The 1913 Tiger Staff

It is with pleasure that the old Tiger staff has given the Tiger staff elect this issue of The Tiger for their maiden efforts in the work which they are to take up next year, and it can be seen from this work that there is promise of a great year for The Tiger during next session. The present Tiger staff suffered at the first of the session from the lack of experience in this work; the Tiger staff elect has been given this chance to put out an issue so that they may not be so ignorant as we were as to what there is to be done.

We feel that in their selection of men to edit The Tiger during next session, the junior class made some wise choices. In the class there are many men of ability, of energy, and of perseverance, and we believe that the list of these men with special ability for work on a college publication like The Tiger have been given the positions on this staff. The men on this staff seem to have ability, energy, and interest in all of the phases of the college work with which the paper has to deal. With these men on the staff, working, planning, developing, and creating an interest in the weekly college paper, it will be one that the men of Clemson can be proud of. There are other men in college with an interest in the college and with the ability to help The Tiger. We trust that these men, though not on the staff of this paper, will lend their help and encouragement to the men on this staff in every way possible. There are great opportunities for the development of The Tiger; and, with these men behind it, we believe that next session will be more successful than any our little paper has had since it was founded by the class of '07.

G. F. C. Glee Club

The G. F. C. Glee Club and Quartet gave a charming concert in the Memorial Hall on Friday evening under the auspices of the Clemson annual, Taps '12. The elaborately arranged program was wonderfully rendered and brought much applause from the large audience. Special mention is made of the vocal solo by Miss Ellita Nelson, who has a wonderfully sweet soprano voice. The violin solos by Miss Ray Poag, accompanied by Prof. Poston, were excellent and brought much applause from the audience. The baritone solo by Mr. Poteat made a special hit.

The large audience was much pleased with the reading by Miss Ella DuPont, who had the wonderful power of holding the audience. A piano selection, full of rhythm and beauty, by Miss Myrtle Lanford, composed by herself, was quite a treat to the many music lovers present.

(Continued on page 3)
last event, the broad jump, that Vandy threatened their total.

It was a day of fine marks; and, in the course of the card, three old records crumbled. Adolph Commagere added 16 feet 2 inches to the old 16-pound hammer record of 121 feet 5 1-2 inches of 1904, and A. Lewis of Clemson, knocked 4 2-5 seconds off the mile mark. C. W. Little annexed four inches to the discus record of 1911. S. Johnson equaled the half mile record made in 1909.

Lewis of Clemson was the greatest material on the track, and he broke the mile record with astonishing ease. After Johnson of Vanderbilt had set such a heart-breaking pace, that even Chase, of Tulane, couldn't stand it, there only remained three fighters of a large entry for the honors on the last home turn, Johnson first, Baker, of Mississippi, second and Lewis third; but it was here that Lewis broke out with such sensational speed that he left his contenders far in the rear. After the race, Lewis was still fresh. By orders of the coach, this wonder had taken things easy, as he was being saved for the relay race. On the finish, he looks like the famous Jones Paul Jones, of Cornell in action.

The meet was handled by Secretary Benedetto, of the S. A. A. U. as referee, the Tulane authorities thinking him the most competent and impartial person for the affair. As his able assistants, he had William Coker and Foster Commagere, starter Silas Alviatt and many other men who handle each season the annual A. A. U. and public school championships. The meet is considered one of the best conducted, held here for many years.

The events: 100 yards—Coleman (Tulane) first; Cunlin (Vanderbilt) second; Baker Smith (Tulane) third; 10 2-5 seconds.

High jump—Wolfin (Tulane) first; Folger (Citadel) second; Evans (Louisiana State) third; height 6 feet 3-1 inches.

Half mile—S. Johnson (Vanderbilt) first; Ward (Clemson) second; Gill (Vanderbilt) third; Time 2:05 2-5.

220 yards—Coleman (Tulane) first; Cunlin (Vanderbilt) second; Upton (Louisiana State) third. Time 22 3-5 seconds.

Fole vault—Hawkins (Louisiana State) first; Folger (Citadel) second; Evans (Louisiana State) third. Height to feet 6 3-4 inches.

