

Happy New Year!

The Technician

Published Weekly by the Students of N. C. State College of Agriculture and Engineering

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NEW LIBRARY BUILDING TO COST OVER \$265,000

The Building Will Be Located Where
Old Second and Third Dormi-
tories Now Stand

On December 28th the Building Committee of the Board of Trustees awarded the contract for the new library building to Joe W. Stout & Company, of Sanford, at the cost of \$227,500. Several other prominent construction companies put in bids for this edifice, but they were all eliminated down to the above named firm.

This magnificent library will be located where old Second and Third dormitories are, and will face the Y. W. C. A. building. The construction of the library will cost 227,500; with the other equipment that will go with it, it will cost approximately \$265,000. It is thought that the building will be in use by early next fall. Work has already begun by partly tearing down the old dormitories.

The library will be, according to Upjohn, of New York City, the architect, one of the best that is now in the South. It will be a fireproof structure, with a face-brick exterior, trimmed with marble. The interior will be finished with marble, and the reading-room floor will be of cork tile. On the second floor will be a large lecture room and four seminar rooms.

The students of State College ought to be and are glad to know of the definite plans that have been taken to give them better library facilities. The library in Pullen Hall was at one time adequate for the institution, but on account of the institution's growth in the past few years, it has been necessary to start the construction of a library that will have a volume capacity of 200,000 and a reading-room that will accommodate 125 students.

Delegates to Student Volunteer Conference Return; All Report an Enjoyable Time

The representatives of the College at the Student Volunteer Conference, that met in Indianapolis during the holidays, have returned. Each one seems to have had a very enjoyable time. They all report a great meeting there.

Due to the short notice, no reports will be made in this issue; a full account will be given next week, however.

The one thing that all seem to have gotten out of the convention was a derby hat. All came back equipped with the latest thing in chapeaux.

Watch next week's issue of The Technician for the things of importance of the convention. It will be something well worth reading.



GREETINGS OF THE NEW YEAR TO STATE COLLEGE STUDENTS

Dr. E. C. BROOKS, President

Greetings of the New Year salute the young men on their return to State College. But what hope, what unusual gifts does the New Year hold in its generous hand for them? It brings new opportunities, worthy of the new spirit already created by a purposeful student body, even before the old year had recorded its last achievement.

The School of Agriculture will present a new purpose, and its aim will seek a larger life for the people of the State; the School of Engineering will measure more accurately the natural resources of the State and give a new meaning to undeveloped industries; the School of General Science will afford a better understanding of the physical world and our dependence upon it; and the School of Social Science will explore the laws governing human relationships and our adjustments to them.

All this means new construction on our campus, new developments in our curriculum, new equipment in our class-rooms and laboratories, and new teachers for our College. These will be dedicated to the service of the young men who seek a new freedom on a higher moral and intellectual plane during the year 1924.

No year has offered so many opportunities for great achievements or for low and base conduct as the year 1924 extends to the youth of our country. A wise choice, a refined energy rightly directed, and patience to give the right a hearing will lead us to a plane of the greatest usefulness, and State College will seek more earnestly to organize the habits and direct the tendencies of behaviour of those who are being born again into a world of the greatest service.

TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR STUDENTS' STORY PLOTS

Opportunity is knocking at the doors of students over the country. The chance of a lifetime for every young man and young woman who has a story to tell. "Novelets" and "Action Stories," published by Fiction House, Inc., of New York, want story plots. A story plot is the mere skeleton of a story, and anyone with an imagination which is colorful and keen can write one. There is at least one story in everyone, and nine times out of ten it remains dormant because its possessor does not know how to whip it into the shape required by magazine editors. "Novelets" and "Action Stories" have come to the rescue. The story plot offer breaches this gap. "Action Stories" and "Novelets" offers ten thousand dollars for story plots. Fifty dollars in gold will be paid for each accepted plot and the name of the originator of the plot will be published as co-author with the staff writer who will write the story.

Our students have this opportunity. If you have a story—a real story, teeming with action and color—send it in. It can be done in 500 words.

Complete details of the story plot offer will be found in the current issues of "Novelets" and "Action Stories."

