

Welcome Alumni, Carolina and Everybody

The Technician

N. C. State College of Agriculture and Engineering

Vol. III, No. 6

STATE COLLEGE STATION, RALEIGH, N. C., OCTOBER 20, 1922

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GEN. PERSHING ADDRESSES RESERVE OFFICERS' ASSOCIATION

Gen. Pershing Repeats Warning of Cut in Army

Following as the address in full delivered by General Pershing, Chief of Staff, at the Convention of the Reserve Officers' Association:

"This convention, assembled to perfect an Association of Reserve Officers, is of especial importance as a stimulus to interest in the organization of reserve units throughout the nation. Before the war there was no conception of even the possibility of such a society. The number of reserve officers was practically negligible, and there was no incentive to form a society of this character. There was throughout the country an almost total lack of concern or appreciation of the value of a reserve force of any sort.

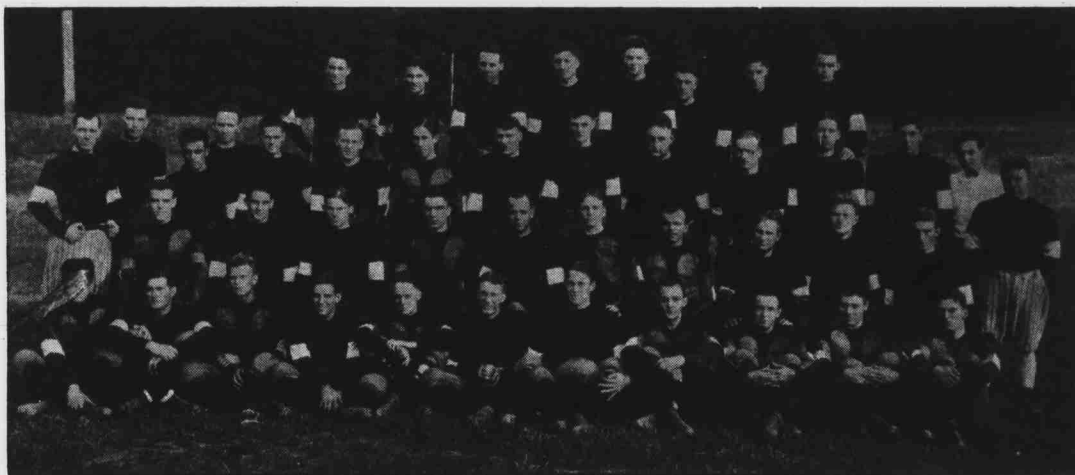
"Before the war was brought home to us in a very striking manner, the advisability of reasonable precaution completely vindicated the advocates of military training and preliminary organization, and demonstrated beyond question the fallacy of pacifist theories. These results were forced upon us, to be sure, at the unnecessary cost of valuable human life, and the loss has sunk deep in the breasts of all save those few who, having eyes see not and having ears hear not. The experience has so far awakened the country to a realization of our pre-war situation that a resolve has gone forth, embodied in the law of 1920, that never again shall our untrained boys be compelled to serve their country on the battlefield under the leadership of new officers with practically no previous conception of their duties and responsibilities.

"The law of 1920 provides for a national force, consisting, first, as you are well aware, of a small professional Regular Army, of a National Guard maintained by the various states, and a citizen reserve force, upon which in reality the brunt of a great war must always fall. Under its provisions the history, the story of service, the traditions and the association among the individuals of those organizations whose valor brought the war to a successful conclusion will be maintained and preserved as a guide and an encouragement to the service of future generations.

"I am not one of those who would have our people forget the bitter experience of war, nor eliminate from our histories all reference to war,

(Continued on page 2.)

THE 1922 WOLFPACK



First Row (rear)—Collins, Williams, Carpenter, Cox, Honeycutt, Abernethy, Haywood, Lambeth.
Second Row—Coach Hartsell, Coffey, Sherrin, Memory, Tilson, Budisaljevich, Morris, Wallace, Faulkner, Eller, Johnson, John, Jimison, Manager Teague, Coach Van Brocklin.
Third Row—Lasater, O'Brien, Turnage, Ripple, Pasour, Park, Baum, Dill, Vansant, Beatty.
Fourth Row—Randolph, Baker, Holland, McPherson, Strong, Bostian, Captain Floyd, Long, Jeannette, Lassiter, Satterfield.

ONSLOW COUNTY CLUB HOLDS FIRST MEETING

Technician is Sent to All the High Schools

The first meeting of the Onslow County Club was held last Wednesday night, October 4. The meeting was for the purpose of electing officers and to formulate plans for the Club's work.

As a result of the meeting the Club voted in favor of sending The Technician to the senior class of each high school in the county at the expense of the club. Also, it was decided to again get County Club stationery and send a personal letter to each junior and senior member of the different high schools in the county.

Onslow Club was the first and only club to adopt this plan until this year. We now notice that other clubs have considered it worth while, and we hope that their clubs will be as highly awarded as a result as ours.

The members of the Club are: A. M. Fountain, president; J. L. Higgins, vice-president; C. L. Walton, secretary; D. W. Thompson, treasurer; L. A. Whitford, G. B. Hurst, L. L. Parker, W. D. Burton, C. D. Koonce, and W. A. Morton.—Reporter.

Prof. (in poultry science): Whitford, what two varieties are under the Rhode Island Reds?

Whitford: Red and white.

CRAVEN COUNTY CLUB

On Friday night, October 6th, the Craven County Club held its first meeting of the year. The first thing to claim the attention of the club was the initiation of the new members, seven in all. This proved a most enjoyable affair to all concerned. After the "executions" were over, the old members were hosts to the new men at an informal reception held in the Y. M. C. A. The fellows are determined that this shall be the beginning rather than the end of the club's activities for the year. It is the purpose of the club to boost State College in every possible way in the home county and to promote good fellowship among the students of the county. The club now has seventeen members, a substantial increase over last year. Mr. P. A. Willis acted as chairman, as the election of officers for this year has not yet been held.

E. G. MOORE.

"We have 74 keys in our house, and not one of them fits the front door!"
"Then what's the use of them?"

"Oh, we couldn't play the piano very well without them."

She: Don't you really think that women have cleaner minds than men?
He: Humph They oughtta. They change them every day.— Jack O' Lantern.

PULLEN LITERARY SOCIETY DIVIDED INTO THREE SECTIONS

Twenty-Four Men Are on Program Each Week

From this time on members of Pullen Literary Society will have no reason to complain of not being on the program often enough. On last Friday night the society was divided into three sections, composed of about thirty-five men each. Hereafter the entire membership will meet in the society hall, where all business will be transacted. Then the different sections will repair to their respective halls and there render like programs, after which they will reassemble in the society hall for constructive criticism. The Senior members will preside over the sections, and Juniors act as secretaries.

Heretofore only two Seniors, the presidents of the society, have had an opportunity each year to get experience in presiding over the meetings. This year each Senior member will preside at least once a month.

Realizing that this year is the Seniors' last chance, the president of the society urges every Senior member to be present at every meeting, and promises to give them work that will be beneficial.

General Pershing Addresses Reserve Officers' Association

(Continued from page 1.)

but instead would have every child become familiar with the sacrifices of his ancestors in the cause of right. Where would America be today but for the patriotism of our fathers and our sons and their willingness to stand up for principle? Are we to minimize the importance to humanity of their part in the War of the Revolution, or the World War? Were we in error in going to war? What becomes of nations or peoples that are not ready to yield up life and treasure against the oppressor?

"No rational American wants war; we do not seek it, but as long as human greed and hatred exists in the hearts of nations and individuals, wars are possible.

"The provisions of the law of 1920 are altogether wise and prudent. If we follow out these provisions we shall have units with officers of more or less training, together with some scheme of mobilization that will enable us to avoid the confusion, the delay, and the tremendous expense that characterized our hasty and extemporized preparation after the war had come upon us.

"Under a well conceived plan these units would be mobilized locally for intensive training, first, by companies with both officers and men in the vicinity of their homes. These companies would be assembled for further instruction in battalions, regiments, brigades, and finally by divisions. Then would come the concentration at strategical points for active service at home or for transportation to distant theaters of operation.