High hurdles—Jennings (Mississippi A. & M.) first; Provost (Clemson) second; Hume (Vanderbilt) third. Time 17 2-5 sec.

Hammer throw—Commagere (Tulane) first; Ezell (Clemson) second; Turbeville (Clemson) third. Distance 137 feet 10 inches.

Shot put—Taylor (Clemson) first; Dutton (Louisiana State) second; Little (Louisiana State) third. Distance 38 feet 11 1-2 inches.

One mile—Lewis (Clemson) first; Parker, (Mississippi A. & M.) second; S. Johnson (Vanderbilt) third. Time 4:43 2-5.

Discus throw—Little (Louisiana State) first; Dutton (Louisiana State) second; Turbeville (Clemson) third. Distance 107 feet 5 1-2 inches.

Relay race—Vanderbilt: Copeland, Hume, Gill and Cunlin.

If no grass grows where Cook and Peary went in the frozen North in search of the pole, what does the Eskimo?

If a short river could speak as it flows, how loud would Long Island Sound?
G. F. C. GLEE CLUB—(Cont.)

The quartet, composed of Miss Nelson, soprano; Miss Lanford, contralto; Mr. Rabb, tenor; and Mr. Poteat, baritone, rendered several catchy selections. Many classical selections by the glee club brought forth prolonged applause.

The club has the following members: Misses Eliza Nelson (director), Myrtle Lanford (manager), Ethyl Black, Entzminger, Mamie Jones, Ella DuPont, Ruth Kennedy, Hicks, Carol Dean, Emma Gentry, Stella Bomar, Lucile Cox, Grace Clyburn, Wayne Bennett, Ray Poag, (violinist), Profs. Poston and Schaffer (accompanists), and Messrs. Poteat and Rabb. Miss Alice Johnson, editor-in-chief of the G. F. C. Annual, accompanied the glee club to Clemson.

An informal reception was given the young ladies in the college parlors by the members of Taps staff and the Clemson Glee Club.

The proceeds from the entertainment were divided between the G. F. C. Annual and the Clemson Glee Club.

The Sophomore Dance

At what was perhaps the most appropriate moment of the season, the Sophomore Dancing Club invoked for the last time its patron Muse, and, by the first faint glimmerings of the new spring moon, gave, on Saturday night, its farewell reception in the last informal dance of the term. The officers and members of the club are to be congratulated on the efficient management and delightful entertainment that have characterized the club of 1912. Its last dance, though but a card-informal, was by no means its least. The ball, tastefully decorated in white and natural green, was pleasantly alive, quite a number of visitors being present. With the first strains from the orchestra, the line was led off by the president of the club, Cadet T. W. Thornhill, with Miss Marie Vincent, of Charleston, and cards presented, the following couples on the floor:

Miss Sarah Furman, of Clemson, with Cadet E. W. Tison.
Miss Jessie Brown, of Anderson, with Cadet W. H. Rice.
Miss Annie Reid, of Pendleton, with Mr. J. W. Harrison.
Miss Mattie Vincent, of Charleston, with Cadet R. S. Hood.
Miss Jamie Hamlin, of Anderson, with Cadet T. B. Wilson.
Miss Weza Gilmer, of Anderson, with Cadet D. L. Latimer.
Miss Lucile Sloan, of Anderson, with Cadet A. G. Stanford.
Miss Christine Maxwell, of Atlanta, with Cadet W. G. Perry.
Miss Adelin Schroder, of Charleston, with Cadet J. A. Bates.
Miss Harriet Lewis, of Clemson, with Cadet P. L. Bissell.
Miss Sadie McPhail, of Pendleton, with Mr. Eugene Sitton.
Miss Kitty Ferman, of Clemson, with Cadet M. Coles.
Miss Helen Brackett, of Clemson, with Cadet F. A. Miles.
Miss Lizzie Stirling, of Pendleton, with Cadet T. M. Jones.
Miss Gertrude Cornish, of Abbeville, with Cadet B. D. Don-thit.
Miss Vina Patrick, of Anderson, with Cadet J. Y. Scruggs.