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SUBSCRIPTION PRICE:

TWO DOLLARS PER COLLEGE YEAR

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.

Editorials

New Year resolutions are all right; the only trouble is that we fail to live them out.

While the season is ripe, resolve now to subscribe to THE TECHNICIAN this spring term.

The man that has learned that it is just as easy for him to be wrong as the other fellow has acquired valuable knowledge.

There are two kinds of men: Those who go ahead and do something and those who sit by and ask why it was not done some other way. Which kind are you going to set out to be?

You can generally tell what a man is by what he does when he has nothing to do. Suppose he does nothing when he has nothing to do? We advance the theory that he never will have much to do.

Make this YOUR CREED for the New Year:

"I would be true, for there are those who trust me;
I would be pure, for there are those who care;
I would be strong, for there is much to suffer;
I would be brave, for there is much to dare;
I would be a friend to all the poor and friendless;
I would be a giver and forget the gift;
I would be humble, for I know my weakness;
I would look up, and love, and laugh, and lift."

—Howard Arnold Walter.

What else are you going to do for a bigger and better State College this term? Why not include your college when making those New Year resolutions?

Every State College man that returns to our dearly beloved campus this spring should take for himself the aim: A little wider horizon to his own life, a little more love for the other fellow.

A COLLEGE BOY'S PRAYER

Oh! God of my salvation and Redeemer of my sins, teach me, I humbly beseech Thee, how to pray. Teach me as a college man how best to conform my will to Thine. Fill me, dear Lord, with Thy Holy Spirit, that I may have power from on high to overcome the evil temptations which do so easily beset a college man. Help me to be more grateful for the countless blessings that have been mine from my earliest infancy to this glorious day. Help me particularly, Heavenly Father, to be truly grateful for the opportunity of coming to college, so that I may grow in strength and knowledge of the purpose that Thou hast for me. May I remember always, dear Master, that there are those who are less fortunate than myself, and that this increases my responsibilities to such ones. Oh! God, forbid that I shall do anything to reflect dishonor upon my beloved alma mater, upon the loved ones I left behind, or upon Thee. Neither permit me, oh! God, to prove traitor to the confidence of my mother and my sweetheart back there. Take me, and use me, oh! God; mould me into a vessel fit for service, and willing to serve, and Thine shall be the glory forever. Amen. W. D. Y.

A. S. M. E. PROSPECTS ARE BRIGHT FOR 1924

Whiff! Bing! Bang! We're off! Never in the history of the society has a new year been ushered in with prospects so bright. A successful year has been completed and folded in the pages of history, but in the folding a clean, brand-new year has been given us, which promises to be even more successful in every respect. Enthusiasm is running high, everyone is straining at the leash—eager to be off. There is work to be done, obstacles to be overcome, but with the interest manifested by the members, there are no heights that cannot be reached.

In the spring of each year a show is given by the different engineering departments; during which time these departments are hosts to the people of Raleigh and vicinity. This year it is the purpose of the A. S. M. E. to combine the separate engineering shows into one large show, lasting at least a day and night, with a parade and everything. Plans for the carrying out of this idea are under way at this writing, and will be submitted to the other engineering departments at an early date. Other engineering colleges do this successfully, so why can't we? Certainly State College can accomplish what others have. So let's go, men!—there is no time to lose—let's make this year one to be long remembered by the Student Branch of the A. S. M. E.

Soak (in a whisper): "Do you know where I can get a drink?"
Bootlegger: "Sure, if you don't mind walking a few blocks."
Soak: "Walk? Hell, let's run."

JUST A LITTLE DITTY

I had a nice Prof.,
He was not so good—
He had a leg
Made of wood—
But that's all right.

Up at the front
Taking my stand,
I got splinters
All in my hand—
But that's all right.

In came the grades,
And I got mine;
Thought it was a six,
But it was a nine—
Yes, that's all right.

