To her who
went forth and gathered us together
with a mother's gentle thoughtfulness;
who welcomed alike
the strong and the weak to her bosom;
who nourished us with tender care,
lending a helping hand to the fallen;
who has overlooked our many faults,
and lauded our poor efforts, bestowing
honors unsought upon us;
to her who would have
us pure and true and faithful in all things;
who has guided our wayward feet from snares;
who now bids
us adieu with sorrow and regret;
whose fond eyes will follow us through
life's shifting scenes, with earnest
prayers for our welfare;
to her beloved and honored by us now,
and doubly adored in days to come,
to our ALMA MATER
this book is fondly
inscribed by
her loving sons.

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J. H. Bull
Class Poem.

In the dim uncertain future,
When the years have passed us by,
Will recollections of the Past,
Be accompanied by a sigh?

Or will the memories reminiscent
Of our lives bring no regret,
Will our attainments be as many,
As we fondly now expect?

Has each man fulfilled his duty,
Living up to ideals high,
As a retrospective glance,
At his well-done work he steals?

Or has he long since realized,
That, as Life's race is nearly run,
His boyhood plans for the Future,
Must forever remain undone?

Therefore, think long and soundly,
Of your chosen field, class-mate;
On the roll of Fame and Greatness,
Write many names of the Class '08.

Poet.
Miss Stribling,
Sponsor.

Senior Class.

Colors:
Maroon and Black

Motto:
Courage and Character

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MADISON HOWELL ACKERMAN.
Cottageville, S. C.

"He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument."

Sergeant; President of the Colleton County Club; Senior Dancing Club; Ananias Club; Agricultural Course No. II.

"Ack," "Doctor," "Bigman" or "Sapphirius" when spoken in his vicinity never fails to elicit a response. He is a genius and the largest one in captivity. His favorite pastime is reading and rolling the bones, or playing a solo on a piccolo comb trombone. His only authentic previous history is that of a hobo. "Doc" has poetic instincts which if nurtured and given proper attention, would make him famous. He should have been on the Track Team as he is very fast on his pins. On one occasion he outran Capt. Clay in a 200 yard dash by ten seconds, crossing the north gangway at full speed, like a hunted cat on a rail fence.

JOHN EDGAR ALVERSON,
Enoree, S. C.

"When life's great battle is o'er and the sun of life goes down, your battle will be finely fought. There'll be many a star in your crown."

Electrical Course; Corporal; Sergeant; Captain; Taps Staff; Senior Dancing Club; German Club; Science Club; Tennis Club.

"Phosphorus" or "Phos," so nick-named on account of his brightness, is the ideal electrician of modern times. "Phos" is considered one of the best drilled cadets in the corps, and has made himself thoroughly familiar with military tactics, which he reviews every night after "taps." He is not in love, however, but he will some day have a wife like an almanac, that is so he can get a new one every year. "Phos" is thinking of getting a job at some "prep." school as commandant and teacher of how to make electrical novelties.
SAMUEL ELDRIDGE BAILES,
Fort Mill, S. C.

"Poetry, Prose and Fiction,
Were his dreams by night and day."

Agricultural Course No. II; President of
the Palmetto Literary Society; President
of the Veterinary Science
Club; Chief Literary Editor
of the '08 "Taps;" Y. M. C. A.
Editor of the Tiger;
member of the famous
Animal Industry Sec-
don; Orator's me-
dal in Palmetto
Society, '08.

"Senator," like other literary men of
genius, finds inestimable and unending
amusement in perusing hundreds of
pages of ancient literature. The
library record will tell his tale both as to
equality and quantity. The happy
smile and unsophisticated expression
which always beams from his ruddy face
points to something better beneath.
His face reveals plenty of obstinacy,
mixed with a sprinkling of level-
headed common sense; but he has a
hankering for sesquipedalian words in
writing and speaking.

ARLAND JACKSON BAKER,
Conway, S. C.

"Rise up, our Exodus,
Let yourself be seen,
For, at least, in scientific knowledge
You are not so very green."

Agricultural Course No. II; Columbian
Society; Y. M. C. A.; Senior
Dancing Club; Veterinary Science
Club.

"Exodus," "Brunette," "Queen Eliz-
abeth" are the names of this famous
atom of humanity from the "marsh-
grass" country. "Exodus," as he is
most commonly called, has discovered
the remarkable patent food for pigs
which will revolutionize the hog-raising
industry, that is feeding them on corn-
stover. He has gained the distinction
in the class-room of never calling a
thing by its proper name, and has
advanced the wonderful idea that the
pyramids once walked out of Egypt. A
more brilliant horticulturist than he has
never lived, for he has discovered the art
of converting garden peas into spinach.
ALFRED THOMAS BEAVER,
Augusta, Ga.

"Muse not that thus suddenly proceed;
For what I will, I will, and there an end."

Drum Major, Lieutenant and Adjutant; Treasurer Engineering Club; Cotillion Club; Senior Dancing Club; Assistant Manager "Taps;" Civil Engineering Course.

"Sandy" has many good traits, one of which is self-reliance, which Emerson said is the basis of good manners. Selfish is the man who throws himself upon foreign assistance. Sandy needs no guardian. He is not hard hearted, but next to the Cadet Exchange, he is the hardest proposition to beat this side of the Dead Sea.

JESSE OSCAR BETHEA,
Tatum, S. C.

"Let me be no assistant for a state,
But keep a farm and pasture great."

Y. M. C. A; Columbian Literary Society; Agriculture Course I.

Responds equally well to "J. O.," "Runt," or "Fessor." "J. O." is fond of taking exercise, but prefers taking it at some other time than reveille. He has great faith in sleep as a panacea for all ills. Finding farm life unfavorable for the expansion of his dormant abilities, he applied for permission to enter Clemson College. "J. O." can talk well on any subject, whether he knows anything about it or not, but devotes most of his time to investigations regarding the exact amount of sleep required by the human mechanism. He is developing plans for exterminating the squash bug in the United States.
HENRY HERMAN BRUNSON,  
Orangeburg, S. C.

"The devil hath not, in all his quivers choice.  
An arrow for the heart like a sweet voice."

Palmetto Literary Society; German Club; "Taps" Staff; Tiger Staff;  
Declaimer's medal Palmetto Society; Anniversary; Y. M. C. A.; Glee Club; Dramatic Club;  
Agricultural Course No. 1.

Next comes the Gulliver giant rending the air with a voice like a railroad whistle. The billowy waves of his flowing speech are unrestricted by the rock bound coasts of logic, and they overwhelm his simple hearers with their euphonic, irresistible, and omnipotent onrush. After elucidating the diversified ramifications of speaking, "Puck" will become a matinee idol at a popular price theatre. Why does Puck eat olives?

JOHN MUNRO BRYAN,  
John's Island, S. C.

"So daring and so bold  
A dead shot with Cupid's arrow.  
He, with his gentle soul,  
Would not hurt a sparrow."

Civil Engineering Course; Corporal, Sergeant, Sergeant Major, Battalion Adjutant; Cotillion Club; Electrical Engineering Club; Senior Dancing Club; Y. M. C. A., Scrub Football, '06.

"Corps extension!" sings out "Johnny" in his deep, bass voice, and the corps comes to "extension." Of course it ought to be "corps attention" but "Johnny" talks with a certain lisp and can't say it right. His heart always fills with rapture when it comes his turn to call the corps to "extension." His athletic figure and handsome face never fail to melt the stony hearts of the female division of society; so "Johnny" is bound to marry an heiress some day. As a "scrub" football player—well, his match will have to be found yet.
CALHOUN LILLIANS CANNON,
Newberry, S. C.

"So gentle he that in the night,
He would not even strike a light."

Agricultural Course: Corporal; Sergeant; Lieutenant; Senior Dancing Club; Cotillion Club; Track Team; Champion Sophomore Class Football Team; end on the Varsity Squad '06 and '07.

In name and stature his nickname "Gun" is very appropriate; but in no other sense. He is a giant without his fierceness, a smiling Willie without frivolity, and a lover devoted to his cause. A man of reputable habits, conservative views, and an adept at love making. His numerous letters flood the mail bags and furnish reading matter for dozens of the fair sex throughout our dear Palmetto State. Though of voting age, his interest in public affairs is far from that of a politician.

ROBERT BOWEN CARPENTER,
Easley, S. C.

"Don't be afraid! he won't hurt you;
He wouldn't even touch a hair;
All he wants is an electrical toy
And a pretty little Teddy Bear."

Columbian Literary Society; Senior Electrical Science Club; Y. M. C. A.; Electrical Course.

"Bob" is a timid little creature. He has never been known to disturb anyone, except that he creates an inward sensation to those with whom he speaks, his voice resembling that of a maiden. Being tender-hearted, he often displays untold sympathy for dumb animals, particularly on one occasion, when he found a rat in his pudding at dinner. He will some day be employed as a chorus girl in "The Tenderfoot."
FREDERICK PORTER CAUGHMAN,
Columbia, S. C.

"A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance."

Corporal, Quartermaster, Sergeant, Captain and Quartermaster; Class football in Sophomore; sub. on "varsity in Junior and "varsity in Senior; recording secretary Columbia Literary Society; manager '07 hop; secretary and treasurer Senior Dancing Club, Veterinary Science Club, and Cotillion Club; Business Mgr. of "Tiger;" Agriculture, Course II.

We next come to the invincible "Rat," sometimes known as "Porter." Despite the fact that he retains many of the characteristics of his "rat year," "Rat" stands well with the professors, and the girls dote on him. Has occasional fits of abstraction, during which he sometimes studies. He is especially devoted to veterinary science, and what he does not know about the subject may be found in almost any text book. Like the lilies of the field, "Rat" toils not, neither does he spin—except when he receives orders to distribute arms to the corps of cadets.

BENJAMIN HARRISON COVINGTON, JR.
Bennettsville, S. C.

"To be good, rather than to be conspicuous."

Corporal; Y. M. C. A.; Columbian Literary Society; Agriculture, Course II.

"Hass" stands high in the favor of the Library Committee. At the present date, he is said to have read 9213 volumes, including government yearbooks. His success is notable along other lines, but pre-eminently in the part he played in diffusing a military spirit among members of the "Bloody Corps." Had the organization continued, he would undoubtedly have been appointed corporal. "Hass" spends his leisure hours making practical investigation regarding the arrival of the "psychological moment" with the fair sex, and is recognized as an authority on the subject.
FRANKLIN JACOB CRIDER,
St. Matthews, S. C.

"Quiet and study, flavored with a smile,
Were his ideal all the while."

Corporal, Sergeant, Lieutenant; Secretary, Literary Critic, and President of Columbian Literary Society; Orator in annual celebration, '08; Tackle in Junior football team; and tackle in varsity squad in his senior year; "Tiger" Staff; Literary editor of the " Chronicle," Agriculture, Course I; President of Agronomy Science Club; President of Orangeburg County Club.

"Crid's" sole redeeming features are a becoming blush and an illuminating smile. Otherwise, he is considered quite hop less, notwithstanding the fact that a few far-sighted individuals predict that he will some day become governor of South Carolina. Is much given to oratory, and his stentorian voice can often be heard swaying the multitudes of the Columbian Literary Society. "Crid" has spent considerable time proving that man is not descended from the monkey, but from the kangaroo. Will marry within one month after leaving college and run for the legislature during the next campaign.

FRANK WELLS CRISP,
Laurens, S. C.

"Cudgel thy brains no more about it."

Agricultural Course No. I; Palmetto Literary Society; German Club; Senior Dancing Club; Hop Committee, '07; Scrub Baseball, '06-'07; Class Football Team, '07, '08.

"Crip" with restless hand will sweep all opposing controversialists from his path, while he himself remains cock of the walk. Do not be surprised, ladies, when Crip, instead of lifting his hat to you, nervously takes off his shoe, for he is by habit a nervous youngster. His learning, like the lunar beam, affords light, but not heat. How fluent nonsense trickles from his tongue! Some people call him sweet. Good-bye. Crip will always be on time, for the bank closes at four.
EDWARD PARKER CROUCH,
Charleston, S. C.

"What thou art, we know not:
What is most like thee?"

Sergeant, Lieutenant and Chief Musician; Engineering Club; Cotillion Club; Senior Dancing Club; Associate Editor "Taps;" Civil Engineering Course.

"Heinie" is called the funny one; but, by this; do not mistake him for a monkey. Many are amusing, but few are funny. Heinie can always remember that good nature and good sense are inseparable. Good nature is the product of right reason.

"With thy clear, keen joy and laughter cannot be;
Shadow of annoyance never came near thee."

SAMUEL JONES EZELL,
Spartanburg, S. C.

Y. M. C. A.: Vice-President Agronomy Club; Corresponding Secretary; President Columbian Literary Society; Debator's Medal '08; Class Lawyer; Agricultural Course, I.

"S. J.'s" greatest achievement at Clemson consisted in the removal of "Frenchman" from the Civil Seniors and "Germany" from the Agriculturals. He is a natural orator, having acquired the art while pulling the ribbons over "Mike." He has since greatly enlarged his vocabulary while engaged in this pleasing pastime. On one occasion, he was forced to the painful necessity of greasing a buggy wheel with butter.
BELTON BONNER EZELL,
Cherokee, S. C.

"The pain of one maiden's refusal is drowned in the pain of the next."

Corporal; Y. M. C. A.; Columbian Literary Society; Agriculture, Course I.

"B. B." bears a striking resemblance to Napoleon—in size. He takes life easy, never worries, and is partial to breakfast foods, brunettes and dime shows. His specialty is flirting with the girls, breaking many hearts, and building numerous air-castles in the feminine minds. In accomplishing this, "B. B." has contributed wonderfully toward developing the post card system, and is said to require a special carrier to bring his mail. His prospects for a brilliant military career were blighted in Soph, but have partially revived since he became a member of the "bloody corps."

RUPURT HOWARD FIKE,
Spartanburg, S. C.

"'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all."

Agriculture and Animal Industry Course: Senior Dancing Club; Glee Club; Veterinary Science Club; "Tiger" Staff; '08 "Taps" Staff; Prosecuting Critic, Reporting Critic, Vice-President and Corresponding Secretary of the Columbian Literary Society; Chief High Truth Twister of the Ananias Club; Class Prophet and Class Poet.

Cheeky "Rube," the noisy rambler of the class, may very appropriately be designated one hundred and seventy pounds of pure and unadulterated nerve. This musical mountaineer has a holy horror of Pendleton, S. C., for reasons best known to himself. For his distinguished appearance, he owes more to his prominent eyes and bushy black hair than to his huge feet.
DONALD MANER FRASER,
Allendale, S. C.

"A rose with all its sweetest leaves yet folded."

Manager Track Team, '07-'08; Assistant Manager "Tiger"; Acting Manager Football Team, '08; Manager Class Football Team, '08; Captain Scrub Football Team, '06; German Club; Senior Dancing Club; Hop Committee, '07; Assistant Manager Track Team, '06-'07; Corporal, Sergeant; Agricultural Course No. 1.

A soul with but a single thought, who walks like he is stirring lemonade with himself. Judge is extremely religious, very punctual, and just as frugal as he can be. He can be wooed, and won, ladies, by cooing at him. We, therefore, often find him in lonely solitude singing love ditties. He eats to live, and lives that he may study Geology. Also we sometimes hear of "Deb" talking in his sleep.

MARION JACOB FUNCESS,
Orangeburg, S. C.

"Why can not he, too, succumb to love's sweet passion,
For just as well be out of the world, as to be out of the fashion."

Literary Critic in Palmetto Literary Society; Senior Chemistry Club; Agricultural Course No. 1.

"Funch," the coming chemist of America, is an active member of the Chemistry Club, and will be chief analyzer of fertilizers for our dear, old Palmetto State. "Funch" is a moving figure in the Ananias Club, and has faithfully performed his part so far. His "low-country" speech and the sweet silvery peals of laughter that he lets out at times makes him a hit subject for an end man in a minstrel show. For the last four years "Funch" has divided his time between studying "Col. Hardin" and writing to "that pretty little girl" he left behind him in Orangeburg.
EARLE VILLARS GARRETT,
Barksdale, S. C.

"Thy sweet voice haunts me still."

Civil Engineering Course; Corporal; Sergeant-at-Arms, Secretary; and President, of Calhoun Literary Society; Chief Marshal, '08 Celebration; Senator Dancing-Club; Engineering Club; Art Editor '07 Annual.

"E. V." or "Wild West" spends half of his of time writing letters to his girl, and the other half in the typification of the cow-boy. He is very fond of telling his experiences as a civil engineer in West Virginia, and when once started on this theme he has been known to talk for hours without ceasing. He can tell almost as much about the economic possibilities of civil engineering in West Virginia as Professor Harper can tell about tobacco growing in Ireland. Will get married in twenty days after graduation.

WILSON PARHAM GEE,
Santuck, S. C.

"When the stream runneth smoothest, the water is deepest."

Corporal; Sergeant; Lieutenant; Literary Critic, and President of Palmetto Literary Society; Chaplain of Class of ’08, in ’06-’07, ’07-’08; Chairman Bible Study Committee, ’07-’08; Associate Editor of "Tiger," ’07-’08; Y. M. C. A., Editor of "Chronicle," ’07-’08; "Taps" Staff; Agriculture, Course I.

"Wilson" was captured and partially tamed somewhere among the hills of Union County; but his domestication has not even been entirely completed since entering Clemson. "Wilson" stands well with the faculty, yet when his grade falls below 99.51, he thinks the professors cherish malice against him. Much of his spare time is said to be occupied in supplying Professor Harper with information concerning "$5000.00 jobs" His military career was short, but exceedingly brilliant. Despite the excellent quality of work he has done while at Clemson, "Wilson," is a wild and dangerous character, and will bear watching at all times.
JAMES DU PREE GRAHAM.

Sumter, S. C.

"I bear a charmed life."

Calhoun Literary Society; Treasurer, '66-'07; President, '08; Senior Dancing Club; Vice-President Cotillion Club; Hop Committee, '07; Glee Club; Senior Tennis Club; Historian, '06-'07; Agronomy Club; "Tiger" Staff; "Taps" Staff; Glee Club; Agricultural Course No. 1.

"Bob" is extremely religious, very punctual; and may be classed as one of the seven wonders of the world. When he sings the raven quoths, "Nevermore." If the human voice is the organ of the soul, this lobster has no soul. The thing called horse-sense is limited. If you want to find out about the other, ask his room-mate.

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
I'll have one minute more in bed!"
JOSEPH HARLOCK HARVEY,
Pinopolis, S. C.

"Nerves did die,
And so must I."

Corporal; Y. M. C. A.; Columbian Literary Society; Senior Dancing Club; Agriculture, Course I.

Intense excitement was once created among the corps of cadets by "Joe" or "Lubricator" running across the parade ground. A special detail was immediately appointed to carry him to the hospital. Joe habitually refuses coffee on Sunday mornings, for fear it may keep him awake during chapel. He is a flirt, and though too modest to acknowledge the fact, the girls dote on him. He has undoubtedly broken many hearts and will bear close scrutiny by the fair sex. After graduating Joe intends migrating to China for the purpose of teaching the inhabitants the economic value of the maypep.

DAVID NIVIN HARRIS,
Spartanburg, S. C.

"To passers-by at Sparta tell,
obedient to her laws we fell."

Civil Engineering Course; Corporal; Color Sergeant; Captain; Treasurer, Columbian Literary Society, Art Editor, '06 and '07; Annual Staffs, and Chief of Art department '08; "Taps" Chronicle Staff, '06-'07, '07-'08; Y. M. C. A.; head waiter, '07-'08.

Spartanburg has every reason to be proud of this distinguished son. A Spartan in every sense, he will not turn his back on the foe. "D. N." is obstinate until it is almost a virtue (obstinate, not pig-headed). He is perhaps the most diligent student in the class, and on account of this and his large feet, he will leave his foot-prints on the sand of time. "D. N." will some day be a great painter of love scenes with "Jack" Spratt as the hero and heart "smasher" in the scenes, and will form a co-partnership with "Jack" in order to sell his products of art.
THEODORE COE HEYWARD,
Beaufort, S. C.

"Without alloy of fop or beau,
A finished gentleman from top to toe."

Corporal, First Sergeant, Captain, President, Recording Secretary; Critic, Calhoun Literary Society; President Senior Science Club; President Cotillion Club; Senior Dancing Club; Senior Tennis Club; Manager Class Track Team, '06—'07; Commencement Glee Club; Hop Committee; Declaimer's Medal, '06—'07; Associate Literary Editor "Taps;" Electrical Engineering Course.

"Johnnie" is a man who has exerted his talents and made something of himself. It cannot be said of him that he was influenced by pride or cowardice to sit in a corner and growl; but, governed by a high sense of honor and a consciousness that he was right, he was never afraid to face any man and abide by his honest convictions. "He sits high in all the people's hearts; and that which would appear offence in us, his countenance, like richest alchemy, would change to virtue and to worthiness."

EDWARD LEE HUTCHINS,
Liberty, S. C.

"Look not so solemn as the days go by,
Or quail not for thyself as troubles draw nigh:
But go forth and meet them with open hand,
Stand up, do your best, and be a man.

Lieutenant Agricultural Course No. II; President of the Palmetto Literary Society; Chairman Religious Meetings Committee of Y. M. C. A.; Veterinary Science Club.

"R. F. D" or "Hutch," as he is known to his college-mates, has now fought his good fight, has finished his course, and is now ready to use up the money made by his fore-fathers. He will be missed in the good old C. A. C., for his long, military strides and his mute way of singing. He has the distinction at the veterinary clinics of being able to prescribe for only one kind of disease, that is, for a hungry horse. Among his many accomplishments may be mentioned song-writing. He is the author of the hundred-verse ballad, "Oh, de crown him Lord of all." His gymnastic "feets" have been, and always will be a wonder to his associates.
CHARLES CURTIS JOHNSON,
Cherokee, S. C.

"I am determined every chance to take
To acquire knowledge, tho' I make a
break."

Agricultural Course; Corporal; Sergeant;
Columbian Literary Society; Y. M.
C. A.; Senior Dancing Club.

"C. C." is the only living example
of this unique species. He has done noth-
ing startling in his four years residence
here, but has pursued the even tenor
of his way, absorbing some little agri-
culture and a great deal of smoke.
Like his side partner, Sam Ezell, he
can exrectorate with marked skill and
unexcelled accuracy."C. C." had high
aspirations in the military line, but his
highly successful military career was
put out in his Junior year and he lost
quite a neat sum that he has invest-
ed in shoulder bars. He is hard on the
photographer since some one told him
that he was good-looking.

ALBERT GILBERT KENNEDY,
Jonesville, S. C.

"Life alone is duty done, and
rest alone in striving."

Corporal: First Sergeant; Captain; Pal-
metto Literary Society; Literary
Critic and Vice-President;
Y. M. C. A.; Geology
and Mineralogy
Course.

"A. G." or "Bert," as his most inti-
mate friends call him, is the most con-
scientious man in college. On one occa-
sion, being unavoidably late at drill, he
reported himself on the Company delin-
quency. His favorite pastime is hunt-
ing either birds or minerals. In him we
find a rare specimen, a combination of
a military man and at the same time
one who is popular and well liked by
those over whom he has control. He
is noted for his obedience of orders to
the letter, as was evidenced by "A" Com-
pany's unmovable attitude of attention
during church services, after the pub-
lication of the orders to the effect that
the corps would be at attention during
Chapel services.
MARVIN REA KIMBELL,
Rock Hill, S. C.

"All hail the power of Kimbell's name,
Let words of praise from our lips fall,
Because he stuck by "The Bloody Corps"
And of his fine offers, he banished all."

Sergeant; Lieutenant Hospital Corps;
Vice-president Palmetto Literary Society;
Member Oysterette;
Senior Dancing, and Senior
Electrical Science Clubs; Y.M.C.A.;
Electrical Course.

Marvin's friends have hunted four long years for a suitable nickname for him, but as he was never found wanting, they haven't succeeded as yet. He is a good-looking chap and quite tidy in appearance, his trousers never lacking the crease so seldom seen in barracks. Marvin has been accused of being in love, as he has been caught often sitting alone in his room in meditation. He was a prominent stockholder in "The Bloody Corps," but on its going into bankruptcy he made an official statement that he would withdraw from military politics altogether. He stuck to his word.

WILLIAM WHITEFIELD KIRK,
Cokesbury, S. C.

"That it should come to this."

Manager Baseball Team; Senior Dancing Club; Cotillion Club; "Taps" Staff; Manager Glee Club; Senior Tennis Club; Varsity Tennis; Senior Electrical Club; Electrical Engineering Course.

Behold! Here stands the bad, bold man, who has a chest like the Rock of Gibraltar and feet like an exclamation point. This sucker accomplishes locomotion by an airy tread, suggestive of Indian warfare. Willie has the will, but will he? As in the past weary Willie will willingly wind his pedal extremities around telephone poles. His motto is, "Laugh and the world laughs with you—Snore and you sleep alone." When Bill was young, he placed so many books on his head that his brains could not move. Ask Sammy and find out if they have moved since.
"Hark! I do hear the morning lark."

Senior Dancing Club; German Club; Hop Committee, '07; Senior Agricultural Club; Agricultural Course No. I.

The scene changes. We now have before us a hero. Yes, a living, loving hero, who blushes rose red at the smack of a kiss, and who gained renown by plunging into the fatal waters of love and saving from a terrible fate, a fair-haired maiden with dreamy eyes. Tell him about it and he will blush. Bill's weak points are bashfulness and sleepy-headedness. He once tried to make love from a book, but the wind turned the pages and he finished his speech by quoting from an advertisement of Horlick's "Malted Milk."

"He is not dead, but sleepeth."

Agrieultural Course No. II.; Veterinary Science Club; Chief olive-eater of Clemson College.

"Lab" is another Clemson parasite, that aims to drain the millions from Wall Street and cause a panic in Bookman, S. C. As all his class-mates know, "Lab" is a great student of Zoology, having specialized on the "ravages of the onion thrip." "Lab" never could get along with Geology, however; and it is very doubtful now whether he can tell the difference between a stalagmite and his father's cow-barn. He has never had any aspirations to a military office, and that is why he has always remained a "man behind the gun."

"He has never had a fight,
He has never joined a riot,
You may hunt the wide world o'er,
And you'll find not one so quiet."

"Lab" is another Clemson parasite, that aims to drain the millions from Wall Street and cause a panic in Bookman, S. C. As all his class-mates know, "Lab" is a great student of Zoology, having specialized on the "ravages of the onion thrip." "Lab" never could get along with Geology, however; and it is very doubtful now whether he can tell the difference between a stalagmite and his father's cow-barn. He has never had any aspirations to a military office, and that is why he has always remained a "man behind the gun."
ARThUR CARL LEE,  
Anderson, S. C.  

"Judge not by appearance."  

Baseball Team, '06, '07, '08; Captain Baseball Team, '08; Football Team, '07; Class Football Team, '01, '02, '06, '07; Captain, '06; Class Relay Team; German Club; Senior Dancing Club; "Tiger" Staff; Y. M. C. A.; Civil Engineering Course.  

If Clemson were a wheat field, "Bun" would be the Cream of Wheat. He is very athletic, being champion ping-pong artist of Rock Hill. Also, "Bun" is very cute and has made a record here for capturing human hearts by the gallon. He is religious, punctual, frugal, ambitious, graceful, nice, funny, fast, and ugly; in fact, he "molts" occasionally. "Bunny" deserves great praise for his good work in coaching our class team. Was one of the few men reported for violation of paragraph 180.  

JAMES PORCHER LEWIS,  
Clemson College, S. C.  

"Let the blessed sunshine in."  

Electrical Engineering Course; Senior Dancing Club; Cotillion Club; Senior Tennis Club; Glee Club; Senior Electrical Club; "Taps" Staff.  

Next comes Jim, the bully boy with the glass eye and a limber foot. His melodious voice reminds us of the screech of a wild cat up a "simmon tree. His singing is enough to bring tears down Pluto's cheek. It moves everybody in the room, Jim believes in physical culture, and we therefore find his time occupied every Saturday afternoon in the weekly walking match in front of barracks. If you feel so disposed you may sit for hours listening to his wonderful "spiele" on the subject, "Adventures of a Lone Boy in the Wilds of Wooly Chicago."
JOHN WILLIAM LEWIS,
Homewood, S. C.

"The man of life upright,
Whose guiltless heart is free
From all abhorred deeds,
Or thought of vanity."

Agricultural Course No. 1.; Coronal; Sergeant; Lieutenant; Chairman Bible Study Committee; President Y. M. C. A.; Vice-President of the Class three years; Corresponding Secretary; Recording Secretary and Vice-President of the Calhoun Literary Society; '06, '07;
Annual Staffs; "Taps" Staff; Exchange Editor of Chronicle '05, '06; Y. M. C. A. Editor '06, '07; Delegate to State Sunday School Convention '06, '07, '08.

"Pike" is by birth a Nebraskan; but in his early childhood he emigrated to Horry County, S. C. His quiet eyes, deep-set into a head which is at least a foot above that of any of his classmates, are very conspicuous in all places where God is being worshipped or studied. Conscientious, quiet, industrious and kind is this tall and stately son of the wild and woolly West. At the age of twenty-two he stands, without shoes, six feet and six inches tall; what will be his height on his thirtieth birthday?

