesn't pay;
It ain't no use a broodin'
In that pessimistic way;
SMILE, just kind of cheerfully,
When hope is nearly gone,
Bristle up and grit your teeth—
And keep on KEEPIN' ON.

It ain't no use a grumblin'
And a growlin' all the time,
When music's ringin' everywhere
And all the world's a rhyme;
Just keep on smilin' cheerfully
When hope is nearly gone,
Bristle up and grit your teeth—
And keep on KEEPIN' ON.

—Anonymous.

WE WONDER!

A sofa placed among the palms;
A girlie hid by manly arms;
A quiet house, a few deep sighs;
The only light is in the skies;
Halfpast twelve—now don't get sore,
That's all there is, there ain't any
more.



ELLERBEE, TACKLE

Bill was one of our two substitutes
in the Carolina-State game. He sus-
tained a broken arm in the Wake
Forest game and had to leave the
squad for the remainder of the
season.

A SERMON

(By the Poet Low-Rate)

Little girl, you look so small,
Don't you wear no clothes at all?
Don't you wear no shimmy-shirt,
Don't you wear no petty-skirt,
Just your corset and your hose;
Are those all your underclothes?

Little girl, what is the cause
Why your clothes is made of gauze?
Don't you wear no undervest
When you go out fully dressed?
With your skirts cut rather high
Won't you catch a cold and die?

Little girl, your 'spenders show
When the sunlight plays on you.
I can see your tinted flesh
Through your little gown of mesh.
Little girl, I tell you those
Ain't so nice as underclothes.

Little girl, your socks has shoals
Of those little tiny holes.
Why you want to show your limb
I don't know—is it a whim?
Do you want to catch the eye
Of each feller passin' by?

Little girl, now listen here:
You would be just twice as dear
If you'd cover up your charms,
Neck, back, legs, and both your arms.
I would take you to the shows
If you'd wear some underclothes.

Little girl, your mystery,
Luring charm and modesty
Is what makes us fellers keen
To possess a little queen;
But no lover—goodness knows—
Wants a girl sans underclothes.

I must wear a coat of mail,
Clothe from head to big toenail;
I must cover up my form
Even when the weather's warm;
Can't enjoy the swimmer's throes
'Less I garb in underclothes.

THE HERITAGE

What doth the poor man's son in-
herit?
A patience learned of being poor;
Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it;
A fellow-feeling that is sure
To make the outcast bless his door;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

O, rich man's son! there is a toll
That with all others level stands;
Large charity doth never soil,
But only whiten, soft white hands.
This is the best crop from thy
lands;

A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

O, poor man's son, scorn not thy
state;
There is worse weariness than
thine,

In merely being rich and great;
Toil only gives the soul to shine,
And makes rest fragrant and be-
nign—

A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

Both, heirs to some six feet of sod,
Are equal in the earth at last;
Both, children of the same dear God,
Prove title to your heirship vast
By record of a well-filled past—
A heritage, it seems to me,
Well worth a life to hold in fee.

Kent: "Have you seen my comfort-
er anywhere?"
John: "Not today; but I saw her
out with another fellow last night."

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you knew someone else
was sending her flowers?

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STATE HAS A NINE-SECOND MAN

State is very fortunate this year in having a potential nine-second man on its roster. This speed king has heretofore insisted on keeping out of the limelight, or to use a figure of speech he has been hiding his smoke under a bushel. But genuine ability cannot be kept down, and in making his somewhat hurried exit from the southern part of our city some nights ago he showed the dusky inhabitants of that section some real speed. We admit that the flying "alley apples" may have added some impetus to his bullet-like swiftness, but nevertheless if the "Count" doesn't overtrain we can see no reason why the state's one-hundred-yard record should not be literally splintered when track season opens.

B. S. B.

It is reported that Weather reports from Washington on the night of November 19th carried an account of a cyclone sweeping over the state, but later investigation has proven that the phenomenal disturbance was due to a sudden increase in the relative humidity of the atmosphere caused by the bullet-like swiftness of three of State's nine-second men.

The City Commissioners of Raleigh are still puzzled as to what straightened out the curves of a certain street in the southern part of the city on the night of November 19th.

FRIENDLY HINTS

To the "Is"

Get the chip off your shoulder, fellows, and look around a little. There's still room for improvement.