Then all the fellows
They gave me the grin.
It's a free proposition,
Do it if you "kin"—
For that's all right.
—Author Escaped

GOOD TIMBER

The tree that never had to fight
For sun and sky and air and light,
That stood out in the open plain,
And always got its share of rain,
Never became a forest king,
But lived and died a scrubby thing.
The man who never had to toil,
Who never had to win his share
Of sun and sky and light and air,
Never became a manly man,
But lived and died as he began.
Good timber does not grow in ease;
The stronger the wind the tougher
the trees.
The farther sky the greater length,
The more the storm the more the
strength;
By sun and cold, by rain and snows,
In tree or man good timber grows;
Where thickest stands the forest
growth
We find the patriarchs of both.
And they hold converse with the stars
Whose broken branches show the
scars
Of many winds and much of strife—
This is the common law of life.
—Hardware World.

THE BUILDERS

A New Year's Poem

Nothing useless is, or low;
Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.
For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials filled;
Our todays and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we
build.

Truly shape and fashion these;
Leave no yawning gaps between;
Think not, because no man sees,
Such things will remain unseen.

Build today, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base;
And, ascending and secure,
Shall tomorrow find its place.
—Longfellow.

A lady talking of spiritualism said she had lately got into communication with her deceased husband, who had asked for cigarettes, but she said, "I am at a loss to know where to send them."
"Well, ma'am," said one of the company, "ye ought to know if he didn't ask for matches."—Reynolds' Newspaper (London).

Bob: "How did you get the puncture?"
Skinney: "Ran over a chicken with pin feathers."—Exchange.

Oh, Colen!

The fire-eating colonel had received a letter which consumed him with rage, but this was his noble reply: "Sir: My stenographer, being a lady, cannot transcribe what I think of you. I, being a gentleman, cannot think it. But you, being neither, will understand what I mean."

City Detective: "Constable, have you seen any mysterious characters in this neighborhood recently?"

Constable: "Waal; lemme think fer a minnit. Lessee, they were a fellow over ter the hall laast ye'r what pulled a cupla white pigeons outa my whiskers, if that'd help yer any."—Ex.

Betty: "Yes, we had a fine time. Jack's car passed everything on the road."

Letty: "Well, we had a fine time, too. Everything passed us."—Ex.

Officer (to the man to be hung): "Now, Silas, is there anything you want to say before you die?"

Silas: "Nothing, but I think this will be a good lesson to me."

Father: "If you are good, Dickie, I'll give you this nice bright new penny."

Son: "Haven't you got a nasty dirty old dime instead?"

The Young Wife: "The new nurse is very scientific. She never lets anyone kiss the baby while she is around."

The Husband: "Who would?"
And the next day the nurse left.—Princeton Tiger.

"What's the charge?"
"This man was caught stealing three pints of liquor."

"Discharged. You can't make a case out of three pints."—Selected.

Pat was the man who did all the odd jobs about the place, and owing to petty thieving his employer instructed him to get a good yard dog. Pat was out all day, and in the evening came home with a dachshund.

"What on earth have you brought along, Pat?" queried his employer.

"Well, sir," said Pat, "he's the nearest I could get to a yard—he's two feet ten inches long."—Ex.

Haughty Scotchman, arguing over fare with taxi driver: "Why, man, do you know who I am? I am a McIntosh."

Taxi Driver: "Well, I don't give a d—n if you are a raincoat, I must have my rights."

Vagrant Vannie, gazing at huge "And how dry the driver was."—"MURDERER WANTED!"

"Well, I guess it's better than nothing. I got to eat."

Irate Citizen (from his bedroom window): "Say, you, down there, who are you talking to?"

Intoxicated Romeo: "Nobuddy 'n perticerler. I'm jesh broadcashtin."—Nebraska Awgwan.

"Grandpa, what kind of time did the stage coaches make in the old days?"

"It all depended, son."
"On how dry the roads were, I suppose?"

"And how dry the driver wa."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Poet: "I came out here to get local color for a pastoral poem."

Farmer: "I reckon you're gettin' it, mister. I just painted that bench this mornin'."—Pitt Panther.



HIS NEW DAY

By EUGENE C. FOSTER

Last night I was a care-free boy,
My play was life; my life was play;
No future called; from day to day
I laughed and romped and lived—a boy.