JAMES CORCORAN LITTLEJOHN,
Jonesville, S. C.

"If thou desire to be held wise,
be so wise as to hold thy tongue."

Corporal; Sergeant-Major; Major; Corresponding Secretary and President of Calhoun Society; Senior Dancing Club; Cotillion Club; '06 "Taps" Staff; Debater's medal Calhoun Society; '07; Electrical Engineering Course.

While other Electicals spend their time in silly babblings, "John" devotes his idle moments to building castles in the air and enthroning therein the object of his adoration. He won fame as an athlete in his senior year by running from the college building to barracks to escape the dire penalty for being out of barracks one-sixteenth of a second after call to quarters. His one aim and object in life is to run a motor.
RALPH BROWNLEE LOWRY,
Lowryville, S. C.

"If Silence were golden,
Then I, a Crusus would be."

Columbian Society; Agricultural Club;
Chemistry Club; Y. M. C. A.;
Agricultural Course
No. 1.

Next comes the man who speaks only
in monosyllables. Ralph has never
been known to venture an opinion un-
less it was asked for. Silence has
become his mother tongue: and if brevity
is the spice of wit, this youngster is cer-
tainly witty. There has been only one
time when Ralph has been known to
say over ten words at one time, and
that was when he "flunked" in Ento-
mology. Ask him about it; he'll tell
you. Ralph will some day become a
teacher at Cedar Springs Deaf and Dumb Institute.

WILLIAM MEADORS LUNN,
Timmonsville, S. C.

"Her very frowns are fairer far,
Than smiles of other maidens are."

Corporal; First Sergeant; and Captain;
Y. M. C. A.; Columbian Liter-
ary Society; Agriculture Course I.

When not at classes, "Bill" can
usually be found in his room, gazing in-
tently at a certain photo, or else writing
to the original. "Have been owing this
blamed letter for three weeks," he
always remarks. Though occasionally
disposed to apply for a captaincy in the
army. "Bill" seems likely to locate
near Ebenezer, and is ever ready to
advise other young men to do likewise.
Its population, according to "Bill," is
1,560; according to the U. S. census
bureau, it is said to be assisting
Prof. Newman in the development of
the cow pea.
NORWOOD LYKES,
Lykesland, S. C.

"Brace up! Be not disheartened! I still like you," the maiden said,
"Though you have bright blue eyes,
And hair of the deepest red."

Serg ant; First Lieutenant; Color-Bearer of the "Bull Section."

Agricultural Course II.

"Red" or "Norwood" was a famous lieutenant at the beginning of the session. He found that his worst enemy was his crimson hair, as it betrayed to Capt. Munus his presence on the campus one night after "call to quarters." A subsequent reduction took place. "Red" vie's with Mark Twain in cracking humorous jokes, and puts his "uncle Bill Shakespeare" to the bad on reciting poetry. He has retained the distinguished office of color-bearer for the Bull section throughout his stay here. Here's to Reddy! may his life be one grand, sweet song.

WILLIAM AUGUSTUS MACE,
Tabernacle, S. C.

"There should a wreath be woven
To tell the world thy worth."

Agricultural Course; Vice-President of the Chemistry Club; Columbian Literary Society; Senior Dancing Club; honorary member of the "Bloody Corps."

This is the largest "Wampus" in captivity. His views are so extremely southern that none of his friends would be surprised to hear of his rambling mind leading him to the Philippine Islands—and even to a warmer zone than the torrid, at last. A man of numerous friends, a brilliant mind and good intentions, but his purpose at college is often interrupted by amusement. He shows up best when half hidden by clouds of smoke from his corn-cob pipe, or his stocky physique in the pose of a pugilist and his horny hands in motion.
CHAUNCEY WARD MARSTON,
Richmond, Va.

"That all-soothing, overpowering knell,
The tocsin of the soul, the dinner bell."

"Taps" Staff: President German Club; President Dramatic and Musical Club; President Junior Dancing Club; '06, '07; Senior Dancing Club; Glee Club; Track Team; '06, '06, '07, '08; Class Football Team; '06, '07; Hop Committee, '07; Commencement Marshal, '07; Y.M.C.A.: Agricultural Course No. I.

"Oh, yes, indeed!" he is truly a happy-go-lucky specimen of humanity, but please don't fondle him, dear readers. Chaunce is a man of an unbounded stomach, and realizes that there's only twenty minutes for lunch. When asked about the gentler sex he said, "The census embraces seventeen millions of women, and I'd like to be the census." Chaunce is one of the leaders of the Saturday afternoon German.

FRANK LESLIE MARTIN.
Conway, S. C.

We'll give you a val'dn tallet, high up in the 'Hall of Fame,' And the 'Bloody Corps' will gather round, and sing praises to your name!"

Vice-President Columbian Literary Society; Secretary of Y. M. C. A.; Corporal: First-Sergeant: Captain of the "Bloody Corps." Veterinary Science Club; Agricultural Course No. II.

"Heart-beat" or "Frankie," our dearly loved captain of the "Bloody Corps," is perhaps, the most esteemed fellow among the senior privates in the corps. "Heart-beat" has grit, even if he does not know that a horse's heart is in his thoracic cavity instead of his hind leg. His reputation as a salesman can't be beat, and when you want anything in the clothing line call on "Martin & Speer, 290 Fike." We are proud to send one of Herry County's best men out into the world, who is smart enough to "run a bluff" on any "Yankee" that ever trod Mother Earth.
LEE ELIAS MAY,
Charleston, S. C.

"God bless the peace-maker,
Who would not our pleasures mar,
God bless the smokers' best friend
Who makes Cinco cigars."

Agriculture Course I; Senior Dancing Club; Chemistry Club; Recorder of Deformed Truth in Ananias Club; Secretary and Treasurer of Agronomy Club; Chairman of Class Audit- ing Committee, and Class Historian, '07-'08.

"Lee" is the ideal square root of a private to the eighth power, a mathematician of no mean ability and a born chemist. He has few equals and no superiors in the science of saying "All Right," and is a record breaker in staying in his room. Though sophisticated and the possessor of a wide and varied experience, his carelessness has been a prolific source of hard luck. Twenty years on the Battery have tinged his voice with a marine accent, which is in itself a guide to his briar-patch.

WILLIAM HARD MAYNARD,
Greenwood, S. C.

"Let this describe the indescribable."

Agricultural Course I; Sergeant-at-arms and Vice-President of Calhoun Literary Society.

We have here a denizen of the printing office, and when we look at him, we can not but exclaim, "Yon Cassius hath a lean and hungry look." His favorite pastime is swapping yarns; and "truth" even tho' covered with a mosquito netting, could not hide her blushes of shame when listening to his stories. Next to Caughman and Richardson's store, he is one of the hardest propositions to beat this side of Savannah River. He is here for his diploma, and to kill time.
"If the wealth of the world lay at my feet, I would invest it in Tobacco."

Corporal; Senior Science Club; Electrical Engineering Course.

Reader, gaze upon this monstrosity. Can you size him up? If you cannot I will for you. "Rastus" claims but two close friends, his girl and his pipe. When "Rastus" was a freshman, someone swiped a quart of his peach brandy, and to day he is still bemoaning the fact. If you are ever troubled with insomnia, drop in on Rastus and allow him to tell you a few of his new (?) jokes, you'll sleep, all right. Rastus will make a fortune when his joke book is published.

The ladies call Mac handsome, an unfortunate lack of appreciation of beauty on their part. Mac is a man of metal, 33 1/3% zinc and 66 2/3% copper, an unadulterated brass compound, whose only view in College is to expend his unlimited energy in "doing" everybody. Even his lady friends do not escape the lad, for Clark has the unfortunate attainment of the perfected operation and results of two almond eyes of oriental hue. But Mac is not all fudge, ladies, as you may imagine and a fair femme's testimony may suffice to show you. "Mr. Mac is a splendid fellow, but he will use those eyes."
CLAUDE EDWARD MCLEAN,
Jefferson, S. C.

"Some people run into tough luck,
Some have no luck at all,
Some will find the top of the ladder,
While some have a 'deuce' of a fall."

Senior Dancing Club; Columbian Literary Society; Agronomy Club; Agricultural Course I.

"Mae" or "Gray Mule" may be seen out with the blue-birds at "Sun-up" any old day trotting around the track trying to break poor old Dan Patch's record. "Mae" has nerve, because he has been known to dance with a girl up here once. He "sets the pace" in everything up here including extra-walking. He should have taken a special course in Veterinary Science, as he knows all about horses and mules. Besides, he can imitate them to perfection in "single-footing," "galloping," "pacing," and "trotting."

CLARENCE ALBERTIS McLENDON,
Bishopville, S. C.

"The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strengthened skill."

Corporal; Sergeant Major; Major; Prosecuting critic; Recording Secretary, and President of Columbian Literary Society; President of Class in '05-'06, '06-'07, '07-'08; Senior Dancing Club; Cotillion Club; Y. M. C. A.; Athletic Council; Assistant Business Manager of "Chronicle" '06-'07; Manager, '07-'08; Agriculture Course I.

"Mae" has been in the limelight for the past four years; and as we come to look for the guiding principle in him, who has been our leader, we are naturally surprised to find it to be as follows: "Love all the lady friends possible, but never more than one in the same place." He works havoc with the feminine affections, and is said to be partial to brunettes. "Mae" is fond of dancing and sleeping, and would make a good politician—but enough—like all public characters, the less said about him the better.
JOHN MCGUIRE NAPIER,
Blenheim, S. C.

"Work hard" is an old-time maxim.
"Work harder" laughs old "Nap."
Look on the sunny side of every thing.
And if troubles don't give a "rap."

Agricultural Course No. I: Corporal; Senior Dancing Club; Literary Critic in Columbian Society; and President of the Senior Chemistry Club.

This prize fighter of the "Bloody Corps" has the nickname of "Nap," the champion boxer. He has always been a good fellow, quiet and studious in his work, and gentlemanly in manner. But who can describe his disposition when his just ire is aroused by someone trying to take his "Angel," his old meerschaum pipe, when "Nap" wants to smoke? He has also done his part by "D" company band, and he will give boxing exhibitions while he is on his tour through Central Africa.

THOMAS LOUIS OGIER,
Charleston, S. C.

"The evil that men do lives after them."

Assistant Section Marcher in Fresh; Corporal; Senior Dancing Club; Class Football: '05-'06, '06-'07, '07-'08. Agricultural
Course No. I.

"Prep" is an optimist of the first water. His previous occupation was building air-castles; his present occupation is the construction of aerial Mansions; and his probable future pastime will be Architectural designing of Mansions in the atmosphere. "Prep" argues that we should forget the existence of two days,—yesterday and to-morrow. He is a favorite with the "funs;" is fond of social functions and adores a "foot-shoveling." "Prep's" sole ambition at present is to possess the epidermis of a fleece covered quadruped. He sometimes sings a little "tender."
“He looketh as it were a grim lion
And on his soon he rometh up and down.”

Civil Engineering Course; Palmetto Literary Society; Engineering Club; Exchange Clerk, ’07, ’08.

Since the day that this fierce gladiator entered the Clemson arena, he has been too busy to do anything. On account of his grim visaged physiognomy he has been dubbed the “Nero” of the class, but his gentle actions are quite a contrast to those of the Nero of history. On account of his experience as exchange clerk, he has gained some of the secrets of the distribution of the “cigar fund,” and may be seen almost any time blowing graceful spirals of smoke from behind a choice Havana cigar.

JOHN ATTAWAY PHILLIPS,
Springfield, S. C.

“Strait-forward and fair
Deals he with all men
He is with his gentle heart
Slow to borrow and quick to lend.”

Agricultural Course No. II; Corporal; Sergeant; First Lieutenant; Senior Dancing Club; the Cotillion Club.

“Bigman” or “John A.” early cultivated a fondness for chicken, and has kept up an irreproachable “rep” as a marksman at the strolling poultry around barracks. “Bigman” has acquired a taste for the lacteal fluid, that can’t be quenched; and he likes to brag about the pastures that he is going to stock with Guernsey cattle so as to furnish him with oceans of milk. If the corn-crib at Clemson College does not give out before long, “Bigman” will soon have the whole of Orangeburg County supplied with “Lewis’s new specific corn seed” free of charge.
ROBERT OATES POAG, Rock Hill, S. C.

"She's all my fancy painted her. She's lovely, she's divine."

Corporal; Sergeant; First Lieutenant; Class Football, '06, '07, '08; Captain Junior Track Team, '07; Vice-President Palmetto Literary Society; Chairman Building and Grounds Committee, Y. M. C. A.; Athletic Editor of "Chronicle", '06, '07; Member of "Tiger" and "Taps" Staffs. '07, '08; Capt. Senior Football Team; Electrical Course.

"Bob" otherwise known as "R. O." has distinguished himself in three ways: playing havoc with feminine affections; reducing his mates in the messhall to the verge of starvation; and peacefully sleeping through even the longest Sunday morning sermons. Like Joe Harvey, he refuses coffee for fear it may keep him awake. "Bob" is reported to have left his heart at Rock Hill on January 4, and can often be heard making remarks pertaining to "divine smiles," "angelic voice," "vine-covered cot" and similar expressions. He is undoubtedly a world-famous electrician in the embryonic stage.

WILLIAM OTIS PRATT, Greenwood, S. C.

"He was stout of courage, strong of hand. Bold was his heart, and relentless his spirit."

Corporal; Sergeant; Captain; Secretary; Treasurer; President Palmetto Literary Society; Orator's medal '06; Debater's medal '07; Local Editor Chronicle, '05, '06; Literary Editor, '06, '07; Editor in-Chief, '07, '08; Cotillion Club; Senior Dancing Club; Engineering Club; Y. M. C. A. Class Foot Call Team '06, '07, '07-'08, Class Track Team '06-'08; Editor-in-Chief of "Taps," Civil Engineering Course.

Otis is a genius in his way, but that way we find is tinged with a faint glow of feminine insanity—sponsor's pictures, for instance, for cause, periodic explosions of dormant powers. His literary ability is plainly evinced by the stern brow of a Webster and the distinguished air of a Randolph which he wears at all times. His argumentative forces are wonderful—he allows Sammy but one score a week, and at one time held up six Converse girls—how he did it is not exactly recorded, as he is in more than one way, Napoleonic. "Ote" hitched his wagon to a star long ago, and began the climb last summer by seeking inspiration in the wheat fields of the West.
CHARLES WROTON RICE,
Denmark, S. C.

"Thou shalt not play at courtship,"

Palmetto Literary Society; German Club; Vice-President Senior Dancing Club; Vice-President Junior Dancing Club; Manager Commencement Hop, '07; Assistant Manager Tiger; Scrub Baseball, '05, '06; Marshall Commencement, '07; Y. M. M. C. A.; Agricultural Course No. 1.

A Mellin's food baby is he, this truth-teller, this mother's ideal, this fatty little tub. Yes a loving, good-natured heart-smasher, who was weighed in the balance and found wanting. His shape belies his species; therefore, we arrive at the conclusion, that "Lunk" is a good one with cold feet. Before going out for the football team last year, he wrote out the following epitaph, and requested that it be placed on the marble shaft that will perpetuate his memory:

"Beneath this great big pile of dirt, lie the remains of Charlie Shirt; My name was Rice, it was not Shirt, But Shirt was put to rhyme with dirt."

LONNIE GORDON RICHARDSON,
Barnwell, S. C.

"How far that little candle throws his beams!"

Lieutenant and Quartermaster; Agricultural Course No. II; Palmetto Literary Society; Reporting Critic; Prosecuting Critic; and Literary Critic; Debater's medal, '08; Cotillion Club; Senior Dancing Club; Hop Committee '07; Y. M. C. A.; Class Football Team, '06, '07 and '08.

Lonnie is a heavy man with the ladies, a past master of the art of heart-smashing; is very fond of "foot shovellings" and all other similar social functions. The needle of his affections points unwaveringly to Columbia College, and it has been rumored that the railway companies will increase the postal transportation rates between Clemson and Columbia on account of the unusually heavy mails.
HUGH BUIST RISER,
Whitmire, S. C.

"So great is the good I look for that every hardship delights me."

Sergeant; Lieutenant; Columbian Literary Society; Secretary, and President; Winner of Declaimer's medal, '06; Varsity Track Team, '06, '07 and '07, '08; Class Football, '06, '07 and '07, '08.

Industry is not only the instrument of improvement, but also the foundation of pleasure. "Hugh" insists on working, even when all others think it time to rest. His class work has won for him, in the eyes of some, the name of the best student in the electrical course, While devoting a good part of his time to books, he has by no means left other sides of life undeveloped. Athletics and oratory have also won for him great fame, and really we would not be surprised some day on the Senate roll to see his name.

WILLIAM J. ROACH,
Rock Hill, S. C.

"A good, strong character, with independence and force."

Corporal; Leader of the Volunteer Band; Y. M. C. A.; Columbian Literary Society; Agriculture, Course I.

"Simon" is reported to have been good looking when young. Apparently, however, the strenuous life of farming and Rock Hill society proved too much for him, and he resorted to the solitudes of Clemson. He is suspected of having proved himself a heart-smasher—at least he can usually be found in the vicinity of the mail room. He is developing elaborate plans for the development of the soda water industry in Central Africa. Is believed by some to be closely allied to the missing link.
THOMAS GRIFFIN ROBERTSON.
Clinton, S. C.

"A fool to pleasure, yet a slave to fame."

Scrub Baseball Team, '04; Varsity Baseball Team, '05, '06; Class Football, '07, '08; Vice-President German Club; Palmetto Literary Society; Agricultural Course No. I.

He is called "Tom," "Red," "T. G.," and Tommie by his friends; and, if in a good humor, will answer to "Sorrell rop."

Tommie is another of the many whose hopes for military honors were frosted in the bud. His previous occupation was the same as at present; viz., loafing; and his favorite pastime is to indulge in athletics in some form or another. He is a heavy man with the ladies, being a confirmed flirt.

OSCAR ROPER.
Clio, S. C.

"Timid, timid little child,
Why dost thy face turn red?
And when the girls at thee smile
Why dost thou lose thy head?"

Agricultural Course No. I; Senior Dancing Club; Agronomy Club.

Unfortunately, Oscar did not have enough military genius about him to get an office, but he has shouldered a gun whenever duty called him forth to the college parade-ground. During his sophomore year, he acquired the distinguished name of "Diavalo, the loop-the-loop monkey," and is still called by that name by his dearest friends. He is voted to be the noisiest and the boy with the most "brass" in school. His jokes are the most laughter-provoking ever heard, being some quoted from some of our "joke-cracking" professors.
WILLIAM MCLURE ROSBOROUGH.
Chester, S. C.

"Take noisy, vexing greatness they that please,
Give me obscured, and safe and silent ease."

Sergeant; Lieutenant; Calhoun Literary Society, Recording Secretary, '06, '07; Critic, Vice-President, Presiding Officer, '07, '08, Exercises, Cotillion Club; Senior Dancing Club; Senior Tennis Club; Senior Science Club; Track Team, '07 and '08; Electrical Engineering Course.

One would imagine that "Rosen" is content, but he is not. He is forever censoring himself. He feels that he is capable of doing more than he does. He is not selfish, but just likes to be alone or with a few. He goes on the hypothesis that he who lives wisely to himself and his own heart, looks at the world through the loop-holes of contentment, and does not want to.

WILLIAM HUBERT RUMFF,
Raymond, S. C.

"If woman lost Eden, 'tis she alone can restore it."

Corporal; Sergeant; Lieutenant; Class Chaplain, '05, '06; Calhoun Literary Society; "laps" Staff, '08; Y. M. C. A.; Agricultural Course No. I.

This fair young flower blossomed for some years in the backwoods of Orangeburg County, but on catching a gleam of sunshine from the outer world he flourished so luxuriantly that he had to be transplanted to Clemson, where he has brought forth some good fruit. "Sister Mary," as he is sometimes called by his intimate friends, is one of the most conscientious men in the class, and his religious scruples are often severely tried when the boys want to patronize his grocery store on Sunday. He has made quite a reputation as a literary man; and, after graduation, will edit an agricultural paper in China.
JOHN BELLINGER RYAN,
Wedgefield, S. C.

"Holiday, don't go away,
But stay with me forever."

Agricultural Course No. 1; Senior Dancing Club; Cotillian Club;
Scrub Football Team.

"Johnnie" with his mirthful grins and flowing locks may always be relied upon to make and tell a reasonable tale for himself upon any and all occasions, including his visits to the hospital. With his sweet dreams of the wild and woolly West temporarily discarded, we find his long back nearly doubled, and his rambling grey matter buried in some sentimental love story. This twenty-year old specimen of humanity once had aspirations to military honors, but his place in the rear rank for four years has drowned them.

MONNIE LEE SANDIFER,
Denmark, S. C.

"Fair as a snow-drop, sweet as a rose,
What will become of him, the Lord only knows."

Sergeant; First Sergeant; and Captain.

"Mooney," a she is called, entered our ranks as a "measly," "hide-bound" kid, but athletics brought him out of this condition; and now "Mooney" stands forth as a brilliant star in our midst. He played on our varsity baseball team in 1906 and succeeded in wearing a red baseball uniform near the close of the season. While he was first sergeant "Mooney" had an overwhelming desire to become a captain; so he "burnt" every junior private he could. "Mooney" got his captaincy all right. When the last day arrives on terra firma "Mooney" will still be there, accompanied by his ambition to call the last roll.
WILLIAM HANSFORD SCOTT.
Johnston, S. C.

"I lay me down to sleep,
With little care
Whether my waking finds
Me here, or there."

Agricultural Course; Columbian Literary Society; Senior Dancing Club; Iscariot in the Anamias Club.

This son of bloody Edgefield has a disposition so subtle as to be practically unfathomable by even his closest friends and associates. He is erroneously called quiet by those who know not of the great extent of his vocabulary when engaged in a hotly contested argument of the relative merits of the different modes of baptism. When excitedly reading the result of a baseball game, with Duke's Mixture rapidly burning under his nose, his heavy growth of eyebrows produces a peculiar pessimistic expression, which is seen only in the faces of such fellows as "Bill."

RICHARD GUY SESSIONS.
Conway, S. C.

"No talent, but yet a character."

Agricultural Course No. I; Sergeant-at-Arms. Palmetto Literary Society; Sergeant-at-Arms of Class.

"Dick" is an ex-cadet of the South Carolina Military Academy, having been honorably discharged from that institution in 1904. Richard, or "Dick," as his most intimate friends address him, has the honor of having attained a proficiency in Soil Physical Laboratory unapproached by any man in the class. He has also done an enormous amount of original research work and made quite an enviable reputation in the Zoological Laboratory. He has been known to become so enthusiastic over this work as to ascend to the greatest heights of oratory in extolling the benefits of this course.
SAMUEL HODGES SHERARD.
Ninety Six, S. C.

"He clucketh when he hath a corn found
And to him renneth his wives alle."

Agricultural Course No. I; Corporal; First Sergeant; Lieutenant; President; Vice-President; Secretary of Calhoun Literary Society; Orator’s medal, '07; Society Orator at Commencement, '07; Chronicle Staff, '06, '07; Senior Dancing Club; Glee Club; Y. M. C. A.; Agronomy Club; Class poet, '06, '07; Tennis Club; Manager Class Football Team, '06, '07; Class Orator, '08.

In proportion to his size, Sam can make more noise than any other atom of humanity extant. Since entering Clemson, he has steadily grown in favor with the student body, and his career has been an almost continuous series of offices and honors (?) Sam is composed of 90 per cent, brass and 10 per cent, brains, but he rests easy since he has become a firm believer in Professor Harper’s new proverb: "Ignorance makes all things difficult; (?) bluffing, all things easy."

GEORGE W. SPEER.
Abbeville, S. C.

"The bravest are the tenderest,—
The loving are the daring."

Corporal; Palmetto Literary Society; Sergeant-at-Arms; Literary Critic; Censor; Secretary; Orator’s medal, 1907; Senior Dancing Club; Oysterette Club; Veterinary Science Club; Glee Club; Y. M. C. A.; Agricultural Course No. II.

Behold, gentlemen, the heart-crusher. In the four years of George’s college life he has broken seventeen hearts. Any one having a girl that he wishes to keep, will do well to steer clear of George. He has spent one-half of his time at the postoffice, and the other half reading his twenty-page letters from "The Fairest of the Fair." George’s book, "How to Make Love," will some day make him famous.
JOHN SPRATT,
Chester, S. C.

"As lean was his horse as is a rake,
And he was not right fat, I under take."

Corporal; First Sergeant; Lieutenant; Calhoun Literary Society: Corresponding Secretary; Critic; Engineering Club; Senior Tennis Club; Business Manager "Taps;" Track Team. '04-'05, '05-'06-'07-'08: Capt. Track Team. '07-'08: State Tennis Meet. '07-'08: Class Football Team. '05-'06: Chronicle Staff. on Senior Football Team. '06-'07; Civil Engineering Course.

John says that the old proverb about having too many irons in the fire is an abominable old lie. Have all in, shovel, tongs, and poker. He seems to need no guardian, therefore none need advise him concerning matrimony, because he is not open to advice. Still we cannot help but warn him, because trifling with so many girls affections is apt to prove disastrous.

CHARNER LEROY STEVENS,
Pinopolis, S. C.

"Along the cool, sequestered vale of life he keeps the even tenor of his way."

Agricultural Course No. 1; Corporal; Sergeant; Lieutenant; Y. M. C. A.

Here we have an impassive countenance on a coy and shy young man. His ruddy cheeks speak eloquently of life on the rustic farm. He is a very bashful and blushing youth, but he is not so shy of the fair sex as one might suppose. He actually has a liking for them. The faculty delight in teaching him geometry and zoology, having encored him several times on these subjects. "Steve's" military career has been exceedingly brilliant, and in any emergency, he was considered one of Capt. Minus' right hand men.
HENRY KIRKLAND STRICKLAND,
Smoaks, S. C.

A man of few pretensions,
You can read him as clear as a sign;
May Heaven bless the man of reason;
But do, Lord, pity the blind.

Agricultural Course: Secretary of the Palmetto Literary Society; Declarer’s medal 1906; Contestant for Debater’s medal in 1908.

Strange as it may seem, “H. K.” or “Strick,” as he is familiarly known, has ideas, and never fails to bring all his powers of oratory to defend them. “Strick” never enjoyed the distinction of holding an office in the military organization, but his military aspirations reached a very high pitch at the end of his sophomore year. His classmates have figured in vain by all the processes of substitution and elimination as to what he intended to do with the six pair of chevrons he purchased at that time. He wears glasses to improve his complexion and when sitting for a photograph.

ASBURY COKE SMITH SUMMERS.
Springfield, S. C.

“Rumour doth double like the voice and echo
The numbers of the fear’d.”

Corporal; Sergeant; Lieutenant; Colubian Literary Society; Chemistry Club; Agronomy Club; Y. M. C. A.; Agricultural Course No. I.

“Chunk” is a very deserving lad. He should be recognized as a great inventor. Nothing that comes to him rests as it is; but, like the poet’s Chambered Nautilus, he builds and builds. Each detail is more vivid than the last; and, when the summit is reached, you are keyed up to such a pitch that it is a relief to remember that it is only one of Chunk’s romances.
WILLIAM KNOX TAVEL,  
Charleston, S. C.  

"Madame the sentence of this  
Satyr is,  
Woman is manes joye and  
all his bliss,"

Civil Engineering Course; Engineering  
Club; Cotillion Club; Senior Dancing  
Club; Senior Tennis Club;  
Trumpeter; and member  
of Band.

William Knox—we could well stop  
here. Opportunity "knox" but once, but  
importunity "knox" perpetually. The  
X-ray does not appear to be bright, but  
its powers of penetration far exceed the  
sun. The same can be truthfully said  
of "Muggins." It can also be safely  
said that he always knows less in his  
own estimation and always accomplishes  
more than the majority. He  
has ever been very fond of blowing his  
trumpet; and, when the end of all things  
comes to pass, there is likely to be a con-  

clict between him and Gabriel as to who  
shall blow the last trump.

WILLIAM ANDREW THOMAS,  
- Bennettsville, S. C.  

"A man whose silent days  
In harmless joys are spent,  
Whom hopes cannot delude  
Nor sorrow discontent,"

Agriculture and Animal Industry Course  
Corporal; Sergeant; Lieutenant; Secretary  
of the College Sunday School;  
Vice-President; Y. M. C. A.; Pal-  
metto Literary Society; Champion  
Junior Class Football  
Team.

"Rock" is a man with a mind, a soul  
and a will; but with very little tongue.  
Though only twenty-four years old, his  
brain box is but sparcely covered. This,  
coupled with his sturdiness and strict  
adherence to his beliefs, makes him  
easily comparable with the "Rock of  
Gibraltar." His redeeming features  
are numerous, but his kindness and un-  
tiring energy in behalf of others are the  
most conspicuous. These alone char-  
acterize him as a good student, neigh- 
bor, and Christian.
DAVID LESLIE TINDAL,
Pinewood, S. C.

A fair face, a sweet smile,
And no ordinary lover of fun,
He by his jokes and happy laugh
Changes clouds into a shining sun.

