HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING.
Charles Wesley.

Hark, the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new born King;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With th’angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem."

Christ, by highest heav’n adored;
Christ, the everlasting Lord!
Late in time behold Him come
Off-spring of the Virgin’s womb;
Veil’d in flesh the God-head see;
Hail th’incarnate Deity,
Plea’d as man with men to dwell,
Jesus, our Emmanuel.

Hail, the heav’n-born Prince of Peace!
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Ris’n with healing in His wings.
Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.
Hark! the herald angels sing,
“Glory to the new born King.”

O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM.
Phillips Brooks.

O little town of Bethlehem!
How still we see thee lie;
Above the deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by;
Yet in the dark streets shineth
The everlasting light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.

How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.
No ear may hear this coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him still,
The dear Christ enters in.
The Tiger that Came Out on Time

By A. M. Salley

Big Ben was the "Jonah" of the Jones United Shows. He caused the animal men more trouble than all the other big cats combined. Hardly a week passed that he failed to figure in some escapade. Altogether, he was a very troublesome, and very valuable, Royal Bengal tiger.

While the show was at a little town in north Georgia, Big Ben, in a playful moment, flung himself rather carelessly at one end of his cage, with the result that the lock flew off, and the animal men had one of the most exciting fifteen minutes of their lives, trying to shoot sufficient strong ammonia into Big Ben's snarling face to render him safe to handle.

Instead of transferring Big Ben to a cage with a locked-bar door, the General Manager merely had the old lock repaired. That was where the G. M. made a grave mistake; and that was where "Quid" Carnes, head "cat man," made a bet with Hooks, the elephant man, that inside of a week, Big Ben would be out of his cage again.

In the gray dawn of the morning of December 20, the circus train was drawn up in the siding of a little town called Calhoun, up in the northwest corner of South Carolina. The southern season was over; the show was on its way to winter quarters; Christmas and home were only a few days off; and everybody in the show was enjoying the luxury of a good snooze—everybody except Ben. He was amusing himself by battering the ends of his cage. At the third lunge, the patched lock gave way. Big Ben stepped down, and crawled stealthily out from under the tarpaulin. The frosty ground gave his cage-galled footpads a new sensation, and he struck out over the deserted cotton field clumsily but steadily enough.

It was a good five minutes later when Quid pulled the tarpaulin aside, on his morning rounds, and found the cage empty. The broken lock explained all. He was too good an animal man to waste time in collecting his wager from Hooks just then, however. He sought first the G. M., then a horse and buggy. He had little difficulty in following the broad trail over the frosty ground, until he came within sight of a group of red brick buildings on a hill, dominated by a lofty tower.

Meanwhile, Big Ben was having fun for himself. As he drew near a brick building with many windows, his keen nose caught the scent of fresh meat. A little trail of blood drops followed the middle of the road around the building. He gave a huge, expectant snarl, rolled himself in the blood spattered dust a few times, and then silently followed the trail of the meat-wagon.

As the negro driving the wagon turned into the open space between the wings of a great prison-like structure, he heard a sudden thud, and felt the shock of a large body striking the load behind him. He glanced casually over his shoulder; and the next instant he could have been heard crashing through the underbrush beyond the pumping station. Old Bob, surprised by the sudden move into glancing behind him, immediately bestirred himself to an extent undreamed of by anyone who has ever tried to get anywhere with him. He paused only when the front wheel of the wagon struck the coping of a concrete drain, and then only until the singletree snapped.

Attracted by the clatter, a fat man, wearing a derby, and smoking a cigar, waddled out of the back door, ready to explode with wrath, and muttering, "I'll teach 'em to bre'k up my wag'n."

(Continued on Page 5)
THE TIGER

LITERARY : : SOCIETIES

THE CALHOUN.