The following were present as stags: H. M. Hutson, T. Perry, J. Miley, LaMotte, Cox, Evans, Jackson, DesChamps, J. W. Erwin, G. W. Smith, Lazar, Gandy, Owens, Byars, McBride, Bowman, Arthur, Foy, Russell, Sampayrac, Blackwell, Schroder.

Chaperons: Dr. and Mrs. Riggs, Dr. and Mrs. Brackett, Mrs. Bryan, Capt. and Mrs. Stokes, Mrs. Shiver, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hall, Mrs. Winslow Sloan, Mrs. Harper.

It is now almost dog days, the time dogs go mad, so it is dangerous to be "kicking anybody's dawg around."
A STRUGGLE WITH A TIGER

In the year 1907 a young tiger appeared one day on the campus at Clemson. Where he came from, I do not know. When first seen, he was a tiny cub, and must have been as playful as a kitten; for he was hauled about by the boys, and was a source of amusement to all. But, even in that first year, he grew to be a strong cub; and was, no doubt, at times a trouble to those who appointed themselves his keepers. He was both healthy and hearty; but luckily he was well supplied with material for his appetite; for, while he was new, every boy in college was ready to hand him a dainty bite. So, the young tiger grew and thrived.

At the end of the session, the first keepers, who were seniors, turned him over to members of the junior class, who promised to give the young creature every attention.

The next year, the young animal became so large that a staff was necessary to keep him in subjection; and many times he taxed the strength of the chief keeper. Then, too, the keeper found it harder to supply him with food when the novelty wore off for the boys, for they no longer saved up choice bits. In his hunger, he drew blood from the keeper. But, in spite of all this, the boys were not willing to let him go; so, at the end of the year, a new keeper was elected and a new staff selected.

Thus, year after year, the cub grew into a tiger; and each year he grew more troublesome, so that experience became necessary in handling him. Towards the last of the session the new chief keeper would gather up his staff and venture into the den that he might become familiar with the tricks of the animal before he assumed complete control.

This year those who have had him in charge have managed him well. They have extended his territory so that he now roams over a great area. He has developed into a powerful animal and is a terror to those who will have him in charge next year.

Unfortunately for me—and rather as a joke, I think—the boys elected me chief warden for next year. A few days ago, the dreaded thing happened; the old keepers called me aside and told me that it was time that I became familiar with the animal. They said, "gather up your staff, and meet me at the den to-night, and we will give you an opportunity to handle him." It was with fear and trembling that I began making preparations. Had I not known that the staff was of the strongest and best material, I should have hesitated more; but I knew that it had been well selected; so, with a bold front, I ventured to the den.

The old chief showed me how to manage the beast, and warned me as to his dangerous points. Then, saying, "I'll turn him over to you for a week to see how you come out with him," he went out and slammed the door behind him; so, I was left alone with the beast. After he left I looked around for the staff, but it was gone too. I then became terrified and backed off into a corner to think the matter over. Time passed, and the beast grew hungry. He began roaring for food, and I grew more frightened. My wits became paralyzed. Once I thought of turning the animal loose; but was afraid to make such a move. Besides I was afraid the boys would call me a coward. The hour grew late; the beast became wild with hunger. With horror I saw him crouch down, then begin to creep slowly to-wards me. The thought flashed across my mind, he wanted blood. I felt in my pocket for something to defend myself, and my fingers came in contact with a silver-mounted, diamond-pointed weapon. I braced myself against the wall and prepared to sell my life dearly. The beast was crouching now for a spring. With a courage born of despair, I decided to take the initial part in the fray. With a bound, I was upon the tiger, the weapon flashed above my head, then crashed into the very eye of the beast. After this, things went black.

Something dark trickled down my arm. A moment I lay with a heavy weight on my breast. Had the tiger fallen upon me? Had he crushed me in his powerful jaws? Summoning all of my strength, I shoved the weight aside, and sprang up. The place was pitch dark. Had the tiger scraped out my eyes? Something stirred close by. Then there came a low growl.

"What in the Tom Harry is wrong with you, boy?" I recognized the voice of my roommate.

"Where is he?" I asked.

"Where is who?"

"The Tiger."

