TAPS

VOL II

CLEMSON COLLEGE
Class of 1909

CLEMSON COLLEGE
SOUTH CAROLINA
Comrade, in the present day,
Classmate, in the later year,
Friend, or stranger, snatch, we pray,
A respite brief from sordid care:
Perchance it be, our simple lay
Some mem'ry fond may bring to thee—
Within thy throbbing heart portray
Old college days that used to be.
O those who have brought us forth with love and self-sacrifice into this world; who have nurtured us tenderly, safely piloting us through the breakers of life; who have shared alike, with deepest sympathy, our joys and our sorrows, our successes and our failures; to those whose prayers ever follow us, day by day, that we may be pure, faithful, manly men; by whose love we are nerved to go forth to fight the battles of life, our highest ambition being to achieve honor that it may be theirs, to win laurels that we may place them at their feet, to be true, even as they are true; to those who have ever stood forth before us—even like unto the Holy Mary—standards of purity, love, and virtue; our strength and shield in the days gone past, our inspiration and courage in the days which are to come; to them this book is tenderly and lovingly dedicated:

Our Mothers

by their sons.
“Taps” Staff

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T. B. REEVES, Business Manager
W. C. SPRATT, Asst. Business Manager
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M. M. RODDEY
Clemson, may you stand the blast
Like some large, stalwart oak,
Which stands the storm when winter comes—
    ignores the woodman's stroke.
And may you cast your shadow forth
    to those within your range—
Protect a work of magic worth
Which time cannot estrange.
And may you like the morning sun,
    which driveth night away,
Speed on your course with wondrous sheen—
    Make glad our land to-day.

What praises sung or stories told—
    Though long may be their length—
What now alone can estimate
    Thy influential strength?
Thy rays of light do emanate,
    And cause to energize
Our aim in life, like some strong lens
    On sunshine focalized;
And many, who your shrine can't reach,
    Shall feel your strength so strong.
Through lives of those whom you have taught,
    Your praise to sing in song.

Though in thy course the mountain tops
    Be bowed to meet the sea,
Though in thy course the light of hope
    Shines more intense for thee,
And though thy sacred walls shall fall,
    And crumble into dust,
Thy guiding star will ever hold
    That one grand sacred trust
Of lasting force within the hearts
    Of Clemson men: to praise,
To sing, of all thy glories old,
    And better future days.

H. K. Sanders.
Senior Class

Colors: Garnet and Silver Gray.

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

O. M. Clark ............... President
J. H. Wilson ............. Vice-President
J. C. Fridmore ........... Secretary and Treasurer
G. W. Keitt .............. Historian
H. K. Sanders ............ Poet
W. C. Pitts ............... Lawyer
F. Fleming ............... Chaplain
Robert Eugene Adams  

eriwether, s. c.

"If thou hast any merit, it is hidden by thy conceit."

Senior Dancing Club; Pendleton Guards.

Civil Engineering Course.

"Percy" is a very modest (?) little boy. He is exceedingly coy and shy, and is easily embarrassed, especially when in the presence of the fair sex. In spite of this weakness, however, he cherishes the hope of becoming a "heart-smasher." If you desire to see him to the best advantage, you should go to his room about time for reveille. He intends going to Panama, in the near future, in order to show Uncle Sam how the Canal should be built.

Carl Elford Baldwin  
simpsonville, s. c.

"An excellent scholar: one that hath a head filled with calf brains without any sage in them."

Corporal, Sergeant, Lieutenant; Columbian Literary Society, Vice-President, Reporting Critic, Literary Critic, Chaplain; Class Chaplain, '06-'07; Y. M. C. A.; Chairman of Religious Meetings Committee.

Agriculture and Chemistry

Greenville claims the subject of this sketch. Carl or "C. E." has been identified with the Y. M. C. A. work. He winks at the professors, and gets "horsed out" about it. When at leisure, he can be found smoking his pipe, munching vegetables, and building air castles for himself, and the one girl that has had him in captivity so long—just who, 'tis hard to tell. This breezy youngster will run a big farm, and make a good citizen.
George Mish Barnett

WESTMINSTER, S. C.

"Love manufactures every man into a poet while the fever lasts."

Sergeant, First Lieutenant; Track Team, '07-'08, '08-'09; Winner of Medal in S. I. A. A. Meet, '08; Literary Critic Columbian Society; Y. M. C. A.; Sunday School; Bible Class Leader; Secretary Veterinary Science Club; Night Riders’ Club.

Agricultural Course II.

"Mish," "Serg.,” will answer with a re-proving smile to the name “Curly Head.” This lean, lank, long, little fellow, like “Flem,” came strolling down from the mountains with such long, graceful (), kangaroo-like strides, that Dr. Calhoun took him on track, where he has made good. "Serg." has never had any great military aspirations (except for the last twenty-two years), and, consequently, when he was taken from ranks in junior, he only smiled and said, "They thay I’ve got a thargeant.” His spare hours are spent admiring himself in the mirror, and caring for his pet curl. He will win world renown at the Olympic games.

Robert Erskine Blake

ABBEVILLE, S. C.

Hail fellow, well met!

Corporal, Sergeant; Senior Dancing Club; Veterinary Science Club; Ringleader of the Night Riders; Cotillion Club; Pendleton Guards.

Agricultural Course II.

This product of old Abbeville is one of our society men, though his friends remember one instance in which he was eclipsed by “Leander.” He is also pretty much of a “hobo” and a rambler, having probably traveled more than any other member of our class. He always has a good time anywhere he goes, and takes a delight in telling of his experiences. He will go back to Abbeville, walk the streets, carrying a hand satchel, and be spoken of by the natives as “the young Dr. Blake.”
John Ross Blair
SHARON, S. C.

"Be ignorance thy choice where knowledge leads to woe."

Sergeant, First Sergeant, Lieutenant; Calhoun Society, Sergeant at Arms; Y. M. C. A.; Vice-President York County Club; Sunday School.

Metallurgy Course.

This specimen of humanity discovered North America in the styx of southwestern York County. He is a very graceful dancer, and at no few balls has he made hits among the ladies. Inasmuch as a preacher's daughter thinks that there must be some good in a man who wears a white vest. "Jno. R." will, after graduation, return to Sharon, cultivate a red nose, grow a cotton face, and become a merry, welcome Santa Claus.

Lewis Boyd Brandon
McCONNELLSVILLE, S. C.

"In maiden meditation, fancy free."

Corporal, Sergeant, Lieutenant; Class foot-ball, '05-'06, '06-'07; Scrub foot-ball, '07-'08; Varsity, '08-'09; Track Team, '07-'08; Tiger Staff, '08-'09; Y. M. C. A.; Calhoun Literary Society; Veterinary Science Club; Night Riders' Club; Treasurer of Class in '05-'06.

Agricultural Course II.

As "Legs," "L. B.," was "hoboing" his way to Atlanta on a freight train one night in the fall of '04, he was put off near the Seneca trestle for not dividing his "Budweiser" with the flagman. Seeing lights towards the south, he made his way thither, and thus discovered Clemson College. He liked the place so well, that he immediately "caught on," and has ever since been strictly "one of the boys." He is in the height of his glory on platoon drill. He will, some day, be a wealthy farmer—if he can be broken from smoking cigars and buying postage stamps.
Luther Parris Byars  
MARION, S. C.

"A fly on a chariot wheel once exclaimed,  
'Gee whiz, what a dust I do raise!'"

Corporal, Sergeant, First Sergeant, Captain; Reporter  
for "Tiger" in Junior Year; Business Manager of the  
Chronicle Les Connoisseurs, Vice-President of S. C. P. A.,  
Chairman of Ring Committee Calhoun Literary Society,  
Treasurer, Vice-President; Vice-President of Cotillion Club;  
Senior Dancing Club; Tennis Club; Y. M. C. A.; Chairman  
of Social Committee of Y. M. C. A.; Bible Class Leader,  
Sunday School.

Agricultural Course I.

Luther is one of the "limelights" of the  
class, especially when it comes to promoting  
social functions. He is a born ladies’ man,  
and it is no uncommon occurrence to find,  
where he has gone along, a fair maid pining  
away for her stolen heart. Byars is always  
"Johnnie on the Spot" when there’s anything  
like a "foot shovelling" going on. Being  
very desirous of military glory, he has never  
spared himself any (?) means for attaining  
military distinction. He will reap a fortune  
when he gets out his book entitled, "The  
Quickest, Surest, and Most Harmless Way  
at Heart-Smashing."

Earle Chamness  
CLIO, S. C.

"There are many things in this world that  
I wot not of."

Y. M. C. A.; Junior and Senior Elect. Science Club; High  
Chief Officer-of-the-Guard.

Electrical Course.

"Earl," "Buddy." In the fall of '05, a  
west bound cyclone, while passing over this  
place, came in contact with the commandant’s leniency, which is always floating  
around loose. As a result, the cyclone was  
completely demolished, and "Buddy" was  
picked from among the wreckage. The  
usual stripes were placed upon him, and he  
began to serve his four years' sentence. Since  
that time, the Electrical Course has pursued  
him so relentlessly that he has had little  
time for other things. He will make a success  
of the "howling" variety by drilling South  
Carolina youths in the sword manual. As  
a side line, he will illuminate the city of Clio  
with his genius and electric lights.
Olin Mitchell Clark

CHAPIN, S. C.

"Those wanting in wit affect gravity, and go by the name of solid men."

Corporal, First Sergeant, Major; Editor-in-Chief of the "Tiger;" Member of Athletic Council; Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Honor System Columbian Literary Society, Reporting Critic, Recording Secretary, Literary Critic; President, and Winner of Orator's Medal in the Annual Celebration; Literary Editor of Chronicle, '08-'09; Annual Staff, '08-'09; President of his Class, '08-'09; Class Speaker, '09; Y. M. C. A., and S. S. Member; President of Adult S. S. Class; Chairman of Bible Study Committee, Executive Committee of Y. M. C. A.; Commencement Marshall, '08; President of Lexington County Club; Member of Veterinary Science Club.

Agricultural and Animal Industry Course.

This little fine "contessor" tripped his light fantastic toe in the gymnasium not long ago for the first time since he has been in college. Since that time, he has sidetracked his bashfulness, and now he is always, like bad money, at every dance. His polite manners and genuine disposition to do good will fan his hopes for him, and grace them with a wedding cheer.

We expect to hear before long that he is the Honorable O. M. Clark, Mayor of Chapin.

James Smith Heyward Clarkson

WATEREE, S. C.

"I will listen to anyone's convictions, but pray keep your doubts to yourself."

Calhoun Literary Society; Literary Critic; Declaimer in Society Anniversary, '07-'08; Cotillion Club; Electrical Science Club; Sergeant for one week; Class Foot-ball for Three Years; Captain of Scrub Foot-ball Team, '08-'09; "Tiger" Staff.

Electrical Course.

"Jim," or "Spoony," has had his "ups" and "downs," but he's got the sand, and says that he doesn't care what kind of weather comes—just so some kind comes. He has a fine countenance, which shows the invincible spirit of a foot-ball man. "Jeems" once had military aspirations, but he bloomed as a military man for one week only. He is also an orator of some repute, and we expect him to take an active part in the politics of his native county in the coroner's race next summer.
Edward Dawson Clement  
MT. PLEASANT, S. C.

“He only is a well-made man who has a good determination.”

Corporal, Sergeant; Senior Dancing Club; German Club; Grafters’ Association; Class Football Team, ’07-’08; Scrub Foot-ball Team, ’08-’09.

Agricultural Course No. 1.

“Isn’t he cute,” is the most common way the ladies express their opinion of this animal. However, they are not responsible for what they say. “Sarge,” an honorable member of the “Pendleton Guards,” has made a good record since coming to Clemson, especially with the commandant. His chief delight, and favorite amusement, is found in reading “Wild West” and other interesting literature. "Like all Charlestonians, he prides himself on being from the “Bottry.”

Stricker Coles  
JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

“A lucky man is rarer than a white crow.”

Corporal, Sergeant, Lieutenant; Epicurian Club; Grafters’ Association; Knights of the Round Table; Manager of ’08 Hop; President German Club; President Senior Dancing Club; Y. M. C. A.; Captain Class Foot-ball, ’05-’06; Scrub Base-ball, ’05-’06; ’Varsity Base-ball, ’06-’07, ’07-’08, Captain Team, ’08-’09; Varsity Football, ’06-’07, ’07-’08, Captain, ’08-’09.

Agricultural Course No. 1.

This lad, of only twenty summers, is an all-round athlete; but he does not believe in neglecting studies all the time for the sport (?). He is a good student, German being his favorite subject; and he can nearly always be found in his room trying to get some means by which to learn the alphabet. After graduation, he may take a notion to go to the Philippine Islands, as he believes there is an opportunity to teach the inhabitants a great game.
James Coke Covington

BENNETTSVILLE, S. C.

"Things are not always what they seem; first appearance deceives many."

Palmetto Literary Society: Chief Marshall at '09 Anniversary; Vice-President Pendleton Guards: Chief Truth Elongator for Civil Section; Civil Engineering Club; Senior Dancing Club; Y. M. C. A.

Civil Engineering Course.

"Jim" is a "heart" smasher of wide repute. Like many others, he is not noted for any industry, except the expenditure of energy in telling how hard the mechanical course is. Strange to say, however, he can never be found doing anything except writing. (Notes on practical work of course.) Somebody has deceived "Jim" into thinking that he is witty, and, as a consequence, his friends frequently suffer. He will return to Bennettsville, get married, and be town marshal.

William George Dominick

PROSPERITY, S. C.

"With graceful steps he strides the streets, and smiles on all the ladies sweet."

Corporal, First Sergeant, Captain; Calhoun Society; Sunday School: Senior Dancing Club; Cotillion Club: Junior and Senior Science Clubs.

Electrical Course.

Behold! another Newberry kid denying the distinguishing qualities. For his knightly appearance "William" owes more to his tall, stately figure than to his hyena smiles, which the ladies call "cute." He is very conscientious; but on one occasion, he, being short of cigar funds, was forced to the dire necessity of selling Pitts a valentine out of office hours. His scientific knowledge will some day make Frog Level bloom like the lily of the valley. He will spend (in vain) the greater part of his life trying to improve the reputation of his county.
James Hovey Earle
PICKENS, S. C.

"The heaviest weight hangs on the smallest wires."

Reporting Critic, Literary Critic, President, and Winner of the Debaters’ Medal in 1907.

Civil Course.

Earl is the Ichabod Crane of his class, so he has spent all of his summer vacations, since entering college, instructing the youths of Pickens County in the ways of righteousness (?). In spite of the fact that he has "Peggy" for his roommate, Earl has remained a bright boy. He longs to return to his home at the foot of the Blue Ridge mountains, where he will "crap" out on the farm, swap squashes as barter, and live a long, happy, and useful life.

William John Evans
ABBEVILLE, S. C.

"I have an immortal longing in me."

Palmetto Literary Society; Class Foot-ball Team, '05-'09.

Civil Engineering Course

"Pompey" says that some of these days he is going to make something unusual happen down about his home. He is a diligent student; and, in any conversation, he betrays a genuine disposition to smile at anything that you might say about him. In all probability, he was very tender in his younger days; but, nowadays, he is as tough as an old chicken. He is often heard singing, "There's a hole in the bottom of the sea;" hence you can judge that he is a member of the Y. M. C. A. He will never marry, for he says that romance is more pleasing than history.
Frank Fleming

TRAVELER'S REST (DARK CORNER), S. C.

"He doth indeed show some sparks that are like wit."

Lieutenant; Class Football Team, '06; Guard on Varsity, '07-'08-'09; Captain of Team, '09; Winner of two Medals in S. I. A. A. Meet, '08; President, Vice-President, Recording Secretary, of Columbian Literary Society; Y. M. C. A., Bible Class; Vice-President of Vet. Science Club; Night Riders' Club; Class Chaplain.

Agricultural Course II.

"Flem" ("Monster") is one of the several animal industry men who have bathed themselves for five years in the bewitching (?) smiles of the Clemson faculty. This "Monster" strayed from the blockade paths of the land of the "mountain dew," and found his way to Clemson, where he has succeeded in raising everything he came in contact with, including the morals of the senior section, No. 2. "Flem" is proud of the fact that he is a self-made man, but often bemoans the fact that he must have evidently spent too much time on his pedal extremities. He will gain great renown by preparing for war in time of peace.

John Thomas Folk

POMARIA, S. C.

"Every man, however small, makes a figure in his own eyes."

Corporal. Sergeant. Lieutenant; Class Football; Calhoun Society; Junior Dancing Club; Civil Engineering.

Civil Engineering Course.

This good-looking boy is a regular hurricane to strangers, but to those who know him, he is merely an evening breeze. While in the presence of ladies, he teaches his lips their sweetest smile, and his tongue its softest tone. He will perhaps someday make himself famous by tunneling the Atlantic; but, as it is very hard to teach an old toad new tricks, he will most likely return to his old home, "The styx of Newberry," and become a terrace builder and land surveyor.
Daniel Paul Folk  
DENMARK, S. C.

"Oh, take me to the land where the river of booze is found, where mint juleps grow upon the trees and high-balls are rolling on the ground!"

Ananias Club; Biological Club.  
Agriculture Course 1.

“General” or “Pollywog” is another Clemson parasite. He is also a natural born scientist, and has done a great deal of research work, and made some startling discoveries in the realms of chemistry, biology, and electricity. His most recent contribution to the world of science, however, is the working out of the formula for the manufacture of a fine grade of “booze” from denatured alcohol, water, and cough syrup. He is exceedingly popular with the Faculty, and, ever since his sophomore year, he and his affairs have constituted a standing subject for discussion by that body at its weekly meetings.

Eustance Eugene Gary  
FOUNTAIN INN, S. C.

"Do not give him to posterity as an example to imitate, but as a warning to deter."

Corporal, First Sergeant; Senior Dancing Club.  
Agriculture and Chemistry.

Though “Rattus” does not belong to a literary society, still he has accomplished no little in the literary world; for every week he sends to Fountain Inn an epistle the size of Bennie’s Budget. He says that true ease in writing comes from experience and not by chance. Though his military career was unusually bright during his first days, we are sad to say that, later, his health (?) would not permit him to leave his room, not even to attend a social occasion indoors, and he was compelled to cast away his military ambitions. He will explore the P. I. and assist in demonstrating many theories.
Paul McDaniel Gee
SANTEE, S. C.

"How often we see the greatest genius buried in obscurity."

Lieutenant; Palmetto Literary Society; Vice-President, Reporting Critic, Sergeant-at-Arms.

Mechanical-Electrical Course.

"Paul" is an expert on saluting, and on one occasion he saluted the commandant in such rapid succession that "E" Company got uneasy about their lieutenant. "Faul" is known as hall-boy, and woe be unto the cadet who thoughtlessly throws paper in the halls after they have been policed. "Gee" is very fond of his Electrical studies, and we predict for him a dazzling future and a shining pate. His affections seem to have wandered toward Columbia College, although he doesn't seem to waste much love for the girls. He will be Chief Electrician of Santee.

James Otis Graham
LAKE CITY, S. C.

"Without big words how could he say so much?"

Corporal, Sergeant, Lieutenant; Palmetto Literary Society; Sunday School; Y. M. C. A.

Agriculture and Chemistry.

"Aunt Sallie" came to Clemson in September in 1905; but being of a quiet disposition, however, he was not known till the following spring, when he announced himself a candidate for a "Corp," with his numerous baskets of strawberries that were sent to "Cap." He was never known to do or say anything except at his weekly singing periods, during which time he disturbs all rooming on his hall. Having lost his cap on one occasion, which loss resulted in confusion in the police force, and a contracted cold, he will retire to country life to overcome the trouble.
Henry Herman Greene

ABBEVILLE, S. C.

"Doubling his pleasure, and his cares dividing."

Sergeant; Palmetto Literary Society; Senior Dancing Club; Scrub Foot-ball, '05-'06.

Agricultural Course No. II.

"Leander," "Armstrong." Behold, gentlemen, the king of all heart-smashers; for this valiant son of old Abbeville is an exceedingly heavy man with the ladies. Up to the present time, he has caused more feminine sighs than any other man of whom the class of '09 can boast. His numerous conquests along this line, however, have not spoiled his disposition; and, on the whole, he is a very good and jolly old chap. His favorite pastimes are smoking and "reminiscing." Being a man of large experience, and the possessor of a very checkered career, his reminiscences are consequently highly interesting.

Amos Lyle Harris

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

"Oh, let me close my eyes and dream sweet, fanciful, vagrant dreams of love."

Sergeant, Quarter-Master Sergeant, Lieutenant and Quartermaster; Prosecuting Critic, Reporting Critic; Recording Secretary, Vice-President, and President of the Columbian Literary Society; Debater in Annual Society Celebration; Y. M. C. A. and Sunday School; Alchemist Club; President of Spartanburg County Club; 'Varsity Track Team; Class Foot-ball, '04-'05-'06, Scrubs, '07, and Varsity, '08.

The greatest ambitions of this son of Sparta, were to wear a "C" and to be called a ladies' man; and he has never yet seen that lady whom he could not successfully "rush" if he wanted to—it doesn't often happen that he wants to, however. When Lyle is away on permit, the postmistress is the first to find it out by the great reduction of epistles to Lander and Converse. The Lord only can tell what will become of him.
Robert Abercrombie Harris
OWINGS, S. C.

"That which is called firmness in a king is called obstinacy in a donkey."

Calhoun Literary Society, Y. M. C. A., and Sunday School; Bible Class; Senior Science Club.

Electrical Course.

This bright, light-haired lad hails from the styx around Owings, S. C. When he first beheld himself, he sighed and wondered if he were only a broomstick. He is good on telling graveyard jokes and ghost tales every evening after supper, especially when there are lady visitors on the campus. His unusual talent for music causes his neighbors no little inconvenience, as he insists upon lying awake and singing at night. "Bob" is a military man; but, unfortunately, the commandant has never discovered the fact.

Thomas Mitchell Hunter
PROSPERITY, S. C.

"Some people have a perfect genius for doing nothing and doing it assiduously."

Calhoun Literary Society; Y. M. C. A.; Vice-President of Newberry County Club; Electrical Science Club.

Mechanical Electrical Course.

"Tommy" has made quite a reputation in the Electrical Course. Cadets rooming near him cannot study on account of his constant dancing and shouting in the halls. His spare moments are spent in the classroom, which causes him to stand well in the estimation of his professors. He is erroneously called the "timid one," but he secretly admires the girls. "Tommy" has several nicknames, but "Angelina" seems to attract his attention the quickest, and makes a cute little smile creep over his face.
William Godfrey Hynne  
WALTERBORO, S. C.

"He is a military animal, glories in gunpowder, and loves parades."

Corporal, Sergeant, Captain; Class Track Team; Y. M. C. A.; Bible Class Leader; Senior Dancing Club; Cotillion Club.

Metallurgy Course.

While other men spend their time in sleeping, loafing, talking, or playing, "Willie Green" is seriously and diligently perusing every available book on how to look military. "Hyrne"—though he insists upon being called "Captain"—was forced to accept the Captaincy of "B" Co. He was never known to be on time at company formation or to report others late. "Willie Green" is undecided whether he will accept a commission in the U. S. Army or follow his chosen profession and go to Norway and pick "rock."

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Robert Parham Jeter  
SANTUC, S. C.

"This bold bad man."

Sergeant, Lieutenant; Literary Critic and Vice-President of the Palmetto Literary Society; Y. M. C. A.; Cotillion Club; Senior Dancing Club; Class Foot-ball, '07-'08; Class Relay Race, '07-'08.

Metallurgical Engineering Course.

"Potcham," "Jete." How this bold bad man from the wild fastnesses of Union County, was induced to submit to the tame existence at Clemson for four years is a mystery to everybody. That he is here, however, is a fact of which we are all well aware; for he makes more noise, smokes more cigarettes, swipes more alcohol from the chemical laboratory, and smashes more hearts than any other man in the corps. The wild boisterousness of his disposition is no doubt due to his natural environment in that wild and woolly region from which he comes. He will probably be a revenue officer for Uncle Sam.
Allen Jones
COLUMBIA, S. C.

Scrub Foot-ball Team; Annual Staff; Knights of the Round Table; Electrical Science Club; German Club.

Electrical Course.

"Jones," or "Allen," as his most intimate friends call him, is a jolly good fellow, and has made quite a hit at Clemson. He has taken part in almost everything, from football up or down (depending upon your interest in social functions) to "foot shovelling." He will soon have (B. S.)³ attached to his name. "Allen" has such a "cute" way of saying something—guess some yankee girl around Boston Tech. had that peculiar stutter. His one regret is that he can not look forward with the other "Rats" to getting his corporal.

George Wannamaker Keitt
D. D. C., C. A. C.

"I shall not look upon his like again."

High Private (in the rear rank!); Recording Secretary, President, Calhoun Literary Society; Debater's Medal, '08, Orator's Medal, '09; Vice-President Y. M. C. A.; President Adult Sunday School Class; Bible Class Leader; Literary Editor of the Chronicle, '07-'08; "Taps" Staff, '08; Editor-in-Chief of "The Chronicle", '08-'09; Editor-in-Chief of "Taps," '09; Secretary Ex. Com. S. C. Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Association, '08-'09 (Resigned); Class Orator '09; Clemson's representative in the S. C. Enter-Collegiate Oratorical Contest, '09; Senior Dancing Club; Cotillion Club; Hop Committee, '08: Alchemist Club; Senior Tennis Club; Class Historian, '07-'08, '08-'09.

Agriculture and Chemistry.

Being a typical "Newberrian," "George," "Happy," or "Cotton-top," is quite a dangerous character, and deserves watching on all occasions. He was known to walk with a gun in front of barrack for five successive Saturday afternoons: his motive for this suspicious act is not known. "Happy" enjoys the unbounded confidence of the faculty; but, on one occasion, an extra detachment had to be ordered out to control him. because one of the profs. "skinned" him down to 98.5. He will succeed "Teddy" as economic editor of the Outlook.
John Hunter Lesesne
CHARLESTON, S. C.

"Eternal smiles his emptiness betray."

Member of the 1908 Hop Committee; Vice-President of the German Club.

Electrical Engineering Course.

"Pete" is from the “Bottry,” and his speech bears the unmistakable stamp of that famous locality. We all agree with a certain young lady who, on one occasion, remarked that Pete’s laugh reminded her of the latest style of hats; that is, it is built on the “Merry Widow” plan. An innate desire for greatness caused "Pete" to leave the congenial surroundings of the “battery,” and locate in the dreary land of Clemson. During his “rat” days, his genial smile won him many friends and saved him from the dire consequences of his freshness. In spite of the many vicissitudes of the Electrical course, and some rigorous treatment by “Sammy,” “Pete” still retains his smile. Verily, it is a smile that won’t come off, and will be much in evidence when he is elected to the Legislature from Charleston County.

John Logan Marshall
GREENWOOD, S. C.

“A college education shows a man how little other people know.”

Junior and Senior Electrical Science Club.

Electrical Course.

Here, ladies, is a specimen well worth your notice. He pretends that he is no spring chicken, although he has bluffed the faculty only two years. He is a firm believer in the old saying that, “It is never too late to do better.” Acting on this belief, he left Ga. Tech. and joined the Class of ’09 in our Junior year. He is scheduled to go back to Greenwood, become a power in church affairs, and chop the heads off those members of the feathery tribe that dare to disturb his rest by crowing on the Sabbath morning.
Louis deB. McCrady
CHARLESTON, S. C.