Before opening the regular exercises last Friday night, Mr. Freeman announced the contestants for the annual celebration to be held in March, would be selected. The following is a list of those who volunteered for the preliminary declaimer’s contest: Hill, D. B.; Rayb, S. W.; Josey, E. P.; McElve, H. S.; Byars, G. W.; Freeman, H. A.; James, B. M.; Small, A. G.; Rowell, N. K.; Ross, F. L.; Goldfinch, A. K.; Mappus J. H., and Boone, L. D. The preliminary will be held soon after the holidays are over, and two contestants will be selected for the annual contest. Messrs. Foster, W. W. and Faint, G. C., were elected as debaters for the coming contest. As orators, Messrs. Crawford, J. T., and Lykes, C. S., were elected.

Mr. G. W. Byars opened the regular exercises with a well prepared declamation. Mr. L. D. Boone followed with a well written oration. On account of having pressing duties the week before, Mr. Boone was unable to memorize his oration; but he read it with force and dignity. Mr. J. H. Hayden read an essay entitled “The Beauty of the Helping Hand.” Mr. B. M. James read an amusing account of a bashful young man. Mr. James is a new society man, and promises to do some good work.

The debate, Resolved “That money spent for luxuries is justifiable,” was not argued with very much energy. Some of the regular debators were absent; while others showed lack of preparation. Both house and judges decided in favor of the affirmative.

It was decided to expel those members who were delinquent with fines and dues. However, the society wishes to give them a chance to redeem themselves, and has postponed any further action until Jan. 6th, 1911. All members are urged to see the secretary before that date, and have this matter settled.

THE COLUMBIAN.

The last meeting before the Christmas holidays was decidedly a success. A large attendance lent unusual interest to the exercises.

Mr. C. J. Hayden, the first declaimer, in an impressive manner delivered a splendid speech.

Mr. F. F. Parker followed with one of Rudyard Kipling’s amusing articles.

Mr. J. M. Martin spoke on the “Welfare of Our Nation,” and showed good composition in preparation of his oration.

The query, Resolved, “That Life Membership of Trustees at Clemson College Should be Abolished,” proved a topic worthy of one hour’s heated argument.

Messrs. Stickley, Provost, and Ezell stubbornly fought for the affirmative; but Messrs. McCrary, Jeter, and Byrd, giving the highest praise to Col. Alan Johnstone and Senator Tillman, easily convinced the house and the judges that the seven life trustees of Clemson were an asset of which we are justly proud.

Mr. R. F. Ulmer gave an extemporaneous speech on the special advantages of the Agricultural and Chemistry course.

The program for the annual celebration to be held January 20, 1911, in chapel, has been completed, and the participants are now hard at work, each with the glitter of “that gold medal” in his eye.

(Continued on Page 10)
EXCHANGES

Among our exchanges for the week we notice the "Boy's High School Tatler," the monthly journal of the Boy's High School in Atlanta. The Tatler is very attractive and is very readable, containing the accounts of their different athletic meets which shows that some good spirit is being developed there. Not only do they tell us about their football results, but they tell us that they have elected their basket-ball captain and are expecting a lively time, as they are planning for many meets in the near future.

The different departments are all well taken care of. The Locals, The Correspondence, The Exchanges, all have their place, which makes the Tatler quite a newsy monthly.

The "Weekly Spectrum," the student publication of the North Dakota Agricultural College is noted among our exchanges. The Spectrum comes to us each week and is always welcomed as among our very best exchanges. This issue contains quite a number of articles well written, that are of an educational nature, such as the essay on Historic Washington. Such articles have their place in a college publication and should always be found in our periodicals. The editorials are well written, which shows us that the editor is alive when it comes to expressing his views on subjects related to the college publications. This issue, as usual, is very readable, and is always welcomed to our desk.

WHEN BILLET-DOUX AREN'T BETTER THAN BILLY'S DUES.

Recently I read a poem
Written by "Raoul" seems to me;
Speaking of the different letters
He had sometimes got; and he,
After naming three or four kinds
Of which a man will sometimes get,
Thought the letters from his sweetheart
Were the best he'd gotten yet.

Now I never like to argue,
And I hate to disagree,
But I think that my friend Raoul,
When from prejudice he's free,
After naming three or four kinds
Of which a man will sometimes get,
Thought the letters from his sweetheart
Were the best he'd gotten yet.