But now another day I see,
A day to do with as I will;
Shall it be fraught with good or ill?
What message does it bring to me?

I catch its gleam! I breathe its air,
I hear its ringing call to me—
Its call to live, to serve, to be.
My beating heart finds voice in prayer.

In prayer that I may find the way,
The way that He in service went;
A life for others freely spent
To meet the torn world's need today.

To help that other boy who gropes
Along the road I just passed through,
Storm-swept with feelings strange and new;
Help him to realize his hopes.

And now life calls me to a quest,
To love, to laugh, to work, to play,
To serve, to sacrifice, to pray;
He calls—and He shall have my best.

"You"

I was feeling lonesome like,
Sorta tired and blue;
All the world seemed gone to smash,
Nothin' much to do,
'Cept to sit and think a while.
Then at last I knew
That the world was still O. K.—
'Twas just that I missed you.—Ex.

Prof.: "This is the third time you
have looked on Jones' paper."
Stude: "Yes, sir; he doesn't write
very plainly."—Boston Beanpot.

"Dear Dr.:—My pet billygoat is
seriously ill from eating a complete
leatherbound set of Shakespeare.
What do you prescribe?"
Answer: "Am sending 'Literary
Digest' by return mail."

A celebrated white preacher had
been engaged to address the congrega-
tion of a little negro church and
was being introduced by the very
nervous colored pastor.

"Sistern an' bredern," he began,
"it affords me the extremest pleas-
tuah to introduce de speaker of de
evenin'. I wants to explain, dat,
while his skin ain't de same color as
de odders heah, I assure you his heart
is as black as any of yourn."—Ex.

Ben Franklin says: "Early to bed
and early to rise, and you'll never
meet the University guys."—The Ex-
ponent News.

Chapel Orator: "The Scriptures
tell us that riches are a curse."
Hardfrosh: "Well, I'll be damned!"
—Exchange.

Obedied to the Letter

A woman going from home for the
day looked everything up carefully
and for the milkman's benefit left a
card on the back door:

"All out. Don't leave anything."

On her return she found the house
ransacked and all her choicest pos-
sessions missing. To the card on the
door were added the words:

"Thanks. We ain't."—Ex.

Liza: "What is the piece of litera-
ture which has no plot, yet keeps
you guessing till the last minute?"

Jane: "A detective story, I guess."

Lizt: "Wrong—it's a time-table."
—Log.

She: "Isn't it strange that a man's
arm is equal to the circumference of
a girl's waist?"

He: "Let's get a string and see."—
Exchange.

"These Chicago detectives must be
awfully cruel."

"Why so?"

"I see here where they cut off a
burglar's retreat."—Ex.

Viola: "I wish God had made me a
boy."

Shan: "He did; I'm he."—Ex.

"Where did you first become ac-
quainted with your present hus-
band?"

"I was out walking with my first
husband when my present husband
ran over him with his motor car.
That was the beginning of a beauti-
ful friendship."—Ex.

Where It Might Have Helped

Booth Tarkington tells of an old
colored man who appeared as a wit-
ness before one of our committees.
In the course of his examination these
questions were put to the man:
"What is your name?" "Calhoun
Clay, sah." "Can you sign your
name?" "Sah?" "I ask if you can
write your name?" "Well, no sah.
Ah nebber writes ma name. Ah dic-
tates it, sah."—Atlanta Chronicle.

The Teacher: "People who drink
too much coffee get what is known
as the coffee-heart, and men who use
too much tobacco get tobacco-heart."
The oldest pupil frantically waved
his hand.

"What is it, Elmer?" asked the
teacher, pleased by this show of in-
terest.

"What I want to know is this,"
Elmer burst out: "If a fellow eats
lots of sweets, will he get a sweet-
heart?"—Ex.

Teacher: "Give me a sentence with
notwithstanding."

Lazy Pupil: "I wore out my pants,
but not with standing."—Ex.

Why He Was Late

A Chicago boy's teacher asked him
why he was late. "'Cause there was
a man pinched for stealing hens," he
said, "and setting a house on fire and
knocking down five policemen, and
mother sent me to see if it was pa."

She: "You're not a bit polite."
Billie: "How so?"