"He hath no leisure who useth it not."
President of Civil Engineering Club.

Civil Engineering Course.

"Rev," or "Reverend," is another "battery" product, and stands ready to battle for his native heath if need be. "Rev" early discouraged any attempts at the recognition of his military genius; hence, another flower has wasted its sweetness on the desert air. He likes, however, to attend reveille formations. "Rev" doesn't waste much love on the girls, but he is easy to get "mashed;" and, with the pretty house he is designing, it's hard to foresee what will happen. He will design ships in Charleston, and promenade the "Botty" in "stovepipe and beaver" between times.

Henry Walker McIver
CHERAW, S. C.

"On their own merits modest men are dumb."
Corporal, First Sergeant, Captain; Y. M. C. A.
Electrical Course.

McIver, according to his own statements, came to this institution for the sole purpose of learning electricity; but, at the very beginning of his career, he allowed himself to be seduced from this laudable purpose by the tinsel, pomp, and empty show of military authority; consequently, he has spent most of his time in creasing his trousers, shining his shoes, studying the drill regulations, and attempting to get his spinal column to conform to that line known in military circles as the "Grecian Bend." "Mc." will be commandant of the Cheraw Military Academy.
James Palmer McMillan  
MARION, S. C.

“When night has set her silvery lamp on high, then is the time to study.”

Corporal, Sergeant; Y. M. C. A.; Senior Class Reporter for the “Tiger”; Senior Dancing Club; Cotillion Club; Secretary of the Junior Electrical Science Club; Tennis Club; Bible Class Leader; Squeedunk Society; Pendleton Guards.

Electrical Engineering Course.

Do not be misled, dear reader, by the gloomy and forbidding aspect which this specimen presents; for he is not half so fierce as he looks to be. He can even smile, and, when in society which contains an element of femininity, he often makes feeble attempts at being jolly. “Jim” is so very studious that he has been accused of taking undue advantage of his all-night light privilege. He stands well with the faculty, though they do not admit it. “Jeems” will be principal of the Marion High School.

Perry Miley  
MILEYS, S. C.

“Do well and right, and let the world sink.”

Taps Staff.

Agricultural Course 1.

Perry came to Clemson to work hard, attend to his own business, and make them all a thousand. These things he has done. He is a hard student, and we predict for him a success in whatever line of work he may take up. As he is inclined to be a farmer, he will probably go to his county, and there put the other farmers out of commission by carrying out Prof. Harper’s “Theory of Agriculture.”
William Franklin Odom
BLACKVILLE, S. C.

"The world is ruled by self interest."

Literary Critic; Palmetto Literary Society; Chief of Art Department on "Taps" Staff; "Tiger" Staff; Chief of Pendleton Guards; Chemistry Club; Scrub Football, '06-'07; Varsity, '07-'09.

Agriculture and Chemistry

"Bookety" gained his reputation by making his section march straight as an arrow from a well-sprung bow when they were going to and from the classroom. The way of the transgressor is hard, and "Frep." will find himself some day on a lonely island, starving on chestnuts and wild grass. "Bookety," has been always at the front with his class record, and one of the most sparkling jewels on his crown is enterprise. He bids fair to become Secretary of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

Wesley Capers Pitts
CROSS HILL, S. C.

"Ambition has no rest."

Corresponding Secretary, Recording Secretary, Vice-President, and President of Calhoun Literary Society; Debater in Anniversary in '07-'08, '08-'09; Chairman of Buildings and Ground Committee of Y. M. C. A.; Vice-President Laurens County Club; Civil Engineering Club; Head Waiter, '08-'09; Cadet Exchange Clerk, '08-'09; "Taps" Staff; Senior Class Lawyer.

Civil Engineering Course.

"W. C.," or "Valentine," as he is sometimes called, is one of the busiest men and hardest workers in the class. His forgetting the date of "Valentine's Day," and sending "her" a "Will you be my Valentine," on Nov. 14, is due largely to his various duties. Since his disappointment in failing to get an office in his Soph. year, he has refused all military honors. He will be the first to marry, and will settle down near his old home, where he intends to run a "Stock Exchange" as a side issue.
James Cleveland Pridmore
Gaffney, S. C.

"A little love is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not of affection's spring."

Corporal, Sergeant, Captain; Sergeant-at-Arms, Treasurer, Literary Critic, and President of Calhoun Literary Society; Secretary of Sunday School; Secretary of Y. M. C. A., '07-'08; President Y. M. C. A., '08-'09; Secretary-Treasurer of Class since Fresh; Associate Editor of "Tiger;" "Taps" Staff; Manager Track Team, '06-'07; Varsity Track Team, '08-'09; Class Foot-ball Team, '04-'05, '05-'06, '06-'07.

Agricultural Course I.

"Well, how about it?" Here comes this wild, rattling man, who will answer equally well to "Prid," "Prep," "Shoat." "If-I-ever do." This precocious piece of animal flesh is the most desperate character that has ever hit Clemson; but, if you don't look sharp, he will deceive you by covering up his naughty deeds under his overcoat or his presidency of the Y. M. C. A. It has transpired in the course of human events that there has arisen a great affinity between "Prid" and Pendleton. When Pendleton is mentioned in "Shoat's" presence, it never fails to provoke a smile. He will get hitched, settle down and be a country school teacher, or work for the Experiment Station.

McQueen Quattlebaum
Conway, S. C.

"If heaven send no supplies,
The fairest flower of the garden dies."

Calhoun Literary Society; Y. M. C. A.; Civil Engineering Club; Vice-Chairman of Missionary Committee, '07-'08; Chairman of Missionary Committee, '08-'09.

Civil Engineering Course.

"Alphabet" is very patriotic in defending his home county, and if we are to believe his reports, Horry county is the garden spot of the State. "Bum" is somewhat of a lawyer, and on one occasion he was known to ascend into the heights of oratory in clearing one of his classmates of a very serious charge. Will have to be married in leap year, and the girl will have to do the talking, as he is known to get excited and speechless when a girl gets his attention. Will do engineering work in Horry county, and take the Stump for the Legislature as soon as "papa" will let him.
Thaddeus Benjamin Reeves
GRAY COURT, S. C.

"Let us do or die."

Corporal, Sergeant, Lieutenant; Secretary, Vice-President, and President Calhoun Literary Society; Declaimer in Celebration, '07; Orator, '09; Sunday School; Y. M. C. A.; German Club; Senior Dancing Club; Secretary and Treasurer Senior Dancing Club; Scrub Foot-ball, '06-'07; Manager Class Football, '07-'08; Hop Committee, '08; Business Manager "Taps," Business Manager of "The Tiger."

Agricultural Course No. I.

"Doc," by some means, found the railroad, and finally landed at Clemson, where, within an hour after his arrival, he won some distinction as an orator. However, this was not done voluntarily, but at the request of some of his "friends" on "Pig." He has since developed this quality, and will probably spend his life in the southern part of the State, where he means to use his influence in eradicating the "detested destructive malaria animals"—the mosquito.

Henry Leonhardt Rivers
GREENWOOD, S. C.

"Conversation enriches the understanding, but quiet is the school of genius."

Sergeant, Ex-Lieutenant; Calhoun Literary Society; Vice-President of Senior Dancing Club; Secretary and Treasurer of Cotillion Club; Sunday School Member.

Civil Engineering Course.

This little stranger, who is just as welcome as happy tidings after fears, is very desirous of inhabiting the land of marriage, whereby he might escape the monotony of school days and subside into cheerful peace. We trust that he will never say that the man who wrote "Home, sweet Home" never was a married man. "Henry" is very popular with the ladies on the hill, and in all of the social functions, he has figured very conspicuously. "Runt" is somewhat smaller in stature than his section mates, but this will not prevent his being a first-class ticket agent in the Union Station in Greenwood.
Harper Kennedy Sanders
RICHBURG, S. C.

"The charms of poetry ourselves bewitch; The curse of writing an endless itch."

Corporal, Sergeant, Captain; Recording Secretary, Literary Critic, President, of Palmetto Literary Society; Medal for Oratory, '08-'09; Class Speaker at Commencement; Annual Staff, '06-'07; '09 Annual Staff; Chronicle Staff; Class Historian, '05-'06, '06-'07; Class Poet, '08-'09; Senior Dancing Club; Veterinary Science Club; Night Riders' Club.

Agricultural Course II.

"H. K." is another member of that distinguished Animal Industry section, who has fought a good fight and kept the faith, having pulled through from the trying prehistoric days of prepdom. His long suit is in the military line, which fact is shown by the long delinquency obtained at police inspection every morning.

"H. K." is a perfect ladies' pet, a ladies' perfect pet, or a pet's perfect lady. He has deep, serious, much-meditated thoughts upon matrimonial subjects. Will marry the ideal of his heart, and support her by the music from his original poetry.

Walter Jefferson Sheely
NEWBERRY, S. C.

A maker of jests at least,
Boldly heading any hunt
That aims at a feast."

Corporal; Y. M. C. A., '04-'05; Veterinary Science Club; Night Riders; Chief Bugler of Pendleton Guards.

Agricultural Course II.

"Shack," "Shine," "Shinola," was perpetrated on the college as a gold brick, but has been found to be largely alloyed with brass. The authorities have tried to shed him, but his "stickability" keeps him with us. He always stands up loyally for the "Pendleton Guards," ready to do battle, if necessary, for the honor of that body. Why the girls fall in love with him is a frequent subject of inquiry among his friends. "Shack" will go back home and keep the "old fogies" and deacons of his neighborhood continually on pins until he gets married.
Eddie Hampton Shuler
MONTMORENCI, S. C.

"I came, I saw, I talked."

Corporal, Sergeant; Secretary, Treasurer, Vice-President, and President of Palmetto Literary Society; Senior Electrical Science Club; President of Sunday School Class; Well-Diggers' Association; Oysterette Club, Skiddoo Club, and Glee Club.

Electrical Course.

"Peg" devotes about half his time to something that is perfectly shocking—Electricity. The other half goes to the ladies, and many of his associates aver that the last-half is much the larger of the two. Whether it was from this cause or from just natural worth that the faculty encored the last scene of his play is not known. Anyway, he was certainly good at illuminating the dark hours of cadet life, during his last year; because, you know, he was barracks electrician. "Peg" will control men and the forces of nature; but as to Mr. and Mrs."Peg," never. He will be the first of our class to be married.

Fred Wightford Smith
MULLINS, S. C.

"A life in which nothing has happened, though he is now descending into the vale of years."

Columbian Literary Society; German Club, Senior Dancing Club.

Electrical Engineering Course.

Fred, the "Minnehaha" lad, is a versatile youth, rather boisterous occasionally, though generally modest enough. He often leaps before he looks, and when it is too late "cries over spilt milk." He likes to smoke the pipe (perhaps to veil his sorrows), and can be found at almost any time, except Saturday evenings, in his room amidst a cloud of smoke. He will return to Mullins and be looked up to as "Deacon Smith."
William Campbell Spratt
CHESTER, S. C.

"Nonsense and noise will oft prevail,
When wit and affection fail."

Corporal, Sergeant; “Tiger” and “Taps” Staff, ’08-’09; Track Team; Scrub Foot-ball Team; Pendleton Guards; Senior Tennis Club; Senior Dancing Club; Cotillion Club; Senior Electrical Science Club.

Electrical Course.

When “Hump” set out for Clemson, it was with the determination to be a “real noise” in the institution. Accordingly, he purchased a “fiddle” and a pair of roller skates, and has ever since carried out his plans so systematically that even the most conservative must admit that he has attained his goal—witness, the commandant, “Flem.” and the inhabitants of three barracks. “Jack” is another whose military ambitions were blasted in their youth.

He will set up his laboratories at Chester, and soon will have Mr. Edison backed off the stage of the Electrical world.

---

John Anderson Teague
LAURENS, S. C.

"Work never did him any harm."

Calhoun Literary Society; Y. M. C. A.; Senior Dancing Club; Tennis Club; Junior Science Club.

Textile Engineering Course.

“Jack,” “John.” It is very probable, dear reader, that you have seen this rare specimen before; for he constituted a part of the Textile department exhibit at the State Fair in the fall of 1908. If you did not see him there, gaze well at him now; for he is the only one of his kind now in captivity. Jack is a very pious lad; and, next to his predilection for long examinations, stands his fondness for quoting Scripture. He will teach the fine art of cotton grading to the natives of the Philippines.
David Wayne Watkins
ANDERSON, S. C.

"Oh rare the headpiece, if but brains were there."

Columbian Literary Society Prosecuting Critic, Corresponding Secretary, President. Winner of '09 Debater's Medal; "Taps" Staff, '09, "Tiger" Staff, '09; Class Poet, '05-'06; President of Veterinary Science Club; Pendleton Guards.

Agricultural Course II.

Watkins is another one of those good old relics of '04, who have been constantly striving to gain the goal. There is a vein of humor about him, and some day someone may be fortunate enough to find it out. He has a naughty twinkle in his eye, a smiling countenance and a brow to banquet royally. You can always tell when he is around by the squeaking of his shoes, which sound like a Dutch windmill on a dry, windy summer day.

Arthur Cromwell Whittle
FRUIT HILL, S. C.

"Fellows, by my eye,
As the tortoise won
The race from little bun,
So shall I."

Sergeant, First Lieutenant; Class Foot-ball, '05-'06, and '06-'07; Scrub Foot-ball, '07-'08, and '08-'09; Track, '06-'07, '08-'09; Corresponding Secretary and Literary Critic in Columbian Literary Society; Y. M. C. A.; Senior Dancing Club; Veterinary Science Club; Night Riders; Captain in "Daniel's Band" Sunday School Class; Won Second Medal in High Jump, '08.

Agricultural Course II.

"Perlizonman" steamed rapidly (?) into barracks with green colors flying in September, 1904. These colors were soon exchanged for gray, however, and "Perlizo" started on the bone-strewn road to graduation. There have never been any deviations or discordant notes brought into his career, as his record shows. He will go back home and continue to be the fairest "peach" on Fruit Hill.
John Holmes Wilson
LOWRYVILLE, S. C.

"Thy long legs betoken thy power of gaining ground."

Corporal, Sergeant; Pendleton Guards; Calhoun Literary Society, Vice-President, Corresponding Secretary, Declaimer's Medal, '09: Y. M. C. A.; Vice-President of Senior Class; Class Foot-ball Team; Senior Dancing Club; Cotillion Club; Senior Electrical Science Club; Annual Staff.

Electrical Course.

"Skeeball," or "Jack." If Clemson were a great forest, "Skeeball" would be the tall timber. "Mr. Skeeball" believes hades would be a "lead pipe cinch" compared with what he has endured for two years; viz. "Hump" Spratt's using the Indian Clubs to every conceivable tune (?) upon every imaginable object in the room, including "Mr. Skeeball"s" cranium. He is a firm believer in the old maxim, "Procrastination is the thief of time," for he never puts off till after reveille, a moments sleep that he can get before. "Golly Pops," "Mr. Skeeball" will marry a "Runt" and settle down to having a "huge time."

Eugene Herbert Wood
GAFFNEY, S. C.

"I'm not in the roll of common men."

Calhoun Society; "Taps" Staff; Base-ball Team, '07-'08, '08-'09.

Agricultural Course I.

Behold! Another snag! but considering the amount of food consumed by him he is a leader. This is demonstrated by the fact that he ate twenty-three bushels of "Shorty's" potatoes in thirteen days, while rooming on "Sling." "Gene" has been known to sit for hours at a time writing the name of "his beloved" over and over. His tremendous letters to her have made "Monster" bowlegged carrying them to the P. O. His two ambitions are to surpass Shakespeare in writing, and pitch ball so well that he may strike out one man in ten.
Charles Melton Wootan
LEWIS TURNOUT, S. C.

"Unless you climb, the top round will never be reached."

Corporal; Y. M. C. A.; Bible Class Leader; Sunday School. Electrical Course.

This specimen of humanity was first captured in the "black-jacks" of Chester County. He soon showed signs of being a genius, as he was always very fond of making flutter-mills, chicken troughs, and "spool machinery;" therefore it was decided that he be transported to Clemson College, at which place he arrived four years ago. As "Chas. M." is a hard student, he has attained distinction in the electrical course. He can always be found in his room chewing "Brown Mule" tobacco and drawing electrical curves. He is a great talker, and is very annoying to other boys when he goes to parties, as they cannot get a word in edgeways, as long as he is about. After graduation, he will no doubt take unto himself a better half and become chief engineer and electrician of the Lewis Turnout Elec. R'y Co.

Boyce Eugene Wolff
GRAY COURT, S. C.

"My tongue though not my brain shall have it's will."

Corporal, First Sergeant, Adjutant; Recording Secretary and Critic Calhoun Literary Society; Assistant Business Manager of "Taps;" Hop Committee; German Club; Senior Dancing Club; Assistant Business Manager Base-ball Team, '07-'08, Manager, '08-'09; President of Class in Sophomore and Junior.

Agriculture and Chemistry

"Boyce," as he is called by his most intimate friends, is the only sweet boy in the class, and this opinion is substantiated by all the ladies. Since entering Clemson, he has broken more hearts than any other man, eighteen being the highest number. We would not be surprised to learn at any time that his extra supply of letters had caused "Uncle Sam" to increase the mail facilities from Clemson to Limestone. He will manage the baseball team at Laurens for several years, after which time he will retire to the mountains to figure up the "dope."
The Swan Song
of "Naught Nine"

Through the fleeting years behind us,
'Neath the garnet and the gray,
In the battle line of progress,
Side by side we've struggled onward,
Side by side we've fought our way.
One in aims and in ambitions,
One in sympathy and feeling,
Sharing all our joys and sorrows,
Closer knit are we than brothers,
Comrades of the "Naughty Niners."
Through each hour's toil and struggle,
Ever foremost in our visions,
Ever brightest in our mem'ries,
Objects of our toil and labor,
To us lending inspiration,
Stand the name and fame of Naught Nine,
Stands the glory of our banner,
Stands our loved Alma Mater,
Stands our State, the old "Palmetto."
Meeting fearful decimation,
Through the darkest valley fought we,
Fought we onward, ever onward,
Though our friends predicted failure,
Though each ray of hope was darkened:
Fought we still, when naught but failure
Seemed reward for all our efforts,
And our striving naught abailed us:
Fought we 'til, as skies of summer
Brighten with the passing storm cloud,
Brightened all our hopes and prospects,
And the fates' elusive emblem
Perched, in token of our vict'ry,
On the garnet and the gray.
As our work at last is finished,
As the evening call is sounding,
With its sadness, comes the parting,
Of the band so long together,
With its friendships tried and proven,
With its bonds no time can sever;
But we'll grieve not o'er the parting,
Neither murmur nor repine,
But work ever for the glory
Of the Class of Nineteen Nine.
Special Textiles

David Lewis Boulware
LAURENS, S. C.

"Enjoy the present day, trusting little to the morrow."

Y. M. C. A.; Scrub Football Team, '08-'09; Laurens County Club; Pendleton Guards.

Loyd Copeland Langston
LAURENS, S. C.

"He who has lost confidence can lose nothing more."

V. M. C. A.; Laurens County Club; Vice-President Cigar Club.

Robert Powell Sweeney
CHARLESTON, S. C.

"The love of fame gives an immense stimulus."

"Sweeny" is a native of Charleston, at which place he received his early education. He attended Wofford College, and Converse Commercial School. Since then he has engaged in various lines of business. Becoming enamored of life at Clemson, he became a "special."
In Memoriam

Whereas God in his allwise providence has seen fit to take from our midst our friend and classmate, as a man of the esteem in which he was held by his comrades, we hereby dedicate this page to the memory of

Kenneth McLaurin
Died April, 1908.
## Junior Class Officers

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All of Which is Carried for Two Cents

Dear Pop: Don’t be surprised if I write you a very short letter: for since I became a Junior all my time is occupied with various scientific treatises. Jerry Hampton, my chum, is the leading and most popular man in the class. He is a whole-souled fellow; and, though he says not, I think he must be a descendant of some aristocratic family. If you could have seen him just before the sergeants were appointed, you would have thought that he was a lineal descendant of Napoleon Bonaparte. He has business abilities far above those of the average classman. This is demonstrated by the fact that he can get more advanced from the pawnbroker on old clothes than any other boy in college. Unless you can see your way clear to advance me some on next month’s, I shall have to get him to transact some business for me. Now, Pop, you know you couldn’t afford to see your son take a back seat (I am too much like you) when the various phases of college life are presented. I have recently joined the Y. M. C. A., a literary society, and had to buy Bible and mission study books. Pop, Hampton and I are certainly doing some hard studying here this year. Besides having to study every night till twelve and one o’clock, we have to work all day Saturday. If it were not for disobeying you, I should be tempted to study some on Sunday. I am afraid Hamp and I are going to miss the offices that we are aspiring to, because we keep our light on so much after study hour. The rules of the college require these offices to be given to the most studious—that being the case we will surely reap the fruits of our labor. It was our hard luck the other day to get twenty “extras.” It happened this way: As Hamp and I were going from my room to his, about one o’clock in the morning, we encountered some bad boys who were hazing a “Rat.” During the excitement, the commandant appeared on the scene. Consequently, we were punished with the others, al-
though, Pop, you know, we were quite innocent. As the bell is now ringing for Sunday School, I shall have to close. Hoping to get a long letter from you soon, containing a little slip signed by you and the postmaster, I remain,

YOUR OBEDIENT SON.

* * *

DEAR BUD: I am having the time of my life over here this year. A fellow never realizes what there is in college life until he gets to be a Junior. I have the sportiest chum that ever hit the pike—Jerry Hampton. We are seen together so much that the boys call us Damon and Pythias. Jerry doesn’t mind spending the old man’s money; and, since we are together so much, it is necessary for me to spend Pop’s money rather freely, in order to keep pace with him. When it comes to showing your sporting blood, I will always be there with the goods. Boys are continually coming to us trying to get us to join the various religious organizations—such as the Y. M. C. A., Sunday School, Bible and Mission study classes. Sunday School comes during our sleeping hour on Sunday morning—Y. M. C. A., and Bible classes come at the time we have set aside for our jokers’ meeting—Mission study comes on Tuesday night, consequently conflicts with our dancing school. We never sleep much except Saturday and Sunday, as we have a meeting of the “Seven Up” club every night immediately after Taps. This meeting lasts until one o’clock; and, by the way, so much practice has made me an expert player. I shall show you a few stunts when I get home. After this meeting, a contest follows to see who can turn the most “Rats” from that until four o’clock. Of course, Jerry and I have won out so far. We got into it though the other night, and are now reaping our reward by being confined to our room. You know we had a “Rat” swinging by his heels from the third floor window, while the boys from the fourth floor proceeded to give him an ice cold shower bath. His unearthly cries aroused the commandant from his slumbers, and he soon arrived upon the scene of action. Had it not been for the fact that Jerry is an adept in twisting the truth, I should now be pulling the cord over old Mike by your side. Jerry and I have planned to go to Atlanta soon, therefore it is very expedient that I have your assistance in getting Pop to loosen up his tight wad. Our reports will get home on the fifteenth, and I want you—for God’s sake—to meet the mail so Pop won’t see mine, as I flunked on only four this term. Be sure and not forget to exercise yourself as a mediator; for I am compelled to have a little extra, immediately.

YOUR AFFECTIONATE BROTHER.
My Dear Aunt Susan: I will have to ask you to please excuse me for not answering your letter, which I received several months ago. I now feel that you are the best friend that I have. Auntie, the people at home are treating me almost shamefully. I write them such nice long letters every week, but receive in turn very cold and unpleasant replies. I wish you would tell me what is wrong with them. I am doing some excellent work here, but Pop doesn’t seem to appreciate my diligence. Oh! Auntie, I have the nicest companion here you ever saw. He is a perfect model of a young man. I am trying to build up my character just like Jerry’s—that is his name. I have a proposition that I should like to make to you. You will sometime become old, and how would you like to have me to come and live with you? I know that I should like living at your beautiful home, because you are so kind and gentle toward me. I am very industrious, both at work and at studying. Some day I shall be a great man, then you will be very proud of your nephew; but every young man needs the aid and advice of some more mature person. If you accept this very generous offer, which I make only because I love you, please enclose much aid and some advice with an early reply.

YOUR DUTIFUL NEPHEW.
DANCE TONIGHT

LADIES

WEALTH

ORCHESTRA

10¢

S

O

P

H

MRR
Sophomore Roll

W. H. Hanckel, President  T. D. Williams, Vice-President  T. S. Marshall, Secretary and Treasurer
C. B. Farmer, Historian  A. M. Salley, Poet

Class Colors: Purple and White

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All, F. H.
Allen, A. B.
Anderson, H. W.
Beaty, D. C.
Beaty, H. C.
Bedell, A. S.
Bischoff, J. E. C.
Boone, L. D.
Britt, S. L.
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Colclough, I. N.
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Jenkins, J. E.
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Lindler, L. S.
Lowery, R. W.
Lenoir, W. M.
Lokey, C. F.
Lykes, F. W.
Lykes, C. S.
McCord, G. L.
McCown, M. A.
McCrea, E. A.
McClure, L. C.
Martin, J. M.
Marshall, T. S.
Marshall, G. L.
Mickle, W.
Morrison, R.
Newman, W. W.
Osborn, W.
Parker, F. F.
Parks, J. P.
Pennell, S. M.
Perry, W. G.
Rast, F. M.
Ransom, A. P.
Roddey, M. M.
Ross, F. L.
Riley, J. A.
Rivers, H. F.
Salley, A. M.
Sondley, C. M.
Sandifer, T. B.
Schroder, F. E.
Sherard, J. F.
Stevens, R. G.
Stickley, J. P.
Stokes, L. S.
Stokes, W. E.
Team, J. L.
Tobin, L. P.
Venning, S. G.
Walker, R. H.
Wheeler, J. J.
Wingard, J. O.
Wall, M. W.
Wiggins, W. M.
Williams, T. D.
Wolfe, R. S.
Woodward, H. M.
Life at Clemson

Hey, Si. How are yer coming? Yep. Just got in las’ night from Clemson. Yuh see Pap got tired of seeing me minding coows, and eating my weight in grub every day; so he up and ses, “Bill, you’re got to get an edjucashun.” “Whaftur” ses I, short like. “Oh, so you know how to do things.” ses he. “Huh, can’t I plow and milk, and weed good as the next man.” “Yes,” ses Pap, “but when you gets an edjucashun you can tell ‘how much milk a cow will get from the wrinkles on her horns;’ and ‘see the history making ’round you;’ and things like that, and you could tell how big a fool a man is without showing him how big a one you are! See?” I saw.

So he decides to send me to Clemson where, as the catalog ses, “We will learn your son everything from blacksmithing to successful grafting.”

Pap had some trouble in fixing on the kind of edjucashun that he wanted me to get; but, after looking over the catalog, he took the first thing that came. “Course A I,” it ses. “That means ‘very best.’” says Pap. And not knowing differently, I’m satisfied.

Well, Ma fills up Pa’s trunk with socks and a Bible, and han’k’chiefs, and things, and I starts for Clemson. All the boys ’round town told me good-bye with tears in their eyes. “Goo’bye, Jake” says one. “Them hieenas won’t never let you see Jone’s Ford again.” You see, they had heard about Clemson, and thought that the boys all looked and did just like Injuns! I thought so too, then, and my knees trembled when I told the folks good-bye.