Yes, our "girls" are all rich treasurers,
Bless their hearts, I love 'em all,
And I would not, no, I could not,
From their praise detract at all,
But if you will be right candid
About the letters you have had,
Don't you sometimes think the very best
Are the ones from Dear Old Dad?

(The above stanzas were secretly taken from the desk of the General Secretary in room 54. It is believed that his inspiration for the production of such is due to the fact that the letters of a clerical nature have ceased to find his whereabouts, while he still receives the billet-doux.)
NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS AND SUBSCRIBERS.

Owing to the recess given for Christmas holidays, the “Tiger” will not be published during the next two weeks; but a full number of issues will be published during the remainder of the college session. The staff hopes that the extra efforts exerted toward getting out an interesting and attractive Xmas number will be met with approval by “The Tiger’s” many readers.

EDITOR.---

THE TIGER THAT CAME OUT ON TIME (Continued from Page 2)

At the sight that met his eyes, wrath and cigar fell from him, and a second later the bakery door was heard to slam.

As these exciting events were taking place there strode upon the scene a fair haired youth in a grey uniform—a youth whose walk looks as the walk of Gulliver must have appeared to the Lilliputians. At sight of Big Ben, regaling himself on the contents of the meat wagon, he clenched his fists, and a look of determination hardened his face. Striding up to the feasting tiger, he demanded, “What are you doing here, and why are you clawing all over that load, when material for ‘The Tiger’ is so scarce?” “Arrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr
The "Tiger" from Xmas to June for fifty cents. Subscribe now and get a copy of the Xmas edition.

**PERT PARAGRAPHS.**

It is well to be sure you are right before going ahead; and it is just as well to be sure you are wrong before backing out.

Aviator Lanham says that aeroplaning is a sure cure for consumption. We judge that it would only take one drop to cure the case.

The man who carries a borrowed watch should realize that his time is not his own.

**The Germus Osulatorum.**

If germs do lurk on every lip
To give the kissing man the ‘grip
Where is the man who’d care to be
Gripless throughout eternity?
Why, such a man is but a worm;
True men will cry, “Bring on your germ!!!”

**rowing a little every day, looking out upon life fearlessly and hopefully,**
*doing with our might the common task that stands before us, trying to make ourselves good and other people happy—rather than ourselves happy and other people good—treating duty as a friend rather than a master, and work as a joy rather than a task, laughing often, worrying about nothing, and loving all men; if this does not bring success, it will bring something that is better, for it carries with it all that is best in life*.  

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DR. WARD’S HOOKWORM INVESTIGATION.

For one-half hour on the evening of December 7, Dr. Ward, an old Clemson man, who is now making an investigation of the hookworm disease in South Carolina, outlined his plans for the work here before the whole student body.

Promptly at seven o’clock, Dr. Redfern, the college surgeon, introduced Dr. Ward to the student body in the chapel. In his words of introduction, Dr. Redfern made a few remarks concerning the disease, and stated that Dr. Ward was working under the State Board of Health and the Rockefeller foundation. He also urged the boys to co-operate with Dr. Ward in making this investigation.

Dr. Ward, in a few words, stated his plans for making the investigation, and briefly gave the history, symptoms, methods of infection, prevalence, and need of better sanitation. The disease is not comparatively old: it was discovered in Europe during the latter part of the seventeenth century; and, in 1902, it was found to be a very prevalent disease in the Southern States, it being unable to live in the colder climate of the states farther north. The disease is worse in the lower country where the soils are more sandy. The whole south is more or less infected, the estimated victims being 2,000,000. Investigation in four counties of the lower section of South Carolina show that 60 per cent. of the rural school children are infected.

The inoculating worms are microscopical and enter through the skin, causing the irritation known as ground itch. The infection may take place through any portion of the skin and reach the normal size after entering. The looks of the patient may not indicate infection owing to the fact that he has infected for life. The disease is usually accompanied in its worst stages by dulness or mental depression. If no further infection takes place, the victim may outgrow the disease in ten or twelve years.