A light flashed. My roommate stared at me for a moment, then he began to laugh. The laugh started somehow way down deep. It shook his sides fearfully. Then it gurgled up in his throat, like steam in a safety valve, and exploded in a succession of roars, each louder than the first. He lighted a candle; and, pointing to the electric globe, the table and the floor, he roared some more. The electric globe was shattered; the shade was splattered with ink; the table was bottom end upwards; and, on the floor, my manuscript was soaking in a puddle of ink beside which lay my silver-mounted fountain pen twisted helter-skelter out of shape. Without a word, I crawled into bed.

But the Tiger? Oh, he is perfectly "tame" now. The staff turned up again the next day; and after a little thrashing, the tiger crawled into Professor Keill's class-room. Here he received a
score of red marks and slashes from a pointed instrument in the hands of this gentleman, and was driven off to the basement of the textile building. But here an efficient crowd awaited him with metal bars, and he was hastily “run off.”

After this he visited nearly every room in the barracks. In a little while he was red (read) all over, and pitched out of the window or “fried” off somewhere else. He will turn up again next week, and will be very hungry for news. He will feed from a bottle then, and we hope that every boy in barracks will have a bottle of ink ready for the poor fellow.

An engineer, running a line between two distant points in a rugged country, often encounters obstacles, some of which may be easily cleared away, while for others it may require an “offset” to get around them. At times, too, he finds wide streams in the way. In this case he must take a “shot” across to the other side, locate a point, and then wade over. We are all running a line directed toward the “turning point,” success. For most of us, life’s country is rugged, the point far off, and many obstacles are in the way. Some of these we may clear away easily if we are willing to hew. For we must take an “offset;” but there is always a way around if we but look for it and keep our “bearings” straight. The fear of failure is the wide stream in some of our lives. For it the axe is useless, and an “offset” is impossible. We must take a “shot” across, locate a point on the other side, then wade across. The water may be chilly, but if we hope to reach the point, we must take the plunge. A waterproof suit is a good thing to have along for such emergencies. Out of preparation such a suit is woven, a suit of confidence that the chill water of embarrasement can not penetrate.

It is not that we need more college spirit, more loyalty to the college, or a stronger tie between the students, for we are chock full of fidelity to our college and there is a good strong feeling among the boys. As we all know, there is no easier way for a stranger to heap upon himself “overwhelming trouble” than to start a “row” with one of the boys while there are others in the neighborhood; and if he wants to see good red blood boil, let him cast a slur at Clemson. The spirit that will help a comrade even to the extent of blows is all right, and it is good to stand up for yourself in College a moral coward still, afraid to do the right and courtesious thing himself for fear someone will laugh at him. Often the young man enters the neighborhood; and if he wants to see good red blood boil, let him cast a slur at Clemson. The spirit that will help a comrade even to the extent of blows is all right, and it is good to stand up for yourself in College a moral coward still, afraid to do the right and courtesious thing himself for fear someone will laugh at him.

The other day on the athletic field, a cadet with two chairs, offered one to a member of the faculty who was standing. Immediately he was jeered at by a fellow student in the crowd, with the intimation that he sought to gain favor with the teacher who was the appreciative recipient of a simple courtesy such as one gentleman would naturally show another. If there was only one such boy in College, we could dismiss the incident with a patient shrug. But there are others—too many others—who seek to intimidate that large majority of students who would like to act courteously and considerately under all circumstances, whether they deal with a member of the faculty or a fellow cadet. Many a boy with a good heart has a very limber back bone, or an oversensitive nature that shrinks from being accused of seeking to gain an unfair advantage. Rather than risk such an accusation, he leaves unasked the question which he should ask in order to understand some point in his lesson, leaves unfulfilled his wish to discuss with his teacher after the class some matter affecting his interest, fails to return to the home of a faculty member where he has called by direct invitation,—in short, erects a barrier that the kindly attitude of a teacher is unable to overthrow. Such a sentiment ought not to be tolerated. It is foolish as well as hurtful. It is a cowardly exhibition of selfishness on the part of a few who, unwilling to do the proper thing themselves, seek to prevent others from doing it.

“Honey-funking” they call it—a disagreeable sounding word intended to impugn the motives of every student who tries to show his human side to his professor,—as if a student should forget that his professor is a man as well as an officer,—a gentleman as well as a teacher!