I got on the train at the station and walked into a cyar which was full of fellows ’bout my age. “R-A-T.” yells about seven soon’s I gits in the door.

“Where,” ses I, looking under the seats. They all looks sorrow-struck, and one asked me wasn’t I going to Clemson. “Yes,” ses I. “Well, then you’re a ‘rat,’” ses he. “You’re another” ses I, gitting mad. “I’m a Jones, of Jone’s Ford.” “Wo-o-o-Brother,” ses three or four, and make a noise like our mule Molly when feed times come.
After while, they explained how when a fellow gets to Clemson for the first
time, he is called a *Rat*, and has to do whatever the other fellows tell him. Then,
next year, he calls other fellows *rat* and makes them do things. "That seems
fair, ter me," I says. But as Aunt Maria says, "A few moments will change a
mine!" They starts right off, making me do all kinds of crazy stunts.

"Get on your knees and scramble like an egg." "Make a noise like a
nut." "Give us a speech." "Tell us why Roosevelt should resign, and you be
elected in his place," and heaps of other crazy things. I tries to do the best I
can. Even to making love to a blind beggar in a station on the way, and beggin'
a penny from a pretty girl on the train!

Well, they keeps up that sort of thing till a man sticks his head in the door,
and yells, "Calhoun." Then they all quit and grabs their things and jumps off.
I got off too. "Rat Jones," yells somebody, and hands me a grip. "Rat
Jones," yells another, and hands me another. "Carry these over," they ses.

We walks about a mile, and comes in sight of three or four houses that looks
like the county jail. "Whats them?" I asks. "Them's to be our happy
domiciles for the next nine months," ses he. We went on to them happy
'dummychiles,' where there was about eleven-dozen more fellows chasing them-
selves around. After carrying more trunks up and down them stairs than a
traveling circus would have, one fellow wid two pretty little tiny trees on his
shoulders says, 'have you matriculated?' I donno, whats that? "Thats where
you give the high-muck-a-muck all the money you've got, and promise him all
you ever expect to get. And then promise to keep the Ten Commandments and
all published orders." Then he showed me where to matriculate.

I went to the place that he showed me, and found a heap of boys waiting
in line before a little cage with a man in it. Everyone as he passed gives the
little man in the cage a bunch of money, and gets a little piece of paper and goes
out. After awhile my turn comes, and the man sez, "Name?" "Yessir," sez
I. "What name?" sezze. "My own," sez I, then I seed what he were
fishin' fer and I tol' 'im. I guv 'im the money Pap had given me, then he shoves
me a piece of paper, an' ses "all right." Thats all thare was to it.

Then we starts drilling! Three times a week we get weak from that. All
the *rats* are bunched together by a little bunch of self-important, big-headed,
ex-rats, with two little strips of black cloth on there sleeves, wat calls themselves
coprils, and they show us the manuel of arms. Each copril takes eight of us,
and sits down under a shady tree, and makes us march 'round and 'round him,
and then he ses we're a bunch of studs when we do it right.

Oh yes! I clean forgot to tell you of the lessons. The funniest was a little
dried-up feller who ses, "Mister Jones, do you know what corn is?" "Sure,"
"any durn fool knows that. Its—its—why gol ding it—its corn. If you're a
teacher here, seems you orter know that." "No," sezze, "its a money—
cotty—lay—down!" He said it in little pieces jes like that. Well them bo-
birds’ (that’s what Clemson fellows call each other) call that Botany. For the next nine months, they tried to make me a blacksmith, carpenter, artist, an’ sign-painter. And when the end of the time did come; why I’ll jest tell you-all, by gum! I was better’n at horse-shoein’ than Si Jenks, and beat ol’ Daddy Green at carpentring.

Did we have any fun? Well I guess yes! We had fites and football games, and fites and baseball games, and fites an’ track meets. Them track meets is orful things. The men come right out on the field in little, white “B. V. D.” underclose an’ run around a path wat they call a tract. Then we had some more fun on April fools day, wen we had a shut tail perrade. Fun! Why the ol’ boys had fun turnin’ us rats at night, an’ we had fun tryin’ to keep em from turnin’ us.

Wal, thets about all. I hed ter study hard all the time; but, all in all, me and Clemson gut erlong fine. Am I goin’ back? Wal I guess yes! Think I’d be a rat one year, and not go back the next. Shoot brother, ’course I’m goin’ back—besides I’m a Sophomore. and maybe. (who knows) a corpril, too!
Freshman Class Roll

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HORTON, T. E., Vice-President
Major, J. P., Poet

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REDFERN, T. C., Rep. in Tiger

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COLLIER, H. H.
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COOPER, M. L.
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DEWITT, J. C.
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EZZELL, J. F.
EZZELL, W. D.
EWIN, C. P.
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GILSTRAP, L. C.
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GARY, J. W.
GREEN, W. H.
GOODMAN, L. J.
GAGE, J. H.
GOLDFINCH, A. K.
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HALL, C. M.
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HAYES, H. W.
HEARSEY, G. J.
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HANAHAN, J. E.
HERIOT, H. G.
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Opt, R. A.
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Page, L. B.
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Pennell, F. B.
Privette, W. H.
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Parker, A. B.
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Risher, E. R.
Reeves, D. H.
Rochester, W. H.
Reed, T. R.
Rowel, N. K.
Rentsy, W. H.
Reeves, W. L.
Seal, J. L.
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Small, A. G.
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Shuler, H. D.
Stell, H. C.
Sanders, M. F.
Simson, J. A.
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Stribling, J. N.
Sadler, R. E.
Tupper, S. Y.
Therell, L. R.
Tompkins, D.
Thayer, N. S.
Truesdale, B. F.
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Tison, E. W.
Wannamaker, W. J.
Wessinger, J. H.
Williford, L. M.
Williford, J. H.
Weinberg, B. A.
Wickliffe, W. E.
Wakefield, J. B.
Workman, J. M.
Yates, L. F.
Classes of 1912

BABY'S RECORD

BIRTH

Name, Class Twelve, Clemson Agricultural and Mechanical College. Born to Clemson College. Date, September 10, 1908; Doctor's Name, J. C. Minus; Nurses' Name, Miss Nellie Porcher.

FIRST OUTING

Baby got his first outing on the night of September 10, 1908. Notwithstanding his tender age, he deemed it prudent to transfer his bedding to a haystack, some distance from barracks.

Incidents—Baby's mind developed very rapidly, and he came to the conclusion that it is best for a baby to be seldom seen or heard during his first year of existence.

WEIGHT

Baby was first weighed September 10, 1908. He tipped the scales at 135.3 lbs. (Clemson's statistics—guaranteed correct.) Weight when 6 weeks old, 120.2 lbs. When 12 weeks old 90.1 lbs.; and 6 weeks after Christmas holidays, 23 lbs. He is still on the decline.

FIRST TOOTH

Baby's First Tooth was discovered by G. Shanklin.

Particulars—"The Col." said: "You will do well to procure the best textbooks for your work. I will advise you to get a South Carolina History, an algebra, a geometry, etc. (too numerous to mention)—all of which you can get from me." Baby bit!

FIRST WORD

Baby's First Word was spoken two days after birth. It was, "Send me some money from home."

FIRST APPEARANCE AT TABLE

Baby made his first appearance at the table on September 11, 1908. Although his companions drank their coffee with seeming satisfaction, Baby persistently called for milk and sugar. When someone at the head of the table
shouted, "Shoot the bull!" Baby, thinking he was being chased by a dreaded animal, fled from the mess hall.

FIRST DAY AT CLASSES

Baby attended his first classes on September 12, 1908. Being quite young, he was asked some very simple questions by the several instructors. He first attended the history class. The instructor, in that deep voice peculiar to himself, said: "Young man, notwithstanding the fact that you look very much like a two-by-four sawed-off, hammered down, twenty-two calibre spring chicken, I believe you are in a fair road to develop a goodly amount of brains. I believe I saw you examining my 'Book of Names,' a few minutes ago. Well, sir, that is a good beginning. The first question I will ask you is, 'Who is the father of this country?" Baby scratched his young head, then a light overspread his face as he answered, 'The man what always says, 'I'm delighted.'"

Baby next made his appearance in the English classroom. His first duty was to write a short composition, choosing his own subject. Baby wrote as follows: "The mewl is a more hardier bird than a goose or rooster. He has his wings on the back of his head. He has two feet to walk on and two to hand out back-handers with. The mewl is sometimes very backward about going forward."

Baby was next at animal industry. The professor deemed it well to ask a few fundamental questions. "Now, boys, if I stand on my feet, I am all right; but if I stand on my head, all the blood seems to rush there. You young men on the end front seat explain this." Baby did his best. "Your feet must be ain't empty."

Baby returned to his room determined to do as well in the future as he had done this day.

FIRST PRAYER

Baby uttered his first prayer after he had been in captivity for three weeks. It was as follows: "Dear Lord, please convince my papa that I am a hard-working, studious boy; and please bless him in his business undertakings, that he may in turn bless me with a little more pocket change. Please let me get an ingrowing toenail or a blister on my foot, so I can get excused from these terrible drill practices. Lord, bless this commandant of ours, and let him be a little more lenient. Please let me keep my head in my sleep, that I might not injure some of these terrible boys as they break in on my slumbers during the small hours of the night. And many other things I ask, dear Lord, only I must stop now and study my algebra lesson or papa will be angry again."

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Baby received his first notice on October 2nd. It was from the commandant, and read as follows:

"You report to the Commandant’s office at 1:30 and explain your absence from drill on October 1st:

Commandant"

BRIGHT SAYINGS

Strawberry, blackberry, raspberry, Jam,
Nineteen 'leven ain't worth a ———, hoorah!

Here's to Twelve, Twelve, Twelve,
Once we caught——! ———! ———!

I move we adjourn.

Sam bought an irregular-triangle and a set of free-hand drawing instruments.

One year has almost gone; and I am not sure, but I think the impetuosity of the occasion has abominated the incompatibility of the advantageous responsibility.
THE COLLEGE.
Life Members

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Hon. R. W. SIMPSON  Pendleton, Anderson Co.
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In Memoriam

Whereas, God, in his allwise providence, has seen fit to remove an honored member of our board of trustees, we deem it fitting to dedicate this page to the memory of Col. R. E. Bowen, Pickens, S. C.

Died 1908.
Charles Manning Furman, A. B.

Furman University
Professor

David Wistar Daniel, A. M.

Wofford College
Vanderbilt University
Associate Professor

Thomas Wadlington Keilt

Virginia Military Institute
Assistant Professor

Arthur Buist Bryan, B. S.

Clemson College
Student, University of Chicago
Assistant Professor

Marc Edward Bradley

Erskine College
Assistant Professor

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HISTORY

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Wofford College
Professor

Alester Gardner Holmes, B. S.
South Carolina Military Academy
Assistant Professor
Samuel Maner Martin, B. S.

South Carolina Military Academy
Professor of Mathematics

G. Shanklin, B. S.
South Carolina Military Academy
Associate Professor of Mathematics

Joseph Everett Hunter, B. S.
Clemson College
Assistant Professor of Mathematics

B. H. Johnson, A. B.
South Carolina University
Assistant Professor of Mathematics

A. Bramlett, B. S.
South Carolina Military Academy
Assistant Professor of Mathematics
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Louisiana State University
Professor and Director

M. Ray Powers, D. V. S.
New York University
Associate Professor

David Oliver Nourse, B. S.
Massachusetts Agricultural College
Associate Professor of Animal Husbandry and Dairying

Charles Houston Shattuck
Campbell College, B. S. M. S.
University of Chicago, Ph. D.
Associate Professor of Botany and Forestry

Junius Milton Burgess, B. S.
Clemson College
Assistant Professor of Animal Husbandry

George Gooding Ainslie, B. S.
University of Minnesota
Assistant Professor of Entomology

Robert O. Feeley
New York University Vet. College D. V. S.
Assistant State Veterinarian

Franklin Jacob Crider, B. S.
Clemson College
Assistant Professor of Horticulture

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Virginia Military Institute
Professor of Chemistry and Chief Chemist of Experiment Station

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Davidson College
Associate Professor of Chemistry

David Hill Henry, B. S.
Clemson College
Assistant Professor

Robert Anderson Hall, A. B., Ph. D.
University of Chicago
Assistant Professor of Fertilizer and Food Chemistry

Benjamin Freeman, B. S.
Clemson College
Assistant Chemist
Fred Harvey Hall Calhoun, B. S., Ph. D.

University of Chicago
Professor of Geology and Mineralogy
ELECTRICAL DEPARTMENT

Walter Merritt Riggs, M. E.
Alabama Polytechnic Institute
Director of Department of Electrical and Mechanical Engineering and
Professor of Electricity

Frank Townes Dorgan, B. S.
Furman University
Assistant Professor
Hale Houston, C. E.

WASHINGTON AND LEE
Professor of Civil Engineering
MECHANICAL DEPARTMENT

Samuel B. Carle, A. M., M. E.
Furman University
Cornell University
Associate Professor in Mechanical Engineering

Thomas G. Poats, M. E., E. E.
University of Virginia
Associate Professor of Physics

R. E. Lee, B. S.
Clemson College
Associate Professor of Drawing

J. H. Hook, B. S.
Clemson College
Assistant Professor of Woodwork

W. W. Klugh, B. S.
Clemson College
Assistant Professor of Drawing

John Wrems Gantt, B. S.
Assistant Professor of Forge and Foundry

Styles Howard, B. M. E.
Kentucky State College
Assistant Professor in Mechanical Engineering and Machine Shop

Andrew B. Gardner
Assistant Professor of Woodwork

T. H. Burruss, Jr., B. S.
Mississippi A. and M. College
Instructor in Drawing

Frank Bogard, B. M. E.
Kentucky State College
Instructor in Drawing

Z. Robert Lewis
Assistant in Forge and Foundry
Charles Stebbins Doggett
Student. Oberlin College, Leeds University, Federal Polytechnic, Royal Prussian Polytechnic, University of Munich
Professor and Director of Department

Claude Wightman McSwain, B.S.
Clemson College
Assistant Professor of Designing and Weaving

Drayton Edwin Carle, B.S.
Clemson College
Assistant Professor of Carding and Spinning
South Carolina Agricultural Experiment Station

J. N. Harper, Director

STATION STAFF

C. C. Newman, Horticulture, B. S.
H. W. Barre,
   Botany and Plant Pathology, B. S.
A. F. Conradi,
   Entomology and Zoology, M. S.

Thos. E. Keitt, Chemistry, B. S.
E. Barnett, Animal Husbandry
   and Veterinary Science, D. V. M.
John N. Hook, Secretary
Miss Helen C. Bradford,
   Stenographer.
Captain J. C. MINUS, Commandant
THE BATTALION

Major, O. M. Clark

Lieutenant and Adjutant, B. E. Wolff

Lieutenant and Quartermaster, A. L. Harris

Captains

Co. A—L. P. Byars
Co. B—W. G. Hyrne

Co. C—H. K. Sanders
Co. D—J. C. Pridmore

Co. E—W. G. Dominick
Co. F—H. W. McIver
Battalion Staff

Major, O. M. Clark
Lieutenant and Adjutant, B. E. Wolff
Lieutenant and Quartermaster, A. L. Harris
Sergeant Major, S. O. Pegues
Color Sergeants, C. M. Robbs, O. A. Hydrick
Color Guards, W. F. Odom and J. S. H. Clarkson
MISS JOHNSON, Sponsor

Company A

Commissioned Officers
Captain, L. P. BYARS
First Lieutenant, A. C. WHITTLE
Second Lieutenant, R. P. JETER

Non-Commissioned Officers
Sergeants
F. R. Baker  R. P. Henderson  L. B. Altman  J. E. Jenkins
P. E. Lee  F. O. McCown  L. C. Harrison  E. S. Jenkins
F. G. Tarbox

Corporals
L. C. Harrison  E. S. Jenkins  G. G. Venning
MISS MAHON, Sponsor

Company B
Commissioned Officers
Captain, W. G. HYRNE
First Lieutenant, J. T. FOLK  Second Lieutenant, S. COLES
Non-Commissioned Officers
Sergeants
J. L. Hill  E. M. Boykin  L. D. Boone  H. C. Beatty
C. P. Roberts

Corporals
O. B. Brodie
Company C

Commissioned Officers
Captain, H. K. Sanders
First Lieutenant, J. R. Blair  Second Lieutenant, F. Fleming

Non-Commissioned Officers
Sergeants
W. A. Barnette  R. M. Simpson  H. L. Reaves  H. R. Clinkscales  P. A. Baxley

Corporals
MISS AULL, Sponsor

Company D

Commissioned Officers
Captain, J. C. PRIDMORE
First Lieutenant, G. M. BARNETT  Second Lieutenant, T. B. REEVES

Non-Commissioned Officers

Sergeants
W. P. White  W. D. Barnett  E. C. Martin  E. L. Sumner  J. D. Shuler

Corporals
A. M. Salley  J. T. Crawford  J. K. Lawton  E. V. Gilmer  W. M. Wiggins

94
MISS BLAKENEY, Sponsor

Company E
Commissioned Officers
Captain, W. G. DOMINICK
First Lieutenant, C. E. BALDWIN  Second Lieutenant, P. M. GEE

Non-Commissioned Officers
Sergeants
G. C. Furtick  L. L. Laroache  M. D. Sims  W. M. Albergotti  J. M. Buckner

Corporals
S. L. Britt  W. N. Henderson  B. W. Gettys  J. A. Goodwin  R. H. Walker

96
Company F

Commissioned Officers

Captain, H. W. McIver
First Lieutenant, J. O. Graham  Second Lieutenant, L. B. Brandon

Non-Commissioned Officers

Sergeants
L. W. Summers  C. F. Middleton
J. T. Stephenson  G. T. Floyd
H. S. Johnson

Corporals
F. E. Schroder  W. P. Perry
M. H. Epps  H. M. Woodward

98
MISS FURMAN, Sponsor

The Band

W. Allen, Drum major
A. McDavid, Sergeant
T. D. Williams, Corporal
V. B. Higgins, First Bb co.net
R. S. Wolf, Solo Bb clarinet
T. A. Jeffords, First Bb clarinet
E. H. Pinckney, First Eb alto
N. E. Byrd, First Eb alto
J. R. Lomax, Third Eb
W. A. Robinson, Fourth Eb
L. D. Webb, Slide trombone
H. D. Plenge, Baritone
E. A. McCready, First Eb bass
P. L. Bissell, Bass drum
J. D. Graham, Snare drum
D. L. Bissell, Cymbals
MISS HAMER, Sponsor

Senior Privates

OFFICERS
E. Chamness, High Chief Officer of the Guard.
H. L. Rivers, Chief Confinement Server
T. M. Hunter, Chief Extra Walker

R. E. Adams  J. L. Marshal
D. L. Bissel  P. Miley
R. E. Blake  L. B. McCrady
W. J. Brockington  J. P. McMillan
J. S. H. Clarkston  W. F. Odom
E. D. Clement  W. C. Pitts
J. C. Covington  M. Quattlebaum
J. H. Earl  E. H. Shuler
W. J. Evans  W. J. Sheely
D. P. Folk  W. C. Spratt
J. D. Graham  F. W. Smith
E. E. Garry  J. A. Teague
H. H. Greene  D. W. Watkins
R. A. Harris  J. H. Wilson
G. W. Keitt  E. H. Wood
J. H. Lesesne  C. M. Wootan
Football

LEMSON has just passed through the thirteenth year of her football history; and, judging from the results of the games, one might think that "13" did it. The Tigers have fought in many battles; and, with mangled claws, and bleeding from many wounds, they have returned to their lair—yet the world gives them its "Well done!"

But why?

Because they started a season with only two 'varsity men; and in spite of their greenness and inexperience, fought each battle consistently, working hard to the very last down, and forcing their antagonists to respect them for their gameness.

The situation at Clemson was the outcome of the April Fool march to Pendleton, as a result of which over 300 boys were dismissed from the school. In this number, were many of Clemson's gridiron warriors, men who would have been bulwarks of defense on the 1908 team. These men were gone, and Coaches Stone and Fetzer had the hard proposition of building around two 'varsity men, a fighting machine which would measure up to the high standard set by preceding Clemson elevens.

In this time of need, the spirit of the corps showed itself by the large number of candidates that appeared on the field.

The Gordon game was a victory for Clemson, 15 to 0, and it served its purpose by showing the coaches where the Tigers were weak.

V. P. 1., 6; Clemson, 0. This score should always gladden the hearts of Clemson supporters; for it showed that the team which was defeated by Princeton, 10 to 4, could only score one touchdown on Clemson, who showed her power by taking the ball down the field to the one-foot line, there to be held for downs.

Clemson lost the next two games, Vanderbilt 41 to 0, and Davidson 13 to 0. Crippled, though she was in each case, she gave her opponents her best, and went down in defeat to the stronger teams.

Georgia won her game, not by superior team work, but by the boot of Hodgson, who secured two field goals.

The following week, Clemson surprised the sporting world by holding the strong Tennessee eleven down to 6 to 5.

The Thanksgiving game was lost to Georgia Tech by a score of 30 to 6. Clemson wants every one to know, that she believes every man on the team did his duty, fought hard to the end, and lost to a better team.

In reviewing the year, Clemson wants to thank her coaches, Stone, Williams, and Fetzer, for their efficient service, and for the impression their personalities has left upon the football squad.
Line Up

J. N. Stone, Coach

S. Coles, '09, Right End, Captain
O. A. Hydrick, '10, Right Tackle
W. F. Odom, '09, Right Guard
J. T. Cochran, '12, Center
F. Fleming, '09, Left Guard

F. V. Gilmer, '11, Left Tackle
W. H. Hanckel, '11, Left End
W. P. White, '10, Quarter Back
R. D. McFadden, '12 Left Half Back
C. M. Robbs, '10, Full Back
C. F. Lokey, '11, Right Half Back

SUBSTITUTES

B. D. Boykin
T. E. Horton
F. P. Wichman
L. B. Brandon

R. G. Stevens
W. S. Walker
G. C. Furtick
A. L. Harris
Scrub Line Up

R. A. Fetzer, Coach

J. S. H. Clarkson, Center, Captain
E. D. Clement, Right End
A. P. Gandy, Right Tackle
S. L. Britt, Right Guard
T. Harris, Right Half Back

J. P. Major, Full Back
J. A. Bates, Left End
J. L. Team, Left Tackle
D. H. Reeves, Left Guard
H. M. Woodward, Left Half Back

W. R. Connelly, Quarter Back

SUBSTITUTES

E. M. Boykin
P. L. Bissell
D. L. Boulware
HE bright hopes that were entertained for the track team of 1908 were not blighted in the least; this being the most successful season we have had since this branch of athletics was established.

After an unsuccessful season the first year—having only one meet—and after suffering defeat then at the hands of the University of Georgia, owing to the fact that we were entirely outclassed, the team redeemed itself the following season, and turned the tables on its rival of the previous year.

The season of 1907 was one of interest and hard work for the team. Four meets were arranged with the following institutions: University of Georgia, Georgia School of Technology, University of North Carolina, and the University of South Carolina. In the meet with Georgia, Clemson was defeated; but in the meets with Georgia Tech and the University of South Carolina, she won easily, the score with Tech being 71 to 37, and that with Carolina being 96 to 12. The last meet of the season was one of excitement and interest, as it was impossible to foretell the result of the contest till the last race was run. Then, and not till then, did the Clemsonites realize that they had been beaten by the score of 55 to 53.

The season of 1908 was more successful. Only two meets could be arranged this year, these being with the University of Georgia, and Georgia Tech. Both of these were won in grand style by Clemson. Besides these two regular meets, we were represented at the Southern Intercollegiate Athletic Association meet in Atlanta, where we won second place, Vanderbilt University having won first place.

Still brighter hopes are entertained for the team of 1909. We look for Captain Fleming, the man who holds good records in the weights, to steer the team through the most successful season that we have ever had.

The success of the team is due largely to the untiring efforts of Dr. F. H. H. Calhoun, whose work is heartily appreciated by every man in the corps.
Line Up—Track Team 1908

Dr. F. H. H. Calhoun, Coach
D. M. Fraser, Manager
J. Spratt, Captain

N. E. Byrd
G. Warren
H. H. Jacobs
W. S. Jones
J. L. Hill
L. L. LaRoach
W. H. Hanckle
W. M. Rosborough
J. H. Harvey
C. L. Cannon
G. M. Barnett

M. Boykin
W. A. Barnette
F. Flemming
H. B. Riser
J. C. Pridmore
W. P. White
G. C. Furtick
G. M. Truluck
A. L. Harris
A. C. Whittle
W. S. Walker
Clemson-Tech Meet

BOWMAN FIELD, APRIL 13, 1908.

100-YARD DASH

G. Warren, C. A. C.

N. E. Byrd, C. A. C.

Time, 10 2-5 Seconds


220-YARD DASH

N. E. Byrd, C. A. C.

E. S. Myers, Ga. Tech.

Time, 24 1-5 Seconds

E. A. Mays, Ga. Tech.

440-YARD DASH

T. Davenport, Ga. Tech

E. S. Myers, Ga. Tech.

Time, 56 Seconds

C. L. Cannon, C. A. C.

880-YARD DASH

T. Davenport, Ga. Tech

A. L. Harris, C. A. C.

Time, 2 Minutes 8 3-5 Seconds

G. M. Barnett, C. A. C.

MILE RUN

T. Davenport, Ga. Tech

E. S. Myers Ga. Tech.

Time, 5 Minutes 4 Seconds

J. C. Pridmore, C. A. C.

LOW HURDLES

G. Warren, C. A. C.

J. H. Harvey, C. A. C.

Time, 27 3-5 Seconds


HIGH HURDLES

L. Goodier, Ga. Tech

H. B. Riser, C. A. C.

Time, 17 Seconds

W. M. Rosborough, C. A. C.

SHOT PUT

F. Fleming, C. A. C.

W. P. White, C. A. C.

Distance, 35 Feet 3 Inches

G. L. Truluck, C. A. C.

HAMMER THROW

F. Fleming, C. A. C.

G. L. Truluck, C. A. C.

Distance, 113 Feet 2 Inches

POLE VAULT
A. L. Harris, C. A. C.
Height, 10 Feet 2 Inches

HIGH JUMP
Height, 5 Feet 9 Inches

BROAD JUMP
N. E. Byrd, C. A. C.
G. Warren, C. A. C.
Distance, 20 Feet 3 Inches

SUMMARY OF POINTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>Tech</th>
<th>Clemson</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>100-Yard Dash</td>
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<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>200-Yard Dash</td>
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<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>440-Yard Dash</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>880-Yard Dash</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>Mile Run</td>
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<td>Low Hurdles</td>
<td>3</td>
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<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>High Hurdles</td>
<td>5</td>
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<tr>
<td>8</td>
<td>Shot Put</td>
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<tr>
<td>9</td>
<td>Hammer Throw</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td>Pole Vault</td>
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<td>11</td>
<td>Broad Jump</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12</td>
<td>High Jump</td>
<td>6</td>
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</table>

Total: 49 59
Clemson-Georgia Meet

BOWMAN FIELD, MAY 23, 1908

100-YARD DASH
G. Warren, C. A. C.                          
H. H. Jacobs, C. A. C.                        
Time, 10 1-5 Seconds                         

220-YARD DASH
N. E. Byrd, C. A. C.                          
H. H. Jacobs, C. A. C.                        
Time, 24 Seconds                             

440-YARD DASH
N. E. Byrd, C. A. C.                          
Time, 54 2-5 Seconds                         

880-YARD DASH
G. M. Barnett, C. A. C.                      
A. L. Harris, C. A. C.                        
Time, 2 Minutes 15 Seconds                   

MILE RUN
J. C. Pridmore, C. A. C.                      
A. L. Harris, C. A. C.                        
Time, 5 Minutes 3 Seconds                    

LOW HURDLES
G. Warren, C. A. C.                           
G. M. Truluck, C. A. C.                       
Time, 28 2-5 Seconds                         

HIGH HURDLES
A. Arrendale, U. of Ga.                       
W. M. Rosborough, C. A. C.                    
Time, 16 3-5 Seconds                         

W. A. Barnett, C. A. C.                       
E. M. Boykin, C. A. C.                        
W. H. Hanckle, C. A. C.                       
H. B. Riser, C. A. C.                         

