Slight Fire in Barracks

Only a slight fire caused quite a sensation in barracks on last Wednesday. Some one passing down hall number 16 noticed smoke issuing from room 380. The door was opened and the room was found to be full of smoke. Something in the room was on fire. The alarm was sounded, and the hose in the hall put into action. Water was thrown over all parts of the room till everything was completely wet. The smoke was now mostly cleared away, and it was found that a mattress cover had caught fire in some way and was slowly burning. No damage was done by the fire except the damage to the mattress cover. The water which was thrown into the room wet almost everything in the room, thus causing considerable damage. The origin of the fire is not known.

Rev. W. H. Hudson Addresses Y.M.C.A.

REV. W. H. HUDSON, A MISSIONARY TO CHINA, ADDRESSES THE CADETS.

Last Sunday morning at the regular church services, the pulpit was filled by the Rev. W. H. Hudson, of the Southern Presbyterian Mission, Kashing Chekiang Province, China. Rev. Hudson is a native of South Carolina, having been born in Greenville. He graduated from Furman in 1890 and from Princeton in 1893. He went to China directly from college. Since that time he has been engaged in evangelical work in Chekiang province. He is now on his second furlough.

In his talk he told many interesting things concerning China and her progress. It was especially interesting and instructive to get information first hand from China just at this time when...
she is in such a turmoil politically. He said that this Chinese rebellion is no sudden uprising as is the common belief. But the storm has been brewing ever since before his arrival in China. There are many influential and wealthy patriots throughout the empire who have spent many years collecting and saving funds for financing a rebellion when opportunity should be ripe. And now that the rebellion is on, the rebels are not without funds. In fact it is thought that the rebels have better financial backing than have the Manchus.

When Christianity was first introduced in China, the natives were hostile to the missionaries, but as time passed away and the missionaries persisted in their good works and the Chinese saw that their works were all good, the acquisitive spirit gradually disappeared and now it is not considered a disgrace to be a Christian in China. Chinese are not fond of foreigners. Many they cannot tolerate. But the Americans they like, for the Americans have brought only good into their land.

For hundreds of years they have stood the yoke of the Manchus but they are beginning to see that there is something better in the world than they have and they are determined to have it. They believe that the Americans are the best of foreigners and they want a government like that in America.

After hearing this message direct from the scene of action we will doubtless watch with a keener and more intelligent interest the outcome of the Chinese rebellion. We all feel indebted to Mr. Hudson for his inspiration.

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"Immediately after dinner, there will be a fight on the tennis courts behind barracks number 2. Everybody come out and see it." This was a rather unusual announcement to be made in the mess hall, but it promised a little of the sensational. After dinner was over and the cadets were marched from the mess hall, almost all of them sought the field of vantage. The windows on the back of the barracks were full of boys, the fire escapes were burdened by the boys clinging to them, barrels, boxes, and piles of rubbish were used to stand upon, everything that gave a good view of the ring marked out for the fray was occupied by as many cadets as could possibly get one of these places. After a few minutes of waiting, the crowd began to cheer; for one of the pugilists had entered the ring. The light jersey that he wore was spotted with red, and his face was blue and bruised looking. The other pugilist soon entered the ring wearing a blood spotted jersey, and with a face that presented a very badly bruised but determined appearance. The cadets who had assembled to see the fight, at once thought it was to be only a finish to a hard fist and skull battle that had already resulted in blood and bruises. The referee was chosen, the signal given, and the big fight was on. The cadets were yelling and cheering the fighters when, from one of the upper windows came the words, "That's got you." The big fight came to an end. The attention of the crowd was turned to the window only to see Mr. Holliday, the photographer, take up his camera. A photograph of a big fight behind barracks had been made for the Annual, and the joke was on those cadets who thought they were to see a real fight.
THIS IS THE DAY.

Oh, say,
This is Thanksgiving Day!
This is the day to hand a thank
Into the Gracious Giver's bank,
And leave it there
In order to square,
As far as it may,
A number of debts you ought to pay.
No matter how much you've had
That's bad.

No matter what good has come to you,
There more or less something always due
You're always in debt
At the Giver's bank
And it's up to you
To hand in your thank
To square the account,
As far as you may,
At least once a year
On Thanksgiving Day.

Of course you can't pay
The whole amount.
But put up a little account,
And the Gracious Giver
Will be content
To accept an exceedingly small per cent.
Because the Creator
Runs his creative man
Almost entirely
On the installment plan.

So open your thank book
And hand in a thank
To place to your credit
In the Giver's bank.
This is the day to pay a part
This is the day to meet the call
And if you have no thank
For the Giver's bank
You're a pie-faced mutt, that's all.
See?
—W. J. Lampton, in Sov. Vis.