Corporal; Sergeant; First Sergeant;
Captain and Adjutant; Literary
Critic in the Columbian Literary
Society; Senior Dancing Club and Cotillion
Club; Agricultural Course No. II.

"David," "Less," or "Pal," the remarkable military genius, has good old Stonewall Jackson "backed off the stage" in the military line, and more brass than Gen. Hampton’s statue in Columbia. His career has been a notable one, full of momentous happenings, as shown by the "Weary Willie" stories he relates. "Pal" has "Nap" Bonaparte put in the shade when it comes to handling men, and leave old Wellington hammered into nothing when it comes to severity in military discipline.

CAMBRIDGE MUNRO TROTT,
Charleston, S. C.

"Modesty is the graceful, calm
virtue of maturity; bashfulness,
the charm of vivacious youth."

Corporal; Sergeant; Band; President
Engineering Club; Senior Tennis
Club; Cotillion Club; Glee Club;
Civil Engineering Course.

In "Emma" we have a man dear to the whole world, especially the female element. He possesses all the qualities of a courtier—gay, dashing and debonair; but he lacks prudence. He forgets that nothing will supply its want, and that negligence and irregularity long continued ranks knowledge ridiculous. His one prayer is:—

"Oh, that the desert were my dwelling-place, with one fair Spirit for my minister. That I might all forget the human race And hating no one, love but only her!"
GEORGE MADISON TRULUCK.
Motbridge, S. C.

"Luck thinks he's in love,
Casts his tender eyes above,
Murmurs with a gentle sigh,
'Oh, if she were only mine!'"

Corporal; Sergeant; Lieutenant; Vice-President St. Mary's Literary Society; Senior Track Team, '05-'06; '06-'07; Agriculture Course II.

Answers to the name of "Luck," "True love," "Bad luck," and "Scrub" when in a good humor; but usually insists on being called "Lieutenant." He is a true sport; will never accept an invitation unless he learns that ladies are to be present. "Luck" has played an important part in the maintenance of the post card industry, at times, in order to keep up his correspondence, being forced to fill his fountain pen with shoe polish borrowed from the general secretary. Will get married soon after leaving Clemson, and start a rhinoceros farm in South Africa.

GEORGE WARREN.
Brunson, S. C.

"A lucky man is rarer than a white crow."

Varsity Football Team, '06, '07; Varsity Track, '06, '07, '08; "Taps" Staff; Tiger Staff; St. Mary's Literary Society; Assistant Manager Track Team, '06; President Senior Dancing Club; Secretary and Treasurer Senior Dancing Club; Hop Committee, '07; German Club; Vice-President Senior Veterinary Science Club; Senior Tennis Club; Orator's medal Columbia Anniversary, '08; Glee Club and Dramatic Club; Agricultural Course No. II.

"George" is a candy kid. He is very fond of athletics, and after that his next most enjoyable pastime is "heart-smashing," at which he is an adept. In barracks his favorite pastime is reminiscing. Notwithstanding all published orders, George can invariably be found at the store during a vacant hour. Many thanks are due George for his efficient, skilful, and enthusiastic work as coach of the Class Teams.
LAWRENCE ORR WATSON.
Greenwood, S. C.

"Attempt the end, and never stand to doubt.
Nothing's so hard but search will find it out."

Corporal, Color Sergeant, Captain; Secretary and Treasurer '08 class; Associate Editor 'Taps'; Palmetto Literary Society; Reporting Critic and Vice-President; Y. M. C. A.; Agricultural Course No. I.

Orr is one of the best students that the '08 class claims. He has, by his true simplicity and earnest efforts, won, not only the esteem of the Faculty, but also of the entire corps. He is a hard worker, and we prophesy that in years to come he will occupy no mean position in the world of business. Love seems to have dealt very gently with Orr, else he fails to betray the secret of his heart. To him "One woman is fair, yet I am well; another is wise, yet I am well; but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace."

GEORGE GEDDINGS WEATHERSBEE.
Aiken, S. C.

"He conquers twice who conquers himself in victory."

Palmetto Literary Society; Senior Dancing Club; Secretary of Chemistry Club; Business Manager of Ananias Club; Junior Class Reporter on Tiger Staff; Exchange Editor Chronicle; Literary Staff of Taps; Editor in Chief Tiger; Agricultural Course No. I.

"Judas," a man of literary taste, has distinguished himself on several occasions by his inability to articulate clearly an alliterative expression. George has music in his soul, which he allows to escape (the music and his soul, too) through a funnel, imitating very closely a cornet. Without the funnel, the music (?) is rendered in a complex mixture of baritone and second tenor. When his unprecedented military genius was unnoticed in Soph, he became very much offended, and has since refused all military offices.
WILLIAM NORWOOD WELLS,
St. Charles, S. C.

"Ease and comfort was e'er his lot,
Content always with a downy cot."

Agricultural Course: Senior Dancing Club; Cotillion Club; Glee Club; Chemistry Club; Section marcher from January 4, 1905, to June 6, 1905.

"Bill," a sly lad of twenty summers, spends most of his vacant time either in gazing upon his intended better half in the unceasing clouds of smoke from his dear old meerschaum, or peacefully traveling in sweet dreamland. He, with a smile and cheerful word for all, justly deserves his acknowledged position as the best natured comrade we have.

JOSEPH SAMUEL WESSINGER,
Chapin, S. C.

"All orators are dumb when beauty pleads."

Corporal on Pike; Glee Club; Sergeant-at-Arms; Reporting Critic; Prosecuting Critic; and Chaplain of the Columbian Literary Society; Executive Committee of the Y. M. C. A.; Agricultural Course No. 11.

"Major" is another tiller of the soil. It was here, like Abraham Lincoln, that he learned the art of oratory, and he learned it well, as was demonstrated when in the campaign meeting he advocated "scattermizing" all the roads in the State. "Major's" voice is an educational revelation, ranging from the high, bird-like trills to the growling hoarseness of thunder. His favorite pastime is "having a time." No one has yet been able to discover what the time is.
HIRAM COLEMAN WILBURN,
Union, S. C.

"There are no ancient gentlemen but gardeners."

Corresponding Secretary Calhoun Literary Society; Treasurer V. M. C. A.; Debater in Calhoun Society Anniversary; Class football '07, '08; Track Team; Agricultural Course No. II.

The real thing on the farm, but an awful thing on Broadway. Wilburn verily believes that talking is a consumption of energy; therefore she keeps mum. She can make a speech, however, and will some day paralyze the world by converting the brazen images in China into the living, loving women of that country. Then, after the paralysis, the old girl will meander back to her farm, and revolutionize the agricultural industry of the universe.

MARCUS GROVER WILLIAMS,
Easley, S. C.

If Pierpont Morgan loses his fortune,
Think it's any use to sigh?
If "Mug" did lose his shoulder-bars,
Was it any use for him to cry?

Corporal, Sergeant, First Lieutenant; Senior Dancing, Senior Electrical Science Clubs; Electrical Course.

"Mug" as he is familiarly known, ran his course in the military line by the first of last January, and landed square in "D" company band, from which he has gained a creditable reputation as cymbal beater on gun ram-rods. Now and then a tender feeling swells in "Mug's" bosom and causes him to spend a stamp on some girl. He spends his precious time reading "Spokeshake" and running errands for Captain "Phos." A violent disease of the scalp has robbed him of nearly all his hair, but his eyes and mouth are what takes with the girls.
FURMAN BRYANT WISE,
Florence, S. C.

"Born but to banquet and to drain the bowl."

Agricultural Course No. 1; Tiger Staff; Agronomy Club; Ananias Club; Glee Club; Senior dancing Club; Reporting Critic, Prosecuting Critic Columbian Literary Society.

"Pete" as he is familiarly termed by his associates, sometimes suffers from temporary mental aberration, and during those attacks is, of course, not responsible for his actions. On one occasion he attempted to drive a horse to Pendleton while the animal was tied to a post with a two-inch manila rope. He has a voice like a woman and sings like a bird—not a mocking bird, but something on the style of a crow.
History of the Class of '08.

Science teaches us that all higher forms of life have been evolved from some lower form; and, in accordance with this natural law, has the dignified senior of '08 been evolved from the verdant freshman of '04. When we stop and look over our record during the past four years, we are confronted with the question: "What have we accomplished?" We shall leave that for others to answer; but as a mere matter of record we here briefly review the periods through which our class has passed.

The class of '08 started operations on the eighth of September, 1904, when the largest class in the history of Clemson, numbering 252, assembled to struggle for that much-sought prize, "knowledge." Though large in numbers, we were otherwise small, being compelled to spend the entire year in servitude by the tyrannical upper-classmen. The journey through which we were led was long and toilsome and full of sorrows, so that many became discouraged and gave up the fight.

June arrived in due time, though, and the survivors returned to their homes, happy to enjoy a rest; but, on the other hand, eagerly looking forward to that time when they should return to college and call themselves "old boys."

In September, 161 of us returned to perform even more difficult tasks than those of the preceding year. Whether we were better prepared to meet these tasks we are not prepared to say, but we managed to make a most creditable showing against heavy odds. We won the class foot-ball championship, defeating the seniors 5 to 0. We were well represented on the foot-ball, baseball and track teams, in the literary societies—in fact, in all of the various college activities. It was during this year that we made a name for ourselves as being THE Class, and have managed to maintain that position till the present day.

Our Junior year opened with bright prospects. 118 of our merry band returned to college, but this number was diminished by the mighty ravages of exams to 90 at the close of the year. As in the preceding year, our class did her part in helping the college to victory in the various branches of athletics, in maintaining the standard of the publications, and in forwarding the
work of the literary societies. Again we won the class championship in foot-ball. With the innovation of a champion class track team, we demonstrated our superiority in that branch of sport, winning the cup with ease. June came with the terrors of exams, but at last, that which we had striven for so hard for three long years had arrived—the dignity and the glory that crowns like a halo the head of a Senior.

With the Senior year came the good fortune of having a new commandant in charge, who granted us even more privileges than any other Senior class ever enjoyed. Still, our successes did not end with the Junior year; for, our class, always exemplifying the spirit of the motto, "United we stand, divided we fall," forcibly (?) demonstrated the truth of that proverb in the championship game of class foot-ball. The Freshmen, having defeated all other teams and though spurred to action by the support of practically all the under-classmen, were defeated; and, as usual, victory perched on the standards of the Seniors. This was only one of the many pleasant incidents which occurred during the year.

Since the class of '08 has been ushered upon "the field of learning," it's number has been diminished about sixty per cent.; but notwithstanding this, it is proud of the fact that it will turn out the largest class ever graduated from Clemson.

What the future has in store for each of us we do not know, but having successfully passed through this pilgrimage we feel as if we are equal to the more serious tasks of the journey through life. However, we must not forget that commencement day is to us but the introduction to the beginning of life's struggle.

And now as we are about to take leave of dear "Old Clemson," may we always look with the greatest pride upon the days spent at our Alma Mater.

Historian.
In Memoriam

As God in His all-wise providence has seen fit to remove from our midst certain of our classmates, and as we deem it fitting thus to honor them, we dedicate this page to their memory.

W. W. Couliette, Glarendon
Died, Oct. 25, 1904

J. P. Gossett, Anderson
Died, Dec. 24, 1904

J. T. Weston, Richland
Died, Feb. 27, 1905

H. C. Allsbrook, Harry
Died, Sept. 5, 1905

J. E. Beaves, Marion
Died, Sept. 22, 1906
Special Textiles.

GORDON FLEMING GARLINGTON,
Greenville, S. C.

"Give me bull-juice, or give me death."

Gordon lets his light so shine that others cannot see much of him. He is limber of foot and wants to two-step through life. Yet, he will not be always thus, a swift man among still swifter men, for when the mill toots its morning call Gordon will be there to spin the yarn. He has suffered the same fate as other Senior privates—being "burnt" and "touring tours" for a pastime.

JOE HERBERT RHYNE,
Blacksburg, S. C.

"Pipes, Sweet Pipes!"

Rinus" climbed up on the highest sandhill near Blacksburg, got a start, and hit Clemson a-running in September, 1906. Since that time, he has been slowly slackening speed, and now his row is about run, for he finishes along with old '06 in June. He will die the death of a mill president.

HARLEY MILLER TURNER,
Cross Hill, S. C.

"Shake well before using."

Tuck" is a peach. Unfortunately he was sprayed with Paris green when he was young, and, as a result, still remains green. The ladies call him cute, for he is bow-legged. A heart smasher from the sole of his head to the crown of his feet.
History of Junior Class.

In the fairest days of autumn,
When the harvest moon was fullest,
From the mountains to the seacoast,
From the four winds of the heavens,
Came the youth of Carolina:
Came the young men of our nation
To the land of Clemson College.
In the foothills of the mountains,
Where the autumn days are stillest,
Where all nature seems the fullest;
Came to learn of all the wisdom
Of the wise men and the prophets,
Who are gathered there together.
From the bleak and frozen Northland,
To the home-land of the south wind,
From the broad and heaving ocean,
To the mountains of the sunset.

In the darkness of the midnight,
When we reached the land of Clemson,
Came a youth bedight in feathers,
With his hunting knife girt on him
In a sheath of solid silver,
By a belt of finest wampum,
Came and hastened with us straightway.
To the chieftain of the nation,
To the great and mighty chieftain
Of the land of Clemson College,
Sitting dressed in robes of wampum
In the midst of all his council,
While his war chief sat beside him
In his brilliant paint and feathers,
Overcome with fear and trembling,
Bent we thrice before their presence.
Till our foreheads smote the carpet
Made of skins of bear and beaver,
Signed we documents and papers,
Knowing not the contents of them,
Till our hearts grew faint within us,
And our weary eyes were dimmed.
Gave we them our finest wampum,
Gave them beads and furs and ponies,
All the treasures of our mothers,
All the riches of our fathers,
Till, at last, our sole possession
Was the clothing then upon us.

Then they made us run the gauntlet
Past the young braves armed with
war clubs,
To the space before the wigwams,
Filled with trunks and heavy baggage.
Carried we their trunks of leather,
Carried beds and rolls of blankets
To apartments that seemed higher
Than the tallest pine or hemlock,
Till the east began to redden
And the new day burst upon us.

In the moons that fleetly followed,
In the half light of the morning,
In the heat and glare of noon-day,
In the darkness of the midnight,
At all seasons and all hours,
Like the beaver in the spring time,
Worked we for the youths and chieftains,
Water for the young braves brought we,
Beads and peace pipes to them gave we,

Tunics, moccasins, and leggings,
Cleaned we at their slightest nod;
Mended we their bows and arrows,
Polished spears and knotty war clubs.
Danced and sang we when they listed,
Fought or peace made as they told us;
For tarred and feathered were we,
If we dared to say them nay.

Thus, the harvest season flitted,
Passed the wind and snow of winter,
Till the buds and blooms of springtime
Gave way to the fruits of summer.
In the glorious days of summer,
Midst the singing brooks and rivers,
Midst the birds and bees and flowers,
Forth to home and kindred sped we,
To the homeland of our childhood.

With a joy, yet a sadness,
With mingled feelings and emotions,
Back to Clemson then we hastened.

Not a trunk or bed we carried,
Not a pail of water brought we,
Mended were our bows and arrows,
Polished were our clubs and hatchets,
Filled our pouches of tobacco,
Nicely spread our beds of rushes,
Neatly mended all our clothing,
Lifted all our cares and burdens,

Swiftly passed the moons of summer,
Passed the days of early autumn,
Days of happiness and pleasure,
Days of beauty and of joy,
Till the harvest moon was fullest,
And the college year upon us.

Back to college, friends, and comrades,
With a sorrow, yet a gladness,
Lifted by the "rats" of Clemson,
By the new youths at the College.

Entered we the sports and races,
Entered all the games and contests.
Foremost were we in athletics,
In all manly sports and struggles.

So, for us the year passed quickly,
With our pranks and with our mischief,
With our "scrapes" and tribulations,
With our learning and forgetting,
With our cramming and our study (?)
Till again the seasons flitted

And the summer was upon us.
All too short and all too fleeting
Were the joyous days of summer,
And again the moon of harvest,
Found us in the land of Clemson.

To the sages and the wise men,
To the old men and the chieftains.

Art and science soon they taught us,
In their varied forms and branches:
Taught us divers occupations,
Taught us legends and traditions,
Told us tales of greatest wonders,
Tales of marvelous adventure,
Tales of mountains caught a fire,
Tales of lands beyond the sunrise,
Tales in which a million moons
Seemed like the passing of a moment,
Tales of animals more mighty
Than the grizzly bear or bison,
Taller than the oldest pine tree,
Length and breadth of like proportion,
Showed us plaster bodies modeled
From the trimming of a toe nail,
Not once ever deviating
From the pathway of the truth(?!?),
Till our very souls expanded
With the learning that they taught us

Passed again the seasons swiftly,
Passed the autumn and the winter,
Till the singing birds of springtime
Find us toiling here at Clemson,
Striving harder, harder, harder,
With each coming day and season,
To prepare ourselves more fully
For the life that lies before us;
So that, when the great Manitou
Calls the tribes of men together,
Calls the paleface and the redskin,
Calls all nations and all classes
To the land beyond the sunset,
To the land that knows no winter,
We may be fit with him to enter
Into "The Happy Hunting Grounds."

Junior Class.

B. E. Wolff, Pres.
L. A. Coleman, Vice President
J. C. Pridmore, Secretary and Treasurer
G. W. Keitt, Historian
H. C. Twiggs, Poet
S. O. Kelly, Chaplain
K. McLaurin, Lawyer

Motto:
"By being men of few words, we hope to be the best of men."

Colors:
Garnet and Silver Gray.

R. E. Adams
T. S. Allen
C. E. Baldwin
G. M. Barnett
G. D. Bellinger
D. L. Bissell
J. R. Blair
R. E. Blake
J. L. Boyd
L. C. Boone
L. B. Brandon
T. L. Brice
D. C. Britt
W. J. Brockington
G. A. Burton
L. P. Byars
E. Chamness
O. M. Clark
W. C. Clarke
E. D. Clement
S. Coles
J. C. Covington
W. G. Dominick
J. L. Dove
R. C. Dick
J. L. Eason
F. Fleming
J. T. Folk
T. Fulmer
F. L. Gandy
E. A. Gardner
E. E. Gary
R. T. Gaston
P. McD. Gee
J. O. Graham
H. H. Greene
F. B. Greene
A. Grier
G. A. Hanna
A. L. Harris
R. A. Harris
A. R. Happoldt
J. C. Harrison
E. C. Haskell
M. R. Hirsch
E. R. Horton, Jr.
B. G. Hunter
T. M. Hunter
W. G. Hyrne
R. P. Jeter
A. W. Kreamer
J. H. Lesesne
J. N. Loadholt
L. DeB. McCrady
H. W. McIver
J. N. McLaurin
J. P. McMillan
P. Miley
J. D. Murray
W. L. Nance
W. F. Odom
C. H. Pennell
J. R. Pennell
W. C. Pitts
McQ. Quattlebaum
T. B. Reeves
J. C. Reid
W. A. Robinson
H. K. Sanders
W. J. Sheely
J. B. Simpson
W. D. Simpson
W. C. Spratt
F. G. Tarbox
J. A. Teague
D. W. Watkins
A. C. Whittle
C. Y. Wigfall
J. H. Wilson
E. H. Wood
C. M. Wootan
J. McC. Wylie

T. H. Yeargin

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Sophomore Diary.

Sept. 13. '06. We arrived at college wet and scared.

Sept. 14. President Mell gives the Freshmen a very sympathetic talk. Prof. Morrison also can be very consoling and fatherly.

Sept. 25. We go into companies. To show their gratitude and pleasure, the old boys hold courts on every hall.

Sept. 30. First class meeting held. McFadden elected president. We begin the year with two hundred eighteen Freshman.

Oct. 18. Uniforms are worn the first time. All of us "burnt" late at reveille. Every one greets us with "Happy Rat."

Oct. 25. We get guns and begin to learn our general orders.

Nov. 12. Freshmen walk two hours on the parade ground for laughing at Col. Clay.

Nov. 15. Fike has an automobile of 20 "rat power."

Nov. 28. "Tigers" defeat Tech. Rats haul trash for bonfire.

Dec. 3. Prof. Johnstone tells us, "You'd better save the problems, you may need them on examination."

Dec. 20. We make up our beds at three o'clock. Old boys on the war-path.


Jan. 9. '07. We come back to school thinking our days of rat-hood over. We are gently reminded.

Jan. 11. Valuable advice from Prof. Morrison concerning the coming term.

Jan. 26. Tho we had a good team, we failed to win class foot-ball championship.

Feb. 7. Sondley amuses class by telling a Christmas experience—walked twenty five miles to see his girl—Walker beats that and takes charge of "Fido."

Mar. 9. Make up Forge work. Prof. Gardner talks about the ladies. Everybody passes this term.

Mar. 19. All poor geography students are out for track. Prof. Calhoun fails very few.


Apr. 1. All cut classes, led by Juniors. To us it will remain a “Mud-dy” and “Mel-ancholy” day.

Apr. 2. General inspection. Rats in great demand for cleaning guns. We stand attention like soldiers now.

Apr. 3. Prof. Morrison has an unassigned lesson. A long row of “goose eggs.”

Apr. 24. Freshman class well represented in athletics. Have four men on track.

May 1. Field Day. All rats wear their new summer suits. Handsome boys.

May 17. Extended order drill. Freshmen act as corporals, get military!

May 29. Final term exams start. Everybody studying.

June 5. Seniors finish exams. Dark days for the Freshmen.

June 7. Sophomores at last.

June 10. We receive the Seniors’ best wishes and kindest regards. It is very touching to be told farewell.

Sept. 11. One hundred and sixty Sophs return. Last year’s caps entirely too small.

Sept. 12. We tried to be cordial to the rats, but they didn’t seem to appreciate our interest in them.

Sept. 24. Harris elected president.


Oct. 10. Scrub foot-ball team composed of Sophormores almost entirely. One on varsity.

Oct. 18. Dancing school meets. Have a large class and bright prospects.

Nov. 1. Review on Trigonometry. “Everybody makes a ten. That was magnificent.”

Nov. 15. Prof. Daniels calls on a man not prepared to recite. The boy answers, “Prof., this is not my day.” Hard luck.

Nov. 23. We have large delegation of Sophs on the field every Saturday walking extras.

Dec. 13. Prof. Hook reports entire section for not complying with shop rules. He will not get a box of cigars this Christmas.


Dec. 20. Finish exams and start home.

Jan. 6, ’08. We start the new year with resolutions to study harder; so, that when the class of nineteen ten graduates each one can answer “Here.”

Sophomore Roll.

B. B. Harris, President
W. H. Morgan, Vice-President  J. T. Stephenson, Sec. & Treas.
R. P. Henderson, Poet  N. E. Byrd, Historian

Class Colors:
Old Gold and Black.

Albergotti, W. M.  Goodman, W. S.
Arthur, M. W.  Hanna, E. H.
Allen, W.  Horvin, W. S.
Baker, F. R.  Hardin, D. T.
Bailey, H. R.  Harris, B. B.
Barnett, W. D.  Harrison, J. W.
Barnette, W. A.  Haynsworth, W. M.
Baxley, P. A.  Head, N. O.
Beach, M. W.  Hendricks, J. H.
Beaty, D. C.  Henegan, J. W.
Becker, A. J.  Henderson, R. P.
Bethea, H. F.  Hester, W. H.
Bischoff, J. E. C.  Hope, T. G.
Boykin, E. M.  Hodge, W. M.
Boykin, B. D.  Higgins, V. B.
Bolt, W. C.  Hill, J. L.
Boylston, B. K.  Hill, H. M.
Bowen, R. E.  Hydrick, O. A.
Brinson, H. W.  Inman, C. F.
Brown, J. E.  Jeter, F. H.
Bull, J. H.  Jenkins, J. E.
Buckner, J. M.  Johnston, H. S.
Byrd, N. E.  Keith, J. B.
Campbell, A. M.  Kirby, J. E.
Cassels, G. T.  Knox, J. S.
Clayton, D. B.  Lachicotte, G. E.
Clinkscales, H. R.  LaRoche, L. L.
Colclough, I. N.  Lawrence, B. F.
Cooper, H. P.  Lee, P. E.
Corothers, J. N.  Leland, A. W.
Coleman, R. M.  Lindler, L. S.
Crawford, B. L.  Lipscomb, P. H.
Crum, W. C.  Lowery, R. W.
Davis, E. I.  Marion, T. L.
Davis, H. S.  Martin, H. H.
Dukes, C. A.  Martin, J. M.
Dukes, O. O.  Massey, L. M.
Easterling, K.  Marshall, W. J.
Evans, C. D.  Milling, J. C.
Evans, S. E.  Miller, S. L.
Epting, E. E.  Middleton, C. F.
Fant, G. C.  Morrah, O. A.
Floyd, G. T.  Morrison, W. L.
Friday, W. A.  Morgan, W. H.
Furtick, G. C.  McCord, O. P.
Gantt, J. J.  McCord, G. L.
Garner, G. D.  McCown, F. O.
McDavid, A.
McDermid, A. H.
McKeown, A. A.
McLauren, C.
Newman, W. W.
Nickles, R. E.
Parker, F. F.
Parker, E.
Poe, E. F.
Plenge, H. D.
Phillips, W. H.
Pickney, E. H.
Porcher, E. P.
Pyatt, J. S.
Ranson, A. P.
Reeves, H. L.
Ridgill, J. M.
Rogers, L. D.
Robbs, C. M.
Roddey, M. M.
Ross, F. L.
Ryan, G. D.
Salley, G. L.
Salley, T. R.
Sanders, O. T.
Seabrook, W. E.
Self, J. A.

Wyndham, L. T.

Shuler, K. B.
Shuler, J. D.
Simpson, A. P.
Simpson, R. M.
Sims, M. D.
Sitton, E. N.
Smarr, A. R.
Sondley, C. M.
Spears, F. E.
Stephenson, J. T.
Sullivan, S. B.
Summers, L. W.
Sumner, E. L.
Thornhill, E. J.
Thomason, F. S.
Townsend, C. P.
Trott, C. H.
Walker, W. S.
Wall, M. W.
Walsh, B.
Walters, O. L.
Webb, L. D.
White, W. P.
Wiggins, W. M.
Williams, T. D.
Wilson, D. H.
Wylie, J.
History of the Class of 1911.

With hopes of joy and hearts of pride
We've fought the first year through,
And yet there's three more years of work
For each of us to do.
Although this work is very hard
Let not one sigh be given,
That all may praise and honor bring
Upon the Class of '11.

On September the 11th, one of the jolliest crowd of boys that was ever brought together arrived at Clemson. This bunch of youngsters are the men who compose the class of 1911.

There were enrolled in our class at the beginning of the session, ninety Agriculturals and one hundred and sixty Mechanicals. This is one of the largest classes that has ever been at Clemson.

The following officers were chosen at our first class meeting: R. H. McFadden, of Rock Hill, President; W. H. Hankel, of Charleston, Vice-President, and B. T. Rice, of Boswell, Secretary-Treasurer. These are all strong men and under their leadership the Class of 1911 ought to be one of the best that was ever graduated from Clemson.

There are not many large men in our class, but we are well represented on the athletic field. Several of our classmates were on the foot-ball squad and three played on 'varsity; two of them won block C's. We were also well represented on the track and base-ball teams.

Our class foot-ball team was one of the best that has ever been at Clemson. We played two games with the "Preps," the first resulting in a tie. In the next, which was played about a week later, we simply "ran away" with them. Our men seemed to take on new life and played for all that was in the game. When the whistle announced the end of the
game the score stood 17-0 in our favor. This proved to the other classes that we had a team that would have to be reckoned with. In the final game for the championship we played the Seniors, and while we were defeated—the score was 5-c—we were more than satisfied with the showing that our team made, and it will encourage us to go into the contest all the harder next year.

Our college work has been very satisfactory so far. The first term examinations and longings for home have decreased our number to about two hundred, but nevertheless the percentage of failures is smaller than that of the class of last year, and we are are proud of the fact. Though our diplomas are a long distance from us, and the pathway is jagged and full of obstructions, we trust that when the year 1911 arrives we shall have climbed the precipice, and be there to receive them.

There are undoubtably a great many geniuses among us who will some day prove their worth as statesmen, orators, writers, agriculturists and engineers, and men of distinction. Let us unite our efforts and work for the betterment and uplift of our class. Let every man feel that he has a personal duty to perform, and go at it with a determination to accomplish something. Let us leave behind us a record of which me may well be proud and an example for succeeding classes to follow. If we succeed in doing this we can then, and not till then, feel that we have really accomplished something for ourselves and for our Alma Mater. It is now “up to us” to take advantage of this great opportunity. Let it not slip from our grasp, and it is hoped that when the tocsin is sounded at the end of our college course it will be the signal for us to strive onward, ever onward, to nobler and better things, and for the development of our beloved State and country.

S. G. Venning, '11.
Freshman Class Roll.

President,
R. H. McFadden

Vice-President
W. H. Hanckel

Historian
C. B. Farmer

Secretary and Treasurer
B. T. Rice, Jr.