122
SHOT PUT

F. Fleming, C. A. C.


Distance, 35 Feet 1 Inch

HAMMER THROW

F. Fleming, C. A. C.

G. M. Truluck, C. A. C.

Distance, 114 Feet 6 1-2 Inches

HIGH JUMP

J. Spratt, C. A. C.

G. C. Furtick, C. A. C.

Height, 5 Feet 4 1-2 Inches

BROAD JUMP

N. E. Byrd, C. A. C.


Distance, 19 Feet 7 1-2 Inches

POLE VAULT

A. Arrendale, U. of Ga.

W. H. Hanckel, C. A. C.

Height, 10 Feet

SUMMARY OF POINTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Event</th>
<th>Clemson</th>
<th>U. of Ga.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>100-Yard Dash</td>
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<tr>
<td>220-Yard Dash</td>
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<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>440-Yard Dash</td>
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<td>4</td>
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<tr>
<td>880-Yard Dash</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mile Run</td>
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<td>0</td>
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<tr>
<td>Low Hurdles</td>
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<td>0</td>
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<tr>
<td>High Hurdles</td>
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<td>5</td>
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<tr>
<td>Broad Jump</td>
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<tr>
<td>High Jump</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hammer Throw</td>
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<td>3</td>
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<tr>
<td>Shot Put</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>4</td>
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<tr>
<td>Pole Vault</td>
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<td>5</td>
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<tr>
<td>Total</td>
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## TRACK RECORDS

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<th>Event</th>
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<th>Record Holder</th>
<th>Time/Score</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>100 Yards</td>
<td></td>
<td>G. Warren</td>
<td>10 1-5 seconds</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>220 Yards</td>
<td></td>
<td>G. Warren</td>
<td>23 3-5 seconds</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>440 Yards</td>
<td></td>
<td>N. E. Byrd</td>
<td>54 2-5 seconds</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1-2 Mile</td>
<td></td>
<td>G. M. Barnett</td>
<td>2 minutes 15 seconds</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 Mile</td>
<td></td>
<td>J. C. Pridmore</td>
<td>5 minutes 3 seconds</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hammer Throw (16 lbs.)</td>
<td></td>
<td>F. Fleming</td>
<td>118 feet 2 inches</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shot Put (16 lbs.)</td>
<td></td>
<td>F. M. Furtick</td>
<td>37 feet 5 inches</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pole Vault</td>
<td></td>
<td>F. M. Furtick</td>
<td>10 feet 3 inches</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>High Jump</td>
<td></td>
<td>E. R. McIver</td>
<td>5 feet 9 1-2 inches</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Broad Jump</td>
<td></td>
<td>N. E. Byrd</td>
<td>20 feet 9 1-2 inches</td>
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<tr>
<td>Low Hurdles (220 yds.)</td>
<td></td>
<td>G. Warren</td>
<td>27 seconds</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>High Hurdles (120 yds.)</td>
<td></td>
<td>E. R. McIver</td>
<td>16 4-5 seconds</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
HE baseball season that has just closed was one of which, perhaps, we can not boast; but, when we take everything into account—the new players, and the time and consideration that the coaches had to give to them—we feel proud that, although we were defeated by many of our sister colleges, they had to fight for every triumph.

The strong Newberry College team, which had, perhaps, the heaviest batters of any team in the State, defeated us in one instance; but the undaunted Tigers, thirsting for the scalps that had been taken from them, determined to have revenge. On Bowman field, and also on the sporting ground at Newberry, we were the happy victors of two hard-earned games.

The University of Georgia team, the strongest College baseball team in the South the past season, defeated us in the three games that we played her. Her pitching staff, composed of men that knew the game, was the strongest in the South; and, before the season of 1909 opens, we expect to see some of her veterans enlisted with professionals.
When we glance over our record, we find that, although we went down in defeat several times, we captured the scalp of nearly every college in our own State. We look with pride on what we have accomplished, but are not content to rest on past laurels. We hope, when the season of 1909 opens, to see every man back at his post, fighting for the future of Clemson's baseball; and, when the season has come to a close, we trust that we shall have added new laurels to our record, that we shall have scalped those who scalped us, that we shall have gained more friends in the baseball world, and that the team of 1909 may be a worthy successor of the teams that have made Clemson's record what it is.
COACH, R. F. LYNCH
MANAGER, W. W. KIRK
Captain and Center Fielder, A. C. Lee

First Base, S. Coles
Second Base, J. E. Kirby
Third Base, D. L. Bissell

Right Field, J. F. Sherard
Left Field, J. E. Brown
Short-stop, L. J. Goodman

Pitchers

Farmer, C. B.
Wood, E. H.

Waldrop, J. W.

Stokes, L. S.
Rivers, H. F.

Subs

Henderson, R. P.

Harris, T.
Basket Ball

Basket ball was introduced at Clemson this season with great success. It was a new game to many of the students, and it is surprising that so many became interested. A court was made by the Y. M. C. A. and opened to every man in school. Many of the football players were out every afternoon, and the court was always filled, as this game supplies a long-felt need for exercise and amusement between football and baseball seasons.

There was no regular team organized this year, but next year the Y. M. C. A. intends to have more courts, and to play intercollegiate games. Games between company teams were planned this year; but, owing to several conditions, this idea could not be carried out.

Many who did not seem to care for other athletics, came out and played basket ball quite regularly. The fact that the game does not require such great strength and size as football, enables many, who would not otherwise engage in athletics, to enjoy an hour’s recreation and exercise each afternoon. It would be a hard matter to have equipment for every man to take part in athletics, and yet, every man should. Anything, that encourages the fellows to develop themselves physically, is to be greeted with pleasure.

The Y. M. C. A. hopes next year to be able to carry out the plans which, owing to our late start, we could not put into practice this year. We think that the series of company games should develop sufficient material—as well as enthusiasm—to enable us to organize a college team which should have to be reckoned with by our neighboring institutions.

There is no reason why Clemson should not become as distinguished for her basket ball team as for her football team. The success with which the game was introduced this year, leads one to believe that next year there will be a basket ball team ready to compete with any in the South. We hope that intercollegiate basket ball may soon take its proper place in southern athletics, and that Clemson’s team to be may uphold the record of our institution.
Gymnasium

While physical culture is not a part of the curriculum at Clemson, the students, realizing its importance, have responded to the call of duty to themselves, and have taken an active interest in gymnasium work since the fall of nineteen hundred and five. This date marks the time when the meager and poorly equipped gymnasium now at our disposal was completed. Since that time, however, even with the small gymnasium, and only a limited amount of means, this branch of athletics has grown to be very popular.

Under the systematic and skilled coaching of Dr. F. H. H. Calhoun, the teams have accomplished a great amount of good. The performances given at the end of the first two years' work, is evidence enough to prove the fact that much benefit may be derived by the entire corps at Clemson from a gymnasium of the modern type.

The response of the student body, when the doors are opened each year, is such that only about one-third of the applicants can be accommodated. This fact is one of the strongest arguments that we can make for a larger and better equipped gymnasium; and it is earnestly hoped that the time is not far distant when the campus will be adorned with a gymnasium of convenient size and most modern type.
WEARERS
OF THE

FOOTBALL.
S. Coles. R.D. McFadden.
F. Fleming. F.V. Gilmer.
C.M. Robbs. O.A. Hydrick.
D.C. Britt.

TRACK.

BASEBALL.
D.L. Bissell. J.E. Kirby.
E.H. Wood. L.J. Goodman.
J.E. Brown. L.S. Stokes.
Literary Societies.
Calhoun Literary Society

PRESIDENTS

First Quarter, G. W. Keitt
Second Quarter, W. C. Pitts
Third Quarter, J. C. Pridmore
Fourth Quarter, T. B. Reeves

MEMBERS

Altman, L. B. Dominick, W. G. McCraw, F. A. Redfern, T. C.
Allen, A. B. Easterling, K. McIntosh, R. J. Rowell, N. K.
Abell, S. S. Foster, W. W. McElveen, R. A. Roberts, C. P.
Anderson, G. H. Freeman, R. W. McKeeon, A. A. Salley, A. M.
Boykin, E. M. Graham, J. D. Murray, J. D. Sumner, E. L.
Boone, L. D. Goldfinch, A. K. Pitts, W. C. Seal, J. L.
Blount, E. E. Homer, M. Pridmore, J. C. Stokes, C. E.
Byars, L. P. Harris, R. A. Patrick, C. S. Simpson, R. M.
Cassels, F. W. Hunter, T. M. Pegues, S. O. Small, A. G.
Crawford, J. T. Inman, C. F. Quattlebaum, M. Townsend, C. P.
Cooper, H. P. Keitt, G. W. Quattlebaum, P. C. Teague, J. A.
Craig, W. D.
Clarkson, J. S. H. Lewis, A. P. Reeves, G. B. Wolff, B. E.
Crawford, J. T. Marshall, W. J. Reid, J. C. Wilson, J. H.
Deason, B. H. Martin, E. C. Ross, F. L. White, W. P.
Dixon, C. H. McCord, J. L. Rivers, H. L. Honorary member,
                                      Noel L. Prevost

135
Columbian Literary Society

**PRESIDENTS**

First Quarter, Q. M. Clark  
Second Quarter, D. W. Watkins  
Third Quarter, A. L. Harris  
Fourth Quarter, F. Fleming

**MEMBERS**

Awll, F. H.  
Baker, F. R.  
Baldwin, C. E.  
Barnette, G. M.  
Barre, J. A.  
Baxley, P. A.  
Beaty, H. C.  
Bellinger, E. F.  
Brockington, M. L.  
Brockington, W. J.  
Buckner, J. M.  
Buzardt, A. H.  
Byrd, N. E.  
Carothers, J. N.  
Carson, H. G.  
Clark, O. M.  
Crider, F. J.  
Davis, D.  
Ezell, J. F.  
Ezell, W. D.  
Fleming, F.  
Furtick, G. C.  
Grimbal, O. H.  
Hall, C. M.  
Harris, A. L.  
Harrison, L. C.  
Hayden, C. J.  
Hydrick, O. A.  
Jenkins, J. E.  
Johnston, H. S.  
Johnston, C. F.  
Lindler, L. S.  
Martin, J. M.  
Middleton, C. F.  
Millett, F. M.  
Moore, M. P.  
Newman, W. W.  
Parker, F. F.  
Pegues, M. K.  
Petrie, W. C.  
Provost, N. P.  
Seabrook, W. E.  
Smith, F. W.  
Stephenson, J. T.  
Summers, L. W.  
Watkins, D. W.  
Whittle, A. C.  
White, R. H.  
Wiggins, W. M.  
Wingo, R. H.
Palmetto Literary Society

PRESIDENTS

First Quarter, Earle, J. H.
Second Quarter, Sanders, H. K.
Third Quarter, Shuler, E. H.
Fourth Quarter, Graham, J. O.

MEMBERS

Barnett, W. D.
Barnette, W. A.
Beall, H. W.
Beaty, D. C.
Brown, A. J.
Byrd, W. M.
Berry, M. D.
Chapman, A. D.
Covington, J. C.
Cromer, H. W.
Clinkscales, H. R.
Davis, L. W.
Earle, J. H.
Evans, S. E.
Evans, W. J.
Farris, C. B.
Ferguson, J. B.
Floyd, J. T.
Folk, C. S.
Farris, C. L.
Garrett, W. C.
Gee, P. M.
Gettys, B. W.
Gilliam, C. R.
Gilstrap, L. C.
Goodwin, J. A.
Graham, J. O.
Gandy, H. L.
Green, H. H.
Garner, G. D.
Hamlin, E. E.
Hall, E. E.
Hayes, W. H.
Henderson, R. P.
Henderson, W. N.
Herrington, H. G.
Hollingworth, J. H.
Herriott, J. D.
Herriott, H. A.
Jennings, H. C.
Jeffords, L. S.
Jeter, R. P.
Johnston, T. W.
Laney, M. A.
Merrit, J. A.
Moore, D. P.
McCants, E. L.
McCarley, L. P.
McDavid, A.
Mickle, W. W.
Nichols, R. E.
Neuffer, G. A.
O'Bryan, J. D.
Odom, W. F.
Prior, W.
Rast, F. M.
Ridgell, J. M.
Sanders, H. K.
Shuler, E. H.
Stokes, W. E.
Stokes, H. H.
Stonto, C. H.
Striibling, J. N.
Skinner, A. E.
Sondley, C. M.
Thornhill, E. J.
Toole, F. W.
Thomas, A. M.
Walker, W. S.
Williams, T. D.
Workman, J. M.
Yates, L. F.
The Literary Societies

If the many influences that co-operate in developing a student into a broadminded, educated, and thinking man, the literary societies hold a high and noble place. Especially is this true at Clemson, because our college is primarily a scientific one, and, consequently, the literary studies provided for in the regular courses must be limited. Our literary societies come to our aid in furnishing a field for these studies, in cultivating a taste for literary pursuits, and in training students how to express themselves clearly and convincingly wherever occasion demands.

The three societies, The Calhoun, The Columbian, and The Palmetto, have individual halls, yet they have no secret orders: there exists a common friendship, and all are striving to push forward in the great work for which they were organized.

The exercises are held weekly, the program consisting of readings, essays, declamations, debates, and orations.

Three gold medals are offered annually by each society, one each for declamation, for oration, and for debate.

One medal is also given by the board of trustees for oratory, to be contested for by a representative of each society. Much has been accomplished by the societies, and they are at a prosperous and influential stage.

Our societies have always stood for the highest and best things in college, and may they continue to furnish excellent social advantages, mental rivalry, and improvement in public speaking, and may they ever inspire students to higher and nobler ideals of true manhood!
The Honor System

CLEMSON College, realizing, like every institution that properly performs its highest function of making men and citizens who will uphold the honor of a noble race, that it must guard well against any lurking dishonesty that may find its way into the student body and lower the pervading moral tone, inaugurated the Honor System. Every man, from "prep" to senior, has declared himself for, and has maintained, true honesty in college work. Of course, the ideal Honor System would be to have the sentiment of every man so against anything dishonest, that he would spurn, with contempt, the idea of using unfair means in any manner, but, as nothing is perfect, and provision had to be made for those few unfortunate individuals who may be tempted to be dishonest, the system was instituted. Since it would be impossible for the entire corps to undertake the reprimanding of one who may be found guilty of dishonesty, a committee which should, in the name of the entire corps, receive, investigate, and act upon all charges submitted, was appointed. In casting about for a committee of the best men in college, and one in which every man would be equally represented, the three men then presidents of the three literary societies, and the four class presidents, were elected as this important committee.

Realizing that there is, perhaps, no more insidiously harmful act of moral turpitude committed by a college student than this particular one of cheating and lying on examinations and in classroom work, this committee has always recognized its serious importance, and conducted all its proceedings with due decorum. The faculty has recognized the benefit and importance of the Honor System, and has shown the utmost regard for, and confidence in, every action of the students to bar any progress of the lurking evil. They have encouraged and helped, but have in no way, apparent or real, shown any desire of taking the authority the student body vested in the Honor System committee. They realize, as does every student who has seriously considered the question, that for the real successful maintenance of the Honor System in any institution, there must exist the aid of the mutual trust and respect of faculty and students.

Thanks to the manhood and nobility of our proud old State of South Carolina; for it is through the instinctive honesty of her sons that the Honor System at Clemson College has been a success beyond the greatest enthusiast's fondest dreams.
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T. C. Redfern, Freshman Class

Y. M. C. A.
W. J. Marshall

Managers
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H. L. Rivers
To A. Schilletter, "Commissary General," we are very grateful for assistance rendered in making 1909 "Taps" a financial success. "Shorty" will be remembered by us all in after life as one of our best friends at Clemson.
Noel L. Provost

While our General Secretary has been associated with us only one year, he will always be remembered as one who labored continually for our interests. He has helped us in many ways. He has helped us by proving that one can live a consistent, clean, active, joyous, Christian life, by living it himself. He has helped us by his good influence, by encouraging us in our work and inspiring us to higher and nobler endeavors, in seeking to create a sentiment that shall make for righteousness in our midst. He has helped us to increase our efforts that we may count for more in the world. This is the man who has been always ready to lend a helping hand to any who went to him, seeking a friend and counsellor. He has been ever ready to sympathize with those who are struggling for the right and is ever willing to lead them, if possible, to the brighter way. We hope that he may continue his good work. We cannot but feel that in days to come, many of us will look back on our college life, and see where he has infused into our beings a silent but lasting influence.
As we stand on the threshold, ready to launch our lifeboat on the sea of life, and look back over our days spent at college, many of us can see nothing that has been so important in the control of our lives as the good influences exerted by the Young Men's Christian Association. While the work may not be so extensive, nor intensive, as it should be, still it is growing and developing rapidly.

The chief aim and object of the Association is to develop the spiritual side of the student, and to make him a power for good wherever he goes. Perhaps the most effective work in this respect is brought about by the Bible Study Department. The fact that seventy per cent. of the student body was enrolled last year, and eighty per cent. of it enrolled this year, goes to prove that the students are now beginning to realize that they want a greater knowledge of the Book, and that they appreciate the opportunities that this organization is offering them.

The Mission Study department is growing rapidly, although no interest was taken in this work until recently. Over thirty per cent. of the students are now enrolled in this study, while two years ago we had only about ten per cent.

The Sunday evening services are privileges within themselves. Here we have prominent speakers who bring to the Association the ideas of men who are giving their lives to the solution of problems that vitally concern mankind. It not only develops the habit and desire to become an active and influential Christian, but the Association work, as a whole, gives valuable experience during the formative period of one's life.

The aims and objects of the Association are broad and comprehensive, the chief ones being, "To unite all students who desire to strengthen the spiritual life; to promote growth in Christian character; to train men for Christian service; and to lead them to devote their lives to Jesus Christ.

The Association should, besides these, strive to develop a wholesome unselfish, Christian spirit. We wish the work of this organization to grow, developing each coming generation of students into Christian manhood.
Foreword

Kind reader, as you turn each page.
View every line with care;
And fume not, pray, with inward rage,
Should your own name appear.
Remember, pray, each word we say
Is but a merry quip.
And laugh, with us, dull care away.
   In jolly fellowship.
To Other Days

We have learned of the treach’rous bacillus
From many a “bone dust” page—
Heard tales that with wonder do thrill us,
Of the paleozoic age.
We have seen that a dreadful bacterium
Spreads its wings on each passing breeze—
That the water we drink and the thoughts that we think
Bear germs of a deadly disease.

We’ve slaughtered the innocent crayfish
With the all-destroying pin:
By the size of a track in the face of a “rack,”
By the kind of a mud it was in,
By the theories built on its tip and its tilt,
We’ve sworn to the ages its been
Since “the monster” strolled out after dinner to walk
In the face of an east-blowing wind!

We’ve quaffed to the dregs our measure of lore—
Superficial, perchance, tho’ it be—
The wisdom we’ve learned of long ages ago (?!),
And far into the future we see (?!);
But I’m weary of books and of theories’ crooks,
Yes, of praise and of worm-wood and gall,
And I think with a sigh of the days gone by,
When a boy was a boy, and a sphere was a ball.

And I sit and dream, with a faraway look,
Of those scenes to my memory dear,
And I see past the page of my half-closed book,
Through a vigorous, germ-free air,
Each meadow of green, with its murmuring brook,
And—a curse on the folly of Fate—
Heave a sigh for the day and the old pin hook,
When a boy was a boy, and a worm was a “bait.”
In Memoriam

Senior Privileges
Senior Delinquency
Clemson Calendar
Class Prophecy
Class Will

Whereas, it has always, heretofore, pleased all preceding classes in their wisdom, to perpetrate the above literary productions upon the patient, long-suffering reader, be it resolved:

1. That we, the Class of Nineteen Hundred Nine, do hereby forcibly expel them from among the gems (?) of our literary crucible.

2. That a page of "Taps" be dedicated to their memory.

3. That a copy of these resolutions be put in "Taps."

"TAPS" STAFF.
Sam's Soliloquy

UNDER whut'n the wurl' Boss Shorty is doin' wid dat clean white apun on!" mused Sam, the mess hall mule, as he stood hitched to the corner of the kitchen. "An' um so tieyerd dat I can't hardly stan' up, an' I never hawled off so much trash an' fotched more clean table cloths since I be'n bawn. An' I ken see um runnin' 'roun' in de kitchen, an' bless Gawd ef dey ain't cookin', an makin' sho' 'nuf cawffee. Lawd, I mus' be dreamin'! An' hyer com' dat fule nigger ter run me a' ter mo' cabbages, an' to run me ter de lawndery fur dem table cloths w'at ain't be'n fotched since dat tim' de guve'ner wus hyer. Lawd, Lawd! W'en I goes by dem soger boys, an' dey ain't hollerin 'wo!' at me, dey's tawkin' 'bout de, tim' w'en Little Joe goin' ter be cheef de agicultcher depawtment, and den dey say de Daddy gwine ter teech machinery, an' dat feller Rastus gwine ter teach Electricity, an' Jawn goin' ter be commedant; an' Jojo, Mick-Chick an' Hobo all 'greed to furnish plenty moun- tin guce fer de fellers hyer. Den I wunder wat is mountin guce, anyhow! Den dey say Calhune gwine ter run a meet market, an' Barry an' Nurse meet dey class ter day.

"An' den I passes de Trusty's bildin', an' see de folks de boys cawl de facultice sho' makein dis hows cleen. Dey's sayin' we's got ter hol' dese jobs kase dey's good uns. Den dat fule nigger fill up de wagin wid trash and run me ter de gully wid it.

"W'en I cums back, I meets Mr. Luis, in wa't de white fokes cawl full evenin' dress, in a big nue buggie, wid sum ole gimmen in dar. Des men are wa't dey cawl trusty's, an' I sho' hopes dey won't meet no mo', kase I'se sho' tieyerd to de'th."
The Unsolved Mystery

With tear-bedewed apologies to A. Conan Doyle.

Sherlock Holmes seated himself before the fire, pulled his dressing gown comfortably about him, stuffed his pipe full of shag tobacco, and began to puff meditatively.

"Your question, Watson," he said, at last, "brings up rather painful recollections. However, since you ask for the incident, you shall have it. Yes, in my work as a student of crime, I have run across just one case which I have, as yet, been unable to solve. I regard this case as being, with the exception of the 'Graham Lost Hat Mystery,' the most mysterious that I have ever encountered. At the time to which I allude, I was in America, working upon the Clemson College Mysteries.

"I had just completed my observations at Clemson; and, at about ten o'clock that evening, was returning to my hotel at Calhoun, the nearest town. Never before had I seen such a night. The low-driving black clouds entirely obscured the moon; yet, the air—supercharged as it was with electricity—gave to each sable cloud a weird, fantastic touch of cadaverous light which only served to accentuate the already palpable darkness. Not a sound broke the painful, uncanny silence. Intuitively feeling the approach of the first outburst of the storm, I instinctively sought shelter beneath a mighty oak by the roadside.
Heavens, what a night for crime! The very air seemed thick with mystery. Ye Gods! What a crash! As a great ball of lightning descended upon a tree not thirty paces away, every leaf and twig of the landscape reeled with lurid vividness before my straining eyes. But heavens, look! (I had never seen the self-contained, emotionless Holmes look or speak thus before. I was actually uneasy about him, and pulled closer my doctor's satchel.) The sight which confronted my already overwrought mind made my blood freeze cold in my veins, while great drops of perspiration stood out upon my brow; for there, not forty feet away, every distorted feature showing, in that awful light, livid with a frenzy of fear, straining every nerve to maintain his terrible speed, a big man, in a gray military uniform, was running for his life. Close behind, malice and vengeance depicted upon every lineament of his grim, set face, gaining slowly, but surely, raced a little man in an olive drab uniform.

"Evidently some terrible tragedy was being enacted under my very nose. Then or never, was the time to act. Summoning all my energies, I started in pursuit; but, run as I would, I could not even hold my own against the terrible pace set by the big man in front.

"Halt!" came the sharp, sinister command of the pursuer. The word seemed to lend wings to the pursued; for, as the next ball of living fire lit up the landscape, with the cry of, 'Halt h—!" he wafted around the corner of Sloan's store, and disappeared, with a final heart-breaking burst of speed, into the inky darkness, while the pursuer gave up the chase and fell into walk. Just as the man in front of me uttered the first sentences of one of the most forceful and eloquent soliloquies I have ever heard, I stumbled over a loose stone, and fell heavily into the ditch. The result was such a badly sprained ankle that I could barely crawl through the now pouring rain to the nearby livery stable, and secure a hack in which to reach my hotel.

"The next morning, I had to set out for London. Before leaving Calhoun, however, I visited the scene of the night's adventure. The only sign left unobliterated by the downpour, was a single track left in some stiff clay by the big man. By means of my glass, I found that the track had been made by a dark-haired, dark-eyed, slightly knock-kneed man, six feet tall, weighing one hundred and ninety-eight pounds, and having a small scar upon his chin. Upon writing to the authorities, I found that a cadet named S—— exactly fitted this description. He was, however, reported as being in his room all night. As I heard no report of foul play, I let the matter drop. Some months later, upon the back of a newspaper clipping sent me from Clemson, I found the following lines, which you may read for yourself. I can't help thinking that they must have some connection with the case in hand."

THE RACE QUESTION

By Capt. J. C. M—————

Never before has it transpired in the course of human events that the race question has borne a deeper or more vital relation to military discipline than today; never before has military authority been more active in the pursuit of crime!

Having heard it repeatedly reiterated and reiterated over and over again several times that a cadet proverb runs, "Thinking makes a deep man, speaking,
a ready man, and running, a safe man, and wishing it to be distinctly understood that I'm in authority here, and that what I say goes—Here, unfortunately, the clipping ended.

"Thus, Watson, you now have the facts of my one unsolved mystery. Yes, here is a list of the Clemson Mysteries, and as tough a bunch as I ever tackled.

THE CLEMSON MYSTERIES

How Monster put out the burning building.
Why Dr. Sloan's knees don't swap sides.
How does Leander H. Green shave his under lip.
Why George Keitt's hair will never turn white.
How Tommy Hunter intends to propose—by the direct or the indirect method.
Why pine tops are so cheap in the Mess Hall.
Who slid from the German Room window?
Who has covered more ground in College than any other man?
Who stole Clement's German book?
A

Topics of the Day

ANNUAL Staff gets down to work,
Never yet;
Hayseed sections cease to shirk,
Never yet;
Senior privates "beat" no more,
"Profs." are ever on the go,
Every letter brings us "dough,"
Never yet!