She: "Every time I tried to say a
word at the football game, you would
shout, 'Hold that line.'"—Home
Weekly.

Go to E. F. Pescud

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SPLINTERS

from

The North Carolina Pine

Little sidelong glances,
Little winks so quaint,
Makes you think it's love
When it really ain't.

—Clarion.

John Heck: "What is an undertaker?"

Geo. Cherry: "An undertaker is a man who follows the medical profession."—Ex.

A fat girl whose first name was Mary
Claimed she could dance like a fairy;
Said her beau, "You're too fat!"
She replied, "What of that?"
A balloon may be big, but its airy."
—Ex.

Women have uncovered their ears,
but that doesn't mean they are going
to listen to reason.—Ex.

They went riding after the party,
And the night was very cold.
He didn't try to keep her warm,
For fear she'd think him bold.
"Are you nice and warm?"
The young man asked her twice;
And with chattering teeth
She said, "At least I'm nice."
—Old Gold and Blue.

I've got a girl,
She sure is sweet;
All she can say
Is, Aw, let's eat.—Ex.

The parlor sofa held the pair,
Headshe.
But hark! a step upon the stair,
And papa found them there—
He and she.
—Ex.

Customer: "I'd like to see something cheap in a spring hat."
Clerk: "Try this one—the mirror is at your left."—Ex.

Flapper: "Gee! I'm getting cold."
Dumbell: "That's all right; the sun will be up presently.—Ex.

There was a young man of Goloshum
Who took out his eyeballs to wash 'em;
His wife said: "Now, Jim,
If you don't put them in
I shall certainly sit on 'em and squash 'em."—Ex.

Tall Bandit: "I want all the money from the men and a kiss from each of the women."

Short Partner: "Never mind the kiss, Jack, get the coin."

Old Maid: "You keep still, the tall man's robbing this train."—Ex.

Chap: "Specs, did you hear about that old gentleman that died last month and left all he had to Thornwell Orphanage?"

Specs: "Sho 'nuff? How much did he have?"

Chap: "Eleven children."—Ex.

"What are those holes in the door?"
"Knot-holes."
"They are."—Univ. News.

"Yes, I proposed. She said I'd have to ask her mother first."

"And did you?"

"No, I was afraid her mother would accept."—Ex.

Prof.: "Why are you late?"

Roberts: "Class began before I got here."—Ex.

There was a young fellow named Hector
Got a job as a chicken inspector;
He met a sweet miss,
They started to kiss;
And ten minutes later he'd nectar.
—Ex.

Publisher: "You say you have written a book entitled, 'Why Boys Go To College'? What do you know about it? You're no college boy."

Fair Authoress: "No, but I used to be a chorus girl."—Ex.

First: "How many subjects are you carrying?"

Second: "Not carrying any; dragging three."—Ex.

Cephas: "Of course, you understand that our engagement must be kept a secret."

Myrtle: "Oh, yes, dear! I tell everybody that."—Ex.

"Is Jim's wife fond of an argument?"

"Is she? Why, man, she won't even eat anything that agrees with her."—Ex.

"Do you like bridge?"

"No," answered Cactus Joe. "It looks to me like one of those games where they put a lot of arithmetic so's to take a regular card player's mind off'n the run of the deck."—Washington Star.

Pat: "Phwat was the last card I dealt you, Mike?"

Mike: "A spade."

Pat: "Oi knew it was: Oi saw you spit on yer hand before ye picked it up."—Ex.

"Huh! Your papa is a shoemaker and you haven't any shoes."

"Huh yourself! Your papa's a dentist and your little brother's only got three teeth."—La Rice (Paris).

Admirer: "I understand that what your father left you amounted to a good figure."

Admired One: "I inherited my figure from my mother."—Va. Reel.

Before marriage a girl imagines a man is a wonderful being. Afterwards she admits he is, or he couldn't have fooled her the way he did.—Ex.

"Don't cry, little boy; you will get your reward in the end."

"I 'spose so; that is where I allus do get it."—Life.

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The Maiden's Prayer

"Dear God: I ask nothing for myself—only give mother a son-in-law."—Ex.