Clemson College, S. C.,
May 18, 1912.

W. M. RIGGS,
President.
JUNIOR CLASS

Fellows, we are now on the last lap of our junior year, and to us this means that we have only one more year of college life. Let every one of us get down to work, and make these last remaining weeks the best of the year. By so doing we will help keep up the good record of our class, and prevent a decrease in our numbers which is now smaller than should be. Just think what it means to be so near to the goal we have labored for three years to reach. One more year of good honest work will put us in possession of our diplomas, and then the problems of life will confront us.

The work that has been cut out for us next year is somewhat different from anything we have had up to this period of our college course. Next year we should strive to make the college publications the best ever got out at Clemson; then, beside this there are societies which are greatly dependent on our energies.

Already evidences of these branches of our work are showing up, for this edition of The Tiger is wholly the work of next year's staff. It is hoped that by the hearty cooperation of the entire class they will be able to make a "howling" success of this particular publication.

At last, commencement is almost here. We juniors know it because of the activities of our hop managers, who are already hard at work trying to make this one the biggest success in the history of Clemson, with the managers that we have selected, and by a little help from the individuals of the class this can be easily accomplished; since this is what we want, let's don't mind what little work there is in it.

A cadet and a young lady were over at Calhoun a few days ago.

She: "Why is it they have no station here?"
He: "It burned down not so long ago."
She: "Why did it burn?"
He: "I'm not sure but I think it caught fire."
She: "Why doesn't No. 35 stop here?"
He: "Because it goes by."
She: "Now don't get fresh."
He: "I'm not fresh but I'm just as good as fresh—I'm just off cold storage."
She: (getting on the train) "Good-bye, April fool."
He: "Good-bye Christmas Carol."

An inquisitive engineering student asks:

If black haired men wore black,
And the color scheme ran down;
The grey haired man wore pepper and salt,
And the brown haired man wore brown—
Would it be asking far too much
Could you tell me, please, for fair?
What parts of clothes, do you suppose,
Our beloved professor would wear?
Or if perchance his lovely hair
He should continue to lose,
What then would be the color of suit
Our dear professor would choose?

Clemson has developed a reputation for efficiency that is not confined to the South alone; the North as well recognizes it. Her graduates are in the field side by side with the men from the larger institutions, and are holding their own. Have you realized that the reputation they have established will be a powerful factor for you when you enter the lists?
CLEMSON GRADUATE NAMED BY COMMISSIONER.

The following is an extract from "The State":—

"W. R. Connelly of Chester, has been appointed as a factory inspector by E. J. Watson, commissioner of agriculture, commerce, and industries. Mr. Connelly was highly recommended for the position by well known citizens of Chester. He is a graduate of the textile department of Clemson College, and is well equipped for the work as factory inspector."

"In making this appointment," said commissioner Watson, "I feel as if I am simply, on behalf of the State of South Carolina, awarding a diploma to the type of young man that the commonwealth needs—rewarding one whose life thus far has been lived up to the highest ideals of American Citizenship. I feel gratified that I could find a young man born to know labor from the cradle—a Southern mill child, who has wrested from his labors the support of those dependent upon him, and who at the same time, at the age of 23 has succeeded in wresting from the world a technical college education."

"This selection," added the commissioner, "happens to make the fourth Clemson graduate that I have taken into this department's work; and if he develops as the others have done, his alma mater may well be proud of him."

Those of us who knew "Bill" are proud of him, and rejoice in his good fortune, knowing as we do that he well deserves it all. Such men are a credit to Clemson and their example an inspiration to her students. May she continue to send out such men to carry her colors to the front.

Had you thought about it? Just two weeks more; then, home and a jolly vacation! But in the mean time all hands to the wheel. There is no time like the NOW! Let's finish hard so that when commencement brings mothers, sisters, and friends, we may meet them with that happy consciousness of having done our best.

Rat Boone at the elevator.—"Ross, tap that bell and let that refrigerator come up."
WHEN YOU THINK

OF THE BEST CLOTHING, THE BEST HATS
AND THE BEST OF EVERYTHINO IN MEN'S
WEAR, YOU NATURALLY THINK OF . . .

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