"Far" has passed the "Dutch" exam.,
Never yet;
All the Profs. have ceased to sham,
Never yet;
"Shack" refrains from hasty flight,
When the "Captain" heaves in sight,
And pursues with all his might,
Never yet!

"Piggy" throws his stripes away,
Never yet;
Miley has a word to say,
Never yet;
"Shoat" sits up 'til after one—
Stays away from Pendleton,
After Friday's setting sun,
Never yet!

"Sport" has ceased to "beat the weed,"
Never yet;
Whittle generates some speed,
Never yet;
The bell for "Rev." gets out of whack,
"Doc." to us gives no more quack,
Graham will get his "sky-piece" back,
Never yet!
"Flem" his "Piedmonts" no more smokes,
   Never yet;
"Dickey" ceases cracking jokes,
   Never yet;
Every "Grad." will get a job,
The exchange will cease to rob,
  And a "Dip." will come to "Bob."
   Never yet!

This year's "Taps" is full of wit,
   Never yet;
Corp'rais do not think they're it,
   Never yet;
And with each succeeding josh,
  I can hear you cry, "O gosh!
Is he going to stop this bosh
   Never yet!
The Night Before Christmas

Christmas Eve! The bustling good-natured crowd surged down the brilliantly lighted street. In spite of the icy blast that sweeps over them, every face, from that of the downtown broker who glances with pardonable self-approbation at the heavily-laden porter, following him, to that of the little, weaned, newsboy who gleefully cons his greatly depleted stock, seems charged and surcharged with warmth and good cheer. The very sleet-laden gale itself casts its icy breath, like a benediction, over the throngs. Everything speaks of that joyful holiday, when there is "peace on earth and good will toward men!"

"Everyone, did I say? No! yonder crouched in that narrow crevice, between two buildings is a man who seems to have dodged the flow from the Horn of Good Cheer. To him, the crowds seem ill-natured, morbid creatures, devoid of feeling toward fellow creatures. Harpies who, their day's preying at end, are journey-home, to plan another like day. Thin, emaciated, he crouches in the crevices and watches with bitter eyes and more bitter thoughts the hurrying crowd.

"Christmas Eve!" the passing gale hears him mutter. "Christmas Eve! and I without a penny. Christmas Eve—I suppose Santa is pretty busy to-night. I wonder if St. Nicholas was ever 'busted'!—Ha! Ha! Ha! That's a good joke—St. Nick busted! B-r-r-r-r but that wind is cold—and, come to think of it, I'm pretty hungry too. Let me see—last meal was yesterday—no—day before yesterday. Perhaps I have been wrong in not asking for help. But it goes too much against the 'grain,' somehow. A hacking cough seizes and racks his frail frame. "Gee!" he resumes with grim humor, "my stomach feels like a New York bank, during the Panic! I'll have to do it. However repugnant the idea of a begging Gary is to me, that of a starved one is much more so. Come on, old man, here's where you get your first lesson in professional touching," and he leaves his comparatively sheltered nook to face the biting wind. Let us follow him, kind reader. For in him we see embodied one of Life's sad spectacles. Grim Want in the midst of plenty.

He turns aimlessly down a side street, seemingly engaged in summoning his last strands of strength to make this plea for aid. House after house, all emanating promises of good cheer he passes unnoticed. At last, assisted in his determination by an unusually severe blast, he turns up to the door of a small tenement and raps.

For a few moments—silence. He stands, conjuring from childhood's painfully vivid memory, pictures of the warm cheery dining room that should lie behind the door. He can almost see the gaily-decked tree laden with all kinds of "goodies,"—then the door opens.

"Good evening, ma'am," be begins, and then—"My God! Nell!" The woman in the doorway clutches the post for support.

"Jim!" she whispers, unbelievingly, "Jim, You here! Oh, why have you found me again!"

With a supreme effort he straightens himself and controls his voice.

"Why—but to wish you a merry Xmas—as of yore, Nell! You did not expect me to forget a friend did you?"

"No, you were never that sort; but, won't you come in?"
He hesitates, as if doubting his strength, then follows her through the hall to the parlor. There he stops, aghast, as the light from within falls on her black habit.

"Nell!" he gasps, "when, when—"

"He died six months ago," she says without emotion. "That's why I'm here; you see, we had to find a cheaper place."

"And the baby?"

Her eyes fill slowly, as she motions to an adjoining room. "In there dreaming of the Santa, who won't come. Oh, Jim! he is so hopeful: I told him that Santa was sick this time—and, see here—this morning I found this."

Gary takes the proffered scrap of paper and reads:

Deer Santa:

Please doan forget the ralerode mamma says you are sick, but she's only fuling. I put out the fire so you woodn't get burned.            

Harry.

Gary looks up, his eyes shining. "Poor little cuss!" he murmurs, his own sufferings forgotten. "Nell, he shall have his 'ralerode'. Let me play Santa, will you?"

"I-I couldn't, Jim, after—"

"Bosh!" he asserts pompously. "You—you—I think more of him than his fa— I mean—or—oh, you will let me have my way this time." And he is gone before she can remonstrate.

As Gary passes through the gate, he stoops and picks up something. Something that shines and glitters evilly in the wan light. It is only a faucet, but as he fondles it, a plan forms in his mind. With a chuckle of glee, he sticks it into his pocket, and starts once more back toward the richer part of the city.

The wind howls with redoubled fury about his bent figure, but he heeds it not at all. In fact, he notices nothing, but, mumbling to himself, continues on his way. A passerby catches a few incoherent words, stops, surveys him doubtfully; then with a noncommittal nod, hastens on to his own waiting fireside.

Gary walks a little farther and hides himself behind a pillar at the entrance of a private residence.

In a few moments, steps are heard. Nearer, nearer, they approach and finally pass. As they pass, he rises and follows.

"Pardon me," he murmurs, apologetically. "I have been detailed by his majesty, Santa Claus, to collect donations. Kindly contribute!"

The person addressed, turns and looks him over, then deeming him only some mild lunatic, turns to pursue his way. It is unfortunate for him that he does not listen. In Gary's brain something that has been sorely strained, snapped—and the next moment he is running for the little tenement, a bloody faucet in one hand and in the other a well-filled purse.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

About two hours after this, a sleepy patrolman stumbled on the body. His shrill whistle brought others; together they examined the remains, trying to find the "why" of the bloody deed.

"Pocketbook gone—must be work of some "yegg!"" announces one, conclusively. "Well, boys we can do nothing for him."

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“I can tell you who did it!” comes a calm voice behind them. They turn to see a man with a bloody faucet grasped in his hand, standing near. His eyes shine with unnatural brilliancy. “I can tell you who did it,” he repeats. “I did! Ha! Ha! Ha! yes. I did it, Want to know why? By order of the King. He,” pointing to the corpse, “wouldn’t obey orders and—. You’re surprised! I thought you’d be. Isn’t to-day Xmas and isn’t Santa King of Xmas? Well, he told me to do it.” And he laughs again. A horrible laughter, with no mirth to it. An officer taps his forehead suggestively.

“Plumb nutty,” he murmurs. “We’d better run him in, though. That thing in his hand might have inflicted such a wound.”

“Run me in?” gleefully breaks in the object of his attention. “Yes, run me in, for to-morrow’s Xmas, and there’s turkey and cake and cranberry—and say! Harry will get his ‘ralerode.’ Oh, yes, we musn’t forget that—Harry will get his ‘ralerode’.”

At the station house he will say only, that: “Santa told him and, he did.”

The sergeant orders him to a cell, and hints of the “Third Degree,” and “most likely—the Chair.”

But Gary never experienced either. In the morning, when they would have taken him for a hearing, they found him not. His soul had flown during the night to a more gentle court of mercy, ere the first beams of the sun, rising on another Xmas day, crept through the narrow window in order to bathe his dead face as in benediction and blessing.
A Few Moments With the Editor

Hello, that you, “Rachel?” What, don’t want us to allude to your losing your cap in Columbia. Too bad to have lost it. Didn’t you finally get it back? Well, well, where did you lose it? Oh, I see! All right, then, guess we had better keep it on the Q. T.

Hello, “Nick!” what can I do for you? I see. Lets hurry; there’s the bell for chapel. Don’t want us to allude to the length of your sojourn here; but would rather be put down as being heavy with the ladies. All right, we’ll do what we can for you.

Well, “Shoat,” what’s chewing on you? Don’t want us to mention Pendleton? Think she wouldn’t like it? Pshaw, man! you don’t do her justice, if you don’t give her credit for being able to enjoy a little joke. You’re speaking one for her and several for yourself. Oh, you don’t mind yourself? All on her account! All right, then, the sin be upon the head of the staff. Yes, you are absolved. Well, there’s the last for classes. So long!

Certainly, Professor. Yes, its ten extras, if I’m reported for staying behind after class. Oh, that’s all right, sir, I’m used to walking. About the Annual? W-e-l-l, of course, if you say so, we won’t. You know any little allusions to members of the faculty are made purely in the spirit of fun; and this fact (which, by the way, is true) is emphasized throughout our volume. We have no desire to say any word which will leave behind a pang (unintentionally, I have told the truth twice!). However, if you insist, we will make no allusion whatever to your department. Oh, I see! Don’t mind generalities; but don’t want your veracity questioned. Why, there has certainly never been any question about it, sir, in my mind, I assure you! We will do as you desire, sir. Have you signed one of these cards? Yes, only two dollars and fifty cents. Good morning, sir. (This was neither you nor Dr. Calhoun.)

What, you again, “Rachel?” Want to see me privately? Well, we weren’t going to do it anyway. You see, we have only a limited space devoted to grinds, and we felt that we couldn’t do you justice. Oh, don’t mention it! We are always glad to accommodate anybody when we can.

Hello, fellows! Got that Annual work done? What, didn’t have time? Too bad! Guess you mechanicals are pretty badly rushed. Well, I don’t see hardly how I can do it for you. You see I’m pretty busy myself. Well, try it one more time. No, I couldn’t get off to go to the dance; but I heard you had a great time. No, I can’t go with you all Saturday. Wish I could; but I’ve got a little Annual work to do. Yes, I know you’re rushed to death. So long!
“Stuck”

With Apologies to “Alf”

“TUCK,” “stuck,” “stuck,”
On this slick, smooth floor,— O gee!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me!

Oh, doggone that roommate of mine,
As he waltzes my partner away,
When he swore by all things divine
That he’d break me without delay.

And the stately couples pass on
To refreshments out in the hall;
But O for the touch of a fairy hand,
And the voice that is sweetest of all!

“Stuck,” “stuck,” “stuck,”
On the feet of a “Snag,” O gee!
And the happy chance of the waltz that
is gone
Will never come back to me.
A "Meddley"

Three students went up to the Discipline Com.,
To the Discipline Com., as the moon rose high,
And each shook in his boots, with a frenzied alarm,
And their friends as they passed heaved for them a sigh.
For some get caught, and others do not,
And some would get "shipped," if they chose 'em by lot.
And the Discipline Com. was waiting.

These boys had been caught in a grievous offense,
A monstrous misdeed in the sight of the Com.
While "having some fun" they a "rat" did incense,
And he ran to a "Prof." in well feigned alarm.
For some will peach, and others will not,
And now, with a wrath exceedingly hot.
The Discipline Com. was waiting.

Though, by merit, a "shipping" thrice over they'd won,
They "shipped" them for things that they never had done.
And they made them own up, scared 'most into fits.
To crimes from foul murder to the wearing of "cits."
Crimes which they never had thought of before.
And sent them next day to the dreary depot,
Where the homeward train was waiting.

MORAL

So live that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His stand before that grim and gloomy Com.,
Thou go not like the galley slave at night.
Scourged to his dungeon: but soothed and sustained,
By an unflattering tongue, approach the chair.
As one who wraps the drap'ry of duplicity
About him, and sits down to a pleasant chat.
The Craven

Edgar Awful Poor

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, while I squandered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious "paste-board," a little borrowed "dough"—
While we argued, nearly "scrapping,"
suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.
"'Tis some officer," I muttered, stepping back behind the door—
Behind a curtain—nothing more.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Filled me, thrilled me, with fantastic terrors, never felt before;
So that now to still the beating, of my heart I kept repeating,
"'Tis some officer 'dead-beating' tobacco at the chamber door—
This it is, and nothing more."

Deep into that silence peering, long he stood there, cussing, swearing,
Searching holes no Major, ever dared to search before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the darkness gave no token,
And the only words there spoken were,
"'I swan, he's got me sho'!"
These I muttered, and the darkness echoed back, "I gotcher sho'!"
Merely this and nothing more.

And the "O. D."—all commanding—there upon the threshold standing,
Got the basin full of water, just above the chamber door;
And his eyes had all the seeming, of a Demon's that is dreaming.
And the water o'er him streaming, fell in pools upon the floor;
And my mind was meditating on the extras that were waiting
To be walked—ah, evermore!
In the Classroom

J. C. Reid—In Political Economy

E walks in, takes his seat on the back bench as in bygone days, and unconsciously is asleep in five minutes. (Sleep comes during the interim occupied by the opening lecture.) “Well, Mr. Reid, what can you tell us of this new subject we are now taking up? Give us the sum and substance of what it has to do with.”

A nudge, and impressively wide awake, Reid is upon his feet, the following enunciation flowing fast and free: “Political Economy is that science which treats of the way in which one politician, by any means at his disposal, relieves his colleagues and his constituents of their possessions with the least expenditure on his part of time, labor, and capital.”

“Well, sir, it seems as tho’ you must have been dreaming politics, Mr. Reid.” “Yes, Professor, I dreamt the question was coming.” “That will do; sir, take your seat. A nap and a zero go well together.”

“Well, sir, Mr. Jeter, what does the author say of land, labor, and capital, the three instruments of production?”

“There are three instruments of production.”

“Yes, that’s right, what are they, Mr. Jeter?”

“Land, labor, and capital.”

“That’s right. What does the author say about land, the first instrument of production?”

“Land is the first of these three instruments of production.”

“Right. What has the author to say in dealing with labor, the second of these instruments of production?”

“Labor is the second instrument of production.”

“Correct, give us the substance of what your author says of capital, the third of these instruments.”

“Capital is the third instrument of production.”

“Very good. That’s the way I like to see a man get his lesson. Listen, learn, and appreciate. That will do, Mr. Jeter, you get a ten on that, sir.”

D. P. Folk and E. D. Clement—In German

“Well, Mr. Folk you look like a little Deutsche, suppose you give us a small dissertation in your native tongue on the lesson.”

“Yes, Professor, I know I look like a Gummun, but I ain’t. I am from Bamberg County in this state of Sout’ Carolina, and right there I’m going to live and die. They speak English down there. Only a German accent, sir.”

At this juncture Clement walks in with a most military stride, and bearing a German text under his arm.
“Why so military Mr. Clement?”

“Oh, excuse me, Professor! I thought I was coming into the presence of Count Bismarck, Mr. Folk there; excuse me, sir!”

“Yes, the mules of Bamberg County will think they have another Napoleon behind them, when Mr. Folk gets back to his native Styx?”

Clement sits down with the future tune of 20 and 200 ringing in his ears, and Folk retires into his shell.

**McQueen Quattlebaum—In Historical Geology**

Hearing Pitts, W. C. give the wrong answer to the question, as to two important branches of the Mollusks, McQueen interposes in this fashion:

“Fro—pro—pro—pro—fessor, Mr. P—Pitts is wr—r—r—rong, they are Ga—ga—ga—gastropods and Ceph—alopods.”

“A’right, Mr. Quattlebaum, that’s right. Now see can you give us another and somewhat lesser branch of these Mollusks?

“Gra—gra—granny, Professor, it might be lesser, but the name is about a mi—mi—mile longer.”

“Well its possible that you might draw it out that much longer, but let’s have it anyhow.”

“All right! I’ll tr—try. It’s La—la—la—m—m—m—mellibr—r—r—branch i—a.”

“That’s it. Seems as tho’ your throat is giving you trouble to-night, Mr. Quattlebaum.”

“N—no, professor, it’s just the hi—i—ic—coughs.”

(A chorus of laughter follows this remarkable explanation from “down home.”)

**Covington—In Civil Engineering**

Though he hasn’t seen the lesson, Covington eagerly volunteers to demonstrate the first proposition that comes up. He is afraid he won’t get to go to the board otherwise. Once at the board, he marks off about eight feet of board space, and proceeds to sketch a landscape, supposed to be somewhere in Marlboro County. In a grove, he places a little cottage with trailing vines all about, a girl-like figure in the doorway, and white rabbits playing in the front yard. Above all, the smoke curls upward in two peaceful spirals. “Jimmy,” now turns around with a new-moon smile on his placid countenance, and gives everybody the wink as he writes under his sketch the words, “After Grad.”

The Prof. spys him from the far end of the room, and begins to approach; but before he arrives, “Jimmy” has erased everything except the two spirals of smoke. Hastily connecting them by a horizontal line, Jimmy makes such a lucid explanation of the curve of pressure, that the Prof. is bluffed into giving him a one. The whole section is astounded.

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Fleming—In Veterinary Science

Comes in (feet and all), and prepares to get on the back seat, but is called on before he sits down.

“Mr. Fleming, what effect would a division of the sympathetic nervous system have on an animal?”

“Monster” turns around with a hurt expression on his face and proceeds to theorize: “Well, Doctor, the only result that I can think of would be to cause insanity in the hind quarters, and—”

“Oh! Mr. Fleming, give us the symptoms of milk fever.”

The hurt look deepens into one of pain as “Monster” casts theory to the winds, and begins to relate his experience in holding off a milk-thirsty calf. But at this point, Mr. Sanders rises to a point of order, states the original question, and says: “I cannot corroborate Mr. Fleming’s statement. In my opinion the first symptom of milk fever is seen when the cow begins to stammer.”

Luckily the bell begins to ring about this time, and dispells the deep gloom that has settled over all.

Blair, Hyrne, and Jeter—In Chemical Lab.

In rushes the custodian. “Mr. Blair! Mr. Blair!! Mr. Blair!!! You are a terrible fellow!! Look at your beaker under the hood! The solution is all spattering out! Its ruined!! Oh, my! Oh, my! What will become of you?? Mr. Hyrne, turn down your gas lamp flame about seven feet, please!! Oh, when will I ever instill into you boys’ heads the theory and practice of economy in using gas?? Mr. Jeter! Mr. Jeter!! What are you thinking about?? You are running that test entirely too fast!! All your carbon dioxide is rushing through the tubes without being absorbed!!! Pay attention! Pay attention! Think!! Think what you are doing, all of you! Oh, what a mistake!!! Can’t multiply by two without going wrong?? You can’t put any confidence in these results!! Start it over! Start it over! That’s the way to do when you are not absolutely sure.” The familiar “pit, pat, pit, pat, pit, pat,” announces that somebody has gone again.

“Now, by granny,” quoth the reviving John Blair, “maybe we can get in a word edgeways before he gets back.”
Clemson College Dictionary

Brass, n.: A metallic ore sent to Clemson annually for reduction. The operation consists in burning thoroughly and pounding out the dross, "gall," and other impurities, with bayonets, etc.

Broke, adj.: The condition of a cadet, when he had rather write home than to his best girl.

Burn, v.: To "warm up" a cadet preparatory to having him booked for the Saturday afternoon races in which the long-winded fare better than the fleet.

Club, n.: 1. A labor union among cadets, which hopes through co-operation to cut down the work hours, and to increase the joys of jail life.

2. A source of domestic revenue for the Annual.

Date, n.: 1. A tropical fruit very seldom gathered by cadets except during the summer, or while away on leave of absence. Is closely associated with peaches.

2. An engagement to call on a young lady.

Deadbeat, n.: 1. One who does not use the pills given him by the Doctor.

2. Anyone who happens into your room just as you finish making the cocoa and opening up the boxes of eatables.

Dip, n.: 1. Formerly meant an article made of equal parts of skin and paper, but at present is made wholly of paper subjected to superheated air.

2. The "Holy Grail" of all cadets, found only after they become older and wiser.

3. A ticket entitling cadets to become free citizens.

Extra, n.: 1. A kind of exercise indulged in by disciples of the "Free Thinkers" creed who refuse to be cramped in their actions by the regulations.

2. A slow waltz without music.

Forage, v.: The method of getting desirable articles of food that do not come in the authorized diet. Usually practiced only by soldiers when in the enemy's country, and by cadets, with whom "swiping" and "hooking" are not to be thought of.

Graft, v.: 1. To cause anything to live and grow upon the strength gathered by another of the same species. Hence, used as a noun, it means any kind of parasitical growth (other meanings can probably be had by applying to higher authorities, such as the latest edition of the Century Dictionary).

Gym, n.: A substitute used by cadets for the exercise received on the "dear old farm."

Haze, v.: 1. To stare at, or ask questions of a dumb animal.

2. To advance a new cadet one class higher.
Punky, a: 1. A bad play, or a poor attempt at anything is said to be punky.
2. Worthless, rotten.

Rat, n: 1. An animal protected from poachers by law; hence dangerous to molest.
2. A combination housemaid, messenger and errand boy, and general valet.
3. An adventurer into Clemson society, accepted only after one year's good conduct.

Reduce, v: 1. To cause to collapse.
2. To remove the oxygen.
3. To appoint a cadet to the rank of private from an office.

Set, n: A crowd of cadets co-operating to keep other cadets from joining with them.

Shipped, v: To be granted a pardon before the complete sentence has been served.

Snag, n: 1. Anything under the surface of the water that punctures the bottom of boats or cripples swimming fowls, thus causing leaky boats and lame ducks.
2. A particularly hard exam.
3. Any tough proposition.

Soup, n: 

Syrup, n: An omnipresent watery fluid, which serves to increase the indigestibility of bread.

Work, v: 1. To cause a Prof. to give one a first grade by drawing on one's imagination for the answer.
2. To outwit anyone.
The Charge of the Pendleton Guards

Everyone, everyone,
Everyone onward!
Out past the commandant,
Streaked the three hundred.
"Forward, the Light Brigade!
On to Pendleton!" he said:
Into that valley of sleep,
Strode the three hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismay'd?
Not though the cadet knew
Someone had blundered:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to skiddoo by:
Into that valley of sleep,
Strode the three hundred.

Flash'd all their nickels bare,
Flash'd as they turned in air,
Buying cheese and crackers there,
Tired and hungry.
While all the world wonder'd:
Wreath'd in tobacco smoke,
Until every man was broke,
"Dope" and soda bottles
Fell 'neath their eager stroke,
Shattered and sundered:
Then they "hiked" back; but not,
Not the three hundred.

"Profs." to the right of them,
"Profs." to the left of them,
"Profs." in front of them,
Look'd wise and grumbled:
Stormed at with questions well,
Each erstwhile hero fell:
Those who had charged so well
Went through the jaws of Minus,
Into the mouth of Mell;
Every darned one of them,
Entire three hundred.

When can their class be made,
Lost by this —— parade!
All the world wonder'd.
Honor the Light Brigade!
Honor the classes they made,
Reinstated three hundred!
A Day with the Hayseeds

And it came to pass early in the history of our senior year, in the second year of the reign of Captain Josiah, that we got wisdom and understanding exceeding much. It was then that our desires for retired life began to increase, and our hopes for dwelling among those that live in ease made us rejoice greatly.

Even though there was reveille at six-thirty, in the morning of this second day of the week, we assembled not at this formation, nor did we bear the policeman's inspection. Nor did we assemble ourselves together at any of those military functions that entice us from slumber, and are a weariness to the flesh.

But at the third hour of the day, aroused we ourselves from heavy slumber, and straightway assembled ourselves in the temple, where the Chief Priest, the Great Warrior, and the Rulers had gathered themselves together. Then the Great Warrior spake unto us saying, "Whosoever shall violate the commandments of this book, long shall be his days of imprisonment, and many shall be the cubits he shall walk on the evening before the Holy Sabbath.

At the fourth hour of the day, we assembled before the great lawgiver of the land, and were smitten down, because we had sinned against him by yawning in his holy presence, and had attended a social function, and had never laughed at his sayings of old.

And at the fifth hour, we rested from all our labor, but at the sixth hour, we were placed in the army of the Great Warrior, and were ruled over without compassion; for he commanded us saying: "Thou shalt not raise thy hand, nor turn thy head, neither to the right nor to the left. Nor shalt thou spit upon the ground over which thou walkest, nor raise thy small voice to speak to thy neighbor which is by thy side. But thou shalt be diligent in the service of thy master which is over thee, that thy days of freedom may be long, and that thou mayest be crowned with the honor which is in store for thee.

Now on the seventh hour of the day, assembled we in a great lower room, and besought him saying, "Give us to eat." And the maker of the feast commanded us to sit down in companies of twelve. And we sat down. There was one loaf and no fishes. And we blessed it not, and received not. And we that did eat were twelve, and were filled not. And gathered they up not a fragment for the waste-basket. Then straightway we marched out.

At the eighth hour, assembled we in an upper room, and listened to the venerable Patriarch, who spoke of wisdom concerning the union of elements, to produce either good or bad influences upon the land which the Lord our God letteth us get. And while the good teacher taught us, the unwise sons slumbered and slept. And suddenly a great cry was made, "He calleth on you! Go ye at once and answer him! Then the unwise son said unto them, "Give me of
thy knowledge, lest I fall short of the mark." They said unto him, "We have none to spare."

And he arose saying, "Here am I master, question me." And lo! he had not been called upon, but had been deceived by a wicked and deceitful generation. But lo! when he was called upon, his wisdom being small of stature, he ascended into the uppermost branches of a "tree," that he might escape the wrath that was to come. He was weighed in the balances and found wanting.

Then the great teacher warned them saying, "Be ye awake; for ye know not the minute of the hour ye may be called upon."

When the ninth hour of the day came, we were brought into a house of mirth. The ruler of this house taught us saying, "This is a time of great "Cry-sis." Then burst a mighty shout from the assembly. And the ruler of this house was angered and said: "Depart from me, ye doers of iniquity! Ye foolish men! Thou shalt be brought to judgment!" And they besought him saying, Daddy, we have sinned grievously against thee and humbly beseech thee that thou sendest us not out to be brought before the unjust ruler. Suddenly there appeared unto them the Chief Priest, and he spake unto our Father saying, "Thou shalt teach thy sons the paths of duty, obedience, and quietude." And the Father said unto the Chief Priest, "Who set thee ruler over me?" Because of the hardness of heart of the Father, the Chief Priest departed.

And the loving Father had compassion on his children, and sent them not away.

Now the great Father resumed his teaching, but soon his children forgot the solemn vow that they had vowed unto him, and so great was the outburst from the throats of his children, that the room was shaken and almost torn asunder.

And the wrath of the Father was kindled mightily against them, because they had broken the vow. Then he said unto them: "Ye foolish sons! Thou hast committed an unpardonable sin! Get thee hence at once!" And we departed, and rested from our toil till the morrow.
Senior Track Meet

It having been a subject of much wrangling and dispute as to who were the most proficient track athletes of the Class of '09, a track meet was arranged in which every member of the class competed for every event. The following results, being officially declared, made it possible for peace to be among us again.

