

1898

## Clemson Chronicle, 1898-1899

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Clemson College, S. C.

1898-99

S. C.

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# • The • Clemson • College • Chronicle. •

Valeat Quantum Valere Potest.

VOL. II.

CLEMSON COLLEGE, S. C., OCTOBER, 1898.

NO. I.

## • Literary Department. •

W. FLOWERS WALKER, Editor.

### COMPLINE.

BY HARRISON S. MORRIS.

**A**S evening settles down along the land  
And lamps blink and the wind is lulled asleep,  
Then through the spirit moves a knowledge deep,  
The day denies us; then a living hand  
Nestles from nature into ours, as sand  
Slides in the glass; we dream, and half we leap  
The barriers that the dumb Recorders keep, ,  
A ray streams through, and half we understand.

For twilight is the spirit's dwelling-place,  
Where mystery melts the slow-dissolving world  
And ghosts of order step from accident.  
Faith that still hovers where the dew is pearly  
Steals forth and beckons, and from banishment  
Our dearer selves we summon face to face.

—*Harper's Monthly.*

### VACATION IS OVER.

Address Delivered Before Columbian Literary Society,  
September 16th, 1898.

**I**F I were asked as to what incidents of the past occupy the most prominent place in our memories to-night, I should be compelled to answer, if for no other reason than to make known my own feelings: it must be the little things that happened during the three months just passed.



No one knows better than you whether or not vacation has been as pleasant or more so than was expected, though judging from the many kind words spoken since our return, and the cheerful appearance of your youthful faces this evening, we all feel safe in assuming that it was fully equal to everything looked forward to.

I am glad it has been so. But with all that, fellow students, our surroundings to-night should cause us to pause for more than a moment. It should remind us of the fact that our return here brings upon us a duty far more sacred and important.

Yes, the very fact of our coming here is a strong indication that we feel lacking in something.

It matters not, in one sense, as to what was the cause of a pleasant stay at our homes; whether it was from the interest taken in us by those whom we are so devoted to there, or from things said and done by some fair, kind, and loving one.

In some ways it should be forgotten—lost sight of so much so that we are ready to enter upon our duties, making every effort to realize the responsibility and trust we are called upon to bear.

As I have already said, our coming here carries with it a meaning. Doesn't it mean to you we are in need of help—an education?

How it ought to elevate and inspire us to know we have such a grand and noble opportunity.

Methinks I catch the beams of a glorious new era. Ah! it is very heaven to be living and young in the midst of an age like this. We have learned men to aid us in whatever we are not prepared to understand. We have made this institution our choice, and with the help of the faculty and the Almighty we should resolve to overcome ignorance with an education, and thus be more fully equipped to meet the many requirements of life.

While we owe so much to those at home, our obligations to our professors, to our institution, and to our State are none the less. How proud we should feel to know we can lend the faculty a helping hand for the advancement of our institution. How pleased we might be some future day to know that we exerted every effort for its welfare. What could thrill our hearts with delight more than to see its name reach the remotest parts of the nation. Our environments are such that we cannot sleep; our country is calling us; fellow students, we are wanted. Preparation is our purpose here, another year's work is before us.

We should take hold of our duties with an uprising of lofty sentiment which will contribute to our elevation; and though there may be many obstacles to be surmounted, and difficulties to be vanquished, yet with truth for our watchword and leaning on our own noble purposes and indefatigable exertions we may crown our brow with imperishable honors.

Still, many of us may leave college and our names never afterwards be heard of beyond the narrow limits of our own neighborhood; yet our mission may be none the less a high and holy one. But what a grand field for fame and fortune. Who is it of you that is not willing to accept all our institution is ready to do for us? There is no possession so valuable or so productive of real influence as a highly cultivated intellect.

Can it be that some of you are willing to give up after a short while all hopes of an education on account of the fact that you are not here under as favorable conditions as many others?

Why should it be so?

Wealth, birth, and official station may and do secure to their possessors an external superficial courtesy in some instances, but they never did and they never can command the reverence of the heart.

It is only to the young man of large and noble soul, to him who blends a cultivated mind with an upright heart, that men are willing to yield the tribute of deep and genuine respect.

Have you ever thought of why hundreds of young men of early promise, whose hopes, purposes, and resolves, we might say, are as radiant as the colors of the rainbow, fail to distinguish themselves. Don't you think it is simply because they are not ready and willing to devote themselves to that toilsome culture which is the price of all great success? Whatever aptitude for particular pursuits nature may denote to her favorite ones, she conducts none but the laborous and the studious to distinction. It is thought that has aroused the intellect from its slumbers.

Great men have ever been thinkers as well as men of action. As the magnificent river, rolling on in the pride of its majestic waters, owes its greatness to the hidden springs and rivulets of the mountain nook, so does the wide-sweeping influence of distinguished men date its origin from hours of privacy diligently employed in efforts after self-development.

As I have said, perhaps many of us are what the world calls poor. What of that? Who can number the instances where boys have risen from poverty and early obscurity to places of promise and distinction?

How can we hesitate? Only once have we the opportunity for the work of self-improvement. We should set a high price on our leisure moments; when properly expended they will produce for us thought that will fill, stir, invigorate and expand the mind and soul. Let us seize also the unparalleled aids furnished by our societies.

To those who are with us to-night for the first time we extend to you just as hearty a welcome to our hall as to any other part of the college, and hope you will prove a great help to us in our work here.

Can it be that timidity and the want of a little courage is going to persuade you not to take part or try to exert a good influence in this important work? Every day sends to the grave a number of obscure men who have only remained in obscurity because their timidity prevented them from making a first attempt; and who, if they could have been induced to begin, would, in all probability, have gone great lengths in the career of fame. They have been kept silent because their will-force did not spur them on to greater achievements. Yes, magnificent and powerful engines without steam!

Are you not going to decide what your character is to be here? Remember, there is no moral object so beautiful as a conscientious young man. He will be watched through his whole career; clouds may be over him, but we know that his light is behind them and will beam forth again. The blaze of others' popularity may outshine him, but we know that, though unseen, he illuminates his own true sphere.

Let our education be such that we will not be estimated solely by what we know, but more by what we are. Let whatever we do be done in such a way we can openly face and say to the world: we did it by doing it.

Onward, conscientious youth, raise thy standard and nerve thyself for goodness. Awaken fellow students, assume that beautiful garb of virtue; it is difficult to be pure and holy.

Let us look upon our school-days as though it were a grand privilege to do and to achieve, to help and encourage those who are new to us, or some weary and discouraged one who needs our support.

With some of us this is perhaps our last year, although while the time is far spent, if we can't accomplish all desired in the work that presents itself now, we can at least make ourselves. If so much as this can be done, not one of us can be expected to fulfill a nobler act.

Should life appear at any time void of interest and pleasure, we shall have no one other than ourselves to blame. It lies in our own hands to make it what we prefer, and give to it as much worth, both for ourselves and others, as we have energy and manhood for.

Over our moral and intellectual being our sway is complete. Why should we rely on others? Let others live as they please, tainted by low tastes, debasing passion—a moral putrefaction. Be incorrupt in our deeds, in our inmost thoughts and feelings. Let there be in our own bosom a calm, deep, decided, and all-pervading principle. Look first, midst, and last to God to aid us in the great task before us.

Put on thy strength, that we may discern a high purpose in our college work right here.

RALPH McL.

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### GEOGRAPHICAL QUERIES.

How much is Leavenworth?

How fast does Chicago?

Who is it Council Bluffs?

And who laid Buffalo?

Oh, whom does Syracuse?

What sad sight has Racine?

Who threw the Little Rock?

Who painted Bowling Green?

Whose cradle does Plymouth Rock?

And how far can Tennessee?

How many miles is Key West?

Or where is the lock for Cedar Key?

What stream does Way Cross?

And who gets the Santa Fe?

Who knows that Elmwood?

Or that she wouldn't Kissimmee?



## SHOOTING THE RAPIDS.

(Descriptive of a trip in bateaux taken by the author and five other cadets down the Seneca and Savannah rivers from Clemson to Augusta, Ga., June, 1898).

You talk about excitement when the fight is raging hot,  
'Mid the roaring of the cannon and the whistling of the shot,  
When you're shootin' arter Spaniards and they're shootin' arter you,  
But you never shot the rapids in a little plank canoe.

We launched upon the bosom of the Seneca so fair,  
It was a smiling day in June, the sky was bright and clear;  
No cloud of doubt arose to damp the courage of the crew,  
For we didn't mind the danger in our little plank canoe.

The "Commodore" and "Skeeter" manned the "Dewey" swift and light,  
"Pot" and "Blossom" volunteered to see the "Sampson" thro' the fight,

While good Sheppard and our Butler were a most courageous two,  
"Hobson" was the appellation of their little plank canoe.

We shot the shoals at Portman and pulled across the dam,  
We rushed o'er rocks and ledges, nor stopped to take a dram;  
'Till we reached the place where Seneca meets tumbling Tugaloo,  
Then camped for night and moored our bark—our little plank canoe.

I wish you could have seen us in our camps along the way,  
A drying clothes and talking o'er adventures of the day;  
While college songs commingled with the rush of waters thro'  
The rocks that lay in waiting for our little plank canoe.

For eight long days we drifted, but for sport we didn't lack,  
When at Middleton the "Sampson" met the fate of "Merrimac";  
But we steered her to a rock with but the loss of gun and shoe,  
Then resumed our way rejoicing in our little plank canoe.

At Trotter's 'twas predicted that we'd never win the race,  
One mile per minute was too slow to estimate our pace.  
'Twas just like riding water-wheels and jumping fences, too,  
We thought we'd struck Niagara in our little plank canoe.

At last there came smooth sailing, but our nerves sustained a shock,  
When we almost went to pieces on the famous "Sugar Rock";  
But here our troubles ended, for the Locks soon hove in view,  
And we landed safe in harbor with our little plank canoe.

W. FLOWERS WALKER.

## THE FORT ON THE MARSH.

ON a picturesque sound on the coast of South Carolina stands an old fort, constructed at some early period in the history of the colony, so early in fact that there is no mention of it even in the oldest documents of the colony. Built of tabby, it has withstood the ravages of the winds and waves, while more modern structures have crumbled into decay.

Tradition says that it was built by the Spaniards, and that it afterwards became the rendezvous of the famous Captain Kidd. Situated on the bank of a deep creek, surrounded by great live oaks and flanked on three sides by an impassable salt marsh, a better location for a stronghold could hardly have been found. Tall, stately pines and picturesque palmettoes have forced their way through the floors and broken the walls in many places, but it still retains much of its old shape. White cranes stand in rows along its walls, and the silent pelican plumes himself on the sandy beach beneath. As one approaches in a small rowboat, for that is the most convenient though not the only way of getting to the walls, he is struck by the almost tomblike stillness, broken only now and then by the discordant cry of some noisy little kingfisher as he hovers over the still waters of the creek watching for some rash little fish who has thoughtlessly ventured too close to the surface.

Viewed by moonlight, it makes one of the prettiest pictures imaginable; the great oaks with their long wisps of gray moss, the tall, dark pines and the great pointed-leaved palmettoes all blended into one, and making a dark background against which the walls of the old fort stand out in soft gray lights. The cloud shadows as they sail over the deep green of the marsh add life to the otherwise motionless picture. On such nights may be heard the hoot of the great owl or the cry of some belated sea-bird as he wings his way to his home on some distant sand-hill.

It was on just such a night that a friend and I beached our little boat and, building a fire, made ourselves comfortable for the night. Lighting our pipes we lay down to rest off the fatigue of a long row. I had not lain there long when I was surprised to note that the place was in far better condition than I had at first supposed it to be; the walls seemed to be intact, and here and there I could even distinguish doorways, magazines, etc.; but that which struck me as most odd was that there should be so many armed men in and about. I was gratified to note that they paid no attention to me whatever; their firearms were way out of date and their uniforms were none the less so. I had just about concluded to leave when I was accosted by a man who had approached me from behind. He demanded what I wished and how I had come there; I told him that I wished nothing from him, and that how I had gotten there was my own concern, whereat he called two of his companions, and together they bore me away to the further end of the enclosure, where sat a great rough looking chap who wore a long black beard and moustache. His manner was in no way uncivil, so I did not feel as uneasy as I otherwise should have. When he had questioned me a little concerning my object in visiting the fort and a few minor questions, he asked me to be seated, and before I realized it we were conversing pleasantly on the topics of the day. "I suppose old Aaron and the people in general miss his daughter very much," said he. I assured him that such was the case, whereat he indulged in quite a hearty laugh. "I don't suppose the old man will ever get over his loss," said he.

"Well, if you will listen, I will tell you how we came to capture her." I suddenly realized that it was none other than Captain Kidd with whom I was speaking. "Yes," said he, "we took her prisoner off Charleston. We were standing in for the bar heading west-nor-west when we sighted a big square rigger standing north and about ten miles away, we



filled away and stood for her; it took us about an hour and a half to overhaul her, but when we did the boys made short work of her. We took all the truck we could carry and then set the old tub afire. She went down off Caper's Island.

"We held the little schooner north and landed here; we chose this old pen because it is well out of the way, and because we have here a good lookout and a good berth for our little schooner. We discovered that evening that the daughter of Aaron Burr was among our prisoners. Next day we got wind of an expedition, being fitted out in Charleston to pay us off for our nerve in picking up a prize right under their noses. We knew that in case of a scrap the prisoners would be in our way, and, as it would never do to let them go home and peach on us, we just got them to pass in review, as it were, and picked them off as they came up; some of them tried to be ugly about it, but as we had them in irons their objections did not amount to much. We wanted to spare the women if we could, but as there were about a dozen of them we decided to put half of them out of the way. I have seen some mighty ugly doings in my time, but the thought of killing those poor defenseless women sort of got next to my conscience, so I told the boys not to harm them till we were sure the enemy were on us, and then to be just and Christianlike we would only kill six, and would let them draw straws to see which six it would be.

"Well, we saw no signs of any expedition all that day nor all the next. It was getting on toward sundown of the third day when the watch on the beach came in and reported three sails off to the south'ard but heading to'ard our hangout. We put the schooner in trim and fixed things about the fort. By the time we were in good shape it was dark as a nigger graveyard on a rainy night. The moon would be up in a few hours, so we sent a lookout down to the beach to look for the enemy. About eleven o'clock the moon was well up. The lookout

came in at twelve and reported one square rigger and two schooners heading right in for Price's Inlet. As I had all to lose and nothing to gain by a scrap, I decided to abandon the fort and try to make open sea with the schooner. As the flotilla was standing in for Prince's Inlet, our only way of escape was through Bull's Bay; it was a risky job, as we would have to go through the breakers.

"But as none of us cared especially about swinging by our necks, we agreed it would be better to run the risk. I told the boys to drop the schooner out into the bay and wait for the mate and I till we could make some plan for disposing of the prisoners. He was in for outing their lights then and there, but as I would not agree to it, we decided to stick to our first plan, which was to let six of them off; so we sat down to draw straws for each one separately"—but what was that! "Leave me alone!" "Well, get up, you lazy hound, breakfast is ready." Yes, sure enough it was, and the fort looked all broken down, and the soldiers had all gone.

But I would like to know what was the fate of the daughter of Aaron Burr.

F. J. MCKINLEY, '01.

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#### WHEN CHEVRONS INTERVENED.

Ah! 'Tis a sad event when friendship sweet  
Is severed by some mundane origin,  
When long years' constant course of meet and greet  
Lies cast aside to usher new life in.

We had been friends! Our every thought and act  
Was measured by each other's standard high;  
But now the gilded chevron intervened,  
And once warm greetings cooled in passing by.

'Tis no new story! He an officer made,  
[And well he served, a military youth!]  
While I, a private in the ranks I stayed,  
And yet 'twas justice! Demonstrated truth!

'Twas hard to bear at first, but soon I learned  
The lesson of unequal dignity;  
Learned how his pride had displaced nobler thoughts,  
Self-consciousness makes man absurdity.

Our close companionship was dead! And he  
With pride of office walking loyally  
Ne'er sought my door, nor spoke friend's words to me,  
But passed his days 'mid chevroned royalty.

The story's told! But oft my thoughts revert  
To this, my early drama in life's play,  
Where I, tragedian, fell, sorely hurt  
Before the feet of inconsistency.

W. L. MOISE.

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### PRIZE ESSAY.

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#### The Proper Attitude of the College Student Toward the Enforcement of Discipline.

[Awarded the Annual "President's Medal" 1898.]

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THERE is no action of man in this life, which is not the beginning of so long a chain of consequences, as that no human providence is high enough to give us a prospect to the end."—*Thomas of Malmesbury*.

There is a peculiar interest attached to the subject of the enforcement of college discipline, which transforms a discussion on this line from an otherwise prosaic essay into a pertinent, up-to-date argument. This peculiar interest lies in the fact, that we, who are expressing ourselves regarding the proper attitude for the student to assume in the enforcement of discipline, are in daily contact with our subject, and are, therefore, virtually declaring those impressions and conclusions drawn from the regular routine of our college course. In other words, we are merely placing upon paper a commentary

on our every-day life, and, consequently, should find the subject not only possessed of especial interest, but also simple in its definition and discussion.

There is really no plausible reason why the enforcement of discipline should not possess as pertinent an interest to the public as it does to the collegian. Discipline is the very foundation of a successful life, and should be a subject of as much importance to the mother, who instills the principles of discipline in the child, as it is to the college authorities, who merely carry on the work begun at the fireside.

The home is the chrysalis of society, the nucleus of national character; and from that source, be it pure or tainted, issue the habits, principles, and maxims which govern public as well as private life.

It is the mission of discipline to develop the character by instruction and exercise; to train to act in accordance with established rules, and to accustom to regular and systematic action. C. J. Smith, a well-known essayist and moralist, states his views on this subject as follows:

"Discipline aims at the removal of bad habits, and the substitution of good ones, especially those of order, regularity and obedience." Its final effects, then, are toward the elevation of man, by preparing him for his proper entrance into life, which is filled with such varying vicissitudes and misfortunes. From the foregoing definitions we find that the college student is called upon to encourage a very noble and admirable characteristic, and he should not fail in the performance of his duty to his college, for, in so doing he would fail in his duty to his God. Although this statement may seem too strong upon first mention, yet after carefully considering the real nature and value of discipline, we must come to the conclusion that it is as closely related to morality as any subject can possibly be.

There is an essence of immortality in the life of every man. No individual in the universe stands alone; he is a component part of a system of mutual dependence, and by his several acts he either increases or diminishes the sum of human good.

"There is something solemn and awful," says Smiles, "in the thought that there is not an act done or a word uttered by a human being, but carries with it a train of consequences the end of which we may never trace. Not one but to a certain extent gives a color to our life, and insensibly influences the lives of those about us. No man's acts die utterly, and though his body may resolve into dust and air, his good or his bad deeds will still bring forth fruit after their kind, and influence future generations for all time to come. It is in this momentous and solemn fact that the great peril and responsibility of human existence lies."

It is therefore plainly evident that the proper attitude which the college student assumes towards the enforcement of discipline, stamps him as a moral member of society, for in youth do we form our habits, regulate our course of action, and virtually decide for ourselves all questions relative to our moral growth and development.

We now come to the question: "What is our purpose at college, and in what manner does this relate to the subject under discussion?" Ah! If every student were to inquire of his conscience, "Why am I at college?" he would soon discover the close relationship existing between his purpose at college, and the attitude to assume toward the enforcement of discipline.

College life is truly a life in itself, wherein character as well as intellect is formed, and developed. Although it is the generally accepted idea that a youth enters college to obtain an education, to learn certain fundamental facts and principles, it is also realized that he goes there to form a character, to decide on his moral standing and his moral convictions. The fond



mother feels, deep down in the recesses of her heart, the awful significance of the step she takes, when she sends her son to college; for she knows that from his surroundings will he form a line of conduct which will influence his actions for weal or for woe in his future life-work. It is on account of this deep-rooted conviction that she is so particular as to where she sends her son, inquiring into the moral atmosphere of the college *first*, and its educational facilities afterwards.

A youth's entrance into college is one of the turning points of his life. If not the most important, it is undoubtedly a highly important event of his existence, and should therefore possess significant meaning to him. The introduction of discipline into a college course is for the betterment of the morals of its members, and for procuring a more powerful control over their actions. It is scarcely possible to overestimate the importance of training the students in virtuous habits. In youth these habits are more easily formed, and when formed they last for life; like letters cut in the bark of a tree, they grow and widen with age. The beginning holds within it the end; the first start on the road of life determines the direction and the destination of the journey.

"Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old, he will not depart from it."

Our purpose at college, then, is the development of morals as well as mind, and the collegian should regard discipline as the means of procuring this end. He is, therefore, in duty to himself, to his college, and to his all-wise Creator, bound to obey college discipline, by acting in strict accordance with the regulations under which he is placed, and then to work for the enforcement of such discipline for the betterment of the college and its individual membership. Discipline is the basic principle of order, and order is "heaven's first law." The col-

lege student should consider the discipline of his institution as its highest quality. Without it, no college can long exist; with it, few will fail.

The greatest drawback to the maintenance of discipline at college is the mistaken idea of the average student that it is manly to defy authority. "Young America" is overflowing with independence, and it asserts itself at every possible opportunity. A true spirit of independence is very admirable, and should be cultivated and encouraged; but an independence which scorns subservience to college authority is as weak and despicable as any human trait we know of. There is no disgrace or degradation in obedience to orders. It is the very first lesson of life. The motto of the Prince of Wales is "*Ich Dieu*," which means "I serve." The plainest evidence of manhood is willingness to obey constituted authority with readiness and a true heartfelt acquiescence. None are fit to command who do not know how to obey, and this evidence of opposition to service is but an illustration of how lamentably a spirit of proper independence may be abused.

There is another, and a more solemn phase of this question which confronts the thinking mind.

As, in the subordination of a government, the king is offended by any insult to an inferior magistrate; so the Sovereign Ruler of the universe is affronted by a breach of allegiance to those whom he has set over us; Providence having delegated to the supreme magistrate in every country the same power for the good of men which that supreme magistrate transfers to those several officers who act under him for the preserving of order and discipline. Oh! You who oppose servitude so indefatigably, did you ever stop to meditate on the close relationship of service with true religion? If so, where is your divine authority for such actions? The fundamental principle of religion is complete, unconditional service,—obedience to authority without questioning.

The Holy Bible instructs us as follows:

"Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers, for there is no power but of God. Whosoever, therefore, resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God, for rulers are not a terror to good works, but to the evil. Wherefore, ye must needs be subject not only for wrath, but for conscience' sake."

And apart from the moral obligations we are under to obey and enforce discipline, there are also legal obligations to take into consideration. *All constituted authority has the force of law*, and the student who disobeys such authority is nothing less than a lawbreaker, and deserves punishment. This phase of the question is a most important one. We enter college with the accepted idea of obeying its laws, and we have no right to question their justice. Refusal to obey these laws is a violation of those engagements every controlling power exacts from those persons who live under it, and consequently the most base and pernicious instance of treachery and perfidiousness.

Man is the only piece of God's mechanism that is called upon to obey laws. The brutish animal knows no law, but acts independently according to its own caprices. Man, distinguished from brutishness, by his mind and soul, is appealed to through his intellect. Law, therefore, is a compliment to the intelligence of mankind, and should be observed with pride and gladness, as well as with willing obedience.

We, therefore, observe that disobedience of orders is objectionable for two reasons. We violate all moral and legal obligations. The proper attitude of the college student should be:

First. To obey, cheerfully, all orders and regulations under which he places himself upon matriculation.

Second. To render all aid in his power by precept and by example to uphold and maintain the discipline of his college. He is not responsible for the results: *his only* is the



part of strict and ready obedience. If every student undertook to criticize and pass judgment on the conduct of his fellow students or of his professors, where would be the standard of right, and who the final umpire?

The question of complete submission to law was illustrated some months ago, by a rebellion which took place at the South Carolina Military Academy, of Charleston. Without desiring to become personal in this discussion, I shall merely draw a few conclusions from the citadel rebellion to show the value of unquestioning obedience.

The cadets based their rebellious action on the Quixotic ground that it was a part of their duty to preserve the high sense of honor among the cadets, which they claimed had been outraged by one of their number. To accomplish this they pursued a course which was far worse than that which they were seeking to punish, and involved the institution in more serious dangers than all the acts they sought to repudiate could possibly have done. Like Sampson, they were willing to pull down the temple, so that they might destroy their enemy. They relied on the strength of their numbers, and thought that the Board of Visitors would hesitate to expel so large a number of cadets lest it might injure or destroy the citadel. It is very likely that the advancement of this argument caused a large number of young men to join the few leaders, who started and encouraged the movement. Yet they were wrong in their every action. Wrong in the inception of the scheme; because, if the accused cadet was not justifiable in his course, it was not their business to correct him; wrong again in combining in the performance of an act of insubordination, in the hope that the size of the revolt would insure immunity from punishment. A true comprehension of the value of discipline would have averted the catastrophe.

Non-military colleges are no more exempt from the demand of discipline than are military institutions. All classes

of colleges are included. The word does not only imply the training of the soldier, it means more than this. I cover a vast field of education. Its several meanings may be classed as follows:

First. The treatment of one who seeks to learn.

Second. The training of others, so that they will act under firmly established rules.

Third. Subjection to order and lawful control.

Fourth. Correction of faults by punishment for infraction of fixed regulations.

These comprehensive definitions cover the whole duty of the pupil, and also include the teacher in their scope. How then can the student aid in the enforcement of these rules? Let us see.

There are, as we know, two natural divisions of all offenses, those of commission and omission. We may make this same division as regards the manner of violating discipline.

The crime of commission is rebellion, as has been previously discussed. We have shown rebellion to be one of the most heinous crimes which it is in the power of man to commit. Our conclusion is drawn from the following considerations.

First. It destroys the end of all government, and the benefits derived from same.

Second. It is a violation of those engagements which every government exacts from those living under it.

Third. It is a violation of our duty to our divine Creator, by refusing to recognize his human agents. It is, therefore, (1) destructive, (2) illegal, and (3) immoral.

But rebellion, the crime of commission, is no more serious than neutrality, the crime of omission. When a rebellion is actually begun at college, and the force of circumstances comes upon every member in attendance, it is as great a crime

to remain indifferent, as to actually lead the rebellion. Every member should take a stand, for or against, and only cowards will stand aloof and look on with indifference.

In such a juncture, though a man may be innocent of the great breach which is made upon college discipline, he is as highly culpable, if he fails to use all the means in his power for reducing the community into its former state of peace and good order. If men, who, in their hearts, are friends to an institution, forbear giving it their utmost assistance against its enemies, they put it in the power of a few desperate men to ruin the welfare of those who are much superior to themselves in strength, number and interest.

I have read somewhere that Solon, the great legislator of the Athenians, made a law that any person who, in civil tumults and commotion of the republic, remained neutral or an indifferent spectator of the contending parties, should, after the reestablishment of the public peace, forfeit all his possessions and be condemned to perpetual banishment. In this manner Solon compelled every man to take his position *pro* or *con*; therefore the crime of omission was made impossible.

We now approach, in our discussions, the next step to be taken in influencing our fellow students to observe discipline.

Let each man make of himself a model,—to be looked up to, to be followed as the ideal collegian.

Example is one of the most potent of instructors, though it teaches without a tongue. It is the practical school of mankind, working by action, which is always more forcible than words. Percept may point out the way, but it is silent, continuous example, conveyed to us by habits, and living with us in fact, that carries us along. Good advice has its weight, but without the accompaniment of good example it is of comparatively small influence.

“Every act we do, or word we utter, as well as every act we witness, or word we hear, carries with it an influence which

extends over and gives a color, not only to the whole of our future life, but makes itself felt upon the whole frame of society." The education of character is very much a question of models, we mould ourselves so unconsciously after the characters, manners, habits and opinions of those about us. Good rules may do much, and the college possessing equitable laws has taken the first step toward success; but good models do far more, and in the procuration of good models should every college endeavor to excel its contemporaries. There is a magnetic affinity in young persons which insensibly tends to assimilate them to each other's likeness. The student desirous of assuming an admirable attitude in the enforcement of discipline must make of himself a model, and to do this he must first procure a character.

"Character is what we are; Reputation is what we are thought to be." Thus the poet sings, and furnishes us with logic in words of cadenced intonation. Character is the noblest possession of man. It is the crown and glory of his life. It constitutes an estate in itself, dignifying every station and exalting every position in society. The true character acts rightly, whether in secret or in the sight of men. I once read of a youth who was asked why he did not pocket some pears, when there was no one there to see him, and his reply demonstrated his character. "Yes, there was. I was there to see myself, and I don't intend to let myself witness a dishonest action." If a college student were to adopt such a standard regarding all questions of morality, his example would be inspiring to many innocent untried youths, and would lead them into the straight and narrow path of rectitude and right.

W. L. MOISE, 01.



## THE SWEETEST STRAIN.

Faint and fainter grew the voices  
Of the choir of morning stars;  
All the planets stopped their singing—  
All except the planet Mars.

But he had a new-born sister—  
Little earth, a songless land;  
And on earth there was a mortal  
Fresh from his Creator's hand,

Who knew naught of songs or singing,  
Who knew naught of hopes or fears;  
And old Mars resolved to teach him  
If he could but reach his ears.

So he set his harp a ringing,  
Sang the morning song again;  
And the notes were wafted earthward,  
Falling on a grassy plain.

On that plain the man was sleeping;  
Angels watched around his bed,  
And they gathered up the music  
As it showered round his head.

"Wake up, Adam, we have saved you  
From that song the sweetest strain,  
And we promise that forever  
That note shall with you remain.

"This is music incarnated,  
This the music of the spheres;  
Lo, that sweetest note is woman,  
She's your comfort all your years!"

Q. B. NEWMAN, '01.

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MUSIC.

AMONG the discussions of intricate questions of statecraft; severe questions of morals; and frequent eulogies on science; among such themes, music may seem somewhat an incongruous subject, moonshiny, in fact, and ideal! But I have thought perhaps that a change from subjects so grave and stern might be at least somewhat of a diversion. What

recks it to attempt to explain in metaphysical analysis the origin or love of the beautiful; of the ideal; whether it be in the harmonious combinations of melodious sounds, the shadow and color of the animated canvas, or the noble outlines of bronze and marble?

Man has in every stage had, apart from all utilitarian sentiments, a love of the beautiful; of the ideal; and that is enough to know. We enjoy much that we cannot understand; we experience pleasurable sensations without seeking to investigate the causes that produce or the elements that constitute them. When we gaze out upon a beautiful landscape with its varied hues of tree and flowers, its "bubbling runnels" and its tall mountains towering in the blue distance, there is something more than the mere pleasing effect of colors on the eye; there is something more than the babble of the brooks, than the fragrance of the flowers; there is something that speaks to our inner nature, that makes our hearts beat more quickly, our breasts to heave with a wild exhilaration. We cannot explain it; we do not seek the explanation; the philosophy of the infinite only can define it! So it is with the effects of music. There is something more than the mere enchantment that results from the harmonious combinations of melodious sounds; something that moves us strangely when the notes are as soft as those which Apollo breathed while attending on the Grecian Hills the flocks of Admetus; tender as those which Pan endowed with every melody of the visible universe; something strange and thrilling, when suddenly amid the notes of joy and sorrow, there comes a deeper tone awakening us into the dim consciousness of forgotten divinity. Sometimes we hear our names syllableized with a startling personal appeal to our highest consciousness, and noblest aspirations.

Man has in every age bowed before this mystic immaterial something that we call music. When in the dawn of history

Jubal's chorded shell awoke the echoes of long past ages, his hearers listened as though the very heavens had been opened to let out an ethereal and enchanting melody

"Less than a God they thought there could not dwell  
Within the hollow of that shell,  
That spoke so sweetly, and so well."

In Greece, mythology has raised a fitting monument to the power of symphony. By music Amphion is said to have made the stones of his city rise and shape themselves into glittering palaces. At the sound of Orpheus' lyre the crest of the serpent fell; the eye of the tiger ceased to glare.

"He could lead a savage race,  
And trees uprooted left their place,  
Sequacious of his lyre.  
He made such notes as warbled to the strings,  
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,  
And made hell grant what love did seek."

Thus did the Greeks in the beautiful imagery of their ancient faith, portray the power and the subtle influence of the quivering strings. Turn to the country of the North and see there the same adoration of music. Watch the minstrel of that clime, infirm and old, as his fingers wander over the strings of his rude harp. Beginning listlessly and far away, his soul seems sunk into an inner world of his own. The harp murmurs beneath his touch as he presses it fondly to his breast. Spellbound by the power he evokes, his head sinking lower and lower over the strings, his ear seeming to hearken to a far-off ghostly melody, the untaught savage attains a perfection of expression unattainable by mere professional training.

To-day, augmented by all the embellishments of the musical art, there is still that same power that moved Pluto at the sound of Orpheus' lyre, that made the lays of Petrarch and of Tasso immortal; that same power that gives character to it all. It is still the impassioned language of a fervent spirit fused at

the altar of song into forms that breathe and burn into every line; forms that find in man's soul an answering echo, whose harp-strings catch the breath of every melody.

When our souls are enwrapped in the masterpieces of Beethoven or Handel or Wagner, do we not feel their animating sentiments, their very thoughts? Are not their characters delineated as no pen could ever do, no language adequately describe? How their music sweeps through our veins like electric fire; how it penetrates straight to the soul! After such an experience, the memories of which hover around us "deep and undying like the barytone of the sea," argument seems almost useless.. The effect of music as the developed language of passion seems no longer an inference, but simply the description of a fact.

The musical faculty is not peculiar to man. Although it abounds in the cries and carollings of inferior animals, yet it never rises to the dignity of a conscious self-directed art. There is music, the most melting and plaintive, in the notes wherewith the little bird, whose household has been stolen, fills and saddens all the grove with melodies of deepest pathos! There is a harsher and higher harmony in the scream of the cloud-cleaving eagle, that goes up, singing his own wild song, through the blue ether and over the arch of the rainbow.

There is music indescribable in the wild notes of our own mocking-bird

"That trills her soft and tender lay,  
As though to soothe the evening for the loss of day."

There is music of the boldest and most masculine kind in the roar of the lion, coming up vast and hollow upon the wind of the wilderness, and affrighting the far-off caravan on its solitary way. What a heavenly harmony is in the varied voices of inanimate creation, what a fine pause in the hush of the evening, what a sweet tenor in the babbling of the brook; what a shrill treble in the higher



notes of the gale, and what a tremendous bass in the chantings of the storm from his black orchestra to the echoing heaven! What a beautiful fancy of the ancients, that from the motion of the heavenly orbs there issues the soft floating of an ethereal and enchanting melody which the gross ear of man cannot hear, but which is audible to higher and holier spirits. We know this to be a fancy, but a fancy of the finest and most poetical kind. We say rather with Addison in his beautiful hymn—

“ What though in solemn silence all  
Move round this dark terrestrial ball ?  
What though no real voice nor sound  
Amid their radiant orbs be found ?  
In Reason’s ear they all rejoice,  
And utter forth in glorious voice,  
Forever singing as they shine,  
The hand that made us is divine.”