Poet
J. F. Boyd

Aull, F. H.
Ackrer, H.
Allen, A. B.
Altman, L. B.
Anderson, H. W.
Adams, F.
Bentley, H. H.
Brown, S. M.
Boroughs, C. C.
Boynton, H. G.
Byrd, N. E.
Bolt, A. C.
Blackwell, J. W.
Beaty, H. C.
Boyd, J. F.
Bradford, J. I.
Brown, R. E.
Barre, J. A.
Bacot, B. R.
Boone, L. D.
Brodie, O. B.
Boozer, S. E.
Baxter, S. E.
Britt, S. L.
Crowther, J. I.
Connelly, W. R.
Cannon, D. A.
Conner, S. M.
Cannon, W. E.
Cohen, O. R.
Corbett, L. W.
Crawford, J. T.
Cantwell, R. W.
Connor, E. O.
Crouch, J. C.
Cudd, J. J.
Campbell, D. B.
Chapman, A. D.
Dubase, E. C.
Dubase, J. L.
Dupree, J. C.
DesPortes, F. A.
Davis, W. C.
Deason, B. H.
David, L. J.

Earle, O. P.
Ezell, J. F.
Elkins, M. B.
Ezell, W. D.
Ellis, R. L.
Eagerton, H. C.
Epps, M. H.
Evans, C. S.
Edmunds, W. A.
Farris, P. M.
Fairly, C. V.
Foster, W.
Freeman, R. W.
Fulmer, H.
Fudge, M.
Farmer, C. B.
Folk, B. F.
Font, A. P.
Fizer, J. L.
Fitz-Simons, J. C.
Gregorie, R. P.
George, L. C.
Gilliam, C. R.
Gilmore, J. L.
Grimball, J. H.
Graham, O. H.
Gettys, B. W.
Ginn, W. N.
Gilmore, A. E.
Gage, J. H.
Gilmore, F. V.
Gantt, J. W.
Garland, J. O.
Garrett, W. C.
Gray, W. R.
Hamlin, H. G.
Hale, P. S.
Harris, T.
Hardin, L. H.
Harvey, H. W.
Herbert, W. W.
Hunter, J. J.
Haskell, L. C.
Hauckle, W. H.
Henderson, W. N.
Hall, C. M.
Pitts, H. B.
Harrison, L. C.
Perry, W. G.
Hydrick, J. H.
Rivers, H. F.
Hodge, W. F.
Rogers, W. S.
Harris, J. G.
Rogers, J. H.
Inman, G. G.
Reese, F. L.
Jenkins, J. E.
Rentz, W. H.
Josey, E. P.
Robinson, A. M.
Jenkins, E. S.
Redfern, T. C.
Johnson, T. L.
Riley, J. A.
Harrison, L. C.
Rivers, H. F.
Harris, J. G.
Rogers, J. H.
Inman, G. H.
Rice, C. P.
Jones, W. S.
Rice, B. T.
Kaigler, H. O.
Rast, P. M.
Knight, B. T.
Stevens, R. G.
Kirby, H. D.
Stevenson, W. J.
Josey, E. P.
Stierly, T. C.
Jenkins, B. T.
Ketchens, C. E.
Rentz, W. H.
Kirk, L. M.
Hodges, C. A.
Jenkins, E. S.
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<td>Webb, G. M.</td>
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<td>White, J. A.</td>
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Wheeler, S. E. 75
"DADDY—I DID NOT KNOW I HAD SUCH BRILLIANT STUDENTS, THEIR COMPOSITIONS ARE PUBLISHED IN THE (?) POPULAR MAGAZINES—EH! WELL—IT—IS—REMARKABLE—"
Professor.
CHARLES MANNING FURMAN, A. B.

Furman University; law student two years. Served four years in the Confederate army, attaining successively the rank of second lieutenant, first lieutenant and captain of Company "H." Sixteenth South Carolina Regiment. Before being transferred to this regiment he served in the Palmetto Guards and Earle's Light Battery; lawyer, fourteen years; educator, twenty-five years.

Associate Professor.
DAVID WISTAR DANIEL, A. M.

Wofford College, 1892; A. M., Vanderbilt University, 1901. Educational work.

Assistant Professor.
THOMAS WADLINGTON KEITT, (V. M. I.)

Virginia Military Institute, 1878. Assistant Professor of Modern Languages, Virginia Military Institute; Principal of Rutherford Academy; County Superintendent of Education, Newberry County; Assistant Professor, English, Clemson College.

Assistant Professor.
ARTHUR BUIST BRYAN, B. S.

Clemson College, 1898; B. Litt., University of Nashville, 1901; Graduate Student University of Chicago, by residence work during summer quarters and by correspondence; now applicant for Master's degree. Assistant Professor, English, Clemson College.

Assistant Professor.
MARK EDWARD BRADLEY, A. B.

Erskine College, 1898; Teacher in public schools of Abbeville; Assistant Professor, English, Clemson College.
Prof. Furman: "Mr. Harris, define cupidity."
Harris: "Love, sir."
Prof. F.: "Ha, when you write to your girl, are you moved by cupidity?"

Prof. F.: "Mr. Dove, what do you mean when you speak of a galleon?"
Dove: "Four quarts, sir!"

Prof. F.: "Mr. Pegues, define regent."
"Pig:" "A country, sir!"

Prof. F. (looking over the grades): "Ha, as you have learned in chemistry, certain things won't combine. Here is one man with nothing but a six and a zero."

Wolff: "Professor, I think that zero must belong to me."
Prof: "Ha, no one is disputing your title to it, sir!"

Prof. F.: "Mr. Dove, what is a consonant, anyway?"
Dove: "A consonant is a word which you can pronounce without opening your lips!"

Section: "Ha-a! ha-a! ha, a!!!"
Dove: "No, sir, I meant to say teeth!"
Prof.: "Ha, Mr. Dove, suppose you shut your mouth and pronounce one for us, then."

Pegues (On English Literature): "Professor weren't the Normans Dames (Danes)?"
Prof.: "Ha, some of them were, sir."
Chorus: "Ha! Ha!! Ha!!!"
History and Political Economy.

WILLIAM SHANNON MORRISON, A. B.

Professor of History and Political Economy.

Graduated at Wofford College; for seven years principal of high schools at Wellford, S. C.; organized, and for two years principal of city schools at Spartanburg; organized and for seven years principal of city schools of Greenville. Professor of history and political economy at Clemson College from 1895 to present time.

ALESTER GARDNER HOLMES, B. S.

Assistant in English, History and Geography.

Graduated at the South Carolina Military Academy. Principal of school at Pendleton, S. C., later at Belton, and then principal of Downer Institute, Beech Island, S. C. Assistant Master, Sewanee Grammar School, Sewanee, Tenn.; instructor in mathematics, A. and M. College of N. C., Raleigh, N. C. Has been at Clemson College since the fall of 1906.
History and Political Economy Joke.
FRED HARVEY HALL CALHOUN, B. S., Ph. D.

B. S. University of Chicago, 1898; Ph. D., University of Chicago, 1902; Instructor University of Chicago, 1900–1902; Assistant Professor Geology and Physics, Illinois College, 1902–1904; Professor Geology and Mineralogy, Clemon College, 1904—; Assistant Geologist U. S. Geological Survey, 1901—; Instructor University of Chicago Correspondence School, 1900—; Professor Geology University of Colorado Summer School 1905 and 1906; Instructor Field Geology University of Chicago Summer School, 1907; Member of American Association for Advancement of Science. Dr. Calhoun’s most valuable contribution to science is the result of his investigations in glacial geology embraced in his publication “The Montana Lobe of the Keewatin Ice Sheet.”
Prof. C.: "A body of water is called a lake when it is not very long in proportion to its width."
Sandy: "How do you tell which is length and which is width?"
Prof.: "The long way is length and the short way is width."

Prof.: "Mr. Tavel, what is the name of the moraine formed at the end of a glacier."
Muggins: "Which end?"

Prof. C.: (showing a picture of icebergs): "A'right, what are these, Mr. Harrison?"
Harrison: "I don't know."
Prof.: "Are they ships, icebergs, gunboats, or whales?"
Harrison: "Oh, I see, now, they are gunboats."

The State vs. Fred Harvey Hall Calhoun.

Charge: Wilfully, intentionally, and with malice aforethought slandering the character and good name of the Senior section of Animal Industry.

This case cannot be tried owing to the fact that the monstrous animal that left his footprints on the shales of New Hampshire 10,000,000 years ago has frightened the defendant out of the State.

Conditions: Rain and wind from the east.
Proof: Indentations on this rock.
Time: Fifteen million years ago!!!!!!!
Agricultural Department.

JOSEPH NELSON HARPER, B. S.; M. S. A.
Professor of Agriculture and Director of Department.
Mississippi Agricultural and Mechanical College, B. S., 1895; Assistant in Animal Husbandry Mississippi Experimental Station, 1895-96; Agriculturist to Kentucky Experimental Station and Lecturer on Agriculture in Kentucky State College, 1896-1905; Kentucky State College, M. S. A., 1905; Clemson, 1905.

CHARLES CARTER NEWMAN,
Associate Professor of Horticulture.
Associate Professor of Horticulture at Clemson and Horticulturist for South Carolina Experimental Station since 1899.

ALBERT F. CONRADI, B. S. A., M. S.
Associate Professor of Zoology and Entomology.
Ohio State University, B. S. A., '01; New Hampshire State College, M. S., '02; Instructor in Zoology and Entomology, New Hampshire State College, '02-'03; Professor of Zoology and Entomology at Texas Agricultural and Mechanical College and State Entomologist for Texas, '03-'07; Clemson, '07.

M. RAY POWERS, D. V. S.
Associate Professor of Veterinary.
Science and State Veterinarian for South Carolina; Wyoming Seminary, Kingston, Pennsylvania, '02; New York University, D. V. S., '06; House Surgeon American Veterinary College, '05-'06; Clemson, '06.

DAVID OLIVER NOURSE, B. S.
Associate Professor of Animal Husbandry and Dairying.
Massachusetts Agricultural College, '83; Assistant Massachusetts Agricultural Experimental Station, '83-'88; Professor Agricultural Virginia Polytechnic Institute, and Agriculturist to Virginia Experimental Station, '88-'07; Clemson, '07.

CLIFFORD LEWIS NEWMAN, M. S.
Associate Professor of Agriculture.
Alabama Agricultural and Mechanical College, B. S., '86; M. S., '90; Assistant Professor of Agricultural University of Tennessee, '87-'89; Principal North Alabama Agricultural School, '89-'91; Assistant Agriculturist Arkansas Experimental Station, '91-'97; Professor Agricultural University of Arkansas, and Agriculturist of Arkansas Experimental Station, '97-'05; Clemson, '05.

HENRY WALTER BARRE, B. S.
Associate Professor of Botany and Bacteriology.
Clemson, B. S., '05; University of Nebraska, B. S., '07; Field Assistant in Pathology at Nebraska Experimental Station, '06-'07; Clemson, '07.

JUNIUS MILTON BURGESS, B. S.
Assistant in Animal Husbandry and Dairying.
Clemson, B. S., '02; Clemson, '05.

ENOCH BARNETT, V. M. D.
Assistant in Veterinary Science.
McGill University, Montreal, Canada; University of Pennsylvania, '05; V. M. D.; Surgeon Veterinary Hospital at University of Pennsylvania, '05-'06; with Pennsylvania Live Stock Sanitary Board, '06-'07; Clemson, '07.

MISS HELEN BRADFORD,
Stenographer for the Agricultural Department.
Prof. C. L. Newman: "Mr. Harvey, how tall does the corn stalk grow in your county (Marlboro)?"
Senior Harvey: "It varies from three to sixteen inches."
Prof. Harper: "Mr. Lunn, discuss dry moisture."
Senior Lunn: "Dry moisture furnishes the plant with most of its water during droughts."
Prof. Nourse: "Mr. Lewis, how much corn stover would you feed to a pig three months old?"
"Pike" Lewis: "Forty-eight pounds per day would make a balanced ration for it."

"Nap" and "Wamp" were turning the hand cotton gin, with poor results, when Professor Newman made his appearance on the scene.

Prof. Newman (addressing the class): "Gentlemen, I have just found out why the gin won't work."
Whole Class: "Why, Professor?"
Prof. Newman: "Two cranks and a cotton gin will not work together."

Dr. Powers: "Mr. Clark, name some of the involuntary actions of the body."
Junior Clark: "Walking, breathing, talking."
Dr. Powers: "Yes, talking is involuntary with some people, especially women."

Dr. Calhoun: "Mr. Stevens, suppose you were climbing the western side of a mountain, how much would it retard the velocity of the earth?"
Senior Stevens: "It wouldn't stop it."

Wanted—to know why the horticultural experience of Warren, Cannon and Fike should not be called "Loves Labor Lost?"
Prof. Newman: "Mr. Marston, what is the corn tassel?"
Senior Marston: "It is the part covered with the shuck."
MARK BERNARD HARDIN. (V. M. I.)
Professor of Chemistry and Chief Chemist for Experiment Station.

Adjunct Professor of Chemistry, V. M. I., '58-'60; Major of Artillery in the Confederate army, '60-'65; Analytical Chemist in New York, '65-'67; again Professor of Chemistry at V. M. I., '67-'90; Clemson College, '90.

RICHARD NEWMAN BRACKETT, A. B., Ph. D.
Associate Professor of Chemistry.

Davidson College, A. B., '83; Johns Hopkins University, F. h. D., '87; Chemist of the Geological Survey of Arkansas, '87-'91; Clemson College, '91.

DAVID HILL HENRY, B. S.
Assistant Professor of Chemistry.

Clemson, B. S., '08; Assistant Professor of Chemistry at Clemson since graduation.

BENJAMIN FREEMAN, B. S.
Assistant Chemist

Clemson, B. S., '03; In charge of Coast Experiment Station, 1904-1905; Clemson College, 1905.
Soph. Kirby (First time in Chem. Lab.), after examining his bunsen burner and trying to light same, exclaimed: "Oh, there is no oil in my lamp!"

Prof. Henry to Soph. Hendricks: "Mr. Hendricks, how is chlorine detected?"

Soph. Hendricks, "By its property of starching litmus."

Soph. Ross to Soph. Laurence: "What does the Prof. mean when he says residue?"

Laurence: "That stuff that flies off."

Dr. Brackett to Soph. Nickles: "Mr. Nickles, as you failed on last month's work because you never answered anything on the review, and as to-day is the last time we will meet this session, I will give you the easiest question that can be asked. "Will you name the grouping reagents?"

"Bob," after thinking a little while: "Prof., I don't believe I remember but one of them."

Dr. Brackett: "The very idea; but better one than none, so let's have it."

"Bob": "Sulphuric acid, but I don't remember the formula, so you need not ask me that."

Dr. Brackett, in his usual voice: "Leave my room!"

Senior Rice, looking at the bulb of a thermometer: "Say, Pete, why does that platinum rise when the thermometer is put in the solution?"

Wise: "Why, 'Tunk,' where have you been all this time? That is not platinum, it is lead."

Col. Hardin, after becoming very impatient with Soph. Nickles, for never answering a question correctly, asked: "Mr. Nickles, do you know in what three states matter exist?"

"Bob" very promptly, "Yes, sir."

Col. Hardin, "Well, for mercy sake, let's have it."

"Bob" in a rather loud tone of voice: "North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia."

Prof. Henry to Soph. Teague: "Mr. Teague, What is meant by oxidation?"

Teague: "Ox means a beast of burden; 'I' is a relative pronoun denoting the person speaking; 'dation' is a Greek word signifying burn, so the meaning is 'I burn the beast of burden."

Dr. Brackett, explaining the meaning of a normal solution, gave the Juniors to understand that it was like the following illustration: "All blue birds can sing, but not all birds that can sing are blue birds."

Senior Ryan to Dr. Brackett: "Prof. do the men in the Metallurgy course get enough essaying (assaying) to enable them to work the platinum gold mines of Russia?"

Dr. Brackett: "I am not familiar enough with the English course to know how much drill they have in essays; but, even if there was such a thing as platinum gold mines, essays would have nothing to do with working them."

Senior Kirven in Chemical Lab.: "Prof., Do you know where I will find that bottle of carbon dioxide?"

Dr. Brackett: "No, sir, I guess you will have to make up some" Junior Hyrne, on beginning to take up quantitative analysis, asked Dr. Brackett to give him a new desiccator (desiccator)
Electrical Department.

WALTER MERRITT RIGGS, E.; M. E.,

Director of Department of Electrical and Mechanical Engineering and Professor of Electrical Engineering.

Gladuated at Alabama Polytechnic Institute, B. S. degree in 1893; Student Assistant Instructor of English following term; granted E. and M. E. degree in 1894; Special Electrical and Mechanical course at Cornell following summer; Instructor in Charge of Physical Laboratory at Alabama Polytechnic Institute from 1894 to February, 1896; elected Instructor of Electrical Engineering at Clemson College in February, 1896; made assistant professor several years later; elected to present position of director in 1901; designer of many of the college buildings; founder and president of the C. C. Athletic Association and the South Carolina Athletic Association and senior vice-president of the Southern Intercollegiate Athletic Association.

FRANK TOWNES DARGAN, M. S.,

Assistant Professor of Electricity

Graduated at Furman University, B. S., M. M. P., 1897, and in 1899 M. S.; Instructor Furman University, 1898. Special courses at University of Michigan and Cornell University; Instructor in Mathematics, Clemson College, 1901; Instructor in Drawing 1902, and elected to his present position of Assistant Professor of Electricity in 1904.
Phos.: “Say, Bobby, how does a raven resemble a crow?”
Bobby.: “I don’t know.”
Phos.: “Why a raven is a crow with a caw-less value.”

Rat entering Riser’s room: “Say, Riser, what in the world are you doing?”
Riser: Oh, I am just trying to sharpen my knife on a Wheatstone bridge.”

Cadet Poag, with his invaluable scientific knowledge, asserts that Prof. F. T. Dargan is short circuited.

Prof. Riggs: “Mr. Carpenter, who invented the mercury arc?”
Bobby, after considerable thought: Who-er-I didn’t even know they had a flood on Mercury, much less an ark.”

Graham, hearing Poag sawing in the attic: Lee, the current is sure on these wires now I hear it coming.”

The Ackerman-Corbett barracks phoneless telephone system is about to run the automatic out of business. New subscribers are being added daily. Manager Ackerman informs us that connection will soon be made with Crawford’s beef market, the commandant’s office, the barber shop, and various other places of popular resort.

Mr. Heyward has had serious trouble with his thesis, the mechanism of the machine being so perfect that the design was prone to run off the drawing board as it neared completion.

“Kastus” Miller reports exciting times in laboratory. He says that one of the pet Kester motors got exited and ran away. For further particulars apply to Rastus, Dutch Fork, S. C.
HALE HOUSTON, C. E.
Associate Professor of Civil Engineering.

Washington and Lee University, ’92; Hamilton Construction and Tool Co., Hamilton, Ohio, ’93; Professor Mathematics, Pantops Academy, Charlottesville, Va., 93–94, ’94–95; Toledo Rolling Mill Co., ’95–1900; Director of Mathematics, Toledo Polytechnic School, 1900–03.

SAMUEL MANER MARTIN, B. S.
Associate Professor of Mathematics.

South Carolina Military Academy, ’96; Post-graduate course in Mathematics at Cornell and Harvard Universities; taught two years in graded school at Johnston, S. C.; Major Corps of Cadets, Clemson College, ’98–02.

G. SHANKIN, B. S.
Registrar and Assistant Professor of Mathematics.

South Carolina Military Academy.

JOSEPH EVERETT HUNTER, B. S.
Assistant Professor of Mathematics.

Clemson Agricultural and Mechanical College, ’96; Professor in public schools of Newberry County, ’96–1900; Post-graduate course in Mathematics in University of Chicago, summers, ’02–04; Instructor preparatory class, Clemson College, ’01.

B. H. JOHNSTONE, A. B.
Assistant Professor of Mathematics.

South Carolina University, ’84; Post-graduate courses at Universities of Chicago and Cornell; teacher and Superintendent of public schools in Newberry, S.C.

A. BRAMLETT, B. S.
Assistant Professor of Mathematics.

South Carolina Military Academy, ’99; Commandant Welsh Neck High School ’99–01; engaged in common school work in South Carolina and Georgia, ’01–03; Assistant Professor Mathematics, Georgia School Technology, ’03–06; Professor Mathematics, Georgia Military Academy, ’06–07; Professor Mathematics, Bingham School, September to January, ’08.
Junior (in surveying): "What's the difference between differential and integral levelling?"

Prof.: "Mr.—, if there are 231 cubic inches in a gallon and 1728 cubic inches in a cubic foot, which is the larger?"
Fresh.: "I don't know, sir, I'll have to figure it out."

Soph.: "The juniors study athletic (analytic) geometry."

Rat: "When a number is taken twice it is doubled, when taken thrice it is troubled."

Prof. Houston informed the senior civils that they would have to work out "that dam problem" before next period.

Some one has figured out that the grades of a student in algebra varies inversely as the square of the distance he seats himself from the professor.

Civil Senior's yell after a "Sammy" review:

"Stick, stack, stuck,
Stick, stack, stuck,
Iky-Blik, Porgy zook,
Darn hard luck."
SAMUEL B. EARLE, A. M., M. E.

Associate Professor in Mechanical Engineering.
Furman University, A. B., '98, A. M., '99; Cornell University, M. E., '02.

STYLES HOWARD, B. M. E.

Assistant Professor in Mechanical Engineering and Machine-work.
Kentucky State College, B. M. E., '04.

THOMAS G. POATS, M. E., E. E.

Associate Professor of Physics.
University of Virginia, M. E., E. E., '06; taught in School of Mines, University of Missouri, '02-'03; instructor in department of engineering, University of Virginia, '05-'06; Clemson Agricultural and Mechanical College since '97.

R. E. LEE, B. S

Associate Professor of Drawing.
Clemson Agricultural and Mechanical College, B. S., '96; Zamerion Art College '08; Cornell University, summer, '00; University of Pennsylvania, '05; Assistant Professor of Drawing, Clemson Agricultural and Mechanical College, '98; Associate Professor, same, '04.

J. H. HOOK, B. S.

Assistant Professor of Wood-work.
Clemson Agricultural and Mechanical College, B. S., '98, Inspector in U. S. Naval department at Dry Tortugas, '08-'00; Clemson College since '00.

W. W. KLUGH, B. S.

Assistant Professor of Drawing.
Clemson Agricultural and Mechanical College, B. S., '96.

JOHN WEEMS GANTT.

Assistant Professor of Forge and Foundry.
Miller School of Virginia, '00; Post-graduate, '01; Providence Engineering Company, '01.

ANDREW B. GARDNER.

Assistant Professor of Wood-work.

FRANK BOGARD, B. M. E.

Instructor in Drawing.
Kentucky State College, B. M. E., '06; with International Correspondence School, '06.

Z. ROBERT LEWIS.

Assistant in Forge and Foundry.
Miller School of Virginia, '06; instructor of Forge and Foundry V. P. I., '06-'07.

T. H. BURRESS, Jr., B. S.

Instructor in Drawing.
Mississippi Agricultural and Mechanical College, '07.
Prof. Howard (after forty-five minutes of diligent work): “Anybody see what I’m driving at?”

Ask Sammy B. Earle how he likes the “organ grinding stunt.”


Prof. Klugh (to Freshman who was attempting to draw a straight line): “Mr. Marshall, are you a good baseball player?”
Fresh. M—: “No sir, why?”
Prof. Klugh: “You have a good curve on you.”

Freshman (drawing a woman’s face): “Professor, I’ve got these lips drawn; now, how do you shade them?”
Prof. K—: “Why, my boy, have you never shaded any lips before?”

Prof. Earle: “Mr. Garrett, will you kindly tell me how you got that circle on that line?”
Senior Garrett (very innocently): “I drew it there, sir.”

“Take heed all ye that are heavy laden”: Begin all problems at the beginning—you cannot “bluff” Sammy, so he says.
Textile Department.

CHARLES STEBBINS DOGGETT.

Director of Department and Professor.

Student, Oberlin College, Ohio, 1876-'78; Leeds University, England; Federal Polytechnic, Zurich, Switzerland; Royal Prussian Polytechnic, Aix-la-Chapelle; University of Munich; 1883-86. Bleaching and Dyeing department Willimantic Linen Co., Ct., 1878-81; Chemist, Walpole Dye and Chemical Works, Mass., 1881-'83, and 1887-'89; Superintendent Boston Color Co., 1889-'94; Colorist, Merrimack Print Works, Lowell, Mass., 1894-96; Superintendent Holliston Mills, Norwood, Mass., 1896-98; Chemist, Acker Process Co., Niagara Falls, N. Y., 1898-1900; Technical Chemist, several of the works of the Grasselli Chemical Co., main office, Cleveland, Ohio, 1900-'05; Teacher of Chemical Engineering, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, 1891-'93; Clemson College, 1905.

CLAUDE WIGHTMAN McSWAIN, B. S.

Assistant Professor of Designing and Weaving.

Clemson College, B. S. '03; for two years, Textile Chemist and Colorist.

DRAYTON EDWIN EARLE, B. S.

Assistant Professor of Carding and Spinning.

Clemson College, B. S. '03; erector for Cotton Mill Machine Co. in carding and spinning division of Isaqueea Mill; teacher of carding and Spinning, Texas A. and M.
Junior Harris at the board, failing to conjugate the verb "haben," spends his time in drawing a tree.

Prof. Doggett (correcting the boards, five minutes later): Why did you stop, Mr. Harris? I thought that you were going to hang a portrait of yourself on one of the branches to signify that you were 'up a tree.'"

Chorus: (Same old thing).

Prof. D. (correcting the boards:) "Mr. Teague, what is wrong with your work?"

Teague, pointing to the word distinctly written "gelobe."

"Professor, I should have crossed that final 't.'"

Prof. D. (pointing to "ich haben," properly ich habe): Yes, sir; and that should have been an invisible 'n.'

Prof. D. "Mr. M—, what does glücklicherweise mean?"

Jun. M.—: "It means luckily, doesn't it, sir?"

Prof. D.: "Oh, but I'm asking you, you know."

M—.: "Yes, sir; and I'm telling you."
Dr. P. H. MELL,
PRESIDENT.
In Memoriam

Paul Thomas Brodie
Born 1866. Died 1907
In Memoriam

Frank Scott Shiver
Born 1871. Died 1907
Board of Trustees.

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Regimental Staff.

Majors, C. A. McLendon, J. C. Littlejohn.
Captain and Adjutant, D. L. Tindal.
Captain and Quartermaster, F. P. Caughman.
Lieutenant and Quartermaster, L. G. Richardson.
Regimental Sergeant Major, L. C. Boone.
Regimental Quartermaster Sergeant, R. T. Gaston.
Battalion Sergeant Majors, W. D. Simpson, W. L. Nance.
Color Sergeants, J. B. Simpson, J. N. McLaurin.
Captain J. C. Mixus,
Commandant.
Company "A."

Miss Cherry, Sponsor.

Captain, Kennedy, A. G.
Second Lieutenant, Rumpp, W. H.
First Sergeant, Brice, T. L.
Sergeants: Byars, L. P.
         McLaurin, K.
         McMillan, J. P.
Corporals: Spears, F. E.
          Harrison, J. W.
          Trott, C. H.
Company "B."

Captain. *Harris, D. N.*


First Sergeant, *Clark, O. M.*

Sergeants:  
*Harris, A. L.*  
*Wilson, J. H.*  
*Folk, J. T.*

Corporals:  
*Marion, T. L.*  
*Crawford, B. L.*  
*Walters, O. L.*
Company "C."

Captain, Pratt, W. O.
First Lieut., McCaslan, C. L.          Second Lieut., Crider, F. J.
First Sergeant, Norris, C. P.

Sergeants: Blair, J. R.                   Corporals: Henderson, R. P.
Whittle, A. C.                           McKeown, A. A.
Burton, A. C.                            Milling, J. C.
Gandy, F. L.                             Simpson, R. M.
Lipscomb, P. H.
Captain, Alverson, J. E.

Second Lieutenant, Riser, H. B. First Sergeant, Wolff, B. E.

Sergeants: Reeves, T. B.
           Brockinton, W. J.
           Allen, T. S.
           Whitlock, F. L.

Corporals: Leland, A. W.
           Wylie, J.
Miss Watkins
Sponsor.

Company "E."

Captain, Watson, L. O.
First Lieutenant, Poag, R. O.  Second Lieutenant, Stevens, C. L.
First Sergeant, Dominick, W. G.
Sergeants: Hyrne, W. G.     Corporals: Marshall, W. J.
Sanderson, H. K.     Morgan, W. H.
Fulmer, T.
Company
“F.”

Miss Sellers
Sponsor.

Captain, Sandifer, M. L.

First Lieut., Phillips, J. A.  Second Lieut., Cannon, C. L.

First Sergeant, Gary, E. E.

Sergeants: Pridmore, J. C.  Corporals: Lachicotte, G. E.
Green, F. B.
Graham, J. O.
Tarbox, F. G.

White, W. P.
Harvin, W. S.
Company

"G."

Miss Cottingham
Sponsor

Captain, W. M. Lunn.

First Lieut., Summers, A. C.  Second Lieut., Thomas, W. A.