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<th>Event</th>
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<td>&quot;Shack&quot; Sheely</td>
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<td>Heavy Word Throw</td>
<td>Sanders</td>
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<td>Walk (with rifle)</td>
<td>Rivers</td>
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<tr>
<td>Onion Race</td>
<td>&quot;Carl, Sr.&quot; Baldwin</td>
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<td>Ground Covering Contest</td>
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<td>&quot;Still&quot; Run</td>
<td>{ &quot;Pompey&quot; Evans, &quot;Leander&quot; Green } tie</td>
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<tr>
<td>Broke Back Race</td>
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<td>Marathon Race</td>
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<td>High Jumping Contest</td>
<td>Senior &quot;Bulls&quot;</td>
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<td>&quot;Foot&quot; Race</td>
<td>Monster Fleming</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sentinel's Walk</td>
<td>Chamness</td>
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STEAM LAUNDRY
Clemson College, S.C.

Cadet: Fleming
Rank: 993 Room No. 219
Floor: 2 Date: 12/19/05

EXPLANATION:
Absence from duties
at 2 P.M.

Absent on leave.
CONFINEMENT LIST.

EXPLANATION:

Date of Report March 31, 1908.

Name William Mitchell

No. of room 03, 11th

REPORT: 

Linden Corneli. Ont.

J.C. Morris

on canvas during

D.D. Reports

Adam, W.T. 
River, H.R.

Baldwin, C.E.

Colle. &

Revue, 7-18

Violation of Var. 303

Sleeping in church.

Trying to look militar

Stealing in his sleep

Some
A Nightmare of An Alumnus

LAST night I dreamt I was exempt from every kind of joy,
And was once more a sad and sore and hungry Clemson Boy.
Methought I passed with footsteps fast before some men I knew:
If you have time to read my ryme, I'll tell them off to you.

Among the Profs. who taught the Sophs the rudiments of "Chem."
There was a fel who used to yell, "'Now, Gentlemen—ahem—
This H2O, I'd have you know, can constitute with ease
Steam, water, ice, it's very nice. Turn off the faucet. please."

There was a man whose name I can with readiness recall.
Who oft would say jackasses bray and then begin to bawl,
"An empty cart, I'll cross my heart, will make the greatest din."
Till one would shout "Say, how about a wagon load of tin?"

Another one with compressed fun would sometimes seem to choke.
I stopped awhile beneath his smile and listened to a joke.
His gentle wit gave me a fit—it lasted all the week,
All I could say was "Hip, Hooray!" and shriek and shriek and shriek.

And so they go, the quick, the slow, the sober and the friskey.
And some you see drink only tea, and some like "fuss X" whiskey.
And some you find are very good, and others very bum,
And some I know could wiser grow—and so ad nauseam.

"06"
The Fair Trip

It did not have to be driven into us like a math lesson, that something was wrong, radically wrong: Captain Minus arose to speak with a smile-flickering about the back of his ears instead of having the celebrated book of regulations in his hand. Every cadet sat in breathless silence awaiting the result of the bomb that was likely to strike at any old place, and at any old time. When he announced without a characteristic left-hand gesture that the corps was going to the Fair, and did not call attention to the Utopian plan, or to paragraph 189 college regulations, every boy felt a double load lifted from his heart. Though you couldn’t hear it, you could see, feel, and taste the involuntary, “Thank God!” Each cadet was glad that he was going to the Fair, but was far more pleased that he had not been the victim of the commandant’s wrath.

Then followed letters, letters, letters—as the Post Mistress (Pharaoh had a cinch with his locusts!)—to father, mother, sister, brother, cousin, uncle, aunt, every kith and kin, and the steps and in-laws of all these. Never such letters ever passed though the mail before; loving, sweet, appealing letters, that would have melted the heart of the Hampton Monument. There went out from Clemson one continuous stream of letters, letters, letters, long letters, short letters, black letters, blue letters, red (read) letters, and unred (unread) letters; but all one burden bore, the substance of which was, “shoot the dough.” Whether this great flood of letters brought the “rocks” or not, is not known; but this we do know, by Monday morning, there was enough in barracks for every cadet to rake, scrape, beg, borrow, or otherwise get enough to purchase a ticket.

Bright and early Monday morning, before the sun arose, everybody, with a roll of bedding across his shoulder,
like a soldier, was out upon the parade ground. With shouldered rifle, grip in hand, "dough" (oh! glorious dough!) in the pocket, they marched away. Hoolay! Big day!

After a brief march, and a wait that seemed like ages, we were on board the train for Columbia. We stopped at Greenville and Spartanburg. (Such a blazing slow train!)

Some of us, thinking that we would accommodate the Commandant by getting off without bothering him for a permit, became so pricked of conscience that we remained in our tents several days after we were encamped. (So bad when one has such a sensitive conscience!)

We were marched into our new camp, which had been fixed up by Sergt. "Gooble." We stood around like lost pups on a rainy day, wondering what to do. Night was coming on, and there was nothing about our tents that suggested a night's sleep, or anything in sight that appealed to a demanding stomach. Sergt. "Gooble" came around. "Dim it! go to yonder hay and make your beds," pointing to a pile of "stuff" that appeared to be reeds, cornstalks and sticks, all matted together by mud from recent freshets. We succeeded in securing a few axes, a couple of picks, and a saw or two; and, after a few hours' work, we had it broken up enough to get it into our mattress covers. My! My! What a bed! I feel like taking off my hat and begging a rock pile's pardon every time I think of comparing our bed to it.

To those who haven't experienced it, we would say that camp life is mainly an elimination and substitution. We had to eliminate breakfast, dinner, supper, bedding, fire, etc., and substitute some way of keeping alive on one fresh (Father, forgive me. Methuselah was a baby!) sandwich bi-daily, and some way of keeping from freezing, when you had to sleep in wet clothes all night, and the temperature was three hundred below zero. All told, however, it was a grand time. Meals were served in rare style; guess it was rare—at least, none of us ever before drank, broke, and ate steak (bull) fried in freezing sooty water, flavored with cinders and seasoned with ashes.

Notwithstanding the few little (Gee, big as the continent of Asia!) inconveniences we may have had, the week was one continuous round of pleasure. We saw everything from guinea pigs up past
"Theo" to the air ship (stayed largely upon neutral grounds, depending upon the position of the faculty). The first thing that attracted the attention of us "Rats," was the wholly incomprehensible mass of conglomerated noises that nearly burst our eardrums. Cocks crowing, hens cackling, horses neighing, jackasses braying; cows lowing, bulls (not common conception at Clemson) bellowing, bands playing, men yelling in broken English: "Hurree! Hurree! Hurree!" "See the air ship go up!"

"Git yer sovenir wip and cane, hier!" "She make you smilee!" And other expressions that became familiar to us before the week was over. It certainly reminded us of the general conception of that place. And it rained!

Some great phenomena happened during that week. Strange to say, every boy had parents, uncles, aunts, or some other close kin in the city; and the Commandant had to sign permits till his fingers were paralyzed. But he was kind, and let us remain out till twelve o'clock, under the condition that we be sure and report back by that time. By some miraculous means, every man (six hundred) reported back at exactly twelve o'clock. (My, but the corporal was easily bluffed!). How we got back is still one of the unsolved mysteries of the age. When the last car came in, everybody managed to hang up, though "Leander" caught on to a "banana joint" for a street car, and "Pompey" was chased over the city by a drove of blue bears; but they got there just the same. When we waded, swam, dived, into camp at twelve, no one bothered to comment upon the sleepy sentry's doleful change from: "Twelve o'clock, and all is well" to "Twelve o'clock, and cold as h—!" And it rained!

The only real misfortune we had during the entire week, was that by some means or other we angered the Gods of games, and they laid their hands upon some of our best players and blessed them not. And it rained!

We were scheduled to have a parade every afternoon, but as we did not have a sufficient number of life-preservers, it was postponed. (One blessed thing the rain did.) The trip was of great scientific importance; for it proved out Darwin's theory, that all animals will adapt themselves to their surroundings. During the week, all of us became amphibious beings. (Had to or drowned.) And it rained!

Everybody was going home from the fair, but for some reason or other they changed their minds. (Gee, how one little man can change the minds of men?) We got back tired, hungry, sleepy, and broke, broke, broke!
The Rustic

OM’S BACK!"

This from little Marjory to her tall and comely sister, who was reading in a corner of the room. The news had a peculiar effect upon her. Her cheeks turned a sudden bright scarlet, and she rose hastily from her chair, dropping the book on the floor.

"When did he get back, Margy? How does he look? Where is he?" The questions were hurled with bewildering rapidity at the little sister.

"‘Dunno," replied that little miss, nonchalantly; ‘reckon he’s went up by Dodson’s store. He’s lookin’ swell, too. Got on clothes like all them city fellers wear."

"Dear Tom!" murmured the other, as she rapidly dressed herself, preparatory to the visit she knew Tom would soon make, “I—I suppose he’s fixed up stylishly since he went off to College, and—and I’m sure he hasn’t changed towards me. He—he said he never would."

She finished her dressing, and restlessly sat down to await his coming. Long minutes dragged into an hour—still no sign of Tom. Finally, the girl, unable to longer restrain herself, put on her hat, and left the house, ostensibly for the purpose of taking a walk, really, to meet Tom—quite by accident, of course.

She turned up the road that led to Dodson’s “General Merchandise Emporium,” and suddenly she stopped, flushed, and held her breath in exultation, for there, coming toward her, was her Tom. Her Tom, and yet another Tom! The same boy, and yet oh! how changed! He had left for college, an ordinary, bright, country lad, and here, in nine months, he had returned, a finished product of the city.

“How handsome he looks!” breathed the girl.

He did not see her until he had approached to within a few feet, and then a hearty—

“Why, Alice! How you’ve grown!” accompanied by a—handshake.

The girl looked doubtfully at his extended hand, and then slowly took it. The boy didn’t notice her lack of haste; he was standing before her, in a position which said, as plainly as words—“Admire me!”

“How—how you’ve changed, Tom,” she said slowly.

“For the better, I hope?” replied he airily, fishing for a compliment.

“Yes, you do look handsome.”

His vanity was flattered, consequently he was in a good humor. Laughingly, he joined her on her walk, and their talk drifted back to his ante-college days.

“Do you remember,” he said lightly, “what fools we used to be about each other? Used to think we were in love. I had the best case of puppy-love one ever heard of, and I’ll bet my Panama hat against a nickel that you did too—now own up, didn’t you?”

The poor girl’s cheeks were white.

“Yes,” she answered slowly, smiling painfully all the while, “I—I did used—to—think—that—I—I loved—you.”

“Goodness! what foolish kids we were,” he soliloquised grandly, in his newly acquired superior manner; “seventeen years old, and in love! Oh, well! I suppose all children have their little fun, don’t they?”
"Oh, yes! they have their fun," she echoed, acquiescently, scarcely knowing what she said. "Yes, they have their fun, if—if that's your idea of it; but let's—let's—let's talk of something besides what—what fools we used to be."

The conversation continued laggingly. Tom carried it on, and the girl didn't care. She was stunned! An occasional monosyllable she gave him for an answer, and he, disgustedly, left her at her gate, marvelling greatly at the girl's seeming dullness—she had changed so.

"What a peculiar girl Alice is," he mused, "seems to have lost all the sense she ever had, too. Gosh! and I was a fool over her—once. Thank goodness, I recovered. When I get to the marrying age, it'll be a sensible city girl with an education for yours truly."

After Tom left her at the gate, Alice rushed to her room, and threw herself on the bed in a tumultuous passion of sobs, giving full vent to her long pent-up feelings.

"Oh! Tom, Tom," she sobbed, "you—you forgot me!"

* * * * * * *

The village was agog with merrymaking. Every day picnics and excursions were being held at and to the nearby places of beauty and interest.

In every community there is one girl who is generally conceded to be the superior of the others, and just so it was in this set. Tom's friend, Alice, was the recognized leader. It goes without saying, too, that Tom, newly home from college, should be the most sought-after boy.

So, in this way, the two were thrown constantly together, and to his surprise, Tom found Alice, bright, merry, vivacious, and witty, and as she was the belle of the village, Philosphical Tom argued that the right to be her escort would be quite a feather in his cap. He was intensely egotistical, and the fact that any rustic maid could possibly withstand his innumerable charms never crossed his mind.

"Alice," he said one day, at a picnic, "do you remember what we used to be to each other, before I went to college? I"—

He was interrupted by a merry peal of bubbling, infectious laughter from the girl by his side. It somewhat dampened his ardor; but he continued, desperately.

"We used to be sweethearts, you know, then."

Her laughter subsided enough for her to exclaim—

"And, oh, Tom! Do you remember what fools we used to be?"

He gazed at her in astonishment.

"Er—er—yes—that is—No! We weren't fools at all, we"—

"But, Tom, you were the one that said we were fools, not two months ago. I laugh every time I think of how much puppy-love we were infected with, then. It was too ridiculous."

"But—but, Alice," remonstrated the bewildered, erstwhile, heart-breaker, "you see—I—that is I'm in love with you now!"

The girl looked at him a moment in silence, seriously, as if trying to fathom his rather shallow thoughts. As if amused by what she saw there, two bewitching dimples appeared, and again she laughed lightly.

"Tom," she said, "will you tell me one thing, frankly?"

"Yes, dear."
Instantly her expression grew serious. "Look here, Tom," she said, "I have not given you permission to use any endearing terms toward me, and—I don't—wish—you—to—do—it. Do you understand?" Her smile returned. "The question I was going to ask is, 'How many girls have you told that same thing to in the past twenty-four hours'?”

Tom was off his guard.

"Not but—that is, none but you," he eagerly remonstrated.

"Er, Tom," she said dryly, "go back to college another year, and practice on your city friends; and then, if you get to be a good actor, why some of these girls might believe you. You see, I have heard your impassioned speeches from the lips of—well, two other girls. Come, let's go, there's Fred waiting for me now. Handsome fellow, isn't he?" she added mischievously.

O. R. C., 1911.

THE EMPTY MAIL BOX

Dedicated to A. L. Harris

I turn the key and peep within,
And, old mail box, you're empty again:
Just fifteen times I've been out here,
And there's nothing in you but atmosphere.
Instead of a letter of a dozen pages,
There's nothing in you but the "dust of ages."
I'll lock you up, and throw away the key,
For that little girl's gone back on me.

SOME NEW COMMANDS IN DRILLING

Blair, J. R.—Forward pass, march!
Whittle, A. C.—Twos by right, march!
Clark, O. M.—Forward, guide north, march!
Dominick, W. G.—In standing at parade rest, always throw your weight on your hind feet.
Sanders, H. K.—Change feet, march!
How the "Bull Section" Spent Last Summer

Brandon—Persuading Indiana hens to enter the ministry.
Blake—Fighting flies and grandstand mosquitoes.
Barnett—Keeping that Westminster postmaster busy all the time.
Brockington—Brushing and petting hens.
Clark—Enjoyed high life on horseback.
Fleming—Instructed Southern mountaineers in the ways of righteousness.
Green—Trying to demonstrate to an Abbeville girl how one and one make one.
Sanders—Verifying the saying, "The man behind the plow."
Shealy—Threading needles and turning sewing machines.
Watkins—First here, then there; first this, then that.
Whittle—Waiting for time to pass away.
"Selections from the 'Nine Classics'."

A SCHOOLBOY'S LIFE

A boy hafter to go to school to learn how to read write and spell. When they start to school they hafter start in the first grade and bill themselves up. They hafter study hard and know their lessons don't they will hafter set in while outhers are out at pleay. They hafter study all kind of books to learn anything at all. When they get threw with the old field school then they go of to college and study hard to make there classes. Sometime they hafter walk four or five miles to school and when they get there their feet are wet and no stove to dry them so they hafter set there all day with wet feet and probably bee sick. But at college they have good buildings and good heaters to keep you dry and warm, so it is much better to study hard at home and prepare your self for college in your yung days. When you get threw school then you can get you a job of work most any where so it is better for you to go to school and study. A well educated man can get a job most anywhere. There are a place for any educated man to get a job. So it is best for any boy to study hard and try to get threw college.

DANGERS OF AN ENGINEER

There are a grate many dangers in all engineering, some are not as dangerous as others. electricle and locomotive engineering are the most dangerous, I think. There are locomotive engineering, electricle, civil and stationery. The locomotive engineers are in danger of boiler busting, running of the track, running into open switches, headins, running into trussells, that have been washed away—and other things. A electricle engineer are in danger of touching something through a mistake and get killed. Civil engineering is not much dangerous, but they sometimes they get killed, bitten by a poisonous snake, shot through axident, and other different things. The stationery engineer are in danger of the boiler busting, something braking and hitting them, something falling on them, getting tangled up in the belt, and other things. I prefer electricle engineering.

THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD

The Vicar of Wakefield had two boys and two girls and two little children. Their names were George and Moses and Sophy and Olivia. One night Mister Primrose's house burnt up, and just before the roof fell in and Mister Primrose run in and got the two little children and just as he got out the house fell in. One time Mister Primrose got in jail and George came to the jail and woke his father up. Him and another fellow got in a scrap and George come to his farther all bloodied up.
From a Professor's Scrap Book---Facts

The roufe rodes has bin fixt.
Dedd soldiers that had been slain.
Irvin, while a mere child, like to steal off from home.
roughcon—ruffian.
A fowling piece is an instrument to catch fowls with.
The witches wife is named Mary.
The nun, she is a timid animal.
Dear Sir—the matter in which you preferred will be recently attended to.
The other horse did not get frightened, but as soon as the other horse started to run, he started to run also.
Argument is intended to prove that which is false is true.
I found his family consisting of the young lady, who had gone in swimming with him and a sweet little baby.
A little maiden with a fair complexion of about sixteen summers.
Metaphor is a compressed smile.
Stevenson's first books were mostly friction.
The most of his works were in short poems and tails, none of which are very long.
Redundency is using unnecessary words for which we have no use.
The warmth of the weather has came.
His views about the shape of the earth was round.
On one occasion he went on a bigamy expedition, and then committed suicide.
Washington Irvin made a scour of the country.
Auto—pertaining to; as, autograph, pertaining to graft.
The dogs announced that the coon had gone up a tree by changing the tone of their yelp.
We went up the track and tried to stop it.
The change of the point of view should never be changed.
Sing, Solo, Plu, Duet. Duchess—a female Dutch man.
For sale—Baby carriage, slightly used—Going out of business.
Wanted—A boy to take care of a herd of cattle of excellent morals.
Lost—Near Clemson College, one greased pig. Had no marks on his ears except a short tail and a crooked leg.
A Talkalogue at Dinner Hour

Watch the wagging of the jaws
Six hundred jaws.
What a world of work they'd do
Without a pause!
Watch them pulling, biting, teasing at a piece of bull at noon:
While the waiters are a-lunching,
Here we go to them a punching
For more beef, in busy tune,
Keeping time, time, time,
In a gorgeous, hungry rhyme,
On that endless mastication that so regularly draws
Up and down the jaws, jaws.
Jaws, jaws, jaws, jaws,
Up and down with trying energy, the jaws.

CONCERNING THE MESS HALL

Never judge the quality of the food by its appearance. If you do, you will
miss some of the best things on the menu.
When the adjutant makes a slip of the tongue in his announcements, it is
the duty of everybody to cheer him loudly—excepting only the O. D., who will
search out and report anyone who does not make noise enough.
When you go to dinner, do not forget your "raisins." They are the best
part of the pudding.
Remember that you can get part of the "bull," all the time, and all the "bull"
part of the time; but never be deluded into thinking that you can get all the "bull"
all of the time.
It is strictly forbidden for anyone to leave the dining parlor on nights before
holidays or "big days" without spinning several plates on the floor.
Always bring out a handful of bread to throw at the O. G. and Sergeant of
the Guard at the doorway. That is the purpose in having them posted at those
places.
Watch your neighbor who has been getting all the milk for the last three
times. When he looks around for a waiter, add enough salt to his food to give it
a "German" taste.
If you have sufficient nerve, you may go directly into the kitchen after some-
ting to eat; but if you have sufficient gristle, you need not go, for you won't get
anything else.
Do you see that '08 innovation of pinetops on every other table? Touch
them not, for though "They toil not neither do they spin," yet they draw a salary
of one dollar per cadet, every month.
Cadets not able to provide themselves with rock-crushers will be forced to
become disciples of "Fletcherism."
ALL NIGHT SENTINELS
Put on Everywhere

HAZING ABOLISHED
At Last
Nothing to Eat in Mess Hall

FOR THREE WHOLE DAYS
Growls Heard from Everywhere

LADIES' COMMONWEALTH ORCHESTRA ARRIVES
Give Excellent Recital

YOUNG PROFESSORS
Have Enjoyable Smoker
Two Cadets Leave College to get Married but Fail to

FIND AFFINITIES

DR. MELL and CAPT. MINUS
Discuss Welfare of Cadets

Two Rats

HAVE BLOODY SCRAP
About Mess Hall Fare

CADETS TAKE SIDES
And Applaud Loudly

PROF. BRAMLETT ORDERS
Cadets Away From Store

Seniors all Buy

THREE VOLUMES ENTITLED
"Shakespeare's Plays"

A Cadet Found Who Knows

HOW TO BE A COMMANDANT

HARVEST MOON FULL
Halloween Dreams Told
By all at Breakfast

PROF. DOGGETT
Gives all Seniors a P in Dutch

OVERFLOWING
Of River Attracts Much Attention

ENTIRE FACULTY
Forbid Cadets to

GET DRUNK
While

AT STATE FAIR
Cadets Remain Sober and Come Back

WITH EXCELLENT RESULTS
From the Trip
The ’09 Machine

Governor—Contessor Clark
Crank—Snipe Sanders
Eccentric—Hump Spratt
Wasted Energy—Tommy Hunter
Igniter—McIver
Extra Piece—Boyce Wolff
Belt—Bookety Odom
Fly Wheel—Byars
Lubricator—Doc Reeves
Seat—Teague
Stuffing—Wootan
Fire Box—Willie Green Hyrne
Safety Valve—Peggy Shuler
Sand Box—Leander H. Green
Blower—Prep Harris
Spark—Strick Coles
Gas Pipe—Far Bissell
Sucker Chamber—“Little Carl” Baldwin
Overflow—Shack Shealy
Head Light—George Keitt
Nozzle—Early—Chamness
Fuel—E. H. Wood
Air Brake—Aunt Rachel Graham
Whistle—Jim Covington
Belle—Shoat Pridmore

A FEW MOTTOES

“Shoat”—On to Pendleton.
“Bookety”—Don’t do to-day what you can put off until to-morrow; for someone may do it for you.
“Pompey”—If you see anybody named Pompey, that’s me.
“Leander”—Be sure fruit-stands are not street cars.
“Sarge”—What did she say?
“Hump”—Don’t worry, for to-morrow may never come.
“Bran”—Do others or they do you.
“Wood”—I would if I could—but my suspenders are too short.
Gags

There was a great Captain nam'd Hyrne,
Who could never abstain from a "burn."
His carriage was such
That when by you he'd brush,
You'd, turning, exclaim, "Well, gosh durn!"

There was a young fellow named "Far,"
Who in German was truly a star,
When the Prof said, "Why, Pard,
Do you study so hard?"
Said the class all together, "He-haw!"

There was a professor named "Col."
Who taught us "Alchemy" infol.
When he skipped in his book,
"Flem" the tall timber took,
And guessed against hard luck etol.

There was a professor named S—,
Who truly was death on the C—,
When his monthly review
The students came to,
They cried in their torture, "Oh, D—!"
Jarring the Immortals

BENEATH the sublime blueness of the skies, stepping to the music of the spheres, walked three great Patriarchs. Their hoary heads were bent in meditation.

The aged Patriarch, carrying under his arm volumes of the world's masterpieces, was saying in distress, "I fear I see my finish; I find in here," as he tapped with his finger a "Clemson College Chronicle," "masterpieces written by E. H. W.—to which my "Venus and Adonis, etc." would fade into nothingness. I hereby believe I shall have to yield him my place as master of the literary world." And the old man sobbed aloud.

"I, too, have my greatest rival at that place," broke in the thoughtful old soldier, with a heavy Roman sword about his waist. "The way that great captain of Co. "B" handles a company, will make my expeditions into Gaul sink into oblivion," and the battle-scarred old warrior, covering his face with his hands, wept bitter tears of agony.

"Like both of you, I have my only rival in the oratorical world at that place," mumbled the stooped old man, as he shook his white head in despair.

"What will my feeble efforts against Eschines amount to, when compared to that silver-tongued orator's immortal speech upon the extermination of that 'ferocious animal,' the mosquito," and the old orator was almost convulsed with agony.

The three walked on in silence for a few moments. In an instant, Cæsar's face brightened, as he cried, "I have it!" and all stopped, simultaneously.

"Let us organize this world," he said, "and we shall run things our way."

"How are you going to do it?" asked Demosthenes.

"We'll use the Clemson College classmeeting method on them. You nominate me for president; and, when the question is put, we'll all hallow 'Aye,' as loud as we can howl. They'll think everybody is voting our way. Then, when I take the president's chair, Shakespeare, you nominate Demosthenes for vice-president; and, if they have got on to the game, and yell 'No!' as loud as thunder, I shall say the 'ayes' have it and it is so ordered. Mr. Demosthenes is Vice-President. In the same way we'll pull Shakespeare in as Sec.-Treas. Do you think that will work?" The question was useless; Demosthenes and Shakespeare were slapping Cæsar on the back saying: "Work! You have a head like a brass tack, Cæsar. Sure, it'll work." And it did.
The following letter was found the other day by the "Monster."

My dear miss—

I am so glad I met you the other night. I sure did enjoy myself. I like to enjoy myself. I speck you will be surprised to get this but as you’re so sweet, I thought I’d rite to you and try to cut Parcham out. I noticed the other nite that as soon as the waiter introduced me to you, old Parcham got up and I took his seat; I put rollers under several boys down there; I didn’t talk to but one girl that I seemed to love and I guess that you know who it is, if you don’t know, it is yourself.

I told Parcham this morning that I’d give him my fountain pen and some chewing gum as boot, if he would not go with you anymore. I believe I think more of you than Parcham does. You must write to me and tell me whether you will be his 'stute or mine. But remember, I love you more than Parcham does, because I bought a box of candy for you before I seen you. That box of candy ought to have been good for I paid ten cents for it. I havn’t paid for it yet, but I soon will pay for it. I had a fight the other day. I gave him a good whippin. Me and Pompey are the strongest boys in school. Don’t you like a strong man? I will close. I will send you some more candy soon. I am a Junior, I don’t know whether I shall leave here another year or not.

Thoufore close write soon

Yours faithfully

“Bran”
Meeting of Pendleton Guard Association

Willie Bookety W. F. Prep Odom, president of the association, leaning back in his chair, looking over his glasses, as a certain professor is wont to do when there's "hoss laugh" brewing, says, "The secretary will please call the roll."

The secretary commences: "Robt. Erskine E. Goody Blake, Leander Gratitude Herman H. Green, John Jackson Skeeball H. Runt Wilson, W. Camel Hump She-no-mova-da-feet Spratt, etc., etc. Sir, the roll is called, and honorary member Jas. Shoat C. Pridmore is absent."

"He's gone to Pendleton," croaked the stuffy president, adding, "The secretary will read the minutes of the last meeting."

"The following resolutions were considered and adopted: Whereas, Jas. Prid. Prep Shoat C. Pridmore did not go with the Pendleton Guards last April, but has most emphatically and conscientiously shown his approval of our worthy deed by going at every available and unavailable opportunity since, be it resolved 1st, that we elect him an honorary member in good standing; 2d, that we secure for him a standing permit to visit Pendleton; and be it further resolved, that we have his ears set farther back so he can smile broadly enough when he commences to dance with a certain young lady. It was unanimously adopted."