But far above the music of nature, is the music of human art. The soft complaining flute that sounds so sweetly across the lake or river in the still evenings of summer; the shrill-toned fife, the deep reverberating drum, the trumpet with its loud and swelling clangor, the harp consecrated as that instrument which once vibrated to the touch of David as he sang upon the plains of Bethlehem or poured out his eloquent plaint from the roof of his palace in the city of the “Great King.” The guitar with its light and airy music transporting our thoughts to the groves of Italy, to the cork-tree forests of Spain, to the evening lattices of Madrid, or the moonlit waters of Venice. And last but not least, the organ making its deep bellows blow, rolling its huge billows of sound upon the soul, solemn, sweeping and sublime; the very spirit seems wrapt away and borne upwards on the swelling tide of harmony. Far above the free outpouring of lonely notes from the full-throated songster are these artistically wrought expressions of melody, that body forth in syllables that can be interpreted as the mysterious moanings of the human intellect.

And far above the music of all these, and all others sources, is that glorious instrument first invented and attuned by Deity himself—the human voice. With its melting cadences—its deep impassioned tones—its high, clear melody which, whether it swells or sinks, awakens to rapture or lulls to repose, it has in it something sweeter, nobler, more natural and profound than all the music of the grove, than all the melody of birds and bees, and murmurings of summer brooks; than all the sounds that man has extracted from cold and lifeless strings.

Music touches all that is high, all that is noble, all that is spiritual in our natures. We know that Milton was wont to refresh himself with music, and the grand structure of "Paradise Lost" rose like the ancient temple to the sound of the organ. How does music awaken a spell of patriotic emotion? See how the tears stream down the cheeks of Caledonia's emigrants, leaving their native land, while the bagpipe is playing "We return, we return no more."

What Southern heart does not kindle at the sound of *Dixie*? We can see those old torn veterans as they gather about their camp fires and join in that glorious song that will live forever in Southern hearts and evermore thrill the true patriot at memories of past achievements. Grand old heroes! Their voices may have sounded harsh, their music lacked true harmony, but they were ready to seal with their life-blood their pledges to their country, and no truer vow of loyalty and devotion was ever plighted than in those simple lines "In Dixie land I'll take my stand, I'll live and die for Dixie."

Music has soothed the soul of the dying saint whose spirit has burst its prison tenement in song,—song to be renewed straightway under the altar, or before the throne. It has made the martyr forgetful of his fiery pangs, and singing, his soul had soared away, happy to be released.

Music tends to open the mind, to expand the intellect, to cultivate the views. A man who throws his soul into the pursuit loses himself in a delightful dream. His soul rises above the groveling things of earth, his spirit is upborne on angels' pinions into a rarer, purer and more intellectual atmosphere from which he must and *does* descend a wiser and a better man.

W. R.

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### EYES.

The moonlight lay on a garden fair;  
A nightingale sang to the listening air;  
Her hand was in mine, but she looked away,  
And we told our love in the old, old way.  
And I swore to be true till the Judgment Day,  
I swore by her grey, grey eyes.

In the ballroom dazzling, the music played,  
But we sat apart in the myrtle shade;  
We whispered away from the crowded room,  
How she should be bride and I be groom,  
And I swore to be true till the Crack of Doom,  
I swore by her brown, brown eyes.

The lark in the heavens carolled free;  
The sun looked down on a glassy sea;  
We walked where the sea-cliffs towering frowned,  
My eyes were on her and hers on the ground,  
And I swore to be true till the trumpet sound;  
I swore by her blue, blue eyes.

Oh! brown eyes, grey eyes, and eyes of blue,  
Why did I swear to you each to be true?  
I love each, the rest away from me;  
I wish I could marry—yes, all the three!  
With either alone unhappy I'd be—

Oh! why did I swear by your eyes?

—R. N. Proctor in *Illustrated American*.

# The • Clemson • College • Chronicle.

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## • Editorial Department. •

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J. CROCKATT THOMSON, Editor.

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### To the New Students.

This month we come out in a new style and under a new cover which we believe are more attractive than the old. Although our first issue for this year, and brought out under various disadvantages, such as the absence of some of the members of the staff, we hope it will not be found of less excellence than our former issues.



The present college year opens with a bright outlook for the "Chronicle." In the advent of such a large number of intelligent looking "Rats," we hope we have acquired some additional literary talent at the college.

We have not received contributions from any of the new men for this issue, but look forward hopefully to being able to publish the work of some literary geniuses, in embryo, at a date not far distant. In this issue we take the opportunity to welcome all the new students to Clemson, and hope to stir up in them an interest in their college paper.

To them we say: We want and need your assistance to run the "Chronicle." Do not be satisfied with paying your subscriptions, but put on your thinking caps and give us something to print. Do not hesitate because you are afraid your work will not be accepted. No man of any merit was ever fool enough to think that his maiden effort would be a howling success. The best of writers do not expect their every production to be published. So step out, and endeavor to prepare for us a short story or an essay, or, if you are of a poetical temperament, try your hand at verse.

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### **The Reading Room and Library.**

We desire to call the attention of the new cadets to one of the most valuable adjuncts of the College—the Library and Reading-room. The Library is full of good books of almost every description, on every line of thought, and a man can do no better than to select a certain line of reading and follow it up.

Do not get into a habit of simply reading promiscuously. A small amount of promiscuous reading is very well in its way, but have some special line to devote your spare time to. When a man stops adding to his stock of knowledge, what he already knows commences to leak out and slip away from

him. The human brain is so constructed as to never become too crowded to receive a new idea. So keep adding and adding to what you know.

The Reading-room is supplied with the best periodicals of the country, as well as a goodly array of newspapers. Every one should keep up with the history that is being made around him. It is, if anything, more important than that of the days gone by.

No one at Clemson has any excuse for being antiquated and behind the times, with such opportunities at hand.

Also a word of admonition, to old cadets as well as new. Do not take periodicals or papers from the Reading-room. In so doing you injure every student in College and, of course, can only expect to be injured in the same way, in return. Do not appease your conscience by saying that the papers belong to you as much as to any one else. Very often magazines are made away with. Necessarily the librarian cannot keep his eye on you all the time, but is bound to rely on your sense of honor.

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**Educating Men** Some of the papers of the State, antagonistic  
**Away from** to Clemson, have adopted as a war-cry, "Clem-  
**the Farm.** son educates men away from the farm."

This is one of the most absurdly foolish things we have heard of in some time. They back their statements by saying that very few of the agricultural graduates of Clemson are at present engaged in farming. The same is true of the graduates of any agricultural college, and is the most natural thing in the world.

Very few graduates of a commercial college immediately become the head of large mercantile concerns. This is because very few graduates have sufficient capital to start them-

selves in a business that requires a large expenditure of money. They have to first make money, which they do by securing the best employment they can for the time being.

Even though a man never intends to farm, but follow some such line as agricultural botany, chemistry, entomology or geology, or veterinary science, he is simply specializing. He no more abandons agriculture, than the mechanical student who confines himself to electricity, civil engineering or any one of the things taught in a mechanical course can be said to forsake mechanics.

And suppose he does none of the above mentioned things. Clemson cannot *compel* a man to make farming his occupation, and neither can any other college. It is a man's privilege to use his own judgment as to what vocation he will follow, and he will do so whether you try to hinder him or not.

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**Oratorical  
Association.**

A few days ago a letter was received by our literary societies, from Furman University, requesting our opinion on the formation of a State Intercollegiate Association. The matter has been acted on and approved by all our societies, we believe.

This is, in our estimation, a very important step in the life of our institutions of learning and one which promises to be of great profit to those concerned. The subject of organizing such an association has been thought and talked about considerably by students all over the State, but it has fallen to Furman to take the initial step in the matter.

Heretofore South Carolina has not been represented in the Southern Interstate Contests, because she has had no State association. However, hereafter there is no reason why she should not take a prominent part in them.

South Carolina can, we believe, produce as good orators as any State in the South, and we intend to make a trial of it.

Some say that oratory is on the decline; if so, we need oratorical associations to revive it; if not, they are needed to carry it on to a higher degree of perfection. The power of swaying men, as with a breath, is one of the greatest gifts to man, and, if properly used by a conscientious person, an eloquent tongue is one of the most efficacious means of leading men onward and upward.

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**The Annual.** Are we to have an Annual? If so, now is the time to start to work on it.

The Senior class is the one to do this work, but it must have the hearty cooperation of the classes under it.

We have had the opportunity of seeing the Annual of our sister college at Rock Hill. It is a neat and attractive volume, and the editors and those who assisted them deserve much credit for the manner in which they have done their work. The book is embellished by numerous sketches by some of the students.

An Annual is a pleasant memento of one's college course, and is always highly appreciated in after life. The jokes and mention of various incidents in the college life will always conjure up pleasant memories of "the days that are no more."

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#### ODE TO THE CUCUMBER.

O, a cucumber grew by the deep rolling sea,  
And it tumbled about in reckless glee,  
'Till the summer waned and the grass turned brown,  
And the farmer plucked it and took it to town.

Wrinkled and warty, and bilious and blue,  
It lay in the market the autumn through;  
'Till a woman, with freckles on her cheek,  
Led in her husband, so mild and meek.

He purchased the fruit, at her request,  
And hid it forever under his vest;  
For it doubled him up like a kangaroo,  
And now he sleeps 'neath the violets blue.

H. A. WILSON.



## • Exchange Department. •

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RALPH McLENDON, Editor.

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WITH this issue we send greetings to our many college friends and others.

Under the circumstances we cannot do better than offer a few introductory remarks.

Being October, the month in which the majority of colleges resume work, we have, as yet, received only a very few exchanges.

However, ere the close of the month we hope to be enjoying the same privileges received at the hands of our predecessors heretofore. To the student, perhaps, there is no happier medium than the college magazine.

Realizing the great necessity of linking ourselves with those whose work, like our own, is carrying us all to a common goal, we come again offering you, my dear co-workers, our hands, feeling that we can be a mutual help to each other.

Very likely the management of most journals has passed into the hands of a new set of officers, many of whom, no doubt by now, like us, have found themselves in great need of a little experience. In measuring ourselves against the task for which we have been selected, we shall ever rely upon you as an indispensable support and aid to our efforts.

Although we come not asking special favors of any one, but simply soliciting the encouragement kindly rendered us by those whom you now replace.

It is exceedingly gratifying to the whole staff to know our paper merited so many kind and favorable criticisms last year. Yet, we cannot but hope to accomplish more during the coming session. Still, if we can justly secure your approval, this will be what we shall appreciate most.

And now, with hopes that ere our next issue we shall have had the pleasure of renewing your name on our list, we promise that in mentioning those to whom we owe gratitude, we will be perfectly fair and just.

In passing, we would like to add, that the Annual promised by one of our sister institutions for criticism has not made its appearance.

We wish for one and all a most pleasant and profitable year at college.

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### • Among the Magazines. •

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W. F. WALKER.      W. L. MOISE.

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**A**LTHOUGH the war was over several months ago, and the newspapers, daily and weekly, have furnished the public with full and extensive treatises on the various battles and contests, yet our monthly magazines, apparently unsatisfied with the completeness of these descriptions, continue to furnish us details of battles, illustrations of stirring incidents, and tabulated statements regarding the attending expenses.

*McClure's* for October opens with a description of the fight for Santiago, by Stephen Bonsal, which rehashes the same story we have read so often in papers of earlier date. Frank A. Vanderlip, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, gives the actual expenses of the war in round numbers, which seem quite surprising to the uncalculating mind. Over \$98,000,000 has been paid out for the army and navy, \$65,300,000 of which was to the army, and \$32,700,000 to the navy. Two railroad stories entitled "Adventures of a Train-dispatcher" and "Jim Wainwright's Kid," are both very well written, especially the latter. The entire issue is well worth a careful perusal.

*Outing* seems to have made excellent progress in its literary department, the October issue being exceptionally good. The best essay is by Walter Camp on the subject of Football in 1897, and of course proves pleasant reading to all college men. Some very instructive reviews on the principal games of the '97 season contain statements of value. Mr. Camp thinks the greatest surprise was the Yale-Harvard match at Cambridge. He states that the defensive was greater than the offensive, in this game. Mr. Camp mentions the Southern progress in football in only a few lines, stating that the only game worth noticing was the one between the U. of V. and the U. of G. Pictures of the U. of Penn. Yale, Princeton, U. of Washington, Harvard, Cornell and West Point teams are given. The stories are entitled "Miss Carrington's Professional" and "The Wedding Finger of Colly." Ella Butler Evans gives the South a showing in her essay entitled "The Cross Country Riding Club of Augusta, Ga." *Outing* always contains good poetry, and this issue has a poem, "O Rare October Days," which is beautiful. The magazine is concluded with its regular monthly review of Amateur Sport and Pastimes.

To vary the monotony the *Metropolitan* opens with several pages of colored pictures representing some triumphs of recent photography. It very kindly continues its variation by giving an interesting description of New York's underground trolley system instead of inflicting a treatise on the Cuban War upon an innocent public. To Mr. A. H. Lewis we are indebted for discussing one of the most prominent men of the day, Mr. Thomas Brackett Reed, who made himself known as a man of mind while Speaker of the House. The only fiction worth mentioning is "A Freak of Memory," but its quality is above the average, and is worth three or four of the average magazine stories.

The *Cosmopolitan* seems to have issued a fiction edition for October, as its pages abound in stories of every description

by the best writers. Frank R. Stockton delights the public with another of his amusing sketches entitled "The Governor-General. Other fiction by such well-known authors as Maarten Maartens, Harriet Spofford, Harold Frederick and Oneill Latham finish up a most valuable collection of stories. The *Cosmopolitan* is lacking in poetry. One poem known as "To Her," by Robert Loveman, is worth reading by the critically inclined.

"On the Roof of the World," an interesting account of a journey through Asia, by Sven Hedin, forms the leading article in *Harper's Monthly* for October. The author spent over three years on this journey and traveled in all nearly 15,000 miles through mountain passes and over sandy deserts. The article is well illustrated by the author. "Our Navy in Asiatic Waters," by William Elliot Griffis, is a thrilling account of the early struggles of our nation for recognition in the Far East, and a careful perusal of this article leads to a higher appreciation of the importance of our last great Eastern victory—that of Dewey at Manila. In the department of fiction a new serial entitled "The Span o' Life," by William McLennan and J. U. McIlwraith, will be of interest to lovers of the historical novel. Among the short stories, "Where the Laborers are Few," by Margaret Deland, is deserving of special recommendation.

"The Story of the Revolution," by Henry Cabot Lodge, is still affording valuable and interesting information to historically inclined readers of *Scribner's*. The author's account of the treason of Arnold, its discovery, and the arrest and execution of Maj. André is especially good. A very pretty poem entitled "Who go down to the Sea in Ships," by Grace Ellery Channing, is well worth reading. The short stories, "Johnny's Job" and "Drummed Out," are fully up to the average usually attained by writers of this variety of fiction.



## • Local and Alumni. •

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J. BAXTER LEWIS, EDITOR.

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The opening of the session of '98 and '99 of Clemson College was a most encouraging one. A larger percentage of old students returned than ever before, with the exception of 1894, and 185 "rats" succeeded in making things lively in barracks. The total number is about 400, and new men are arriving daily. It is encouraging to note that the new men are of a higher grade than heretofore, a fact evidenced by the admission of about a dozen "rats" into the Sophomore class, and not less than 50 into the Freshman class. Strange to say, many new cadets are from other State colleges, Furman, Wofford and S. C. College being well represented; and about a dozen Citadel men applied for admission but were rejected on account of their expulsion from the Citadel. Clemson is slowly but surely drawing to its borders the best element in the State, and has to be recognized as a prominent college of the South.

On the evening of September 24, "Betsy Hamilton" delivered a most entertaining recitation in the Memorial Hall. She impersonated the Georgia cracker and the Alabama darkey to an extent as surprising as it was ludicrous. The audience was in a continual uproar the whole time, and departed with their sides aching from unusual exercise.

Several new professors have been elected to fill vacancies at Clemson College, and they have all begun their duties in their respective departments. Mr. Boehm fills the position of manager of the Mechanical Department. Mr. Hancock takes Mr. Yager's position in Drawing. Dr. Nelson has charge of Veterinary Science. Mr. Maner Martin is now Major Martin, in charge of the Second Battalion, and instructor in Sub-

fresh English. Mr. Ben Roberston, class of '96, is assistant chemist. The Textile school is under the charge of Mr. J. M. Beattie, formerly in charge of the Norris Cotton Mill.

Miss Julia Moore, of Auburn, visited her sister, Mrs. W. M. Riggs, during this month.

We were all glad to see Captain E. B. Fuller on the campus a few weeks ago, and trust that the time is not far distant when he will again be with us as commandant. According to latest reports, Captain Fuller's cavalry has been ordered to Cuba, but we trust this is a false report.

What a pair: "Pug" and "Fido"!!

Our sister across the way has issued an annual, "The Tattler," which is attracting the attention and praise of all who peruse its pages. Viva La Winthrop!

During the summer vacation our new football ground was given special attention and now is in excellent shape. We believe we are justified in saying that we have the best football grounds in the State, and in a few days we can speak more positively regarding our team.

On the evening of September 23d the Calhoun Literary Society gave its annual entertainment in the Memorial Hall.

The following program was well rendered:

Orator—J. F. Sullivan. "Current Problems."

Declaimer—A. F. Riggs. "Music."

Debate—Query: Resolved, That the United States have treated the Indians unjustly.

Affirmative.

Negative.

J. E. All.

C. W. Mauldin.

S. H. Lumpkin.

S. D. Pearman.

The judges were Prof. C. M. Furman, Pres. H. S. Hartzog, Prof. P. T. Brodie. After an interesting debate the judges decided in favor of the negative.



Several young ladies from Williamston came down to attend the entertainments held here on the 23d and 24th of last month. Among those present were Misses Alice Duckworth, Zessie Rush, Cecil Gray, Lula Duckworth, Janie Gray, and Mr. T. G. Gray. Their presence added much to the enjoyment of "the big 4."

The ladies of the Episcopal church gave an ice-cream festival on the college campus Saturday, September 24th, which proved quite successful.

On Friday, October 7th, the annual meeting of the Old Stone Church Association took place, and quite a number were in attendance from the surrounding country. Pendleton, Seneca, Walhalla, Clemson College and other adjacent points were represented.

"Jock" Hanvey, right tackle '97, is now holding a government position at Portsmouth, Va.

The corps of cadets were delighted to receive a visit from Mr. John Sam Garris class of '98. Mr. Garris was on his way to the Georgetown University of Washington D. C., but succeeded in tarrying a few days with his college friends. We wish him success and feel sure he deserves it.

"The long man from Florida" continues to look down upon college mates.

During the absence of our regular commandant, Major G. Shanklin has been acting commandant, thereby necessitating the promotion of Major W. W. Klugh to the First Battalion.

Mr. D. H. Henry, '98, is continuing his postgraduate course in chemistry this session, and may be found at the "Bach" during sleeping hours.

Mr. G. A. Hanvey has returned to take a postgraduate course in chemistry and football.

Several new appointments and promotions in the corps were announced the first of this month. Sergeant J. W. Jefferies has been promoted to a lieutenantcy in Co. D. Private B. A. Fletcher is now sergeant in Co. D. Private J. H. Chapman is now corporal in Co. D. Private Q. B. Newman is band sergeant.

The "rats" have had their guns issued and will soon be ready for sentinel duty, much to the delight of the old cadets who enjoy the privilege of "walking post."

Hon. Allen, Assistant Secretary of Agricultural Experiment Stations, visited our college October 5th, and delivered a very pleasant talk before the corps. He spoke of the good work the A. & M. Colleges were doing all over the United States, and mentioned several instances of valuable institutions. His talk was very much enjoyed by all present.

On Tuesday, September 13th, just the day before college opened, the new barn was burned to the ground, causing great loss to the college. The fire was heroically fought by those few men present but no good could be done, as the fire had made such headway.

Mr. J. D. Maxwell, '98, has accepted a position in the testing department of General Electric Works of Schenectady, N. Y.

Mr. Jos. P. Minus, '98, is in business at Spartanburg, S. C. We would all like to see "Josephus" again, and trust he will find time to pay us a visit.

Our aviary is increasing rapidly. We now have a Yellow Hammer, a Mocking-bird, a Polly and any number of Jays.

Quite a number of football men returned to college a week or ten days before the opening day to train. This shows that the men have the proper spirit and will make a team worthy to cope with any college near us.

Miss Lula Hook, one of the teachers at Winthrop, and Miss Hook, student at Winthrop, have returned to Rock Hill after spending vacation with their father, Judge Hook of Clemson.

Ask Newell and "Major" how they pronounce as-cer-tained.

Clemson ought to be well fortified. We have two Cannons and a Garrison up to date.

"Pot" (to rat in rear rank), "Cover accurately."

"Rat" "Where is he? I don't see him."

*Prof. F.*—"What is pathology?"

*Freshman.*—"path-ology? Oh! I know! The science of road-making."

Mr. L. O. Mauldin, 1900, made a short visit to his home in Pickens a few days ago.

*He.*—"I am a self-made man, and I am proud of it."

*She.*—"It's very kind of you to relieve your Maker of the responsibility."

Skinny Allen ate 30 bananas in less than 30 minutes. This breaks the record.

The following billet-doux was received by one of the boys not long since, in a feminine hand:

"Pa has bought one shotgun, two bulldogs, and three steel traps.

Roses red, and violets blue,

I wouldn't come home to-night if I were you."

*1st Cadet* (in barber-shop).—What is the composition of this white stuff.

*2d Cadet.*—I think it is a double hydroxide of magnesium.

"Goober."—Call it *double dry ox hide* if you want to, but plain magnesia is what I call it.

Miss Smith, of Charleston, spent a few days with Miss A. L. Lewis.

Mrs. Hall, sister of Mrs. P. H. E. Sloan, paid a visit to the latter last month.

Have you seen Zeke Scroggins and Bell Zorian?

"Ranking Corporal" Gunby has been on a visit to the hospital with a slight case of chill and fever. We are glad to see his beaming countenance with us again.

The football team has games scheduled with South Carolina College during the Fair week in Columbia, and with Georgia Tech in Augusta on Thanksgiving Day. Other games are also being arranged for.

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The following officers were elected in the three literary societies to serve for the present quarter:

PALMETTO SOCIETY.

President.—J. H. Kinsler.

Vice-President.—J. N. Walker.

Pros. Critic.—J. J. Gray.

Literary Critic.—W. L. Moise.

Secretary.—F. A. Lawton.

Treasurer.—J. T. Long.

Reporting Critics.—Brookbanks, Cole, Stokes.

Sergeant-at-Arms.—J. R. Blakeney.

Quarterly Orator.—W. J. Lawton.

CALHOUN SOCIETY.

President.—J. W. Jefferies.

Vice-President.—I. B. Taylor.

Recording Secretary.—C. W. Mauldin.

Corresponding Secretary.—S. H. Lumpkin.

Literary Critic.—W. F. Walker.

Treasurer.—E. H. Pickett.

## COLUMBIAN SOCIETY.

President.—T. H. Turner.

Vice-President.—W. N. Hook.

Literary Critic.—Q. B. Newman.

Pres. Critic.—J. B. Lewis.

Recording Secretary.—M. E. Zeigler.

Reporting Critic.—C. B. Owens.

Sergeant-at-Arms.—W. D. Starling.

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The following was found in a hotel by a Clemson cadet during his summer vacation:

## RULES FOR HOTEL GUESTS.

Board \$50.00 per week. Meals extra.

Guests are requested not to speak to the dumb-waiter.

Guests wishing to get up early without being called, can have self-rising flour for supper.

The hotel is surrounded by a beautiful cemetery. Hearses to hire at 25 cents a day.

Guests wishing to do a little driving will find a hammer and nails in the closet.

If your room get too warm, open the window and see the fire-escape.

If you are fond of athletics and like good jumping, life the mattress and see the bed-spring.

Any one troubled with nightmare will find a halter on the bedpost.

Don't worry about paying bills. The house is supported by the foundation.

A yearling corporal was drilling a squad of "rats" in double time, when he commanded "quick time!"

The innocent rodents thinking this was a signal for renewed exertions on their part, broke into a frantic run, and had it not been for the timely intervention of the Mechanical Hall they must certainly have found a watery grave in the turbulent Seneca ere the poor corporal could regain his presence of mind.



## AN ANALYTICAL ALLITERATION.

## PROLOGUE.

'Twas September 14th—the opening day,  
And the barracks were filled with boys sad and gay.  
The sad ones were “rats,” with their faces long drawn,  
And expressions which wished they had never been born.  
’Tis of one of the youths—Peter Parkins his name,  
That inspires my pen to indite this refrain;  
Just lend me your ears and I’ll picture to you  
His peculiar attractions, and his detractions too.

## THE PECULIAR PERSONALITY OF PRIVATE PETER PARKINS.

Peter Parkin was long, lank and lean, easy led;  
His hat hid the halo of hair on his head,  
And bordering this biped’s broad feet were boots red,  
Built of buckskin, but bought at a “bargain.”

His eyes, gray and ghastly, gifted with ghoulish glare,  
Seemed to skimmer and shine since his sad shipment here;  
While his virulent voice oft vibrated with fear  
Should some schemer seek slyly to “shark” him.

His nose needed nipping, his knuckled knees knocked,  
In a mimicking manner, all mankind he mocked,  
Laughing loudly and long when in his lair locked  
By boys bent on bullying “Parkins.”

Six suns since he swore several swears he’d remain,  
He pretended pure pleasure, not primitive pain,  
Took him timid with ticket to the turbulent train;  
Now the lad is in Lonelyville—“larkin.”

W. L. M.

Some of Clemson’s friends have had some serious doubts as to whether or not our team this year would sustain the record of excellence of the team of ’97. All such doubts should vanish since our game with the University of Georgia, played at Athens on October 8th, where we scored 8 points to Georgia’s 20, while the team of ’97 not only failed to score but let



Georgia pile up 24 points against them. What the '98 team lacks in weight is made up in speed and determination.

The morning of October 8th was bright and pleasant, and we were in good spirits and anxious for the contest. In the morning we boarded a car and made a tour of the principal residence portion of Athens, after which we spent the time practicing signals in our rooms. After dinner we donned our uniforms and, having received a few words of advice and encouragement from our coaches, Messrs. Penton and Riggs, started for the gridiron.

On entering the field we were greeted with cheers from the grand stand, which showed that we were not without friends. A few minutes later the Georgia team entered and was greeted with a storm of cheers interspersed with college yells, songs, the noise of bells, etc., making a din that was calculated to strike terror to the hearts of the Clemson men.

It was agreed that the halves should be twenty minutes each. Georgia won the toss and took the ball, Clemson lining up to receive the "kick off."

The ball was kicked to our ten-yard line and was caught and advanced ten yards. Then followed a series of bucks and end plays which demonstrated the fact that our team, though much lighter, was far superior to Georgia. Every play was a sure gain, and we soon had the ball within two yards of Georgia's goal, when it was lost on a fumble. Georgia succeeded, by a series of beautiful end-plays, in carrying the ball back for a touch-down.

Clemson again received the kick off and soon carried the ball across Georgia's goal line for a touch-down, when time was called. Score: Georgia 5; Clemson 4.

Georgia now realized that she hadn't the soft snap she expected. She saw that her only chance lay in running around Clemson's ends, as it was impossible to get through our line. Cox, who has done a hundred yards in ten and a fifth seconds,

was put in as half-back when the second half began. He was given the ball, and, by the aid of superb interference, succeeded in putting it between our goal posts.

We next got possession of the ball and bucked it down to Georgia's two-yard line, and were on the point of scoring a touch-down, when the ball was given to Georgia on a foul. She advanced it up the field by end-plays and finally sent Cox on another long run. He was tackled by one of our men near the goal-line and fell so heavily that he dropped the ball. It struck the goal post and bounced into the arms of a Georgia man, who promptly carried it across the line.

Clemson caught the ball on the next kick off, and advanced it well up the field. Then, resorting to her bucking tactics, soon scored a second touch-down. After a good deal of hard work Georgia crossed the line again and time was called. Score: Georgia 20; Clemson 8.

The score does not show the relative merits of the two teams, because we lost two touch-downs and Georgia scored one by expressed their satisfaction with the manner in which we played, and say that if we improve in proportion to the promise our first game has made, they will feel that they have not labored in vain.

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# The Alliance Store.

ANDERSON, S. C.

ATTRACTIVE

DRESS GOODS

and MILLINERY.

*Our Clothing Store and Gentlemen's Furnishing Department*

Are filled with bright Fall Goods. We extend thanks  
for your favors.

JULIUS H. WEIL & CO.

# CLEMSON COLLEGE DIRECTORY.

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P. H. E. SLOAN, Sec'y and Treas.

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J. Francis Sullivan, Business Manager.

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## COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

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C. E. Mauldin, Secretary.

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# • The • Clemson • College • Chronicle. •

Valeat Quantum Valere Potest.

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## • Literary Department. •

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W. FLOWERS WALKER, Editor.

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### THANKSGIVING.

The summer's gone. Its fruit, its flower  
Have perished in the winter's power.

All nature's dead,  
The year is growing cold in death;  
I feel e'en now his frosty breath  
And bow my head.

The world is dark—no warmth, no life,  
No sound save of the tempest's strife.

Oh, awful gloom!  
Thanksgiving! 'Tis a mockery!  
Give thanks for death and misery?  
Thanks for a tomb?

All is not dark; I hear a voice:  
"Ye people, let your hearts rejoice,  
For God still reigns.  
He has preserved our liberty,  
Has kept us and our country free  
From tyrant's chains.

"We have not been with famine cursed;  
Our barns with stores of plenty burst;  
Our fires burn bright;  
The God of Hosts has been our guide,  
While stemming war's dark bloody tide—  
War for the right.

"For these and countless blessings more,  
For those the future has in store,  
For peaceful days,  
Our voices and our hearts unite  
And raise unto our God to-night,  
A hymn of praise."

Q. B. NEWMAN, '01.



## THANKSGIVING IS HERE.

**T**O-DAY, as we sit in silent thoughtfulness and gaze far out upon the grand panorama that nature spreads before us, 'tis a melancholy but magnificent scene that meets our eye. The hills, fields and forests are no longer clothed in that rich verdure so symbolical of life and hope, but instead, the whole earth is arrayed in a garment of more sombre, yet more beautiful hue. The entire universe has an appearance of maturity.

Youth, with all its freshness and promise, never fails to inspire us with admiration, but it is the full and complete realization of these promises, incident to mature and perfect development, that brings with it that comfortable feeling of peace and contentment.

As we look with admiration upon this beautiful landscape, we see, far down in the valley below us, a cotton field white with its fleecy product, the staple of our Southland, to which we owe our present exalted position in the world of commerce and by reason of which the entire population of the globe looks to us to be clothed. On the slope of the opposite hill is a field of Indian corn, now just ripe for the harvest, with a little streamlet winding through it, which glistens in the last rays of a setting sun like a silver shread among the gold. While, beyond all, the woods form a perfect background of yellow and brown and purple.

At such a time, and with such environments, no wonder that our thoughts assume a graver and more serious character than is their wont, and that we, like Mother Nature, lapse into a brown study.

While the whole earth seems to give utterance to a prayer of thanksgiving, and even the pretty ground squirrel pauses at the entrance to his snug little den, and with acorn raised

in his forepaws, seems to return thanks for the bountiful harvest that will allow him and his family to live in comfort during the winter, it certainly appears that man, with all his boasted powers, intellect and religion, might show some gratitude for the many good things that he has received.

Perhaps, in the history of this our great republic, there has never been crowded into the brief space of a few months so many events of such vital importance. Actuated by that desire for fair play, so characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon, guided by that inherent love of liberty which is ever the guiding star of every true American citizen, and last, but not least, led on by that spirit of humanity which is the fundamental principle of that greatest of creeds, the true Christian religion, we have cheerfully taken the part of the weak against the strong, and by a series of brilliant achievements, unsurpassed in history, we have gained for ourselves the gratitude of thousands and the admiration of countless millions.

Such is a brief summary of a few months in the history of our commonwealth, but what of the unwritten history that has been making all around us, and influencing, to a much greater degree, the lives of those who compose the nation? Since ancient times the iron heel of wealth has pressed relentlessly down upon the bowed head of poverty; the ceaseless millstone of capital and speculation has remorselessly ground out the fruits of genius and labor, and we of the nineteenth century, with all our progress and resources, have not been able to evade a similar fate. We have seen the fruits of honest toil go to enrich the coffers of idlers and scalawags, while those we love must be content with scarcely the simple necessities of life. But with all this, we are thankful. Thankful that no more of our loved ones have been called away never to return, leaving but an aching void to remind us of the place they have occupied in our hearts. Thankful that we are alive to tell the tale.

Now, let us try for a while to look upon the brighter side of things, God knows we see enough of the other without any mental effort on our part. To-day, throughout the length and breadth of our land, the Thanksgiving turkey is offering himself, a willing sacrifice, for the glorification of his maker, while the yellow-legged rooster leaps upon the barnyard fence and gives vent to a shrill clarion of thanks that, for the present, the attention of the Methodist minister has been diverted into other channels. 'Tis an era of universal good feeling. Let us give thanks.

W. F. W. '99

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### THE DOCTRINE.

In every phase of nature's bright display  
 One universal doctrine is perceived,  
 One lesson taught to human minds and hearts  
 That makes the doubting atheist believe.

And this the lesson, treasured age on age,  
 Stands glistening forth, self-proved and undenied—  
 "One universal brotherhood there is,  
 Our spiritual welfare to decide."

All are dependent on each other's grace;  
 We live not uninfluenced by our kind,  
 But rather for each other, place for place,  
 With "brotherhood" the golden power that binds.

Each act we do and every word we speak  
 Shall influence some brother standing nigh;  
 Component parts, we stand, dependent all  
 Upon the great Combiner, the Most High!

W. L. MOISE, '01.

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### THE EDUCATION OF THE ELECTRICIAN.

BY the laws of common usage, the term *electrician* has come to be indiscriminately applied to all who are in any way busied with either theoretical or practical electrics. It is, in a manner, a broad class term, applicable to the humblest

dynamo tender, as well as to the most renowned investigator. The word is here applied in much the same sense as "mechanic" is used in contradistinction to that of "mechanical engineer." The electrician proper is one who is concerned mainly with the construction and maintenance of applied electrics. But the two classes, the electrical engineer and the electrician, cannot in all cases be sharply distinguished, owing to the unsettled conditions which have resulted from the newness of these occupations.

The more recent phase of electrical education is one most difficult of solution. If it were transient, it might be left to its own solution, but since it affects an increasing number of men, it deserves the most careful discussion.

It is apparent to the thoughtful worker, that the great majority of those engaged in electrical applications are greatly deficient in the training their occupation demands.

Probably few outside the class actively engaged in electrical education appreciate the very prevalent and urgent desire on the part of many men for at least a sufficient knowledge of electrics to enable them to succeed in the line of work they have chosen. The numerous electrical factories have created a class of men who realize that their best interests demand a wider knowledge of the principles upon which their daily duties are based.