"This organization of Reserve Officers should have a very clear conception of the great importance of the reserve forces and their relation to the Regular Army and the National Guard. All together, these three components constitute the Army of the United States. Each category has its proper role. An association to promote the interests of one of these three should really be an aid to the proper organization and preparation of the other two. There should be no spirit of jealousy or antagonism among these different components, but a real spirit of co-operation and helpfulness.

"The small Regular Army has for its primary mission the training of the National Guard and the Reserves for national defense. A minimum of 150,000 men and 13,000 officers is necessary for the duties the Army is expected to perform, and that should be the very lowest limit. In carrying out the organization and training of Reserves, special attention has been given to the selection of officers of experience. The results have already begun to manifest themselves in a most satisfactory manner. Having visited several Reserve organizations, I have found the greatest enthusiasm among them and a full realization of the importance, not only for perpetuating their old organizations as such, but of undertaking to attain and maintain high efficiency measured by modern standards.

"The logical development of the Reserves cannot be accomplished unless we have a certain amount of

instruction annually, and funds are necessary for this purpose. The influence of this organization should be very great in arousing our people to the necessity for reasonable appropriations for these purposes. It would be false economy to save a few dollars by neglecting common sense preparation in peace times and then to spend billions to make up the deficiency when war comes. Just so far as the people become interested in this matter, just that far will Congress stand ready to make the necessary appropriations.

"May I extend to you my very cordial congratulations upon the beginning you have made and express the hope that through you and your personnel there may come to our people and Congress a better and clearer conception of their obligations to support our very modest military establishment?"

In the above speech The General clearly shows his interest and belief in the importance and value of the Officers' Reserve Corps. This Association is going to be a big thing, and make a Reserve commission mean something.

REHABILITATION POULTRY JUDGING CONTEST

The loving cups and medals offered by the Rehabilitation Department of the N. C. State College for the successful contestants in the interstate judging exhibitions at the State Fair have been received and are on exhibition in Royall & Borden's window. William F. Armstrong's rehabilitation class in poultry have their hearts set on swinging on to a number of these prizes, despite the enthusiastic challenges that are being received from the teams due to arrive here Tuesday of next week from the University of Georgia, University of Florida, University of Tennessee, Tennessee Polytechnic Institute, Clemson College (S. C.), U. S. Veterans' Vocational School, Waynesville, N. C., and Chick Springs Vocational School, Chick Springs, N. C.

Mr. Capps, co-ordinator, has about completed arrangements for entertaining the visiting teams and their coaches. The problem of finding rooms for these Fair Week visitors is not an easy one, but, thanks to the splendid co-operation he has received from the faculty and students of the State College, he is now in a position to extend to these men the best West Raleigh affords.

The staging of this contest within the Fair Grounds and during the State Fair has been made possible by Mr. E. V. Walborn, business manager of the State Fair.

The birds to be used for Standard judging will be secured from those on exhibition at the State Fair, while those for Utility judging will be secured from the State College Poultry Plant.

On Wednesday night a banquet will be tendered the teams at the college dining hall, at which time prizes will be awarded the winners by Hon. Josephus Daniels, Secretary of the Navy in President Wilson's cabinet.

I told her that I loved her well
And then she answered quick,
"I want a man who also can
Still love me when I am sick."

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THE FORTY FAMOUS WRESTLERS

By Mildred Welch

From the musty pages of an old church history some lover of brave deeds has brought to life the story of a Roman legion encamped in the dead of winter on the shores of an Aremnian lake.

The sun had gone down and night was falling when the soldiers were drawn up in line to hear the imperial edict ordering all men in every place on pain of death to pour a libation before the image of the Emperor in token that they acknowledged the ancient gods of Rome.

It was a strange scene, the flaring torches, the ranks of men with set, stern faces, the officers standing near the rude altar, the ensigns of Rome fluttering in the bitter wind, and beyond the dark and terrible lake on which, if any refused to obey, he would be sent naked to meet his death in the long winter night.

One by one the soldiers filed past the image of the Cæsar and poured out the libation. But now, a soldier, young, stalwart, straight, stepped out of the line and with high uplifted face said: "I own no allegiance before that to my Master, Christ," and stood aside. The line filed past and another and another stepped out until there stood together forty soldiers, so strong, so daring in every deed of courage or feat of arms that they were called by their comrades the "Forty Famous Wrestlers."

The Roman general stood aghast. "What is this?" he cried. "Do you understand what awaits you there?" and he pointed to the lake. "A dreadful death to wander there the long night through because you will not pour a few drops of wine before the image of the Cæsar. You need not believe in the gods of Rome. I do not believe in them myself—but surely your Christ does not require this of you, and do you think I am going to lose my forty best soldiers for such a whim? Tomorrow at evening the ranks will form again. If you obey—well; if not—the frozen lake. Throw not your lives away."

They were young, the forty wrestlers, and life was sweet. Each heart held the thought of home, a little home mid clustering vines and olive trees, where father, mother, wife and children waited for them. Life was sweet and death upon the lake was cruel and the pouring of the libation a little thing. Would the Christ care?

The short winter day was drawing to a close as the legion formed in line. Again the torches flared and the eagles of Rome looked down upon the solemn scene. No word was spoken as the soldiers filed silently past, pouring the libation. But when the first wrestler's turn came he stepped quietly out and the light upon his face was not that of the fitful torches, but the light of the other world. Taking off his helmet he laid it at the feet of the general with his sword and his spear and shield. On them he laid his cloak, his tunic and his warm, close-fitting undergarment, then turned to the lake singing in a clear, sweet voice as he went to his death:

"Forty wrestlers wrestling for Thee, O Christ,
Claim for Thee the victory and from Thee the crown."

The second followed and his comrades, dumb with wonder, watched

him lay down the arms he had so gallantly borne, lay down his garments and his life, and go on the dark and gloomy lake of death singing, too:

"Forty wrestlers wrestling for Thee, O Christ,

Claim for Thee the victory and from Thee the crown."

Another and another followed till all the forty soldiers were out upon the lake and forty voices had taken up the triumph song. Slowly the night wore on and the guard in the house on the bank where warmth, clothing, food and drink were waiting for any who might turn back, heard the song grow fainter and more faint as one by one the voices failed. At last, just at dawn, one wrestler came creeping back, but even as he lifted his hand to deny his Lord he fell lifeless. Then the guard, who could not bear that the band should be broken, took off his helmet, and lawing down his shield and spear and garments, went out to join them, singing exultantly:

"Forty wrestlers wrestling for Thee, O Christ,

Claim for Thee the victory and from Thee the crown."

It happened many hundred years ago, and still that triumph song rings down to us across the centuries as clear and sweet as it did upon the ears of their Roman comrades that awful night. You hear it, don't you, boys, that stings so steadfast, so loyal, so tender, and your hearts thrill at the courage that dared it.

But, say, what about *you*? He is the same unchanging Christ. He knew He could count on those forty Roman soldiers. Could He count on you on the battleship, in the camp, at the front or fighting in the air?

And after it's all over and the world has been made safe and the seas are free, can He count on you to stand by Him still? Will you undertake this great adventure of wrestling for Christ and make your own the Roman soldiers' triumph song?

"Americans, wrestling for Thee, O Christ,

We claim for Thee the victory and from Thee the crown."

BARNYARD PHILOSOPHY

By
Sidney Pureblood

The man who is self-satisfied is either a fool or else he is without ambition.

Do something that no one has ever done before! That is the spirit of an American.

When one gets a good opinion of himself he usually falls off in the estimation of others.

Some people feed their stomachs three times a day and their brain only once a month. Which is the most important?

The man who sits down in an easy chair and waits for greatness to descend upon him is in for a long rest.

Be one hundred per cent alive. Many people are two-thirds dead—but haven't been buried.

If your brain is empty now when do you expect to start filling it?

Be worthy of trust and confidence.

Don't burden others with your troubles, they have enough of their own.

The big men are most all courteous and kind.

HIS PLAN FOR YOU

By Mildred Welch

It happened many years ago in a little Swiss village that lies in a green valley at the foot of the Alps. The armies of Napoleon had already conquered most of Europe, and Switzerland, determined that no foreign foe should plant his foot upon her soil, had set watches in all the passes of the mountains where a few brave men might hold back the army of the enemy.

Just above the village was a narrow pass, the only entrance to the valley below. Here the villagers had built great signal fires, one in the pass itself, another in the gorge below and the young men took turns in keeping watch.