THE QUESTION.

Said old Farmer Jenkins to his wife,
As she sat by the fire knitting,
"When an old hen broods on a nest of eggs,
Is that hen setting or sitting?"
"Well, I don't know as to that," she replied;
"But this parable to solve I am trying:
When a hen cackles to beat the band,
Is that hen laying or lying?"
—Observations.
THE TIGER

Founded by the Class of '07.
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R A T E : O N E D O L L A R P E R Y E A R

EDITORIAL.
Thanksgiving again. Are you thankful?

Make that pleasant look that you wore when you faced the camera a permanent feature of your countenance.

Well, we had just as well take the Thanksgiving game this year—just to show that Tech bunch that we can do it.

Mr. Holliday, the photographer, has had a busy week. Besides making individual pictures for some ninety dignified, good looking seniors, he has made many pictures of clubs and campus scenes. No doubt he is glad that his work of facing these men and trying to get them to look pretty is over. It must be a hard job, especially the last part.

There are two games on the football schedule of the Tigers that every man is especially desirous of winning. These two games are the one with Carolina during fair week and the one with Tech on Thanksgiving. The Carolina game for this year has been won. The Tigers were victors by a score which was a surprise to almost all. The Tech game is now on us, and we are hoping that it too will bring a pleasant surprise to us. Not that we think that we shall not win, but we want another surprise in the size of the score. The Tigers now have a fighting spirit—a spirit that can hold the Tech Yellowjackets. Coach Dobson has worked faithfully all the season, with his bunch et men, and especially for the last few days has he taught them to fight. The Yellowjackets may be overconfident, while the Tigers are just doubting the issue enough to make them fight their hardest; and, as a result of their hardest fighting, take the score of that game which they were doped to lose to Carolina. A few pessimists may see no chance for the Tigers to win, but we believe that we have only a few of these. With the Tigers realizing what it means to win this biggest game of the season, the Tech Yellowjackets must do some very hard fighting to be victors again this year.

After harvesting their first scanty crop off of America's soil in the year 1621, the Pilgrims at Plymouth set apart one day for feasting and thanksgiving. Their friendly Indian neighbors were invited in, and the day was observed as a great day of thanksgiving. Again in 1630, the Massachusetts Bay colony observed a day of thanksgiving. Thanksgiving has been observed almost every year since, but not until President Lincoln's time, was a special day observed. During President Lincoln's administration, he set apart the last Thursday in November as Thanksgiving day; and, since his time, this has always been the day observed. Each year the president and the governors of the states issue proclamations setting apart this last Thursday in November as a day of thanksgiving.

Thanksgiving day, though, is not generally thought of with reference to its origin or its history. The college boy likes to think of it because it is a holiday—the day of the big football game and of good things to eat from home. Thanksgiving day is mentioned and the college boy at once begins to think of the big time that he is going to have away from college and college duties that day; or, if he must remain at the college, he thinks of the good things to eat in his box from home. The mother at home begins to think of her Thanksgiving dinner and of her son away from home; and, if that son cannot be at home to help eat that dinner, that mother must carefully and lovingly fill a box full of turkey, pies, cakes, nuts, and fruit and send it to her boy before she can enjoy her own Thanksgiving dinner.

Thanksgiving day is on us. Long express lists will be posted at the guard room. These old barracks will soon be full of boxes carefully packed by loving mothers with the best things to eat. Class work will be suspended. The football team will go to Atlanta to beat Tech, and many cadets will go along to cheer the Tigers on to victory. When we are thankful for all these things, let us be thankful for the wisdom and foresight of our Pilgrim forefathers who established this great day and left it to us as a heritage.
"Daughter, what time did that young sprout leave here last night?" asked the irate father the next morning.
"I am not sure what time it was, father," she said.
"I know," piped up her little brother, "it was one o'clock."
"Well, son, how do you know?" asked the father.
"'Cause just before he left, I heard him say, 'just one, just one.'"—Ex.

To the question, "What is a slope?" one of the professors received the following answer: "A slope is land running down hill."

PHOTOGRAPHICALLY SPEAKING.
"I've been courting her for some time, but I feel sure she will refuse when I propose."
"Ah! I see. An undeveloped negative."

Rat Tiller wishes to know why the band doesn't play a different tune sometimes at Retreat.

Ask Soph. Wright where he lost his cap one Saturday night.