It is not sufficient that a wireman should be able to make a neat joint and place his wires symmetrically, but he should understand a great deal concerning insulation, the heating and electro-magnetic effects of currents, as well as understand something of the character and extent of the electrical pressure to be passed along the wires he is stringing.

Those desirous of commencing a course of electrical study, almost invariably state that they wish to study electricity and wish to consider nothing else; and wish to begin this study without further preparation. Many writers of



electrical books and articles are to blame for this. In their attempts to popularize their subject, they have dogmatized when their own knowledge was deficient, and sought to eradicate from their writings all mathematics and the fundamental sciences upon which electricity is based. The class of men we are now considering have very little conception of what electrical facts or theories they wish to study; hence, it may not be amiss to define somewhat a course of study with reference to subject-matter, rather than the particular order in which it should be taken up. The greatest importance would attach to the study of the system of fundamental, mechanical, magnetic and electro-magnetic units. What is here insisted upon is not the mere verbal acquaintance with these units, and the ability to instantly state their numerical value, but rather that a true physical conception or picture be formed of what is generally accepted as the relations or conditions involved, and of which the unit is but a particular part agreed upon to measure the extent of similar conditions in general. Static electricity should receive sufficient attention, that the student may become familiar with the mutual actions of static charges. The salient facts of magnetism and the electro-magnetic effects of a current must, of course, furnish the immediate basis for the study of all ordinary forms of electrical devices, such as the action of the battery-cell in setting up and maintaining a difference of potential.

Electrolysis in general, and electro-plating in particular, may all be studied to a greater or less extent. The principles of the dynamo, motor, and important associated devices, will be the leading topics of study, but it no longer suffices to understand the comparatively simple forms designed for continuous currents, but the student must needs attempt to master the rudiments of the complexities of the alternating current, and the apparatus generating and utilizing it.



These various lines of study cannot be followed except by the aid of appropriate practical and scientific apparatus, with as much practical work as possible.

Scarcely any electrical subjects can be rationally discussed without a direct or an indirect appeal to mathematical methods. The least requisite mathematical training for satisfactory electrical study seems to be the elements of algebra, geometry and trigonometry; last, but by no means the least important, is the study of the elements of physics. This would especially include the study of the properties of matter, force, and energy and their relations to the subdivisions of light, heat and sound.

W. R. THURSTON, OI.

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## A DRAMA OF YOUTH.

### I.

Time vacation. Scene the country.

Enter youth and maiden fair.

Add to this an August sunset,

Raven locks and auburn hair.

He, with figure slight but stalwart,

Clad in old Confederate gray,

Chevroned sleeves and shining buttons,

Classic face half turned away,

With a stormy, dark expression,

With an angry, throbbing breast,

From the spot where sits his sweetheart;

They have quarreled—guess the rest.

### II.

Shift the scene. 'Tis now November.

See the soldier students all

Dressed in line with eyes straight forward,

Hear the stirring bugle-call;

Here again we see hero,

But his thoughts are not the same;

Summer's gone, now sterner duties

All his time and talents claim.

## III.

Then once more back to the country,  
Woods are tinged with brown and gold,  
Same sweet maid, but now another  
Holds her hand. Our story's told.

W. F. W., '99.

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CLEMSONIAN SILHOUETTES.

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## Silhouette Number Four.

*An Ungeometrical Curve. [A Burlesque.]*

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A GEOMETRICAL curve is one of the most beautiful of all artistic productions. There is a certain suggestion of completeness, perfectness, a general roundness, so to speak, such an impression as one obtains by gazing upon an ocean sunset which causes the soul to expand in thanksgiving to God, and the heart to broaden in charity to one's fellow men. Browne exclaims: "All nature geometrized and observeth order in all things." And the thoughtful student may draw lessons from his daily recitations in geometry, when he observes the characteristics of the various figures presented.

The geometrical curve suggests a perfect, well regulated life, with a mind and heart carefully prepared and versed in reciprocal, simultaneous action. It has been said that almost any person can draw a triangle or a polygon, but it requires an excellent artist to produce a perfect curve; and this is applicable to the two kinds of lives we have to choose between,—the cranky, irregular, triangular life, or the perfect, regular life.

Clemson College has the distinction of possessing a series of beautiful and artistically designed buildings in which the various branches of a scientific education are conducted. The main college building, as viewed by the observer from the lower grounds, is "a picture for remembrance," resting as it does, upon a hill which is graded down in terraces to the

level of the surrounding plain. In fact, Clemson has been greatly complimented by all visitors for the beautiful and striking appearance of its respective buildings. One of our most distinguished visitors, in writing of the general appearance of the college, remarked that even the walks around the college building were laid out in geometrical curves. But this article was penned in the year 1895, before the erection of the "annex," and thereby hangs a tale.

Any one approaching the main college building from the north, will observe a carriage driveway just on the right of the Memorial Hall. This was erected during the summer of 1898, and it is relative to the architectural construction of this "annex" that we wish to speak. The general appearance of the driveway is good, and adds much to the artistic effect of that portion of the building, but there is one flaw which cannot fail to attract the attention of the observant person. Three arches shape the three sides of the driveway, two of them perfect arcs, but, alas! the third, which fronts toward the north, is woefully lacking in symmetry, and is, in fact, an exceedingly ungeometrical curve. When we first observed this arch we were struck with wonder and tried to discover how so great a mistake could have been made by any architect. The rest of the "annex" is beautiful; but this arch, in its ungainly dimensions, spoils the whole symmetry of the construction.

"And still we gazed and still our wonder grew."

We were not satisfied, however, with merely wondering how so strange a mistake could have been made, so a few days after we inquired of our drawing master for information on the subject. You can imagine our surprise upon being informed that the original design *did* call for a geometrical arch, but that the trustees had, by the request of the faculty, changed the shape; and converted an otherwise perfect arch to a ludicrous, dumpy, sawed-off-and-hammered-down segment.

Upon receiving this information, our wonder increased ten-fold, and we even went so far as to visit the President, and inquire of him the origin of the change. Here our request was granted, our curiosity was gratified, and we feel it our duty to our fellow-students to make public the real cause of so unusual a construction.

The story runneth thus:

In February of the year 1894, Clemson opened with a large number of students, and a great prospect of future success loomed up before the college authorities. Among the new men who cast their fortunes with the Clemsonian cadets was a youth whose name we cannot make public, but whom we will call Jack Harold. Jack had left a very pleasant home, and had come to Clemson to obtain an education in mechanical engineering. But, by way of explanation, it must also be added that he left a most attractive little sweetheart behind, to whom he had but recently become engaged. His thoughts were often relative to this young lady during his trip to Clemson, and also during his subsequent days of "ratdom." But it came to pass that, in the course of his correspondence with his sweetheart, Cupid became enraged at some trifle and, causing a misunderstanding to follow, parted this loving young couple. The youth, having become furious with his lady-love, returned all her letters, mementos, and other articles which marked the reign of his lost passion. She, whom we will call May Osborne, became very much distressed over the separation—for hers was a genuine love. She wrote several letters of entreaty to Jack, but alas! they were of no avail, for he would return every letter unopened.

Things went on in this manner for several weeks, and the matter was becoming so serious with her that she felt her heart slowly breaking. At last she decided upon a desperate plan, but one which she fondly hoped would be successful, and restore him to her. She knew that, should she



ever obtain a personal interview with Jack, she could make things satisfactory with him. There was but one way to obtain this interview, so on March the first May Osborne arrived at Cherry's Crossing and was driven over to the *Hotel de Clemson*, just across the plain to the northeast of the college building. It was about twelve o'clock when she arrived and was shown into a room by the servant, and told that dinner would soon be served. But May was not interested in such matters. Opening the satchel which she brought with her, she drew forth a suit of men's clothes therefrom. Dressing as carefully as possible in these garments, she took her purse in her hand and walked boldly over to the college building, resolved to find some method of seeing Jack. She entered the Treasurer's office, and inquired for the Treasurer. A small, thin, wiry-looking individual presented himself and asked the boy his business.

"I wish to pay my initiation fee and dues for the first quarter," replied the boy. "All right, give me \$26.88, and here's your receipt," replied the Treasurer. Taking the receipt "Mr." May Osborne (or rather Manor Osborne, as she now signed herself) walked into the President's office, and after matriculating correctly, passed across the hall to the commandant's office. Here Cadet Osborne was assigned to "A" company, and shown to the barracks. The new cadet introduced herself to the Officer of the Day, and was shown to room 106, "A" company hall. Her idea was to proclaim herself to Jack at once, and leave it with him what the next step should be. All she desired was to have this interview, feeling sure that success would crown her efforts.

As the O. D. knocked at the door, a sudden scuffling inside was heard, a slamming of doors, and then she heard a familiar voice say "Come!" How her heart beat with a mixture of fear and joy as she turned the knob of the door and walked in! There, at the table, sat her old sweetheart, and his face,



pale and sad, showed that he too had suffered from the quarrel. Upon the stranger's entrance, he rose and courteously offered her a seat. Trembling in every limb, the supposed cadet sat down and glanced shyly into the face opposite. Suddenly a gleam of recognition replaced the inquiring look Jack had worn. His face paled as those eyes looked into his with so beseeching and loving an expression. There they sat gazing into each other's faces for fully a minute. Not a word had been spoken by either. At last, the stranger exclaimed:

"Jack! don't you know me?"

The voice was soft, tender and appealing. Upon the first utterance the receding blood rushed to Jack's face and he cried out "My God! Is it May?"

"Yes," the stranger replied, "it is May. Jack, forgive my deception, but it was the only way I could see you and have an explanation. Oh my darling boy, can't you forgive, and take me back into your heart?"

Jack was struck with amazement. He could hardly believe such an unusual proceeding. Suddenly, a smothered laugh was heard from the direction of the wardrobe and Jack instantly remembered that two of his friends had hidden there upon the knock at the door, fearing that it was the O. D.'s inspection. Jack felt himself in a most delicate position. Turning to his visitor he said, "Leave here at once, and I will see you at the hotel this afternoon. I cannot speak with you now."

May became very much disheartened at this abrupt reply, thinking that he had become enraged at the unladylike proceeding. So she continued to plead with him in pitiful tones, until the boys in the locker could contain themselves no longer, but burst forth in peals of laughter and amusement. Then, at last, May discovered the presence of others in the room, and realizing her compromising position, she

turned from the room, with burning cheeks, and hurried back to the hotel, her mind in a whirl of excitement.

As soon as she had left the room, the two boys burst forth from their confinement, laughing and jeering poor Jack. He attempted to explain the real conditions to them, but boys will be boys, and no such commonplace explanation would satisfy them.

"So she has come for you, eh?" asked one, and the other added: "Shame on you, Jack! Why did you leave her?"

Jack was much enraged at the coarse joking of his unfeeling friends, and, unable to control his temper longer, he rushed out of the room and hurried over to the hotel to have an understanding with the girl who had brought him into this dilemma. Upon his arrival he was told that Miss Osborne was feeling unwell, and could not see him until the afternoon. On his way back to the barracks he thought very seriously on this subject, wondering how he could set things right again. Upon arriving on the campus, what was his surprise and mortification to discover that the entire corps had been told of his escapade, and he observed several groups of boys on the gangway and in the halls laughing at the ridiculousness of the affair.

Jack passed through the various groups with burning cheeks, but with head erect, and entered his room once more. Seating himself, he placed his head between his hands and tried to devise some plan of explanation. He knew that the report was greatly exaggerated, and that there was nothing really serious in the affair; but how could he explain this to his fellow students? Every attempt he made met with good-humored jesting rebuff. "If they would only listen," he cried to his tumultuous soul; "if they would only let me explain!"

But the average boy is strikingly similar to the animal in this respect. He has no reasoning powers, or else he fails to

cultivate what he possesses. Poor Jack! Poor misguided boy! Yours was not the first nor the only case on record to illustrate the wonderfully dangerous power of popular judgment. Here was a boy laughed at and scorned by his brother collegians for nothing more serious than the possession of a genuine love, yet who, six hours ago, stood high in their estimation as an exceptionally bright and intellectual recruit. Jack was of an exceedingly sensitive nature, and such unjust and undeserved treatment at the hands of his college mates quickly brought him to his decision. He decided to leave the place rather than to bear the scorn of his classmates. He proceeded at once to accomplish this end. Hastily packing up his trunk, he visited the President's office and explained it all. The President was horrified, and censured the youth very severely for his conduct in entering the college as an engaged man, which was most certainly a violation of all natural laws, and virtually a violation of college laws, which forbids married men to enter. He granted cadet Harold permission to leave, and advised him never to risk so much again. That afternoon witnessed the departure of the couple; Jack morose and gloomy, May secure in her possession, triumphant in her successful *coup d'état*.

At the next meeting of the Faculty, the affair was given a free discussion, and, upon the suggestion of the President, the following resolutions were drawn up and passed by an unanimous vote:

"Whereas, It has come to the knowledge of the President and the Faculty, that a cadet entered Clemson College under false colors, inasmuch as he was an engaged man, and therefore was virtually violating the college regulations regarding the admission of married students; and

"Whereas, The *affaire d'amour* has, by some accident, become known to the corps of cadets; and

"Whereas, The procedure may work some damage to the welfare of the school;

"Therefore, be it resolved, That as a warning to future applicants, some proper method of illustrating their disapproval be adopted, to be decided by the honorable President of the body."

These resolutions were duly filed, and the President proceeded to investigate the most striking and original manner of commemorating the affair. At last he discovered a feasible method.

Upon the erection of the driveway, the design was first submitted to the President of the college for his official sanction. Here he observed an opportunity of executing his plans. The arch on the north side should be so altered, as to admit a keystone. This keystone would hold in its interior a sealed tin box containing a detailed account of Cadet Harold's escapade, together with a photograph of the youth who had risked so much, and a lock of hair clipped from just behind his left ear. But in the original design, the arch reached to the utmost elevation of the wall, leaving no room for the entrance of a keystone. The only available plan was to reduce the sweep of the arch and thus make room for the keystone. This alteration was executed by the builders with an astonishing degree of accuracy, as all will admit.

There, on the north side of the driveway, rests the keystone, a mute memorial of the danger of combining love and learning—sentiment and scholarship. There, above the irregular arch, symbolic of the irregular student, jutting out from the red brick wall, rests this white marble sentinel, in full view of every new arrival,

A silent warning to all who observe,

And shudder, perforce, at the shape of the curve.

W. L. MOISE, '01



## MAGNOLIA GARDENS.

PROBABLY, the prettiest garden spot in the South is situated on the banks of the Ashley River, near Charleston, S. C. Its beauty is distinctly Southern. Here we find no poppies, azaleas, pinks or pansies, such as adorn the gardens of our northern neighbors, but in their place long avenues of japonicas, cape jessamines and opopanax, and in place of the stiff little poplars and maples, we find the great far-spreading live-oaks and the magnolias with their deep green leaves and fragrant white blossoms.

Here the landscape gardener could only mar, for it were impossible to improve a spot where Nature seems to have tried to reach her ideal. On the riverside the great live oaks grow down to the water's edge, with here and there a break, through which we can catch glimpses of the japonica bushes with their profusion of white, red or mottled blossoms. The long white curving driveways; the vast avenues of oaks; the smooth clear little lakes, showing up in places where least expected; the little arched green and white bridges, spanning some unseen brook—all lend an irresistible charm to this already beautiful spot.

Here, too, is the home of the mocking-bird, the sweetest singer of the South. The evening sunshine sets the whole landscape ablaze, and if it were possible, makes the flowers still more beautiful, tinting their pink and white blooms with burnished bronze and gold. When the summer sun is setting and the shadows are lengthening, the katydids and crickets burst into one joyous noisy storm of approval and delight, while far off in some quiet retreat the partridge calls to his mate, and overhead the blue-birds, the red-birds and the sparrows twitter incessantly.

The lakes, though small, are picturesque in every respect, smooth, clear and covered with water lilies, flags and other



aquatic plants. The white heron makes his home in the mossy branches along the banks and fishes all day on the sand banks far out from the shore.

Beneath the great oaks, the grass grows green for the greater part of the year, while far up in their branches hang long festoons of yellow jessamine. On a summer evening, when twilight is approaching, the plaintive call of the whippoorwill comes from the topmost branches of the tall pines—pines such as are found only on the coast.

There are many gardens in this country on which vast sums of money have been spent, but with all their nursing and cultivation none can approach Magnolia in her natural beauty. It is as the beauty of a wild flower compared with the gaudy blaze of an artificial one. The gray moss found only along the coast of the Atlantic and the Gulf States is here in profusion, draping the great branches of the live-oak and hanging in festoons from the gigantic pines.

When, in winter, the surrounding country looks seared and brown, Magnolia is still green, for her oaks, her pines, her japonicas, and many others are evergreen.

There is a mystic spell cast by the beauties of this favored spot, not the great feeling of awe and admiration which one feels in viewing the deep canons and high cliffs of some mountain park, but a subtle feeling of softness, sweetness and rest, a consciousness that Nature has wrought a masterpiece and unfolded it before you.

There is nothing more pleasant to me than a drive on a summer evening, through Magnolia's beautiful avenues, when the flowers are all in bloom and the soft fragrance of magnolia blossoms comes mingled with that of opopanax. Possibly, some would prefer the angular beds and gaudy flowers of the gardens of the cities, but I for one prefer the quiet natural beauty of Magnolia on the Ashley.

F. J. McK., '01.

## LIGHT.

"The night has a thousand eyes  
And the day but one,  
Yet the light of the bright world dies  
With the dying sun.

"The mind has a thousand eyes  
And the heart but one,  
Yet the light of a whole life dies  
When love is done.

—Selected.

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IS FOOT-BALL BRUTALIZING?

BEFORE entering upon the discussion of the merits of the game of football, it might be well to inquire a little into its history. The game is older than the Christian era, as it was a famous pastime in Rome during her palmyest days, and the method of playing it differed but little from that of to-day. The Romans introduced it into Great Britain, and through all the varying fortunes of that nation, it has remained the favorite winter game. Shrove Tuesday was the annual football day. That was the day upon which all the great games were played, and everybody congregated upon the various fields to witness them.

The style of play at Rugby was like that of the old Romans, viz.: the ball might be carried in the hands, and the opposing team might catch and hold a man to arrest its progress. The great schools of Harrow and Winchester favored a game in which the player was not allowed to carry the ball, but must depend upon kicking to advance it into the opponent's territory. These schools, with their adherents, formed a "Football Association," in 1863, while the schools using the other, or Roman style of play, formed the Rugby Football Union, in 1871. Both games soon gained a strong

hold in Australia, New Zealand, and Canada, and these countries frequently engaged in international contests. The American Indians had a game that closely resembled "Association" football, but it was not until the last quarter of the century that the Rugby game became popular in this country. The American Football Association was formed in April, 1884, and under the guidance of the New York and Patterson clubs, the game sprang into favor and has grown so rapidly that now it is played in almost every state and territory in the Union.

It is a significant fact that football flourishes best at the great institutions of learning. All the universities and leading colleges throughout the length and breadth of this fair land of ours, have their football teams, and they give a most prominent place to the game. There are many other forms of both indoor and outdoor sports, but the athletic associations of our universities and colleges are almost invariably known by the laurels they win on the gridiron. The fact that the game has not yet descended to the level of professionalism, is a strong point in its favor. The teams that are not identified with some institution of learning, are, in almost every case, made up of recently graduated college men, hence it is remarkably free from the objections that are so frequently made to games played by professionals. College men have been through the mill and have had their characters strengthened and ennobled. Their love of justice and fair play removes many things that would lower the standard of the game.

Football, as played by the students of our colleges, is not brutalizing in any sense of the word. Mr. Worcester defines "brutalize" as "that which makes brutal," and as a definition of "brutal" gives "like a brute; savage; *cruel*." There is nothing in the game, nor in the training necessary to put the men into a proper condition to play it, that will degrade a man, or make him savage or cruel.

Is it probable that the great English schools, at which the game has been played for centuries, would tolerate it if it wielded a brutalizing influence over its devotees? Would not the wise men of our own schools rise up and stamp out anything that endangered our grand republic? If football brutalizes those who engage in it, it is a menace to our commonwealth; for the young men of to-day are the fathers of to-morrow; the student will soon be the statesman, and if he has been subjected to demoralizing influences, and has had all his finer sensibilities blunted, he is unfit to guide the ship of state through stormy waters.

What is the brutalizing element in the game? Surely not the training to which the players must submit! The code by which they are governed inculcates habits of abstemiousness. A candidate for a place on one of our 'Varsity elevens must conform to the rules of his trainer. He is under strict orders as to his diet, habits, and deportment. His hours for rising and retiring are fixed. His appetite is catered to by one who is skilled in the art of scientific feeding, he being allowed to eat and drink only such things as experience has proved to be entirely wholesome. He is not allowed to touch wines or spirituous liquors, nor can he use tobacco in any form. He is required to conduct himself as a gentleman at all times. Is there anything brutalizing in that? A man who has played football during his college course has gained control of his appetites and desires. He has learned valuable lessons of self-denial, the benefit of which will be felt more and more as the years roll over his head. A goodly number of football players have subjected themselves to the hardships and privations necessary to a successful carrying out of the game, simply for the sake of breaking up bad habits that were fast becoming too strong for them. A young man is anxious to break off the habit of smoking, and feels that he cannot do it alone. He puts himself into the hands of the



coaches, and soon becomes so enthusiastic over the game, and is so desirous of winning a place on the team, that it is little or no sacrifice to give up every pet desire or appetite that stands between him and his object. After six, eight, or ten weeks of faithful training, he has all of his habits well in hand and can now easily conquer those that a short time ago were almost his masters.

Does that make a man savage or cruel? Rather, isn't it of incalculable value to him. Is he not purer and stronger, and more of a man for being able to control himself in the things that are of such vital importance to his well-being?

Turning to the practice field, we see him in a harness especially designed to protect him from sprains and bruises. Here he is taught the minutiae of the game. He and his fellow candidates tumble one another about in a manner that, to the uninitiated, appears very rough, thus giving rise to the fallacy that the game is brutalizing. Because he pushes and pulls, runs, falls down, jumps up, stumbles over a comrade and rolls on the ground in his efforts to advance the ball—that's his sole duty—he is called *cruel*! Often he and a comrade collide. They simply gaze at each other in a dazed manner for a second and away they go again. There is nothing brutal in that. He is playing with his college mates, his classmates, his friends, his brothers. He would not be cruel to one of them for the world. A brutalizing game would not admit of so much humanity. And when he plays against another team he has simply widened his circle of friends, and inasmuch as he must bend every energy to his task of advancing the ball, which he does under the rules of the game, he hasn't time to think of being savage.

On the practice field, he is subjected to an exercise that brings into play every muscle of his body, making him, physically, a perfect man. Now the uninitiated say: "That's just it. You develop him physically, and allow his mental capa-



bilities to lie dormant, thereby making him like a brute." That charge cannot be sustained, because a sluggish mind cannot grasp the situations, nor reach conclusions as to the best methods of solving the many problems that confront it, in time for them to be of any service. The mind comes in for a large share of training. A "heady" player is always in demand, as it takes brain as well as brawn to play football. A man must be quick to see an opportunity and able to decide almost instantly which course to pursue. The action of his mind is quickened, and his will is strengthened because he is determined to take advantage of every opportunity his quickness of thought and action presents to him.

The element of danger in the game cannot be called brutalizing, for there is no occupation, pursuit, or pastime that is free from it. The sword of Damocles is always over our heads. We encounter dangers every moment of our lives; dangers that are none the less real for being often unknown. A small child was sitting on the floor in one of our own homes, some years ago, and falling backward, received a fatal injury. During the present month a case was mentioned in one of our larger daily papers, in which a young lady broke a collar bone while combing her hair. Another lost all her hair, besides sustaining painful injuries, by allowing her curl papers to take fire. Statistics recently published show that since 1884, the year in which the American Football Association was founded, 1,350 fatal accidents have resulted from swimming; 986 from boating; 654 from hunting; 264 from bicycling; 333 from horseback riding; 22 from ice-boating; 6 from baseball; 4 from tennis; 2 from golf, and 11 from football.

A few conclusions that may be drawn from the facts that have been presented, are: that football is a healthful exercise, in which the brain as well as the body are actively exerted. The moral training a man receives is beneficial. It is a game

of strength and skill, in which the element of danger is small, in itself, as well as in comparison with other sports. It develops the physical man, and "a sound mind in a sound body" is the foundation for future greatness. It trains a man to think and act quickly, and in many cases helps a man to shake off bad habits.

A candid critic will be forced to admit that college men could do much worse things than play football.

C. K. CHREITZBERG, '99.

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### IN DOUBT.

To doubt, to fear, to hope, and then  
To hope, then fear, then doubt again;  
Thus mortal when in Cupid's powers  
Doth pass away the weary hours.

To doubt the love of sweetheart dear,  
Her true sincerity to fear;  
To hope your doubts and fears are wrong,  
And then to fear your hope too strong;—

Thus love doth torment all her slaves  
While they o'er Cupid madly rave,  
Till soon the web of doubt is rent,  
They issue forth on marriage bent.

W. L. M., '01.

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### ONE UNWAVERING AIM.

LET us stand for a moment upon the broad promontory of truth and from its lofty height, view with the keen eye of observation the struggling masses of humanity in the vale beneath. Let us watch the ebb and flow of the human tide in all its varied forms of activity, and amid the antagonism, strife and disorder, which the scene presents, let us not forget that the eternal purpose of God runs like a golden thread through it all, blending this confusion into order; this

antagonism into social love—and eventually this strife into a perpetual peace. God's purpose has never been changed, nor has it ever been thwarted, but it has steadily prevailed and can readily be seen by all who will look back through the dim vista of the ages where it is plainly written that all things are drifting to their appointed end. We have thousands of illustrations where this is true, and man has been called of God for some particular life-work. Daniel Defoe had been a trader, a soldier, a merchant, a secretary, a factory manager, a commissioner's accountant; but finally he found his calling and wrote his masterpiece, "Robinson Crusoe." A. T. Stewart both studied for the ministry and afterwards became a teacher before he finally entered, as a merchant, his proper sphere of life, and to-day his name comes down to us as one of the greatest merchant princes the world has produced.

Only a Dickens could have written the history of "Boy Slavery"—the picture of a boy's aspirations and longings being forever silenced by ignorant parents.

So in our colleges to-day, we find hundreds of boys compelled to pursue certain courses of study, while the voice within continually cries for another. If only these boys could be released and allowed to take up a desired branch, perhaps we would soon see them ascending in studies the ladder that leads to success and immortal fame.

God works not without a final purpose, and all things are subservient to this end. Let us, therefore, become inspired by this thought, and, following the example of our maker, decide upon a course in life and then, acting with a purpose, pursue it with all of our might.

"Never put off till to-morrow what can be done to-day." To-morrow is a period nowhere to be found in all the register of time, unless perchance it be in the fool's calendar. Wisdom disclaims it, nor even holds society with those that own it. 'Tis fancy's child and folly is its father; wrought of such

stuffs as dreams are; and baseless as the fantastic visions of the evening. Oh, how many wrecked on the road to success could say, "I have spent all my life in pursuit of to-morrow!" It is the devil's motto! All history is strewn with its brilliant victims, the wrecks of half-finished plans and unexecuted resolutions. It is the favorite refuge of slothfulness and incompetency.

Then let us follow our bent, for we can not long fight successfully against our aspirations. Parents, friends, or misfortune, by compelling us to perform unwelcome tasks, may stifle and suppress the longings of the heart; but, like a volcano, the inner fire will burst its confines and pour forth its pent-up genius in flames of eloquence or song.

But on the other hand, let us beware of "a talent which we cannot hope to practice in perfection," and let us be sure also that our profession, our trade, our calling in life is a good one—one that God and goodness sanction; then be true as steel to it. Think of it; plan for it; work for it; live for it; throw your mind, soul, heart, and strength into it, and success will crown you as her favorite.

About the middle of the 18th century, a lighthouse called Dunston Pillar, was built on Lincoln Heath, to guide travelers over a trackless barren waste, a veritable *desert* almost in the heart of England; but now it stands in the midst of a rich region. The barren heath has disappeared more than a generation since. This magic transformation has been effected by superphosphate of lime. Just so many a barren, useless life can be made fruitful by the inspiration of a high ideal. Improvement hardly less radical can be made in any life by the application of superphosphates of lofty purposes, and then our useless lives would blossom like the rose of summer.

"What is the secret of success in business?" asked a friend of Cornelius Vanderbilt.



"Secret? There is no secret about it," replied the commodore; "all you have to do is to attend to your business, and go ahead." "He who first consults wisely, then resolves firmly, and then executes his purpose with inflexible perseverance, undismayed by those petty difficulties which daunt a weaker spirit—that man can advance to eminence in any line."

We are told that perseverance built the pyramids on Egypt's plains, erected the gorgeous temple of Jerusalem, enclosed in adamant the Chinese Empire, scaled the stormy cloud-capped Alps, opened a highway through the watery wilderness of the Atlantic, leveled the forests of the New World, and there reared in its stead a community of states and nations. Yes, the slow penny is surer than the quick dollar; and while genius darts, flutters and tires, perseverance wears and wins.

A man who gives himself wholly to his work is certain to accomplish something, and if he have ability, application, and judgment, his success will be pronounced. But if one wanders idly or aimlessly through life, he can never expect to achieve success, nor live in the minds of those who shall come after him. He becomes a parasite of modern *cheer*, and contents himself with the *chances* of the day. He is like a tramp who has nowhere to go and yet goes everywhere. He goes all the time, and never gets anywhere. He is a wreck upon the great ocean of life, tossed by every wind that blows, like a ship without a rudder, like a mast without a sail.

Not so, however, with the man who decides early upon some definite purpose and pursues it with all the means that God has given him. He soon

"Makes by force his merit known  
And lives to clutch the golden keys,  
Or mould a mighty state's decrees  
Or shape the whisper of a throne,  
And, moving on from high to higher,  
Becomes on fortune's crowning slope  
The pillar of a world's desire,  
The center of a people's hope."



Some people think they are born and ready-made, and hope to gain fortune and fame on their pedigrees. Others wait for opportunities to make them, and still others strive to make opportunities. It is true, pedigrees may be made and may help those that made them, but alone they can never make men. Nor can opportunities make men, or any man make his opportunities. They are rather *fortuitous*, or accidental circumstances which arise in the course of human events. Their coming can seldom be controlled. While they may often accelerate one's progress in the attainment of a purpose already in course of execution, it is best not to rely upon them, but to depend upon our own perseverance to surmount the difficulties and evade the dangers incident to our undertaking. Then if any opportunity comes, it will be like a propitious wind to a storm-tossed vessel on the broad bosom of the deep, which, seizing the opportunity, makes rapid progress towards its destination, while Neptune assuages the tumultuous sea and lets the gentle zephyrs waft us on our way.

Young men are often told to aim high, but let us rather aim at what we would hit. He who cannot see an angel in the rough marble, can never call it out with mallet and chisel. No, a general purpose is not enough. The arrow shot from the bow does not wander in its course, but flies straight to the mark. Nor does the magnetic needle point to all the lights in the heaven to fix its choice, and though the sun may dazzle, the meteors beckon, the stars twinkle to it, and all try to win its affection; yet true to its instinct and with a finger that never errs in sunshine or in storm, it points steadily to the north star; for while all other stars must course with untiring tread through all ages, the north star alone, distant beyond human comprehension, remains for us eternal, steadfast and immovable.

So, all along the path of life, other luminaries will beckon to lead us away from our cherished aim—from the course of truth and duty. But let no moons which shine with borrowed light, no meteors which dazzle but never guide, turn the needle of our purpose from the north star of its hope.

T. R. P.

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### A CHARACTER SKETCH.

GOING out into the yard one day, I saw a man—a negro—seated on a wheelbarrow in the angle of the kitchen chimney. He was, as I have said, a negro, and just a few shades brighter than the African. His hair was short and kinky, covering a well-proportioned head, while in and through the tangled mass, were, partly concealed, quite a number of trinkets, such as wire, matches, nails, and the like. Beneath the broad-brimmed hat that he wore, pushed back, was a face as striking for its intellectuality as for the look indicative of thoughtfulness—a look that is so unbecoming to the face of the average negro. Perched astride his nose were three pairs of spectacles arranged in tandem, while the pair nearest his eyes were adorned on either side with a piece of bright tin about the size of a silver dollar, very much in the fashion of blinds on a bridle. He sometimes wore a cloth around his throat and tied above his head, for no other reason than to save his friends that trouble in case death should suddenly overtake him. After reading, half aloud, a chapter of the Old Testament, he arose, and in stretching his cramped limbs, displayed his splendid physique. Though tall and sinewy, his frame was a little too slender to be well proportioned. The erectness of his body, the easy grace of his movements, and the flash of his eyes: all bespoke the In-

dian blood that coursed through his veins. Such was the outward appearance of Stocton Harris, the subject of our sketch.

An acquaintance of several years enables us to see him in a phase most unlike the impression he would make on the casual observer. It was his custom to stop work, no matter what that work was, at noon, and finding some secluded seat, to read a chapter of the Bible, preferably of the Old Testament, after which he would sermonize aloud over what he had read, and chant some unintelligible song that only a negro pretends to understand. Some of the negroes said he was a little crazy on the subject of religion; however true that may be, we do not know, but his views on some subjects and some of his peculiarities are unique—some, even amusing.

He believed that God had given him some peculiar power of eyesight which placed him far above his fellow beings, and made it his special duty to protect and bless some persons and communities. With such a view of duty, it is but natural he should suppose that he had enemies, and to protect himself against these, explains some of the paraphernalia with which he bedecked his person. The pieces of tin worn on his spectacles and the three pairs of glasses prevented evil-minded persons from injuring his supernatural eyes. Close to the skin of his back and extending from his waist up to his shoulders, was a piece of plank, "a shield," to protect his vitals from murderous assaults from the rear. Across his chest was a similar shield, serving a like purpose against attacks from the front. He occasionally wore a brass lock—similar to those on railroad switches—polished until it hurt the eyes to look at it, bound around each wrist with a piece of cloth which completely hid the lock from view. We were never able to learn the significance of this precaution, except that it was some important part of his regalia.

An old axe, scoured until it glistened, was bound about his waist by a girdle of calf-skin, which passed through the eye of the axe. This axe, weighing about seven pounds, was worn next to his skin and was never known to be missing from its position at his left side. For a long time, the object of this formidable custom was not known, but one day, when irritated by questions as to why he wore the axe, he explained, with much indignation, that he read in the Bible of the Acts of the Apostles, and that he had as good right to wear an axe as they did.

Unlike most of his race, he would not eat watermelons, tomatoes, or anything that had the appearance of the color of blood. And we have known him walk three miles to drink of a certain spring, which possessed some peculiar properties known only to himself.

He had two teeth missing in front and spent most of his spare time trying to replace them with the product of his hands. Many days were spent in grinding and filing an old cow's tooth so as to fill the vacancy; and sometimes he would make a very neat job, but in a few days the gem would be lost. After making and losing a good many, he set about to devise a tooth that would overcome this difficulty. The subject caused him a great deal of concern, for he could not sing when the teeth were out.