It was a holiday in the village and evening found young and old on the village green. In a little cottage, not far away, a boy, a cripple, had laid aside his wood-carving and sat with his head buried in his hands. His mother glanced at him tenderly as she went about her work, then putting her hand on his head, she said: "Come, Hans, let us go to the green. It is not good for you to sit here alone with gloomy thoughts." The boy lifted his eyes full of unshed tears. "Oh, Mother, it is so hard—when you need a strong son to help you and my country needs me to defend her that I am so useless." "Hush, Hans, and trust God," she answered. "God has His plans for every man and He has His plans for you." "I do try, Mother, but oh! if I could only see the plan." But his face cleared and setting his lips with fresh courage he went with his mother to the green. There they found the whole village merry-making and the boy stood a while to watch the running, racing, leaping from which he was shut out. Suddenly he noticed that the young men who were appointed to keep the pass that day were among the players. His heart stood still. Could they have left the valley unguarded in such perilous times? He would walk up the mountain anyway and see.

As he climbed the narrow path with painful steps the moon rose and growing more anxious he quickened his pace. The climb grew steeper and the night air chilled him, but he pressed on till he entered the gorge—to find it silent and deserted. He turned pale but spurred his feeble strength to reach the pass. What if he should be too late?

A low sob of relief escaped him when he entered it to find it safe but undefended, the sentinel gone. Utterly spent, he had barely strength to draw out the torch, tinder and steel from under a rock and put them in readiness, then he lay still on the ground for a long time. It grew colder and the keen wind struck through his thin clothing for he had neither coat nor blanket. All at once his quick ear caught the snapping of a twig and as he watched in breathless silence, a French soldier stepped out into the clear moonlight. He stood listening for a moment, then went back to tell his comrades that the pass was open.

Instantly Hans lighted the torch and stuck it into the signal pile. As the flames flared up the French drew back, expecting a charge from the guard, and when they came on again, the boy was down the trail, flaming torch in hand, wild hope and excitement winging his feet. He heard the bul-

lets whiz past his head and felt a sharp sting as one entered his shoulder and the blood trickled down. On he ran, stumbling, falling, to drop down at the signal pile in the gorge and fire it, then on again to fall bleeding and exhausted at the feet of the guard, and the great crowd of villagers rushing up to the pass. But he saw that the beacon lights were already flashing out on all the mountains round the valley.

"Who lighted the fire?" cried the faithless guards. "I did," answered Hans, "the French are in the pass"; and fainted. Strong arms carried him to his mother and the word passed through all the valley that it was Hans Anderson, the cripple boy, who had held the pass and given his life for his country.

As for the boy, the light that never was on sea or land rested on his face and he smiled as he whispered with his dying breath: "God has His plan for every man and He had His plan for me."

He did have a plan for the crippled lad. But with millions of men to care for, the Army and the Navy, Marines and Aviators, the vast Service of Supply, could you expect Him to have a plan for just you? Yet, all the time you have a bit of hope down in your heart that He does really care—for just you. Somehow, you can't get away from the thought of that Comrade of yours, the Christ, Who even when you forget Him, stands by you through it all. So, when He asks you to enlist with Him, not only "for the duration of the war," but for the war and through the war, and into the years beyond it, it wouldn't be exactly square, would it, boys, for you not to stand by Him?

Oh, mother's boy, clean, strong, brave, with the hero's heart, thinking somewhere today of what may come to you, won't you choose *God's* plan for you?

THE 1923 AGROMECK

Photographer Expected Oct. 23

The photographer will be at the College on or about Monday, October 23 to take the Senior and Junior individuals and the majority of the club, fraternity, and other group pictures for Nineteen Twenty-three's Agromeck. This is right after Fair Week, but we believe it will fit in all right with just a little help from everybody concerned. We had him come early purposely in order to avoid the Christmas rush in getting out photographs.

Schedules will be posted within a few days, and everything arranged for as far as possible before the Fair Week holidays.

So everybody start getting ready to look their best when they have their beauty struck for the niftiest annual yet. C. L.

It Isn't and It Is

He fancied, during all his wooing,
That marriage is but billing and cooing.
The cooing soon took its flight—
But, as to billing, he was right!

Appropriate Toast

Here's to the happiest days of my life
Spent in the arms of another man's
wife—my mother!

The Technician

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

EDITORIAL

Wolfpack, play the Fair Week game fairly.

Carolina, the Wolves are at your door.

All right, old Wolfpack, here we are, right here in the bleachers.

Riding is still quite a fad on the campus. That is, the freshman riding in the cars of the kindly citizens of Raleigh.

Since last week, we have decided that we don't need a gymnasium after all, if we can only get Dr. Derieux to teach a class in song directing.

Mr. King, our Y. M. C. A. secretary has declared war on what he terms commercialization of the Y building. We wonder if this excludes Higgins and his "line."

A prominent Northern authority said that there are too many men going to college today, and received a great deal of publicity. Why, any of our forefathers would say the same thing.

We thought trucks were supposed to be driven slowly, but since the passing of the Meredith picknickers last Thursday, we have decided that they have plenty of speed—still referring to the trucks, of course.

What is happening to the German mark? says the Outlook. To which we would remark that there has been of late a marked marketing of marks, and they are markedly marked down.

After seeing the nice things we had to say about the spirit shown by the men of Iredell County in the support of our College and its paper, one of our Seniors complains that there was never a word said of the individuals who had subscribed to as many as three copies for their girls. Of course we were

sorry, and promised to do better in the future. For perfectly obvious reasons we are not going to disclose the name of the Senior in question, but will only say that initials are Karl B. Glenn.

Our contemporary, The Tar Heel, makes a long editorial headed "Blame it on the P. O.," in which it lays the blame for all late arrivals of the paper at the feet of the postoffice authorities. We were about to quote the Carolina paper in full on this subject and say that we felt the same way about it. On second thought, however, we thought we would clear ourselves first, so a complete renovating of the mailing list was made, and this issue will go out according to the revised sheet. If, from now on, there is any complaint about irregular deliveries, we want the subscribers to feel perfectly free to come up and tell the circulation manager about it, and an investigation will be made. Still, we cannot but feel that the fault is outside of our office.

We regret that we are going to press too early to get in this issue the detailed accounts of the visits of Mrs. Vandebilt and General Pershing, both of which will have occurred before this issue of The Technician reaches its readers. We consider it a rare treat to be given the honor of a visit by either of these celebrated personages, and will do all in our power to make those visits enjoyable. As president of the State Fair, Mrs. Vanderbilt has endeared herself to all North Carolinians by the great interest she is taking in everything that goes toward the upbuilding of the State. And of course General Pershing is known by every American as the man that was capable of leading the entire American Army to a decisive victory on a foreign soil, and by so doing make a great step toward the abolishing of militarism from the face of the earth.

AT WHOSE EXPENSE?

The newly arrived "Boll Weevil" is planning an ambitious number to come out just before the Fair Week game, in which the game is to be handled in a humorous manner by the campus wits. No mention was made of the exact direction that the humor would take, and we are not worrying about that, any way. Here is the way the Tar Heel says they are going about it:

Determined that it shall become a prominent figure in University life, the Carolina Boll Weevil is planning its second invasion of the campus, which will take place October 18, the day before the State College game. This edition, which is to be eight pages larger than the first, will feature the State College game throughout with bits of fun and humor from the pens of campus wits.

WANTED! ————— WANTED! ————— WANTED!

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FRIDAY and SATURDAY

Richard Barthelmess in "THE SEVENTH DAY"
 Charlie Chaplin in "SHOULDER ARMS"
 The Odd Fellows Home
 One Part

MONDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY

Marshall Neilan in "FOOLS FIRST"
 Bobby Vernon in "PARDON MY GLOVE"
 THURSDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY

John Barrymore in "SHERLOCK HOLMES"

STATE COLLEGE STOCK JUDGING TEAM

Preparing for Live-Stock Contest at Atlanta

A stock-judging team consisting of three Seniors specializing in Animal Husbandry has been selected to represent North Carolina in the Students' Livestock Judging Contest, to be held in connection with the Southeastern Fair at Atlanta, Georgia.

The team consists of Messrs. Hodges, Becton and Kiser, and is being coached by F. M. Haig, Assistant Professor of Animal Husbandry. Much interest is being taken in the contest because eight Southern State colleges will compete for honors and prizes in this contest, to be held October 14th. Teams from the following States will be represented: Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Georgia, Mississippi, Alabama and Florida.