First Sergeant, McIver, H. W.

Sergeants: Kelly, S. O  Yeargin, T. H.
     Brandon, L. B.  Blake, R. E.

Corporals: Salley, T. R.  Summers, L. W.
     Salley, G. L.  Keith, J. B.
     Garner, G. D.
Company "H."

Miss Bradford Sponsor.

Captain, Heyward, T. C.


First Sergeant, Pegues, S. O.

Sergeants: Dove, J. L. Corporals: Easterling, K.

Baldwin, C. E. Stephenson, J. T.

Coleman, L. A.

Clement, E. D.
Band.

Miss Halford
Sponsor.

Sergeant N. B. Peterson, U. S. A., Director.

E. P. Crouch, Chief Musician.
J. M. Wylie, Drum Major.

W. K. Tavel, solo, Bb cornet.
A. McDavid, solo Bb cornet.
V. B. Higgins, second Bb cornet.
E. P. Porcher, third Bb cornet.
R. L. Wolfe, first Bb, clarinet.
G. E. Lomax, second Bb clarinet.
C. M. Trott, solo Eb, alto.
N. E. Byrd, first Eb, alto.
E. H. Pinckney, second Eb, alto.
J. M. Wylie, third Eb, alto.
C. T. Latimer, first Bb, tenor.
E. P. Crouch, baritone.
H. D. Plenge, first Eb bass.
E. A. McCreary, second Eb, bass.
J. D. Graham, snare drum.
J. P. Lewis, bass drum.
D. L. Bissell, cymbals.
History of "Bloody Corpse."

It did please Captain Charles Donald Clay, of the United States army and the erstwhile commandant of the Clemson Agricultural and Mechanical College, in his wisdom to cause to be formed on or about the ninth day of June, A. D., nineteen hundred and seven, and in the one hundred and thirty first year of American Independence, that illustrious organization officially known as the "Hospital Corps," familiarly known as "The Bloody Corpse." But after a short, brilliant existence, it did not please Captain Josiah C. Minus of the United States Army, commandant of cadets of the Clemson Agricultural and Mechanical College, and by his explicit and imperative orders, the above mentioned and aforesaid organization was disbanded.

Cities have risen and fallen, countries have risen and fallen, continents have risen and fallen (per Calhoun) and in no wise was the "Bloody Corpse" immortal—it rose and fell, and great was the fall thereof.

Immediately after the formation of this organization, Captain Clay, having at heart the well being and comfort of these men (senior privates) assigned them to the "Bowery," the basement floor of the new barracks, so as to give them his careful, personal attention. The members of the organization feeling that they could not spare the time for Captain Clay's social calls, registered a violent kick and requested that they be given the second floor. After a long controversy, a compromise was effected and they were assigned to the top floor, commonly known as the "Buzzard Roost."

In the quiet seclusion of this aerial paradise, they remained until the following orders fell like a bomb into the quiet (?) camp.

HEADQUARTERS CORPS OF CADETS.
Clemson Agricultural and Mechanical College,
Clemson College S. C. September 24, 1907.

General Orders No. 5.

Paragraph 1. The Hospital Corps is hereby discontinued, and the privates thereof will be transferred to companies, to take effect Wednesday, September 25, 1907 at reveille.

By order of
Captain J. C. MINUS, U. S. A.,
Commandant.

At the quiet, midnight hour, following the publication of this order, the last sad rites of the "Bloody Corpse" were solemnized. Many eloquent speeches, relative to the one time glory of this great organization, were made by various members, after which the men went sadly to their rooms, singing that grand old hymn, "God be with you till we meet again."
Misses Sloan, Sponsors.

Roll of "Bloody Corpse."

Lykes, N., Ex. Lieut Co. "E." Rivers, H. L. (Ex. Lieut Co. A)
Williams, M. G. (Ex. Lieut Co. "D")

Privates.

Ackerman, M. H. Lowry, R. B.
Bailes, S. E. Mace, W. A.
Baker, A. J. Marston, C. W.
Bethea, J. O. May, L. E.
Brunson, H. H. Maynard, W. H.
Carpenter, R. B. Miller, J. M.
Clarkson, J. S. H. McLean, C. C.
Covington, B. H. Napier, J. M.
Crisp, F. W. Ogier, T. L.
Earl, J. H. Page, O. M.
Evans, W. J. Reid, R. A.
Ezell, B. B. Rice, C. W.
Ezell, S. J. Roach, W. J.
Fike, R. H. Robertson, T. G.
Folk, D. P. Roper, O.
Frazer, D. M. Ryan, J. B.
Funchess, M. J. Scott, W. H.
Garrett, E. V. Sessions, R. G.
Gee, W. P. Shuler, E. H.
Graham, J. D. Smith, F. W.
Hamilton, T. Speer, G. W.
Harvey, J. H. Strickland, H. K.
Hutchins, E. L. Tavel, W. K.
Johnson, C. C. Trott, C. M.
Kirven, W. W. Warren, G.
Kirk, W. W. Weathersbee, G. G.
LaBorde, J. C. Wells, W. N.
Lee, A. C. Wessinger, J. S.
Lewis, J. P. Wilburn, H. C.

Wise, F. B.

124
"The Tiger's Growl"
Athletic Council.

W. M. Riggs,  
T. G. Poats,  
D. W. Daniel,  
F. H. H. Calhoun,  
J. W. Gantt,  
128
Stein Song.

Now the Tiger wakes from sleeping,
For the strenuous work of fall,
When so bravely he and Mac
Will meet the onslaughts of them all.

Chorus.
For it's always fair weather,
When good fellows get together,
And it's Clemson playing ball.
For it's always fair weather,
When good fellows get together,
And it's Clemson, it's Clemson,
And it's Clemson playing ball.

Oh! were we all like Gaston
When the boys begin to play
And we've faith and hope in Caughman,
And we've Coles who'll win the day.

Chorus.

Give a rouse then for the Foot Ball
For a team that knows no fear.
Turn night time into day time
With the sunlight of good cheer.

Chorus.

"HOT TIME."

Cheer, boys, cheer; for Clemson's got the ball.
—U! rah! rah! O won't they take a fall;
For when we hit their line, there'll be no line at all.
There'll be a hot time in Clemson tonight.
"The Tale of the Kangaroo."
We'll whoop it up for Clemson,
We have them on the run,
We'll hold them down like Tigers,
For the fun has just begun.
There's McFadden, Coles, and Allen;
There's Mac and Gaston, too,
With such an aggregation,
We won't do much to you.

"John Brown's Body."
C. A. C. comes a' marching on the field,
C. A. C. comes a' marching on the field,
C. A. C. comes a' marching on the field,
And the bleachers yell with joy.
C. A. C. goes a' bucking through the line:
Repeat as above.
C. A. C. goes a' runnin' round the end,
Repeat as above.
Georgia Tech lies a' moulding in the ground,
Repeat as above.
As we go marching by.
Oh! here's more work for the Clemson raggers,
Another little job for Mac's Tigers,
From old Maryville plus Georgia Tech
And U. N. C. plus Tennessee
Will win our victory.

"Cheer Up Mary."
Cheer up, Tiger,
Don't be sighing, sighing,
There's a rainbow in the sky.
You'll look better, when
You're fighting, fighting,
In Atlanta to win or die,
Clemson's corp will soon be singing, singing,
Praise for you and Shaughnessy,
Oh! Tiger dear, do not fear.
We'll have a bonfire by and by.
Yells.
Hi! Yi! Yi!
Hi! Yi! Yi!
Hi! Yi! Yi!
Clemson Clemson
Clemson.

Locomotive.
Rah! rah! rah! rah!
Tiger! Tiger!
Rah! rah! rah! rah!
Tiger! Tiger!
Rah! rah! rah! rah!
Tiger! Tiger!
Rah!

Clemson, Clemson, rah! rah!
Clemson, Clemson, rah! rah!
Hoo! rah! Hoo! rah!
Tiger.

Skyrocket.
Ssss-sss! Boom! Yr! Tiger!
C. A. C. rah! rah!
C. A. C. rah! rah!
Hoo! rah! Hoo! rah!
Clemson, rah! rah!

Rah! rah! rah!
Rah! rah! rah!
Rah! rah! rah!
Tiger! Tiger!
Tiger!
F. J. Shaughnessy, Coach.
R. A. Reid, Manager.
J. N. McLaurin, Captain.
Line Up.


J. N. McLaurin, '09, Right Tackle, Captain.

S. Coles, '09, Right End.
D. C. Britt, '09, Right Guard.
W. C. Clark, '09, Center.
F. Fleming, '09, Left Guard.
R. T. Gaston, '09, Left Tackle.
R. H. McFadden, '11, L. End.
A. C. Lee, '08, Quarter Back.
F. P. Caughman, '08, Full Back.
T. S. Allen, '09, Left Half Back.

Substitutes.

E. E. Wyndham, '11.
Football.

The football season of 1907 is a thing of the past. Nevertheless, it is well for us to take a retrospective view of the merits and demerits of the many hard-fought battles, and see for ourselves wherein we may rejoice and be glad. The Tigers fought well for old Clemson, and deserve the rank bestowed upon them by prominent football authorities in the South, that of fourth place in the Southern Intercollegiate Athletic Association, a place which should make the heart of every true Clemsonian tingle with pleasure and pride. This means that out of the twenty Southern Colleges forming the Association, Clemson ranks fourth; that is to say, on the gridiron, Clemson has proved her superiority over sixteen other institutions.

When the squad reported for practice on Bowman field in September, there were a number of old men missing. Among them were Furtick, Derrick, Lykes, Carter and Keel, all good men and experienced. These men had been the main stays of our football team for a long time, and their loss was a severe blow; but duty called them elsewhere, and they had to leave, carrying with them the best wishes for as much success in business as they had had in athletics. The new men who reported were very light and inexperienced, but when it was found out that the invincible Captain McLaurin, our all Southern tackle, and Shaughnessy, the former Notre Dame, star and captain, would be the leaders of our team, then we took heart and were assured of success.

During the first three weeks of practice, the men proved their football ability by following every word of the coach, by being
possessed with the right spirit, and by playing football. It can be said that never was a team possessed with so much determination as the Clemson Team of 1907, and this determination, coupled with the efficient coaching of Mr. Shaughnessy, transformed the bunch of men into a veritable machine.

The first few games were with Preparatory Schools, foremost of which was Gordon. This team played the game of their lives against Clemson, and succeeded in holding the Tiger score down to a meagre five points, while they themselves were highly satisfied with a great big goose-egg. We make no apologies for this small score, as Gordon had a good team and fought well.

In the next game, we beat Maryville College by the score of thirty-five to nothing. Then Tennessee sent her team here and, by a drop-kick, scored on Clemson, and beat us. But this was not a bad beat by any means, and we had the satisfaction of knowing that Tennessee was glad when the whistle blew for the end of the last half.

The next three games were pulled off in rapid succession, so rapid in fact that two defeats were registered against us, Davidson and Auburn. The Tigers left Clemson on Friday, for Columbia, where North Carolina was defeated by the score of fifteen to six; from Columbia, the team went to Auburn, Alabama, where the Tigers were defeated; then Clemson played Davidson on our campus, and another defeat was registered against us; but only by a mere fluke were we beaten. These three games were pulled off inside of a week's time; and anyone who is familiar with the
conditions of football, will tell you that three games are entirely too much for a team to play in one week.

The last, and most important, game of the season was with the Georgia School of Technology in Atlanta on Thanksgiving Day. The game, if won, would place Clemson way up the line in rank, and, if lost, would—but dismiss the thought, for we wox. The day was rainy and the field, ankle deep in water, but even on this kind of field, we were able to show our superiority over the "Techites." When the whistle blew for the end of the last half, the Tigers were in possession of a victory, the score being six to five. That very evening, the team celebrated the end of the season at a banquet in Atlanta, and the boys at Clemson had, what is appropriately termed, a "Big Day."

* * * * * * *

It may well be to say just here, that football at Clemson has been a success from the very beginning. Below we give a brief summary of football happenings since 1896:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Games played by Clemson</th>
<th>68</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Games won by Clemson</td>
<td>44</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Games lost by Clemson</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Games tied</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Points scored by Clemson</td>
<td>1,296</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Points scored by opponents</td>
<td>366</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Scrub Line Up.

Coaches.

**Prof. Gantt.**

Captain and quarter-back, E. H. Pinckney.

- Left end, Walker, W. S.
- Left tackle, Boykin
- Left guard, Harris
- Center, Keasler
- Left half, Walker, R. H.

**Prof. Lewis.**

- Right end, White.
- Right tackle, Brandon
- Right guard, Truluck
- Right half, Woodward
- Full back, McFadden, R. D.

**Subs.**

- Bailey
- Eason

- Hester
- Miller
J. Spratt, Captain.  D. M. Fraser, Manager.
Line Up.

TRACK TEAM, 1907.

F. H. H. Calhoun  ........................................ Coach
H. D. House  .................................................. Assistant
A. B. Taylor  .................................................. Manager
D. M. Frazer  .................................................. Assistant
F. M. Furtick  ................................................. Captain

G. Warren
N. E. Byrd
E. M. Boykin
B. F. Ballew

C. W. Marston  M. H. Wyman  A. L. Harris
C. L. Cannon  L. Gardner  J. C. Pridmore
W. M. Rosborough  W. C. Spratt  W. S. Walker
W. H. Hanckel  V. S. Wall  H. B. Riser
E. E. Wyndham
S. O. Kelley
J. Spratt
F. Flemming

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Dr. Calhoun entered the University of Chicago in the fall of 1894. In the freshman year, he made his "C" by winning the mile run in an intercollegiate meet. During his second season, he ran both the half and the mile, and in the last two years, the Varsity team being weak in the hurdle events, he represented it in the high and low hurdles and the pole vault. During his senior year, he was captain of the track team. His records are as follows: 4-48 in mile; 2-1 in the half; 17 1-5 in high hurdles; 27 in low hurdles and 9 feet 9 inches in pole vault.

In the fall of 1904, Dr. Calhoun took up his work at Clemson. This date marks the real beginning of track work here. Under his able direction, a start was made which has placed our team on the high plane that it now occupies. Clemson is indeed fortunate in having a man of Dr. Calhoun's ability to take charge of this branch of athletics. The whole corps appreciates his work in behalf of our team, and wish his stay here to be a long one.
VERY little was known of track athletics at Clemson prior to the year 1903, when Wylie, Killian, Whitney, McIver, Furtick, and Hanvey came to the front and made some good records. The beginning of this branch of athletics, however, may well be set at the year 1905, with the coming to Clemson of Prof. F. H. H. Calhoun.

Only one meet was arranged for that season, that one being with the University of Georgia, at Athens; and, as might be expected, it resulted in a defeat to Clemson, as she was entirely outclassed by the team from the older institution. However, the season of 1906 brought fortune to Clemson, and she redeemed herself in grand style completely turning the tables on her rival of the year before.

During the season of 1907, four meets were arranged with the following institutions: University of Georgia, Georgia School of Technology, University of South Carolina, and University of North Carolina. In the first of these meets, Clemson suffered defeat, largely due to the efforts of Georgia's invincible sprinter, Lipschutz. Fritz Furtick, for two years captain of the Tiger team, was an all around star; and, as usual, placed a good number of points to his credit. The next two meets proved easy victories for Clemson, the score with the Georgia team being 71
to 37, and that with the South Carolina team 96 to 12. The last meet of the season came off in grand style, and at no time was it possible to foretell the result of the contest. Not until the last race was over and the points stood 55 to 53 in favor of North Carolina, could the supporters of Clemson realize that they were beaten, and beaten by the turning of one point. This defeat may be accounted for in part by the fact that the Clemson team had been through the strain of a meet only three days before, and had not, at that time, entirely recuperated.

Bright hopes are entertained for the season of 1908; and it is expected that Captain Spratt, the undefeated high-jumper, will lead his men through a career brighter than any of former years.
Track Records.

100 yards ........................................ 10 1/2 seconds
J. C. Wylie

220 yards ........................................ 23 3/5 seconds
G. Warren

1/4 mile ........................................... 55 3/5 seconds
C. L. Cannon

1/2 mile ........................................... 2 minutes, 15 seconds
S. W. Cannon

1 mile ............................................. 5 minutes, 14 3/5 seconds
A. L. Harris

Low Hurdles (220 yards) ...................... 26 1/2 seconds
E. R. McIver

High Hurdles [120 yards] ..................... 16 1/5 seconds
E. R. McIver

Broad Jump ...................................... 20 feet, 3 1/2 inches
W. F. R. Johnson and E. R. McIver

High Jump ....................................... 5 feet, 9 1/4 inches
E. R. McIver

Pole Vault ....................................... 10 feet, 3 inches
F. M. Furtick

Hammer Throw [16 pounds] .................. 118 feet, 2 inches
F. Flemming

Short Put [16 pounds] ....................... 37 feet, 5 inches
F. M. Furtick

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Field Day, 1907.

The crowning event of the track season of 1907 was the Field Day exercises held on the first of May. Instead of giving the usual prizes for such occasions, Dr. Calhoun decided to give to the class whose representatives won the greatest number of points, a Trophy cup, and to the individual winners, gold and silver medals. This proved very successful, for it stimulated a friendly rivalry between the classes, and brought out the greatest number of contestants ever seen on Bowman field.

The day was ideal for track work. A great crowd of spectators, and a fast track keyed the contestants up to the highest pitch. Beside, the regular events, three relay races of two, four, and eight laps were run between the various Class teams. This proved to be the most exciting part of the programme. The '08 team carried off honors in the two and four lap races, while the eight lap event went to the '09 team. The final result left the Class of '08, victor, their score being 54. '09 came a close second with 39 points to her credit, while '07, '10, and '11 followed in the order named.

The individual winners were as follows:

100 yard dash ........................................ Warren, '08
Shot put [16 pounds] ................................. Furtick, '07
Two lap relay ................................. Lee, Poag, Martin and Caughman
220 yard dash ........................................ Warren, '08
1 mile ................................................ Byrd, '10
Pole vault ............................................. Hanckel, '11
High jump .............................................. Spratt, '08
Four lap relay ........................................ Class of '08
        Lee, Poag Martin and Caughman.
Mile ................................................ Harris, '09
Hammer [16 pounds] ...................... Flemming, '09
Quarter ................................................ Cannon, '08
High hurdles ......................................... Marston, '08
Broad jump .............................................. Warren, '08
Low hurdles .............................................. Warren, '08
Eight lap relay ........................................ Class of '09
        Kelly, Keitt, Hyrne and Spratt.

The victorious '08 team was composed of the following men:

Manager, T. C. Heyward
Captain, R. O. Poag

Cannon  Caughman  Johnson
Lee  McLean  Martin
Marston  Poag  Pratt
Riser  Rosborough  Spratt
Truluck  Warren

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Champions for Three Years.

1908 TEAM.

C. L. McCASLAN, Right End.  W. O. PRATT, Right Half Back.
H. B. Riser, Right Tackle.  T. L. Ogier, Sub-End.
W. A. MACE, Right Guard.  J. S. H. Clarkston, Sub-Guard.
W. H. Scott, Center.  H. C. Wilburn, Sub-Guard.
L. G. Richardson, Left Tackle.  C. E. McLean, Sub-Tackle.
F. W. Crisp, Quarterback.  G. W. Speer, Sub-End.
D. M. Fraser, Manager.

SCORE OF 1908.

Seniors, 10  Sophomores 0.
Seniors, 55  Freshmen, 0.

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Physical culture is, in most colleges and universities, a part of the curriculum; but as yet the supporters of the orange and purple have needed no such incentive to remind them of their duty towards themselves.

September nineteen hundred and five marks the beginning of gymnastics at Clemson; and, since that time, no other branch of athletics has grown so fast with such a limited amount of means. The response of the student body when the doors of the gymnasium were first opened was such that accommodation for less than one-third of the applicants could be furnished. The great good accomplished during the first year by the untiring efforts of the students, combined with the systematic and skillful coaching of Professor F. H. H. Calhoun, went to show the necessity of a gymnasium of the modern type at Clemson.

With a very meager appropriation at the beginning of the second year, a few valuable additions were made, including a chest-weight, and a punching-bag; but, when an institution like Clemson is taken into consideration, these are a mere pittance. The creditable performance given by the gymnasts at the end of the second year, is an unerring pointer to the benefits that might be derived by the entire student body had we a larger hall, more apparatus, and a swimming-pool.
F. J. Shaughnessy, Coach.
W. W. Kirk, Manager.       A. Carl Lee, Captain.
Baseball Line-Up.

Coach, F. J. Shaughnessy.

Manager, F. M. Stephenson.

Captain and catcher, T. L. Bissel.

First base, S. Coles.
Second base, A. C. Lee.
Third base, D. L. Bissel.

Right field, H. P. Lykes.
Center field, J. H. Barksdale.
Left field, O. H. Bissel.
Short-stop, T. G. Robertson.

Pitchers
C. B. Farmer.
W. A. Latimer.

Subs.
M. L. Sandifer.
J. E. Brown.
J. M. Wylie.
J. E. Kirby.
R. P. Henderson.
Baseball, 1907.

Never in my experience in baseball have I seen such an intelligent, hard-working and faithful aggregation of players as the Clemson baseball team of 1907.

Starting the season with only one experienced infielder, two veterans in the outfield, and Captain Bissell behind the bat, it could be seen that a Herculean task was in order to develop a winning team. Then add to that the injury to our plucky little captain, that disabled him the greater part of the season. One first class pitcher was all that could be developed from the candidates for the position, and this man owed his success mostly to determination and absolute attention to all directions given to him.

The infield, through the hardest kind of work, soon became machine like in its playing, and was probably as good as any in the South. The outfield was subject to frequent changes throughout the season, owing to injuries to members of the infield, necessitating the shifting of a man from the outer garden to the inner circle. But it was in headwork, and the pulling off of unexpected plays, while at bat and on the bases, that the Team showed its class, and, made Clemson a foe to be respected by all her opponents.

The Team did not win the State championship, but defeated the best teams in the State and the South. The games lost were fought to the end; and, as baseball is about the most uncertain of all sports, it happened that when playing the team
that won the pennant, Clemson was under the influence of a slump that is liable to occur at any time to any team. We underestimated the strength of Erskine, and that was probably the reason we didn’t win out. However, we are sportsmen enough to give the honors to them which they fairly won without a single defeat by a State team.

The 1907 Team, as I have above stated, was a plucky one; and some members of it will probably be on the team that represents Clemson in 1908. We hope that their example will bring the same degree of gameness to the new men; and we firmly believe that under the favorable conditions now existing, the State championship will go to the Tigers in 1908.

F. J. Shaughnessy.
Calhoun Society.

PRESIDENTS.

First Quarter, T. C. Heyward. Second Quarter, S. H. Sherard.

Motto: Cara Patris; Cariar Libertas; Carissima Veritas.

Altman, L. B. Heyward, T. C.
Allen, E. L. Hope, T. G.
Abell, S. H. Hunter, T. M.
Beach, M. W. Inman, C. F.
Blair, J. R. Keitt, G. W.
Burton, G. A. Ketchens, C. E.
Brandon, L. B. La Bourde, J. C.
Byars, L. P. Lawrence, B. F.
Clarkson, J. S. H. Lewis, J. W.
Crawford, B. L. Littlejohn, J. C.
Crawford, J. T. Marshall, T. S.
Dick, R. C. Marshall, W. J.
Dominick, W. G. Maynard, W. H.
Easterling, K. McAlpine, L. E.
Epting, E. E. Murry, J. D.
Folk, J. T. McKeen, A. A.
Graham, J. D. Pitts, W. C.
Gardener, E. A. Pridmore, J. C.
Garrett, E. V. Quattlebaum, M.
Hanna, G. A. Reeves, T. B.
Harris, J. G. Roper, O.
Harrison, J. C. Rice, C. P.
Rosborough, W. M.
Ross, T. L.
Rhyne, J. H.
Rumfi, W. H.
Ransom, A. P.
Sherard, S. H.
Sherard, J. F.
Stokes, F. F.
Smarr, A. R.
Simmons, W. R.
Simpson, R. M.
Smith, L. B.
Spratt, J.
Spratt, W. C.
Tarbox, F. G.
Townsend, C. P.
Teague, J. A.
Wilburn, H. C.
Wilson, J. H.
Wylie, J.
Wolff, B. E.
Columbian Society.

PRESIDENTS.
First Quarter, F. J. Crider.
Second Quarter, H. B. Riser.
Third Quarter, S. J. Ezell.
Fourth Quarter, C. A. McLendon.

MEMBERS.

All, F. H.
Anderson, H. W.
Baker, A. J.
Baldwin, C. E.
Baxley, P. A.
Beatty, H. C.
Bethea, J. O.
Blackwell, G. D.
Boon, E. C.
Boyd, J. L.
Brockinton, W. J.
Byrd, N. E.
Cantwell, P. W.
Cannon, C. L.
Carothers, J. N.
Carpenter, R. B.
Carson, H. G.
Caughman, F. P.
Clark, O. M.
Clayton, D. B.
Corbett, L. W.
Covington, B. H.
Cudd, J. J.
Dubose, E. C.
Ezell, B. B.
Ezell, J. F.

Ezell, W. D.
Fike, R. H.
Fitzsimmons, J. C.
Fleming, F.
Fudge, M.
Furtick, G. C.
Harris, A. L.
Harris, D. N.
Harrison, J. W.
Harrison, L. C.
Harney, J. W.
Heyden, J. H.
Hydrick, O. A.
Jenkins, J. E.
Johnson, C. C.
Johnson, H. S.
Keith, J. B.
Kelly, S. O.
Lindler, L. S.
Lowry, R. B.
Lunn, W. M.
Lykes, N.
Mace, W. A.
Martin, F. L.
Martin, J. M.
McLean, C. E.

Middleton, C. F.
Napier, J. N.
Newman, W. W.
Oliver, D. L.
Parks, B. G.
Petrie, W. C.
Philips, W. H.
Rhyme, J. W.
Roach, W. J.
Salley, T. R.
Scott, R. W.
Scott, W. H.
Summers, A. C.
Tindal, D. L.
Truluck, B. C.
Truluck, G. M.
Wall, M. W.
Warren, G.
Watkins, D. W.
Webb, S. D.
Wessinger, J. S.
Whittle, A. C.
Wiggins, W. M.
Wise, F. B.
Yoder, K. M.
Palmetto Society.

PRESIDENTS:
First Quarter, W. O. Pratt.       Second Quarter, E. L. Hutchens.
Third Quarter, S. E. Bailes.     Fourth Quarter, W. P. Gee.

MEMBERS.
Allen, T. S.                   Garrett, C. W.                   Page, O. M.
Bailes, S. E.                  Gee, P. M.                      Pennell, C. H.
Barnett, W. D.                 Gee, W. P.                      Pratt, W. O.
Barnett, W. A.                 Gettys, B. W.                    Rice, B. T.
Beaty, H. C.                   Gilliam, C. R.                   Rice, C. W.
Bellingr, G. D.                Goodwin, J. A.                   Richardson, L. G.
Bischoff, J. E. C.             Graham, J. O.                    Risher, F. W.
Borough, C. C.                 Griffith, J. R.                   Sanders, H. K.
Chapman, A. D.                 Horton, E. R.                     Sessions, R. G.
Cohen, O. R.                   Hutchens, E. L.                   Self, J. A.
Covington, J. C.               Jeter, F. H.                      Speer, G. W.
Crisp, F. W.                   Jeter, R. P.                      Strickland, H. K.
Cromer, H. W.                  Kennedy, A. G.                    Stokes, W. E.
Davis, W. C.                   Kimbrell, M. R.                   Thomas, W. A.
Dukes, O. O.                   Keel, J. H.                       Trantham, G. C.
Earle, J. H.                   McCaslan, C.                      Thornhill, E. J.
Farris, P. M.                  Miley, W. B.                      Twiggs, H. C.
Fridy, W. A.                   McLaurin, J. N.                   Watson, L. O.
Floyd, G. T.                   Morgan, W. H.                     Weathersbee, G. G.
Punchess, M. J.                Nickles, R. E.                    Evans, S. E.
Garner, G. D.                  Poag, R. O.                      Robertson, T. G.
                      Walker, W. S.
Sing me a song of the windy plain
Then sing me a song of the sea
Carry me back to my native land
The place where I long to be
Chronicle Staff.

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Business Manager,
C. A. McLendon.

Assistant Business Manager,
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Exchange Editors,
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S. E. Bailes.

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Tiger Staff.
ARTISTS.

D.N. Harris

Our general secretary, who has been associated with us for the past three years, will ever be remembered as the one continually laboring for our welfare. He has ever placed before us a living example of a rich and fruitful life, and not only given as an insight into all that stands for the highest and best best, proved that one can consistently live an active, joyous, Christian life but he has been an inspiration to all coming in contact with him. He has helped us to make an effort to count for something in this world. No one ever came to him seeking a friend and counsellor, but he received the right hand of sympathy and fellowship. We cannot but feel that in after life many of us will still be able to discern in our lives and characters the silent but lasting influence of his life.
Y. M. C. A. Officers.
Young Men's Christian Association.