Finally, he "hit upon an idea," he said, and went to a tin-smith's to put it into effect. This was his scheme: He fitted a cow's tooth in the space between his teeth, and filed it to match its neighbors, and then filed cavities in the edges to match cavities in his good teeth. He was to put the tooth in place and hold a wet rag on the inside of his mouth, up against the tooth, and to let the tinner pour enough melted lead into the cavities to lock the tooth securely in place. He made all his preparations, melted the lead, and giving the tinner a teaspoon, asked him to pour the lead for him. The



tinner was very much surprised and objected, saying that the hot lead would surely burn him. Stocton, believing that the wet rag would prevent the lead from burning him, told the tinner so, and offered to pay him to pour the lead. Seeing that he was throwing argument away, the tinner thought he would try some other tactics, and getting the negro in position, down on his knees, suddenly brought the spoon filled with hot lead in proximity to Stocton's nose.

With one inhalation of the hot gas, he cut a somersets backwards in the dirt. When Stocton came to, he decided to abandon his lead scheme, but spent several days trying to set the tooth in place with plaster of paris.

We have told of some of Stocton's peculiarities, now let us close this sketch with a picture of his best side. This old negro, for he had passed the meridian of life, was born in slavery, and spent the first few years of his life serving the man he still calls "Old Master." We have known him for several years, and never was friend more faithful or servant more honest. He was reared by one of the best families in Fairfield, and is the type of that generation of negroes, who are disappearing, we fear, never to be reproduced in future generations of their race. Monuments are being erected in the South to the memory of these faithful slaves, who are passing away more swiftly than the Indians, but who will live forever, in tradition, as a part of the glorious South.

EDGAR M. MATHEWS, 01.

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### WINNIE DAVIS.

Under the stars and stripes  
How still she lies!  
How pale the sunny face,  
Death closed the eyes.  
Outside a people mourn,  
Gray coats and blue;  
Bands play a solemn dirge,  
Tears all unbidden surge  
In eyes still true.



Under the stars and stripes,  
As a lily fair,  
Lies there a girlish form—  
What else lies there?  
Hush! For "the lost cause" she  
Stood brave and true;  
Faithful her woman's heart  
Love filled, from hate apart—  
Off caps of blue!

Half mast the stars and stripes  
Over a girl!  
Stilled are triumphant shouts,  
Old flags we furl,  
Warm hearts beat sadly 'neath  
Gray coats and blue,  
"Our daughter," say the gray,  
"Yours and ours—one to-day,"  
Whisper the blue.

—*Selects*.

# • The • Clemson • College • Chronicle. •

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## • Editorial Department. •

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J. CROCKATT THOMSON, Editor.

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**Thanksgiving.** Thanksgiving will doubtless be here ere we are in print.

This is a time when all of us sum up what we have had in the past year to be thankful for, and unless one is a veritable old Scrooge, he will recall innumerable things for which he should give especial thanks to the Giver of all good things.

The Nation has passed through an eventful year, and although some of us may mourn for a friend, a comrade or a

brother, who went to the front of battle and returned not; though many of us have but the memory left to us of loved relatives who have "slippit awa' " in a less sudden manner, still all of us should be thankful that our country was spared the horrors of a war of invasion, and that we still have loved ones left, whom we shall cherish all the more by reason of the others having gone before. All over our broad land, families will assemble around the festive board, laden with the good things of life, and will give thanks for the bounties God has showered upon us.

Even the poverty-stricken will be thought of by those who have been vouchsafed more of the good things of life, and both will give thanks, the one that they were able to give, the other for what they have received.

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**Does College  
Education  
Pay?**

We notice an article in the November issue of *The Forum*, that should be of interest to every college student.

In it, Mr. John Carleton Jones, of the University of Missouri, discusses the question: "Does College Education Pay?"

He first gives extracts from two prominent, well-educated men, who attack college education, one of whom says that in our halls of legislature and prominent government positions, college graduates are far outnumbered by nongraduates; the other states that a man would do better to give his children two years of travel in Europe than to send them to college.

Mr. Jones goes on to prove the fallacy of these statements, and sums up his argument as follows: "First, that one per cent. of college graduates, in our male population, of graduate age, is furnishing 36 per cent. of the members of congress, and has supplied 55 per cent. of our Presidents, 54.16 per cent. of our Vice-Presidents, nearly 55 per cent. of all Cabinet officers, nearly 69 per cent. of the Justices of the

Supreme Court, and 85.7 per cent. of the Chief Justices; and second, that the proportion of graduates in office increases in direct ratio to the importance of the office.

These statements are very interesting, and instead of finding one per cent., or even less, as is intimated by the gentlemen Mr. Jones criticizes, of the prominent places occupied by college graduates, we find something like fifty.

Mr. Jones also states that of the men mentioned in "Appleton's Cyclopedia of American Biography," one-third are college graduates.

These facts show that a man's chances of acquiring distinction are increased thirty-fold by a college education.

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**The Oratorical Association.** A subject that is of some prominence in the colleges of our State, and in their journals, is the formation of our oratorical association. Most of our colleges have agreed to cooperate in its organization.

This is a scheme that cannot be too highly valued, and we hope that all concerned will do their utmost to make it a success.

The training involved in preparing for the contests, first in the different colleges, second for the State contest, and finally, for the interstate contest, will be of incalculable benefit to the participants.

Besides this, the natural rivalry incidental to such inter-collegiate contests will spur the contestants to greater efforts than they would ordinarily make.

Even those who do not directly take part will have awakened in them an interest in oratory that may, in some cases, lead to great results.

**Language at  
Clemson.**

We wonder why languages are not taught at Clemson. The modern languages, as French and German, and even Spanish, are being taught more and more at colleges in the United States, but Clemson gives her instruction in no language except our mother tongue.

Being a school where the sciences are given by far the most attention, we do not see why German, especially, should not be required in the curriculum.

The Germans have ever been a scientific people, and we have but to glance over the names in any scientific work to see how much they have done toward the advancement of science. The number of prominent German works on Botany, Chemistry, Bacteriology, etc., are multitudinous, and a reading acquaintance with the German language would be of untold value to those of us who are making specialties of any of the sciences.

The German language, also, contains a wealth of good literature, that would be a source of great pleasure to many of us could we peruse it in the original tongue. The names of Goethe, Heine, and Schiller are world-known, and such works as their lose much of their original beauty and charm by translation.

Therefore, we believe that a short course in German would add greatly to the value of our course at Clemson.

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**Intersociety  
Debates.**

Last year there was some agitation of a project to hold once a month intersociety debates at the college. The societies, for some reason, could not come to an understanding on the question, and after a trial by one of the societies, the whole business was dropped.



We believe that this idea was a good one, and think it should be given another trial.

Our opinion is, that it would be best to hold these debates in the chapel, as the seating capacity of our halls is not great enough for such occasions.

In order to keep them from interfering with the regular business of the societies, the debates could begin at eight o'clock, which would give the societies time to hold a short business meeting before the speaking commenced.

A musical feature was introduced into these entertainments, also, which, we believe, would add greatly to the enjoyment of the audience.

While it was rather impracticable for one society to undertake the expense of keeping a piano, if all three of the societies should combine and get one, it would be a source of great pleasure and profit to the societies and to the people around the college. We could also organize an orchestra of some kind from the musical talent of the three societies, which would add greatly to any public entertainment we might have. The societies should pull more together, and they would accomplish greater results.

The public intersociety debate scheme was a good one, if gone at properly, and we desire very much that the boys should give it another trial.

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My life is but a weaving  
Between my God and me;  
I may but choose the colors,  
He weaveth steadily.  
Full oft he weaveth sorrow,  
And I in foolish pride  
Forget he sees the upper,  
And I the under side.

—Selected.

## • Exchange Department. •

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RALPH MCLENDON, Editor.

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IN glancing over the products of student genius that lie before us, we are delighted to observe a refreshing influx of thought and originality.

No one should be so unreasonable as to suppose that the college magazine should be perfect in any detail, but there are possibilities for good, which can be brought about only by attempting something new and original for every issue.

As one may well have expected, quite a number of our exchanges, after coming into the hands of a new set of officers, greeted us with a new and attractive appearance. There are others, while altered in some respects, and not knowing whether for better or worse, come asking our opinion, to which we reply: The improvement, if any, is very slight, and in some cases we think last year's style preferable. There are still others giving almost unlimited space to articles describing some memorable event that happened to or some great achievement performed by some particular student during last vacation; for instance, "A Summer's Experience," "An Experience," and the like. We would say some of the sketches seem more dreamy than real, possibly due to a little melancholy feeling, which, in some instances, is characteristic of a certain class of students at the close of the holidays when the time comes for taking up sterner duties, which call forth a more laborious effort on their part.

As a general thing, all have a full supply of locals and editorials. In the one case, the editor introduces himself to the public, outlines what he expects to do, greets, and offers advice to the "Naughty two." While, on the other hand, we are given an account of any amount of little tricks, jokes, etc., gotten up at the expense of these poor "Freshies."

All the magazines show an unusually large attendance at the various institutions.

Many are without any exchange department at all, which can be very reasonably accounted for. It is perfectly natural to find orations and other happenings of last commencement week occupying prominent places in several of the October numbers.

It is gratifying to see the interest a number of institutions are taking in their respective college publications, by endeavoring to make them the best possible by offering handsome prizes for the best written essay, poem, story, etc., during the year. Including all, we have quite a number of exchanges on our table.

For the first one, we venture to take up, with a little hesitancy, the *Seminary Magazine*. We are almost willing to acknowledge our inability to offer, in detail, any criticism, owing to the character of the subjects discussed. We commend this paper on the varied numbers of departments it has; perhaps more than any other journal we receive. It is particularly noticeable to see how little attention is paid to the production of verse. We suggest that a small space be devoted to a poem or two, for we have every reason to believe it will be something unique and unusual in the point of merit. It is deemed an honor to have such a worthy publication come asking to be placed on our list again. No doubt, it can be said without offending any one, the management of this magazine is under the supervision of as intelligent a board of editors as any college paper of the South. To those who like to solicit contributions from the professors, we suggest that they adopt a plan similar to this magazine; add a separate department for the faculty.

The next we attempt to review is a magazine that has deservedly won for itself quite a reputation. Some may say many favorable criticisms made in behalf of the *Converse*

*Concept* were made partly on account of this paper's being a representative of a female college; perhaps so, but we feel perfectly free to say, in our opinion, this magazine justly deserves all the merit it has been given credit for. If we felt disposed to offer any criticism for deficiency, we should say it is a lack of verse. The leading article, "Every Man's Task Is His Life Preserver," is exceptionally good. If it were not known, one would hesitate in believing this essay is from the pen of a mere college girl. There are several other fairly good articles, among which might be mentioned: "Hero Worship as the Basis of Society." We notice one without a title, which, no doubt, is due to the printer.

On perusing the pages of the *Mercerian*, the first thing to attract the attention is an oration, "The breaking Up of the Solid South, the Salvation of the Section," which won for its author the oratorical championship of the South. The article exhibits, on the part of the writer, the instincts of a profound thinker. The construction is very fine. We congratulate Mercer on the success she has met with in these inter-collegiate contests. On the whole, this magazine is a creditable paper.

The Literary Department of the *Gray Jacket* is introduced with a very unique and appropriate little poem, "Leaving Home." "The Old and the New" is the subject of a speech which shows considerable thought, and which contains very fitting quotations.

The "Kiss of Death" is also a very interesting article. "The Confederate Mother's Lament," a poem written just after the war by a Confederate veteran, and found recently among some of his old papers, is eloquent and pathetic in sentiment. We are glad to see some attention devoted to scientific subjects, also. The general matter of this journal is indeed good.



The *Howard Collegian*, a neat little paper coming from some distance out West, we gladly add to our list again. Among the best articles which it contains in the October issue, may be mentioned: "The Foundation of a True and Earnest Life."

The *Carolinian* presents itself in a new and attractive style. In some ways it is a decided improvement over last year. We notice in this journal, as well as in some others, a department devoted to current topics, which we commend. Unquestionably; if gotten up in proper shape, this addition would be valuable to every college periodical. Of the various essays in the literary department, "The true Naturalism in Fiction" deserves first mention. This magazine is very deficient in original verse; would say also, the opening poem, "April," is somewhat inappropriate. This subject will certainly receive its share of attention later on—next spring. The Local Department is very good.

"The Christian in College" is a suggestive editorial in the *Guilford Collegian*. We heartily acknowledge this paper as one of our new exchanges.

"Home Industry—the South's Greatest Problem," and "Every Worm Beneath the Moon Draws Different Threads," are two right becoming articles for the *Carlton College Gleaner*, in its issue for October.

"The Wonderful Adventures of Peter Schlemihl" is a very interesting story, translated from the German of Adelbert Von Chamisso, and published in the *Charleston Magazine*, which, by-the-way, is in a new attire, making a very fancy appearance.

The *Wofford Journal* seems to be pretty well satisfied; we notice no changes except in the editorial staff. This issue is about up to its usual standard. The titles of some of the articles are rather trite, though this signifies very little as to the merit of an article. "The Need of Scientific Societies in the



South" is an admirable paper. The subject is a very live one, much more so than some of the others. Verse would add a great deal to this journal.

The *Davidson Magazine* we have always regarded as one of the best on our list. It comes this month, as usual, well filled with readable matter, which is gotten up in a good, easy style. The students of this institution, as a general thing, show in this respect, excellent taste. This paper contains a very able contribution from one of the professors. While such an article is interesting and instructive to almost any one, we would, and think others will agree, prefer seeing the space occupied with contributions from the students strictly.

"The Birth of Modern Liberty," an essay somewhat historical in character, is carefully composed. There are several others of some worth.

A marked improvement is noticed in the *Furman Echo*. The Literary Department is headed with a well selected poem, "The Last Rose of Summer." The first article, "A Graduating Oration," does credit to the author. "Employing Your Opportunities," is thoughtfully written, and doubtless fairly represents a few of the manly qualities possessed by the writer. This paper shows an inclination to regard verse with a little reluctance. The number and arrangement of the departments of this magazine would serve well as an example for some of our other exchanges. An Educational Department is a little unusual, though by no means objectionable. The editorials and current topics show signs of attention and interest in this particular work.

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of a copy of the *Taller* for '97-'98, and would take pleasure in offering a criticism were it not for the fact that the Editor-in-Chief was so kind(?) as to intrude on our department in last issue. Anyway, suffice it to say, we spent quite a while with some of

our friends in reviewing its contents for the purpose of commenting or criticizing some of its cuts, etc.—photos. especially.

There are quite a number of other magazines received, but for this issue we will have to forego the pleasure of perusing for comment.

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### • Clippings. •

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#### WRITE TO MOTHER.

Write to mother, waiting lonely  
For the change to other spheres,  
Talking oft with memory only  
Of the vanished years.

In our childhood's home she lingers,  
Far from bustling life away,  
Busy with toil-stiffened fingers  
Day on weary day.

Slowly now the dark is falling,  
And the world fades on her sight;  
Voices not of earth are calling  
Her across the night.

Write to her. Soon; soon forever  
She shall travel to that shore  
Where no mails may go, whence never  
Tidings reach us more.

—Stockara.

---

#### CHANGELESS.

Long years have fled since last we met,  
The old has passed to new—  
Old friends have gone, new faces come,  
But I've not changed for you.

My hair has lost its glossy gold,  
My eyes are faded blue;  
The rose has sought another's cheek—  
But have I changed to you?

The woods are dark with shade and bloom,  
 The beauty that we knew;  
 And tho' all else has lost heaven's smile,  
 I cannot change for you.

Like rippling waters pass my days,  
 Old friends may slip from view;  
 But in that glorious after-life  
 I shall not change for you.—W. F. S.

### THE BIRD-VOICE.

I sipped at summer's cup of full delight  
 Within a solitude as silent and as deep  
 As ever reigned within the realms of sleep;  
 When, wafted on the pale moon's wavering light,  
 Came a lone note, a birdsong in the night,  
 So weird and so unusual as to steep  
 The dreaming winds with mystery, yet keep  
 The unheard harmonies of nature right.  
 So in my heart the first lone love-voice sings,  
 A new note in creation's varied choir,  
 Sweet as the tones that speak from out the strings;  
 Of Israfeil's passion-throbbing lyre;  
 The note by which the whispering woods of June  
 And all the great world's life are set in tune.

—Wake Forest Student

### THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

'Tis the last rose of summer  
 Left blooming alone;  
 All her lovely companions  
 Are faded and gone;  
 No flower of her kindred,  
 No rosebud is nigh,  
 To reflect back her blushes,  
 To give sigh for sigh.  
  
 I'll not leave thee, thou lone one  
 To pine on the stem;  
 Since the lovely are sleeping,  
 Go sleep thou with them;  
 Thus kindly I scatter  
 Thy leaves o'er the bed,  
 Where thy mates of the garden  
 Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow,  
When friendships decay,  
And from Love's shining circle  
The gems drop away!  
When true hearts lie wither'd,  
And fond ones are flown,  
Oh! who would inhabit  
This bleak world alone!

—*Thomas Moore.*

## • Local and Alumni. •

J. L. KENNEDY, Editor.

OWING to the fact that a large number of new cadets have entered college this year, the number of companies in the corps has been increased to six.

The following appointments, promotions, and assignments have been made:

**Appointments:** To be cadet lieutenant, cadet private A. J. Mathis; to be cadet sergeant, cadet private G. P. Lewis; to be cadet corporals, cadet privates J. E. Salley, J. H. Roddy, W. G. Hill, G. C. Turner, W. N. Fair, W. E. McLendon, J. W. Blease, W. R. Darlington, T. C. Shaw, J. G. Kaigler.

**Promotions:** To be captains, cadet lieutenants L. A. Turnipseed and W. F. Walker; to be first sergeants, cadet color sergeant C. E. Mauldin and cadet sergeant Epps; to be cadet color sergeant, cadet sergeant W. G. Adams.

**Assignments:** Company A, captain, A. S. Sheally; lieutenant, A. J. Mathis; first sergeant, J. E. Caughman; sergeants, Cannon, Hughes and Duckworth; corporals, Moise, Lewis, Blakeney, and Blease. Company B: captain, J. C. Thomson; lieutenant, W. N. Hook; first sergeant, S. D. Pearman; sergeants, J. B. Foster, J. W. Gunby, E. H. Pickett; corporals, Klugh, Tison, Chapman, Turner. Company C: Captain, W. F. Walker; lieutenant, M. L. Elder; first sergeant, L. O. Mauldin; sergeants, Kinsler, F. A. Lawton, Maxwell; corporals Forsythe, Spencer, Douglas, Roddy. Company D: Captain, C. K. Chreitzberg; lieutenant, Calhoun; first sergeant, Liles; sergeants, Wells, J. N. Walker, T. O. Lawton; corporals, Ramsey, Harling, Salley, Darlington. Company E: Captain, Turnipseed; lieutenant, Jeffries; first sergeant, Epps; sergeants, Brookbanks, Fletcher, C. W. Mauldin; corporals, H. R. Chreitzberg, W. J. Lawton, Hill, Fair. Company F: Captain, I. B. Taylor; lieutenant, Norris; first ser-



geant, Mauldin; sergeants, Donaldson, W. C. Forsyth, G. P. Lewis; corporals, Fickling, McLendon, Shaw, Kaigler.

Mr. B. H. Rawl, '00, has returned to college.

Cadet K.—I have an idea!

Cadet McK.—You had better keep it for a nest-egg.

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### GEOGRAPHICAL QUERRIES.

How far does South Bend?

And who does Terre Haute?

How long is Brunswick?

How long did New Burn?

How deep did Owensboro?

And how far did Cairo?

How high is Chesapeake?

How big is Portsmouth?

Prep.—Have you read "Robinson Crusoe" and "Swiss Family Robinson"?

Rat.—Yes, I've read all of Robinson's works.

Fresh—Do you like Kipling?

Rat—I've never tasted it.

"Pot" says he can't call "Kittles" black.

Mrs. Thurston, of Memphis, Tenn., mother of cadet H. R. Thurston, is visiting Prof. Boehm.

An oyster supper and Hallowe'en party were given at the Hotel on the 5th by the ladies of the Episcopal Church, and proved quite a success. Many young people from Pendleton were present.

Cadet Ihly was summoned home a few days ago on account of his father's illness.

Mrs. W. F. Riggs is visiting her parents in Auburn, Ala.

Ex. Cadet A. B. Hair, of Blackville, was married on 25th Oct. to Miss Aida Rush. Cadet J. K. Hair obtained a leave of absence of a few days, to attend his brother's wedding.

Col. Bacon, of Edgefield, delivered his lecture, "The Old Man's Kranky Kaleidoscope" before the corps of cadets on Oct. 17th. The lecture was a very interesting one, portraying Southern life in ante-bellum days.

Ex-cadet V. G. McFadden, of Rock Hill, was married on the 15th to Miss Buella Harris.

Mr. W. L. Moise, of the Palmetto Literary Society, Mr. Q. B. Newman, of the Columbian, and Mr. L. O. Mauldin, of the Calhoun, were elected by their respective societies to represent the college in an organization of the State Intercollegiate Oratorical Association, which met in Columbia on 16th.

Cadet W. R. Darlington is at home, being summoned to the bedside of his dying mother. In his bereavement Cadet Darlington has the heartfelt sympathy of the entire corps.

Dr. N. E. Nesom has been granted a three-weeks' leave of absence in which to attend a meeting of the Faculty of the State College at Omaha, and receive his degree.

Prof. W. S. Morrison was called to Spartanburg a few days ago on account of illness in family.

Mr. James G. Holmes, Registrar S. C. Society Sons of Revolution, presented the library with "Washington's Farewell Address" and "Civil Rights and Religious Duties Exemplified in the Revolution," by Rev. John Johnson, D.D., both in neatly bound pamphlet form.

We editors meet with many discouragements, and one of the latest was when some one on the Hill asked one of us if we ever published jokes in the *Chronicle*.

President Hartzog has gone to Washington, D. C., in the interests of the College.

The following officers were elected in the Calhoun and Columbian literary societies for the ensuing quarter:

## COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

President—A. S. Shealy.  
Vice-President—M. L. Elder.  
Recording Secretary—J. E. Caughman.  
Corresponding Secretary—E. T. Hughes.  
Literary Critic—R. McLendon.  
Treasurer—J. C. Thomson.  
Prosecuting Critic—J. W. Gunby.  
Reporting Critic—H. R. Chrietzberg.  
Serg. at Arms—T. C. Shaw.

## CALHOUN LITERARY SOCIETY.

President—I. B. Taylor.  
Vice-President—L. O. Mauldin.  
Recording Secretary—N. D. Walker.  
Corresponding Secretary—W. R. Darlington.  
Literary Critic—S. D. Pearman.  
Treasurer—W. C. Forsythe.  
Sergt.-at-Arms—S. M. Sloan.

The greatest amusement was created among the corps a few days ago by our versatile adjutant announcing that no cadets, other than seniors were allowed in the library *except* during study hours. The adjutant made the mistake of putting in the "except." Now this was not a very ridiculous mistake; suppose, however, that the adjutant had announced that no seniors other than cadets were allowed in the library, except during study hours, or had he said that no cadets were allowed in the library during senior hours other than study hours, or that no study hours were allowed in the library except seniors other than cadets, or that no library was allowed in the seniors other than study hours except the cadets, or that no seniors other than the library were allowed in the study hours except cadets—then we might have some cause for amusement.

The Palmetto Society will elect officers on the 18th.

Mr. C. W. Gentry, '98, is with us again, pursuing a course in chemistry and bacteriology.

Mrs. A. P. Anderson has returned from a visit to Scotland.

Mr. J. E. All, '00, has gone home for a few days, being summoned as a witness in a trial.

Mr. H. K. Gray, '00, is visiting his parents in Greenville.

Mr. L. O. Mauldin, '00, is spending a few days in Pickens.

Have you seen the Pot-Hook combination.

1st Rat—What is hydrostatic water?

2d Rat—Water that comes from a hydrant.

Mr. Al. Gebra, Mr. Geo. M. Etry, and Mr. R. E. Morse are again with us.

Corp. of the guard—Do you know general orders?

Rat sentinel—I've heard of Gen. Shafter and Gen. Miles, but never heard of Gen. Orders.

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### SOME SENIOR THANKSGIVINGS.

"Sheck" is proud of the score 55 to 0, and thankful that the "Right End" on Bingham's team wasn't any bigger.

"Chup" is thankful that his prayer was answered, and he went to Athens.

"Skeet" that there is still some vague prospect of a dance in the dim, distant future, powerful influences working to the contrary notwithstanding.

Herbert G. that the signal corps has been mustered out.

"Ira Buncombe" that "F" company is not made up of great big men, set in their ways, incapable of being lead in the paths of righteousness.

"Root" that he is again on top. "Truth crushed to earth will rise again."

"Blossom" that his visits from the Muse are now more frequent and of longer duration, and that the Literary Department is on a boom.

"Commodore" that his general health and peace of mind require daily after-tea strolls.

"Mac" that he is in bed every night and can read Puck and Judge during drill hour.

"Pott" that he did not lose his pipe at Portman, and that Craft's Ferry is still on the map in case of another trip down the river.

"Speck" that his peculiar style of beauty is not more than skin deep.

"Bill" that the "Yanko-Spanko" war has not materially affected the price of "Yellow Rose."

"Doc" that he and "Speck" have a new looking-glass; their old one made them look ugly.

"Mug" that express charges on watermelons from Florida to Clemson are not unreasonably high.

Hunter S. that he is never slighted at English recitations.

"Sore Head," simply that he is living.

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Cadets Slattery and Jennings D. have been transferred to the band.



Our second game of ball was played with Bingham School on October 20th. The Bingham School arrived here on the 19th from Columbia, where they had been defeated the day before in a game with South Carolina College. The men were none the worse for this defeat, however, and every one expected a good game.

The line-up of the two teams is as follows:

Clemson	Position	Bingham
A. J. Mathis	Centre	Ross
J. N. Walker	R. G.	Glenn
J. B. Lewis	R. T.	Doe
C. Douthit	L. T.	Rice
A. S. Shealey	L. E.	Burton
A. F. Riggs	J. B.	Duncan
W. C. Forsythe	F. B.	Harris
C. K. Chreitzberg	R. E.	Stults
G. A. Hanvy	L. G.	Jones
J. F. Sullivan	R. H.	Cowden
M. N. Hunter	L. H.	Gerotte

Referee, R. T. V. Bowman, of Clemson; umpire Vivian Sloan.

The game was called at 4:45 p. m. Within ten minutes Clemson had made two touch-downs, and the Bingham boys, seeing that they are outclassed, realize the fact that there is not even the slightest chance for them to win.

At the end of the first half the score stood 15 to 0 in favor of Clemson. The three touch-downs were made almost entirely by line-bucks—very few end runs being used.

At the beginning of the second half a special formation for the benefit of the backs was put into use with the result that eight touch-downs were made in twenty-five minutes. Time was called with the ball within ten yards of Bingham's line. The game was over and Clemson had won an easy victory.

The features of the game were Shealey's and Sullivan's long runs and Forsyth's bucking and kicking goals. Gerotte did the best playing for Bingham. Harris punted well. Sullivan, Lewis and Hunter were hurt and taken from the field. Doe, of Bingham, got his leg sprained slightly.

The game was a clean one—full of good feeling and devoid of slugging or unnecessary roughness.

Bingham has some good material and with practice, could have an excellent team.

## GUARD DUTY AT C. A. C.

[With apologies to Longfellow.]

The shades of night were falling fast,  
When along the halls there slowly passed  
A poor cadet with shouldered gun  
Who to himself did meanwhile hum

"Guard Duty."

His piece was bright, his cap was blue,  
His eyes looked dull and dreary too,  
But still he walked along and swore  
And used that same phrase o'er and o'er,

"Guard Duty."

From out the doors he saw the light  
Along the hall gleam strong and bright,  
Upon his glistening gun it shone  
While from his lips escaped a groan,

"Guard Duty."


"Come in," a gay cadet had said,  
"Get a 'rat' to take your place instead."  
A tear stood in his dark blue eyes  
And as he shook his head he sighed,

"Damn Guard Duty."

—Selected.

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# • The • Clemson • College • Chronicle. •

Valeat Quantum Valere Potest.

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## • Literary Department. •

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W. FLOWERS WALKER, Editor.

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### SELECTION.

“Yes, what is childhood  
But after all a sort of golden daylight,  
A beautiful and blessed wealth of sunshine,  
Wherein the powers and passions of the soul  
Sleep starlike, but existent, till the night  
Of gathering years shall call the slumbers forth  
And they rise up in glory.”

HENRY TIMROD.

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### THE QUESTION OF SUFFRAGE IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

SUFFRAGE as it is in this question means a vote, simply a voice in a contest, and coupled along with it is the word “freedom.” They are of nearly the same origin, the one originating where the other first existed. And to-day we find the custom of voting in practice most in a country whose citizens enjoy a life under the heightening influence of a boundless freedom.

When we come to consider a question of such vast importance to our commonwealth, it becomes us as true and patriotic citizens of South Carolina, to recognize the fact, that while that part of our Constitution which relates to suffrage has proven an important factor in the welfare and safety of democracy and white supremacy, it is nevertheless a conceded fact that it is a dark page in the history of our fair State. We stand firm in our belief when we argue that a man who enjoys the respect of being a citizen, is by right of birth entitled to the same freedom of speech enjoyed by his fellow man. It would be wholly an injustice to the poor man of this country to say that this question should remain settled as it now stands.

That recently enacted law as it stands on our statute books is, to say the least of it, unjust, unpatriotic and un-American. Could the hard old veterans of 1776 have thought that their sons would be subjected to such a yoke, could they have pictured to themselves the future generations struggling under their fellow man's oppression, would it be for once thought that they would have wasted their dear life's blood on the battle-field for such blinded freedom? No, they would not! The weather-beaten followers of Marion and Sumter would have laid down their muskets. The war drum would have echoed its last sound over the bleak hills of this country, and freedom's torn and battered flag crimsoned with the life-blood of fallen heroes would have been furled forever. We to-day would find ourselves not respected as citizens of a proud and haughty nation, which occupies a prominent place among the history-makers of this age, but as subjects pure and simple, languishing under the yoke of British oppression and doing homage to the queen of England.

In the negative argument of this question, we unhesitatingly hold up the defense of the poor man and the uneducated one, and if there is a class in this country which does more and receives less thanks, it is the laboring class of white people. I mean those men who, in their hard life, have to struggle from sun to sun for their support, those who, as it were, live from hand to mouth. Those are the men who at the ballot box have taken away from them the right to say by ballot who should represent them. It cannot be said by the adherents of this law that a man who is penniless in this world cares for nothing. Neither can they say that an uneducated man has not the sound sense and judgment which will enable him to draw a distinction between right and wrong, as well as his rich or his educated neighbor.

Under the present circumstances, is it not very likely that serious trouble will arise? If the poor man has no voice in

the elections of his country it is most probable that legislation in his behalf will cease, and he will be driven to desperation, and can only resort to anarchism. We have it handed down to us from the history of Rome and Greece that legislation against the poor only drives them further and further down the scale of civilization until country, fame and honor are nothing to them, and they care not for their own nor their country's good.

We are Americans, and we should respect one another as such, and to say that a man should be disqualified from voting because that man does not enjoy one pleasure of the many which constitute a life surrounded with ease and luxury, and that his wealthy neighbor, who has probably cheated him out of his worldly effects, should enjoy that privilege, is not the doctrine that should be practiced in America. Because a man has been hoodwinked in this world and is poor in the eyes of his fellow man does not prove that he is unable to see as far into the workings of government as his rich neighbor.

In South Carolina three hundred dollars worth of property is required to qualify a man to vote, but there would be as much gained if it read ten thousand. The principle would not be changed one particle. It is not money that makes the man. A man who possesses all those principles which go to constitute a true man will be as great a man on five cents as he ever thought of being on three hundred dollars.

Now for the educational part of this question.

Every one of us will admit that suffrage was based on educational and property qualifications to disfranchise the negro as far as possible, and secure the safety of democracy and white supremacy. The negro to-day is fast becoming acquainted with the fact that we have been mistaken in our idea, and instead of lying idle as was thought, he is to-day gaining rapidly in progress of civilization, and what is worse, he is more to be dreaded in his advanced stage than ever be-

fore. Already we see the negroes straining at every point to keep their children in school, while, as a general rule, almost one-third of our white population are mere idlers, when it comes to the question of education. Their children are allowed to loaf around street corners and wade in swamps, when they should be in school. What will this lead to in time? Will not the black urchins, who are now in school, soon reach the standard and thereby handle a ballot, thus endangering the prospects of white supremacy? Even to-day, we find the attendance at colored schools in this State largely increased as a result of this recently enacted law, while the attendance at our white schools is allowed to remain in its normal state.

If the progress in education and increase in wealth of the two races continue for the next twenty years with the same progress that has marked their increase for the past three, it can be shown clearly that the custom of suffrage based on educational and property qualifications will prove but a dagger with which democracy has stabbed herself. If it is clearly shown that in time the negro will reach the standard, it is a self-evident fact that suffrage based on educational and property qualifications will in time prove inefficient to protect our democracy and prove a millstone rather than an uplifter.

As it is held by some that a poor man can be influenced with money to do anything, whether right or wrong, and that an uneducated man has not sense enough to know right from wrong, the question of suffrage based on such principles would be said by them to be a custom which, in many instances, could be used with advantage as a barrier against fraud. It can readily be seen that such is not the case. Fraud in American politics may well be compared to consumption in a family. As the dread disease is handed down from generation to generation, so it is in our political life. That same fraud which contaminated the politics of this country in the infancy of her freedom is with her yet and will be with her to the last.



The adherents of this law may try to explain the high sense of honor in having all educated men at polls of this country. They suggest that statesmen of the Calhoun type would reappear. I would ask, how were such men chosen before this law was enacted? We admit that it would be a great thing for the history of America if her ballot boxes could all be surrounded only by educated men, but under existing circumstances, it is utterly impossible, and when you legislate for the accomplishment of that purpose you violate the doctrine of the venerable Lincoln, and you tear down the record of a proud and Christian nation, whose sons have covered themselves with honor at home and abroad, and whose watchword is freedom.

L. B. H., 02.

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### TO HENRY TIMROD.

Immortal Henry Timrod !  
You little dreamed I fear  
How oft your name would echo  
In the literary air.  
How 'twould clash with other poets  
And in the clash would win,  
Rising high and soaring upward,  
Proving truth and spurning sin.  
Oh, let other bards write doggerel  
For they'll weary of their work,  
Let them recognize its value  
And their occupation shirk.  
But you, oh gifted poet,  
Pause not in your grand career,  
But pursue your work of goodness  
Knowing naught of mortal fear !  
Onward ! Upward ! Raising that  
Which had ere then been mean and low,  
With your soul inspiring verses  
Showing all which seed to sow,  
E'en though centuries elapse,  
Yea, even months and years are naught,  
Your name shall ever echo  
Down the corridors of thought.



You, oh Timrod! you are gifted,  
Yours is not the pen to rhyme  
Words which have no natural meaning,  
Subjects chose from every clime.  
For your verse is soft and easy  
And your subject patriotic,  
Showing freedom in comparison  
To government despotic.