Each contestant will be required to judge twelve classes of animals, each class consisting of four individuals. In addition to placing the animals, each student is required to give oral reasons for each class. The classes of animals to be judged are as follows:

Dairy Cattle Group

- 1st Class—Jersey cows.
- 2d Class—Holstein cows.
- 3d Class—Ayrshire cows.
- 4th Class—Guernsey cows.

Beef Cattle Group

- 1st Class—Hereford cattle.
- 2d Class—Shorthorn cattle.
- 3d Class—Galloway cattle.
- 4th Class—Aberdeen-Angus cattle.

Swine Group

- 1st Class—Berkshire hogs.
- 2d Class—Poland-China hogs.
- 3d Class—Duroc-Jersey hogs.
- 4th Class—Chester-White hogs.

THE CIVIL ENGINEERING SOCIETY MEETS

Interesting Program Rendered

The Civil Engineering Society met in the Y. M. C. A. on Tuesday night, at which time a very instructive program was rendered. Mr. J. H. Gill told us about some interesting experiences with the Highway Commission. Mr. L. D. Bell gave a talk on "Exploratory Borings," and Mr. A. W. Green gave us some valuable information concerning the bridge over the Williamston Causeway. Mr. Corkill had planned to take us around the world in a "flivver," but, owing to engine trouble, he postponed the trip until the next meeting. This was the first program held this term, but the men who responded set a standard which we hope to maintain throughout the year. Mr. W. S. Morris was unanimously elected reporter for the Society.—F. S. T.

Dr. Charles Park, although a lover of Latin, told at a recent gathering of the protest of a Brown University sophomore against the study of the dead languages. The sophomore, according to Dr. Park, pasted the following lines, "To the Dead" on the University bulletin board:

All are dead who spoke it.
All are dead who wrote it.
All are dead who learned it.
Blessed death! They earned it!
—Outlook.

"SNOBBERY ENCOURAGED"

Sixty or more years ago if one had encouraged snobbery among college students he would have been looked upon as being foolish or insane, but today with every college filled to its capacity, snobbery may be looked upon from another viewpoint.

Practically every student who enters college intends to succeed in whatever line of work he or she has chosen, and if he successfully completes his four-year course there is little to prevent him from doing so. The question naturally arises, then, why is it that more college men do not succeed, and would it be best if they did?

Space will not permit a lengthy discussion of the question, but we college students know that if all college students had an equal chance at the higher positions in life competition would be entirely too keen to make life enjoyable, and the writer believes a great deal of this competition can be eliminated while in college. The best and easiest way is to encourage "snobbery." If a fellow seems inclined to snob people, do all you can to make it easy for him. Soon he will have the habit, and then his name can be scratched from the list of competitors, for we all know what chance a "snobber" has in the business world. You can rest assured, too, that his conduct in college will be remembered. The good a man does may be forgotten, but the evil never.

In many cases it is the bright and apt student who is given to snobbery, and this makes it all the more important why we who are not so apt should encourage it, because if the gifted ones could keep their heads, they would surely occupy the best places.

There is nothing that holds a man back more than snobbery and failure to recognize the rights of others. The sooner we realize that our success depends upon the majority and not the few, the smoother will be our path.

In the meantime, don't forget to help the "snobber" along. Everyone made means one less to reckon with.

FAREWELL TO THEE

Flapper, where art thou going?
We hoped you'd come to stay.
You made a right good showing,—
Now must you go away?
We hate to see you leave us,
We hate to say good-bye!
Will we see you again? Say!
Or must you thither fly?
Flapper, where art thou going?
—Ell Tee.

You can get liquor where there ain't any still,
You can get cider where there ain't any mill;
You can get kisses where there ain't any swing,
And you can get water where there ain't any spring.
You can get "burning" where there ain't any fire,
You can get "shocking" where there ain't any wire;
You can often find beer without going so far—
But you can't get lovin' where there ain't any "car."

TIM, '22.

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SPORTS

WOLFPACK WINS FROM ROANOKE

Virginians Show Unexpected Form

It took more fighting to win from Roanoke College 13-0 than the score would indicate. Using a bewildering overhead attack the visitors locked especially dangerous on two occasions. At one time they carried the ball down the field to the three-inch line, but the Wolfpack's defense stiffened and not only held them for downs, but threw them for a seven-yard loss. In the fourth period the second flash came, and the visitors carried the pigskin from their 40-yard line to State's 5-yard line, but again the defense stiffened and held them for downs.

State showed only two flashes that would tend to reveal her true form; one in the first period, the other in the fourth. State kicking off, Roanoke put the ball into play on her 30-yard line, but attempted one too many passes, for Van Sant intercepted the old pigskin, putting it into play on the visitor's 28-yard line. Using only straight football, the visitors goal line was crossed, giving State a touchdown in the first five minutes of play. Jeannette failed in his attempted place-kick for the extra point.

In the fourth period State again displayed some rare form when she carried the ball straight down the field for 35 yards in only two plays; Jeannette making the first 25 on an end run, and Randolph crossing the goal line on an off-tackle play. Randolph dropped kicked for the extra point.

Caldwell, Potter, Hurt, and Conk performed creditably for the visitors. Cox, Floyd, Lasater, and Park did excellent work, Park bearing the brunt with his toe.

The line-up and summary follows:

Position.	
N. C. State	Roanoke
Baum	Riller
Left End	
Pasour	Potter
Left Tackle	
Baker	Geisen
Left Guard	
Vansant	Logan
Center	
Beatty	White
Right Guard	
Floyd	Davies
Right Tackle	
Ripple	Hite
Right End	
Long	Caldwell
Quarterback	
Park	Hurt
Left Halfback	
Jeannette	Okey
Right Halfback	
Lassiter	Couk

Score by periods:

N. C. State	6	0	0	7	—13
Roanoke	0	0	0	0	—0

N. C. State scoring: touchdowns, Long and Randolph; Point after touchdown, Randolph.

N. C. State substitutions: Randolph for Lassiter; Cox for Pasour; Dill for Baker; Lasater for Baum;



LONG, Back,
N. C. STATE



HEAD COACH HARRY HART,
SELL,
N. C. STATE



CAPTAIN FLOYD, Tackle,
N. C. STATE

Morris for Jeannette; Bostian for Vansant.

Roanoke substitutions: Anderson for Okey.

Referee, McDougal of N. C. State. Umpire, Smith of Randolph-Macon. Headlinesman, Doak of Guilford. Time of periods, 15, 15, 12, 12 minutes.

TRUE SPORTSMANSHIP

Capt. Floyd and Mr. Homewood, coach of the Freshman football team, spoke at the Freshman Friendship Council meeting last Thursday night on "True Sportsmanship." Both speakers delivered fine speeches, bringing out points in their talks that had not been thought of by the hearers, or the hearers had not given as much thought to these points as they should have given.

Capt. Floyd spoke first, and among his points are the following:

He said that we should give the visiting team the very best there was in us and to do anything that we could to help them to enjoy their stay with us. If it is necessary, go out of your way to do them a kind act, and if they want any information, and you have the time, go with them and help them find it. He also said to show your college spirit by giving the visiting team the same amount of yelling as you do your own team when they enter the field, and sympathize with them if one of their players gets hurt. If he leaves the field, give him a yell, and if he goes back playing, clap for him. He also said that the visiting team would think more of you if you played hard and fair.

Capt. Floyd told us there was always a loser in a game, unless it was

a tie, and for us to think of it in that light. In other words, for us to be as generous losers as we would be winners.

Mr. Homewood here took the floor and talked about gambling in athletics. He said that good athletes never betted on a game because it was bad enough for them to lose a game without losing money, too. He said that it made the players nervous over betting, and they could not do their best. He went on and cited an instance of a football game that he played in last year where the players were so nervous that they sat down in the dressing room and cried before they entered the field. Even the coach had tears in his eyes. He said that if a man put up money on a game that the players knew that he would call them all kinds of names if they lost, and that the players would be in such a nervous state that they could not play their best. He said that he wanted moral support only, and if a man could not give his moral support without betting, that he did not want it.

R. G. C.

Marriage is a fine institution, but who wants to live in an institution?"