On the following evening, Dec. 8, Dr. Ward gave an illustrated lecture showing the morphology, development, and some of the typical victims of the hookworm. He stated that the hookworm was among the curable diseases and that its prevalence is due to the bad sanitary conditions, such as polluted barnyards which are so common in the south. He feels sure that these conditions could be improved and the south wholly rid of this serious disease, as well as other curable diseases. He stated that the State Board of South Carolina was seeking co-operation from the counties in this work.

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Prof. T. “Mr. Wall, do strawberries planted in winter give a crop the succeeding spring?”

Senior W.: “No, sir; they don’t fruit till the following spring.”

It is rumored that Robt. L. Sweeney should be held accountable for the scratching on the new cement walk; as an outcome of a certain conversation which took place between the parties involved.

It’s when a fellow is too fresh that everything he says should be taken with a grain of salt.

Prof. B.: “Mr. Pinkney, give me rule No. 1 for the use of the question mark.”

Rat P.: “Professor, I don’t know that, sir, I studied the interrogation point.”
A LITTLE THING.

A little word
Just letters three,
One syllable,
Short as can be,
So tiny, seems
Beyond one's banns,
Yet it can wreck
The biggest plans.

It nullifies
The highest praise;
On surest things
It puts new phase,
A promise great
It brings to naught,
It alters e'en
The finest thought.

There's not a word
For meaning rigged,
Can beat it in
The unabridged;
The grandest plans
Oft feel its cut—
That mean and measly
Little "but."

—Baltimore American.

OUR ADVERTISERS.

The following is a list of our advertisers. You will do well to patronize them:
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WANTED: The student body to know that we run a first class tonsorial parlor in room 356, new barracks. 3 chairs, white barbers of unlimited experience, best service, and courteous treatment. Shaving and massaging a specialty. Give us a trial and be convinced.

MICKLE & GETTYS,
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WHY NOT A PRESS CLUB?

Dear Mr. Freeman:

Has the organization of a Press Club ever been tried at Clemson College? As I have never heard of an attempt to organize such a Club here, and especially since an attempt has not been talked of this year, at least, I think it would not be out of place for the "Tiger" to bring the matter to the attention of the Students.

If I am correctly informed, there are a number of Cadets here who correspond with their home newspapers. For these students, as well as for the College as a whole, such an organization as I have suggested has great advantages. It has advantages for these correspondents in that it enables them more easily and more accurately to get material which is worthy of State wide publication. By meeting together at stated times, and discussing the various items, which may have been called to the attention of some one of the members rather than of all, it will be possible for the correspondents to get all the news, or at least, the best part of all the college news. And then, as I have said, this organization will be an advantage to the college. The first of these advantages may be seen at a glance: the college will be more extensively advertised, college affairs will be brought before more people in the State. If men can get reliable information more easily, they will be so much the more ready to send this information home in letters for publication. Again, the Press Club will be a means of getting out more accurate reports from the College. While it is not practicable to restrict the members to sending out no information except that which has the sanction of the officers and the members, still where there is a piece of news that requires that it be exact and accurate, the members may be sure that such information is furnished each member.

Now I might say a word about the organization in detail. But that is a matter that could be worked out later by men who see fit to organize this club. However, if you shall see fit to talk this matter up, and if there is any interest shown, I shall be glad to give its promoters the benefit of what experience I have had in this connection.

It may be of interest to you to know that this kind of Club is organized in nearly all of the larger Colleges, and that it has proved successful in many cases where the right men have taken hold of it.

Very truly yours,
ROBERT L. SWEENEY.

GOD GIVE US MEN.

"God give us men! A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands;
Men whom the trust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor; men who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue and damn his treachero-
ous flatteries without winking.
Tall men sun-crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking."

—Ex.
PROF. AND MRS. NOURSE ENTERTAIN

One of the most enjoyable social affairs of the season was a house party given to the first section Seniors by Prof. and Mrs. Nourse on last Friday evening. The party was very informal, which made each one feel very much at home. The evening was spent in progressive games—a star being awarded to the one who progressed each time. The contest was interesting from start to finish, and when the bell rang for refreshments it was with some degree of regret that we had to end our contest. When the count of the stars were made, it was found that Major E. S. Jenkins had the highest number and was awarded a most beautiful stick pin.