Pointing out the path which leads us  
To a virtuous, upright life,  
And teaching us to shun the way  
Which begets sin and strife.  
You who penned "A Summer Shower,"  
"Youth and Manhood," "Mother's Wail,"  
"The Unknown Dead," "Two Armies,"  
And "The Carmen Triumphale,"  
May your name be ever honored  
Even more than it has been.  
Rise, oh Timrod! soar thou upward!  
Proving truth and spurning sin.

—W. L. M., '01.

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### THE LITTLE BRIG SIAM.

WE were just two days out from Maracaibo, with lumber for Baltimore, when we struck the edge of a cyclone; the sky was overcast, and the wind was blowing about forty miles an hour. Our little brig was in fine trim, but as we were lumber-laden, we were in no fix for a storm. All that morning wind-blown sea-birds swept past us, curlew, gulls and albatross, the only exception to this endless flight of feathered pilgrims was the little stormy-petrel who rode the great rollers as if there was nothing amiss. By midday the sky had taken on a bronzy cast, and the wind had risen steadily, the rigging whistled and moaned alternately, spikes of gray sea flew along hardly higher than our masts, great breakers came surging along, picking us up as though we were a feather, then dropping us between walls of glistening green. We were running under bare poles, so we could only drive before the wind,

making about ten knots an hour, when a great wave broke over our stern, carrying away our entire deck load. The men at the wheel went with it. By five in the afternoon the wind had risen to more than seventy-five miles an hour. About dark we passed a great old iron tank of a steamer, as helpless as ourselves. Her foremast was snapped off flush with her deck, and was hanging by its stays. All that night the wind continued to rise, but little we thought that the great storm of '48 was upon us.

Our Log shows that we passed Canaveral light about midnight. By that time our decks were bare—galley boats, water casks, and all.

Our captain was an Englishman, and had followed the sea the greater part of his life, but he had never before been driven before such a gale, with a shifted cargo beneath him. The little brig trembled in every timber and lurched with every wave that struck her; the shifting of the cargo listed her well over to port, so that she labored badly, picking up big seas, then rising again, spouting at every scupper. We were huddled in the cabin, expecting each moment to be our last, when the captain came in with his sea-jacket buttoned close about him, and apparently as unconcerned as if nothing was wrong. I could not see how it were possible for him to evince such unconcern, especially, as both his wife and daughter were on board. Throwing himself upon a strongly-lashed lounge, he lit his pipe and attempted some jokes on the weather, for which we had no heart. I believe that I was the first to note the wild, haunted look that he wore.

"Boys," said he, "I am not going to live out this blow; I feel it, and there is no use to argue it; now, what I want you to do, is to give me a fair show—I want to make a confession."

We looked at each other; our faces shown ghastly and pinched by the light of the little swaying storm-lantern. This is what he told us, in the intervals between the shrieking

flaws which occasionally completely drowned his voice, so that he would often be forced to repeat.

"As you all know, I was once captain of a liner of the East India Company; my ship was a big square rigger. I was lying in Bombay; had been there several weeks, making up a general cargo, when I received an order to clear at once for Liverpool, and on my arrival there to turn the ship over to another of the company's captains, who would meet me there. I had no sooner read the order than I resolved that no other than myself should ever say that he had been captain of the "Harvest Moon." Many asked for a passage. I refused them, not wishing to sacrifice any more than I could help. There were about fifty, though, who had written orders from the company for a passage on this trip; these I tried to dissuade, giving as my reason for not wishing them to go, that I feared a stormy passage, but most of them were going home, and would go, so I let them have their way. We cleared for Liverpool as ordered, but when we were about sixty miles off Zanzibar, I altered my course and stood straight in for the shore. The mate was sick, so the second mate was on duty. I had an easy case, as the second mate did not know the first thing about navigation. The night was black-dark; a fresh wind was carrying us straight for the beach; we struck about midnight. I did all in my power to save the passengers, but we were lying on a narrow reef with deep water on each side, and the breakers were fast breaking up the ship. One by one the boats were lowered, but none could live in those great rollers. The faces that looked at me from out those dark waters have haunted me day and night, from that night to this. They are calling me now."

As the captain finished his story, he sank back on the sofa, apparently exhausted, but apparently relieved from a great burden. No one spoke. We all looked at him, and could only pity, for there was nothing to hate, only a babbling idiot.

He seemed to rally his mental faculties for a moment, and jumping up, shook his fists in our faces.

"Yes," said he, "I am going to hell, but you will go with me. There is not a compass on the ship."

At first we could not realize our position—hugging a storm-swept coast without a compass. We sat gazing at each other with the last rays of hope frozen from our hearts—the madman had thrown every compass overboard. We drove on before the gale, when suddenly we were thrown violently to the floor. The brig went hard over to starboard and was pounding on a sandy beach. The foremast had gone with the first shock, and the mainmast was badly sprung. We pounded for an hour or two and split fore and aft. The mate and I were the only ones to reach dry land. We found ourselves on the beach of a low sandy island, heavily wooded with oaks and palmettoes. A little distance back in the woods we found a small house, occupied by a good-hearted oysterman, who attended to our needs and next day carried us to Charleston—about seven miles distant. We had gone ashore on Long Island.

Subsequent gales have put the wreck much higher on the beach than the point where she struck. I am told that the wreck has only lately been found. This is not to be wondered at, as the hull came ashore in two parts; she split, as I have said, fore and aft. The shifting sands must have soon covered her. I have never seen but one notice of her loss; this appeared in a Baltimore paper, of November, 1848. It was a mere mention of bare facts. It read as follows: "The little brig Siam, which sailed from Maracaibo, Venezuela, for this port, is thought to be lost, as she is many months overdue." If you should ever visit that gay summer resort, "The Isle of Palms" (formerly Long Island), ask some one to show you the wreck of "The Little Brig Siam." She lies half buried in the sand-hills, about two miles distant from the south end of the island.

F. J. McK., '01.



## CUPID'S SNARE.

O, say not Love's a rover  
Who like a bee but sips  
Sweets from the bloom of clover  
And from the rose's lips,  
And then, when he has taken  
The honey each one yields,  
Leaves them forlorn, forsaken,  
And flies to other fields.

For tho' from rose and clover  
He sweets at random sips,  
Love is no more a rover  
Tastes he but once your lips.  
The honey of thy kisses  
Lures him from lesser charms,  
The world he never misses,  
He finds it in thy arms.

—H. A. W., '02.

## THE STUDENT AND THE COLLEGE.

An Address Delivered at the Annual Celebration of Columbian Literary Society.

IF there be any period in a young man's life, which will linger long in his memory, it must be the days spent at college. This is by far the most important period of life, and to make it such that it can be recalled at all times with a feeling of satisfaction should be the chief aim of every student. It is here that the foundation is laid upon which success must rest.

While much has been entrusted to, and much should be expected from those in charge of institutions of learning, it lies after all, in the hands of the individual to decide for himself what shall characterize his life's work.

The All-wise Creator has given us truth as opposed to falsity, diligence as opposed to slothfulness, and education as opposed to ignorance.



The opportunities for education offered to the young man of to-day are the grandest privileges of the age. The foundation of character should be always in view in the college, which is, next to the church of God, the great means of perpetuating and extending a most important element in our civilization—purity in our thoughts and actions, and a devotion of ourselves to duty in every relation of life. Without this, the learning and mental discipline which we obtain here will fail to produce their full benefit to either ourselves or to the State.

History shows that we are in a plastic state of mind, are safest in the hands of the educated man. This is the meaning of the solicitude of the board of trustees in selecting for our teachers men who should guide our lives by example as well as by precept. This is the meaning of the placing at our command books which set before us examples of high and noble characters. This is the meaning of the fact that our studies in history are so directed that its pages may constantly exhibit to us the glory of virtue, and the shame and degradation of every vicious career.

It has long been the tendency of the world to divide men into the various classes: as men of honor, men of integrity, men of beneficence, because none of them are altogether what they should be, and we all like to be esteemed in some sort worthy of praise. We make allowance for frailties, and excuse and pardon one another. This is kindly and commendable, but let it not lead us to contentment with a standard of character which is not perfect. Let us not allow ourselves to be let down to subdivided grades of virtue, which the world with a sarcastic smile, offers for our selection. Nor must we suppose for one moment, because we are only young men, that our characters need not be definitely formed. They are developed already to a larger extent than we are aware of, and as we show ourselves here, so perhaps we will be estimated

throughout our whole lives. If we should become conscious of being weak in purpose, unmanly in disposition, careless of honor, prone to delinquencies, neglectful of duty, now is the golden opportunity in our lives to turn resolutely towards all that is pure, noble and praiseworthy. Remember, that the very fact of our coming here devolves upon us a serious responsibility, from which there must be for us no lapse, no moment of abandonment. Generation after generation has handed down to us the illumination of religion and learning. The college is the conservatory of this illumination, this precious boon from bygone ages.

We came here chiefly because this institution proposes to be, in our behalf, one of the guardians of this trust of civilization. It falls to us, therefore, so far as in us lies, to cherish and prepare ourselves to transmit to others the benefits we are here receiving in the nurture and training of our manhood. We should be encouraged by the great aim and spirit in which we have been educated.

Obedying the teachings of nature, youth is the time for decision. There is a critical time in all things. To obtain an education rightly is far from being easy and simple; it is one of the most difficult and complex tasks we will ever have to perform, though the absolute necessity of preparation demands it of us.

The world has ceased to worship its ideals in the form of an Apollo, a Hercules, or a Jupiter. Socrates and Plato, in days almost lost sight of by the lapse of time, turned the current of popular thought from barbarism and mythology to civilization and philosophy.

In the bosom of every youth there is a burning desire to succeed in life, to nobly fulfill the purpose for which he was designed. He dreams of the day when the nation shall call him great, when his name in prismatic colors will be written high upon the everlasting scroll of fame. But, alas! an Amer-

ican youth in the lingering twilight of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries might as well hope to overcome a fierce Numidian lion on the bloody sands of the arena, without sword, shield or buckler, as to suppose that he can solve the great problems of life and combat with the gigantic forces of nature unprepared.

Just as Greece, of old, prided herself on the manly physique of her daring youths, so should America be proud of the unique intellect and indefatigable energy of her own.

The world lies as a suppliant at the feet of every young man. There is more to conquer to-day than ever Hannibal, Cæsar, Napoleon or Alexander combined aspired to become monarch of. These distinguished characters of the past were ambitious to conquer the physical world only, but the youth of to-day has been bequeathed a higher ideal than any preceding generation enjoyed, the only requisite to the obtaining of which is to rise up in might and power to seize the priceless gift wrought by the life-blood of millions through many centuries. All great men of the present and past, of all the walks of life, have won their fame, renown and glory by earnest and persevering effort. There is no honor in idly dreaming or fondly deluding ourselves with the notion that we are men of destiny, and that by some mysterious means success and fortune will eagerly snatch us into their ample embrace, and waft us to fame's loftiest pinnacle. Success and honor come not to anyone by chance, neither are they respecters of persons.

The young man of to-day is "the hero of all the ages." He has the lives of all men to observe; from them to reject all that is odious and unseemly, and from them to select all that is sublime and true. Let the memory of the glorious deeds of man recorded in the pages of our history cast in heroic mold the incipient manhood of to-day; let us catch inspiration and grow up in the atmosphere that will make us more de-

voted to the cause of duty; which will lead us to a sublime realization of what will be our obligations as citizens of this proud and grand nation. The youth of to-day will be the hope or ruin of our country to-morrow. All honor our native land, and to do something to make ourselves worthy of existence is a duty resting upon us all. Young men of this spirit are those whom history will claim, and who will be honored in after time. The day has come when no one need longer dwindle away in despair for the want of an education, but when every one may take heart again. No people have ever moved in an ampler ether or diviner air than that in which we live. We find a strong interest in education existing throughout the land. It should bring a feeling of pride to the heart of every Southern youth to know that though his native land suffered defeat and almost destruction for the cause of our fathers so heroically represented, she is now actively joining the rapid advancement of civilization through the College. Now the castle of hope is beginning to shine above the horizon; on the once desolate spots have sprung up magnificent structures with class-rooms and laboratories equipped with the most modern appliances, and teachers, with a tender love and paternal feeling for their pupils, have joined hand in hand in the great search for truth. No happier relations ever before existed between student and instructor, and it is under the influence of such environments that the teacher is coming to realize the responsibility of his calling. Although the progress has been great in the last few years, still the educational world is in a period of rapid transition. Correct views of the nature and end of education are becoming prevalent. Teaching is fast being elevated into a profession, for whilst intelligence and training are recognized as necessary, present educational conditions are in an unsettled state, yet they promise well for the future. Within the past few decades truth has made large conquests in the domain of education, and as we may well



judge, both from the lessons of the past and the tendencies of the present, there will come forth from the struggle a system of education, firmly based upon a scientific basis, more adjusted to the condition of modern life.

What are the demands made by civilization upon the individual to-day more than at any other time? The principles of the modern educational system will answer the question.

How can any one say that we have too many institutions of learning, when the sole purpose of the college is to lead youth to a life in full harmony with all that can make us wiser and better, to make of us all that we can become.

Fellow students, to-day we, who are traveling far down the lane of the nineteenth century, and who stand with eyes gazing on the eastern horizon, that we may catch the first ray of light emitted by the twentieth century's sun, are called upon to do a great duty. Nobody is released from it. To widen our horizon of thought and prepare to perform this duty is our purpose here. Here is our Marathon, it is here our heroic field lies, victory awaiting our decision. The heart of the world beats true to our patriotic spirit. Our intelligence is the divine spark within us, and the more carefully we nourish and fan it into flame the more certain will the era in which we live be involved in celestial light, and human life fulfill its divine purpose. Remembering then, that the great ministry of our education will not be merely to make our bodies more comfortable but our souls happier, may our institution in all its departments and activities cherish and promote education, not for its lower uses, but for its higher influences.

While our success or failure lies hidden in the future, and we are now only students, shall we cease to be deserving young men? While the effort on the part of many of us to obtain an education may be very great, is there any reason why we should cease to move onward and let the stern hand of poverty



persuade us to inactivity. How it ought to cheer us to know that we have such a noble object to live and study for.

To the aspiring youth, the world says look up, for there is no law that bars you from an education; nay, but the law of duty commands it of you; love of country and fellow man exhort you; the progress of the age in which you live demands it of you.

Oh! young man! rise up and prove thyself worthy of the golden opportunity and the priceless legacy hallowed by time, and on speaking your last parting words to a spot so sacred to us, be able to say, I feel that I have done my duty; the future I willingly trust to the verdict of the world.

R. McL.

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### THE SOLILOQUY OF A GUN.

WHEN my eyes first opened, I was in the hands of a man in blue overalls. He tested me in every conceivable way, and put a little mark on my barrel as proof that I was all right. I was then placed in a case with a lot of guns just like myself, and stored away in the salesroom. There I remained for several years, and was beginning to think that I would never see daylight again, when one day my friends and myself were terribly shaken up and finally landed in the dray wagon.

"What can be the meaning of this?" I asked my nearest companion. "Perhaps the establishment is afire."

"No," said he, "I think we are to go somewhere on business. I heard the clerk say that he had orders to ship several hundred of us to Clemson College. And what is troubling me most is where on the face of the earth is Clemson College, and what do they intend to do with us there?"

"Perhaps there's a mutiny on board, or if it's in the South, it is very likely an election fuss or lynching," I suggested on

the way to the depot. Being unable to learn any further particulars concerning our destination, we settled ourselves comfortably and went to sleep.

When I awoke we were being taken out of the car and tumbled into a wagon. "Heaven protect us," I cried, when I saw that we were being carried about by convicts. We thought it outrageous that we should be sent into such company as this; and we became downcast when we thought of what the future held for us.

"This is the home of John C. Calhoun," said my friend on the right, as we neared the end of our journey. "He was the fellow whose doctrines concerning States' Rights got so many of us in hot water from 1860-65." We were guessing at our new duties, when we were taken out of the wagon and carried down a flight of steps, and into a large brick building. We were unpacked, rubbed up, and placed in racks along the walls. Here we remained until the following week, when a crowd of boys, without knocking, came swarming in upon us.

Tears come into my eyes when I think of that day, for it was the beginning of trouble for us. When I look at myself and companions, I cry out, 'How are the mighty fallen!' We had all been wishing to get into a campaign and see active service; but if field service is any harder than being detailed to a military school, I, for one, am content with my humbler scars. "Just look at me," said one of my companions, the other day. "I am one mass of scars from my head to my foot. I look as though I were fifty years old, and am so nervous that I cannot stand cocked. And besides, look at the rust, not to mention the dust that almost deprives me of my sight."

"You must not look at it in that light," I replied. "You might have been down in the Cuban swamps torn to pieces or weakened with fever."

Well, the crowd of boys were a corps of cadets, and each of them returned to his room, carrying one of us on his shoulder,

and deposited us in racks where we have been off and on ever since.

According to regulations, the three of us were placed just inside the door, and of course a great many things that happen in barracks are known to us. We nearly split our sides laughing sometimes when the officer of the day or the major inspects. One night the O. D. was inspecting and a junior was visiting our room. Our locker used to have a door, but it doesn't any more—never mind why—and a curtain, reaching to within five inches of the floor, was hung across the opening. A gentle knock came from the door and the junior tumbled into the locker and pulled the curtain across in front of him. The O. D. entered, and seeing a smile on all our faces, knew that he was being "worked." He became quite vexed and determined to report something for spite. The curtain hid all of the junior except his rusty shoes, and seeing these in the locker, the O. D. pounced down upon them. I knew that he had no authority for his action, and this, together with his not knowing that the junior was in the shoes, so tickled me that I went off at half-cock and exploded a blank cartridge that one of the boys had left in my chamber. The O. D., standing with his back to me, was so frightened that he fell head first into the locker, colliding with the junior, and frightening him almost out of his wits. When quiet was restored an armistice was declared and all parties agreed to let the matter rest where it was. So the report of that cartridge is still one of the many unexplainable mysteries.

Not many nights later, it was whispered that the president was inspecting trunks, but we did not believe it until we heard a knock on the opposite side of the hall. One of the boys had a revolver and almost knocked us senseless in his haste to hide it in a hole in the wall near us. My companion on the right, when he had partly recovered his breath, gasped, "What was that they put into that hole?" "A son of a gun," I answered,

with a twinkle of the eye. When No. 3 told him what it was, he tickled himself in the side to get a good laugh.

I thought surely some of us would get to go hunting Thanksgiving day, for I have heard the boys talking about yellow-hammers, mocking-birds and duck ever since session began. And lately I hear a great deal about pot and kettles. Perhaps we will get to camp out this summer. I hope so; that would be quite a relief to some of us.

That Textile school is a good thing. I have been thinking for some time that the boys were wasting too many of Professor B.'s wire nails for suspender buttons, and now they will have to make their thread and sew the buttons on. It is a good idea to cut off this unnecessary expense, and I believe there will be enough saved in these nails to more than pay the cost of the school and machinery.

This refrigerator, or whatever you call it, that they say warms the room up when it gets hot, gives us considerable trouble. It is always trying to pick a fuss. Just the other evening we came in from battalion drill perspiring all over from exercise, and that thing sat over in the corner cold as a cucumber, and tried to guy us.

A brand new sergeant was visiting our room one night when the major began inspecting the hall. He could not leave, and so desperate was he in trying to find a hiding-place that the perspiration stood out on his face in large drops. Hearing a knock pretty close in the hall, he dived under a double cot, and was nearly under when two of the boys caught him, one by each foot. All three were kicking and raising a dust, when a knock came from the door. Instantly all holds were let go, and the sergeant jerked himself into a knot and held his breath, while the other boys scuffled to attention. Everything would have passed off nicely, but the sergeant, in changing his position under the cots, knocked the front legs from under the bottom cot, and the whole thing came down upon him. Of course he had to come out, and was reported.



Some of the boys have a habit, when they get tired drilling double-time, to select a grassy spot and fall down. One tried this the other evening, but missed his footing and fell in a drain of rocks. Somehow his poor gun became tangled up and fell across the back of his head, bending the barrel of the poor thing terribly. Of course the gun is disabled, for if you should fire it, the load would injure some innocent person around a corner.

Well, I am afraid our stay here is drawing to a close; for I haven't ears if this talk about cannon doesn't mean that they are going to change the corps to the artillery, and hardly a day passes that I do not hear of several boys being horsed.

Well, I have many things to tell but I think I had better hush, for you know as well as I do what that periodical knock coming nearer and nearer up the hall means. A knock——!

EDGAR M. M., '01.

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## JOKERS AND THEIR JOKES.

IT would be useless for us to write out a lot of jokes and try to make it pass muster as an essay. The fact is, we are not enough of an adept in the art of story-telling to make that attempt. But we wish to say a few words on jokers and their jokes; and, incidentally, to give a few points on how to tell a joke, and on how to listen to a joker. We believe this to be more important than it appears to be on first thought; for we hardly pass an hour in the day that we do not run up against a joker.

The first person whom we shall notice is the practical joker; the man who puts salt in your coffee while you are not looking, turns you over while you are asleep, courts your best girl while you are away, and exchanges photographs with your



wife after you are married. The practical joker, in order to be a success, must be born with it in him. He is decidedly not a self-made man. He commences by being born a boy, when he should have been a girl, so that his mother could have kept him out of mischief. He keeps in practice by hiding his mother's thimble to see her hunt for it, putting a bottle of vinegar where his father's whiskey is generally kept, and staying in the parlor till ten o'clock when his sister has company.

When he arrives at the age of fifteen, or thereabouts, he spends the day in locating well-curbs that can be turned over, steps that can be pulled away from houses, cows that can be turned into somebody's garden, etc., etc. His nights are spent in carrying out the schemes formed during the day. His course as a joker generally terminates in marrying some woman for a joke, and realizing soon afterwards that she has played a joke on him, and that, if liberty and the pursuit of happiness are necessary qualifications of a citizen, he has been disfranchised.

If we were asked the best way to play a practical joke, our direction would be simple and easy; that is, don't play it. The fact that a practical joke sometimes takes a course similar to that of the boomerang, is well illustrated by the story of a parrot who was somewhat of a practical joker. One day, while watching a cat and a dog comfortably dozing on a rug before the fire, his joking proclivity got the ascendancy, and he said, "Sic 'im." A desperate fight of course ensued. The parrot jumped down from his perch to get a better view of the conflict. In a few minutes, when the wrath of the contestants had somewhat subsided, the parrot said, "Sic 'im" again, and much to his surprise, they both turned on him. What a sight he was when he regained his perch. His plumage, which a few moments before had been so glossy, was ruffled and torn, and he was "bleeding at every vein." After moralizing for sometime, he said, "I know what's the matter with me, I talk too much."

There is a time in the affairs of men when a practical joke leads on to a black eye and a crooked nose, and possibly to a lot in some pleasant cemetery.

The only person who is more to be dreaded than the practical joker, is the man who tells stale jokes, and jokes that you have heard before. Here is a sample of his stories: A man, who was several drinks ahead, asked, "Can you tell me which is the opposite side of the street?" "Why, that side over yonder, of course." "That's strange. I asked a fellow over there and he said it was this side." Now, everybody has heard that, therefore don't tell it. The vender of stale and out-of-date jokes not only wants you to listen and pretend that you have never heard what he is telling, but to get up a good, hearty laugh when he has finished. Whatever else you do, don't laugh. Look as solemn as a judge; it will do him good, and possibly shield some other innocent person from listening to the same thing. This person has only a limited supply of material to work with; things that were middle-aged when your father was a boy; things that, according to all law and order, ought to have been dead long ago, and that would be dead if this man did not persist in dragging them back from their graves to parade them before you. Again, we say, don't laugh. To laugh would show disrespect for the aged and the dead.

It will be necessary for us to pass over several characters that we should like to mention; among them being the man who tries to tell a joke when he can't; the man who tells jokes without points, or snide jokes, and the man who jokes when the subject is serious, and when any sensible man would keep his mouth shut. We pass over all these, and take up the man who has some good jokes that are new, and who knows how and where to tell them. Like the practical joker, he is born, not made. It is an accident to meet a man of this kind; for he does not go around with a label on him informing you that

he has a lot of good things he would like to tell; neither does he put a label on what he tells, it is unnecessary. He is the man who can take the ordinary occurrences of life and weave them into a story that breaks the buttons off your vest.

Story-telling is like cooking in one respect. You may give some cooks everything they ask for and they cannot give you a decent dinner; while others can take the scraps and odds and ends from the table and prepare a dish fit for a king. So the power of taking the odds and ends of life and working them into a pleasant story is given to some, while others might tell everything that was ever designed to produce a laugh, and through their want of knowing how to dress it, fail to get a grin.

It is fun that keeps the world going. Josh Billings, in his guide to health, says: "Laff every time you feel tikkled, but laff once in a while enyhow." If we couldn't laugh sometimes we should become bilious and this world would be a pretty bad place to live in. Then, to the man who tells a good joke, we say, "Go ahead, you will save more souls than a dozen preachers." To the man who doesn't, we say, "Stop now, and you won't have so much to answer for in the sweet by and by."

Q. B. N., '01.

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"When love is a game of three  
One heart can win but pain,  
While two between them share the joy  
That all had hoped to gain.  
And one in its bitter sadness  
Smiles on, lest others see,  
But two in their new-found gladness  
Forget 'twas a game of three."

—Selected.

## FORGET THEE?

Forget thee? If to dream by night  
And muse on thee by day ;  
If all the worship deep and wild  
A poet's heart can pay ;  
If prayers in absence breathed for thee  
To heaven's protecting power ;  
If winged thoughts that flit to thee  
A thousand in an hour ;  
If busy fancies blending thee  
With all my future lot ;  
If this thou callest forgetting  
Thou indeed shalt be forgot.

Forget thee? Bid the forest birds  
Forget their sweetest tunes ;  
Forget thee? Bid the sea forget  
To swell beneath the moon ;  
The thirsty flowers forget to drink  
The eve's refreshing dew ;  
Thyself forget thine own dear land  
And its mountains wild and blue ;  
Forget each old familiar face  
Each long remembered spot ;  
When these things are forgot by thee  
Then thou shalt be forgot.

Keep, if thou wilt, thy maiden peace  
Still calm and fancy free,  
For God forbid thy gladsome heart  
Should grow less glad of me.  
Yet while that heart is still unwon  
Forbid not mine to love,  
But let it keep its humble faith  
And uncomplaining love.  
If these, preserved for patient years  
At last avail me not,  
Forget *me* then, but ne'er believe  
That thou canst be forgot.

—*Selected.*

## DOES ENVIRONMENT INFLUENCE CHARACTER MORE THAN EDUCATION?

WEBSTER has defined environment as "The influences or forces by which living beings are influenced or modified in their growth and development," while he defines education as "teaching," "instruction," "training," etc.

Darwin has said, "That a man's environments are the master influences of us all." Environment is ceaselessly playing upon us all our lives, and he who understands its influence over him, and has learned every opportunity of more and more perfect adjustment to better and higher conditions, or, in a word, to make our environment at the same time that it is making us, has the key to a well-ordered and a successful life. While men's surroundings influence their lives directly, their education on the other hand can only give them a certain amount of knowledge on various subjects, but cannot have the influence over them that their environments have. It has been said, "The average human head, like an egg or a bowl of clabber, absorbs the flavor of its surroundings." It is almost wholly due to our surroundings while quite young whether we grow up to be Catholics or Protestants, atheists or infidels, republicans or democrats, and yet we would shed the last drop of our blood in the defense of our opinions. We always assume that our faith or creed is founded upon reason, when the truth of the matter is that we have nothing to do with it, as it is made for us by our social conditions, over which we have but little control. Many practical examples in every-day life can be given to show the influence of our surroundings upon our lives and character. If a young boy in his teens is thrown in constant contact with drinking, gambling, and billiard-playing, will he not learn to do each of these sooner or later? But, worst of all; suppose his father, whose duty it is to love, train, and nurture



his child, should engage in such dissipations, will not the child be influenced even more? Has he not always taken his father as a pattern to follow? Show me the child who will not tell you that it is not any harm to do anything his father does. Oh! if all our fathers could but realize that their every act is influencing their children, either for the good or for the worse, how much more careful they would be. Every action of a man unconsciously influences his neighbor, and do not fear but that you will be called to account whether your influence has been for the good or for the evil, when you stand before the throne of almighty God and hear your history read from the book of life. The devoted mother who teaches her babe to trust and love Jesus, and as he grows older, to take him as a friend and a guide, has placed her child in the right road to become a Christian. Though her teaching will help the child, it is the example it will imitate and not the training. Therefore, the parents who do not practice what they preach to their children will never have any influence over them.

The moral man is acted upon and changed continuously by the influences—both secret and open—of his surroundings, by the company he keeps, by the books he reads, by nature, by all, in short, that constitutes the habitual atmosphere of his thoughts in his own little world.

First, let us consider how a man is influenced by the company he keeps. A man who associates with a bad set of men will soon learn to steal, gamble and drink, and will become as immoral as they are. There was once a preacher of the gospel who was thrown into the society of bad men so much that he became as bad as the worst of them. Especially should a young boy beware of evil companions, as he is very easily led astray.

Next, let us consider how a man's character is influenced by the books he reads. In reading we always assimilate the characteristic features of the heroes presented for our admiration.

We naturally conclude that a character worth perpetuating in print is meritorious enough to adopt as a standard of excellence. Therefore, our choice of the books we read will have an influence over the formation of our characters.

In addition to the above, nature itself will influence our every thought and action. Often the condition of the atmosphere regulates our sentiments. The beautiful landscape brightens our thoughts, causing us to feel happier and nobler. Every man, to some extent, can select his own environments, and can alter or modify them as he chooses, and so great is his control over them, and so radical is their influence over him, that he can so direct them as to undo, modify, perpetuate, or intensify their influence over his character.

While education is a passive, quiet condition of the mind, environments on the other hand are active, influencing our every act and thought. Thomas, of Malesburg, has said, "There is no action of a man in this world which is not the beginning of so long a chain of consequences, that no human providence is high enough to give us a prospect to the end." Environments are the most potent of teachers though they instruct without a tongue. The education of character is chiefly a question of environment. We always mold ourselves after the characters, habits and opinions of all those about us. If every man was different and possessed an independent mind, then his surroundings would not have any influence on his character at all. But, unluckily, the average man is dependent upon his surroundings for the formation of his opinions. All that the best of educations can do for him is to furnish him with mental ability, and mental capacity to receive and assimilate the lessons drawn from his environments. The careful student of biography will observe that in writing the life of a great man, his subject is first briefly sketched, and then his chief characteristics are enumerated and commented upon. Then he compares his subject to his parents, and shows

how much of their nature has been transmitted to their offspring. We can easily estimate their early influences by noticing how powerfully they have molded his mind and character, and have determined the course of his future life.

Next, let us consider our environment in a broader sense. As a factor of our life it has been hardly touched, and is far from being exhausted. Besides its modifying influence over us, environment is that in which we live and move and have our being. Without it we perish, as in our environments are the necessary conditions of life.

J. F. MAXWELL, '00.

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### ACETYLENE GAS.

THE new gas is becoming so important in most of our cities, that it has bright prospects of invading the field of electricity for general lighting. It is not my intention to treat of acetylene and its values in the chemical world, but simply its commercial aspect as related to the illuminating industry

The first step in the process of manufacture of acetylene gas is the production of calcium carbide, which is accomplished by the reduction of lime by carbon with the intense heat of the arc in an electric furnace. The calcium carbide forms in large black masses and is very hard. When the carbide is brought in contact with water the acetylene gas is given off very rapidly, and its presence is distinguished by its very pungent odor, somewhat resembling phosphorus; when lighted it burns with a deep yellow flame, and is extremely sooty, but when generated at an even pressure and burned with proper burners, designed for the use of acetylene, it gives a beautiful white light. The acetylene flame so used is exceedingly tenacious, and it is almost impossible to blow it out, which may be

considered as an advantage in hotels and other places where rural gentlemen occasionally take up their abode. Acetylene gas may also be used in its liquid form, and is prepared by decomposing the calcium carbide with water in a closed vessel and conducting the generated gas under pressure to a condenser where it liquefies and is then drawn off in tanks for shipment and distribution. It is believed by a great many people that the new gas will be a rival of electricity, as the calcium carbide can be produced at a very small cost. The gas will produce about 50-candle-power per cubic foot per hour, but the flame, having no blue light near the burner, seems to give much more than this amount of light, because of the spectrum being more identical with the sun. One-half a cubic foot of acetylene gas will give more light than four cubic feet of common gas, and can be produced at a maximum figure of \$2 per 1,000 cubic feet. As to the manner of using the gas, the best method is not to distribute it through mains, on account of leakage, but by means of a small automatic generator for each house, holding a week's supply. In most of the cities these small isolated plants are becoming very popular. A house having twenty burners would probably use ten for four hours per day, and with one-half cubic foot tips would consume one hundred and forty cubic feet of gas per week, or about twenty-eight pounds of calcium carbide, at a cost of two cents per pound, giving a gas bill of \$2.24 per month, and illuminating the house much more brilliantly than could be done in any other way, except by incandescent lights. Another use of the acetylene gas, which has become very popular within the last year, is the small bicycle lamp using this gas; it gives a splendid light for about six or eight hours, consuming about two ounces of calcium carbide in a night. The light of this lamp enables the rider to pick his road in the darkest night and run as swiftly as in daylight. They are very cheap and easily handled.



When acetylene was first brought forward to be used commercially, it was expected that the gas companies might still maintain their existing gasworks and use acetylene to enrich their gas and furnish a 25-candle-power flame as formerly, but at a much less cost. Experiments have shown, however, that, although coal gas may be enriched by acetylene, water gas is not susceptible to enrichment by it. Water gas, which is furnished in nearly all of the large cities, has little illuminating power of its own, is now treated with petroleum, and it is only when enriched to a certain candle-power that acetylene may be mixed with it without losing its candle-power, so that we cannot, as at first supposed, substitute acetylene for petroleum, and use it economically as an enricher of low candle-power water gas.

After all, the use of the electric arc and incandescent lights has become so general and has proved so efficient and convenient, as they do not give the naked flame of the new gas, it is not very probable that those who have invested in electric light plants need worry very much over the future development of this new competitor.

W. R. THURSTON, '01.

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### ENGLISH AS SHE IS TAUGHT.

SEVERAL years ago a teacher, Caroline B. Le Row, published in New York a little volume with the above title. As the sub-title stated, the book was made up of "genuine answers to examination questions in our public schools." In the *Century Magazine* for April, 1887, Mark Twain commented on the book and gave many samples of its contents. His article caused a roar of laughter among the readers of the *Maga-*



zine, and many were ready to assert that the inimitable Twain had drawn all his cited examples from his own brain. But even he acknowledged "his inability to comprehend how such success in the literature of fun could be obtained, not only without effort or intention, but through heroic struggles to set forth hard facts and sober statistics." Mark Twain, it may be added, calls the little work "a darling literary curiosity," and a few extracts made at random will convince the reader of the truth of his remark.

The answers are divided into different sections with appropriate headings.

The following sentences will rival in variety and interest the famous ones of Mrs. Malaprop:

She is related to him by *animosity*.