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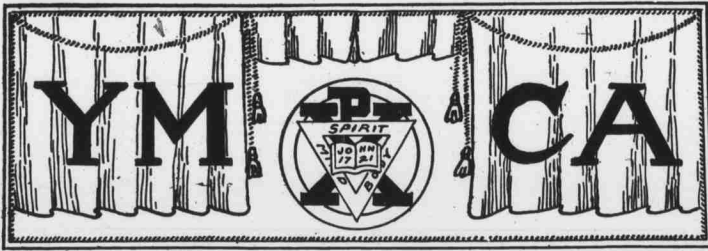
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FORMER BASEBALL STAR WAGES HEALTH CAMPAIGN IN CHINA

E. A. Turner, first cousin of Harry Hartsell, and well known to many State College people, is now in charge of the Young Men's Christian Association in the great city of Hangchow, China. Turner was a star baseball pitcher for Wake Forest and pitched many hard fought games against N. C. State, while a student there. Turner is one of the strongest men who ever went from the Old North State to the Far East. Every North Carolina student should be interested in the following report of the fight Turner and his associates are waging for health and sanitation in China:

"Last year in a health campaign in the city of Hangchow, China, the fathers of two sons who had enlisted for service, called their sons home, because they could not sanction the taking of life, even among the flies of the city.

This year in the same city 1,476 voluntary workers, most of them students, took part in the largest campaign for better health that the city has ever seen. There is scarcely a large city in China today in which the Young Men's Christian Association has not introduced the practice of an annual health campaign. The idea is spreading, too, to smaller cities.

"Swat the fly" is a commonplace, even in the villages of some other lands, but not so in China. Here, one has to say, "Please kill the fly." If every church, pastor, many teachers, and still many more good fathers, mothers and good citizens of the cities and towns of America were opposed to killing flies, the boys and girls of America could begin to visualize some of the difficulties of a fly swatter is up against out here. Priest and temple, parent and home, teacher and schoolroom have been the friend and refuge of our enemy, the fly. There are no great industrial organizations with their welfare work, nor city departments of health to educate the public on the dangers of diseases from fly and mosquito and rat and flea. Here, then, is where the Young Men's Christian Association steps into a new opportunity for education and service.

Visualize this: A great city of 800,000 people. Not a flush toilet in the entire city, outside of the Young Men's Christian Association. Food and fruit exposed to flies and dust in shops and restaurants throughout the city. Night soil carried in open vessels through the streets of the city. Exposed public comfort stations on almost every street of the city, and flies, flies, flies, everywhere. No conscience on civic or individual health. Recurring epidemics of disease summer after summer. Dysentery, diarrhoea, malaria, and typhoid taking their toll of thousands every summer.

In the midst of this a health cam-

paign, centering around and radiating from an exhibit in the most modern and up-to-date building in the city, the Young Men's Christian Association. To this exhibit there came in three days, in spite of inclement weather, 22,087 people to see and learn through their eyes and ears new lessons of health and physical strength. Thirty-two students gave their time to measuring and weighing 1,634 men. Four hundred fly swatters were sold. Fly and rat traps were on exhibition and for sale. The Provincial Medical College and wax models showing the effect of skin and blood diseases, and microscopes and bacteria cultures, all adding emphasis to the big message of better health.

Other features of the exhibit were 240 charts on Modes of Infection and Methods of Prevention of Disease; Hook Worm; Care of the Eyes; Our Enemy, the Fly; the Dangers of the Fly; Sex Hygiene; Care and Feeding of Infants. In addition to that 5,956 specially invited people saw moving pictures on Keeping a Big City Clean; Tuberculosis; Mosquito Control; the House Fly, As Seen Through a Microscope; a well-staged health play, and heard health lectures by local doctors.

The end of the campaign was marked by a parade of more than 800 students, each one carrying either a banner, a by-stander was heard to remark, "If they have flies like that in other countries, no wonder the foreigner makes so much fuss about them." Fully 250,000 people are estimated to have seen this parade. Along with the parade and through the exhibit 86,000 pieces of health literature were distributed. Four hundred trained students lectures covered the city in the afternoon of the closing day and scores of thousands more had this lesson of health brought to their attention.

Another method of effective publicity was the enlistment of the 'rickshaws of the city. There was scarcely one which did not have a flag announcing the exhibits and the campaign, and so great was the crowd in the afternoon of the last day that the doors of the exhibit had to be closed and the people allowed to enter in relays. The interest of the 'rickshaw men was enlisted by a special showing of the health films. They were an enthusiastic audience and readily gave their co-operation.

Co-operating with the Association were shops, stores, hotels and restaurants in giving publicity. Police in helping in the parade and distributing-flags to 'rickshaw men. They are also the health officers of the city. 1,750 'rickshaw men carried flags throughout the city during the campaign. Newspapers carried friendly editorials and news articles. One insurance company contributed ten thousand pieces of literature on the fly. Churches gave valuable assistance both through their pulpits and mem-

bers. Christian students in government schools organized and carried out the parade, the distribution of literature and the 400 student lectures. The National Health Association had a booth in the exhibit and solicited membership from the passers-by. The Association of local medical and pharmaceutical men gave their support. The boy scouts gave fine service as messengers, and in other ways. The China Mission Council on Health Education furnished charts, and the local Young Women's Christian Association furnished women workers who added to the efficiency of the work accomplished.

The interest of those who saw and helped is not dead. The idea of better health is spreading out into the province. Local schools and other cities are writing in for samples of literature and suggestions on how to conduct campaigns through the summer months. Fly swatters and screens are being peddled about the city. Food in shops and restaurants is noticeably under screens now. Police orders have gone out requiring the companies which handle the collection and disposal of night soil to instruct their carriers to use only covered utensils to carry from the houses to the boats which must also be covered. Water used for cleaning the household commodities must not be emptied on the streets. From the fourth through the ninth month (Chinese calendar) all emptying and carrying must be done between the hours of five and eight. From the tenth to the third month the hours are from six to nine. The heaven is in the lump!

The campaign effort will be continued with special smaller campaigns, fly-killing contests, and distribution of literature at intervals through the summer. One city reports a fly-killing contest in which one small cash prize was paid for each dead fly brought in. At this rate fifty cents gold will buy 4,000 flies. The usual way is to have inter-primary school fly-killing contests. Prizes are given to the winning schools. The school boys fight, but the community receive the education."

STATE COLLEGE MEN ANSWERED S. O. S. CALL FROM EUROPE

Last year D. E. C. Lindeman, of N. C. C. W., visited State College and gave an account of his trips through Europe, telling of the political and economic situation there, and especially of the needs of the professors and students in the higher institutions of learning. State College expressed a desire to join with the students of other colleges in relieving the needs of their brother European students and \$135.00 was raised for this purpose. Some members of the faculty also had a share in this.

The students from 40 other countries joined with the students of the United States in raising the money to meet the need in Europe. The funds were administered through the World's Christian Student Federation, of which Mr. John R. Mott, chief executive of the Y. M. C. A. is president.

A report has just been received showing how these funds were used and the great amount of good they did. The figures are as follows: 5,000,000 (five million) student meals, approximately were served.

Clothing—130,000 garments were distributed.

Books—21,000 books and periodicals were purchased and circulated.

Money raised—\$585,000 were raised from 41 countries, in addition to large supplies of clothing and food.

Countries and universities relieved—This relief work was carried on in 135 universities and higher colleges in 12 countries.

The Crisis Not Yet Passed

Last summer, D. F. Ritchie, a member of the Sophomore Class, in company with Dr. H. C. Gossard, International Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association, and a group of picked students from American colleges, visited the principal countries of Europe. Ritchie says that it was hard for him to believe what Dr. Lindeman said in chapel last year about the desperate need of European students. After having seen conditions with his own eyes he says that Dr. Lindeman did not paint the picture as dark as it is.

State College did Not Realize Need.

State College students did not realize the need last year. Therefore their response was not very generous. Every man should have a share in this noble work of relief. If any man has any doubt about there being a real need among the European students for the bare necessities of life—Food, clothing and shelter—a talk with Ritchie will convince him. These students are the future leaders of Europe, political, social, religious and economic. They must be saved or European civilization is lost.

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SATURDAY NIGHT'S CELEBRATION

The freshmen have strengthened their throats wonderfully for yelling and this is best demonstrated by the yelling that they rendered Saturday afternoon and night. The freshmen did good yelling on the field, especially when a good play was made, but I believe they did better yelling for the girls that night.