Stern Parent (to flapper playing latest jazz on Sunday): "Don't you know the Ten Commandments?"

"Daughter: "If you just whistle the first few bars, probably I can follow you."—Ex.

Rural Magistrate: "Ten dollars for reckless driving."

Young Coupe: "But we were on our way for you to marry us."

Rural Magistrate: "Twenty dollars. You're more reckless than I thought."—Va. Reel.

Jim: "How far can you skate without falling?"

Joe: "Oh! about ten feet in the air."—Ex.

Train the Mind

Waiter (at the Rusty Fork): "Milk or water?"

Customer: "Don't tell me; see if I can guess."—Gargoyle.

"Is your new son-in-law a good provider?"

"He can just about keep my daughter in gloves. I pay for everything else."

"Then he deceived you as to his circumstances?"

"No, I remember he merely asked for her hand."—Ex.

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Well, What Is It?

In the motion picture "Robin Hood," Lady Marian desires to send a message to the Earl of Huntington and chooses Little John to act as her messenger. She presents John with a scroll which is protected by what seems to be a black case or tube.

As she handed it over, a small boy in the audience asked his mother what it was.

"That's a flashlight," she answered in a loud voice.

"Don't show your ignorance, Mary," snapped her husband. "They didn't have flashlights in those days. That's a thermos bottle."—American Legion Weekly.

Grab: "Say! that freshman is the greatest soup-eater in the world."
Snatch: "How is that?"

Grab: "Well, I've seen soup siphoned and gurgled, but he is the first man I have ever seen yodel it."—Ex.

He tripped on the bridge at midnight
And got up with a groan;
For his coat was in the river,
And his spirits sank like stone. —Ex.

Thirsty days last September,
April, June, and November;
All the rest are thirsty, too,
Unless you make your own home brew. —N. D. Scholastic.

Ted: "My love for you is driving me quite mad."
Gladys: "How odd! It has the same effect on dad."—Ex.

Bounce: "See where a bellhop got his right eye burned out."
Dwight: "Yeah! Howzat?"

Bounce: "Saw a lighted cigarette in the dark and thought it was a keyhole."—Ex.

Ike: "Swim out here, fadder; I'm sinking."
Abe: "I can't swim. Throw papa your watch and I'll pray for you."—Exchange.

Watt McCain announces as his latest composition a little ditty entitled, "Her Maw Named Her Petroleum Because She was So Refined."—Ex.

How He Did It

"This fellow Skinner tried to tell me that he has had the same automobile for five years, and has never paid a cent for repairs on it," said the fat man. "Do you believe it?"

"I do," replied the thin man, sadly. "I'm the man who did his repair work for him."—The Continent.

Prof.: "Aren't you Mr. Simmons?"
Sim.: "No; I'm Mr. Simmon's twin brother."

Prof.: "Ah! I see. What is your name, please?"—Ex.

Mary had a little cat,
It sank just like Caruso;
Then a street car came along—
And now it doesn't do so. —Burleson Burr.

Doc: "Eating too much is bound to shorten your life."

Bobby Griffith: "That's right, Doc; pigs would live a good deal longer if they didn't make hogs of themselves."—Ex.

"The evening wore on," continued the man who was telling the story.

"Excuse me," interrupted the would-be wit. "But can you tell us what the evening wore on that occasion?"

"I don't know that it is important," replied the story-teller. "But if you must know, I believe that it was the close of a summer day."—Exchange.

Louise Woodward (to Mr. Heath): "Why had martyrs rather be burned

to death than have their heads chopped off?"

Mr. Heath (scratching his head with a puzzled expression on his face): "Ah, let me see. I believe you've got me there."

Louise Woodward: "A hot steak (stake) is always preferable to a cold chop."—Ex.

One Girl to Another: "That fat freshman is most dead, isn't he?"

The Other: "Why?"
First Girl: "'Cause Mr. Campbell said that fat in a cell was non-living tissue."—Ex.

Somebody Getting Smart

"What time is it?" asked the person who thinks nothing of asking anything.

"Ten to," replied the polite but brief man.