To All

Did you ever think of your own personality? You could not possess anything that would be a greater asset to you. Success in the business world demands a good personality. Begin now and develop one.

To Our Honored Ones

Don't let honors turn your heads, fellows. If we had expected that we would not have honored you. Remember Kipling's "If."

Courtesy, kindness and politeness are cardinal virtues and may be had by all.

SEVEN WONDERS OF THE WORLD

I wonder who—
I wonder what—
I wonder why—
I wonder where—
I wonder when—
I wonder how—
I wonder which—

—Ex.

PROHIBITION

A freshman from Alabama tells one of the professors it has been so dry in his state that there are bullfrogs down there eight years old who haven't learned to swim.—Ex.

"MIKE" FEARS HE'LL "FLUNK"

"Mike," while lingering on his way. Decided poultry houses he would spray. When that exercise was called, "Mike" said, "We'll take it, Prof. Hall."

For the pump they did go, He and three others in a row. They returned and began to spray Like they had done it many a-day.

"Mike" an egg happened to see. "Boys," he said, "eggs look good to me."

Slowly through the fence he climbed And grasping the egg said, "It's mine."

"Mike" sucking the egg Prof. did see And said, "You visited the trap nest. It's very plain to me."

"Mike" said, "Please don't flunk me." C. I. B., '24.

A VOCABULARIC DUEL

A Kentucky lawyer was standing on the steps of the Covington post-office the other day when an old colored man came up and, touching his hat, said:

"Kin you 'ell me, is dis de place where dey sells postage stamps?"

"Yes, sir, this is the place," replied the lawyer, seeing a chance for a little quiet fun; "but what do you want with postage stamps, uncle?"

"To mail a letter, sah, of course." "Well, then, you needn't bother about stamps; you don't have to put any on this week."

"I don't?"

"No, sir."

"Why—for not?"

"Well, you see, the conglomeration of the hypothenuse has differentiated the parallelogram so much that the consanguinity don't emulate the ordinary effervescent, and so the government has decided to send letters free."

The old man took off his hat, dubiously shook his head, and then with a long-drawn breath, slowly remarked:

"Well, boss, all dat may be true, an' I don't say it ain't; but just s'posed dat de ecksentricity of de aggregation tarn-substanshuates de ignominiousness of de puppindickeler and sublimates de puspucuity of de consequences, don't you qualificate dat de government would confiscate dat dare letter? I guess I'd just better put some stamps on anyhow, rer luck."

And the old man passed solemnly down the street.—The Mascot Concentrates.

BAND NOTES

According to rumor among the band boys, Ike Summerrill fell for one of the young teachers at Wake-lon.

"High Tide" Willis said the barbe-cue was "fyne."

The cornet section really did put out.

"On to Lillington!" is the bands-men cry.

HEARD AND SEEN

Two dazzling eyes
With baby stare;
A little smile
And cute bobbed hair.

Two dancing feet,
A shoulder sway,
A silly laugh,
A vamping way.

A crowd of men,
A social swirl;
And there you are—
The modern girl.

He: "Don't you think you could learn to love me?"

She: "No, never."

He: "Well, I suppose you are too old to learn."

Sweet Alice has a motorboat,
It gives her many joys;
You often see her on the lake
Flirting with the buoys.

COLLEGIATE LOVE LETTERS

You boys must remember that you are in college now, and you must be particular about the kind of letters that you write when you are corresponding with the girls at Meredith and Peace. As models we are submitting the following for what they are worth.

The Proposal

Madam:—Most worthy of estimation! After long consideration and much meditation on the great reputation you possess in the nation, I have a strong inclination to become your relation. On your approbation of this declaration, I shall make preparation to remove my situation to a more convenient station to profess my admiration; and if such oblation is worthy of observation and can obtain commiseration, it will be an aggrandization beyond all calculation of the joy and exultation,

Of yours,
SAM DISSIMULATION.

Her Acceptance

Sir:—I perused your oration with much deliberation, and a little consternation at the great infatuation of your imagination to show such veneration on so slight a foundation. But after examination and much serious contemplation, I supposed your animation was the fruit of recreation, or had sprung from ostentation to display your education by an odd

enumeration, or rather multiplication, of words of the same termination, though of great variation in each respective signification. Now, without dispute; your laborious application in so tedious an occupation deserves commemoration, and, thinking imitation a sufficient gratification, I am, without hesitation,

Yours,
MARY MODERATION.

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