The sophomores tried the freshmen for yelling Friday night until they got tired of hearing them and then called for speeches. One freshman was called upon to give his opinion of the football game the following day. He started off by saying that he hoped the team would win over Randolph-Macon with a score of 200 and nothing. The sophs told him that was too much and he changed it to 50 and nothing. The freshmen, after a song, was dismissed for the night.

Saturday the yelling was good on the field, especially when a touchdown or another good play was made. The cheer leaders sure know how to make the yelling sound good and they deserve much credit for the successful leading of the afternoon.

The freshmen were assemble that night in front of Pullen Hall. After going through the yells again they started on their way to the girls' colleges. They marched down Hillsboro Street to the Capitol, where they crossed the square, and then on Meredith College. Here they gave first one yell and then another. The yell captains would occasionally ask what they wanted and the boys would shout in unison, "a song." The ladies knew how to entertain the boys, judging from the shouts of approval that rent the air. After singing "Goodnight Ladies," they went on their way to Peace Institute. On the way they stopped in front of Governor's Mansion and gave one yell for him.

At Peace the same performance was repeated. The ladies of both colleges did fine singing. The sophs have been criticised by some of the freshmen because they did not take them over in the daytime, so that they could see the faces of the ladies better. They looked good standing on the porches that night. After bidding the ladies goodnight they marched back to the Capitol. From here they gave a snake dance to the postoffice and back. After assembling again at the Capitol one man announced the Grand had granted a free house to the men either Tuesday or Thursday night. Thursday night was selected because Tuesday was circus day. This ended the night's program.—R. G. G.

Small boys often ask embarrassing questions. A preacher was addressing the Sunday School and explaining the significance of white. "Why," he asked, "does a bride desire to be clothed in white at her marriage?" As no one answered, he went on. "Because white stands for joy, and the wedding day is the most joyous occasion in a woman's life."

Immediately a little fellow piped up. "Please, sir, why do the men all wear black?"—The Veteran Magazine.

"Mike, ye're drunk."

"Ye lie, Casey! Ye wouldn't dare to spake that way if Oi were sober."

"If ye were sober ye'd have sinse enough to know ye war drunk."

NOTICE OF EXCHANGES

The Technician exchanges with the following college publications: Maroon and Gold, Elon; Trinity Chronicle, Trinity; Yellow Jacket, Randolph-Macon; Old Gold and Black, Wake Forest; Ring-Turn-Phi, Washington and Lee; Center Cento, Center College; Kentucky Kernel, University of Kentucky; Davenport Weekly Record, Davenport College; Critograph, Lynchburg College; Oul Gold and Black, Wofford; Lenorian, Lenoir College; Gamecock, University of South Carolina; Tar Heel, University of North Carolina; Queen's Blues, Queen's College; Egyptian, Southern Illinois Normal University; Piedmont Owl, Piedmont College; Furman Hornet, Furman; Vermont Cynic, University of Vermont; Guilfordian, Guilford; Technique, Georgia Tech.; Cadet, V. M. I.; Pennsylvanian, University of Pennsylvania.

Any student desiring to see any of the publications will find them on the exchange table in The Technician office.

About Chester Sapp

Here lie the remains
Of Chester Sapp;
He drove his car
With a girl on his lap.
—Washington (Pa.) Observer.

Poor Chester might still
Have been alive
Had he only taught
The girl to drive.
—La Monte (Mo.) Record.

The moral learned
From this sad loss
Is, Drive a buggy
And a gentle boss.
—Power Farming.

But even then
The boss might balk—
It's safer, far
To take a walk.
—Wallaces' Farmer.

But when you walk,
You now and then
Run up against
Some hold-up men.
—The Highlander.

And hold-up men
Are not so funny;
They hold your hands
And take your money
—Iowa State Student.

If this were true
The girl'd still be Sapp's
For no robber wants
A girl who sits in laps.

Ladies Must Not Read

If there's something worries a woman,
It's something she ought not to know,

But you bet she will find it out somehow

If she gets the least kind of a show.

Now we'll wager 10 cents to a toothpick

This poem she has already read;
We knew she'd get at it somehow,

If she had to stand on her head.
—Harvard Lampoon.

A MIXED-UP RELATIONSHIP

A citizen recently committed suicide. His reasons for so doing were found written on a scrap of paper in his left boot leg and read as follows:

"I married a widow with a grown-up daughter. My father visited us frequently, fell in love with my step-daughter and married her, and so became my son-in-law and my step-daughter became my mother. Later a son was born to me, who, under the circumstances, became my father's brother-in-law and my own uncle, on account of being a brother to my step-daughter. My step-daughter also gave birth to a son, who was certainly my brother, and the same time my grandson. My own wife through this was my grandmother. I was at the same time my wife's husband, and in consequence that the husband of one's grandmother must be his grandfather, I became my own grandfather, which was more than I could bear.

But Who Sat on the Waves' Lap?

While boating on the bay one night
I saw the ocean's arm
Steal gently round a neck of land
To keep its shoulder warm.

This made me jealous as could be,
It really made me sore,
And so I paddled toward the land
And closely hugged the shore.

Some Treat

He kissed her rather suddenly,
Surprising her, you see;
But, strange to say, she didn't flinch,
Just said, "That's one on me."
—Chaparral.

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It is the team of a lightning's flash,
The fastest that ever had a clash.

The beauty to us of the Wolfpack style,
Is the way Quarterback Randolph makes a pile,
Of human skin and muscle and bone,
As he starts for a touchdown. Gone!

Then along comes Captain Floyd,
you may bet,
To make a hole for little John Jean-
nette,

Who carries the ball, as we've all
seen,
Down the field, shielded by the migh-
ty team.

Long, who can run as fast as a deer,
Has captured for himself a place in
the rear,
And as we look at him from our seats
We cannot see his fast propelling
feet.

In the right halfback we have old
Park,
Never too nervous to hit his mark;
For his aim is true and quick,
As he hits the pigskin with a power-
ful kick.

As we look upon the Wolfpack line,
We know it is much more sublime
Than our little friend rival, "Caro-
line,"

Who are hoping, in vain, to beat us
next time.

JOE W. JOHNSON, '26.

GOD GIVE US WOMEN

God give us women! Note the being
who's hailed the social satellite,
Within whose orbit lesser lights
(whom self alone adjudges men)
are much inclined;—

But woman, who by virtue of being a
woman, stands for right—

That being of excellence—mother of
the race—the one great reproduc-
tion of the Master mind.

God give us women! Woman who
tho lost in lesser love, upholds
The Greater Love. She leads aright,
nor does she feature self alone.

Hers the power to stay the wrong—
her influence yet controls,
When from the greater and more ra-
tional mind resistive impulse has
entirely gone!

God give us women! Not the "to-
the-ladies" type which seeks not to
enlighten but appease,

But woman glorious in woman's vir-
tues, aspiring to teach without de-
cline.

Not mystical, except in emulation of
the mystic God who holds the keys
Which in a greater day unlocks the
truth wherein our spirits will re-
cline.

God give us women! She who helps
men to remember they are MEN,
when they themselves forget,

A being for whom a world of men
will stand if necessary in defense;
Not merely mortal female, nay true
woman's far the more divine, and
yet
Wondrously human,—but scorning
righteously all sham of truth and
ill-devised pretense!

—Ell Tee.

OCTOBER

On this bright and windy afternoon,
When air so brisk and keenly teems
With fragrance of the ripening grain,
Flows to my nostrils like a moun-
tain stream.

Hushed by the song birds going South
Charmed by the sun's feeble ray,
Enclosed by webbs of silver tinted
clouds,
I bid adieu, October's perfect day.

The dappled leaves whose end must
surely be,
Upon new-born branches feebly
shake,

Beneath whose lengthy shadows
quietly rest,
The cricket, sweetly dreaming, yet
awake.

The hills and valleys once so green
and fresh,
Take on an autumn brownish hue,
The clover carpet once so beckoning,
Dies under a blanket of frozen
dew.

The quietness of autumn's bracing
breath,
Broke by vibrations of the thresh-
er's flail,

Toiling away by his own fireside,
In solitude, drifting down nature's
trail.

The wood's vague margin strewed
with thistle grey,
From whence a lonely howling cry
is heard;

The mourning dove in the hemlock
thick,
On his cosy perch remains un-
stirred.