Resrs. Riley, Lindler and Beaty were found to be in the race for the booby, but as luck would have it, Mr. Riley was successful in his manoeuvres and was awarded the booby.

Those present besides the section of Seniors were Misses Brackett, Towns and Sadler, who added very materially to the contest and made the evening very much more enjoyable. Miss Towns was awarded a very beautiful pin, as she was more successful in getting stars added to her crown than the other young ladies. The refreshments consisted of sherbet, cake and candy which was very much enjoyed by all.

Prof. and Mrs. Nourse are good hands to entertain college boys as they have had quite a good deal of experience, but in the many entertainments they have given, none could have been any more successful nor more enjoyed by all present than this one.

There has been much written and given to college men in relation to the habit of drinking; but the following advice is very concise, and will be most uplifting to all young men who follow it:

"Young men, Beware! The first and most seductive peril, and the destroyer of most young men, is the drinking of liquor. I am no temperance lecturer in disguise, but a man who knows and tells you what observation has proved to him; and I say to you that you are more likely to fail in your career from acquiring the habit of drinking liquor than from all other temptations likely to assail you. You may yield to almost any other temptation and may reform—may brace up, and, if not recover lost ground, at least remain in the race, and secure a respectable position. "But from failure caused by the drink habit, recovery is almost impossible. I have known but few exceptions from the rule."

—Andrew Carnegie.

It is a prevalent custom throughout the country to consider Christmas as a time for drinking, dancing, and general gaiety; but the proper way to observe the anniversary of Christ, it seems, would be a quieter and more reverent observance of the 25th of December. And, as college men, we should consider it a part of our mission to have such customs abandoned. If drinking and gay celebration is to be indulged in, it seems that any other portion of the year—other than that which should be kept in memory of the world's Redeemer—would be more appropriate, if such actions can be said to be appropriate. Let every one of us remember that we should exert our influence against these barbarous customs, which are a shame to civilized people. Here's hoping that every loyal Clemson man will enjoy Christmas, but by observing it in the proper manner.

AROUND THE YULE LOG.

Fetch in dat biggest back-log, Rastus, 
An' drop it on the fire;
For de sleet and snow am fallin' fast, 
An' de win' is risin' higher.

Draw your stools up closer, chillun; 
Chunk up a better blaze
For I'm gointer tell how Chrismus 
Use to be in slavery days.

'Twas allus Master's custom—
An' a good un it was, too—
Fer us niggers to git a back log
What ud lass de Chrismus thru.

An' again it was his custom
To give a holiday
From de time dat log was lighted
Till de las' sit burned away.

One winter I cut down a gum
And soaked it in de creek
And, bless de Lord, when Chrismus come
Dat log it burned a week

An' all dat time us niggers
Cud walk around at ease
To have our candy pullins
Or whatever we wud please.

I can see Ole Marse dis minute
As from breakfas' he ud rise
Wid de good old Chrismus eggnog
Fairly beaming in his eyes.

But, chillun, dem days have come and gone
'Twas days, but now 'tis night
An' never again will Yule logs burn
Not even half so bright.

—Uncle Si, '11.

Senior Rast, in referring to the world wide cultivation of apples, classified the apple as a metropolitan fruit.

The "Tiger" from Xmas to June for fifty cents. Subscribe now and get a copy of the Xmas edition.

Weep and you're called a baby
Laugh and you're called a fool,
Yield and you're called a coward,
Stand and you're called a mule,
Smile and they'll call you silly,
Frown and they'll call you gruff,
Put on a front like a millionaire—
And some guy calls you a bluff.