Mrs. E. M. Blythe has returned to Greenville, after a visit to her sister, Mrs. J. W. Gantt.
Mrs. F. H. H. Calhoun who has been attending the D. A. R. convention in Chester, is at home.
Mrs. Bramlett, Mrs. Bryan, and Mrs. Riggs, representatives of the local chapter, also have returned from the congress.
Miss Lillian Blackwell, of Darlington, spent the week-end on the campus.
Mrs. T. G. Poats has returned from a visit to her former home in Athens, Ga.
Miss Selina Ravenel has gone back to Spartanburg, after a visit at the Ravenel mansion.
Miss Maude Miller, of New York, has been visiting her aunt, Mrs. J. N. Hook.
Miss Ray Bradford leaves Clemson next week to spend the winter in Brooklyn.
The Andrew Pickens Chapter D. A. R. was entertained this week by Mrs. Brackett.
The Thursday Club held a charming meeting this week at the home of Mrs. J. N. Harper.
Mrs. H. W. Barre was hostess last Saturday afternoon at a delightful euchre party.

ONE OF CLEMSON'S DAIRY BARNs.
LITERARY SOCIETIES

CALHOUN.

The regular exercises for last Friday night were suspended in order to elect officers for the three remaining quarters. The following officers were elected:

Second Quarter—President, P. L. Ross; Vice President, A. G. Small; Critic, G. J. Hearsey; Recording Secretary, T. F. Davis; Corresponding Secretary, G. M. Anderson.

Third Quarter—President, D. B. Hill; Vice President, T. E. Bell.

Fourth Quarter—E. P. Josey; Vice President, N. K. Rowell.

We feel that the best men have been picked to fill these offices, and with them to guide the old Calhoun, we should make this the best year in the history of our noble old society.

PALMETTO.

The regular exercises were opened with a lively debate. The query: Resolved, That a lynch law is justifiable was vigorously discussed on the affirmative by Messrs. H. H. Dukes, M. Z. Andrews, and A. Long, while the negative was stoutly defended by Messrs. B. G. Fields, J. W. Sanders, and M. A. Faris. The society anxiously awaited the decision of the judges, and when Messrs. J. N. Stribling, W. E. Bowers, and T. C. Gentry made the affirmative their choice, the house responded with an unusually great applause.

After the debate the society listened to an oration from Mr. H. C. Jennings. It was one of the best of recent date. Then Mr. A. H. Ward delivered one of his well prepared declamations. The other declaimer and orator for the evening were absent.

Prof. Hall (after having been asked many foolish questions) — "Ignorance is bliss."

"Skeet"—"Professor is that the reason you are so happy?"

Junior Pearce—"George, what did Ida say on that card yesterday?"

Senior Hardy—"Oh, she just said she went to a hollowing (Hallowe'en) party the other night.

Prosser says that it is much more costly to make an oval shaped cut than it is to make a square one, because CIRCULAR TRIANGLES must be used to get the oval shape.
One of the most essential things for a college is college spirit. Just as the college needs college spirit, the class needs class spirit. The fine spirit of our class was shown last Saturday when nearly every Junior came out to have his picture taken in the class picture. The picture was taken with the boys sitting on the steps in front of the chapel. The dress, which was decided by the class at a meeting last week, was a gray uniform without caps. We feel sure that our class will have one of the most attractive pictures in the Annual.

Christmas is nearly here, our examinations will be upon us before we can realize it, so let's get to work preparing for our unwelcome guest. To wait until the last few hours and "cram" will do you more harm than good. Our class is so small that we can't afford to lose any more men; so let's get down to hard work.

A COLLEGIATE IDYLL.

"Fourteen-eighteen-thirty-six"—whirled the signal clear and loud;
"Fourteen-eighteen-thirty-six"—and a hush fell on the crowd;
Then the "yellow egg" was passed as he lurched in with a smash Through the line and down the field in a cyclonic dash.

Through the line where stalwart guards charged in vain to hurl him back;
Down the field where panting ends vainly dived at his attack;
Dodging here and ducking there—storming over lines of white
Where a horde of tackling surged vainlessly to curb his flight.

One by one he passed them by—as a thousand banners reeled;
One by one he saw them fade from the landscape of the field;
One by one until at last, thudding onward through the fray
Clear and clean the goal posts waved where no foe man barred the way.

In the shadow of the posts came the war cry of his clan;
Came the whirl of countless flags as he faced the final span;
One more step to glory's goal as with gallant stride he sped
Where he gave one final dive, landing ten feet out of bed.

—Atlanta Journal.

Wanted: To know, if one man can take the mumps from another, why can't one jaw take them from the other? Reward offered for the answer. Kaigler, Room 120.

Junior Fant going to Pres. Riggs to change from Civil to Textile course:
Fant—"Professor, I'd like to change from Civil to Textile."
Riggs—"Well, you know it's all the same in Fresh, so you can wait and change later."
"Choose your friends slowly. More men are ruined through bad associations than through any other means."