Silently under a jeweled, peaceful
sky,
I behold visions beyond my dreams,
Beauty too lovely to describe,
And the amber hills with wonder
gleams. Cline.

THE CHUM CHOSEN

The chum unwell chosen,
Like a pond unwell frozen,
Will carry you for awhile
With a cherry-red smile—
But all with a crack!
Sunken to motives slack.

A chum unwell chosen,
Like an old maid 'sposin'
That her childhood lover
Yet her heart will hover.
But, poor thing. No proof.
Better had she known the truth.

A chum quite well chosen,
Just as a watch-dog dosin'
While guarding from harm,
Will, at sound of alarm
Be quickly on his feet
Every enemy to meet.

—BRITT, '24.

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A REAL MAN

In this enlightened age when logic and the genuineness of things and not precedents predominate in nearly all things, a man is judged by his true worth rather than by the amount of money or success he has made. That a man has made a financial success is no sign that he is a real man. Well, what makes a man? His ideals, principles, ambitions, thoughts, character, and his conduct among his fellow-men tell whether he is a man worthy of the respect of men.

High ideals of conduct, life, knowledge, morality, and above all, the high ideal of unselfish service. As Dr. Truett took for his text in a recent sermon here, "David served his generation by the will of God." A man serves for the joy and fruit of bringing comfort and happiness, and the knowledge that he is accomplishing something for others; by that, he is getting in return that happiness and peace of soul which comes only as the result of a day well spent.

A man's principles show what his heart contains. A real man, at all times, stands up for that which is right, pure, and noble. He lives the life which he believes is right and in accordance with the will of God. He takes into consideration the influence his actions will have upon his fellow-men, and if he thinks in his heart that he is doing what is best, he goes ahead regardless of the jeers and insults of the skum which this world contains.

For a man to be a man he must have ambitions and strive to accomplish them. The world never respects a man who is contented to drift and never buck the tide of misfortune or of circumstances. Those with whom he comes into daily contact will respect his ambitions and help him in his efforts for attainment of them. For we gain nothing worth while by our efforts alone.

The thoughts which come and go in the mind of man determine his spoken words. A real man of worth keeps his thoughts clean and always tries to give his mind the right kind of food for thought by the reading of good literature and by the association of clean men and women. The Boy Scout motto is a very good slogan for a worthwhile man. "Physically strong, mentally awake, and morally straight." All this is good, but there is so much to cover in the qualities which go to make up a man that it is hard to decide which are the most important.

To err is human. No man was ever perfect, nor can we lay down any set of rules for his conduct. A man must be broad-minded, and to be so he must be educated to a certain degree. He must be capable and willing to see both sides of a question and have the ability to weigh both sides fairly and then decide which is the better. He has reached a very, high goal in the culmination of being a man when he has acquired this ability and liberalism in judgment.

The question of morality is one of the most momentous issues in the life of our young people of today. Owing to the breaking down of our puritan customs by the World War, placing men and women on freer terms with each other, has caused the downfall of some weak men and women. Yet, it is all in the state of mind. It is only a question of whether the sex impulse is greater than the will. The real

man has developed, by clean living and thinking, the will power to control and master sex impulse. He does it and in his victory has won thousands of others. Sex is the creation of God, it is sacred, pure, it is the foundation of men and women. It is something that no one should be in ignorance of in its true relation to society, and to the individual and the happiness and love to humanity. Every real man has a deep and sacred hope in his heart of having a home and all that it means some day. He doesn't want a woman of loose morals for his wife and the mother of his children. He wants a clean, pure, broad-minded woman, with high ideals. Has a woman the same right to demand clean men for the father of her children? She most assuredly has. The doubt standard of morals is a thing of the past, and every man who is a real man and worthy of the respect of his fellow-men is going to govern his conduct in accordance with what he wants in his wife. A real man will protect the girls he associates with from himself and from themselves. The lowest type of a man imaginable is the reprobate who takes advantage of a sweet, pure girl through her capacity for love, and starts her on the road to destruction and eternal suffering. A man does not do that. A good test of what you think of a man is this—Would you trust your sister with him under any circumstances, knowing he would protect her from herself? A real man is clean morally, and looks upon women as his companions and not as an instrument to satisfy his animal nature. Yet—no matter how popular a man is with the girls, if men don't like him, there is something wrong with his principles.

A real man is loyal, trustworthy, faithful to a trust, and above all, he is truthful. A man's word, coming from a man, should be as binding as any "red tape" that has ever been tied; it is always so with one who is honorable and honors that which is worthy. He is unselfish, kind, and has the capacity of love. Did you ever see a man that children wouldn't have anything to do with? Mark that man; he does not possess that real, yet intangible thing which make a real man. Does he love children? A man does.

When misfortune hits a man a grim blow, it is not the fact that he has failed that makes him a failure, but what counts is whether he comes up with a grin and hits back.

The man worth while is the man with a smile

When everything goes dead wrong. For the test of the heart is trouble

And it always comes with the years, But the smile that is worth the praise of earth,

Is the smile that shines through tears.

We must not omit that a man is considerate and thoughtful of others. In his life he tries to make the life road of others easier to travel. He does not mind obstacles, but rather welcomes them as stepping-stones to broader, better living. In his actions and conduct among his fellow-men, his thought and ideals come to the surface for all to see. After all is said and done, a man among men is the one who is worth while in his heart, mind, soul and body. Emerson says: "It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion, it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the great and ideal man is he who in the

THE MARATHON RACE

By Mildred Welch

The first Marathon Race so many dim centuries ago, do you remember it, boys—when upon that decisive battlefield the Greeks, through one long, valiant day fought the overwhelming forces of the Persians, and at evenings left them lying heaps on heaps of slain?

Who would carry word of the victory to Athens? The choice fell upon a soldier, young, daring, swift of foot. He had fought all day in the thick of the fight, but waiting only to throw off the heaviest of his armor, he started on the long run of twenty-six miles from Marathon to Athens. The glory of Greece carried him up hill and down, feeling not the stones which cut his feet, the sun which beat upon his head, the dust which choked him; and winged his feet when brain and lungs and heart were bursting with the strain. On he ran, mile after mile dropping behind him, panting, exhausted, seeing nothing but the dusty ribbon of the road winding on before him till at last the walls of the ancient violet-wreathed city of Athens came in sight. Through the gates he ran, heeding not cry nor question, straight on to the market place where the Athenians awaited the news of the battle. "Way for the messenger!" they cried, and the crowd opened, then closed in again as the soldier in one last, supreme effort shouted "Victory!" and fell dead at their feet.

Dead—but he had delivered the message, and in after days the Marathon Race was added to the Olympic Games in which athletes from all the world competed, in honor of him who had held Greece's glory dearer than his life. It was the crowning race, the last and longest, and to him who had not only the endurance, but the heart and soul to hear the call of ancient Greece and answer it, there fell the laurel crown, undying fame, the love and admiration of his countrymen.

They were glorious days, those days of ancient Greece, and thinking of them now after the centuries long gone by, we seem to find ourselves back in the Stadium, on the marble seats that tier upon tier rise black with people, and we look beyond the wall to the enclosing hills where thousands more keep watch upon the road. The azure sky of Greece is over us, breezes from the blue Aegean blow softly, the sunshine glances on gleaming pillar and Greece, warriors, posts, sculptors, phigreec, warriors, poets, sculptors, philosophers watch with us. Suddenly, there is a cry: "The runners are at the city gates!" and the multitude with one heart, one soul, one breath, waits for the first that enters the Stadium. He comes, covered with dust, breathless, but a smile upon his face. He comes, and as he crosses the finishing line, there is a shout that seems to reach high heaven, "A Greek! A Greek against the world!"

It was worth it all, wasn't it, boys, to win the Marathon Race? Worth all the long training, the self-denial, the rigid obedience, the weariness and hunger, worth death, too, if like the

midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude." Again, "To thine own self be true and it must follow as night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man."

D. S. J.

first Marathon runner a fellow could carry the news of his country's victory.

Have you ever thought of the Marathon Race which a boy with the high spirit and splendid body of the old Greek athletes can run today—the carrying of Christ's message to the world?

For now that the war is won, and over the safe and sunny seas the fleets have brought you back again, there will still be a race for you to run, a message for you to carry.