—Puck.
Soon our first term examinations will be upon us. Are we ready? Have we that feeling of duty well done? These are questions for every Senior to answer for himself. After examinations, however, comes the happiest season of the year—Christmas. Everyone is looking forward with eagerness to this midway station in our college year. Well, “here is hoping” that everyone’s cup of joy will be filled to overflowing. But while we are enjoying all these blessings ourselves, let us not forget those less fortunate. Would it not add to our pleasure a thousand fold, if we could, by some kind deed, cheer the heart and brighten the life of some fellow creature whose lot in life has not been as pleasant as ours? Christmas is a time when all humanity should rejoice. Money is not all that counts in giving joy. Only a kind word, a cherry smile, or a simple, loving reminder may suffice to drive away the gloom from some weary soul, and plant in its stead peace, joy and sunshine. Let us then do what we can—little though it might seem—to make all creatures “Rejoice! Rejoice! for a Savior is born!”

Mr. Fizer visited Greenville on Saturday, the tenth. W. H. Hanckel paid a flying visit to Pendleton on Sunday. Messrs. Graham, Altman, Goodwin, Fulmer, and Dukes were on the sick list for a few days last week. Capt. Altman is very fond of playing. Ask him what his favorite game is, and with whom played.

Mr. H. C. Egerton went to Columbia last week to stand an examination for a congressional appointment to West Point Military Academy. We all wish him the best luck. We would be delighted to see Bruin as he entered West Point as a Piebe.

Mr. J. A. Dew has been absent from the campus for sometime now. On Thursday, he went to Pendleton. On Friday, he went to Greenville, remaining till Saturday night.

The members of the First Section, Senior Agriculturals, were entertained very pleasantly on Friday evening, the ninth, by Prof. and Mrs. Nourse, in their suite of rooms in the Annex. The lady guests present were Miss Brackett, Miss Townes, and Miss Mary Newton. Mrs. Lee, Mrs. Sloan, Mrs. Bradley and Mrs. Brackett acted as chaperones.

Besides the members of the club, the members of the football team, the presidents of the dancing clubs and several members of the faculty were present.

The Sophomore Dancing Club gave its first dance on Saturday evening, Dec. 10, 1910. It was a delightful informal affair. The following couples were present: Miss Lucile Sloan with Mr. W. H. Hanckel; Miss Nell Sloan with Mr. S. Y. Tupper; Miss Cora Garner with Mr. L. S. David; Miss Leila Doyle with Mr. W. F. B. Haymesworth; Miss Ditz Ramsey with Mr. L. R. Blackman; Miss Leize Stirling with Mr. J. L. Hiers; Miss Lila Stirling with Mr. S. W. Rabb; Miss Helen Brackett with Mr. E. T. Provost; Miss Floride Calhoun with Mr. W. H. Hanckel; and Miss Porcher with Mr. P. M. Carpenter. The stags were Messrs. M. F. Sanders, T. F. Massey, D. H. Covington, P. E. Myers, R. W. Pant, J. H. Kenger, M. S. Lawton, M. Coles, E. B. McLaurin, J. R. Sprout, R. B. Waters, H. A. Horiot, R. B. Vance, F. M. Mellett, L. D. Hutson, M. D. Berry, L. F. Sollee, J. L. Pearson, J. M. Wilson and T. B. Wilson. Mrs. Lee, Mrs. Sloan, Mrs. Bradley and Mrs. Brackett acted as chaperones.

The Christmas holidays are almost here, and those of us who are now in our third year here are anticipating them with as much pleasure as the first year men are. The members of our class are at work now, and real hard work at that. With examinations and reviews upon us, we must work harder than at any other time during the term. In all the courses there is the special hard study; with the agriculturists, it is either Dr. Calhoun or Dr. Powers, while with the mechanics it is mechanism under Prof. Howard.

Mr. D. T. Hardin has been appointed as first alternate to West Point, as the result of the examination taken a few weeks ago. We congratulate him on the good showing made on the examination.

The many friends of “Sam” Ezell are glad to see his broken shoulder improving so fast. Here’s hoping that he will be all right for Christmas.

Rat McIver wants to know if a permit sent in on Sunday would be improved (approved.)
THE TIGER

LITERARY SOCIETIES (Continued from Page 3)

A motto for the society was recently adopted and placed in the constitution: "Labor Omnia Vincit"—Effort conquers all Things. With this motto the society will begin the year 1911.