The washwoman *dilated* the clothes.

The officer is to be tried for *dissertation* of his office.

He was *exhilarated* to a better place.

The marriage was *illegible*.

I *liquidate* you from all blame.

The strawberry crop was *magnanimous*.

She was very quick at *repertoire*.

The *serfdom* at Cony Island is very high.

He prays for the waters to *subsidize*.

Herod was called a *tetrarch* because he was so fond of tea.

There are a great many donkeys in *theological* gardens.

He landed safe on *vice versa*.

The earth makes a *vicissitude* around the sun once a year.

They had a strawberry *vestibule*.

The answers to questions in grammar are as remarkable for their humor as for bad spelling:

Capitals begin every line of the Deity.

Every sentence and name of God must begin with a caterpillar.

Grammar gives us the languish.

A delective sentence ends with a period.

The two kinds of pronouns is I and O.

The plural is formed by turning book into books.

An intransitive verb expresses an act not done to another as James did *not* strike John.

Rhythm is a horse trotting on a road.

Prose tell things that are true right along just as they are, and poetry makes it up as you go along.

Probably the most amusing definition in the book is that of a circle:

A circle is a round straight line with a hole in the middle.

Other mathematical answers are almost as rich:

A common fraction is made up of two parts with a separation between them.

Parallel lines are lines that can never meet until they run together.

Things which are equal to each other are equal to anything else.

To find the number of square feet in a room you multiply the room by the number of the feet. The product is the result.

Here is a definition that puzzled me for a long time:

A Horace uncle line is a line that isn't crooked.

What is "a Horace uncle line?" I at last solved the problem by guessing that the student meant "a horizontal line."

It seems from the geographical answers that the study of geography is decidedly backward in some of our schools:

North America is separated by Spain.

The great Lakes of America is champagne.

One of the leading industries of the United States is molasses, book-covers, numbers, gas, teaching, lumber manufacturers, paper-making, publishers, coal.

The principal seaports is cotton wool shoes.

The principal sports of New England are cotton, tobacco, ice.

The climate of New England is hot, worm, and coal.

The Yosemite Valley is the highest mountain in the world. Mason and Dixon's line is the Equater.

When we consider the *hot* contests waged over this famous line, we can see in the definition more truth of history than truth of geography.

The rapids of St. Lawrence is caused by the canoes of the Indianes.

British America is overturned by Queen Victorier.

In Austria the principal occupation is gathring Austrich feathers.

The two most famous volcanoes of Europe are Sodom and Gomorrah.

One of the chief exports of England is live meat which grows in great quantities.

The last geographical definition is certainly unique of its kind:

Climate lasts all the time and the weather only a few days.

The following amusing comments were made on that famous sentence in Bulwer Lytton's *Richelieu*: "In the lexicon of Youth, which fate reserves for a bright manhood, there's no such word as Fail."

There was no such word as fail when I was a boy, but now I am a man.

The lexicon of youth which is fated for a bright manhood, should never fail.

The youth who is in his lexicon and about to spring into a bright manhood, the word fails he knows not.

To fail is impossible for youth in the lexicon which is reserved for it.

The greatest number of answers is that included under the head of history. A few of the most amusing are given:

Salem witch craft was a son of Massasoit.

The Puritans found an insane asylum in the wilds of America.

They were called Puritans because they were more quiet than the Episcopalians.

Gorilla warfare was war where men rode on gorillas.

Alfred the Great reigned 892 years. He was distinguished for letting some buckwheat cakes burn and the lady scolded him.

A night erant is a man who goes around in the night in search of adventures.

Queen Mary married the dolphin.

The history of Rome is wrapped in antiquity.

Some scientific answers may be given:

An incline plane is a plane that inclines.

If you listen closely you can vibrate a pitchfork.

If an experiment be successful the result will be inevitable.

Sir Isaac Newton founded "The Laws of Gravity."

Tides are caused by the reflection of the sun and moon upon the water.

Probably the "richest, rarest and raciest" answers are under the head of physiology:

We have an upper and lower skin. The lower skin moves all the time and the upper moves when we do.

The upper skin is called eppederby and the lower skin is called derby.

We should never eat because the food does not digest.

The gastric juice keeps the bones from creaking.

In the stomach starch is changed to cane-sugar and cane-sugar to sugar-cane.

We all have a very elementary cannal.

The heart, lungs and blood is very dangerous.

The cow has a pulse but you cannot feel it beat at his wrist.

All animals that have feet are called quadrupeds.

We are vacksinated for the smallpox and verylord.

Some of the political answers contains "more truth than poetry."

Congress is divided into civilized, half civilized and savage.

This definition is eminently appropriate to the condition of affairs in the lower House of the 51st Congress.

The Constitution of the United States was established to ensure domestic hostility.

The Constitution of the United States is that part of the book at the end which nobody reads.

The first Conscientious Congress met in Philadelphia.

—*College Topics.*

# • The • Clemson • College • Chronicle. •

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OF

CLEMSON AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

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## • Editorial Department. •

J. CROCKATT THOMSON, Editor.

The joyous Christmas-tide is upon us, the time  
**Christmas.** when every one should realize the universal  
brotherhood of man and should endeavor to  
make every one else happy.

Some of us have either gone home or are going, there to  
gather round with the loved ones of the family circle, enjoy  
the delights of the festive board and take part in the numerous  
entertainments of Christmas time.

Those of us who remain will endeavor to do justice to  
"Shorty's" Christmas dinner, and will solace ourselves with  
the numerous boxes that we and the other boys get from home.



Thinking about Christmas, we wonder why the  
**Glee Club.** Glee Club could not do something to make that time of general festivity more enjoyable for those who will not have the pleasure of going home. What has become of the Glee Club? Surely it has not dropped quietly out of existence. We have not heard anything about it. Such an organization, if in existence, would surely make enough noise to be heard. Heretofore the Glee Club has been a source of much pleasure and diversion to us. Something is necessary to turn the minds of students away from lessons once in awhile. Too much study is wearisome to the flesh.

Since the season of football and other outdoor sports is about over some other means of relaxation should be found.

Our football team has enjoyed a season of phenomenal success this year. The greater experience is beginning to tell, and in football Clemson has risen to a higher class. Out of four games played we have been scored against in but one, and that one the first of the season. Hereafter, we will endeavor to play against teams of a higher class than those we have been in the habit of contesting with heretofore. Clemson has a brilliant future before her in football, and should soon occupy a prominent place in the South. The class games have a marked influence on the make-up of the team of the following year. Some of our best players this year were brought out by the class games of last. Had it not been for the class games we might not have had this material at all. Our team has won much praise from all sides, which was but her due after making such scores as 55-0 against Bingham, 24-0 against Carolina, and 23-0 against the Georgia Techs.

**Industrial Training.** Clemson has taken a great step toward preparing the young men of our State for the coming tremendous development of the manufacturing resources of the South.

The South, formerly the most exclusively agricultural section of our country, is rapidly taking an important position with regard to manufactures. To meet this condition of affairs, special preparation should be given the rising generation of young men.

Clemson has been doing good work in the line of industrial training and the textile school has vastly augmented her facilities. Twenty-five have already applied for the textile course and new applications keep coming.

We give a clipping from the *Piedmont Sun*:

"We had the curiosity the other day to run over in our mind the number of men who had gone out from Piedmont to become superintendents of mills and found that there were at least eighteen that we could recollect, while the number of carders, spinners and weavers who have obtained a start here and are now overseers in other mills are numberless. This speaks well for our system and reveals, too, what a splendid field for the ambitious and worthy young man the cotton manufacturing interests open up."

This should open the eyes of our young men to an opportunity that should not be neglected.

The demand for men experienced in the manufacture of cotton goods especially will make a course in the textile school of infinite value to a young man starting out in life.

**As to Contributions.** The matter of contributors has been discussed so thoroughly in previous issues that we will do no more than put in another plea for contributions. Wake up, boys, and give us something for publication.

•   **Exchange Department.**   •

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RALPH MCLENDON, Editor.

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AS was stated in our last issue, the professors of quite a number of institutions are endeavoring to do their part in encouraging the students to take a more active interest in their college papers. In several cases it appears that this aid from the instructors has become almost an absolute necessity, but there is not the slightest reason why such a deplorable condition of affairs should exist. There are continual and earnest appeals in many instances by editors to the students to come to the support of their magazines. Is this true concerning our institution? If so, what does it mean? It means nothing less than that the students are not as yet awake, but still unconcerned and indifferent as to the importance of this work, and as a necessary consequence, the editors themselves have to bear the whole which is too great a burden.

As one of our exchanges has well said, the success of a college magazine can and is easily reckoned from the independence of its staff. The literary spirit of the students determine whether or not the editors shall be placed in this position; that is, shall be forced to say to the eager contributors: "Be patient, your turn next; we will pass upon the merit of your article and publish it if it be worthy."

To some of my class-men and every other one in college who is capable of doing something for the benefit of our magazine, let me beg you to wake up and encourage you to offer your aid in making our paper a still greater success. Whether it is to move onward or not depends altogether on you. Let every one of us resolve to make a more determined attempt to prove our worth, and should the result of our efforts merit the praise of others, surely this will be sufficient reward.

It is a pleasure to review some of the magazines which have come to our table this month. They continue to improve.

The material is much better and more of it. We hope all those which have begun will keep up this spirit of improvement and all those which have not started yet will not delay longer in beginning to do likewise. Some few are not altogether prepossessing in appearance, though in other respects very good. There is not the merest excuse why any journal should be sent out with ragged edges, unclipped pages, etc. There are still others assuming more the pamphlet style in make-up, than the neat, tidy appearance which every first-class college magazine is expected to possess. We lay aside some of our best exchanges in order to give all an equal showing. We would take a delight in mentioning all of them in the very best way we feel that they deserve, but it is impossible, and we will have to confine our attention to only a few for each issue.

Among the best issues for last month on our table is *The Messenger* of Richmond College. This paper is very neat in outward appearance and in the arrangement of its contents. Both the essays and the verse show an indication of considerable thought mingled with a feeling of pleasure in this particular work. "Contact" is the subject of a contribution admirable in some respects. The beginning of "An Evening's Drive" leads the reader to be very much disappointed on reaching the abrupt ending. Had the story been developed farther, we dare say it would have proved much more attractive and entertaining. "Roman Life in the Early Period of the Decline," though somewhat a trite theme, is well worth reading. The main thought, the author has endeavored to bring out most prominently, is very good indeed. "Married Like White Folks" is a very brief little story, thought quite amusing. The verse, as a whole, is excellent. The institution which this magazine represents is one more to open its doors to young ladies. It is rather surprising to see that some of the young men regard the idea with disfavor. We delight in adding this paper to our list for another year.



The November issue of the *Central Collegian* contains a few articles of some worth, among which may be mentioned, "A Tribute to Robert E. Lee" and the "American Soldier." However, this journal could be made more entertaining to the reader by an occasional change in the kind of material and introducing verse.

*The Battalion* offers a very good argument in favor of the Bible as an educator. "The Boy who Means to be a Man" is both a suggestive and appropriate poem clipped for the exchange department.

*The Southern University Monthly* contains a well-composed contribution entitled, "Monuments not all of Stone." This paper certainly can get up a better literary department. More and a better variety of productions would make a marked difference. This publication is not nearly as good as last year, nor what it should be.

The cover of *The Georgian* invites our perusal of the contents therein, but we were somewhat disappointed with the general make-up of this paper. Very nearly all the subjects of the essays make one hesitate before reading. "New America; Its Policy of Expansion" is quite a lengthy and cleverly written oration, which was delivered by the representative of the University in the Intercollegiate contest. "A Story" is the title of a paper possessing no special merit. More care as to the style of material selected, number and length of pieces, would add materially to this periodical. The amount of editorials, we would say, is hardly sufficient. Good editorials on well-selected subjects should be one of the main features of every college paper. Although after reviewing a number of exchanges, and judging from what was found, we are inclined to think, taking this as a sufficient proof, that the majority of editors do not agree with us.

"Ellen and Marietta" and "The Change of Mind" are two very interesting and attractive stories in the *Baylor Literary*.



The piece entitled "An American Writer," in which it portrays Washington Irving as one of the first and greatest of American writers, is a deserving essay. Generally speaking, the matter in the literary department is good enough, such as it is, but we think that it could be greatly improved upon by giving more attention to poetry.

*The Polytechnian* comes to us this month with several instructive contributions, such as essays. "What is Our Conception of Life" is the subject of a piece well worth being read by every youth. The article, the title of which is "The Solitude of Genius," shows deep thought, and is doubtless creditable to the writer. "The Expansion Issue" is an up-to-date subject which is well discussed.

The William and Mary College monthly makes its first appearance with the November issue. Viewed from without, this paper has a very neat and inviting appearance. After perusing its contents, we feel that the same can be said with no less accuracy concerning the interior. "The Present Crisis," the initial production, stands first in joint merit and interest. The subject, it seems, is discussed with unusual familiarity. The author's manner of reasoning is quite logical in some instances. "True Citizenship the First Element of National Greatness" is the title of an article containing a few very good thoughts. Towards the latter part we were interested most. The following will, perhaps, give a fairly good idea, as to the general sentiment of the paper: "The great need of our Republic to-day is conscientious education. If our country is to withstand the shocks that now assail her; if she is to resist successfully the vices that sweep over her; if she is to cope intelligently with great problems that now confront her, she must instil into the lives and consciences of her sons those principles of humanity, strength and uprightness of character and devotion to the immediate calls of duty without thought of brilliant ends or ideal

results. We may build our marble palaces, beautified with all embellishment and all that wealth can afford; we may rear our lofty buildings with their heads towering high into the heavens; we may adorn our cities with the most perfect sculptures and paintings that the world has ever seen; yet, if the character and morality of our people are undermined; if the conviction and responsibility of our duty toward our fellow men is weakened; if our respect and reverence for the uplifting and saving power of Christianity is destroyed, we can never, as a nation, expect to attain to that height of greatness which shall be enduring and lasting. Truly, as a nation our highest aim should be to elevate and dignify the homes of the people from whose thresholds are to come the young men on whom will devolve the responsibility of the nation's maintenance and success. May our ideal of citizenship, from the humblest cottage to the marble palace, be such that the old ship of State, amid the rocks and shoals of political strife, and tossed hither and thither by the winds of internal discord, may at last reach the haven of safety, guided by the wisdom and justice of her people."

"Was the War Justifiable" tells us nothing new. Unless one is greatly in need of something to write about and cannot do better, it is best to discuss some other subject for the present at least. Would like to see more and a better variety of editorials.

The Y. M. C. A. notes show that an unlimited amount of attention and care is paid to this feature of the institution, which should command the interest of every college student.

• Clippings. •

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After working all day in gymnasium,  
I think it is not doing well,  
When I go to an evening reception,  
To have forced upon me a dumb-belle.

—*Harvard Lampoon.*

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SONNET.

And is it so then, Sweet? And must I learn,  
Now, when my soul had all but found a rest  
From gnawing pain upon thy sheltering breast,  
That all my love is vain? And shall I turn  
Back to the dark that lay behind, and yearn  
In lonely sorrow for thy love that seemed  
So nearly mine? And shall the light that gleamed  
Within my aching heart to ashes burn?

In thy pure presence how could I deceive?  
I strove to show my inmost soul; but now  
Would God thy purity knew not the stain  
Whose shadow chills thy love.—Didst thou believe  
I was all good?—Ah, love, my head I bow  
In this my expiation's bitter pain.

—*Exchange.*

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ASSURANCE.

I doubt thy love? Most truly no!  
'Twould sink me to the depths of woe.  
If once I thought you were untrue  
I scarcely know what I would do.

I doubt thy love? No, never! no!  
To me your words and actions show  
That true love prompts and rules your life,  
What more is wanting in a *wife*?

I doubt thy love? I sooner far  
Could hope to dim the morning star.  
No one in earth, or heaven above  
Could ever make me doubt thy love.

Your love so pure, so deep, so broad,  
Whose source is the eternal God,  
Will still continue true to me  
Throughout the vast eternity.

—*Richmond College Messenger.*

## ABOVE THE CALM.

Sometimes, when ships rock idly on the tide,  
And sea-birds hover in the drowsy air,  
When the world lies becalmed, nor anywhere  
A ripple flecks the deep blue far and wide;  
Straightway, high overhead, the mast beside,  
Flutters the drooping pennant, streaming there  
Athwart the blushing sky, and, in the glare  
Of the red, sinking sun, all glorified.  
Then, toward the purpling distance of the west,  
With sails aloft, o'er the gray, breathless sea  
The ships sail on. Thus, O my soul, thy quest,  
Above the deathful calm, where winds blow free,  
To bear thee ever on at God's behest,  
Adown the trackless years that are to be.

—*Harvard Lit.*

## CONSOLATION.

Her deep blue eyes are like the skies,  
When twilight stars are first appearing—  
Clear and serene, in which are seen  
Great thoughts of God, divinely cheering.

Her face is fair and free from care  
As is the calmly sweet September;  
And each soft tress seems the caress  
Of some loved hand that we remember.

Her trembling lips are springs whence slips  
The rill-like music of her laughter;  
And every word is like a bird  
That unto heaven seems to waft her.

She is so sweet that no deceit  
E'er cast its darkening shadow o'er her;  
She is so pure and so demure  
The soul in worship falls before her.

—*The Cento.*

## • Local and Alumni. •

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J. L. KENNEDY, Editor.

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The committee appointed by the three societies for the purpose of suggesting a plan by which to select an orator to represent the college in the Intercollegiate oratorical contest, met and submitted the following report:

The joint committee from the three societies met and proposed the following:

1st. That it being necessary to select one man from this college to represent the college in the Intercollegiate Oratorical Association, to meet at Erskine College the last Friday in April, the best and most just manner of selecting the man named be by contest. Therefore, the committee suggests that each society procure a man to act as its representative, as soon as possible, to take part in the inter-society contest, which will take place in the chapel.

2d. That the best manner of selecting the representative of each society is by contest. Therefore, the committee suggests that in the three annual celebrations of the three societies, which are about to take place, the winners of the orator's medals be chosen as representatives in the inter-society contest.

3d. That as the constitution of the Intercollegiate Association requires a typewritten copy of the speech to be in the hands of the judges on literary construction three days before the date of the contest, that the inter-society contest of this college be held not later than the first Friday of March, 1899.

4th. That, if for any reason any of the societies do not hold an annual contest, that it will be left to the societies to decide how their men shall be chosen.



5th. That the judges of the inter-society contest be chosen from men other than professors of this college, or residents of the Hill.

6th. That each society appoint a committee of three to act as an executive committee from their respective societies, whose duty it shall be to make proper arrangements for the inter-society contest, such as the printing of invitations, procuring of judges, attending to the decoration of the hall, etc.

The societies accepted the suggestions of the committee, adopting the proposed plan with some minor amendments.

Dr. Charles Lane, of Atlanta, delivered a lecture in the chapel on the 3d of December, entitled "Lessons not Learned in Books." The lecture was very amusing and instructive.

Mr. D. H. Henry, '98, is teaching at Pendleton.

The members of the Columbian Society have succeeded in obtaining Maj. Klugh's old class-room for their society hall, their present hall being entirely too small to accommodate such a large number of cadets.

There will be two days holiday given Christmas, and not two weeks vacation as was at first supposed. That we will not have a week or ten days off Christmas is a great disappointment to most of us, having been anticipating the pleasure of going home to see our fathers and mothers and sisters and *other boys' sisters*.

First "rat" (looking at weather vane on College.)—Wonder what that is for.

Second "rat."—That's to show the wind which way to blow.

Mrs. W. M. Riggs has returned from Auburn, Ala., where she attended her sister's wedding.

A dance was given in the hall over Sloan's store on November 26th. Some twenty-five or thirty cadets attended, and quite a number of young ladies from Pendleton were present.

Prof. G. E. Nesom has returned from Omaha, where he had gone to receive a doctor's degree.

Capt. and Mrs. Fuller visited some of their friends of the 7th Cavalry in Huntsville, Ala., on 26th of November.

Professor.—Give the definition of seminary.

Prep.—Semi, half; nary, taught; the place where pupils are half taught.

Cadets J. C. Duckworth, H. R. Chreitzberg, and J. H. Kinsler visited Cadet Duckworth's home Thanksgiving.

Some of our salt water "rats" have not fully realized their whereabouts. Last week some of them were heard planning an expedition to gather oysters on the Seneca at low tide, and had nearly completed their arrangements when some one informed them that the tide didn't ebb and flow in this region.

Fresh.—How much rye did you have in Augusta?

Soph.—Oh, we had about a "pot" full.

"Baxtera" (on receiving pipe from another cadet.)—Mc, this pipe is hot, you must have just smoked it.

Mc.—Yes, it's a rapid firing gun.

"Ducky."—And a disappearing gun when the majors inspect.

Miss Helen Sloan, of Charleston, has been visiting at Dr. Sloan's.

Miss Leila Sloan, of Charleston, has been visiting on the Hill.

Miss Felicia Murray, of Anderson, is visiting at Col. Hardin's.

Prof. W. S. Morrison attended the Methodist conference at Greenwood.

Mr. Boyd, of Philadelphia, is visiting Mr. Dan Ravenel.

Mr. Murray Hair, of Union, paid a recent visit to Cadet J. K. Hair.

The football team tendered coacher Penton a farewell "pan out" in barracks on the night of November 26th.

Mr. C. M. Furman, '96, attended a ball in Greenville a few days ago.

Cadet F. (in chemistry, picking up a pipette.)—Professor, shall I measure the reagent with a biped?

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### SOME SENIOR EPITAPHS.

From Shakespeare.

The Class.—Murdock.—"We are men, my liege."

Macbeth.—"Aye, in the catalogue ye go for men."

W-l-er.—"He steps as if upon a velvet cloth, observed by all."

E-d-r.—"For my voice, I have lost it with hallowing and singing of anthems."

L-w-s.—“He was indeed the glass wherein the noble youth did dress themselves.”

T-o-s-n.—“When he shall die,  
Take him and cut him out in little stars,  
And he will make the face of heaven so fine  
That all the world will be in love with night  
And pay no worship to the garish sun.”

H-k.—Nor do not saw the air too much with your hands,  
thus.”

S-i-h.—“His life was gentle.”

C-lh-n.—“I know a hawk from a handsaw.”

S-ø-l-y.—“A combination and a form indeed,  
Where every god did seem to set his seal,  
To give the world assurance of a man.”

T-rn-r.—“Has this fellow no feeling in his business?”

McL-nd-n.—“For I am nothing if not critical.”

T-yl-r.—“A tall, stout, oily man of God.”

S-r-b-i-g.—“Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look.”

J-ff-r-s.—“Mr. Postman, have you naught for me?”

M-th-s.—“I’ll put a girdle ’bout the earth in forty minutes.”

T-r-i-s-d.—“What’s in a name?”

C-r-i-zb-g.—“A man content with everything he sees.”

The Class.—“Most grave and reverend seniors.”

N-rr-s.—“Speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us.”

W. L. M.

Quite an interesting game of football was played between the Freshman and Subfreshman classes on December 10th. There was excellent playing on both sides, but the Subfresh showed lack of experience. Every one on the Hill and the entire corps of cadets were out to witness the game. The result of the game was 14 to 0 in favor of the Freshmen.

The Freshman class has organized and elected the following officers:

President—C. Douthit.

Vice-President—C. B. Owings.

Secretary—M. W. Hunter.

Historian—S. H. Lumpkin.

Prophet—W. D. Starling.

Lawyer—N. D. Walker.

Poet—H. A. Wilson.

Chaplain—A. O. Bowers.

On the 17th of November committees from the several colleges of the State met in Columbia and organized a State Intercollegiate Association. The officers elected were:

President—W. C. Allen, Furman.

Vice-President—P. C. Garris, Wofford.

Recording Secretary—G. E. Edwards, Wofford.

Corresponding Secretary—W. L. Moise, Clemson.

Treasurer—Thompson, Erskine.

Five colleges are represented in the Association: Furman, Wofford, Erskine, Clemson, and the S. C. Presbyterian College. The first contest is to be held at Due West on the last Friday night in April, 1899.

Professor to Class in Bacteriology.—This is *Bacillus megaterium*, which causes decomposition in turnips and cabbages.



Cadet S. to Cadet McL.—Look out, Mc, keep your head away from there.

Clemson is fast becoming coeducational. We have Ellen, Sally, Jenny and Molly.

Ask "Prue" to show you his "table" at Clinic.

Professor (in English.)—Mr. R., who was Chaucer's father? "Jake."—Old man Chaucer.

Professor (in Vet.)—Mr. W., how many bones are there in the horse's body?

"Ichabod."—Two hundred and nineteen.

Professor.—Why, you have enough for a grown horse and a six-months colt.

"Blossom" has discovered a germ which he terms *Bacillus bedbugus*.

Ask "Yellow Hammer" whom he rode with on the "chariot" in Columbia.

The Palmetto Literary Society has elected the following officers for the ensuing quarter:

President—J. L. Kennedy.

Vice-President—J. J. Gray.

Secretary—W. G. Hill.

Literary Critic—F. J. McKinley.

Treasurer—C. J. Fickling.

Prosecuting Critic—J. N. Walker.

Reporting Critics—J. H. Kinsler, T. O. Lawton, J. R. Blakeney.

Censor—J. H. Roddy.

Sergeant-at-Arms—W. A. Sanders.

Professor (in Chemistry.)—In what States is sulphur found?

Judson.—In loose combination and in the Congo Free State.

A few days ago a "rat" was heard making inquiries as to what Maj. —— meant by commanding the captains to face about and preserve the manual.

"Rat" (looking at guy-rod running from electric light pole to exchange.)—Wonder what they fastened the barracks to that pole for?

Professor of English.—Mr. L., will you give the derivation of equinox?

Y. H.—Equi comes from a Latin word meaning horse, and nox is a Latin word meaning night; therefore, equinox means nightmare.

Young Lady.—Who is that cadet who takes the mail to barracks, the one that looks so much like "Speck."

There is a new organization on the Hill, which goes under the title of the "Can-Can" Club and meets at "any old place."

Hark! We hear soft strains of music floating down the band hall, mixed with tingling brass. "Professor" All has a piano.

On Saturday, December the 10th, a very enjoyable dance was given by a few of the seniors, over D. B. Sloan's store. Of course the men predominated, as is always the case with dances at Clemson, but nevertheless it proved a great source of pleasure to all who attended. Quite a number of young ladies from Pendleton and the surrounding country drove over to the dance, and added much to the success of the affair, as there are so few young ladies living on the Hill. The dancing contingent of Clemson College, together with a few

professors and visitors, were present and demonstrated the fact that dancing will always be popular at this college. Situated, as we are, in the middle of the woods, several miles from any social community, there are no social attractions to vary the dull routine of college life, with the one exception of dancing. Even this is greatly impaired by the lack of a nice dancing-hall, which will accommodate the number of dancers usually present upon such occasions. It is, however, a very encouraging fact, that we will make the best of what we can procure, and there is quite a pleasant prospect in view of weekly or bi-weekly dances for the rest of the season.

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### CLEMSON 24, CAROLINA 0.

The principal feature of the State Fair was the Carolina-Clemson football game, in which the Clemson team proved its superior training and skill by shutting out Carolina by a score of 24 to 0, making Clemson again the champion of the State. About 2,000 people were present and saw one of the prettiest games of football of the season. Carolina was out-classed at every point, and the resulting score was a surprise to every one. The game was played almost entirely in Carolina's territory, and at no time was our goal in danger. Our four beautiful sponsors—Misses Ella Sullivan, Leora Douthit, Leona Tilman, Irene Salley, of Winthrop College—added much to the pleasure of the occasion. They rode in a carriage drawn by two white horses, both horses and carriage being decorated with orange and purple. They were very enthusiastic throughout the game, and their pleasure over our victory was not exceeded even by that of the players themselves.

We are indebted to the *State* for the following detailed account of the game.

Our team lined up as follows:

Shealy (capt).....	Left end.
Douthit.....	Left tackle.
Hanvey.....	Left guard.
Mathis.....	Center.
Stone.....	Right guard.
Walker.....	Right tackle.
Chreitzberg.....	Right end.
Riggs.....	Quarter-back
Gentry.....	Left half-back.
Hunter.....	Left half-back.
Sullivan.....	Right half-back.
Kaigler.....	Right half-back.
Forsythe.....	Full-back.

It was a hot game of ball from the time Referee Bond of the University of Georgia blew his whistle to begin the play on the first half until he let it "toot" for the stopping of the game, about two hours later. And when it was all over the story was simply, but completely told in the score—Clemson 24, Carolina 0. It was not won by flukes, or accidents, but by hard, straight football, and the best team won. The fight put up by the men of the home team was a great one, in spite of the odds against them. Never, perhaps, was such an exhibition of pluck and grit witnessed as was exhibited by the members of both elevens.

Clemson has every cause to be proud of her second victory over Carolina, and may well glory in the fact that an even larger score was run up than was the case last season. Carolina's eleven this year is much heavier than last, is better trained and in every respect superior, and this fact had led many to think that the chances of their winning were favor-

able, but again they suffered defeat, and the laurel goes to Clemson.

The game, while not, perhaps, as clean as that of former years, could scarcely be complained of, and, while there was a great deal of kicking and grumbling about "slugging" and the like, yet the umpire had a comparatively easy job, and the only men who had to leave the game were those who had received some slight injury in the scrimmages and had to give way to fresher men.

It is hard to single out any one man or any several men on the Clemson eleven for special mention. The work of the whole team was far above the average, but to their ends and backs perhaps more than to any of the others is due the credit of the victory.

As to Carolina, Hagood was without question the star of the team. He was one of the few men who seemed able to hit the Clemson runners low. His tackling was of a superior nature. He is the strongest defensive player on the eleven. Frank Haskell, Miller, Boyd, Evans and Verner were the other men who did the best work. Haskell, up to the time that he received his injury, was playing a game that any one might well have been proud of; both in offensive and defensive he was strong, and even after he was hurt, early in the first half, he kept on at his post until Coach Wertenbaker and Captain Foster had to make him leave the field. He left begging to be allowed to continue to play, but Harris was substituted and held his own well.

Verner, at end, played a cracking game, and downed several runners for losses.

McIntosh, at quarter, seemed to find trouble in getting the ball to the backs, whether it was on account of the men getting through the line or not, could not be told, but there was "fumble" after "fumble."



## THE GAME IN DETAIL.

It was just 11 o'clock when Captains Foster and Shealey tossed for the goal; Foster won and chose the north goal, and the elevens lined up as follows:

## FIRST HALF.

Referee Bond blew the whistle and Miller of Carolina sent the ball to Clemson's 30-yard line. The ball is caught by Sullivan and is brought forward four yards before he is tackled and downed. The teams then line up for the first scrimmage. Riggs calls Gentry's number and he goes 10 yards around right end before Shand stops him. To this Gentry adds five more between guard and tackle. Sullivan then takes the end for 10. Douthit is called on to add up a few more, but he fumbles; he recovers the ball, however, by falling on it. No gain.

He is given another try, however, and bucks outside of right tackle for five yards. Forsythe then goes through the line for five more; to this Sullivan adds fifteen yards on a long end run. Gentry tries to repeat the performance, but is downed behind the line by Frank Haskell; Haskell broke through beautifully in this play. On the next attempt, however, he gets his wanted distance and ten extra around right end.

On the next three downs five yards more is gained. Forsythe and Douthit together get three yards on next two downs. Douthit adds seven more and Forsythe four. The ball is now in two yards of Carolina's goal line. Sullivan tries to carry it over, but fails to gain. Forsythe, however, does the work. Time of game, seven minutes.

Score: Clemson, 5; Carolina, 0.

Clemson kicks off. Hagood of Carolina catches and advances the ball ten yards. Boyd Evans goes the end for five yards to gain. Hagood gets one. Shand fails at the line.

On third down Shand punts beautifully for twenty-five yards to Forsythe, who is downed by Miller.

The ball is now on the fifty-yard line. Douthit tries the end, but Foster tackles him for a loss. Shealey then goes two yards through Swearingen and Miller. To this he adds six yards on an end buck. On the next play, by a pretty double pass, Gentry adds ten through the line.

Clemson then, by a series of end and line plays, carries ball to within two yards of Carolina's goal line. Three attempts are made to carry the ball over, but without success, and the ball goes to Carolina on down. This is a beautiful stand by Carolina. Shand takes the ball on an outside tackle buck for two yards. Hagood adds two more, but Riggs takes the ball from him and carries it over the line like a flash.

Forsythe kicks goal. Score: Clemson, 10; Carolina, 0. Time: 17 minutes.

There is no more scoring in the first half.

#### SECOND HALF.

Ten minutes rest.

Clemson kicks off and the ball goes to Shand, who makes a beautiful catch and carries the ball ten yards. McIntosh attempts to pass to Hagood, but fumbles and Shealey gets the ball and carries it over for a touchdown. Forsythe fails at goal.

Score: Clemson, 14; Carolina, 0.

Miller kicks off for Carolina and Clemson advances ball twenty-five yards before it goes over to Carolina on downs. Here is where the pretty part of the game takes place. For twenty minutes the ball is not advanced ten yards towards either goal line. Carolina finally begins to go for Clemson's goal, when the ball is given to the latter on offside play. A good deal of time is lost here while Captain Foster and referee Bond have a little chat.

In a hot scrimmage Sullivan is laid out, and his place is supplied by Kaigler.

Just after this Haskell and Shand are both taken out of the game on account of injuries, and their places taken by Harris and W. Evans. Evans does nice work at half and Harris plays steady ball. Verner begins to make some beauty tackles behind the line and to down men for losses. However, Clemson takes another gaining mood and by long end and close cut in plays finally makes another touchdown, Shealey taking the ball over.

Forsythe kicks goal. Score: Clemson, 19; Carolina, 0.

Miller kicks off, and Clemson gets ball, bringing it twenty yards before being downed. Clemson fails to get five yards in next three downs, and ball goes to Carolina. Herbert punts forty yards to Forsythe. The ball rolls along the ground and Foster and Forsythe watch each other in getting it.

Clemson then takes the ball in a hurry to Carolina's goal line. In offensive work, they keep advancing the ball in such manner that it looked at first as though "Carolina's drinks" would be few and far between. In defensive, the work of the ends was lightning-like, and they were through and had Carolina's interference knocked into a cocked hat before it was started good.

Kaigler now makes a beautiful thirty-yard run for a touchdown. Forsythe kicks goal.

Score: Clemson, 24; Carolina, 0.

Officials: Referee, Bond of University of Georgia. Umpire, Captain Fuller, U. S. A. Linemen, Bowman, Clemson; Green, Carolina.