"Any corrections? Approved."

"At the next meeting every member shall be present, therefore we do now adjourn till after Mr. Pridmore's permit has expired, and he has too many demerits to get another" "rap! rap!!"

One, two, one, two, Hi, yi, yi! Hi, yi, yi! Shoat! Shoat! Shoat!!!
The Conservation of Energy

GENERAL LAW

Work "like a Turk" for the first two weeks. Pretend, at least, to pay attention in the classroom, and never rubber through the window at passing "calico"— unless you are quite sure that the Prof. is looking the other way. Keep a notebook for each subject, or (as I always did) use one for all of them. Write notes—even if they are to your girl, when the "Prof." does not say anything worth putting down (as is quite often the case). At all times, appear to be interested and attentive. Thus, either you will not be called on again, or, else you can stuff just any old thing down the teacher's throat.

DETAILS FOR CONSERVATION OF ENERGY

Prof. Morrison: "Ask a clear question, which is half knowledge;" but be sure to stick "to the substance of what your author says—not what you say or what somebody else says. and boil it down."

Dr. Brockett: "Turn off the water, and give your undivided attention." Never make a jay-bird out of a canary, and always remember that "five cents is to a package of peanuts, as a peck of apples is to a bushel of brickbats."

Prof. Poats: Kindly remember that \( I = \frac{P}{r} \)

Dr. Hall: "Hasten the work along as rapidly as possible."

Capt. Minus: "Let it transpire in the course of human events, that you have it "distinctly understood," as he has, "repeatedly reiterated and reiterated over and over again, several times," that he is in authority here, and that what he says goes, lest you bear the consequences of your rash act, and walk it out. "Don't be stiff and formal. Walk up to him, slap him on the back, and say, 'Hello, Josiah, old sox!' You can't imagine how he'd warm toward you!"

Dr. Calhoun: Pretend, at least, that you believe all that he says, and, under pain of "flunking," never allude to the possibility of such things as fairy tales or fables. Be sure to go out upon the track.

'Major': Don't be stiff and formal: you will hurt his feelings. Just walk right up to him with a smile, nudge him in the side, and murmur, "Ma-ag-n-visent, 'Major' old fellow, no divvigulty whatever! Give us a chew!" You'd never dream how friendly it would make him feel toward you.
"My Valentine"

By "W. C." P———, on November 14, 1909

O matter how the wind may blow,
February days come too slow
To closer link my heart with thine,
Since you have promised to be mine.

When winter time is cold and bleak,
Your warm and tender heart I'll seek;
I'll closer link my heart with thine,
Since you have promised to be mine.

On this the 14th of November,
Now of thee I 'll remember,
To send to you a valentine,
Since you have promised to be mine.

And when the veil from spring shall rise,
And all the flowers greet my eyes,
A wreath of flowers I'll entwine
Around your brow—dear Valentine.
Anybody's Magazine.

June, 1949.
Goodwin Baldwin Institute FOR BOYS

Fifty-fourth Session begins September 20, 1909

Prepares boys and young men for trades: such as, sawing logs, manufacturing bullets from tin foil, and the decocting of mountain dew. Two competent teachers. Location desirable and just one hundred and ninety-seven miles from station. Catalog with complete information furnished on application to

FRANK FLEMING, B. S. X. Y. Z., Pres.

TRY A JUG OF GRAHAM'S BEST

Made seven years ago at the reliable distillery in Lake City, the home of pure whiskey for half a century. Awarded blue ribbons at last State Fair by all Clemson men. Address JAMES OTTIS GRAHAM, Distiller, when you desire an order.

Notiss

I am a notery republic now an i am repair-ed to do all kinds of work such as sining officle papers an notises an i make a speecily of tiing nots makeing the prise of whites 2 for a quarter an for nigers three.

Yours truly.

DOCK REEVES, N. P

WANT AND LOST COLUMN

WANTED

MATERIAL FOR THE ’09 ANNUAL. EDITOR IN CHIEF.

TWO PECKS OF POTATOES, seven gallons of potato juice daily, and other articles in proportion, in order to keep in a healthy condition.

C. E. BALDWIN.

SUM OF MONEY to pay for the '09 annual. Business Manager.

TO KNOW HOW Ainslee crossed the wire fence.

"HAYSEED SENIORS."

A POSITION AS FARM OVERSEER, by honest, industrious, sober young man.

LEANDER GREEN.

LOST AND FOUND

LOST—A hat in Columbia.

J. O. GRAHAM.

LOST—A heart in “Sleepy Hollow.”

A. L. HARRIS.
THE “SPIRIT WORLD”

By FRAMLIN HARLAND

Author’s Note:—Are there spirits? In the following article I wish to make known the results of the research of some of the leading scientists of the day into that mysterious realm of occult phenomena, the “Spirit World.” As surprising and astounding as some of my statements may appear, I wish to emphasize the fact that I have the evidence of the leading scientists of the day to back every word of the appended article. I acknowledge with thanks the services rendered by our medium, Mrs. “Sally” Graham, and by my co-workers, Rev. T. B. Reeves, D. D., pastor of the First Baptist church of Pekanatanke; Prof. J. “Skout” Pridmore, Ph., D. A. M., Ph. O. L., X. Y. Z., E. T. C., Dean of Pendleton University; Mr. W. Campbell Spratt, M. E., F. R. S., B. U. S., M. G. R., and Major “Confessa” Clark. For the sake of the reader, I shall use the conversational style, in order to present the seance as nearly as possible as it happened.

THE SCIENTISTS GATHER

Without, as the wintry twilight rapidly darkened into night, the great flakes of snow continued eddying silently down. In the ruddy glow of our cherry log fire, the reverend “Doctor” meditatively drained his third glass and filled a fourth. I could tell by his expression that fond memories and tender recollections of the college days, which we had just been discussing, were surging about that great old tobacco heart of his. Just across the hearth, lost in a maze of retrospection, his magnificent head bent low upon his breast, his fingers absently clasping the dead stump of one of my “Perfectos,” sat Prof. Pridmore—no longer the dashing half-miler of forty years ago.

We had sat thus for perhaps ten minutes, when our meditations were suddenly interrupted by the sound of a rapidly approaching aeroplane; and we hurried out just as one of those mighty monsters of the trackless blue sank slowly and gracefully to rest at our very doorstep, and a distinguished-looking little old man in a long-tailed coat and a silk hat stepped nimbly down into the glare of our radium lights. For a moment, all of us stood regarding the newcomer in surprise. Then, as he began to execute a little jig upon the pavement, to the accompaniment of those inspiring words, “Like-a-dis, like-a-dat, like-a-dis, like-a-dat, she make-a-you sm-i-i-le!” with cries of “Hullo there, ‘Hump’!” we seized Mr. W. Campbell Spratt, M. E., F. R. S., B. U. S., M. G. R., etc., from all corners of the compass at once—hands, coat-tails, high hat, gold-headed cane, and all—and hurried him in to our fire—and other warming things.
Scarcely were we seated, however, when I chanced to glance out of the window to see the queerest looking turnout that it has ever been my lot to behold. There, sandwiched in between “Dr.” Reeves’ newest model dirigible and “Sir Hump’s” latest aeroplane, just in front of Professor Pridmore’s now antiquated “White Steamer,” was an old-time two-wheeled ox-cart, the motive power of which was gingerly furnished by a dejected looking steer, with abject melancholy depicted upon his every feature. Perched upon the single seat, which the cart boasted, meditatively regarding the scene before him, his eyes filled with mild wonderment, his long gray beard adrift in the snowy wind, sat an old patriarch, clad in jeans, homespun, and brogans. A second glance sufficed. With boisterous cries of “Hello there, Contessa, old girl!” every man Jack of our dignified group ran out and dragged “Major Clark,” political economist, scientist, the Tolstoy of America, The Sage of Lexington, in to our fire. Here the corks soon began to pop once more; and under the influence of our “fountain of youth,” the Major’s checks—long since unaffected by mere corn or rye—soon took on the jovial pink of forty years ago.

“Gentlemen,” I said, rising, and rapping upon the table, as soon as everyone was comfortably seated, “the meeting will come to order. As you know, we are gathered here to night to carry out some experiments which will, in all probability, revolutionize the world, and necessitate a most radical change in our conceptions of science, philosophy, and religion. Under this roof”—“Gimme sum suds,” interrupted the Professor, thickly—“Under this roof,” I repeated, “is Mrs. Sally Graham, whose reputation as a medium is world-wide. To-morrow we are to report to the world, through the American Psychical Society, the results of this night’s work, and upon our conclusions, the work of the past ages will stand or fall. Shall we, gentlemen, (with a wink to ‘Hump’ and ‘Contessa’) proceed to my private laboratory, and hold the seance?”

“Breth—hic—ren,” said the “Doctor,” rising unsteadily, “I am hic—very glad to be with you this-hic—sunny sa—hie—night. I cannot let slip this-hic—opportunity without making a few remarks on temp—hic—erance. I”—

“Mr. hic—Chairman,” interrupted Prof. Pridmore, upsetting his chair in rising, “I—hic—wanter make er speech, too, I”—

“I got de—hic—floor!” railed the “Doctor,” reeling angrily.

“You ain’t,” contradicted the puzzled Professor earnestly, “you’ve got de mantelpiece! And if yer don’t hic—hold it mighty tight, you’ll get de floor.” (Scornfully) “Doc. Reeves, you’re—hic—drunk!”

The two debaters were about to come to actual blows, when, with a wink, “Contessa” suggested a toast to the “Spirit World.” “Yes, they would drink one to the “Spirit World,” and to show their affection for the said sphere, for each other, and for every-thing in general, these dignitaries fell into a warm embrace. Then, upon trying to be seated collectively upon one chair, which seemed to them, somehow, to be two, each sat upon the wrong one, and both “got the floor.” Finally, however, we started for the laboratory. (which we reached by going out of one door of the sitting-room, and coming back in through the other), the erst-while combatants bringing up the rear, each with his arm cast affectionately about the other’s shoulder, singing in high cracked voices those immortal old lines:
"We drink our drink,
And we think our think,
And the world goes round
Like a skating rink.
For there comes a night,
When we all get tight,
And the water wagon
Is a lonesome sight—
For there comes a night,
When I'm glad when it comes,
Aren't you—u-u?"

Then the "Doctor" would call for
the next stanza, and they would sing
it all again.

As soon as all were safely seated, I
ushered in our medium, a lady of
medium size and uncertain age, with
dark, rich chestnut hair, and a perfect
olive complexion. In a moment, I
saw that she had played havoc with the
Professor's all too susceptible heart;
and even the staid old "Doctor"
became very solicitous of the medi-
num's comfort, insisting that she prepare
and strengthen herself for the coming
ordeal by taking a sip of something
stimulating, which he poured from a
decanter. Just to encourage her, and
to be sociable, he and the Professor
drank once more to the "Spirit World."
"Hump" winked at "Contessa," "Con-
tessa" winked at me. I winked at
both of them. Everything was work-
ing beautifully.

"Gentlemen," said I, "remember, the
eyes of the whole world are resting
upon us"— "And upon none fairer
than thou, sister," whispered the "Do-
cor."

"You've got em all-hic-skinne!'"
whispered the Professor into her other
ear, in no wise to be outdone.

"Gentlemen," I continued, "let us
proceed with the seance. First, we
will bind Mrs. Graham, by means of
this silk thread, to her chair in such a
way that she cannot possibly move
without betraying the fact. Now, I
will turn down the lamp— you will
note, gentlemen, that the room is quite
bare, with the exception of its furni-
ishings! There are no possible sources
of fraud. Now we must wait for
the trance to descend upon our me-
dium; in fact, I think it is already
here. The medium sank comfortably
back with a luxurious sigh, and began
to snore musically (?), while her head
gradually sank upon her breast.

"'Doctor' and Professor," I said
gravely, "it is for you to decide what
shall be the conclusions of the world
with regard to occult phenomena.
The eyes of the world are upon you.
Be accurate in your observations; for
the Major, who is a magistrate, will
take down every word that you say.
Swear them Major."

The Miracle of the Moving
Furniture

"'Doctor!' Professor, stand here.
Major, you and Spratt hold their hands.
Now, I complete the psychic circle.
Hold! stand steady, Professor! Now,
how does the furniture behave?

"What! Marching around in a proces-
sion! Marvellous! I have seen the same
thing. The table reels? You think
it's drunk? Wonderful! Marazini, and
many others have reported the same."

My Etheric Double

"Here, 'Hump,' you complete the
circuit, while I stand off a moment.
Now, gentlemen, look closely; do you
see anything strange about me? What?
two of me? Are you quite sure? Just
alike! Miraculous! 'Hump,' how many
of me do you see? Only one! Major,
do you see me at all?"

"No," replied Major, hastily looking
away. Wonderful! Frankly, gentle-
men, how can you account for this?"
"Spirits," ejaculated the reverend Doctor.

"Spirits," whispered the Professor tensely, as he mopped his brow.

"Spirits," echoed the Major, winking at me.

"Yes, Spirits," agreed Hump.

**What Dr. Reeves and Professor Pridmore Saw Through the Agency of Spirits.**

"Now gentlemen, recline upon this couch, and tell us what you see and hear. Shut your eyes and hold these megaphones to your ears. What! beginning to come already! Indeed! Hands groping out of the darkness—Ah! the astral hands described so lucidly by Nicholi. Yes, all of us have seen them. Indeed! The devil dressed in an olive-drab uniform? Yes, I've often seen him myself! And who is with him? Well, well! who'd have supposed it, after all the good advice he used to give us? What! beckoning for you to jump in? Don't you do it? 'Doctor,' don't you do it! That's all right. They shan't get you—yet. Is he? Well, I'm not so much surprised this time! He never did set himself up as a saint. What's he doing? In conjunction with George Washington, telling—er—yarns to amuse his Satanic majesty? Bet he can beat either one. Is he? But I don't see how they'd get a track down there. Oh, a good cinder one? I see! Well, what about 'Lander,' and 'Pompey,' and 'Skee,' and all those electricals? What! forty flights farther down? And how about the 'Hayseeds'? What! ran them out because he couldn't get anything out of 'em! Well, Well, Well! That is a joke! I always did hear you'd do the same thing in the next world that you do in this. So they've got him in the livery business yet, transporting passengers from the Styx to Hades! Well, well! What! just one more cell at the very bottom that you can't see into? You needn't hold me so tight. Oh, I see! They say they're saving it for you. Waiting for you with a warm welcome? Well, I guess you'd better wake up! Now dry it with this. Pretty cold, eh? Oh, that's good for you! Now, let's get to bed. Wake up 'Sister Sally,' and tell us how you like being a woman. Say, fellows, he's boozy, too! Well, let's turn 'em all in!

Ten minutes later, very much amused over the success of our joke, "Hump," "Contessa," and I went into the library, lighted our cigars, and, after a hearty laugh over the evening's escapade, sent off the following wireless:

To the "HAYSEEDS."

PERRY MILEY, President,
At Large—World.

GENTLEMEN:—The dinner will be served on board Luther Byar's House Dirigible next Friday, at your expense. Your champions are upstairs, still in the "Spirit World." When we left them, Dean Pridmore was complaining of seeing—not "snakes," but procession of peafowls, wearing Tam O'Shanters, high-heeled slippers and real lisle thread onyx hosiery. "Sister Sally" made a great medium; but she became so enamored of her part, that she, too, succumbed to Bacchus. Adieu until Friday.

**THE WINNERS.**
THE SPOILATION OF
THE "BEE GUMS"
(Thomas Babbington Macauley)

A
n act inconsistent with all mercy, justice, or consideration; an act prompted by the selfish thoughts of personal aggrandisement, and by the inordinate desire for confiscation; an act reeking with the diabolical conceptions and machinations of minds fouled by years of treachery and false dealing; an act out of accord with all laws of humanity was about to be committed upon the innocent. Innocents who had by their honest labor gathered and gleaned from broad fields a fabulous hoard of treasure.

In their mystic palace at Fyzbad, was the treasure stored, and thither came the spoilers with their instruments of terror and torture to confiscate, and appropriate for their own base use. Such injustice, greed and avarice the world had never known, and never—

"Say, Bob, this dad-bummed lock is so strong I can't pick it to save my life, and this log chain is so heavy, will never be able to break it. I don't see how in the deuce we are to get at this honey. Malkie will be here, directly, and ketch us sure."

"Well, Tom, you started this raid, and now you're goin' to take the cold-feet, and leave it for me to finish."

"No, dad-bum if I am, Bob, but all I know, it's the dad-bummedest bee gum to get into that I ever heered tell of."

The two worthy spoliators conferred together for a few minutes, and then a plan of action presented itself to the mind of the versatile Tom.

"I got it, Bob! See that telephone pole lying over there? We'll just batter the gum with that. You ketch one end, and me the other. Now come on, and let 'um have it!"

Crash! Buz-z-z-z—Zip.

"Ouch!!! Help me, Bob!! That dad-bummed queen bee stung me on my lip!"

"Hush, Tom. hurry up and get your bucket full of honey; I got mine nearly full now. Hurry, man! Come on! Gee! yonder comes Malkie, we got to run now. Hold on to your honey, Tom!"

And they legged it, with Malkie in hot pursuit. But the winged-heel Tom, renowned in all circles for his speediness when in flight, tripped in a vine and was thrown, while his lumbering companion, following close behind, fell heavily over him. Both presented a honeyed spectacle as Malkie dashed up.

"Robbed my bee gum, did ye, ye bloomin' idiots? It's to Judge Hook's for you. Come on!"

 SEQUEL

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA, } In the Court of County of Oconee. } Common Pleas
M. Malkie versus Thomas M. Hunter and Robert A. Harris.

Suit to recover damages.

Verdict: Thirty cents from each defendant, to be paid plaintiff.
Oh, What a Tangled Web We Weave!

Gay bursts of contagious laughter leapt above the incessant chatter of a hundred happy young voices. In the glare of the brilliantly lighted hall, the costly Parisian gowns, and scintillating diamonds of the ladies, stood out in dazzling contrast against the more somber tones of the blue dress coats and white duck trousers of the gentlemen; without, the restless "chug chug" of constantly arriving autos burst discordantly upon ear; a fairer exhibition of beauty and wit, of strength and valor, would indeed have been hard to find. (Alas, kind reader, only too late, I discover that I have given myself away; for where, save at a Clemson "Faculty Reception," could so goodly a gathering be found?)

"Gosh darn!" ejaculated "Shoat" (we shall call him "Shoat" Jones, since he begged so hard that his real name should not appear. If you really wish to know his real title, just ask anybody in Pendleton. He is right widely known over there). "Gosh darn!" repeated "Shoat," "Whichever call that in the blue dress? Gee, she's a pippin! From Greenwood? Why, Pard, I've got to meet that child! Will yer? Good!"

"Delighted. I'm sure, Miss L—. Yes, isn't this fine? So nice for the faculty and the students to get in touch with one another, you know. Say, Bill, Mrs.—— told me to ask you if you could come and help her a minute. Awfully sorry to bother you, old man. Yes, Clemson's all O. K. especially when certain people honor the receptions with their presence (his smile and glance are particularly fetching). Will I? Thank you, indeed I will! Almost famishing, you know. Caramel, please. Yes—. Oh, say, you're from Greenwood, aren't you? I have lots of good friends over there. Do you happen to know Miss Rose S——? Oh, do you? She's going to college over there? You say you know everybody in Greenville? I thought you were from—that is, of course I said Greenville—going to college in Greenville. Yes (laying his trap with malicious care), a tall blonde, with black hair, and dark eyes, and rather short—just a trifle small for her size. Yes, I'm so glad you're such good friends. Tell her that I'll be over—if the trains run Christmas. And, say, don't forget that item, yourself (again his glance was killing)!

"What! Couldn't find her, Bill? You don't say so! Guess she got someone else to help, and forget all about sending for you. The ladies in charge have so much to think about, you know. Miss L——. Yes, I know she didn't mean anything by it. What! You say Mrs.—— isn't here at all? Well, well, how careless of me to have confused her with someone else! I never can keep people's names straight. Yes, isn't it difficult? Yes, I do, too—never forget a face, and never remember a name. That fits me exactly. So glad to have met you, Miss L——."

"Will I, Miss——? Starving, I assure you. All my friends are treating me like a red-headed step-son this evening. Nearly famishing, you know, etc. (with more of those alligator smiles).

"Good-night! Didn't time just fly!"

"Good-night."

"Good-bye, Miss L——. Don't forget to give Miss S. those messages (and the hypocrite wore an expression of grave sincerity. I know, because I was there)."

"All right, I certainly won't, Mr.—er."

"Brown(!*!)"

"Oh, yes, Rose told me to be sure to meet Mr. Brown."

"Good-bye!" "Good-bye!"
HEADQUARTERS, Oct. 21, 1908.

General Orders No. 23.

Par. 1. All sentinels, on post, shall require each cadet crossing his post to give "All right." This will signify that said cadet is crossing the post for a legitimate and authorized purpose.

By order, CAPT. J. C. MINUS,
Commandant.

"All right, sentinel."

This from a tall, hungry-looking young fellow hurrying down the hall as if he were going to a fire (or Y. M. C. A. social). The sentinel turned wearily, muttered a reply, and looked back in the direction from which he expected the next relief. The cadet glanced hastily around and then, with a smoothness that bespoke much practice, slid into a nearby room.

"Say, Tom," he exclaimed, "just received your note; thanks for the invite. Golly! what a whopping big cake! Sure, I'll take a piece of chicken—No, my box hasn't come yet! Heard from home to-day—Come Tuesday, I suppose—"

"All right, sentinel."

A nonchalant Senior Private strolled coolly toward the sentinel. "Official business," he murmured as he drew near.

"All right," returned the sentinel, and smiled knowingly as he watched the S. P. enter a room to the accompaniment of—

"Say, Jimmie, get those problems for 'Sam Earle'? What! you did? Bully for you, brother! You know I worked on the blasted things nearly fifteen minutes.—Hear from Miss — yet? Oh gw'an—a'n't she the peachiest—just! I'm sending her a bid to the 'hop'—"

"All right, sentinel."

Said the straight, military captain who 'lit up' men for "changing smiles while at attention"(!). The sentinel saluted with grave decorum, and watched the captain enter the room of a recruit, a few doors farther down the hall.

"R-a-t!" came that ringing voice, "have you finished copying that experiment for me?—The deuce you haven't!—Well have them done by tomorrow, or it will mean "Over a chair— with Tevi on top!"

"All right, sentinel."

Thus spoke the clear-faced, straightforward, young "Y. M. C. A." man, as he passed in a brisk, business-like manner. "Bible class" he volunteered, as he entered a door directly in front of the guardian of law and order.

"Hello, 'Peg,'" came from the room entered—"bring the chips?" "Yep."

"Mac has a deck. Draw or study? Say, how did we stand last time—The deuce you preach!—Your deal, Sanders!'—"

"All's well, on this post, sir," said the sentinel, sleepily, as he was relieved a few moments later.
A ROW OF BOOKS

NOVELS

Any of the following books will be mailed, postpaid, on receipt of price. Sign your cognomen plainly, so as to avoid mistakes, and remit by P. O. order to

COL. ED. HUNTER
Clemson College, S. C.

FICTION


Emergencies. L. P. Byars. 300 pages, and 1,000 illustrations. $1.25. This book should be in every household. For instance: should a child swallow a button, lower a button hole down its throat with a piece of string, pass it over the button, and yank it out.


Freezing a Mother-in-law. J. O. Graham. Paper or cloth. 25 cents and 85 cents.


SCIENCE

How to Tell a Bad Egg. D. W. Watkins. This depends upon what you wish to tell the egg; if it be bad news, break it gently—the communication should be by telephone with the safety plug in position. Price, 30 cents.

The Utilization of Tin Foil. Fleming. 3 vols. 8mo. Price, $3.75.

Principles of Hot Air as Applied to Scientific Agriculture. (in 7 vols.). D. N. Barrow.


Onion Growing. C. E. Baldwin. 1,000 copies just sold. Price while they last, $1.00.

SCRAPS

All paper covered. Price 10 cents.


The Downfall of a Fly. H. Houston.

Studies in Blue. J. R. Blair.


Things that Happen Down Home. M. Quattlebaum.

The Uses of Octagon Soap. A. C. Whittle.

Angelina (a love tale). T. M. Hunter.

One Road to Paradise, or a Romance of Old Pendleton. By Shoat Pendleton Pridmore.
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Alumni Orator 1909
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J. R. CONNOR
S. T. HILL

We feel sure that it will be of interest to our readers to hear from their friends among the graduates; and, at the same time, we wish those who have gone before us to feel that they, as well as we, have representation and interest in Clemson's year book, "Taps." Thus, in planning our volume, we provided for a full Alumni department. Although untoward circumstances prevented our fully carrying out our plans, we feel sure that the following department will be of the greatest interest to many of our readers, and sincerely hope that the Alumni department of future Clemson Annuals may be well filled.
HE history of the Clemson Club of Schenectady began when Mr. C. B. Mahaffey, Class '98, entered the Testing Department of the General Electric Company in September of that year. He was the only representative of our College at that time in Schenectady. On account of his good record in the department, he was soon made foreman of one of the tests; and the Company, desiring more men like him, accepted the application of his classmate, Mr. J. D. Maxwell, Jr. These men, by their successes, gained for Clemson a foothold in Schenectady which made possible the formation of an alumni chapter.

In August, 1900, Mr. Mahaffey was transferred to the Department of Lighting Engineering, and, pushing himself rapidly to the front, was soon given an important position in the Denver (Col.) office. Subsequently, Mr. Mahaffey left the employ of the Company, and is now Consulting Engineer for various corporations, having his headquarters at Colorado Springs, Col.

Mr. Maxwell left the Testing Department to enter the Sales Department at the Atlanta (Ga.) office. He, however, soon left the employ of the Company; and after various experiences is now Superintendent of the Spartanburg Railway Company, and President of the Anderson Gas Company.

Early in 1905, there were twelve Clemson men here. Four of whom, Messrs. P. G. Langley, '96, M. J. Elder, '99, A. J. Mathis, '99, and D. G. Lewis, '03, feeling the need of some means of drawing the men closer together, began discussing the possibility of organizing a Schenectady Chapter of the Clemson College Alumni Association. As a result of their efforts, a call meeting was held on February 18th, the following alumni attending:

Messrs. P. J. Langley, '96, M. L. Elder, '99, T. K. Glenn, '08, J. H. Roddy, '01, E. G. Campbell, '02, W. T. Sneed, '02, T. S. Gandy, '03, B. H. Gardner, '03, W. A. Holland, Jr., '03, D. G. Lewis, '03, Vann Livingston, '03, and A. J. Mathis, '99, at that time the only married man. At this meeting, it was decided to form a club, the object being to effect a continuation of the associations formed at College and the promotion of education by the presentation of papers on and the discussion of subjects of interest. To accomplish this purpose, a committee was appointed to draft a constitution and by-laws embodying the above objects.