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Religious Meetings
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Prayer Meetings
J. S. Wessinger
Athletics
R. O. Poag

General Secretary, Ray H. Legate,
Chairman of Advisory Board, Prof. A. B. Bryan.
Our Foreign Representative, Chas L. Boynton,
Shanghai, China.

We are about to step forth into the busy, strenuous, exacting life of the world. As we look back over our college associations, and those influences which have so largely controlled us for the past four years, many will think of the Young Men's Christian Association as one of the chief factors. The work of the association was not so extensive as it should have been when we first entered Clemson, but it has been gradually expanding and developing. The beginning of this forward movement may be traced to the spring of 1905, when the decision was made to employ a general secretary for the following year. Mr. Ray H. Legate of the University of Arkansas, came to the college in this capacity in the fall of 1905.

Perhaps the most effective and far-reaching work has been along the lines of Bible study, not only bringing us, as it does, in touch with the real spirit of the Bible, and forming a better conception of the reasons for studying it, but developing habits of daily devotion which will last throughout future years. The fact that 450 men are at present enrolled in Bible study is significant. It shows that the student body is becoming aroused to the need of a greater knowledge of the scriptures.

No interest was taken in mission work till the spring of 1906, when our mission study class was formed. Much attention has been
given since then to securing forceful speakers, especially from the foreign field, and to the collection of mission literature. Important as is this work of educating the student to the need of the foreign field and the opportunities of those in the homeland supporting those at the front, equally important is the securing of men who will devote their lives to service in the foreign field. Ten are at present members of the volunteer band.

The Sunday evening services are a great privilege, setting before us the ideas of men who are devoting their lives to problems which vitally concern mankind. Recognizing its place in preparing men for contact with others, social life has been encouraged by the association. The advantages resulting from our contact with each other at times, in a social way, should also be taken into account.

Of inestimable value is the opportunity for engaging in practical Christian work during the formative period of one's life. It not only develops the habit and desire to continue in this work after leaving college, but it also furnishes the experience necessary to promote it in other places. It strengthens the moral and spiritual natures, and promotes a broad unselfish interest in humanity. If we are to reach the consummation of our efficiency, we must develop habits which will remain with us in after years. Each has a work to perform, a service due humanity, a preparation for eternity.

The objects of the Young Men's Christian Association are broad and comprehensive. It is an organization of departments, all of which contribute to the purpose of the Association, which are, "to lead students to become disciples of Jesus Christ, as their divine Lord and Savior, to lead them to join the church, to promote growth in Christian faith and character, and to enlist them in Christian service." It should also develop a happy, wholesome Christian spirit, raise our conceptions of life, and bring us out of the narrow confines of ourselves into the world as a social being. Many of us will go out from College, strengthened and fixed in our purpose, through the influence of the Association upon our lives. We will be able, undoubtedly, to spread around us that influence, which we would not otherwise. We wish that the work of the Association may go on and on, deepening and perfecting the lives of coming generations of students.
"Shorty"

Mr. A. Schilletter has been one of indefatigable workers for the 1908 Taps. He has sacrificed a great deal of time and labor for us, and we are grateful to him.

The "Commissary General," as he is called, is beloved by every one on account of his genial spirit and lovable disposition. He is the same to all and is an ever ready friend in the time of most need.

"Shorty" is not a man to laud himself, therefore few know of the great work he has done. More than four score have left here indebted to him for their education. He has been a father to many a poor boy; and there are those who feel that they can never repay him for the interest that he manifested in their welfare.

Honesty of purpose, noble instincts, and a self-sacrificing disposition, are three characteristics of which any man might well be proud. All honor to him, when we look back upon our college life, we will always remember him as our best and truest friend.
Snowbound.

In snow and tempest on the road of life,
In storm and tempest on the sea of life,
In snow and tempest on the road of life,
In storm and tempest on the sea of life.
At The Even’ Time.

Come, lend your thoughts this evening;
   Come, gather close around,
And let old friends be friends
   And hearts to hearts resound.
But soon the clock will be calling,
   For now ’tis growing late,
Old comrades must be parting,
   Old friends of Nineteen-Eight.

Come, lend your thoughts this evening:
   If time must have his way,
Bid old memories to remain
   To tell us of this day.
Now cast aside all grieving,
   Leave cares to ruling fate,
Old comrades must be parting,
   Old friends of Nineteen-Eight.

Come, lend your thoughts this evening:
   For soon beyond the hills,
Will wane the sun of college days,
   So filled with joys and ills.
Now duty with commands resounding
   Tells us we must not wait;
Old comrades must be parting,
   Old friends of Nineteen-Eight.
The Survivor.

On a fast, west bound train, was a feeble, gray-haired old man, whose anxiety to reach his destination, could be seen by his restlessness and continued gazing from the car window.

A sweet faced lady behind him said, "May I ask sir, where are you going?"

As he replied, a glad light shone in the wrinkled face, and lighted it as a halo.

"When were you there last?"

"When I was there I was young and gay and light-hearted, and straight and strong. Now, the accumulating burdens of the years press heavily on me, but O how glad I am tonight! How glad, because I am going back to my old school."

As it was Field Day when he arrived, he found great preparations in progress in the college community. The barracks windows dispayed hundreds of pennants. The cadets thronged the halls, crowded the windows, yelled, cheered, and yelled. The Soph-Senior class rush was to take place that morning. Some of the boys were almost covered with colors. Everywhere were members of the old classes. Some stood on the brink of the beautiful white marble fountain, and cast bits of food to the gold fish. Visitors in crowds went from one building to another.

Every class up to the present year, save one, had its representative there. Nowhere in all that assemblage of waving banners and cheering masses could a man of the grand old class of '08 be seen.

Did you say not one was seen?

Who is he with the gray hair and the benevolent face? See him as he stoops. The hill is as long and as steep as it was many years ago. He stops. Now he is up. Curious eyes see him enter a room in the second barracks. The inmates, who have not left for the field yet, rise and extend a welcoming hand to the aged stranger. He does not tell them anything at first, but just rests in an easy-chair. He meditates; everywhere, every thing is different. A changed picture greets his eye as he looks from the window.

At length he said to the boys, "I'm the last man of the class of '08. I want to see the place again." The venerable student drew from his pocket a black and maroon pennant, worn and faded. The nearest boy snatched it from him and waved it from his window. "Hurrah for naught-eight! We've got the last cadet! Juniors! Juniors! '67! '67! '08!" All the Juniors near by rushed in. They took him on their shoulders and carried him all over the campus, through and in and out of the big concourse, down to where the dense pack of people, automobiles, horses told them that here was to be the struggle between the Sophs and the Seniors.

More and more Juniors crowded around him, and the
cheer of his old class, which had long been hushed on the grounds rose again and again as man after man took it up and seemed to carry it over the hills and far down the valleys. From the hills and valleys swelled the news all over Clemson’s country that one of ’08 was there.

The two opposing classes commenced. The crowd cheered itself hoarse, songs were sung by strained throats, hats went high in the air. Banners—handkerchiefs waved. The whole crowd seemed to have gone crazy. Old ’08 was all in a quiver of excitement. The blood coursing in his veins seemed as hot and as fiery as it was fifty years ago.

Now, the victory seemed to go to the Sophs; now, to the Seniors. The Juniors cheered the Sophs.; the crowd, the Seniors. What will they do? Who can say? One poor fellow fell and was badly hurt.

In the rush they came very close to the veteran cadet. Too close, he fell, they crushed him down, trampled him, passed on. They made a small ring around him; tenderly they raised him. Slowly and carefully they carried him to the Juniors’ room. He opened his eyes, murmured a few words and closed them again. The last man of the grand old class of naught-eight had passed to the great beyond.
How Does It Seem to You?

It seems to me I'd like to go
Where bells neither ring nor bugles blow.
Where clocks do not strike nor shrill gongs sound.
And there reigns but stillness all around.

Yet not stillness, but just the trees'
Low whispering or the hum of bees.
Or brooks faint babbling over stones,
In strangely soft and tangled tones.

Or may be some cricket or katydid,
Or songs of birds in the hedges hid,
Or 'twere some such sweet sounds as these,
To fill a tired heart with ease.

Oft' times it seems to me I must
Just leave the old college din and dust.
And wander where the sky is blue.
And say, now, how does it seem to you?
“George Washington’s” Dream.

“George Washington’s” name is not George Washington; it is William Smith. “George Washington” is an honorary title applied to the gentleman for reasons perfectly obvious to those who know him well. “George” is a bright, but shiftless, young Clemson cadet, who has marvelous dreams and visions and who performs wonderful feats—when no one is present to witness them. I shall now relate one of his “experiences,” as nearly as possible as I heard him tell it.

One night, after having taken an overdose of philosophy, ancient history, and ethyl alcohol—the latter in the form of “Lewis ’66”— I fell asleep in my chair before the radiator, and was soon fairly launched upon the sea of dreams. In this vision, if such I may call the strange fantasies that followed, my mind soared out over seven thousand years of the dim, uncertain future, and finally came back to earth in the year of our Lord, 8908. Strange to say, I felt not at all out of place; but accepted all changes as naturally as you please. I spoke the universal language, as if I had known it all my life, and found not the least difficulty in exercising the strange powers of mind and will so common to the day. I fully realized the unreality of so-called “material” things, and well knew that one could make things what he would. Thus, as the day of living in material houses was past, I proceeded to imagine for myself a magnificent mansion, (having of course, a pyramidal, effect), with appropriate grounds and gardens.

In my visions, I was sitting upon a rustic seat in my garden, lazily puffing away at an imaginary pipe, and enjoying the lovely prospect, which extended as far as the thoughts could reach. Suddenly, as I puffed up an especially perfect ring of imaginary smoke and watched it float lazily upward, I noticed a commotion among the sound waves. “Ah, the morning news,” I thought, as I carefully refilled my imaginary meerschaum. “Well, lets see what the Universal Wireless Telephony Syndicate has to say this morning.”

“Money market still stringent,” came the first waves.

“New low level in cotton. Spot cotton declines three cents.”

“The money of the world at last cornered by Andrew Carnegie Morgan Rockefeller Richman Swindler!”

Ah, disgusting! Still materialism, and in the nineteenth century too! Mentally, I cut out the “Financial and Commercial” waves, and allowed the social news full sway.

Munny—Title.

Greatest match of the year! Mrs. Munny, the wife of the great trust magnate, announces the engagement of her daughter, Miss Boodle, to Lord Reggy Lackland Title, the popular young English nobleman.
"We understand that the family will settle the small amount of $1,000,000,000 upon the happy groom. This is really a love match, etc."

Enough! In despair I turned my attention to the waves of "Science and invention."

"Wonderful discoveries made by the famous archaeologist, T. Bigfool Guessalie!" I became more interested, and allowed the waves to come on. "Mr. T. Bigfool Guessalie, who is now en route for Mars, where he will make a short stay before starting upon his lecture tour around the planets (we here note that he will discourse upon 'The Absolute necessity of Archaeology and Good Roads to the Welfare of the Universe'), sends us the following dispatch by telepathy:

'Special to The Universal Wireless Telephony Syndicate, May 29, 1898. I send herewith, my latest conclusions in regard to the wonderful discoveries made by myself two days since.

'Day before yesterday, after ten hours of hard flying, I became so fatigued that I was glad to board the first aerial palace car that crossed my path, and put up with the ridiculously slow speed of three hundred miles per hour.

'Before we got half way across the island of North America, however, the man who drove the car by will-power suddenly grew sick; and we had to descend and wait until he could be made to realize that he only imagined that he was ill.

'During the period of waiting, I rested upon a smooth flat rock that happened to lie near the spot where we descended. As I rose to go, I noticed that there seemed to be some kind of rude letters inscribed upon the stone. Scenting a discovery, by telepathy I immediately summoned my co-worker, Mr. I. Will Backemupski; and, upon his arrival, we began to examine the stone.

'There were certainly distinct letters inscribed upon it, although they had evidently been made by a very crude instrument in the hands of unskilled workman. Also, to our certain knowledge, they belonged to no known language. Accordingly, we proceeded to apply Mr. Quick Thinkemoutski's latest formulas to the inscription. They worked like a charm. Thus you find "A". To one third of the square root of the sum of the letters of the inscriptions, add twice the cosine of the angle of declination (determined for the exact locality by observations on Polaris at elongation); subtract twice the coefficient of expansion, divided by the specific gravity, completely precipitate with sulphuric acid, filter, and wash; and, after subtracting twice the current strength (1 - 1/2), extract with 95 per cent alcohol, and shake well before using. The other letters may be easily found in a similar manner.

'There is a date given, also; but, as Thinkemoutski's formulas apply to letters only, we have, as yet, been unable to decipher it. However, after a careful examination of the stone before the
call for

Now, am should careful

represent
devolved, the
were we to
reads, blowpipe, it seemed
rounded unfamiliar

tain we proved discovered the most sacred vault of a temple to the ancient gods. If this be a vault, I reasoned, it should contain something. Hence, we have a check upon our formulas. Eagerly, I called for Backemupski’s pocket x-rays, and, together, we looked into the stone. Eureka! Thinkemoutski’s formulas were proved invincible; for there was a vault filled with various unfamiliar articles.

Among the many things of interest in the vault, were certain rounded metallic objects, which were evidently intended to represent one of the gods. The rude likeness upon the metal, seemed to represent a golden calf; and, according to the formulas, the inscription read, “The Great God of Industry.” (In English, it reads, “One Dollar”).

Among other things, were objects which, in some degree, resemble a poor grade of paper; and, over the surface of this material were inscribed crude letters and hieroglyphics. The whole thing seemed to be a hymn of praise to the god of war. (We would read it thus, “F. H. Clinkscales, Liveryman, Clemson College, S. C.”)

Still another passage tells of the reward of the just. It dwells upon the pleasures of treading the fields Elysian. (English: “Paragraph 37962, College Regulations: Any cadet being absent from any formation, without any engraved excuse from the surgeon, shall receive punishment not greater than electrocution and not less than ten hours of extra-walking upon the parade ground (the field Elysian ??!—* ( ) :!”)

Yet another passage makes mention of “The Cigar Fund,” a sacrifice paid yearly to the high priests of the god of learning. However, since the word, “cigar,” has long been obsolete, we do not know just what construction to put upon this paragraph. After a careful spectroscopic examination of the expression, Backemupski affirms that it should be translated “Breakage Fee.” However, I am more inclined to believe that it refers to the smoky sacrificial tapers burnt before the shrine of learning, during what were called the examination periods, as the oldest definition of cigar is “Something to smoke.”

For lack of time,’ continues Mr. Guessalie, ‘I shall refrain from telling further of the wonders of the vault. Anyone wishing to see these relics for himself may do so by paying the small sum of $1,000,000. to the Exclusive Novelty Trust.
Conclusion.

'From our discoveries, we feel safe in saying that, in prehistoric times, a race of semi-civilized barbarians inhabited the tropical jungles of the island of North America, which, as we all know, was in a former geological period, a great continent. These people developed a rude sign language and a crude method of printing upon a fabric somewhat resembling a good grade of paper. Through fear, they worshipped the evil spirits, chief among which was M—. (Mars?) the god of war.

'Also, we glean, they succeeded in domesticating a most savage animal, the automobile, which, on account of its irascible temper and rebellious ways, has since become extinct. (We here note that Professor Piecemountski has just completed a plaster model of this wonderful beast, guided by a petrified toe nail recently found.)

'The chief political men were Booker T. Washington, President of the nation, and Theodore Roosevelt, leader of the ex-slave race.

'For certain excellent reasons, which we shall now relate, we feel safe in saying that we have at last discovered in these people the long lost "missing link" between man and his progenitor, the monkey'j—. Just here, continued my friend, feeling thirsty I reached for an imaginary bottle of "Lewis '66." However, I leaned a little too far forward, and my dreams of nineteenth century unreality were suddenly and rudely dispelled by a twentieth century floor. I woke to find that it was the "morning after" and I had fallen from my chair.

G. W. K. '09.
Tis shadow in my pipe that
I indulge,
But now the smoke in hazy
rings above my curbs.
My face upon my knapsack
is gently laid,
My thoughts far, far,
away to distant worlds
have strayed.

No more now, the
barbets walls me
contain
For my fancies, I could
not if I would restrain.
Casts bestow anger
in air of former rise,
And tongues went anguished
spring up before my eyes.

A moment doth a new
Iron door,
And master of them all
I behold!
In office chair I sit and
take my ease,
On porch of stately mansion,
I enjoy the gently breeze.

From platform now I
sway the frenzied crowd,
Guiding them so bright
with times both clear and
cloud.
Again in times of war
I hear the echo,
And help to quarry my
country pressing need.

My pipe goes out, sad, sad! in wake again,
And forced, mark to cold reality I descend.
Slowly the rock from off my knapsack I raise,
And with brawny eyes intensely at it gape.
The Future.

Now at the close of our college days, we stand hesitatingly upon the threshold of a new life. We pause because with each moment comes a deepening impression of the larger opportunities afforded us and an enlargening sense of the heavier responsibilities to be assumed upon our entrance into the world's broad field of activities. We are young and inexperienced, and this we fully realize. Yet we come not with outstretched arms to plead mercy of our fellowmen, but with trained mind and ready muscle to request the privilege of proving how bravely and efficiently we can meet the tasks required of the man of today.

Shall we be content with the same commonplace life—the life of as little effort as is possible—that we led before we began our college work, or shall we lead the strenuous yet ample life, the price demanded by the world today for large achievement? Shall we be satisfied to take our place among the rank and file of our country and there remain, or shall we struggle to gain and hold our rightful position as social, moral, and industrial leaders of the present age? These are the questions that confront us. The choice must be made by each individual member, and the decision will largely determine the dimensions of his sphere in this life.

However, plans have been made and ideas have been encouraged: the future of our dreams is one long, unbroken chain of success with perhaps here and there a tiny spot of the rust of failure and despair, put there because of a recognition of the eternal fitness of things. How often different, though, is the dream from the reality! As, slowly, one by one, the fond and youthful ideas of college life have been crushed in the realization, even more slowly, but more certainly will many of the brilliant prospects, now looming up before us, be shattered in after life.

It is easy to plan, but more difficult to execute. Man's plans are changeable, governed by circumstances; only the will of God in inflexible. So we know not what the future may bring forth for each of us; but we do know that her store is golden and that her gifts will be dealt out with lavish hand to those who have prepared themselves to receive them. The coming years will be the true test of the value of the years spent in college.
"All Quiet at Ponce De Leon."

"All Quiet Along the Potomac."

All quiet at Ponce de Leon they say,
Except now and then some stray yells,
As the heart of a Clemson admirer,
With pride for the Tiger team swells—
Oh, where are the valiant Techmen now,
Who even before the game did begin,
Fondly predicted, "Clemson no show,"
Georgia Tech is certain to win.

All quiet at Ponce de Leon to-night,
Where the rain is peacefully falling
Wiping away with pitying touch,
All traces of Tech's recent mauling.
But rain nor other power 'neath the sun,
No matter how pitying it be,
Can wipe away from our memory,
The thoughts of that beautiful victory.

All quiet at Ponce de Leon to-night,
At Calhoun, I ask if it be the same?
Not much, for when the belated train,
Bearing the victorious Tigers came,
The Corps' bonfire rose on high,
And amid the cheers that swelled to the sky,
The gleaming stars seemed to twinkle reply.
Fired at Random.

"Woe be unto you when all men speak well of you."

"Much study is a weariness of the flesh."—Fike.

"For I am nothing, if not critical."—Brunson.

"I would that my horse had the speed of your tongue and so good a continuier."—Sherard, S. H.

The boy with the sleepy walk.—Harvey.

"My honors are my life; take honors from me and my life is done."—Martin.

Greater men than I may have lived but I doubt it.—Hutchins.

Do unto the librarian as she does unto you.

Meetings of the discipline committee—"Times that try men's souls."

"O, hour of all hours the most blessed upon earth, blessed hour of our dinners."—Speer.

"'Tis but the shadowed livery of the burnished sun."—Roach.

"For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe."—The "Rats."

"The hairs of his head are numbered."—Crider.

"He speaks an infinite deal of nothing."—Crisp.

"The loud laugh betrays the vacant mind."—Philipps, J. A.

Of all things foreign, what is the most foreign to "Red" Lykes?

Answer—the truth.

Dr. Calhoun will soon have ready for the press a modern edition of Aesop's Fables.

"Oh, I see that nose of yours."—May.

"The evil that men do lives after them."—Class of 1907.

"I never heard so musical a discord, such sweet thunder."—The Glee Club.

"I have no ambition to see a goodlier man."—"Sandy" Beaver looking in his mirror.

"Under the greenwood tree,
   Who loves to lie with me."—Lykes.

"Can such things be."—The Simpson twins.

The faculty took such a liking to me that they asked me to stay another year.—Garrett.

When joy and duty clash
   Let duty go to smash.—Fike.

"Sing it! 'Tis no matter how it be in tune, so as it make noise enough."—The chapel choir.

Did he ever make a motion, or was there ever one he did not second?—Bellinger.

Nobody's pretty boy.—"Dick" Sessions.

"I thank my God I am not as other men are."—Sherard.

Perpetual motion.—"Red" Lykes tongue.

The Eternal Sophomore.—Nickles.

George Speer wishes to have it announced that he gets only five letters a week from his girl. Any reports to the contrary are incorrect.

Who's who at Clemson?—Josiah C. Minus.
Carnations.

After the dance,—Saturday morning,
Boys and girls,—both go walking,
Strolling on,—get around,
Mighty bad place,—Horticultural Grounds.
Boys and girls,—both go in it,
Girls don’t know,—Grounds are “Off Limits,”
Grounds exquisite,—revelations,
Boys acquire,—some carnations.
Carter Newman,—in the distance,
Boys look a perfect,—picture of innocence,
Carnations gone,—things of beauty,
Mister Newman,—does his duty.
Boys corrected,—taught refinement,
While they serve,—fifty confinements.
HEADQUARTERS CORPS OF CADETS,
Clemson Agricultural College.
Clemson College, S. C., November 1, 1907.

General Orders No. 23.

Paragraph 1.

Taking into consideration the manly stand taken by the Senior officers and the members of "The Bloody Corpse" in using their efforts to abolish hazing, and realizing that these young men have been in college long enough to know right from wrong, and realizing further that they are in a position to set an example to the under-classmen, I now open my heart and grant to this body of young men the privileges here in contained:

First. They shall have "all-night" lights, with the privilege of using same until taps.

Second. They shall be allowed to visit the members of their section during "release from quarters," provided said visit is for the purpose of obtaining information concerning academic work.

Third. They shall be allowed to stay in their rooms during study hours, sitting in their chairs at attention. In case one wishes to speak to his room-mate, he must do so in a whisper, so as not to disturb the corporal in the next room.

Fourth. They shall have the privilege of marching to and from classes in a military manner—column of twos, with correct facing distance and cadence.

Fifth. They shall be allowed to comply with paragraph 189, College Regulations.

Sixth. At all times—even when in their rooms—they shall be allowed to wear the regulation uniform of the corps of cadets, with blouses buttoned and hooked and connected with the mandible by means of a regulation collar, trousers creased, and shoes shined.

Seventh. They shall be allowed the hour from 5 to 6 every afternoon to walk on the campus, provided it is for a necessary purpose; if not, they shall remain in their rooms, observing said time as a study hour.

Paragraph II.

Owing to the fact that there are not enough offices to which I can appoint all the members of the Senior class, I feel it my
bounden duty that, in addition to the privileges contained in Paragraph I, the members of "The Bloody Corpse" are entitled to the following additional privileges, which are hereby granted:

First. They shall apportion themselves equally among the different companies of barracks in such a manner that the non-commissioned officers may have direct supervision of their rooms.

Second. They shall be allowed to attend all formations, including those for reveille, retreat, and meals, and at said formations, including all others, they shall have the privilege of answering to their names not exceeding three times.

Third. They shall have the privilege of participating in all drills, drilling in the front ranks under the direct supervision of a corporal. Any senior private who does not show his appreciation of this privilege shall be reduced, and reassigned to the rear rank.

Fourth. They shall have the honor of going on duty as officer of the day, and must report all delinquencies from the least serious, that of being late at formations, to the most serious, that of not giving "All right," so as to be distinctly heard by the sentinel.

Fifth. They shall be allowed to take part in the "rabbit hunt" every Saturday afternoon from two until six o'clock, as this sight affords much amusement to passers-by.

Paragraph III.

Any Seniors not taking advantage of the privileges as designated in the foregoing paragraphs, will be subject to a term of imprisonment not exceeding ninety days nor less than thirty days.
Dickey's Mistake.

He waited in the lab, room
’Til quarter after nine
Wondering in a hasty mood
Why the class was not on time.

But something he mistrusted;
A calendar sought he—
He turned away disgusted—
’Twas Sunday, don’t you see?

Then sped to Sunday School so fast
He made the air to croon,
And while he lectured to his class
He held a laboratory spoon

To student handed he a book
“Just read the reference do.”
The student shook his head but took
Fresenius, volume No. II.

“Early to Bed, Early to Rise.”

Early to bed, and early to rise,
Will do for some stiff old guys,
But it makes a man miss all the fun,
If he goes to bed with the setting sun.

Take for an example, a dance,
A man would stand no chance,
If he went to bed when the chickens do,
And arose in the morn when the old cock crew.

So—my advice you’d better take,
And if you feel like it sleep late,
For this time honored adage,
Will not do for modern days.

Go to bed at three o’clock,
Get up when you please,
’Cause you’ll die before you’re sixty,
With some “Satin named” disease.
Not Infrequently Heard.

Well sir, no South Carolina gentleman would be guilty of such a thing.

All right, any questions this morning?

It may transpire that you will have to take the consequences.

Now, young gentlemen, I, the current in amperes, is equal to E, the electromotive force in volts, divided by R, the resistance in ohms.

W-a-l-l, I ain't saying nothing.

Turn off the water, young gentlemen, turn off the water.

Man's inhumanity to man makes countless millions mourn.

That's very fine, very fine.

Young gentlemen, do please pay attention, if you can't pay attention, please look like you are paying attention.

Well, all right that may be true; but what about this rack (rock)?

Yes, just take this boy and add him to that boy and you get this boy; then multiply him by this boy and you get the boy up here. Yes, see the joke?

Just skew that around to here and it will make it all right.

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Freshman Creed.

I believe in algebra, solid geometry, and the science of agriculture, and will, at all times, be alert to the history making around me. But most of all I believe in military discipline, and will ever bear well in mind the requirements of Paragraph 189 College Regulations. All my vacant hours shall be diligently spent at freehand drawing, except such as will expedite my skill at setback. I humbly bow in submission to all sophomores, and will faithfully execute all demands imposed until such time as escape seems certain.

All these things I swear by the “minus” sign.
Senior Delinquency.