The closing game of the season was played in Augusta, Ga., at 4 o'clock Thursday, between Clemson and the Georgia Techs, resulting in a clean shut-out for the Techs. The game was a surprise to every one who witnessed it. Clemson antici-

pated a close, hotly contested game, but such was not the case. After five minutes had elapsed, the game was pronounced a victory for Clemson. Taken as a whole, the game was an eventful one, filled with delicate points of mastery all the way through. Both teams were excellent on the offensive, but the Techs lacked a solid line and this gave Clemson the advantage. Almost every gain was obtained by careful and intricately planned moves, backed by steady mechanical execution. Possibly the most interesting feature of the entire game was the miraculous stand made by Clemson, when the ball was within six inches of her goal. For the first time in the game Clemson's goal was threatened. The ball had been advanced with unusual rapidity toward the goal, by a series of bucks and end plays, which seemed to daunt Clemson. The ball now lay within six inches of the goal line, and the Techs had possession. Penton, Clemson's train, called on the boys for a bracing up, and they responded. Twice the Techs tried to make the six inches, but with seemingly superhuman efforts we held our own, and twice were the Techs repulsed. Then the ball went over to Clemson, the Techs having failed to make necessary gain. From then it was an easy task. Bucks and end plays soon carried the ball a safe distance from our goal, and the tension of our minds was relieved. At no other time was Clemson's goal threatened. The Techs showed evident lack of training. Their material was fine, but there was lacking that unity and systematic cooperation necessary to make a successful team. Possibly the best playing for the Techs was done by Erskine and Crawford, two excellent sprinters. Clemson's star playing was executed by Shealey, Chreitzberg and Walker. The game was not as valuable from a sporting standpoint as might have been desired by true lovers of the sport, for it lacked the constant contesting necessary to make the affair exciting. The lesson to be drawn from the game is merely this: Weight does not count in compari-



son with skill. Clemson has played four games this season, and only one team of the four scored against her. Yet, every one of the teams were heavier than Clemson's team. Such is the value of mere weight. The only objectionable feature of the game was the discouraging attendance. It seemed that the citizens of Augusta lacked interest or information, for very few of the spectators were citizens. This is, of course, the final game of the season, according to custom, and with such a crown to her past victories, Clemson may well feel elated over her invincibles. The following was the line-up:

Clemson.	Position.	Techs.
Mathis .....	Center .....	West
Hanvey .....	Left Guard .....	Pelham
Stone .....	Right Guard .....	Yow
Walker .....	Right Tackle .....	Holman
Douthit .....	Left Tackle .....	Wooley
Chreitzberg .....	Right End .....	Erskine
Shealey (Capt.) ..	Left End .....	Clark
Riggs .....	Quarterback .....	Owen
Kaigler .....	Right Half .....	(C.) Crawford
Gentry .....	Left Half .....	Hart
Forsyth, W. C. ....	Full Back .....	Merritt

Substitutes: Clemson—Lewis, G. P., Blease, Forsythe, R. G., Hunter. Colors, orange and purple.

Techs.—Harris, Gordon, Fields. Colors, old gold and white.

Umpire—H. C. Brown of Georgia.

Referee—R. T. V. Bowman of Clemson.

Timekeeper—Jones of Georgia.

Linemen—Lewis (Clemson) and Harris (Techs).

Time—First half, thirty minutes; second half, twenty-five minutes.

Score—Clemson, 23; Techs, 0.



## A NOCTURNAL EXPERIENCE.

A noiseless fall  
Adown the hall  
Of stealthy footsteps nearing,  
A "rat" asleep,  
In dreams so sweet,  
No thought of foes appearing.

A rumbling noise  
Of beds and boys,  
All tangled in confusion,  
A frightened "rat"  
Now laid out flat,  
Wakes from his wild illusion.

The sounds of feet  
In exit fleet,  
Denote a rapid mover,  
A slamming door,  
A muffled roar,  
"Hang it! they've turned me over."

—R. P. SEARSON.

## CONSTITUTION OF THE SOUTH CAROLINA INTERCOLLEGIATE ORATORICAL ASSOCIATION.

### ARTICLE I.—TITLE.

The name of this organization shall be the South Carolina Interecollegiate Oratorical Association.

### ARTICLE II.—OBJECTS.

The objects of this Association shall be: to develop closer and more friendly relations between the colleges of the State; to foster and promote the cultivation of oratory in the several colleges, and to hold annual oratorical contests, debates, and such other literary contests, at such times and places as shall be decided upon by the Executive Committee.

### ARTICLE III.—MEMBERSHIP.

Section 1. The membership of the Association shall be composed of two kinds—college and personal.

Sec. 2. The Association is composed of the following college membership: Furman University, Wofford College, Clemson Agricultural College, Presbyterian College of South Carolina, Erskine College, and such other institutions as shall be admitted by a unanimous vote of all the members of the Association present at any annual convention.

Sec. 3. The personal membership shall be composed of the charter members of the Association, and the representatives selected annually by the colleges. They shall be the active members of the Association for one year immediately following the contest in which they take part, when their names shall be added to the alumni roll of the Association.

#### ARTICLE IV.—OFFICERS.

Sec. 1. The officers of this Association shall be a President, Vice-President, Secretary and Recorder, Treasurer, and Corresponding Secretary, one from each of the five colleges now represented in the Association, and alternating annually in the order of colleges as named.

Sec. 2. All officers of the Association shall be elected by ballot—the nomination being made by a nominating committee appointed by the president, and the college representative receiving a majority vote shall be decided the choice of the Association.

Sec. 3. The President of the Association on his retirement from office, and ex-prizemen, shall have their names enrolled on the honor roll of the Association.

#### ARTICLE V.—DUTIES OF OFFICERS.

Sec. 1. It shall be the duty of the President to preside at all meetings. He shall be master of ceremonies at the annual contest; shall cast the deciding vote in all cases of a tie in the convention; shall deliver, or have delivered, all awards to successful contestants; shall attach his signature to certificates of

membership; and shall have power to call special meetings at the written request of a majority of the colleges represented in the Association.

Sec. 2. The Vice-President shall be active chairman of the Executive Committee; and as a representative of his institution he shall have a voice in all deliberations of the Committee. In case of absence, by request, removal from the State, or death of the President, the Vice-President shall become the active President of the Association.

Sec. 3. It shall be the duty of the Secretary and Recorder to keep an accurate copy, to record constitution and by-laws, all amendments which shall be made by the Association. He shall also keep in suitable record the membership of the Association, both active and alumni, according to colleges represented; shall keep and file the proceedings of the annual convention, and copies of all orations delivered in annual contest.

Sec. 4. It shall be the duty of the Corresponding Secretary, to sign and issue certificates of personal membership upon the order of the President; shall attend to such correspondence as may devolve upon him and any other duties the Association may authorize.

Sec. 5. The Treasurer shall keep all accounts of the Association and pay all bills approved by the Executive Committee. He shall keep on deposit all moneys belonging to the Association; shall receive all dues and receipt for same.

#### ARTICLE VI.—EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Sec. 1. The President shall appoint annually an Executive Committee consisting of one representative from each college having membership in the Association. No officer, with the exception of the Vice-President, shall be a member of the Executive Committee.

Sec. 2. It shall be the duty of the Executive Committee to audit all accounts before they are presented to the Associa-

tion. The Committee shall decide all contests in regard to personal membership.

Sec. 3. The annual oratorical contests of the Association shall be under the control of the Executive Committee. The Committee shall arrange annual champion debates, to follow the oratorical contests, if this is found practicable.

#### ARTICLE VII.—COMMITTEE ON DECISION.

Sec. 1. Six persons shall constitute the Committee on Decision. This Committee shall be selected annually by the Executive Committee acting, with the President of the Association, and shall serve only in the contest following their selection.

Sec. 2. The members of the Committee on Decision shall not at any time have been connected in any capacity, directly or indirectly, with any contesting institution. No member of Committee, Section A, shall be selected from South Carolina.

Sec. 3. Any college of the Association shall have the right to object to any member of the committee, but not more than two objections shall be allowed from any college. All objections shall be in writing, and in the hands of the Chairman of the Executive Committee at least twenty-five days for Committee, Section A, and ten days for Committee, Section B, previous to the contest.

Sec. 4. The Committee on Decision shall be divided into two equal sections, A and B. Section A shall be selected at least sixty days previous to the contest, and each college of the Association shall be notified as soon as practicable of the Committee's selection and acceptance. This Committee, Section A, shall compare all orations submitted to them, and shall grade them on the following points: *Originality, Thought, and Rhetoric*—giving one final grade for each oration. This grade shall be on the scale of one hundred—the best oration, if considered perfect, being graded one hundred and the re-

maintaining orations in proportion to their merit as compared with the first.

Sec. 5. Section B shall be selected at least fifteen days previous to the contest. This committee section shall grade on *Delivery*. All points shall rank equally; shall be graded without consultation, each member of the section giving one grade to each oration. This grade, which shall be on the scale of one hundred as in section A, shall then be sealed to be opened only for the final count.

Sec. 6. The Secretary of the Association, at least thirty days before the contest, shall forward a typewritten copy of each oration to each member of the Committee section A, who shall grade them and send sealed copies of their grades to the "Secretary of the Sealed Marks" of Committee section B. These grades shall reach their destination at least four days before the contest. Neither the names of the authors of the orations nor the institutions represented shall be known by any member of Committee section A. It shall be the duty of the Secretary of the Association to furnish each member of Committee section A with the name and address of the "Secretary of the Sealed Marks" of Committee section B.

Sec. 7. At the close of the contest and in the presence of the audience assembled, the "Secretary of the Sealed Marks" of Committee section B, assisted by the remaining members of the Committee on Decision shall make a final average. At no other place and time, and under no other circumstances whatsoever, shall any of the sealed grades be opened.

Sec. 8. The orator, the name of whose grade from all members of the entire Committee on Decision is found to be greatest, shall be awarded the first honor place. The orator whose name is next highest, shall be awarded the second honor place. In case of a tie for first or second honor, or both, Committee section B shall retire, and without consultation shall cast one sealed ballot for the orator, or orators, judged by them to be



most entitled to the prize or prizes. The "Secretary of the Sealed Marks," attended by the Committee section B, shall then announce to the audience the result; he shall name the orator who receives the first honor place first. The markings of the entire Committee on Decision shall be published in at least one daily newspaper.

#### ARTICLE VIII.—ORATIONS.

In the contests of this Association, no oration shall contain more than twenty-five hundred words, and it shall be the duty of the Secretary to construe this article strictly to the letter, and to return any oration exceeding the above limit. Any analysis, outline or explanation attached to the oration shall be considered a part thereof, counted and graded accordingly. All orations shall be prepared and written by the contestants themselves, without assistance, on penalty of exclusion from the contest.

#### ARTICLE IX.—REPRESENTATIVES.

The mode of selection of the contestants from each college shall be decided by each institution forming this Association. Each college shall be entitled to only one representative, and he shall be a member of one of the literary societies; shall be an undergraduate at the time of his selection. Each representative shall have made and forwarded to the Secretary three typewritten copies of his oration at least twenty-five days previous to the contest.

#### ARTICLE X.—FEES.

Sec. 1. Each college of the Association shall pay an annual fee of ten dollars. This fee shall be paid at least thirty days previous to the contest.

Sec. 2. Each representative for the annual contests shall pay a fee of one dollar. Upon the payment of this fee, the Treasurer shall issue his receipt, which shall be forwarded to

the President, who shall then order the Secretary to issue a certificate of membership in the Association. Any representative who shall fail to pay this fee within forty days previous to the contest shall not be allowed to enter the contest for prizes.

ARTICLE XI.—PRIZES.

As testimonials of success in the contests of this Association there shall be awarded two prizes; as first honor, a gold medal of the value of twenty-five dollars; as second honor, a gold medal of the value of ten dollars.

ARTICLE XII.—CONVENTIONS.

Sec. 1. The annual convention shall consist of the Executive Committee, the contestants from each college, and the officers of the Association.

Sec. 2. The annual convention of the Association shall meet in the afternoon of the day on which the contest is held. Each college representative shall be entitled to one vote. All representatives who take part in the contest and all officers of the Association present shall attend the convention. Failure to do so, without a valid excuse, shall subject offender to expulsion. All alumni members present shall have a right to take part in the deliberation of the convention, but shall not be allowed to vote upon any question except a motion to adjourn.

ARTICLE XIII.—EXCLUSION FROM MEMBERSHIP.

Any college of the Association failing to send its quota of representatives to any annual contest without furnishing to the Executive Committee a satisfactory reason, or failing to pay its annual dues within the time limit, shall be excluded from the Association.

## ARTICLE XIV.—CONTESTANTS.

Sec. 1. All contestants shall draw for places on the day preceding the contest. Each contestant's place, name, and subject of oration alone shall appear on the program.

Sec. 2. A contestant shall not appear in uniform, or wear college colors, medals, or pins; and no college banner shall be placed in any position whatsoever during the time of the contest, so as to designate the representative of any college.

## ARTICLE XV.—PUBLICATIONS.

The Association shall have no official organ, but each college of the Association shall publish once in its magazine or college paper, during the term following the contest, the oration of its representative, a list of officers, prize men, date and place of next contest, and the constitution of the Association.

## ARTICLE XVI.—AMENDMENTS.

Sec. 1. All questions of parliamentary forms and usages, not provided for by this constitution, shall be referred to "Robert's Rules of Order."

Sec. 2. This constitution may be amended at any annual convention of the Association by a two-thirds vote of the college representatives present.

# CLEMSON COLLEGE DIRECTORY.

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## CLEMSON AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

H. S. HARTZOG, President. P. H. E. SLOAN, Sec'y and Treas.

## CLEMSON COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

J. Crockatt Thomson, Editor-in-Chief.

J. Francis Sullivan, Business Manager.

## CALHOUN LITERARY SOCIETY.

I. B. Taylor, President.

N. D. Walker, Secretary.

## COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

A. S. Shealy, President.

J. E. Caughman, Secretary.

## PALMETTO LITERARY SOCIETY.

J. L. Kennedy, President.

W. G. Hill, Secretary.

## YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

I. B. Taylor, President.

W. G. Adams, Secretary.

## CLEMSON COLLEGE SCIENTIFIC ASSOCIATION.

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Ernest Walker, Secretary.

## ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

W. M. Riggs, President.

J. F. Sullivan, Secretary.

## FOOTBALL ASSOCIATION.

W. M. Riggs, President.

J. F. Sullivan, Manager.

A. S. Shealy, Captain Team '98.

## CLEMSON COLLEGE GLEE CLUB.

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## TENNIS CLUB.

C. M. Furman, Jr., President.

J. Crockatt Thomson, Secretary.

## BASEBALL ASSOCIATION.

T. C. Shaw, Captain and Manager.

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Valeat Quantum Valere Potest.

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## Literary Department.

W. FLOWERS WALKER, - - - - - EDITOR.

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### HEAVEN AND HELL.

#### I.

Since first the man was born into the world  
And surveyed with his eye the miracles  
That did surround him upon every side,  
And wondered at the grandeur of it all;  
Since then, descendants have e'en done as much,  
Viewing the common vestments of the earth  
And standing silently in speechless awe.  
Man ever has been wondering, ever will,  
On right and left great lessons are to learn;  
Creation in itself is great enough  
That all should gaze, and cease not till their death.

#### II.

Among those problems placed for our view,  
But not our comprehension, is that one  
Which tells us of God's promise of reward  
And warns us of the danger of his wrath.  
A golden promise, sweet as one could wish,  
A future Heaven placed before our view  
To lure us on to deeds of righteousness.  
And then a Hell filled with eternal shame,  
One mighty furnace, choked with sulphur-flame,  
One endless struggle with puissant powers.

#### III.

The longitudes of Heaven and of Hell  
Have e'er been designated as fixed points.  
We speak of Heaven as above our heads,  
Away up in that filmy maze above  
Where seems to soar the mighty eagle bird  
In majesty and haughty carelessness.  
We speak of Hell as Heaven's antipodes,  
Directly underneath this mundane sphere.  
We point our finger downward to denote  
This region of damnation and disgrace.

## IV.

And yet 'tis strange, 'tis very strange, I say,  
That such should be our solving of the case ;  
Indeed, we do but show our lunacy~  
To argue Heaven and Hell as fixed points.  
For, if at noon the Heaven is o'er our heads  
And Hell beneath us, buried in the ground,  
Pray what direction would a mortal take  
To find his Heaven or Hell in deepest night ?

## V.

Nay ! Nay ! We do but blind our little selves  
By such weak, trifling argument,  
Or, rather, seek with telescope too long  
To fix these regions in our mental eye.  
We need not search so far to find the lands  
Of blessed peace and awful misery,  
For we can find them here upon this earth  
Without a glass, and with our eyes fast closed.

## VI.

For what is Heaven but unalloyed peace,  
The consciousness of having lived a life  
Of just and manly deeds, apart from sin ?  
Or what is Hell but morbid discontent,  
A knowing pain within a human heart,  
A hopeless, helpless, heartless wandering  
O'er God's green earth, in search of peacefulness ?

## VII.

Is there so high a Heaven as can transcend  
The satisfaction of requited love ?  
Is there a deeper Hell to be conceived  
Than unrewarded, unclaimed servitude ?

## VIII.

All men are not alike in mind and soul,  
Some claim a higher Heaven than the rest,  
Then can it be that all would be content  
In one domain, ungraded to their needs ?  
There be some souls that fain would live on love,  
Yet others discontent at Cupid's shrine ;  
Some souls dominion over lands desire,  
Some souls to worship Mammon do aspire,  
Then will one Paradise content them all,  
Where every one a different hope will hold ?

## IX.

How better can we mortals picture Heaven  
Than calling it a soul of pure content?  
Or sketch the deepest, damndest Hell conceived  
Than terming it a soul of discontent?  
One man will find his Heaven in a crust,  
Be satisfied with hunger—thirst—appeased;  
Another disconted with a crown  
Finds Hell in holding millions at his will.

## X.

Then let the human soul contented be  
And seek not for that airy nothingness  
Which would excite our minds with petty thoughts  
And cause the envious heart to be begot;  
For, when our mission on this earth is done,  
And souls partake themselves to other realms,  
An all-wise God will portion them as best  
He, in his kind munificence, sees fit.

—W. L. MOISE.

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### The Cotton Industry in South Carolina.

What has transferred Lowell from a struggling little village of a few inhabitants to a thriving city of eighty thousand? What has made Fall River one of the important cities of the United States? What has made New Bedford come so prominently to view? What has brought such increased wealth to New England? There is but one answer to all these questions—their cotton mills.

New England, with the cotton a thousand miles from her mills, with foreign labor that is unsatisfactory, with antiquated and imperfect machinery, with a climate that is most severe and trying; with such drawback, produces over fifty millions of dollars worth of cotton products. You can then conceive of the grand possibilities of South Carolina, with a million bales of cotton at her mills' doors, with the newest and most improved ma-



chinery, with a thrifty labor eager to learn, with the mildest and most healthful climate in all the world, and with the energy and push of her enterprising people.

There is no reason why in a few years South Carolina should not be the textile centre of the world, and by displaying energy and zeal we could make our cities second Manchesters and Lowells. We may feel proud of the magnificent showing already made by South Carolina in her development of cotton factories. Remarkable, indeed, has the growth been when it is considered that it is a new country, that thirty years ago it was poverty-stricken, suffering from political misrule, and not calculated to invite the investment of capital.

What has South Carolina done? In 1877 the Graniteville, Piedmont and a few scattered mills stood for South Carolina's cotton industry.

To-day there are more than one hundred mills, operating more than a million spindles. This million represents an investment of twenty millions of dollars, and that is not all. This enormous business requires annually fifteen millions of dollars to purchase cotton, pay wages and the like. We should strive soon to make our mills reach the two hundred mark, for every bale kept in South Carolina and manufactured here means more wealth for the State, having resulted in large salary lists. For example, a bale of raw cotton at seven cents per pound, is worth thirty-five dollars; made into cloth, it is worth three times as much, and the greater part of the difference in value goes to those who spin and weave, and through these it goes into general circulation.

It was a long time before capitalists could be induced to put their money into mills here. We recognized our natural advantages, but were handicapped by want of

capital. How do we overcome that difficulty? Many of the mills of South Carolina are built on what is known as the installment plan. The stockholders are true Carolinians, firmly believing in the success of enterprises, but able to pay only gradually for their stock. A remarkably successful mill built on this plan is the Union Mill, organized in 1893, with \$30,000. It soon increased its capital to \$100,000. Now its capital is \$100,000,000 and the property has no debts.

Soon we shall see New England capital transferred to South Carolina as already much is being diverted in self-defense. Why do South Carolina mills pay dividends, while at New Bedford they are having mill strikes? It is because of natural advantages which may be cited to be :

1. Saving in cost of cotton, due to less expense in transportation.
2. Saving of waste, due to transportation and handling.
3. Saving of local transportation and compressing.
4. The less cost of handling material.
5. Less fuel required in heating the building.

These natural advantages are calculated to be a gain of five per cent. over the Northern mills. Next the cheaper cost of labor and the addition of ten per cent. in running time. Summing up all these items, under normal conditions, the Southern mills have an advantage of fifteen per cent. over the Northern competition. Are there any people in this State who recognize these advantages, who have shown their faith in their State's superiority and possibilities? Yes; for South Carolina now stands at the head of Southern States in cotton mill development. We point with pride to Spartanburg, Greenville, Anderson, York and Richland coun-

ties. I must admit that Orangeburg is slow to recognize the value and profits of establishing cotton mills, but we trust that when the Enterprise Mill is in operation and we can see the practical advantages of cotton mills it will give an impetus to cotton manufacturing industry in this section.

To-day seventeen large cotton mills are found in operation in Spartanburg, with an investment of four million and six hundred thousand dollars, the mills operating three hundred and forty-five thousand spindles, and ten thousand looms, consuming one hundred and twenty-one thousand bales (over twice the county's production), employing eight thousand operatives, paying them annually one million and five hundred thousand dollars! We find that Spartanburg in 1890 had five thousand and five hundred inhabitants; to-day she boasts of having twelve thousand, an increase of over one hundred per cent. in eight years. How long will it be before we manufacture within Orangeburg the cotton made in the county.

The only way to do so is to recognize existing advantages and act. To manufacture over sixty thousand bales of cotton will require about fifteen mills with a capital investment of two million dollars, employing five thousand operatives, and paying one million dollars annually in salaries, besides the profits made by the mills.

Such are the conditions I hope to see soon there. Then Orangeburg will be a thriving city of twenty thousands inhabitants, showing an assessed valuation of three million dollars. It is not an idle dream to look forward to such a day.

D. KOHN, '02.

## TWILIGHT.

Dew-dropped and fresh is the morn,  
But sweeter far  
Is the golden day declining  
And the evening star.

And sweeter than youth's bright morning,  
And manhood's noon-tide glow,  
Is the rest, when twilight falling,  
The long day's work is o'er.

Then zephyrs that kiss the tree tops  
And lull the flowers at night,  
Steal into the soul with a message  
Of love from beyond the light.

To comfort for hopes departed,  
To whisper of watchful care,  
To point us beyond the starlight  
To a loving Creator there.

—W. M. R.

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The College Cycle.

BY THREE SOPHOMORES.

## I

## REVEILLE.

To an outsider the trite little word "reveille," would perhaps convey no unusual amount of significance, but to the average Clemson cadet its very mention sweeps over him a wave of melancholy and unrest.

To you, my friend, who have never been under the strait yoke of military discipline it may seem peculiar that reveille should carry with it such dismay, but to my other friend who has heard the dismal notes of reveille's horn, my meaning is readily apprehended.

Here lies a cadet on his iron cot in the lulling arms of sweet sleep, dreaming—dreaming, and oh, such sweet dreams are those! It seems to his dreamy imagination, that happiness can go no further; that bliss has reached its zenith.

Perhaps he is dreaming of some fair-haired, blue-eyed maiden at his home far away down on the seacoast, and as we see his lips move in his sleep, perhaps in his dreamy imagination he is implanting a kiss on the rosy cheeks of his darling. Or maybe another is dreaming of his vacation, when he will again be united with his loving family and fond relatives, and will be able to renew the tender friendships of his home and comrades. Perhaps still another is dreaming of ambition, of future greatness—of a time when the world shall know him. But the warning trill of reveille's call, flashes like a clarion on his drowsy senses, summoning him to the cares and trials of another day.

When the first sound of reveille breaks over the silent barracks, the sleeping cadet feels loath to get up and indeed he does not do so for some time, but lies in his cozy couch reflecting whether he will take a report, or go out into the cold, cold night to company formation. But the minutes are flying fast, and with a desperate determination he plunges out of bed and begins to dress. He is hardly more than half-dressed when he looks over and discovers that neither of his room-mates have heard the horn, and are still sleeping soundly. With one jerk he flings the covers from both of them, who jump up howling with rage at having been so rudely awakened.

Alas! The trouble of these poor cadets is not to end here. They find that there is no water in the bucket, whereupon they immediately dispatch the "rat" to borrow some from a neighbor just across the way, but the rat gets no farther than the door when the keen blast of the second horn is heard. Down goes the bucket in the middle of the floor, and the jumping, plunging, rearing of these three cadets in their attempt to dress is a sight for mortals to behold. Fate seems to have decreed against



them though. One cannot find his shoes, another cannot get his feet through his trousers, for some mischief-loving lad has tightly sewn up the ends; the rat has grabbed his clothes and disappeared around a corner only to plunge headlong into another who is also late. By the time they reach their company it has been dismissed and they are reported absent, which only means a pleasant stroll for a couple or so hours on the campus the following Saturday, or if any of them be so unfortunate as to be a non-commissioned officer he will have an "at home" on that day. They all come back raging at the "extreme neverthelessness of the moreover," swearing that reveille is a nuisance highly destructive to health, religion, and the "pursuit of happiness." And if, while this unfortunate lad be walking his extra for being absent from reveille, he should want to indulge in some innocent pastime, such as throwing rocks at a bird, or reading a letter from his girl he is immediately pounced upon by the merciless sergeant of the guard and made to walk another extra.

So you see, patient reader, the series of disastrous circumstances attending reveille. Then let us beseech you, as one who loves you very much, for having endured this article thus far, to beware, oh, beware the horrors of a six o'clock reveille.

W. G. H.

## II.

### THE DAY'S EXPERIENCE.

As a cadet lies in his bed, dreaming of the days that are past and the glorious times he has spent with some sweet, rosy-cheeked maiden, and imagining himself almost there; he is suddenly awakened by the sharp and lively notes of the reveille bugle. He is tempted to stay and sleep, but when the second horn sounds he jumps

out of his warm bed, slips in his shoes, throws on a garment that resembles those worn by the ancient orators, and runs at a rapid rate to his company and marches down to breakfast.

After breakfast he is detailed for duty and as it is Saturday he comes back to his room and blacks his shoes, shines buckles, creases pants, so that he may "rush" orderly to keep from walking that long and wearisome extra. But at guard-mount he finds that some one is rushing against him who gets orderly, and leaves him to walk third relief, "Sling," besides being jeered at by every cadet that meets him.

At one o'clock he hears the bell ring for extra walkers and reports to walk his extra, and as he walks the weary time away, he is almost tempted to say a few words that are not becoming of a gentleman. Then he thinks of the days that he has spent in the old country school, and of all the "devilment" he can think to play on some poor "rat." Soon his mind wanders back to that pretty maiden whom he was dreaming of in the morning before reveille and as his mind wanders he thinks he has passed from this world to the sublimest happiness. He finds himself becoming very tired and it looks as if the time will never come when he can once more sit down and smoke his cigarette in peace.

After supper when he thinks no officer will inspect for those serving "confinements," he steps into another cadet's room, forgetting the troubles of the day and is having a great time laughing and talking and enjoying a nice smoke when he hears a sudden tapping on the doors. He proceeds to get behind the door, and then imagining that he can be seen there, he moves over behind the locker, but still thinking that this is not a safe place he crawls under the cot, among shoes and valises. He lies

as still as a mouse. The tap is now on his door and he almost stops breathing and turns every color imaginable. After the officer shuts the door, he crawls out, dusty and half scared to death, so frightened that he cannot imagine what in the world he did with his cap and finally finds it under the heater, or some other out-of-the-way place. The cadet now goes back to his room, and just as he gets to studying, he finds that it is time to go on duty, and as he slowly paces up and down the hall, still tired from the extra that he walked a few hours before, he thinks to himself that a military school is the worst place on God's green earth.

Suddenly, while his back is turned, he hears a great noise in the hall and, glancing around, he sees a huge chunk coming down the hall with the velocity of a cannon ball. He at once steps aside giving it the road, in fact almost ready to give it the whole hall, but he knows it would be unfortunate for him to do this. He immediately calls for the corporal of the guard and relates the circumstances to him.

After he comes off duty he determines to have some fun so he steps into a neighbor's room while he is enjoying his nightly slumbers, and upsets his cot on top of him. The poor cadet manages to get from under his bed but finding the light turned off, he uses a few so-called Sunday-school words and gets back into his bed as best he can.

J. A. S.

### III.

#### TAPS.

And now the day's work is over. The trials and tribulations are at an end, and the cadet is permitted to retire to his velvet couch, and sleep the sleep of the just. "It is so strange" we hear him muse, "that a fellow can't go

to bed when he feels sleepy, but has to sit up in a chair until 10 o'clock every night, for fear the O. C. will inspect and catch him asleep." But at last the blessed time arrives, the bugler sounds tattoo and with wild acclaim the cadet dashes the edition of "Diamond Dick, Jr.," which he has been reading, to the floor, and makes down his cot with altitudinous *eclat*. Sheets and blankets are quickly spread, pillow hammered into a comfortable frame of mind, and the cadet proceeds to disrobe. This process does not occupy more than three minutes, for the cadet realizes too well that only ten minutes are allowed for dressing in the morning and it would be unbusinesslike to take off too many garments at night.

Now, the cadet turns out the light and jumps in or rather onto his bed. (We usually speak of jumping into something receptive, but onto a table or wooden mattress.) As he lands, he utters a cry of agony, and leaps forth with distorted features. What has happened? Let us follow him as he advances to the light, turns it on again and then searches his pockets for some article. Oh! now he has found it. It is a knife! What can the cadet want with a knife? Does he intend to murder some one? Has he discovered a hidden reptile in his bed? No. What then? See!

He advances to the cot slowly and feels along the surface of the mattress until his hand is arrested, and then plunging his knife into the mattress rips a slit in the cover and draws forth—a corn cob!

Again he turns off the electricity, jumps back into bed, and after saying his nightly prayer (according to the Regulation 269 of the Rules and Regulations governing the corps of cadets, which reads as follows: "Cadets are required to say their prayers every night before going to sleep. Those who do not, will report themselves

to the O. D. the next morning as having failed in this important duty"), closes his eyes and awaits the captain's inspection.

Hark ! What sound is that floating to his room. Listen; it is the bugler playing taps.

"Love, good-night, clear and bright, thro' the night comes the sweet evening call, God's above, and his love guideth all."

Oh, those sounds ! The sweetest, purest, truest notes in the scale ! How a feeling of longing comes over the cadet as he lies on his cot, and hears those strains floating into his room. What blessed thoughts come into his mind; what visions, what fantasies.

There is no more delightful time in a cadet's daily experience than at this hour, with all the barracks wrapt in slumber, and not a sound to be heard but the steady tramp, tramp, of the sentinel in the hall. Then thoughts of home, of loving parents, of dear old school-mates flit over his mind. Perhaps he sees this picture of his hearthstone :

Around the old log fire are gathered the family. In the corner sits the mother, knitting a pair of socks for her boy at college, who is working hard to learn all that he can. Near the table sits the father with his eyeglasses pushed well down on his nose, and he is reading the news of the day to his "old woman." On the rug are playing two little children, brother and sister, while near the mother's chair nestles the old cat in silent, lazy contentment, enjoying the warmth and comfort.

The lamp burns dimly. The father asks about the oil, and the mother replies that she could buy only one gallon of oil a week, for she had to save all the money possible to keep Jack at college. And then the conversation turns to Jack and his work at Clemson.

Here is a letter from him, and it tells of the school and



of the new boys arriving every day, and of his studies, how hard he finds it to keep up. And then the good soul puts away her knitting, for from her eyes are trickling tears and little rivulets of liquid sympathy are flowing down her cheeks, and she cannot see to knit.

So she folds her hands and sits gazing into the fire and in the flames she sees fantastic visions; and her college-bred boy is in the visions. From the heart, full to overflowing with maternal pride and maternal love there goes up a prayer to God, that He will keep her boy from danger and from temptation; that He will lead him in the paths of duty and righteousness.

Oh, boys! If every one of us could pass over the intervening space, and enter our respective homes night after night, and hear the earnest prayers offered up in our behalf, how different would be our line of conduct; how different our condition of mind. If, when we hear the bugler sounding taps, we allow our thoughts to revert to home and mother, and the words of advice and admonition given us, as we left to begin another year of college life, what a blessed, blessed thing it would be for each and every one of us. For it is at this hour, if at any hour, that we allow the better part of our natures to take possession of us. It is at this hour that the cadet should sum up the past days' work, and judge of its value and possibly resolve to do better next day.

And as he muses on the prospects of the future, and allows his heart to free itself of all mean and sordid thoughts, the angel of sleep descends, touches the drowsy lids, and all is forgotten in happy blissful rest.

W. L. M.

## THE UNMARKED GRAVES.

The south wind blows through the maple trees ;  
The thrushes and mocking-birds call ;  
A striped flag floats high in the breeze  
Just over an old stone wall.

And two men stand by the old stone wall,  
And speak of the time long past,  
When the silvery bugle's stirring call  
Sounded the battle's blast.

And the man from the North says, "We met you here,  
On the spot where we two now stand,  
And fought for the flag that floats up there—  
The flag of the Union's band.

"And the fight was hot and fierce and long,  
But we won the field at last ;  
And we sang our old victorious song,  
When the battle's tide was past.

"We called the roll at the set of sun ;  
There were lots of absent men,  
But they lay on the grass, their duty done,  
Over there where the fight had been.

"They are under their flag out there to-day  
Within that old stone wall ;  
And, where they are, we'll let them stay,  
Till they hear the last roll call."

The man from the South wipes a tear from his eye,  
As he thinks of the boys that fell  
That day in the years that have long gone by,  
When the sky rained shot and shell.

"Well, some of our boys laid down that day  
On the side of the hill out there ;  
And I reckon they'll stay there, just as you say  
Your men will stay out here.

"And there ain't no flag, and there ain't no wall ;  
They were buried without any prayer ;  
But before they laid down they let you-all  
Know that they-all were there."

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In the battle of life, as it's fought all around,  
Whether victor or not I don't care,  
That man's a success if, before he lies down,  
He lets the world know he is there.

—Q. B. NEWMAN, '01.

### Some Modern Telephone Practice.

It is true that some people have not yet learned that the best that money can buy is the cheapest. And this is especially true in regard to telephone apparatus. Cheap telephones have come into the market in response to the wants of a large class of buyers whose notion of economy is regulated by dollars alone, and who leave entirely out of consideration its value as an efficient instrument.

Now any boy can make a telephone that will talk, but it is only the expert with years of experience and experimenting that can make a telephone that will talk six months hence with the same volume and quality of sound that it does when installed.

Probably the popular ignorance of the subject of telephony, is to blame for the want of judgment of this class of buyers, for it is a fact that scarcely one person in ten understands the principles upon which the telephone that he uses several times a day is constructed. Certainly very few are capable of righting even a slight derangement in the instrument.