At a subsequent meeting held March 11, the Constitution, as presented by the committee, was adopted and officers were elected. Mr. P. J. Langley was unanimously chosen as the first President; Mr. M. L. Elder, Vice-President; and W. F. Snead, Secretary-Treasurer. This completed the organization of the chapter, the above-mentioned men being the charter members.
During 1905, the following names were added to the club roll:


On May 30th of this year, the club held its first social function, a picnic at Saratoga Lake. The first annual banquet, as required by the Constitution, was held on December 2nd at Keeler's Hotel in Albany. At the annual business meeting, February 3, 1906, Mr. Langley was re-elected President, Mr. Mathis was elected Vice-President to succeed Mr. Elder, and Mr. Glenn was elected Secretary-Treasurer.

The course in the Testing Department has no definite length, and we find few men who stay in Schenectady more than two years. For this reason, the club roll is continually changing, the old men leaving and new ones taking their places. In 1906, Mr. Roddey left to accept a position with the Southern Power Company with headquarters at Charlotte, N. C. Mr. Lewis was transferred to the Chicago Office. Messrs. Gardner, Campbell and Livingston also left about this time. In September of this year, the club attained its maximum membership, the following names having been added: C. S. Schirmer and A. A. Gandy, '05, and W. Beckett, S. P. Harper, M. A. Savage, G. B. Holland, T. F. Barton, W. S. Baskin, W. H. Shumpert and P. H. Adams of the class of 1906.

Mr. Glenn was the next member to leave Schenectady, going to the Construction Department at the Atlanta Office. Mr. Mathis was forced to leave on account of his health, and has since died. Mr. John Maxwell accepted a position in the Construction Department at the Philadelphia Office. Mr. Hall left the Company and entered the employ of the New York Telephone Company. Mr. Salder accepted a position with the Southern Power Company, with headquarters at Charlotte, N. C. Mr. Shumpert went to his home in Newberry, where he has charge of the Newberry Light and Power Company.

The second annual banquet was held on November 3rd, at Keeler's Hotel in Albany, at which Mr. D. G. Lewis, of the Chicago Office, was guest of honor.

At the third annual business meeting, held on February 2, 1907, Mr. P. G. Langley was re-elected president; Mr. T. S. Gandy, who had been elected to fill the unexpired term of Mr. Mathis, was re-elected Vice-President; and Mr. V. Baker, who had filled the unexpired term of Mr. Glenn as Secretary-Treasurer, was re-elected. The third annual banquet was discussed and committees were appointed to take charge of the details. On April 20th, this banquet was held at the Edison Hotel, Schenectady.

Summer soon arrived; and, with it, the men of 1907—G. H. Folk, A. S. Howard, S. R. Rhodes, J. W. Hicklin, and E. B. Plenge, all of whom entered the Testing Department. At the regular meeting in September, the above men were elected to membership. At this meeting, a committee was appointed to revise the Constitution.
Mr. W. Beckett left the Company on account of his health on October 7th. In December, Mr. C. C. Schirmer left the Company and went into business in Charleston, S. C.

At the annual business meeting, February 1, 1908, the report of the committee on revising the Constitution was heard and the new Constitution adopted. Officers were then elected for the coming year: Mr. T. S. Gandy, President; Mr. V. Baker, Vice-President, and Mr. W. A. Holland, Jr., Secretary-Treasurer.

Three members left Schenectady in 1908—Mr. M. L. Elder, Engineer in the Transformer Department, went to the Transformer Works of the Company, now located in Fittsfield, Mass.; Mr. W. S. Baskin, who went home, is now conducting an Electrical Supply House in Abbeville, S. C., and Mr. V. Baker, who accepted a position in the Sales Department at the Philadelphia (Pa.) office of the Company. Mr. R. L. Link was elected Vice-President to fill the vacancy caused by Mr. Baker’s departure.

The first marriage after the organization of the club was that of Mr. W. F. Sneed and Miss Grace Sutter of Scotia, N. Y., in September, 1905. The next was that of our President, Mr. T. S. Gandy, and Miss Marion Barnes of Schenectady in April, 1907, and in October, ex-President P. G. Langley and Miss Grace Troutman of Pottsville, Pa., were married.

January 1, 1909, finds the following names on the club roll:

(over)
Schenectady Club of Clemson Alumni

T. S. Gandy, '03, President
R. L. Link, '05, Vice-President
W. A. Holland, Jr., '03, Secretary-Treasurer
P. H. Adams, '06
T. F. Barton, '06
E. B. Dibble, '05
G. H. Folk, '07
A. A. Gandy, '05
S. P. Harper, '06
A. S. Heyward, '07
J. W. Hicklin, '07
G. B. Holland, '06
P. G. Langley, '96
E. B. Plenge, '07
J. C. Richardson, Jr., '05
S. R. Rhodes, '07
M. A. Savage, '06
W. F. Sneed, '02
Washington Chapter, Clemson Alumni

B. R. Tillman, Jr., President
L. E. Boykin, Vice-President
G. F. Klugh, Treasurer
J. P. Tarbox, Secretary

MEMBERS

Boykin, L. E., 1905 Agri.
Breazeale, J. F., 1896 Agri.
Klugh, G. F., 1901 Agri.
Martin, B. H., 1906 Agri.
Moss, J. M., 1906 Agri.
Fearman, S. D., 1900 Textile

Rawl, B. H., 1900 Agri.
Tillman, B. R., Jr., 1896 Agri.
Young, T. B., 1903 Agri.

HONORARY

Hon. B. R. Tillman
Hon. A. F. Lever

ASSOCIATE

Chas. E. Chambliss
H. Metcalfe

W. D. Wall, C. A. C.
B. J. Wingard, S. C. U.
W. T. Farrott, C. A. C.
Senior Civil Engineering Society

L. de B. McCrady, President          J. T. Folk, Secretary and Treasurer
R. E. Adams                          J. C. Covington         J. H. Earle
W. J. Evans                          W. C. Pitts
McQ. Quattlebaum                     H. L. Rivers

HONORARY MEMBERS

Prof. Hale Houston

S. B. Earle                          R. E. Lee              T. G. Poats
Senior Electrical Science Club

E. Chamness
F. W. Smith
R. A. Harris
J. L. Marshall
W. C. Spratt
T. M. Hunter
C. M. Wootan
J. P. McMillan
A. Jones, Jr

J. H. Wilson
J. H. Lesesne
H. W. McIver
J. S. H. Clarkson
R. A. Fetzer
E. H. Shuler
P. M. Gee
W. G. Dominick
"Junior Agronomy Club"

Professor D. N. Barrow

S. O. Pegues, President

Colin McLaurin, Vice-President

R. E. Nickles, Secretary and Treasurer

H. F. Bethea
B. D. Boykin
F. L. Gandy
E. C. Martin
C. McLaurin
R. E. Nickles
S. O. Pegues
E. H. Pinckney
J. S. Pyatt
J. N. Ridgill
H. L. Reaves
J. D. Shuler
F. G. Tarbox

“Puss”
“Lovely”
“Yap”
“Ed”
“Buster” and “Tub”
“Bob”
“Pig”
“Laniellibranch”
“Chick” or “Hen”
“Cyclops”
“The Baby”
“The Bird” or “Polly”
“Box”

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Junior Veterinary Science Club

President, L. W. Summers  Vice-President, W. A. Barnett
Secretary and Treasurer, E. J. Thornhill

MEMBERS

P. A. Baxley  H. S. Johnson
S. E. Evans  W. J. Marshall
R. P. Henderson  A. A. McKeown
The Junior Electrical Science Club

T. R. Sally, President
Albergotti, W. M.
Britt, D. C.
Chapman, F. W.
Clayton, D. B.
Fulmer, T.
Furtick, G. C.
Green, F. B.
Kelley, S. O.
McCown, F. O.
Middleton, C. F.

K. Easterling, Secretary
Lee, P. E.
Plenge, H. D.
Reid, J. C.
Ryan, G. D.
Sims, M. D.
Stephenson, J. T.
Sullivan, S. B.
Townsend, C. P.
Webb, L. D.
White, W. P.
Junior Civil Engineering Club

Crum, W. C.
Baker, F. R.
Burton, G. A.
Boone, L. C.
Byrd, N. E.
Floyd, G. T.
Gantt, J. J.
Higgins, V. B.
Hill, J. L.

Hydrick, O. A.
Kirby, J. E.
McDavid, A.
Robbs, C. M.
Roberts, C. P.
Robinson, W. A.
Shuler, J. D.
Seabrook, W. E.
Trott, C. H.
Senior Tennis Club

J. H. Wilson, President
J. P. McMillan, Secretary

MEMBERS

G. W. Keitt
L. P. Byars

W. G. Hyrne
W. C. Spratt
Junior Tennis Club

V. B. HIGGINS, President
A. McDAVID
S. O. PEGUES
E. C. MARTIN
E. L. SUMNER
J. T. STEVENSON
J. L. LAROACH

R. E. NICKLES, Secretary and Treasurer
F. L. GANDY
H. L. REEVES
S. B. SULLIVAN
J. L. HILL
E. J. THORNHILL
R. P. HENDERSON
Sophomore Tennis Club

G. H. Anderson
I. N. Colclough
L. D. Boone
W. C. Garrett
R. Morrison
O. B. Brodie
H. H. Jacobs
W. Osborne
A. D. Chapman
C. E. Ketchens
A. P. Ransome
T. S. Marshall
F. W. Lykes
Senior Dancing Club

S. Coles, President
H. L. Rivers, Vice-President
T. B. Reeves, Secretary and Treasurer

MEMBERS

R. E. Adams
L. P. Byars
R. E. Blake
S. Coles
E. D. Clement
O. M. Clark
J. C. Covington
W. G. Dominick
J. T. Folk
H. H. Greene
A. L. Harris
G. W. Keitt

J. H. Lesesne
J. P. McMillian
J. C. Pridmore
T. B. Reeves
H. L. Rivers
W. C. Spratt
F. W. Smith
H. K. Sanders
J. A. Teague
B. E. Wolff
J. H. Wilson
German Club

Coles, S., President

Lesesne, J. H., Vice-President

Boykin, E. M.
Boykin, B. D.
Clement, E. D.
David, S. S.
Fetzer, R. A.
Gantt, J. J.
Hanckel, W. H.
Hill, J. L.
Jones, A.
McCreary, E. A.
McDavid, A.
Pinckney, E. H.
Reeves, T. B.
Robinson, W. A.
Smith, F. W.
Stokes, L. S.

Allen, W., Secretary

Tobin, L. P.
Walker, R. H.
Wolff, B. E.
Wolfe, R. S.
Sumner, E. L.
Bedell, A. S.
Lawton, M. S.
Neuffer, G. A.
Team, J. L.
Kirby, J. E.
Bissell, P. L.
Arthur, M. W.
Blackwell, J. W.
Desportes, F. A.
Nicholson, W. S.
Cotillion Club

J. D. Graham, President

L. P. Byars, Vice-President

J. D. Graham, Leader

J. F. Stephenson

S. O. Pegues

L. P. Byars

T. R. Salley

G. W. Keitt

K. Easterling

L. L. LaRoche

C. F. Middleton

H. L. Rivers

I. H. Grimball

E. C. Haskell

R. P. Henderson

P. E. Lee

G. D. Ryan

C. McLaurin

J. S. H. Clarkson

L. W. Summers

G. E. Lachicotte

L. D. Webb

H. L. Reaves

W. G. Dominick

F. R. Baker

R. P. Jeter

H. L. Rivers, Secretary and Treasurer

F. H. Jeter

C. B. Farmer

V. B. Higgins

H. C. Twiggs

J. C. Pridmore

F. W. Chapman

O. B. Brodie

T. C. Redfern

N. F. Sanders

S. S. Abell

G. Marshall

H. D. Plenge

W. C. Spratt

J. H. Wilson

J. P. McMillan

S. Y. Tupper

R. Morrison

W. G. Hyrne

J. A. Aull

W. G. Perry

R. E. Blake

F. E. Shroder

D. C. Britt

W. P. White
## Junior Dancing Club

**Stephenson, J. T., President**

**Hill, J. L., Vice-President**

**LaRoche, L. L., Secretary and Treasurer**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Allen, W.</td>
<td>Hydrick, O. S.</td>
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<td>Baker, F. R.</td>
<td>Inman, C. F.</td>
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<td>Baxley, P. A.</td>
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<td>Barnette, W. A.</td>
<td>Kirby, J. E.</td>
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<td>Becker, A. J.</td>
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<td>Bethea, H. F.</td>
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<td>Boykin, B. D.</td>
<td>McDavid, A.</td>
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<td>Boykin, E. M.</td>
<td>McLaurin, C.</td>
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<td>Buckner, J. M.</td>
<td>McKeown, A. A.</td>
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<td>Carothers, J. N.</td>
<td>Middleton, C. F.</td>
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<td>Chapman, F. W.</td>
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<td>Clinkscales, H. R.</td>
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<td>Clayton, D. B.</td>
<td>Reid, J. C.</td>
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<td>Easterling, K.</td>
<td>Reaves, H. L.</td>
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<td>Evans, S. E.</td>
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<td>Floyd, G. T.</td>
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<td>Greene, F. B.</td>
<td>Sims, M. D.</td>
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<td>Henderson, R. P.</td>
<td>Summers, L. W.</td>
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<td>Higginson, V. B.</td>
<td>Townsend, C. P.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Hodge, W. M</td>
<td>White, W. P.</td>
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Sophomore Dancing Club

W. M. Haynsworth, President

R. W. Lowery, Secretary

Altman, L. B.
Anderson, H. W
All, F. H.
Brodie, O. B.
Britt, S. L.
Boone, L. D.
Bissell, P. L.
Beaty, H. C.
Castles, G. T.
Cannon, W. E.
Chapman, A. O.
Colclough, I. N.
Cooper, H. P.
Cantwell, P. W.
Coleman, R. M.
Connelly, W. R.
Cohen, O. R.
Davis, H. S.
Eagerton, H. C.
Epps, M. H.

Farmer, C. B.
Fulmer, H.
Garrett, W. C.
Gilmore, J. L.
Gettys, B. W.
Ginn, W. N.
Gilliam, C. R.
Hodge, W. F.
Hardin, L. H.
Henderson, W. N.
Hankel, W. H.
Harrison, L. C.
Jones, W. S.
Jenkins, Jos. E.
Jenkins, E. S.
Jacobs, H. H.
Ketchens, C. E.
Lykes, C. S.
Lykes, F. W.
Morrison, R.

I. H. Grimball, Treasurer

Marshall, G. L.
Marshall, T. S.
McLure, L. C.
McIntosh, R. J.
Osbourn, W.
Perry, W. G.
Roddy, M. M.
Riley, J. A.
Rast, F. M.
Sherard, J. F.
Sandifer, T. B.
Stokes, W. E.
Schroder, F. E.
Tobin, L. P.
Venning, S. G.
Wheeler, J. J.
Williams, T. D.
Wingard, J. O.
Woodward, H. M.
Prof. W. M. Riggs, President

T. C. Heyward, Secretary and Treasurer.

H. H. Brunson
L. C. Boone
A. T. Beaver
D. L. Bissel
E. P. Crouch
F. P. Caughman
F. W. Crisp
R. H. Fike
J. D. Graham
J. P. Lewis
R. W. Lowery

W. W. Kirk, Manager

C. T. Latimer
C. W. Marston
T. L. Ogier
T. C. Robertson
L. G. Richardson
E. H. Shuler
S. H. Sherard
F. B. Wise
G. W. Weathersbee
Geo. Warren
W. N. Wells
MISS STRIBLING, Sponsor

“Pendleton Guards”

J. P. McMillan, Chief

W. F. Odom, High Chief

W. J. Sheely, Bugler

R. E. Blake, Chief

BRAVES

Abell, S. S.  Jenkins, J. E.
Adams, R. E.  Jenkins, E. S.
All, F. H.  Kay, L. M.
Anderson, H. W.  Keith, J. B.
Arthur, M. W.  Kelley, S. O.
Beck, A. J.  Kirby, T. A.
Bell, T. E.  Kitchens, C. E.
Blackwell, J. W.  Knox, J. S.
Bolt, A. C.  Lawton, J. G.
Boone, L. C.  Lawrence, B. F.
Boone, L. D.  Lenoir, S. I.
Boulware, D. L.  Lindler, L. S.
Boulware, J. R.  Lokey, C. F.
Boyd, J. F.  Lowery, R. W.
Britt, D. C.  Lykes, C. S.
Bull, J. H.  Mackintosh, R. J.
Burton, G. A.  Martin, H. H.
Brockington, W. J.  Mappus, J. H.
Brown, S. M.  Mays, E. D.
Chamness, E.  Miley, P.
Clayton, D. B.  Miller, S. L.
Clement, E. D.  Milling, J. C.
Cohen, O. R.  Morrison, R.
Colclough, I. N.  Mitchell, J. E. M.
Coleman, R. M.  Murray, J. D.
Cooper, H. P.  McCardy, O. P.
Corbett, L. W.  McCardy, G. L.
Covington, J. C.  McKeown, A. A.
Cromer, H. W.  McLure, L. C.
Crum, W. C.  Nance, J.
Dukes, O. O.  Opt, R. A.
Easterling, K.  Owens, B. F.
Elkins, M. B.  Parks, J. P.
Epps, M. H.  Perry, W. G.
Evans, C. D.  Pyatt, J. S.
Evans, S. E.  Reames, M. M.
Ezell, J. F.  Redfern, T. C.
Ezell, W. D.  Reese, F. L.
Fairy, C. V.  Riley, J. A.
Fante, C. C.  Rogers, L. D.
Fante, A. P.  Ryan, G. D.
Folk, B. P.  Sandifer, T. B.
Foster, W. W.  Schroeder, F. E.
Fulmer, T.  Shell, A. C.
Fulmer, H.  Sompayrac, E. A.
Gage, J. H.  Sondley, C. M.
Gandy, F. L.  Spratt, W. C.
Gandy, S. A.  Stevenson, W. J.
Garrett, J. W.  Stokes, W. E.
Garner, G. D.  Stribling, R. A.
Gillam, C. R.  Sullivan, S. B.
Ginn, W. N.  Tarbox, F. G.
Gray, W. R.  Thornhill, E. J.
Green, H. H.  Tobin, L. P.
Green, F. B.  Townsend, C. P.
Hale, P. S.  Trott, C. H.
Harris, B. B.  Venning, S. G.
Harrison, J. W.  Wakefield, H. S.
Haskell, L. C.  Wannamaker, W. J.
Haynesworth, W. M.  Watkins, D. W.
Herbert, W. W.  Webb, S. M.
Head, N. O.  Wichman, F. P.
Herriot, H. A.  Williford, F. A.
Hiers, J. T.  Williford, L. M.
Hodge, W. M.  Wilson, J. H.
Holiday, E. L.  Woodward, H. M.
Inman, C. F.  Wright, W. B.
Motto: "St. George and Our Lady!"

King Arthur .................................................. Stricker Coles
Merlin .......................................................... Boyce Eugene Wolff

GUINEVERE
Knights

Sir Bedevere ............................................ Woodward Allen
Sir Bors ...................................................... Bolivar De Saussure Boykin
Sir Gawain ............................................... Elias Miller Boykin
Sir Trist’am ............................................... Robert Allison Fetzer
Sir Launcelot ............................................ Allen Jones, Jr.
Sir Gallahad .............................................. John Hunter Lesesne
Sir Kay ..................................................... Louis de Berniere McCrady
Sir Lucan ................................................... Albert McDavid
Sir Perceval ............................................... Edward Hall Pinckney
Sir Bois .................................................... William Alexander Robinson
Sir Lionel ................................................... Lawrence Salley Stokes
Sir Ector .................................................... Ralph Henry Walker
Sir Hector ................................................ Russell Simmons Wolfe
Les Connoisseurs

Motto:  Eat, drink and be merry; for to-morrow you may be broke
Colors:  Chocolate Brown and Orange Yellow
Password: Triscuit
Place of Meeting: "Dive" 120
Time of Meeting: Midnight
Chief Occupation: Eating, Drinking, and Joking

MENU

Nun-a-la-Chocolate  Weneedher  Foodle-de-Doodle
Sta-le-Crackers  Stickit-tome-Candy

MEMBERS

J. D. Murray, ("J. D.")  J. H. Wilson, ("Skeeball")
J. P. McMillan, ("Jim")  W. C. Spratt, ("Theo")
L. P. Byars, ("Luther")  R. P. Jeter, ("Potcham")
W. G. Hyrne, ("Willie Green")

HONORARY MEMBER

William C. Crum, ("Bill")
“Cigar Club”

R. E. Nickles, President

L. C. Langston, Vice-President
A. E. Hamlin
S. B. Sullivan
J. P. Major

G. L. Marshall, Secretary and Treasurer
A. P. Fant
Thad Horton
J. D. O’Bryan
Night Riders

Motto: *Make our own regulations*  
Object of Meetings: *To punish obedience of regulations*

MEMBERS

G. M. Barnett  
L. B. Brandon  
W. J. Brockington  
O. M. Clark  
F. Fleming  

H. H. Greene  
H. K. Sanders  
W. J. Sheely  
D. W. Watkins  
A. C. Whittle

Time of Meeting: Whenever necessary
Possom Hollow Orchestra

Beall, H. W., Cornet
Clayton, D. B., Guitar
Elkins, M. B., Mandolin
Ferguson, J. B., Violin

Fulmer, T., Violin
Osborne, W., Bones
Rogers, E. S., Mandolin
Wright, W. B., Mandolin

Wingard, J. O., Guitar
U. S. of "E" Company

OFFICERS

J. E. Kirby, "Tige," President

MEMBERS

Abell, S. S., "Dago"  Cantwell, P. W., "Jimmy"
Brown, S. M., "Fig"  Fant, A. P., "Ape"
Cannon, W. E., "Gun"  Grimball, I. H., "Ike"
Sullivan, S. B., "Stool"
The Happy-Go-Lucky Thirteen

Motto: 'Taint no use

Object: Easy Life   Colors: Claret and Champagne

K. Easterling  M. D. Sims, President  T. R. Salley
H. D. Plenge  J. T. Stepenson
J. C. Reid  E. L. Sumner
V. B. Higgins, Sec. and Treas.  L. D. Webb
L. L. LaRoche  W. P. White
C. M. Robbs
W. A. Robinson

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Ten of 'Em

Abell, S. S., President, "Dago"
Brodie, O. B., Vice-President, "Pete"  Morrison, R., Sec. and Treas., "Jo Jo"
Craig, W. D., "John D"  Connelly, W. R., "Bill"
Harris, T., "Dear"  Wilson, T. B., "Rat"
Boyd, J. F., "Flip"  Wilson, H. F., "Bubber"
Crawford, W. S., "Shell"
Anti-Chanticleers

Object: To undo the misdeeds of the former "Chanticleers"

Motto: Never too late to do—anybody

"Eddie" Thornhill, President

Ralph Walker, Vice-President    Dean Garner, D. H. Counsel for Defense

ODD-JOBBERS

"Jeems" Bull, H. D.    "Tobe" Tobin, L. R.
"Buss" Owens    "One H" Woodward, No. 5.
Abbeville County Club

Greene, President

Reese
Latimer
Graves
Bradley
Blake
Cason
Wakefield
Deason
Harper
Gilliam
Lomax
Hill

McDavid
Haskell
Nickles
Evans
Britt
Anderson
DeBruhl
Pennell
Neuffer
Wakefield
Cromer
Calvert
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Eugene H. Wood, ’09

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Louis H. Hardin, ’11

Top row, left to right

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Floyd L. Ross, ’11

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Claude F. Inman, ’10

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Forrest A. McCraw, ’12
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Davis, E. I.
Jennings, W.
Marshall, G. L.

Marshall, T. S.
Marshall, W. J.
Roberts, C. P.
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Sanders, M. F.
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263
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Motto: Mountaineers are always free men
Time of Meeting: When the booze jug is full
Place of Meeting: Where the Revenue Officers never go

ROLL OF MEMBERS

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Harrison, L. C., "Smuggler"
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Davis, W. C., "Spendthrift"
Lowery, R. W., "Spy"
Davis, Dean, "Crack Shot"

Knox, J. S., "Camp Keeper"
Lewis, A. P., "Bullet Moulder"
Stribling, R. A., "Distiller"
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Redfern, T. C., "Doctor"
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Saluda County Club

A. C. Whittle  T. Fulmer  H. Fulmer  J. J. Wheeler

(From left to right, in order, by numbers)
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Heldmann, M.  Burnett, M.
Ezell, J. F.    Allen, W.
Ezell, W. D.    Harris, H. L.
Becker, W. S.   Ozborne, W.
Becker, A. J.    Lee, P. E.
Cannon, W. C.    Johnson, F. W.
Kirby, J. E.    Page, L. R.
Reid, J. C.      Earle, O. P.
Foster, W. W.    Irvine
Harrison, J. W.  Caldwell, J. C.
Boyd, J. F.      Hayes, W. W.
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Motto: "A little learning is a dangerous thing; Drink deep, or taste not of the Pierian spring."

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Hoke, P. W.

Lawrence, B. F.
Parker, T. M.
Simms, M. D.
Sandifer, T. B.
Sadler, R. E.
Steele, E. P.
Tompkins, D.
At the conclusion of our work, we, the Board of Editors, desire to extend our most sincere thanks to all who have assisted us in our labors—be their contributions of money, time, or talent. Especially do we acknowledge our indebtedness to Mr. R. G. Forsythe (Clemson, '01), Miss E. H. Forsythe, and Miss A. C. Coles, for their excellent contributions of art. For the rest of our material, we are indebted, exclusively, to Clemson talent. We have endeavored to show our appreciation of this aid by redoubling our own efforts; and it is our most sincere hope that our labors may be rewarded by the approbation of our every patron.

The Editors
To Our Alma Mater

From the four winds of the heavens,
Thou hast brought us from afar:
With a mother's tender teaching.
Thou hast made us what we are;
May Clemson’s chorus ever be
Alma Mater, praise to thee!

When of ourselves we could not stand,
When strength and courage ebbed away,
The power of thy loving hand
Sufficed our failing strength to stay.
Enshrined within our hearts shall be,
Alma Mater, Prayers for thee.

As through the shifting scenes of life,
We onward fight our painful way.
Above the din of battle strife,
Our wills, our zeal, our strength to stay,
This our battle cry shall be,
Alma Mater, hail to thee!

And as the tide of time rolls on,
As changing fortunes we shall weave,
May generations yet unborn
Thy benediction still receive.
May Carolina bend the knee,
Alma Mater, e’er to thee!
The Parting of the Ways

The golden sands slip fleetly by—
Fall softly, one by one—
O'er hill and valley, casts his rays
The low descending sun.

The last bright ray of dying day,
In golden garb bedight,
Each passing crystal on its way
Bathes in its mellow light.

Just as the sands asunder dart,
When they strike the steep decline,
So, on the morrow, we must part,
Old friends of Nineteen Nine.

Like them, we've struggled side by side,
Adown life's path to start,
And now, upon the morning-tide,
Like theirs, our ways must part.

Like them, may we our missions fill,
As we our paths pursue,
Through weal or woe, through good or ill,
Like them may we be true.

And when, at last, our course is run,
When by our works we're tried,
May we, as they, again be one
Upon the other side.
Adieu

Softly fall the evening shadows,
Soft the gentle breezes blow,
Soft the whip-poor-will is sighing
To his mate a love song low;
Soft the moonbeams dance and dally,
Filtered through a leafy maze,
Soft the bugle-call, resounding,
Breathes the "Taps" of College days;
Soft the heart that beats within us,
Soft the moist and misty eye,
Soft the voice that Echoes gently,
"Alma Mater, fond good-bye!"
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