Following is the program for the annual celebration of the Columbian Literary Society, to be held in chapel in January, 1911:

Orators: Alf, F. H.; Strickley, J. P.
Declamers: Keith, J. B.; Wall, M. W.
Debaters: Harrison, L. C.; Jenkins, Jno. E.
Presiding Officer: Martin, J. M.
Ushers: Jenkins, E. S. (Chief); Stevens, R. G.; Parker, F. F.; Wiggins, W. M., and Graham, O. H.

These are all strong society men; and, coming from the Senior Class, they are determined to put forth their best efforts in order to make the celebration a success.

May each fellow member have a merry Christmas and a happy New Year, remembering "Labor Omnia Vincit," and come back with the determination to "do or die" for the Columbian Literary Society in the year 1911.

THE PALMETTO.

The meeting Dec. 10, which promised to be very interesting on account of our having up a live subject for debate, proved to be only a dry business session. The business in question was the election of two orators and two debaters to represent the society at our annual celebration, which will take place Feb. 22, 1911.

Messrs. F. H. Jeter, and O. O. Dukes were elected as orators. Messrs. J. M. Workman, and H. T. Prosser were elected as debaters. The two declaimers will be chosen later from the nine men who submitted their names, and who will enter the preliminary contest on the second Friday night after the Christmas holidays. Messrs. J. A. Goodwin, T. D. Williams, and W. E. Stokes, were appointed to secure medals. Messrs. J. A. Goodwin, J. M. Workman, and H. T. Prosser were appointed on the invitation committee. This was the last meeting the society will hold before Christmas.

Lieutenant Cooper to "Rat" Axson: Rat, do you know anybody in Atlanta?

Rat Axson: Yes, I know a fellow in the Dental college.

Teacher: "Charles, tell what you know of the Mongolian race."

Charles: "I wasn't there. I went to the football game."—I Irish Catholic.

Dudley Beaty asserted a few days ago that there are hybridized (hybrid) plums. Wonder if Luther Burbanks originated them?

Who saw Junior Bell run over the fence at Columbia College and abuse a colored gentleman at the Fair grounds?—Police court.

Junior Freeman says that Thanksgiving will come on Friday next year.

Rat Pinckney, in sending the November Chronicle to a girl, wrote the following on the first page: "This is our Chronicle."

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Phone 93. Anderson, S. C.
The Y. M. C. A. held its regular annual business meeting, Sunday evening, December 11, 1910, with Pres. B. N. Sitton presiding. Before taking up the regular business exercises of the evening, Prof. Keitt made us a short address on the subject “Love, The Greatest Thing in Life,” taking as his theme first Corinthians, the thirteenth chapter. Prof. Keitt’s address was enjoyed very much by all.

Then the regular business exercises were taken up; and reports were called for and made by the chairman of each of the following committees: Membership, J. T. Crawford, Char.; Bible Study, L. B. Altman, Char.; Finance, O. O. Dukes, Char.; Religious Meeting, B. H. Deason, Char.; Athletic, J. M. Martin, Char.; Social, L. D. Boone, Char.; and Rural Work, C. B. Paris, Char. Besides these reports, the president made a report on the first half of the association year. All of these reports were very gratifying, since we learned by them that the Y. M. C. A. is in a very prosperous condition.

Adam and Eve.

“I hope this expulsion of ours is not going to injure our social position,” said Eve, ruefully.

“I guess not,” replied Adam. “They can’t stop us from being one of the very first families whatever they do.”

“I don’t find our names in the Social Register,” said Eve, looking the volume over.

“Look under Dilatory Domiciles, my love,” said Adam, as he went out and named the jackass after himself.—Harper’s Weekly.

Old Boy: “Rat, have you been to guard mount yet?”

Rat Axsom: “No. Where does he room?”

Star Pressing Club Representative: “Say, boss, don’t you want to join the pressing club?”

Senior Dew: “Sure. Where does it meet?”

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South Carolina Experiment Station—J. N. Harper, Director; J. N. Hook, Secretary.

Clemson College Chronicle—P. H. Jeter, Editor-in-Chief; L. D. Boone, Business Manager.

Calhoun Literary Society—R. W. Freeman, President; J. R. Crawford, Secretary.

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