"Ten to what?" asked the bore.
"Ten to your own damn business."—Col. Rec.

His Progress

An old Southern planter met one of his former negroes whom he had not seen for a long time.

"Well, well!" said the planter. "What are you doing now, Uncle Amos?"

"I's preachin' of de gospel."

"What! you preaching?"

"Yessa, master; I'se a-preachin'."

"Well, well! Do you use notes?"

"Nossah. At de first I used notes, but now I demand de cash."—New Success.

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Natural Mistake

Algy: "What do you mean by telling Joan that I'm a fool?"

Percy: "Heavens, I'm sorry! I didn't know it was a secret."—Black and Blue Jay.

Suburbanity

Woman: "I should think you would be ashamed to beg in this neighborhood."

Tramp: "Don't apologize for it, mum; I've seen worse."—Ex.

Fire or Smoke?

Did you notice in the papers the other day where it was smoke that overcame a fireman at Bryn Mawr when seventy girls marched out in their night clothes?—Ex.

Ray: "I must get my overcoat down at the railway station."

May: "Checked, wasn't it?"

Ray: "No, brown."—Ex.

English Teacher: "What's a metaphor?"

Little Boy (raising his hand very high): "To graze cows in."—Ex.

Logical

"What is the best qualification for a modern sheik?"

"He's gotta have lots of sand."—Exchange.

Bow-Wow!

Elsie: "Shall I put on my mackintosh and run out and post these letters, mother?"

Mother: "No, dear, it's not fit for a dog to be out a night like this. Let your father post them."

The Bluff

She had just been kissed.

"You'll pay for this!" she stormed.

"I'll tell father and he'll—" "But, dear—" he started to object.

"Sh! Here he comes now."

MAUD MULLER IN REAL LIFE

Sally Samantha Clarissa Brown Lived on a farm not far from town.

A romantic soul she was, indeed, With pep and vim and a flair for speed.

Oswald Lee—so runs the ditty— Dwelt in a large and wicked city.

He longed, he did, for a nice romance, And all he wanted was just a chance.

But Sally, she married young Farmer Kife, And settled down as a farmerman's wife.

They raised of cattle and crops a few, Some chicks, and maybe some children, too.

And Oswald, he married a city maid, Practical, steady, demeanor staid.

Of romantic soul this maid had none, She made him hustle to get the mun.

Ain't it too bad that Oswald ne'er met Sally Samantha, the country coquette?

Gosh! What a story could have been writ!

It makes me mad just to think of it!

—Bardling Wag.

"Papa."

"Yes, Willie."

"I want a bicycle like Johnny's."

Silence.

"Papa."

"What?"

"I was wake last night when you came in and when nurse told you mother was out, and I saw—"

"Er—Willie, how much do bicycles cost now?"—Ex.

Oh, Romeow!

'Twas in a restaurant they met— 'Twas then he first fell in debt, For Romeow'd what Juliet.

—Contrib.

The bashful midshipman was on leave and was having a hard time making conversation with the fair young thing at the dance.

"I suppose you've been in the Navy so long that you're accustomed to sea-legs," she observed in desperation.

"I—I—I wasn't looking at them," he protested, blushing hotly.—Ex.

How Capitalists Are Made

A man deposited \$600 in a bank. The next week he went back to the bank and told the cashier to give him his \$600. The cashier asked him if he didn't want to leave any money in the bank.

"No," stormed the man, "I want my money."

"I will have a cashier's check ready," said the cashier.

"I don't want no check," raged the man.

The cashier counted out the money. By this time a crowd had collected behind the man. The man counted his money and then shoved it back to the cashier, saying, "Here, keep it. I just wanted to see if it was all there."

—Exchange.

A Good Reason

Insane Man: "Bring me a piece of toast."

Attendant: "What do you want with a piece of toast?"

Insane Man: "I'm a poached egg and I want to sit down."—Exchange.

Old man Cole was a merry old soul, And a bootlegging soul was he.

He drank a pint of his own home brew, And now a corpse is he.