Ackerman, M. H.: Attempting to arouse sympathy by fainting on G. F. C. campus.
Bailes, S. E.: Using profane language because commandant offered him a seat in his office.
Baker, A. J.: Drinking culture media at bacteriological laboratory.
Beaver, A. T.: Failing to get excused from Prof. Morrison’s class room.
Bethea, J. O.: Failing to put gold into circulation during money panic.
Brunson, H. H.: Neglect of duty by failing to loaf near the guard room.
Bryan, J. M.: Fracturing ear drums of three cadets by calling corps to “Extension.”
Carpenter, R. B.: Startling entire campus by loud yelling.
Caughman, F. P.: Rushing for front seat in “History class-room.”
Covington, B. H.: Beating out of Sunday school in order to flirt with strange girls on campus.
Crider, F. J.: Indiscriminate use of hair tonic.
Crisp, F. W.: Failing to disagree with Prof. Harper about topic up for discussion.
Crouch, E. P.: Failing to crack a joke.
Ezell, B. B.: Neglecting to collect debt from Prof. Morrison.
Ezell, S. J.: False official report, by stating that the civils did not have to take Frenchman.
Fike, R. H.: Trying to imitate Capt. Minus by wearing a red shawl.
Fraser, D. M.: Taking fancy steps on parade.
Same: Producing several ears of corn from a barren stalk.
Garrett, E. V.: Mistaking a professor's head for a pumpkin while surveying.
Graham, J. D.: Causing great excitement by answering question in chemical laboratory.
Hamilton, T.: Attempting to assume "air" of Lord Chesterfield at Senior dance.
Harvey, J. H.: Applying for job to drive hearse, in opposition to Prof. Shanklin.
Harris, D. N.: Failing to get pictures of everything on campus.
Heyward, T. C.: Honey-funking the president.
Johnson, C. C.: Not having enough curiosity to ask questions.
Same: Dunning Prof. Harper for $5,000 job six successive times.
Kennedy, A. G.: Using profane language at prayer meeting.
Kimbrall, M. R.: Trousers not creased at practical work.
Kirven, W. W.: Attempting to get a lieutenant without permission of "The Bloody Corps."
Kirk, W. W.: Putting knees together while standing at attention.
La Borde, J. C.: Indulging in foot-race with Capt. Minus from post office to barracks.
Lee, A. C.: Conducting slaughter sale of gent’s furnishings on Sunday.
Lewis, J. W.: Butting his head against the moon while taking a midnight stroll, thereby disturbing ethereal beings.
Same: Using legs for extension rod in use of vermoral nozzle.
Littlejohn, J. C.: Not looking dignified on parade.
Lowery, R. B.: Late at Y. M. C. A. meeting.
Lunn, W. M.: Refusing to fall in love with girl.
Same: Giving command "Rise" in mess hall before Simon Peter had finished his potatoes.
Lykes, X.: Flagging No. 97 with his hair.
Mace, W. A.: Cheating the gallows of its dues.
Marston, C. W.: Failing to take the Glee Club to Converse.
Martin, F. L.: Hunting for horse's heart in hind leg and failing to find same.
May, L. E.: Giving sentinel "All Right" nine times on crossing post one time.
Same: Taking walking lessons for three months.
Maynard, W. H.: Laughing when no joke had been cracked.
Miller, J. M.: Attempting to claim kin with Prof. Johnston.
McCaslan, C. L.: Snoring in church, disturbing the minister.
McLean, C. E.: Single-footing while on drill.
McLendon, C. A.: Using force-pump to give commands on battalion drill and wearing non-regulation collar at same time.
Napier, J. N.: Eating Dr. Gordon's thermometer.
Ogier, T. L.: Impersonating Prof. Harper by growing a Van Dyke.
Page, O. M.: Walking so slow as to be unable to stop quick.
Phillips, J. A.: Visiting Prof. Houston's poultry yard out of his office hours.
Poag, R. O.: Continually using high tenor in conversation.
Pratt, W. O.: Lecturing on prohibition in Y. M. C. A.
Same: Running "Blind Tiger" in barracks.
Richardson, L. G.: Possessing a $10,000 arm and a $20 head.
Roach, W. J.: Failing to fall dead in week so the corps would get holiday.
Robertson, T. G.: Extracting extraordinary energy from the soil.
Roper, O.: Falling in love with picture of a girl on a "Pride of Reidsville" tobacco sack.
Roseborough, W. N.: Failing to read home Sunday school reading lesson for the week.
Ryan, J. B.: Running race with snail. Witnesses Prof. Shanklin and J. H. Harvey.
Sandifer, M. L.: Failing to ignite Senior privates at every available opportunity.
Scott, W. H.: Attempting to elope with Indian maiden in Kansas wheat fields.
Sessions, R. G.: Not mentioning entomology in 37 minutes.
Stevens, C. L.: Giving loud commands on drill.
Sherard, S. H.: Cracking antique jokes from "Slow train through Arkansas."
Same: Attempting to obtain captaincy in corps by questionable means.
Speer, G. W.: Taking a girl to ride on a night mare.
Spratt, J.: Monopolizing young ladies attention for two days.
Strickland, H. K.: Trying to corner the market on sergeant's chevrons.
Summers, A. C.: Not writing biographical sketch of Prof. Chambliss.
Tavel, W. K.: Kicking about an exam. after having made 100 on same.
Thomas, W. A.: Trying to revise "Old Time Religion."
Tindal, D. L.: Failing to write seven letters to his girl in five days.
Trott, C. M.: Mistaking standard oil wagon for automobile.
Truluck, G. M.: Putting in application to be allowed to visit cow barn for geological purposes.
Warren, G.: Raiding the greenhouse.
Watson, L. O.: Walking three blocks out of the way to avoid speaking to young lady.
Wells, W. N.: Allowing himself to be overcome by a San Jose scale.
Wessinger, J. S.: Using talcum powder for tooth-paste.
Same: Flunking out on veterinary science.
Williams, M. G.: Making violent efforts to join the "Bloody Corpse."
Wise, F. B.: Chewing "red meat" and spitting "ham gravy."
Advice to Freshmen.

I. Don't study too hard, for "much study is a weariness of the flesh.
Eccl. xii, 12.
II. Invariably address an old boy as "sir."
III. Pay no attention to the bells, they ring at all hours to keep people awake.
IV. Date all explanations correctly.
V. Walk over to the Hospital at least once a week, as great benefit is derived from, the walking.
VI. Don't correspond with any girls, it's very demoralizing.
VII. Don't go to sleep in church, it discourages the minister.
VIII. Never be afraid of eating too much in the Mess Hall.
IX. Write home once every month.
X. Don't "honey funk."
XI. Don't ever cough without first assuring yourself that no member of the Faculty is within sight or hearing.
XII. Don't allow yourself to be put on the Annual Staff when you get to Senior.

Mysteries.

The Mystery of the Chapel—Who shuffled his foot?
The Mystery of the Mess-Hall—How did the mouse get in the pudding?
The Mystery of the Extra-Walkers—Who cleared his throat?
The Mystery of the Chapel Formation—Why do they form column of squads?
The Mystery of the Mainbuilding—Who laughed in Daddy's room?
The Mystery of the Hospital—What are the pills for?
The Mystery of the Agricultural Hall—Who gives $5,000 jobs?
The Mystery of the Chemical Laboratory—Why should the water be turned off?
The Mystery of the Mechanical Hall—Who sat on Prof. Howard's derby?
The Mystery of the Dance—Who got stuck?
The Mystery of Prof. Morrison's room—"'Who took my Gazetter?"'
The mystery of Prof. Calhoun's room—Was the rain blowing from the east, ten million years ago, Wednesday afternoon at four o'clock, while the sun was shining?
The Mystery of the Horticultural Grounds—Who stole carnations?
Menu of the Mess Hall.

A. Schilletter ("Shorty") Proprietor.

No meals will be served to guests who are not in their places at regular meal hours. All complaints regarding food, service, etc., will be promptly consigned to the waste basket. Meals not served in courses. American plan.

Breakfast 7 to 7:30.

Bull a la tough. De la Wasp Nest.
La Lumpa Hominy.
Denatured Maple Syrup. Dish water de Gravy.
Mocha and Java al Vision Coffee.
Hydrated Milk. Five minutes to think of breakfast at home.

Dinner 1 to 1:30.

Bull tails de Hoofs. Fricassee Swine in season.
Heifer tail Soup.
Rice la Japanese Roast. De la Wasp Nest.
Corn pone a Soda. Horse Fly Pudding with Rat Tail Dressing.
Spaghetti Pie. Grape Shot Biscuits.
Dish Water de Gravy. Minced Scraps Pie.
Denatured Maple Syrup. Vegetables a la mode, washed down with standpipe Juice.

Supper 6 to 6:30.

La Lumpa Hominy. Oat Dust Porridge.
Dish Water de Gravy. Force de Live Rats.
Mocha and Java al Vision Coffee.
Hydrated Milk. Butter a la Methuselah.
Denatured Maple Syrup. De la Wasp Nest.

(Conundrum Jam. A sleepless Night.

N. B. If you don't see what you want, keep your mouth shut.
No extra charges for flies, hairs in butter, and rocks in the pudding. Satisfaction not guaranteed.)
Library of the Senior Class.

M. H. Ackerman: "The Choir Invisible."
J. E. Alvison: "Electricity Made Simple."
S. E. Bailes: "The Stuff that Men are Made Of."
A. J. Baker: "The Hayseed."
A. T. Beaver: "The Ladies' Home Companion."
J. O. Bethea: "Still Waters."
H. H. Brunson: "The Anvil Chorus."
J. M. Bryan: "Toilers of the Sea."
C. L. Cannon: "All the World Loves a Lover."
R. B. Carpenter: "The Shutters of Silence."
F. P. Caughman: "At the Shrine of Terpsichore.
F. J. Crider: "The Orator's Hand Book."
F. W. Crisp: "Pig Raising."
E. P. Crouch: "The Truth Teller (?)"
B. B. Ezell: "Alfalfa Growing in the South."
S. J. Ezell: "The Circuit Rider."
R. H. Fike: "Old Curiosity Shop."
D. M. Fraser: "Drinking Fizz-water as a science."
M. J. Funchess: "The Reveries of a Bachelor."
E. V. Garrett: "Love's Labor Lost."
W. P. Gee: "The Master Christian."
J. D. Graham: "Easy Money."
T. Hamilton, Jr.: "Dots on the German."
J. H. Harvey: "The Trifler."
D. N. Harris: "Among the Great Masters of Art."
T. C. Hayward: "The Value of a Smile."
E. L. Hutchins: "The Lost Chord."
C. C. Johnson: "The Eternal Question."
A. G. Kennedy: "Horse Sense."
M. R. Kimbrell: "The Pharisee's Prayer."
W. W. Kirven: "The Adventures of a Nervy Nat."
W. W. Kirk: "The Soubrette."
J. C. LaBorde: "The Prisoner's Vision."
A. C. Lee: "The Best Man."
J. P. Lewis, Jr.: "The Wet Blanket Artist."
J. W. Lewis: "A little Lower than the Angles."
J. C. Littlejohn: "A Master of Quarterstaff."
R. B. Lowry: "An Untold Love."
W. M. Lunn: "Excelsior."
N. Lykes: "The Man, the Face, the Hair."
W. A. Mace: "The Haunts of the Wampus."
C. W. Marston: "How to Grow Hair."
Library of the Senior Class.—Continued.

F. L. Martin: "Gone, but not Forgotten."
L. E. May: "The Correct Use of ‘All Right.’"
W. H. Maynard: "The Printer’s Dream."
J. M. Miller: "Thrilling Adventures at Dutch Fork."
C. McCaslan: "Jolly Fellowship."
C. E. McLean: "A Ration for Mules."
J. M. Napier: "The Pugilist."
T. L. Ogier, Jr.: "Happy tho’ Broke."
O. M. Page: "The Man in the Iron Mask."
J. A. Phillips: "The Art of Walking."
W. H. Rumff: "Daredevil Rumff."
J. B. Ryan: "The Secrets of the Human Form Divine."
M. L. Sandifer: "Repeated Rolls."
W. H. Scott: "Wild Bill from Kansas."
R. G. Sessions: "The Adventures of Sister Sessions; or, the Heroine of the Pike."
S. H. Sherard: "Making the Most of Life."
G. W. Speer, Jr.: "Vanity Fair."
J. Spratt: "Love Making."
C. L. Stevens: "The Virtue of Modesty."
H. K. Strickland: "The Chevrons of Fame."
A. C. Summers: "An Authentic Biography of Chambliss."
W. K. Tavel, Jr.: "Troubles of a Civil Engineer."
W. A. Thomas: "The Cannibal Feast."
D. L. Tindal: "The Voice of Terror."
C. M. Trott, Jr.: "Not Like Other Girls."
G. M. Truluck: "How to be Graceful."
G. Warren: "The Barrister’s Appeal."
L. O. Watson: "Echoes of Napoleon."
G. G. Weathersbee: "The Lotus’ Eater."
W. N. Wells: "King of Diamonds."
J. S. Wessinger: "Kissing and its Results."
H. C. Wilburn: "The Star Gazer."
M. G. Williams: "Mrs. Muggins of the Collard Row."
P. B. Wise: "The Call of the Wild."
Specimen Examination Questions.

1. Which is the butt end of a billy goat? Give eleven reasons for your answer.

2. Express in your own words the odor of H₂S. What, how, and why.

3. If the Nebula Hypothesis is true, how long will the earth revolve around the sun?


5. Find the moments of inertia and the radius of gyration of a left circular hypobolical parabola inscribed in a semicircular helix, the axis passing through the center of gravity about the axis of symmetry.

6. Give an accurate ration for a gray mule whose tail is six inches long and who makes three daily trips of twenty miles each over a boggy road.

7. Give word for word what the author says about “the wants of man” and “the divisions of labor.”

8. Show that all the ordinates of the center of gravity of an octant of a sphere whose specific weight, varying from point to point, are equal and when one of them multiplied by the weight of the body: $K \int_0^\infty \int_0^\infty \int_0^{r^2-x^2-y^2} dx\, dy\, dz \cdot x$

Also solve the above expression.

9. Give formula, and a detailed account of the mode of preparation and application of a poisonous insecticide used as a spray to destroy the Pediculus Vestimenti (body louse) on the tobacco plant.

10. Is wood useful? Discuss in detail how, why, when, where, to whom, and for what purposes. Also calculate the exact time that a pine post of ninety-nine annual rings will last when settled six feet and two inches in a mud bank.

11. Engine \(14 \times 36\), scale of spring=60 \(\square\)”, area of card=5.77 sq. in., length of card=3 inches. Boiler pressure =99 \(\square\)”, atmospheric pressure =29.2 inches of mercury. What time is it? Answer: one-(50).

12. Give a working plan for a practical forester to suit a treeless island in the Indian Ocean.

13. Discuss at length the effects, cost, and advisability of feeding ground oat straw to spotted pigs three weeks old, and tell its effects upon their ears.

14. Give outline of a method by which a complete fertilizer may be analyzed in two hours and twelve minutes.

15. Find the diameter of the piston of a cross-compound, triple expansion engine fed from an upright Lanchashire boiler at a distance of 200 feet. Boiler pressure as obtained from steam.
table. 249 lbs., guage reading. Length of stroke = 3 feet, diameter of fly wheel = 10 feet. Entrophy = .4 length of card = 3 inches, clearance = 10 ° C, scale of spring 30°.

16. If the great glacier that covered the northern half of North America, melted back at the rate of three miles, six and two thirds feet per year, what was the average rate of the winds that swept over the Sahara Desert.

17. Why do cows and horses make "Goo-Goo" eyes when they are administered one quart of concentrated Sulphuric Acid in one half pint of Nitric Acid?

18. How do you know that the footprints on the petrified specimen given you are those of our great grand father Adam?

19. Give in detail the advanced theory as to the presence of corns, bunions and ingrowing toenails in horses, tom cats, and Guinea Pigs.

20. How much would the rate of the earth's revolution be increased by a man weighing 183 pounds climbing the west side of Pikes Peak.

21. Calculate the annual rate of increase of the sap of a scrubby pine tree on the slope of the Adirondack Mountains. Express the answer in gills.

22. In a large test tube I have: H₂O, KOH, Fe₂SO₄, H₂SO₄, (HNO₃+HCl), H₂S, HCN, and six thousand atoms of C₂H₅OH. Give name and chemical composition of the resulting substance. Also its appearance, atomic and molecular weights, and tell whether it is magnetic, explosive, inflammable, acid, alkaline, and describe, in your own words, its smell and tastes.

23. Given an electric generator, 5 feet high and 2 feet long directly connected to a steam turbine running at 38,000 r. p. m. Pulley shaft of turbine is 1-2 in. diameter and commutator shaft is 3-8 in diameter. Find speed of generator and time required to convince an electrical Senior of his profound ignorance of calculus.
The Ten Commandments of the Most High.

And the most high spake all these things, saying:

I am the omnipotent king, thy commandant, who have put the in the ways that thou should’st go and have guided thy footsteps therein.

Thou shalt have no other king before thee.

Thou shalt not bow down thyself to any image upon or beneath the surface of the earth; but when thou comest into my most high presence, thou shalt smite thy forehead thrice upon the ground in token of utter submission.

Thou shalt not cough or clear thy throat in vain, in the presence of his august nibs, the Commandant, for the Commandant will not hold him guiltless who cougheth or cleareth his throat in vain.

Remember the Sabbath day to go to church; for many will be the extras and long the confinements for him who abideth not by this Commandant.

Four hours shalt thou walk extras without intermission, and the fifth hour thou shalt find sweet rest serving confinements in thy room.

Honor the President, Commandant, and Faculty, that thy days may be long at the jail to which thy father sendeth thee.

Thou shalt not kill time.

Thou shalt not break confinements.

Thou shalt not say anything in thy own defense if thou art brought before the Discipline Committee.

Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor’s shoulder bars, nor his chevrons, nor his confinements, nor his extras nor anything that is thy neighbors.
The Bell.

Get up! First call for reveille;
Do, some one, break that naughty bell;
How much we loathe to hear it
Is more than we can tell.

The second call; we have to hustle.
And all are saying, "What a sin
To have to run out in the cold,"
When we hear the third call "Fall in."

"Police Inspection," sings the bell.
And all of us are filled with freight;
We're bound to hear our names read out
On the "Delinquency" that night.

"Breakfast," the bell is cheerful now,
And we don't even think to mutter
About the calls of this "reminder"
As we eat our bread and butter.

There's "Guard Mount," "Chapel," and Classes,
Until we nearly have our fill;
But still there's one more loathsome call—
That is, the dreaded one to "Drill."

"Retreat" winds up the busy day,
And in a military manner
We listen to our college band
Roll out "The Star Spangled Banner."

Study hours o'er, there comes a few sweet strokes,
And the bell is hushed in its tower.
Softly and sweetly the bugle plays "Taps."
Thank God for this blessed hour.
The Professor's Library.

Prof. Nourse—"The Barn Stormer."
Prof. Houston—"The Mystery of the Locks."
Prof. Furman—"The House of Mirth."
Prof. Harper—"Arabian Nights Entertainment."
Prof. Morrison—"Who's Who in America."
Prof. Daniel—"The Adventures of Mick Chick."
Prof. Martin—"Jolly Fellowship."
Prof. Calhoun—"Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea."
Prof. S. B. Earle—"The Stumbling Block."
Prof. Shanklin—"Martin Chuzzlewit."
Prof. Bryan—"The Fat of the Land."
Prof. Hook—"Half a Rogue."
Prof. Doggett—"The Weaver of Ravaloe."
Prof. Newman—"Leaves of Grass."
Prof. Barre—"That Sand Hiller."
Prof. Burrell—"The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come."
Prof. McSwain—"Moon Face."
Prof. Gardner—"A Corner in Women."
Prof. Holmes—"The Village School Master."
Col. Hardin—"The Man of the Hour."
Capt. Minus—"Recollections of West Point."
Prof. Keitt—"The Professor at the Breakfast Table."
Prof. Hemey—"The Mystery."
Prof. Poats—"The Virginian."
Prof. Burgess—"The Last Hope."
Dr. Powers—"Wanted, a Chaperone."
Prof. Riggs—"My Friend, The Chaffeur."
Prof. Lewis—"The Man on the Box."
Prof. D. E. Earle—"The Shuttle."
Prof. Johnston—"Les Miserables."
Experiments of considerable value to the scientific world were conducted by members of the student body of Clemson College, S. C., from December 20, to January 4, 1908. We are especially indebted to Mr. J. S. Wessinger, for his efforts, though others deserve mention.

Mr. Wessinger has found that potassium iodide (KI) when brought into contact with sulphur (S), unites in the following proportions: KIS₂, or KISS. Mr. Wessinger reports that the experiment is best performed in the dark, and must be done with extreme care, as some of the material is explosive. He at one time narrowly escaped losing an ear, and at present carries a black eye.

Mr. A. J. (Exodus) Baker also conducted researches, and reports somewhat similar results. He has not yet produced conclusive proof, but believes that considerable pressure is necessary. On the other hand, he states that the re-action can take place as well in sunlight as in partial darkness.

Mr. J. Spratt intended rendering some valuable assistance, but met with several serious backsets. He has since been on the verge of nervous prostration, and is not now in a condition to be interviewed concerning the subject, but we hope to present his experience later on. Mr. Spratt, with his usual persistence, intends renewing his efforts next June.

Mr. W. M. Lunn, on the other hand, insists that there is but little danger or difficulty, which is probably owing to the material in hand, the nature of which is often variable. Further developments are anxiously awaited.

*Amateur Chemist's Journal.*
Experiment Alpha and Omega.

Performed: December 6, 1907.
By: J. C. Littlejohn, W. W. Kirk, J. P. Lewis, W. M. Rosborough and H. B. Riser under the directions of Prof. W. M. Riggs.

Object: Test and operation of feminine hot air engine.
Reference: Samuel Broadus Earle—from introduction to finish.
Apparatus: Hammock, dark corner, moonlight night, opportunity.

Method: Riser begins the experiment by placing the engine in a comfortable position, well boosted up with sofa pillows. He then opens the main valve of his poetical nature and finds that the eccentric swings forward through about $95^\circ$ and cut-off occurs most unexpectedly. Riser retires with badly damaged feelings, and Rosborough decides to try a hand with this erratic piece of mechanism. Rosen begins by turning on the hot air, when the engine is on dead centre. He sees the dangerously high pressure in the cylinder; but with great bravado and soft caresses he gently begins to coax the fly wheel over. When things did begin to roll and the smoke cleared away, nothing could be found of the young gallant, but a pair of nose glasses. As the tensile strength of the material had not been determined, Bill Kirk, an expert engineer and tester of the tensile strength of feminine effections was called upon to secure this most important data. Encircling the jacket with his yard arms Bill attempts to obtain the necessary dimensions, thickness of material etc., and finds things rather warm. However he proceeds to exert considerable pressure, and would have undoubtedly succeeded had not the eccentric slipped, releasing the crank which flew off at a tangent and mutilated that unfortunate Lad’s winning card, that wonderful museum occupying as it does a central position in the lower part of his physiognomy. After some coaxing from the performers the engine was once more put in good running condition, when that reckless spirit, John Little, appeared on the scene. He grasped the fly wheel with one hand, and placed the other around the jacket. Exerting infinite pressure in that direction, he placed his lips affectionately upon the admission valve. The engine stopped—back-fired and then exploded with indignation. Lewis appeared with accustomed wet blanket and put out the fire, in doing so however he threw a chill over the whole experiment.

Log of results: Self acting, no governor used because of impossibility of finding one of sufficient durability, speed high, and surplus of packing used.
To the Class of '08.

DR. R. N. Brackett.
(Upon presentation of Class Flag).

Accept this banner wrought with care;
Its device strange, its colors rare
Are full of meaning and of cheer.

May this flag with strange device
As a token of regard suffice,
And more—you'll see why in a trice.

The colors you've, of course, detected,
Are the ones your class selected
As their emblem true, perfected.

In the device is to be found
An added meaning, more profound
Than Alma Mater now renowned.

"C"ourage "A"nd "C"haracter, words inspiring,
Leading us on to victory, untiring.
When to noble deeds aspiring.

May you have that courage true
That leads us all the right to do.
Stand we with the crowd or few.

If character but with Courage mate,
You'll bear honor to Clemson, the pride of the State.
Make "Courage and Character" your motto, '08!
September 7

Tues. 10th. Southern and Blue Ridge & P.R. and "Mr. Clark" do a flourishing business.

Wed. 11th. Men matriculate.

Thurs. 12th. Capt. Brown makes his debut and has his fortune told.

Tues. 17th. Memorial dinner (punch) and note stand exam.

Saturday. Same dinner stand exam.


Mon. 17th. Men Drill Grades.

Tues. 17th. President talks of broad forces in his address, and points in rounded orders. It was then reported around campus that he was beaten with recitation. (22)

Wednesday, being the end of fall, the answer was the house of west market.

Thurs. 19th. Three grades another job.

Tues. 20th. Left camp, drill, and exam.

Sun. 21st. Church and dinner.

Mon. 22nd. Church and dinner.

Tues. 23rd. Three grades added to punch list.

Wed. 24th. Three grades as usual (no hollow squares).

Thurs. 25th. Two old Economists in exchange.

Tues. 26th. Reinforced because for dinner no - 

Tues. 27th. Journal papers get the lemon and ginger.

Sat. 28th. Company commanders wrangle over rooms and Johnson finally gets the 

Tues. 29th. In the room he arranged to meet him.

Sunday 29th. In the undisturbed room in the newed house.

Mon. 30th. Captain was notified that it will be to his convenience to have faculty five minutes earlier every morning.
Oct. 1st.- Boys almost shuffle feet in chapel, but take cold feet.
Wed. 2nd.- SENIORS get primers.
Sun. 3rd.- First move up to rooms.
Mon. 4th.- Moving day.
Sat. 5th.- More moving day; irregular curfew in chapel.
Sun. 6th.- Church. Team and the prunings.
Mon. 7th.- And still no Pot Econoimes.
Tues. 8th.- Boys shuffle a little louder.
Wed. 9th.- Pot Econoimes arrive.
Thurs. 10th.- Money still in the ring.
Friday 11th.- Kittens (of course now and again st. of)
Sat. 12th.-
Sun. 13th.- Cold in Eagle and no sleep.
Mon. 14th.- Game in D.2.
Tues. 15th.- Senior1 detached for duty. Knell for W.1. = No假期.
Wed. 16th.- The Catalogue.
Thurs. 17th.- Nothing disturbing.
Fri. 18th.- Adjutant contract now signed.
Sat. 19th.- Der Captain in war = a visit.
Sun. 20th.- Some rather busy in G1 and G2.
Mon. 21st.- Remember 4th lemon on 23rd.
Tues. 22nd.- For the first time in four years, Bob. mor in fact to meet the lemon.
Wed. 23rd.- "Presidential duties" for lippes.
Thurs. 24th.- Call on walk. Memoirs ( Bucharest) back.
Fri. 25th.- First in concert.
Sat. 26th.- The 14th.
Mon. 27th.- Lemon on meeting must be wages.
Tues. 28th.- Gojo creates a new joke.
Wed. 29th.- Senior primary go on quantity.
Thurs. 31st.- NC 4 Lemon 6.
November

Wed 1st - Team comes back
Sun 2nd - Rain
Mon 3rd - Team goes off
Tues 5th - Team comes back
Wed 6th - George goes off
Thurs 7th - George comes back
Fri 8th - Anderson goes in
Sat 9th - Davidson 10 - Elmon 7
Sun 10th - Rain at lunch, 8nd petition
Mon 11th - Rainy, thunderstorm
Tues 12th - HAD NEVER BEEN IN THE MASTERS, or how to
Wed 13th - Corps meeting talks on how to
Thu 14th - Corps Beer meeting, see Sept 16th
Fri 15th - (?)
Sat 16th - etc
Sun 17th - "A World out of revenge and Big"
faded to said him. He then
Tues 18th - "We have left out
Wed 19th - Rat has a comparison and go to
Thu 20th - Team practicing for Tech
Fri 21st - Ham contemporary with pean
Sat 22nd - Bacon "h" Thibeudo
Sun 23rd - Ball (unconsumed)
Mon 24th - Students still in the ring
Tues 25th - No relation names the dog
Wed 26th - He tells a true one (forgot it)
Thu 27th - The fall fountain fell well
Fri 28th - Elmon 1, Tech 5, Parker 4,5,
Anderson 0 (Big day) 0

Friday 29th - Team does not return!!
Sat 30th - Authorities 126, Variety 0, game
exciting from start to finish but the authorities never
 defeating game won
by a false pass
December:

Dec. 1st: To flunk or not to flunk, that is the question.

Mon. 2nd: Trying to find the shape of a square meal.

Fri. 3rd: "Play safe or count crossbies?"

Wed. 4th: Prof. C. contemplates trip to Knox ville but does not go.

Thu. 5th: Same, being busy in Electrical Laboratory, forgets his class.

Fri. 6th: Weather makes an attempt at snowing.

Sat. 7th: Snow melts etc.

Sun. 8th: 1st Reck roll after church.

Mon. 9th: Dr. Captain . . . Night: Indoor in the kitchen.

Tues. 10th: Prof. C. notifies boys that they must only wear shoes in gym.

Wed. 11th: Faculty commences dressing up for a chance hunt.

Thurs. 12th: Exams scheduled adopted.

Frid. 13th: 11:00 A.M.

Sat. 14th: Captain rises on exam.

Sun. 15th: Seniors have church on their own hook.

Mon. 16th: More exams, more Reading class.

Tues. 17th: S. "Lettie and the W. Will she catch it? Not."

Wed. 18th: Where Jenny Jenny? "I don't know.""

Frid. 19th:"

Sat. 20th:"

Sun. 21st:

[Sketch of a duck on the dock for the holiday]
January

Sat. 4 th:—See Sept. 10 th, 1907.  
Sun. 5 th:—A very long day  
Mon. 6 th:—Back at the same old grind.  
Tues. 7 th:—Doctor's certificates commence to arrive.  
Wed. 8 th:—"Staff hard at work and must"  
Thur. 9 th:—Lancaster for breakfast and dinner  
Fri. 10 th:—A month supposed to go to kids  
Sat. 11 th:—Moving pictures in chapel.  
Sun. 12 th:—Good German.  
Mon. 13 th:—Battle music scores again.  
Wed. 15 th:—One of King's, 57 for dinner.  
Thur. 16 th:—6 o'clock. Shark. To call roll.  
Fri. 17 th:—A very long list  
Sat. 18 th:—Extra walkers take cold.  
Mon. 20 th:—Captain Minn. administers a dose of cough medicine to extra walkers (see 17 th).  
Tues. 21 st:—Same walkers stand exam.  
Wed. 22 nd:—Annual named TAPS.  
(N.B. This is probably due to the fact that nearly all of the work was done on and after this.)  
Thur. 23 rd:—Gutel exchange feeling out explanation Blackie.  
Fri. 24 th:—No more extra long list.  
Sat. 25 th:—Fisherman leads the German  

Sun. 26 th:—Annual goes to press.
wonce On a Time.

Don’t tell But wonce there was sum boys. the Boys was very very bad Boys. and they went to school & lived in a grate big house. the Boys had a teecher. the teacher was very Cross & wud sumtimes get mad at the bad Boys. 1 night the teecher kept the Boys in bed & the Boys got mad 2. the Boys wanted to go out of the House & rase cane with the teechers bugies & Horses & Milk cows & billy gotes. but the teecher he saw that if the bad Boys was to go out That they wud rase cane with the bugines & Horses & Milk cows & billy-gotes. So the teecher, he keept the bad bad Boys in there beds. the teecher wud not let the Boys out.