It takes courage, grit, supreme endurance, and beyond all this a great ideal to win in this race. It will take all a man has to win. For it is a long race and there are hardships for every step, loneliness, the heat and dust and stress of the way. But the Marathon runner's race lay over a rough course. It was lonely, long and hard, with but a watcher here and there to speed him on, and it was only when the race was almost over and he had entered the Stadium that a hundred thousand voices urged him to the goal.

Oh! young man with the runner's soul, may you enter the race and carry Christ's message of victory to those who wait for it! They wait amidst the din of city streets, among the silent hills and still places of the country side; they wait in distant lands, on island shores; they wait at home and they wait for you.

If you enter it, this Marathon Race, some day when the year have fallen behind you, and the dust and toil and pain of the road are past, you, too, will come in in the presence of ten thousand times ten thousand to claim the victor's wreath that fadeth not away.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

Orders have been issued to the Secretary of the State College Y. M. C. A. by the Chairman of the Board of Trustees of the above organization, and sanctioned by the cabinet to the following effect.

1. IN REGARD TO THE PIANO AND EDISON.

The piano and Edison shall not be allowed to be moved out of the Y. M. C. A. building. Reasons: (1) Last year both piano and Edison were damaged by moving. (2) Those who borrowed them were not prompt in returning same, and on one instance did not return piano at all. (3) It deprives the majority of the students from enjoying these things while they are away and causes inconvenience on nights when meetings are held in the building.

2. IN REGARD TO DISPLAYS OF CLOTHING; SAMPLES OF TAILORING; SHOES, HATS, ETC.

1. On and after October 11, 1922, no displays of clothing, hats, shoes, or samples of tailoring will be permitted to be put on in the Y. M. C. A. building.

Reasons: (1) It commercializes the Y. M. C. A., which is not a commercial institution. (2) We expect the merchants of Raleigh to support our publications by advertising. Traveling salesmen do not support our publications. IF WE EXPECT THE MERCHANTS OF RALEIGH TO CO-OPERATE WITH US, WE MUST CO-OPERATE WITH THEM.

Please do not embarrass your secretary by asking for the loan of the piano, or Edison, or for the privilege of putting on a display.



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behavior of apparatus, old and new; it is a bridge over which information passes freely in both directions between Westinghouse and its thousands of clients and friends.

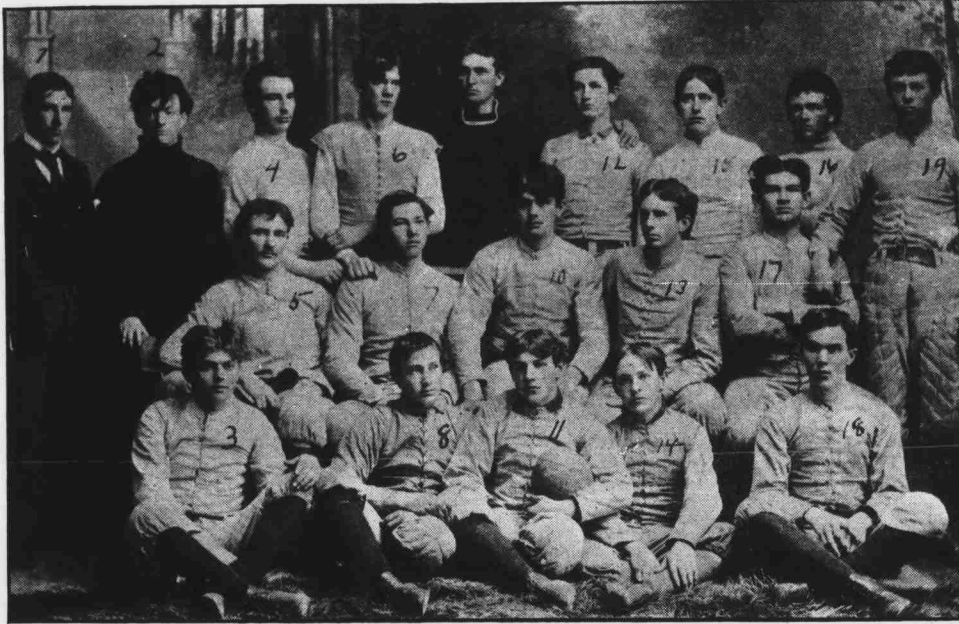
Be glad that you are to live and work in times when the spirit of service dominates commercial operations. The greatest change that has occurred in business in the last few decades has been in the minds of men. No longer need the buyer beware for it is now known that the seller's obligation reaches beyond the completion of the sale; and that it is both wise and right that every reasonable effort be made to give the buyer full value in both product and satisfaction. The practise of this policy requires engineering of the highest type in research, design, manufacturing and every other phase of Westinghouse operations, but nowhere to greater degree than in the field of application engineering, which is essentially engineering for the buyer.



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OLD TIMERS TO HOLD REUNION FAIR WEEK



FOOTBALL TEAM OF 1893

(1) Charles M. Pritchett, manager; (2) William H. Hughes, fullback; (3) Benjamin F. Walton, tackle; (4) Charles Pearson, tackle; (5) John McC. Wilson, guard; (6) Samuel A. Grier, substitute; (7) Wylie T. Mosely, center; (8) T. V. Moore, halfback; (9) Paschal S. Boyd, substitute; (10) Joseph C. Dey, guard; (11) James C. McRae, quarterback; (12) George D. Williams, substitute; (13) Frank Sawyer, substitute; (14) John H. Saunders, halfback; (15) David Cox, substitute; (16) Joel Whitaker, captain and halfback; (17) M. R. Vick, end; (18) George L. Mitchell substitute; (19) J. B. Williams, end.

FORMER GRID STARS TO HOLD REUNION

Upon the suggestion of Mr. M. R. Vick, of Rosemary, the football team of 1893, the first football team put out by the college that played a regular schedule of games, will hold a reunion at the college Thursday, October 19, in connection with the annual Fair Week game with Carolina. Mr. Vick also suggests that all members

of the football teams, from the opening of the college through the year 1895, be invited to gather with 1893 at the reunion. It is hoped that each one of these men will consider this as a special invitation to be present, but in the meantime the Alumni Secretary would be glad to have the names and addresses of any of these

old-timers in order that he may write them personally.

Tentative plans for the reunion call for the gathering of the men at the College on the morning of the 19th for an inspection of the college plant, luncheon with the 1922 team in the dining hall, after which the "Re-Uners" will attend the game as guests of the Athletic Association.

MEETING OF THE AGRICULTURAL CLUB

At the regular weekly meeting of the Agricultural Club we had our usual program, which consisted of four live topics by current members of the club. Each man on the program showed special training in his line and excellent preparation for the occasion.

The speakers were: Lutz, Adams, Allen and McGoogan. Mr. McGoogan talked on an important subject, "The Boll Weevil," and handled it excellently. He kept up the standard the club is holding this year by knowing his subject and presenting it well.

The meeting was then turned over to the committees having charge of the Agricultural Fair. Definite plans have been laid for the parade and all departments are well organized to put on a float, both attractive and educational. Each man has his exhibits available, thus making this part of the fair as attractive as the parade. The side shows are well under way, thus giving an added attraction which will afford amuse-

ment, thereby eliminating any monotony that might occur on such an occasion. There will be three main shows and six side shows, which will be conducted in the afternoon and evening, and will be well worth one's time and money. All the machinery is working smoothly, which will result in the greatest college fair of the southeast.

To operate any organization as large as the State College Fair there must be a permanent financial backing. In order to do this the Agricultural Club decided to incorporate the Fair Association for two hundred and fifty dollars (\$250.00) in the form of preferred stock. This stock, it is hoped, will be sold to the students of the Agricultural Club. In five years the stock will mature, making each five-dollar stock worth \$6.70. This is a good investment for anyone, and at the same time it will make the organization more substantial. This stock can be transferred, and after the first year it will be above par.

Professor Journey, of the Department of Agriculture and Business Administration, has charge of seeing that the corporation is founded on

sound business principles.

The legality of the proposed corporation and all the details, including the statutes, have been passed upon by Hon. T. T. Shaw.

A moving picture to be taken of the parade, the fair itself, and of the college activities.

J. S. WARE,
Press Reporter.

Hamer, who had bought an alarm clock, did not know how to wind it and let it run down. He then tore it up to see what was the trouble. He found a dead bug in it and exclaimed: "No wonder the bloomin' thing won't run. The engineer's dead!"

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