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Main Floor

CONCLUSIONS OF A CHINESE STUDENT

Rev. L. K. Chang, of China, Tells the
Student Volunteer Convention
Why He Became a Christian

After telling to the Indianapolis Student Volunteer Convention (just closed), during its Tuesday night session, some of the experiences in the Christian life, Rev. L. M. Chang, of China, tells how it was that he came to believe in Christianity above the other religions.

Mr. Chang says that when he was a student in this country he roomed and boarded in a Christian home. But it was through no direct effort on the part of these people that he decided for Christianity, for they never mentioned the Bible to him at all. Just the observation of the kind of life, relationships, and the personalities of these people made him inquisitive to know something about their religion and the source of it.

Inspired by this, Mr. Chang began a study of the life of Christ, comparing Him to the leaders of other great religions. As a result, he arrived at these conclusions, which he gave as his reasons for accepting Christ and Christianity as his religions:

I. Christ, a perfect model and standard of manhood and womanhood, because—

(1) The Christ-man leads to a life of optimism, love, hope, perseverance and confidence;

(2) The man Jesus has lived perfectly;

(3) Through Him God has been revealed.

II. Through Him I have a perfect home, a home where Jesus Christ is supreme. Homes built in which Jesus Christ is supreme is the hope of the world.

III. Jesus Christ pictures and exemplifies a perfect social order.

Is it not significant that a man of another one of the great and widely spread religions comes, of his own study, to conclusions of this kind? Another significant fact that the compelling force of Christianity is that it consists not only of precepts, as the codes of Confucius, Buddha and Islam, but also in a living example of every ideal.

Two "Aught-To's"

Just after automobiles were invented a man driving one stopped by

"Cramming"

and studying makes
strong eyes tired
and weak.

CONSULT—

Duonskus

And let us fit you with a pair
of glasses.



**They Relieve
the Strain**

the side of the road where a farmer was tinkering with a mowing machine.

"Well, what's that thing you have there?" demanded the farmer.

"Why, that's an au-to-mo-bile," answered the car-owner carefully.

"What is it you have there?"

"Well, mine ought to mow hay," said the farmer, "but it doesn't."—Exchange.

"What'll I send me brudder fer Christmas?"

"Send him a pair o' socks."

"Naw, 'e's got a pair o' socks."—Log.

"But, John, you kissed me under the mistletoe and yet you want to take it down."

"That's all right, honey; I just as soon print a few copies, but I don't want you getting out a daily edition."—Ex.

"You can say what you like about jazz music, but it has kept lots of people out of jail."

"How come?"

"Well, if it wasn't for the music they'd be arrested."—Ex.

"Have you any late records?"

"Yes—"If You Don't Believe It You're Crazy," and several others.—Exchange.

The nervous bridegroom was called upon to make a speech at the wedding breakfast. Putting his hand on his bride's shoulder, he hesitatingly remarked: "Ladies and gentlemen, this thing has been thrust upon me."—Exchange.

Mother: "When you said your prayers did you ask God to make you a better boy?"

Willie: "Yes, and I put in a word for you and father, too."—Top Notch Magazine.

Insulted!

Someone called us a German the other day just because our marks were so low.—Exchange.

"Who is that terrible looking woman?"

"That's my sister."

"Oh, that's all right; you ought to see mine."—Ex.

Dum (gazing at window of young lady evidently ignorant of use of a shade): "Not a bit shy, is she?"

Bell: "Not shy, but certainly retiring."—Ex.

Father (to young man at 3 a.m.): "What do you mean by bringing my daughter home at this hour?"

Young Man: "Why, the taxi-driver at Taylor's offered to match me whether I should pay him double or nothing for his services."

Father: "Well?"

Young Man: "And I won."—Ex.

He: "Would you scream if I kissed you, little girl?"

She: "Little girls should be seen and not heard."—Purple Cow.

Simple Solomon says: "Some day we shall beat our swords into plowshares and our jazz bands into unconsciousness."—Exchange.

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Flirt with 'em
Fondle 'em
Fool 'em
Forget 'em

—Exchange.

"Do you think that women should hold the reins?"

"Well, that's a rather old-fashioned way of putting it, but I will admit that the party's safer if she holds the wheel!"—Widow.

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