Next Morning the Boys played hooky. the boys wud not go to school. the boys turned there cotes upside downwards & insides out & went out of there house & marched & marched. the boys come back to the House. the teecher he was mad. he tried to get the bad boys to Stop it. But the bad boys keept on marching & just a Marching til the boys was tired. then the Boys come back to the House & went to sleep. They taken a holiday & had heaps & lots of Fun. the teecher, he sit in his house & looked out of the Windoor & laffed at the Boys while they was marching & Marching. befo the Boys quit marching, the boys waved flags and flags. the flags had numbers on the the flags. the numbers on the flags was 08-09-10-011. every body enjoy it? yes the Boys Had a BIG DAY. yes the teecher had A big day.
GREAT CONFLAGRATION.

Dr. Sloan gives smoker to Prominent Members of the Faculty.

On Wednesday evening in the treasurer’s office, Dr. P. H. E. Sloan entertained several members of the Faculty at an informal smoker.

Prof. W. S. Morrison, whose appreciation of a good Havana is unsurpassed, provoked much laughter by his inimitable antebellum jokes and his humorous account of the manner in which he put Stub Stevens to flight, from his fortified position on the wood pile. Prof. Morrison was the unrivaled monarch of the field of wit, until the arrival of Prof. Furman, who, with a few caustic criticisms soon put the gentlemen from the Fairfield briar patch to ignominious flight.

Cigars having been finished, another box was opened.

Under the narcotic influence of the fragrant fumes, Dr. Culhoun waxed eloquent in the discription of the Paleozoic Rhinosaurious, and gave a detailed account of that wonderful animal’s ability to wrap his caudal appendage around Mt. Mitchell and drink from the Clemson College stand pipe.

Another box of cigars opened.

Captain Minus discoursed interestingly on scientific oxidation, or “how to burn.”

Prof. Harper talked at length on the agricultural possibilities of Ireland and recounted for the 3578th time, his experiences while there.

Another box of cigars opened.

Prof. Burress being accustomed to “rabbit-tobacco” only, becoming nauseated, was forced to retire.

Another box of cigars opened.

A very pleasant evening was brought to a close, by Dr. Sloan’s scientific discussion of the economic possibilities of the Breakage Fee.

Prof. Furman’s “cry-sis” joke was unanimously voted the best of the evening. Each of the guest received a box or cigars as souvenir.

AN ESTIMATE OF FOOD CONSUMED BY CLASS OF ’08.

The class of 1908 has been recognized as an exceptional class in the history of Clemson College ever since it entered here four years ago. We do not know whether a similar estimate has ever before been made of any class, but from the amount of food consumed, calculated as nearly accurate as is possible, it has not been on the plane of the average along the eating line. If a member of the class were asked to vouch for the truth of these figures given below, he would no doubt disclaim them because of a sort of empty feeling that always accompanies him; and if an outsider were called upon to judge of them by the appearance of the members of the class, he would declare them false. Mr. Schilitter, however, who has all along seemingly evidenced considerable anxiety, from the limited quantity of food we were sometimes forced

(Continued on page 232.)
THE TIGER.

FOUNDED BY THE CLASS OF '07.

Published Every Two Weeks By The Students of Clemson College.

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Editorial.

Dead beats to the right of us, dead beats to the left of us, dead beats all around of us champed and thundered. "Give me some weed, a chew or a cigar, My check will arrive next week and I'll pay you back," chorus a host of friends, whom we meet on every ball. Explanation blanks, razors, and even socks are demanded by these Silky-tongued orators of the grand old army of dead beats. We have been waiting for those checks to arrive for a long time, but our unfilled pipe, our plugless pocket, and our sickly feet bear pitiful testimonials of the continued impecuniosity of the afore-mentioned gentlemen.

Captain Minus is to be congratulated upon his success in the organization of the Saturday Afternoon German Club. This club fills a long felt want at Clemson, as it tends to cultivate the art of grace and to promote sweet tempers among awkward and ill-tempered members of the Corps.

Heed the words of the sage—observe the history making around you.

(Continued from page 231.)

to be content with, as he doled out our meals, lest we should destroy the food faster than the commissary was able to supply it. The following figures indicate the amount of food eaten by the class of 1908, during the four years of its stay here up to the time "The Tiger" went to press.

9,750 gallons syrup, 7,482 bottles catsup, 4,788 cans salmon, 10,512 pounds ham, 23,389 pounds butter, 35,040 eggs, 12,474 gallons milk, 15,592 pounds sugar, 23,389 pounds hard, 7,826 pounds oatmeal, 2,208 pounds Force, 5,198 pounds prunes, 2,102 pounds apple butter, 140 gallons pickles, 350 pounds nuts, 2,100 oranges (Thanksgiving Days), 27,988 pounds cabbage, 222 bushels turnips, 710 bushels salad, 31,226 pounds grits, 31,226 pounds rice, 293,660 leaves bread, 7,600 gallons tomatoes, 6,261 pounds beans, 8,984 cans corn, 8,984 gallons green peas, 315 bushels meal, 10,020 pounds, or 49.937 gallons coffee, 5,968 gallons soup, 7,992 puddings (50 rice), 4,438 pounds dried apples, 600 gallons dessert peaches, 600 gallons dessert apples, 41 gallons pineapple, 8,550 pies, cake, none, 8,700 biscuits, 599 bushels sweet potatoes, 1,117 bushels Irish potatoes, 140 bushel beets, 273 bushels snap beans, 9,612 gallons gravy, 15 pounds mackerel, tur- key and chicken, none.

PHENOMENAL OCCURRENCE AT THE HOSPITAL.

Only Fifty-five Men on Sick Report.

On Monday, February seventeenth, Dr. Redfern experienced a very severe attack of heart trouble, occasioned by the arrival of only fifty-five men at the hospital, which was the smallest number that had ever appeared on a Clemson College sick report, the average numbers being between six hundred and seven hundred.

During a period of temporary mental aberration caused by this phenomenal occurrence, Dr. Redfern, reversing his usual prescription of pills, pills, pills, prescribed oil of cloves for several cases of tooth ache, Sodium Phosphate for the stomach ache, Sloan's Liniment for sev-
eral sprains and bruises, Capudine for headaches, and Foley's Honey and Tar for Coughs and colds.

In every case, on account of the fever of excitement prevailing in the Doctor's office, the thermometer recorded a high temperature, thus eliminating the necessity of warming it at the fire. It is a matter of scientific interest that one cadet's temperature was recorded at 212° F.

Without demur, the Doctor excused each and every man from all classes and military duty for the remainder of the week.

**SENIOR CLASS.**

At last the long expected has come. In a short talk to the Senior Class a few days ago, Captain Minus announced officially that Senior privileges would certainly be granted in the near future. As near as he could estimate at present, the order bestowing these privileges would be published on or about June 10, 1908.

The class extends to Captain Minus, their sincere thanks for this appreciation of their attempts to keep in the straight and narrow path.

**JUNIOR CLASS.**

The foot ball season for the Junior Class is over. We made a touchdown in barracks. Mr. Wolff, the noble president, won the orator's medal at long roll on Saturday night. His subject was "The best way to ignite a Senior private." McIver, the famous furnace damper, is in trouble. Good luck to him. Mr. "Biggy" Pegues would like to state to the public that he is still the "unbranded Maverick of the Pecos," and that he feels like the old "sarpint o' Siskiyou," his scales "is riz" and he is ready to spit "pizen" at some poor fellow absent from reveille.

**LOCALS**

The "Reuben Annex" at the store has gone into the hands of a Receiver. Its life was short, but sweet to Rube; for he sings, "I got all that was coming to me, and a little bit more."


"Brock" is to be congratulated upon the completion of his ten years course in scientific and practical agriculture.

**THE STORK.**

A bird of plumage white and fair,  
No bird brings more trouble than he;  
But why it is that all like him,  
Has been a mystery to me.

A most quiet bird was this stork,  
Who always lived on prairie and pampas;  
But why, oh why, has he left his place,  
For the Clemson College campus.

**FOR SALE.**

Carnations,  
Chrysanthemums, Freesias,  
Geraniums, Roses,  
and Cut Flowers of all kinds supplied to Seniors while out strolling with ladies.

One month under arrest, ten extras, and twenty demerits, are the only charges for these beautiful flowers.

**C. C. Newman, Florist**

**FOR RENT**

Old Pair of Shoes  
Very desirable for young couple who intend to do light housekeeping. Well located, has all the modern conveniences, including a good supply of gas. : : : :

Apply to "Toots" Britt.
THE TIGER.

LOST AND FOUND.

FOUND—A leader for the German. M. H. ACKERMAN.

Lost—Hair. Finder return to W. A. Thomas and receive reward.

FOUND—The best cartilage method of increasing height. Apply to T. C. HEYWARD.

Lost, Strayed or Stolen—A captaincy. Finder return to F. L. MARTIN and receive liberal reward.

Lost—A pair of dice. The villain who stole same, return to the History class soon, and no questions will be asked.

FOUND—Winners in the Agricultural guessing contest. Anyone wishing inside information apply to MARSTON and GRAHAM.

Lost—A large healthy heart at Seneca, S. C. Finder return to R. H. FIKE and receive liberal reward.

FOUND—A new book in the Library. CORPS CADETS.

WANT ADS.

WANTED—A few flies in the mess hall. THE CORPS.

WANTED—A horse not tied. PETE WISE.

WANTED—Another heart to conquer. C. L. CANNON.

WANTED—Some privileges. SENIORS.

WANTED—Somebody to work. EDITOR-IN-CHIEF OF ANNUAL.

WANTED—Some carnations. RUBE FIKE.

WANTED—Undivided Attention. PROF. R. N. BRACKETT.

WANTED—Some "weed." G. W. SPEER.

NOTE—A scattered road is badly needed from Lexington to the Railroad. J. S. WES-SINGER.

WANTED—A new supply of hot air. J. N. HARPER.

Possum Hollow Orchestra

The boys say it is the greatest Concert Company of modern times. Unsurpassed in the dexterity and skilfulness of the music rendered. Its music melts the stoniest hearts and puts sunshine and joy into the hearts of the sorrowing. Try it and see. We cater to students' trade.

I. C. A. POSSUM, Director.
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FAST TIME.

Dr. Calhoun's crack Track Team was made to look like thirty cents with holes in the lure, and the holes plugged up with lead, when Beau Brummel Cannon and Ladiesman Crider made the distance of one mile from Calhoun to Clemson, Tuesday evening, in forty-nine seconds, before Captain Minus, who was in hot pursuit, had reached the culvert over the creek.

Cannon and Crider, who are the shining lights of Calhoun's society, left the homes of their lady loves, immaculately attired in full evening dress, but when they became cognizant of a vacuum in the vicinity of Calhoun Station, swallow-tail coats and silk hats were cast aside and pretty patent leathers were made to do duty on seven league boots.

This is probably the world's record for a mile, and while the time may seem unreasonable at first glance, the unusual stimulus to the runners should be considered.

There gentlemen will undoubtedly defeat all contestants in the mile run at the Olympic Meet!

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"Most concise concrete, and accurate delineation of the art of graceful bowing that has ever appeared on the field of Literature."—Hampton Illuminator.

Clemson College, S. C., February 1, 1908.

To whom it may concern:

This is to certify that in my professional opinion, Mr Hamilton's book is not only an educational jewel, but it has the added value of being equal to a gymnasium guide. Anyone who practices bowing and follows the instructions in the "The Chesterfieldian Bow," will not only become very graceful, but will undoubtedly enjoy good health.

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THE TIGER.

POSTSCRIPTS.

Rat Lunz from Charleston, looking at snow: "Is that ashes falling out of the smoke stack?"

Rat Dubose: "May I have to pay the quarterly dues more than once a year?"

Rat Davis at the Hospital told the Dr. that he had exanthemata rheumatism.

Senior Phillips in the Chemical Laboratory wanted a pleated filter paper.

Senior Earle: "Does Shuler sing tenor?"

Tindal, looking at a guinea pig: "That certainly is a pretty prairie dog."

Senior Truluck filled his fountain pen with shoe polish, and he hadn’t been to Atlanta, either.

Prof. Calhoun, making announcement in Chapel: "All those who wish to engage in gymnastic work provide themselves with a pair of rubber shoes—nothing else required."

Rat Grinnall at Bible Class meeting: "Did the legion of devils go into the herd of swine?"

Leader: "Yes."

Rat: "Gee, that must be where we get all our deviled ham from."

Hutchins in Bacteriological Laboratory: "Look in the automobile (autoclave) Fike and hand me some agar agar."

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Views.

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<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Name</th>
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Senior Tennis Club.

W. M. Rosborough, Manager.

Alverson, J. E.  Heyward, T. C.  Littlejohn, J. C.  Sherard, S. H.
Graham, J. D.  Lewis, J. P.  Riser, H. B.  Tavel, W. K.
Trott, C. M.
Warren, G.
Spartanburg County Club.

R. H. Fike ........................................ President.
D. X. Harris .................................. Vice-President.
W. Allen ........................................ Secretary and Treasurer.

Members.

ALVerson, J. E. ................................ Ezell, S. J.
JOHNSON, C. C. ................................ Ezell, B. B.
THOMASON, F. S. ................................ Cudd, J. J.
CANNON, D. A. ................................ Kirby, H. D.
Kirby, J. E. ........................................ Harris, A. L.
PARKER, F. F. .................................... Ezell, J. F.
EZELL, W. D. ...................................... Becker, A. J.
REID, J. C. ........................................ Parris, L. B.
SMITH, L. B. ....................................... Allen, E. L.
PETRIE, W. C. .................................... Harrison, J. W.
LEE, P. .............................................. Earle, P. E.
BOYD, J. F. ......................................... Garlington, G. F.

Honorary Members

Miss Ethel Mason ................................. Mrs. R. E. Lee

262
Orangeburg County Club.

F. J. Crider, President
A. C. Summers, Vice-President
M. J. Funchess, Secretary

MEMBERS.

Albergotti, W. M.       Hutto, C. I.
Boone, L. C.            Hydrick, J. H.
Boone, L. D.            Hydrick, O. A.
Rumson, H. H.           Phillips, J. A.
Byrd, N. E.             Phillips, W. H.
Cantwell, P. W.         Rast, F. M.
Carson, H. G.           Rumph, W. H.
Crum, W. C.             Salley, A. M.
Dukes, C. H.            Salley, G. L.
Fairy, C. V.            Salley, J. R.
Hennegan, J. H.         Shuler, B. A.
Hayden, C. J.           Smoak, L. A.
Hayden, J. J.           Stokes, L. S.
Hayden, J. H.           Summers, L. W.

Wolf, R. L.
Hampton County Club.

T. Hamilton . . . . . . . . . . President
H. E. Vincent . . . . . . Secretary and Treasurer

Members

Ginn, W. N. Lawton, J. H.
Hanna, E. H. Miley, P.
Hanna, G. A. Patrick, W. C.
Lawton, L. G. Rentz, W. H.
Oysterette Club.

Motto: Veni, Vidi, Edi.
Object: "To eat all you can at the other fellows' expense."

D. L. Tindal, Chancellor Commanding "Lobster."
J. N. McLaurin, Vice Chancellor "Red Crab."
A. G. Kennedy, Chancellor "Wiggle-tail Crab."

Members

ALLAN, T. S., "Mr. Pickle."
CAUGHMAN, F. P., "Mr. Fiddler Crab."
KIMBRELL, M. R., "Lord Turtle."
LITTLEJOHN, J. C., "Judge Shrimp."
LABORDE, J. C., "Hon. Crayfish."
LYKES, N., "His Majesty Asterias Vulgaris."
MARTIN, F. L., "Squire Terrapin."
MCCASLAN, C., "Hon. Hermit Crab."
NANCE, W. L., Mr. Uneeda Biscuit
OGIER, T. L., "Earl of Ocean Spray."
PRATT, W. O., "His Excellency O'possum Shrimp."
POAG, R. O., "The Hon. Saratoga Chips."
RISER, H. B., "His Honor the Devilfish."
RIVERS, H. L., "Miss Lady Finger."
SIMPSON, J. B., "Judge Nick Nack."
SIMPSON, W. D., "His Highness Mr. Oyster."
SPEER, G. W., "Mr. Mussel."
Skiddooers.

Σ. Κ. Α.

Johnny,
Dimmy Jug.
Daniel,
D. N.
Sam,
H. B.,
Rosen,
Skin,
Mug,
Peg,
Bob,
Bill,
Clemson Ananias Club.

Chief High Truth Twister,
R. H. Fike, "Delmas"

Straight Face Ananias,
F. B. Wise

Deformed Truth Recorder,
L. E. May

Motto: "Lie Only In Close Places."

Business Manager, G. G. Weathersbee, "Judas."

Members.

Folk, D. P. "Harriman." Funchess, M. J., "Uncle Remus"
Scott, W. H., "Iscariot." Ackerman, M. H., "Sapphirus"

Rendezvorus: The President's Office.

Time of Meeting: Any time a contortion of the truth becomes necessary or seems advisable.

Object: To promulgate the science of prevarication.

Result: Beyond our fondest expectations.
T. E. II.

George Warren, President.
C. W. Marston, Vice-President.
F. W. Crisp, Secretary and Treasurer

Bellinger, G. D.
Brunson, H. H.
Fraser, D. M.
Kirven, W. W.
Lee, A. C.
McFadden, R. H.
Rice, C. W.
Robertson, T. G.
Robinson, W. A.
Butter Grafters’ Association.

Motto: What did she say?
Echo: “Taint no harm if you don’t get caught.”

Members, Managers and Directors.

Clement, E. D. Sarge — Second assistant grafter.
Coles, S. Strict — High Chief grafter.
Eason, J. L. Jim — First Assistant grafter.
Gandy, F. L. Yap — Assistant drinker.
McLaurin, K. Mack — Chief drinker.
Miley, P. Socrates — Chief advisor.
Reeves, T. B. Doc. — Attorney for defense.
Wigfall, C. Y. Old Lady — Chief scout.
The "Chanticleers."

Object: To resent all insults from the feathery tribe.

Time of meeting: When feathers are in the air.

Place of meeting: Nowhere in general, but near certain chicken domicils.

Cast of Characters.

Eason, J. L.       "Jim"       Chief Roost lifter.
Walker, R. H.     "Speedy"     Scout.
Walker, W. S.     "Sling"      Executioner.
Thornhill, E. J.   "Eddie"      Neckwringer.
Tobin, L. P.      "Hippie"     Bag-toter.
Owens, B. F.      "Buss"       Scullion.
Woodward, H. M.   "Hurricane"  Chef.
Keel, J. F.       "Rastus"     Our modest (?) epicure.
Garner, G. D.     "Dean"       The Gang's Attorney
Seven-Up Club.

Motto: Win all you can.
Colors: Red and Black.
Place of Meeting: Where the commandant "aint."
Time of Meeting: Any available time.

W. A. Friday, Manager.

Members.

Jeter, F. H., "Bill." Salley, G. L., "Mike."
Friday, W. A., "Jerry." Spears, F. E., "Wooly."
Crum, W. C., "Bill Crum."
The Monte Carlo Club.

W. Allen ... President
M. W. Arthur ... Vice-President
J. B. Keith ... Secretary and Treasurer

Motto: Non Vivimus, Vivamus.

Allen, W., "Corp."
Arthur, M. W., "Rat."
Beaty, D. C., "Gus."
Boylston, B. K., "Sport."
Brinson, H. W., "Uriah."
Harris, B. B., "B."
Hester, W. H., "Bill."
Head, N. O., "Nora."
Keith, J. B., "Prohi."
Stephenson, J. T., "Steve."
Sumner, E. L., "Buddie."
Thomason, F. S., "Tom."
Sitton, E. N., "Gene."

272
STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA,
College of Clemson.

In the name of Dr. Mell, Amen!

Whereas, we the members of the Senior class, of the college and state aforesaid, being of sound mind and body, feel that we are about to depart from this life, we, the aforesaid body of men, do hereby publish and declare this instrument, as and for, our last will and testament on this earth or any other earth which may have been mentioned in casual conversation heretofore, or which may be mentioned in casual conversation hereafter.

We feel a deep sympathy for the faculty and students, that we leave behind, and to partly alleviate the misery that they will experience, we deem it necessary to make this, our last will and testament; thereby, disencumbering ourselves of unearthly possessions which we no longer need, and which will be a consolation, to the said faculty and students in times of dire pain and necessity.

Item I. Wherein, Honorable Edward Hunter has inspired us with implicit confidence in his dealings with his fellows, we do now appoint and name him executor to this, our last will and testament; and we do hereby give to him the pen with which this will was written; and we also pray that he will use it in the business transactions which he may conduct for Dr. Mell and Prof. Morrison; and, we also give to the said Edward Hunter, the ring which is commonly seen encircling the eyes of the members of the faculty at chapel time.

Item II. To Dr. Mell, our beloved president, who has in times of trouble spread his sheltering wing over us, thereby protecting us from many unseen blows of evil spirits, we do now give, devise, and bequeath all the many favors he has shown us, and also we give him the old permit blanks, etc., which now bears his signature in our behalf; and we also leave him the services of our esteemed executor, hereinbefore mentioned.

Item III. To Captain Josiah C. Minus, we give a copy of the "Rules and Regulations," with the explicit instructions that a chapter be read every night, and that they be placed under his pillow before retiring. This latter, to insure dreams of duty and visions of reward. Also, we leave to him the memorable paragraph one hundred and eighty-nine (189) College Regulations, providing however, that the said paragraph be printed in gilded letters, so as to be distinctly read by sentinals on post.

Item IV. To Mr. A. Schulliter, we leave our ingenuity in distin-
guishing currants from flies; and we also give back the cards we have used while at Clemson.

ITEM V. To Professor William Shannon Morrison, we leave "The Worlds Almanac" and "The Gazeteer." Also we leave, a double barrel, breech loading rifle which was given to us by the "1907 Brigands." He may also take the remains of the "South Carolina Gentlemen," who entered Clemson in A. D., 1904 and, who are now about to depart from this life.

ITEM VI. To Professor Harper, we return all the $5,000. jobs; at the same time we express the wish that he bestow them upon each succeeding class. We also give him a little prayer book, from which he may read, in chapel during "his week."

ITEM VII. Realizing the necessity of co-operating with the geologists of the present for the improvement of the scientific interests of the world, we do hereby, devise and bequeath to Dr. F. H. H. Calhoun, the Track Team that held a track meet on the back-bone of the prehistoric monster ten million years ago. This is the same animal that wrapped his tail around the standpipe and conducted chapel exercises at the same time.

ITEM VIII. To Prof. Daniels we give five bottles of soothing syrup, one rubber ring, a book called, "The cri-sis," one white vest, two rattles and a button; all, with our best wishes for a long life and a happy one.

ITEM IX. To the Faculty as a whole we leave a copy of "Robert's Rules of Order" to be used every Thursday afternoon at those memorable gatherings of wise heads and large feet. We also leave them one hundred over coats and one hundred pairs of rubbers in order that they may hereafter patronize the entertainments given by the students in chapel.

ITEM X. To the Agricultural Department, we leave a gray mule, a bottle of mountain dew, and a chew of tobacco.

ITEM XI. To the Mechanical and Electrical Department, we leave one lead pencil, one pair of fire dogs, and a jig saw.

ITEM XII. To the Chemical Department we leave a rubber hose, some sulphured hydrogen, and a bottle of alcohol.

ITEM XIII. To the Textile Department we leave twenty-three students, a bobbin, and a spool of thread.

ITEM XIV. To the Civil Engineering Department, we leave one pair of shoes, two old shirts, a snake bite, and one bottle of hair tonic.

ITEM XV. To the Academic Department, we leave a pair of suspenders, some hair tonic, a goatee, and a horse (laugh).
ITEM XVI. To the Junior Class we leave a minus quantity, hoping that by an application of mathematics, and a supposition or two, that they may succeed in “figgering” it out to some satisfaction. If they don’t succeed, we hope that they may “keep on a-sucking till they do succee’d.” We also leave them the Senior privileges which we have.

ITEM XVII. To the Sophomore Class, we bequeath all the front rooms on the “Bowery” and the “Pike;” at the same time requesting that they do not occupy “Pig” and “Sling” without special permission of our honored executor, Edward Hunter.

ITEM XVIII. To the Freshman, and Sub-Freshman classes, we bestow ten donkey loads of “Baby Powders,” and three carts of dried apples. Now we give the advice:—eat the dried apples, drink five barrels of stand-pipe water, and swell up and “bust.”

And, now, realizing that our time grows shorter and shorter, and that we are nearing our limit, three score demerits and seven, we as a body of men, go out from Clemson, having nothing but the kindest feeling for everyone, and the best wishes and sincere hope for the unbounded success of our deal old Alma Mater and her sons.

Senior Class [L. S.]

Signed and Sealed in our presence on the twelfth day of the sixth month in the year of Our Lord, nineteen hundred eight.

Don’t U. Come, Esq.
I. Have Gone, Esq.
Editor’s Note.

"Do your best; Angels can do no more." And so it has been with the TAPS Board in presenting to the students and friends of Clemson this book. Perhaps you say that we should straightway render apologies for its existence. This we do not. We hold that such is the exclusive right and duty of those "special editions" and "notes from my own works" which for four years we have used as text-books. Having decided this, we must naturally expect this volume to stand on its own legs, as it were.

The first question that arose in our minds was, "How can we best vary the usual trend of Clemson annuals, and at the same time publish one interesting to all and dear to a Clemson cadet?" Realizing this, we have departed as far as practicable from the beaten path of all previous works o' similar character. In these pages, it has been our earnest endeavors to make the true Clemson spirit live and pulsate for all time to come. If in after days, some word or picture or scene should serve to quicken the love we all bear for our Alma Mater, this work will not have been in vain.

O reader, we would have you know that this book is not without a purpose—a noble purpose. May it always stand as a monument to the love and sacrifice of one for another, and help to keep alive in our breasts the spirit that prompted its existence. To the sons of C. A. C., it will be valued more for what it represents than for what it is. When the flight of years has wrought many changes, then it will be that we shall treasure that which commemorates those happiest of days—our college days.

And now the eleventh hour has arrived. Before we say the last word for the 1908 T A P S and our beloved comrades of 1908, we should like to say that this book is not the work of one man or of a few; but the earnest co-operation of the members of the Class of 1908. Else you would have never been greeted by the 1908 TAPS.

EDITORS.
Acknowledgment.

The Board of Editors take this opportunity to express their appreciation of the assistance of those who in various ways have aided them during the preparation of TAPS. Especially do we wish to acknowledge our indebtedness to those who are not members of the Corps; while to those members of the Corps, who, amid their many and arduous duties, found time to lend a helping hand, the best we have is for you. In this connection, we should not neglect to say that while much of the success of TAPS is due to those who have contributed drawings and pictures and encouragement all contributions of literature may be termed strictly "Clemson."
Farewell Ye Seniors.

'Tis hard to say farewell to you—
You who have fought so long;
Yet since there's work for all to do
We bid you hasten on.

And now upon life's field you stand
Full ready for the fight;
Then put your shoulder to the wheel
And push with all your might.

Remember, those you've left behind
Will watch your steps with pride,
And on the ladder as you climb
We'll shield the weaker side.

Keep college spirit in your veins—
Although you've won the race,
Perhaps 'twill be a help to us
Our hardest work to face.

Wave high your college colors too
And sing the college song;
It will encourage one and all
As we go marching on.

Remember we would keep you here,
Ah, yes, with greatest joy:
But lo, the voices far and near—
"We need the Clemson boy."

Then fare-you-well ye Seniors brave,
Be noble, kind and true;
If ne'er we meet this side the grave,
In heaven, may we greet you!

C. P. Rice.
L'Envoi.

Our thoughts now cease to form a tale,
All jokes are told;
There's no more puns to make you pale,
Or fear and scold.
Our toil is buried in the past,
The fruits of which we hope shall last.

Perhaps on you was turned the grind
To stamp more clear
In times to come upon your mind
Those days so dear;
But let it all in fun go by,
In future days 'twill save a sigh.

We've given freely of our best,
For you, not fame;
These works of love do but request
That you refrain
From thoughts that we injustice meant
By phrase or word for pleasure sent.

We're through; our hearts sustain no dread.
We meant no wrong;
But all the blame be on our head
For words too strong,
Our last sad word before we rest
Is simply—Liber Scriptum Est.
Taps.

All good night,
Clear and bright.
Through the night,
Comes the sweet
Evening call;
God above,
In his love
Guardeth all.
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To the Corps of Cadets:

The following advertisers helped to put the "2 ads" in your hands. You owe them something in return. Read their "ads" and patronize accordingly.

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W. E. Harper, Secy. & Treas.
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Physicians prescribe this Magnesia Water in preference to Lithia in the treatment of Kidney and Bladder Diseases. It is also recommended by them for use in Stomach and Intestinal Diseases. The carbonated has no superior as a table water.

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BOOKSELLERS & STATIONERS

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M. M. Mattison, General Agent
for South Carolina
Frederick Frelinghuysen, President


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Yours very truly,
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General Agent.

[ IX ]
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Simply Perfect.
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[XII]
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You are entitled to good Coffee—
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Get it of your Grocer.

[ XIII ]
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Everything
in Music

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[XVII]
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