Our object: "To unite all students who desire to strengthen the spiritual life and influence of the college; to promote growth in Christian character and fellowship, and aggressive Christian work; to train its members for Christian service; and to lead them to devote their lives to Jesus Christ where they can accomplish the most for the extension of the Kingdom of God."

It is not too late to join the Association. Better late than never.

On Sunday night we had the pleasure of hearing the working man, Mr. D. J. Fant, commonly known as "Dave" among his fellow trainmen, address the meeting in chapel. Mr. Fant arrived at the college on 39 and spent the afternoon in sightseeing over the campus. In introducing the speaker to the large and attentive audience, Secretary Sweeney briefly said: "The last time I had the pleasure of introducing a speaker to you, I acquainted you with a man who had led a fast life and who landed in the gutter, Mr. Louis Bernhardt. Tonight I introduce another man who also leads a fast life, being engineer of train No. 37, but who instead of falling into the gutter is laboring in Atlanta to pull others from the gutter." Mr. Fant in his address said: "We may be forgiven any sin that we may commit, except the sin of rejecting Jesus as our Saviour. We may go ahead and do whatever we wish but in the end, for all these things, God will bring us to judgment. To show what ten cents can do I once heard of a man who had been given ten cents by his wife to purchase two spools of thread. When the husband arrived at the little town, instead of purchasing the thread, he secured a drink of whiskey. As a result, he murdered an enemy of his, lost his own life on the gallows, wrecked two homes and cost the state a large sum of money. On the other hand a man was given a ten cent testament be himself was converted and since his conversion has been saving other men." At the end of the meeting several men signed their intention of taking Christ as their Saviour.

We hope to have Engineer Fant with us again. We are indebted to Mr. J. G. Hall for a beautiful solo.


Many a thing doesn’t happen just
The way we tell it;
We say bees give honey but
The truth is they cell it.
—Boston Transcript.

"'Pop, what makes little dogs chase their tails?'
"'I suppose it is economy, my son. They want to make both
ends meet.'—Con.
HELP THOSE WHO HELP YOU.

Clemson's men should be loyal to those that help them. When one helps the Tiger, the publication of the corps of cadets, that one is helping you. This the firms which advertise in our columns are doing. The advertisements make The Tiger possible. Now, no one wants to invest money where no return can be expected for it; neither do we wish to ask anyone to invest money in an advertisement with us unless we think that one will either receive some direct or indirect return from the money spent for the advertisement. Now what we ask you to do is this: Whenever it is possible for you to patronize one of our advertisers, do it; and in this way help the ones who are helping you. Look carefully through each advertisement and remember the name of each firm; and then, when you need anything that these firms advertise, be sure to give them first chance to sell it to you. Do this.

HARVARD THE ACTOR IN A HARD Fought Game—YALE PLUCKY BUT UNLUCKY.

Before a large crowd of spectators, the Harvard eleven defeated a determined Yale eleven in a hard fought gridiron battle on Monday afternoon. The game was unusual as it was played continuously for one hour, from 5 to 6 o'clock, without any time out for quarters or halves. As the clock struck five the two teams trotted on the field. Yale won the kick-off and started the fray by kicking the ball 25 yards down the field. Harvard brought it up the field 70 yards. Then old style rough and tough football was played. Line plunges and end runs were counted on for the gains. Several forward passes were attempted some of which worked beautifully. Each team fought throughout the game with a determined win-or-die-in-the-attempt spirit, but both teams could not win. After one hour of hard playing interspersed with a few discussions of raw decisions by the officials, the game was called. Harvard was the victor, for her men had carried the ball over the line for a touchdown. Score: Harvard 5; Yale 0.

The two teams which fought out this hard game on the grass plot in front of barracks number 3 may well be called respectively Harvard and Yale, for some men in the bunch show up to be embryo players of some great team. For several days these cadets have been playing with a football every afternoon between 5 and 6 o'clock. Finally two teams were gotten up and named, the one Harvard, the other Yale. Since this several hard battles have been fought out by these two teams. Team spirit is strong among these men, and the games are hard fought and strongly contested. Much amusement is furnished the spectators who, from the steps and windows of the front of barracks number 3, cheer the teams on to victory.

All of Clemson's football men are not on her teams, and all of the football games are not on Bowman field, but football men play hard games in front of the barracks every afternoon. No doubt but that this playing will show up when class football is started; and, perhaps, some of the Harvard-Yale spirit imbibed in these battles in front of barracks will be carried to the football field when the various class teams meet.
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