A telephone user once said his 'phone was not working very well, and reported some crooked places in the wire as the probable cause. Another credited the disorder of his telephone to the slackness of the line wire. In both of these cases the battery screws were found loose, making poor contact with the wire. But I think the greatest ignorance of the subject was displayed by the superintendent of a cotton mill who was otherwise a well-educated man. Central tried all the morning to call the mill, and failing, reported it as out of order. Upon examination the instrument was found to be all right, but the superintendent would not answer the calls from Central as he feared it might be the means of

spreading a suspected case of small-pox that was reported in one of the operative's houses.

It is not surprising that this ignorance exists when we consider a little. Close competition has driven inventors to secrecy in their methods, hence we see researches carried on in the laboratories of large factories by experts employed by these factories, and the outside world knows nothing except that a better talking (?) telephone is for sale.

Until recently no text books have been published on the subject, and even now they are lacking in detail. And in most colleges telephony occupies but from one to three pages of a course in physics. This subject should be taught more in detail in our colleges, especially in technical schools. For telephony has grown to be almost a science of itself, and where it was unknown fifty years ago the telephone is to-day one of the most important factors in the business world. There are great problems still to be solved in telephony and the apparatus now in use is not perfect mechanically or electrically. Why should not Clemson turn out some telephone experts?

Let us examine some of the telephone lines and exchanges with which we are familiar. The poorest telephone service is to be found in the country districts and between small towns. This is about the way the error comes about. Several neighbors living on a road leading from town learn the advantages of telephonic connection, and call a meeting to consider the building of the line. From the start the first word is cost, and in nearly every case the word grows to such importance that it completely shuts out all first class instruments and apparatus. After great deliberation some toy telephones are purchased and installed after the manner of

cheapness. Of course the telephones are just as good as the higher-priced ones, not to mention those of about the same price, for they are "guaranteed" and "testimonial letters" innumerable are furnished to the prospective buyers. So a line of one strand poor grade iron wire is strung on buggy whip poles, and from five to twelve of these telephones put in series on a twelve to twenty mile line and expected to give no trouble.

I have in mind such a line about twelve miles long with between fifteen and twenty stations. Everything worked nicely for a few weeks, but in a short while after, the instrument was rendered useless by a stroke of lightning and by corrosion of unsoldered connections in both the instrument and line. A few months later the line was found rusted in two in a patch of thick woods about a mile from any road, where the builders of the line cut through to save some fifty or a hundred pounds of wire. You can imagine the expense and trouble of maintaining such a line. This case is not exaggerated, and you can find dozens of just such cases in any State. What is the conclusion of the whole matter? All such lines are an annoyance to the users and a disappointment and expense to the owners. How much more sensible it would be to buy reliable apparatus and have it properly installed.

It is very much the same way with small exchanges. The rates are begun too low and cheap apparatus used, with the certain result of dissatisfaction to their patrons and annoyance and loss to their owners. It would certainly prevent considerable loss and disappointment and give satisfaction to all concerned if the users of telephone apparatus would make, or have competent men make for them, comparative tests of different makes and styles of apparatus, or confine their purchases to makes that have become standard.



Perhaps a few words of history would not be amiss. The first experiments in telephony were based on the discovery made by Reis that an iron rod gives a ticking sound when magnetized and demagnetized, the pitch of the sound depending on the number and regularity of the breaks in the current.

The second step of experiments was based on a different principle. This style of telephone was like the receiver we now use, and depended for its action on the changes in the magnetic field about the magnet caused by the vibrations of the soft iron diaphragm. This change also affected the magnetic field at the receiving end and reproduced the vibrations of the diaphragm, giving out the identical sounds spoken into the other end of the line. Batteries were used with these telephones at first, but were dispensed with in later experiments.

The modern telephone differs from both of these and depends for its action on a variable resistance placed in the speaking or primary circuit which includes the battery, the primary of the induction coil, and this resistance which is the transmitter. The resistance of this transmitter is the maximum when not in use or when the pressure is zero, and diminishes as the vibrations of the diaphragm, caused by speaking against it, increases the pressure of the movable electrode upon the carbon particles between it and the stationary or back electrode of the transmitter.

It is a fact worth mentioning here that the telephone apparatus manufactured in this State at Sumter ranks among the best on the market, a reputation earned by rigid comparative tests made in different sections of the country. If I am not mistaken, every part of these telephones, excepting, perhaps, a few details, are made at the company's factory in Sumter, and the wood used in

most cases is Southern ash and takes a beautiful finish.

Let us consider a few points that a good telephone should possess. In the first place it should have a transmitter that is not adjustable in its interior construction and cannot be easily deranged. It should have as few adjustable joints, such as hinges, in the primary circuit as possible, as these corrode and interpose a useless resistance to be overcome.

It should be equipped with an efficient lightning arrester.

All connections should be soldered where possible.

All hooks and springs should be so constructed and placed that they cannot be distorted or easily bent out of position by meddling hands.

The binding posts should not be capable of working loose, causing unnecessary resistance.

The generator and all other parts should possess mechanical strength.

The magnet should be capable of ringing through the specified resistance.

Good wet batteries are to be preferred where maintenance expenses are considered.

It should be borne in mind that a fault anywhere in the line affects the entire system, and that a telephone is not necessarily out of order because you cannot hear a message distinctly. I know a man who bought a cheap telephone and placed it on a line, where a telephone of standard make had been installed, just to see how it would show up, and congratulated himself when people at the "standard end" (a distance of twelve miles) had to ask him to repeat several times before they could understand a message, while he, at the cheap end, heard every word distinctly. Hearing his statement one day, I took the trouble to investigate the mat-

ter, and found that his telephone was the poor one for these reasons : It is not right to judge a telephone by its hearing qualities alone, because nearly all receivers are identically alike ; and the essential difference between two telephones is in their transmitters.

So in this case, the poor transmitter failed to transmit the message so that the person at the other end (the standard telephone) could understand, and the person at the poor 'phone could hear distinctly, because the transmitter on the standard telephone was a good one. Furthermore, the good telephone was working on one cell of dry battery while the cheap instrument was using three wet cells of good quality.

EDGAR M. MATTHEWS, '01.

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### FAITH—CROWNED.

"He is not so good," you say to me,  
As oft he seems ;  
Not near so noble—not the half  
That your heart deems."

And then you smile, and think perchance  
That now will I  
My hero quick and sure remove  
From place so high.

But he's a hero who can yet  
Be shaped to one,  
Just as the statue lies within  
The uncarved stone.

And as the sculptor sees how from  
A shape unfair  
He yet may chisel that which holds  
A beauty rare ;

So I, in this one dear to me,  
See latent strength,  
And know some circumstance will prove  
Him great at length.

It is within him yet to be  
A true hero,  
And, by my troth, my faith e'en now  
Doth crown him so !

M. A. R.

### The Irony of Fate.

Have you ever observed that fate always does the thing we least expect? Of course you have. You have seen plans upon which you had been working for months, by a single stroke of chance, broken and ruined. You have watched them as they developed, as they passed through the doubtful stage, as they became almost certainties, only to see them at maturity blasted by some unforeseen hand. To express it in the poet's words :

"The best laid plans o' mice and men gang aft agley."

Now, if you are reading this article for the purpose of finding a reason for the truths above stated, you might as well knock off at the next period or other convenient stopping place; for we confess candidly we don't know why it is. We have never inquired at the right place; therefore, we couldn't tell you if we wanted to. But we do know that it is so.

To illustrate: A few days before Christmas we wrote two billets doux. One to a young lady of our acquaintance, informing her that it was our intention to be at home during the holidays, in which we grew somewhat sentimental after the statement of this fact, and towards the latter part of which we became decidedly poetic. The other billet doux was to a friend of ours and read something like this: "Billy, do wait till after Christmas for the settlement of that little amount."

As we have just said, both of these letters were written on the same day and mailed at the same time. But we were up on the tricks of Fate and we inwardly vowed that one of her tricks should be nipped in the bud. (We don't know that tricks have buds, but we will ask some of the professors in time to state definitely in the next issue). So we finished the first letter, sealed it up, ad-

dressed it, and laid it under a book. Then we wrote the other, sealed it up, addressed it, and locked it up in our trunk to keep it and the other from getting mixed before we had time to mail them. Imagine our astonishment when we got an answer to each of them a few days later and found that they had gone off in the same mail bag and had actually reached their respective destinations without getting mixed.

Possibly you have noticed that it is those things which seem nearest accomplishment that Fate seems to take a malicious delight in snatching from our hands, that the most carefully laid plans are the first to be exploded; that Fate, like Death, "loves a shining mark."

What youth has attained the age of eighteen without becoming conscious of the fact that some young lady is desperately in love with him? He doesn't care for her at first. Not a bit of it. In fact, he secretly wonders how she could dare to love him. The more he thinks about it, however, the more he likes the girl, and he finally decides that, without seriously inconveniencing himself, he can brighten her life immensely by calling occasionally. So, for her sake, he does call, patting himself on the back at the same time and congratulating himself on the nobleness of his character. But after a time he begins to believe that he loves her. He goes out into the woods occasionally to talk the matter over with himself. He takes a great interest in astronomy and watches the stars a couple of hours every night and thinks sometimes that possibly she is watching the same stars. He writes poetry and wonders what she would say if she could read some of it. But he determines that he will not show her any of it, for she loves him too well now.

His estimation of her gradually changes, however,



and he tells himself that he loves her madly; that no mortal ever experienced such love as his, and that not to tell her of his love would be not only an injustice to himself but a crime. Yes, he will marry her. He spends two weeks in fixing up what he is to tell her. It must be poetic and passionate, eloquent and earnest. It is fixed. The eventful night has come and he goes to her. He cannot account for his nervousness; there is nothing to fear; he has his confession memorized and has practiced speaking it; there is no chance of missing a word, and as for being rejected, that has never crossed his mind. Still he is nervous. She finds him extremely dull, and asks him if he is not unwell. "Oh, no, quite well, I assure you," he says. Then to himself: "No wonder she doesn't know. She doesn't comprehend the depth of my love.

Then he begins his speech. And the beginning is about all he ever gets out. Two hours ago he could run it off like a candidate for the legislature runs off his speech for lower taxes and longer free schools. Now it sticks in his throat and refuses to be spoken. Finally he gets out enough of it for her to understand him. Then she smiles sweetly and says: "Yes, Johnny, I like you very much. But you are young—extremely young."

You have also remarked to yourself, if not to others, that in the ordinary, every-day affairs of life the unexpected and the unaccountable often happens. You have often wondered why it is that, when death claims a victim he nearly always chooses the invaluable citizens of the community; the men who are the backbone of every movement for the betterment of their fellows, physically, socially and morally; the men who are husbands to the widows and fathers to the orphans. Having all the men of the community to select from, why could he not spare

these and take the worthless idlers, the men who are a burden and a disgrace to the country and to their families ?

We have sometimes thought that Fate leaves the vagabond for a while in hope that he may do something that would at least merit a decent epitaph. And it seems also that Fate watches him till he has done this and then snatches him away ; for it is certain that he cannot live forever and we have never yet seen a worthless man's tomb. But this may be accounted for. We remember hearing of an old lady who was called upon for an epitaph when any one died in the community. She never failed to get a good one. Even when the record breaker passed in his checks, if you had read the inscription on his tomb, you would have thought he had been the corner stone of the church. Finally a young man died who had been very worthless and very wicked. The good lady was puzzled ; but, after a few moments' meditation, her face brightened, and she said, "You may say that he could whistle 'Home, Sweet Home,' better than any other man in the county."

This little story may account for a great many otherwise unaccountable words. If any one knows of a better solution of this much discussed problem, he will please send it to us by return mail. In the meantime, we suppose that Fate will continue the programme with all its seeming inconsistencies without consulting us about the logic of it. Then let us who are not good whistlers mend our ways.

Q. B. N, '01.

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### An Engineer's Story.

While walking through the railroad shops of a western city, with a party of friends, we came across an incident that may prove interesting to some.

We had just passed around the corner of the round-house, and on entering I noticed off to the right a man looking intently at an engine. It was of the old-fashioned style, built just after the civil war, and was numbered "13." The man was trembling from head to foot, and by the wild and haunted look that his eyes wore, and the general unkemptness of his appearance, I judged that he must be partially insane. Thinking, probably, that he had been an engineer, and knowing the superstitious regard that all engineers possess for an engine numbered "13," I accosted him.

"It seems that you have seen her before?" He turned upon me, and, after regarding me for awhile, he said, slowly, as if half afraid: "No, I've never seen her before, but she looks like a twin sister to the one that has wrecked my life and turned me from a man into a beggar."

Seeing the man's evident seriousness and the deplorable condition that he was in, I asked, "How was that?" "Will you not tell me of it?" "Yes," he said, and leaning upon the driving-rod of the engine, he began:

"Many years ago I was a strong and healthy young man, with a happy home and the prospects of a bright career before me. Every gift that my parents could bestow upon me was recklessly given; every whim of my youthful fancy was instantly gratified. My father wanted me to study law, and sacrificed both time and money that I might become educated. After attending a Northern school for three years, I met a young lady who I was fool enough to think I loved, and we were secretly married. But soon becoming dissatisfied, I ran away from school. This nearly broke the heart of my poor father, who had based high hopes in my career as a lawyer.

Caring little where I went, but wanting to frolic around

and have a good time more than anything else, I set out and ended up in about nine weeks in the City of Mexico, without a copper in my pocket. After awhile I found that I would have to work or starve, so, finding that there was an opening for a flagman on the Mexican Central Railroad, I applied for the position and obtained it. I rose rapidly from flagman to fireman, and finally from that to engineer.

But in the meantime I had fallen in love with a Spanish girl in the City of Mexico. My run was from the City to Calientes, a town up in the mountains above Mexico, and as I was in the City every other night, I saw much of her, and soon began to think that life would be unendurable without her. I could not marry her, though. I had a wife in the United States who knew of my whereabouts, and could easily trace up any action of mine.

Time passed rapidly on, and this Spanish girl learned to love me with a passion that was almost dangerous in its intensity. My every action was watched by her, and if I even spoke to a flower girl on the street she grew insanely jealous, yet her love for me was no greater than mine was for her. I plead with her and told her of my love, but that I could not marry her, but did not dare tell her that I had a wife, for I knew that it would kill her.

It was about this time that a new engine which had just been built was sent me. You cannot imagine my feelings when I found that she was numbered "13." I am not very superstitious, but I had always heard from old engineers that a man who ran on an engine numbered "13" was doomed. I thought a good while over the matter, and had almost made up my mind to resign my

position, but when I thought that this would mean separation from my sweetheart, I changed my mind.

That evening before going out on my daily run, I went over to see her. There was a strange gleam in her eyes, and she seemed to be watching me as if afraid I would escape. Just before I left she came up and entwined her arms around me, embracing me almost fiercely, swearing that if I did not marry her that she would take her life by throwing herself in front of my train as it came down from Calientes. I well knew the fiery, impulsive nature that she possessed, so characteristic of a Spaniard, and was afraid that she would be led by it into some rash act, but the thought passed from my mind before I reached my train. When I remembered that the engine which I was to make my first trip on that night was numbered "13," superstitious fears began to creep over me—the girl's threat was still tingling in my ears, and before I realized it a foreboding of some approaching disaster seemed to hover around me. However, nothing unusual occurred on our way to Calientes, and by the next evening, when we were to return, my fears had subsided somewhat.

We left Calientes about 3 o'clock in the afternoon and had gotten within ten or twelve miles of the City of Mexico—the remaining distance being down grade, and it was well nigh impossible for us to stop without running five hundred yards down the track.

We were running forty-five miles an hour when some dark object crossed the track to the left, a hundred or so yards ahead. All my superstitious fears of the day before returned tenfold.

My hair fairly stood on end when I saw the object return to the track and discovered that it was a large black mountain cat. I considered this a certain omen of some



disaster. The cat ran fifteen or twenty feet down the track and recrossed to the left, vanishing into the undergrowth nearby.

We were just approaching a sharp curve—when we came around the opening, my God! I fairly screamed with horror! There, not two hundred yards away, stood the Spanish girl, on the track, and no possibility of my stopping within that distance. I was paralyzed with fear, but managed to reverse the lever and blow for brakes. It was too late! I threw my hands before my eyes to shut out the terrible sight. My brain began to whirl, some great dark thing seemed to pass before my view, and I fell senseless.

When I awoke I was in my room in the City of Mexico, attended by a nurse and a surgeon. They told me that I had had brain fever brought about by a severe blow on the head in falling from the engine, but would give me no further particulars of that horrible night.

Immediately after I recovered I started for the United States and have been wandering over the country as one in a dream ever since.

Sometimes I think that I am mad, and it seems that some great black thing is passing before my eyes as on that terrible night. Stranger, you will probably think me a madman, but seeing this engine is too much of a painful coincidence for my shattered brain to stand."

With this the man staggered out of the round-house and I saw him no more.

W. G. HILL, '01.

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### POSSESSION'S TRUE VALUE.

Boast not thou of what thou havest,  
Saying proudly, "These are mine!"  
Value's not in mere possession,  
But in using well what's thine.

M. A. R.

### Courage.

In the formation of character there are few traits that are more to be admired than courage. Standing as it does upon a solid groundwork of principle for a basis, it compels universal attention, not only from one's friends, but oftentimes the action is so fine that illustrates the inherent quality, an enemy will unconsciously award a meed of praise.

How many instances does history give in glowing words of this quality—painted as they are upon its pages, it does not require very deep research to bring them into notice. The Holy Word of God portrays in graphic style deeds of lofty heroism. It is a quality that found its birth-place when the divine light of creation dawned, and this grand and beautiful world was brought into existence by the creative power of God.

During the French Reformation, when the iron heel of tyranny and oppression was felt in the beautiful land of sunny France, how many noble and devout souls showed the loftiest heroism and courage when suffering for the cause of that faith which was dearer than life itself! An officer on the field of battle, when, with unflinching eye, calm features and determined mien, will give an order above the roar of battle, plunging forward into the midst of flying bullets, thus leading his troops to victory or death, is a picture of manly courage to be praised and admired.

The political leader who can withstand popular pressure and resist the tide of feeling to uphold a principle because he is firm in his convictions of right and duty, commands universal admiration, and we pause to consider such a character worth emulating.

The man who, with a cool head and steady hand, can manipulate his engine so as to save his train from destruc-

tion, and if need be, placing his own life in imminent danger, finds there are many to applaud his brave and courageous course.

While we contemplate these instances of heroism, we must not forget there are many brave spirits who furnish instances of true courage, that never see the light of publicity. Take, for instance, the man who, under financial pressure and terrible embarrassment, resists the temptation of using means that are placed temporarily under his control. Picture to yourself his despair when he thinks of those near and dear to him who are deprived of those pleasures and comforts with which they were once surrounded. His lovely home will be sacrificed, the angel of his heart will be forced to resign what was once a necessity, and perhaps he will find his social position somewhat altered—but how much better this than a tarnished name to leave as a legacy to his children.

There are many sacrifices made in private that require the deepest courage to undergo; there are many hard battles fought with self against some secret sin that calls for all the heroism that once characterized the martyrs of old. How often the boy among his companions is jeered at for maintaining a principle and espousing the cause of the oppressed, thus showing true courage when ridiculed by the majority.

In every avocation of life there are occasions when the heart has to be nerved by some inherent quality that calls for the truest courage and bravery. No Christian character is complete without this attribute; it gives strength and tone to the entire construction and building up of all true character. It adds another jewel to the crown of victory that is awarded to the conqueror who fighting against the evil powers of this world, comes off victor.

Courage is oftentimes needed in little things unknown to the public ; the battle is waged and fought, and unconsciously true heroism is developed, and our characters made stronger and purer by the silent struggles.

L T. W.

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### I AM MY OWN GRANDFATHER.

I am the most related man that walks the earth to-day,  
 And when I tell you who I am, you'll almost faint away,  
 But just you think it over, what I say you'll find is true,  
 I am my own grandfather and I'll prove it now to you.  
 I won the winsome Widow White, one winter we were wed  
 She had a daughter whom my father unto the altar led,  
 Just see what a strange relationship we bear to one another,  
 My father is my son, and now my daughter is my mother !  
 My father has a baby boy, I also have another,  
 And both are lovely little lads, they look just like each other.  
 Now, my boy is my uncle, for he is my mother's brother,  
 My wife is now my grandmama, for she's my mother's mother.  
 When daddy did my daughter wed, of course you'll agree  
 That I became his father, 'tis plain as A B C.  
 If I'm my father's father, 'tis a fact without a flaw,  
 I am my own grandfather, then, according to the law,  
 And I have no hesitaton, when I make this declaration,  
 Not a nation in creation can produce another man  
 In this trying situation of relation complication,  
 I invite investigation ; introduce him if you can. —Selected

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### Knowledge.

Every person has two educations, one which he receives from others, and one, more important, which he gives to himself. There are many things in this world that we receive from our friends, and companions that are helpful to us on the road to knowledge, but none of them are half so helpful as the truth we work out for ourselves.

A great question, then, confronts us. How are we to work out our own truths and to acquire knowledge ? It

surely concerns men of all ranks, and at all times. Men should never cease to accumulate knowledge, and wise men will to their lives' ends submit themselves to that discipline which is needful for improvement of the mind and strengthening of the will. None of us ever get too old to learn how to think better, work better and live better.

Students of Clemson College, we have the pleasure of looking on the old home of John Calhoun. We view the same beautiful hills and valleys; we view the same mountains and we breathe the same atmosphere. Are we taking advantage of the opportunity offered? Do we appreciate Clemson College with all the advantages of an industrial, education, and are these opportunities any means of widening our thinking facilities? We may ask questions and reason as we please on this subject; yet no one will believe that knowledge is an evil. It were better to be ignorant.

"A little learning is a dangerous thing. Drink deep or taste not the Pierian spring."

There is no knowledge without labor, and, generally speaking, the value of the attainment will be in strict proportion to its cost. "A man knows as much as he works." It need not be said how much this truth is forgotten or ignored. Many seem to think that knowledge worth having comes easy, but it is like possessions that cost us a large amount of hard work. It is a great mistake for us to think that knowledge will come to us, while we are sitting under the "tree of knowledge" with folded arms. "If a man will not work neither shall he eat," is a maxim as true in the mental world as in the material world. In both departments alike, idleness and drowsiness will clothe a man with rags.

Knowledge comes slowly; it seems to grow on man



as he strives to attain it. But if we learn a little each day it will grow to a wonderful degree in the time that is given men to live.

“The heights by great men reached and kept,  
Were not attained by sudden flight;  
But they, while their companions slept,  
Were toiling upward in the night.”

There is much to know, and the time is short, yet this time rightly used will suffice, if not for the attainment of all knowledge, yet of all that we count needful for qualifying ourselves for our work in this world.

L. W. A., '00.

# The Clemson College Chronicle.

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## Editorial Department.

J. CROCKATT THOMSON, - - - - EDITOR.

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**January and February Issue.** Owing to our change in printers, this issue of the CHRONICLE has been unavoidably delayed. In view of this the staff of editors has decided to make a double number of this one and call it the January and February issue. To

replace the number thus omitted an issue will be gotten out in June. We have every indication of being able to come out on time hereafter.

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**Justin Smith Morrill.** A death that has attracted notice all over the country, and especially among those connected with the agricultural colleges of our country is that of Justice Smith Morrill, the senior Senator from Vermont.

Senator Morrill enjoyed the unequalled record of having served in the national legislature for almost forty-four consecutive years.

He had warmly at heart the cause of education, letters, and art, and labored earnestly for their advancement. To him belongs the honor of being the author of the bill distributing lands to all the States for founding agricultural colleges. From the fund thus established Clemson gets \$15,000 yearly.

Instead of giving money toward the advancement of education as many men have done, Senator Morrill gave an idea. The value of this idea cannot be estimated.

It was only through the Morrill bill that the establishment of most of our agricultural and mechanical colleges was made possible. These colleges give an education that cannot be obtained elsewhere and the kind of education that will eventually supersede all others. They also educate men who are financially not able to attend the literary colleges. For this alone Senator Morrill should have the gratitude of the entire country. Many of the agricultural colleges, if not all, suspended exercises for a day in respect to his memory.

Why should not the students of these colleges erect a monument to their benefactor? A fitting epitaph to be placed on such a monument is the following from the

New York *Sun*. "He lived to be the object of the regard of all without the animosity of any, surely as envious a place as a public man can reach."

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**School Discipline.** Brigadier General Lincoln, commanding the troops at Greenville, gave the corps a very appropriate address during his visit here. Some of his remarks on the lack of discipline in the schools of the country, especially contained good advice. He said that the baleful effect of lack of discipline was forcibly illustrated in the late war by the great difficulty in preserving discipline in the volunteer forces.

The man who finds discipline irksome should endeavor to make himself amenable to it instead of trying to shirk it. He who has thoroughly learned the lesson of subordination and obedience to those having authority over him, is the man who will be best fitted to command others.

The officers of our regular army are compelled to submit to discipline either as a cadet at West Point or in the ranks of the army itself before they are commissioned.

Even the civilian will be better fitted for the world of business or trade if he has first passed an apprenticeship under a higher authority.

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**After Commencement.** The approach of Commencement brings to the mind of each member of the graduating class: "What am I going to do after graduating?" How many of us can answer this question definitely?

What a world of meaning is conveyed to each of us by the word Commencement. To the faculty and to the people who see us graduate we will be simply another

lot of young men turned out by the college, another batch of biscuits taken out of the oven; but to us it will be a most momentous occasion. On that day we will leave the friendly shelter of the walls of our alma mater and will go forth to give stern battle to the foes that line the pathway of life.

Some of us will assist our fathers with their business and will ultimately step into their shoes. Others have marked out courses which they will follow and in which they will endeavor to achieve distinction and success. Still others will drift out aimlessly like thistle-down, blown from the parent stalk by a chance wind, and like thistle-down, will be trodden into the dust of oblivion.

The man who has enough individuality and strength of character to select a course and pursue it assiduously or to take advantage of any course that may open up, is the one to succeed even though he is not possessed of as brilliant an intellect as others. The man who has not the individuality to do this, though he have a brilliant intellect and a vast store of knowledge, will, Micawber-like, wander along aimlessly waiting for something to turn up. These are the men who furnish the best examples of "the helplessness of man before destiny."

Even the man who is possessed of that insufferable brassiness of self-confidence that enables him to attach importance to his own petty concerns to the exclusion of all other things and people, will by his perseverance alone surpass those who are without definite object in life.

The dreamer and visionary will ever fail, while he who has an object and pursues it with unflagging industry, will invariably succeed.



## Exchange Department.

RALPH McLENDON,       -       -       -       -       -       Editor.

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A few of the December issues came to us arrayed in holiday garb, and with some noticeable features in the line of fiction. Although it was somewhat surprising to observe the very limited amount of attention given to the occasion, however, we were glad to find that the more serious side of literature had not been neglected. As a general thing, among the college magazines heretofore, the muse of poetry has always, apparently, at least, made it convenient to bestir herself just before Christmas, but in this instance the poetical effusions are very few and of no special merit.

On attempting to review *The Criterion* for the first time this year, we recognized at once a decided improvement in every respect over last year's work. It is a trim and neat little journal. Both bright and elegant in style. Of the several departments, the editorials and literary matter appear to have received the greatest amount of attention.

The perusal of "A Romance," "The Vanderbilt Ring," "Friendship As We See It Among College Girls," and a number of other articles was enjoyed and had a refreshing effect after laying aside the heavier and sterner duties of a day's regular work.

'An Old Man's Story' is a very interesting article in *The Gray Jacket*. "Southern Patriotism in the Nineteenth Century" is the subject of a very appropriate production which upholds in a clever and admirable manner the nobleness and loyalty of the Southern people. We commend the contributions gotten up by this

magazine, but the variety is not sufficient. Making the literary department larger would also be a considerable addition.

*The State Normal Magazine* made its first appearance upon our list with the December issue. We extend to it a hearty welcome, for it is well worthy of being placed among the brightest magazines published by any of our sister institutions. We would much rather see this paper gotten out monthly instead of quarterly.

"Uncle Remus and His Son" is the title of a piece which vividly portrays the difference between the "Old Time Darkey" and the negro of the present generation. The editorials are one of the best features of this magazine.

In *The Ozark*, "The Least of These" is a story of some worth. We shall watch for its continuation in the next number. "Some Tendencies of Recent Fiction" is thoughtfully written and contains much of interest. This is one of our most recent exchanges, and taking for granted it will continue to uphold its former record, we take pleasure in adding it to our list.

From a literary standpoint "The McMicken Review" might be regarded strictly as a Christmas number. The contributions are composed almost entirely of articles concerning the holidays. Judging from the character of the material and the humorous disposition of the contributors, we feel there is no doubt that it would call forth very little extra effort to make this paper larger, which we would like to see.

In *The Howard Collegian* we read with much pleasure and benefit, the two essays composing the literary department—"The Need of To-day" and "Looking Through the Windows." The title of the latter suggests very little, altho' after a careful perusal we could see

before nearing the end that the subject was well chosen. The author is evidently a close student and has a fair conception of what constitutes nature—noticing particularly its seeming peculiarities in many instances. This periodical is very good; however, we think some attention in the arrangement of the departments would make slight improvements in appearance, if nothing more.

*The Furman Echo* compares very favorably with our brightest and best exchanges, and it is steadily improving. The December number is a very full issue. The literary department is filled with a large number of contributions, such as essays. Most of their themes are live ones, and treated in a lively way. This paper appears to be in need of more verse. The deficiency can be easily remedied, no doubt, by a slight effort on the part of some of the more poetical students.

We approach with some trepidation an article in *The Converse Concept* entitled, "The Mysterious Disappearance of Men." If the writer has not taken a pessimistic view of the situation, which we think she has, the world is in a pitiable condition. It seems that with the exception of "the hero of Santiago" the world is lacking altogether in an important element of the human family—men. The want is, first, a quantitative, then a qualitative one. We sincerely join with the writer in hoping that the "hero of Santiago" may be "only the forerunner, as it were, of the returning host of qualitative men," and "that the same mysterious fate which caused this state of affairs to-day, will, ere long, see the doleful results and as mysteriously turn the tide in the opposite direction." "The Cubans and Their Social Life" is entertaining as well as instructive. *The Concept* holds every number up to its usual standard and is one of our most valued exchanges.

Preparations for this issue are made in the midst of examinations, otherwise we would gladly offer further comments on quite a number of other visitors before us. With each issue we always feel like extending, in general, to each and every one of our contemporaries only words of encouragement. It has ever been our intention to restrain from making the least criticisms in a spirit of thoughtlessness.

## Clippings.

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### FORGET-ME-NOT.

Out in the meadow yonder,  
There blooms a floweret fair ;  
Its eye—like heaven's canopy,  
So mild, so blue and clear.

And there it stands so modestly,  
Contentment seems its lot ;  
Its speech is sweet simplicity,  
It breathes, "Forget-me-not !"

—*Jager, College of Charleston Magazine.*

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### TO GLADSTONE.

Departed spirit, ere thy soul  
Had passed from earth away;  
Before the bells began to toll  
Death's triumph over the clay;  
Before thy heart had ceased to beat  
Its last long, sad tattoo,  
And mourning multitudes repeat  
The deeds that thou couldst do;  
The nations wept to know that he,  
Whose star had shone so bright,  
Was sinking in an unknown sea,  
A meteor of the night.  
But thou, O spirit, spurned the foe,  
And at thy last faint breath,  
Thy passing faith to all did'st show  
Thee conqueror of death.

—*Tennessee University Magazine.*

---

### THE NIGHT.

What tho' the night be very, very black,  
And all the stars be hidden from our sight  
Behind the wild tempest-driven rack;  
Will not the dawn put all these shades to flight?  
Full well I know the dark will disappear,  
And life once more be bathed in golden light.  
Ah, yes, I know—and yet—and yet—we fear,  
Dear God, my heart and I, we fear the night.

—*Davidson College Magazine.*



## THREE THREADS OF GOLD.

I envy the swallow flying free o'er the wave,  
I envy the sea-gull that circles above.  
In vain I seek freedom, I'm naught but a slave,  
With three golden threads I am linked to my love.  
The first her bright eye, the second her smile,  
The third her soft tresses so fair to behold;  
Vain, vain is my wish to taste freedom awhile—  
My heart is held captive with three threads of gold!  
O had I the power to shatter Love's chain,  
Farewell, tears and torment!—but the old story's told.  
Better suffer the heart-ache, better die from the pain,  
Than snap you asunder, my three threads of gold.

—Jager, *The Carolinian*.

## Local and Alumni.

C. K. CHREITZBERG, - - - - - EDITOR.

---

What did "Piggy" find in the stove-pipe? A "squinch" owl.

"Yellow Hammer" wanted a copy of the Winthrop *Manual*, and upon reading the title, remarked that he didn't know it was called the "*Father*."

Mr. T. W. Cothran, '96, who has been connected with the geodetic survey in Texas since his graduation, was on the campus during the Christmas holidays.

Mr. R. P. Searson, Sr., of Allendale, spent a few days on the campus.

Prof. B.—Get a half-inch wood screw.

Fresh C.—(Pointing to wooden vice)—Never saw a wood screw smaller'n them."

Mr. Joe Minus, '98, book-keeper at Hill & Morgan's dry goods store, has accepted a position as assistant book-keeper at the company's store at Clifton,

The Columbian Society has outgrown its hall. Everything was so crowded that they asked for a larger room. The large room just across the hall, used by Maj. Klugh, has been placed at their disposal. The society has moved into its new quarters and is very much pleased with them.

Thanks to the efforts of Prof. Boehm, the trustees have made arrangements to place all the best engineering journals on file at the Mechanical Hall. This will give the mechanical students a most valuable opportunity and one which will be eagerly embraced. Without cost

to themselves, they have access to a dozen journals, any one of which would, should they pay for it themselves, make a big hole in their allowance.

Prof. D.—What is a noun?

N.—Rat is a noun.

Prof. D.—What is a pronoun?

N.—Cat is a pronoun, because it stands for a rat.

You ask why "Speckled Beauty" weeps,  
Why he, like others, am not gay;  
What makes the tears roll through the specks,  
Bekase there am no other way.

—W. N. H.

At a recent meeting of the Calhoun Literary Society the following officers were elected for the ensuing quarter: President, L. O. Mauldin; Vice-President, L. W. Ayer; Recording Secretary, S. H. Lumpkin; Corresponding Secretary, T. F. Hogg; Treasurer, Jno. E. All; Critic, Ira B. Taylor.

Mr. Robert Harley and wife are the guests of President Hartzog. Mr. Harley is a brother-in-law of Mr. Hartzog, and is on his bridal tour.

At a meeting of the Scientific Association on the 21st inst., Prof. Barnes gave a delightful lecture on the "Power of Niagara and Its Development." Mr. Barnes made a radical departure from the usual method of handling subjects before the Association. Heretofore they have been treated scientifically, and the language of science is too abstruse for the larger part of our students. Prof. Barnes' lecture had enough science in it to make it interesting to the members of the association, while at the same time the three or four dozen stereopticon views and the popular descriptions of them, made it extremely interesting to the large number of students and ladies who attended the meeting.

Mr. Kennedy having left College, Mr. C. K. Chreitzberg was elected by the Palmetto Society as Local Editor.

The officers who will welcome the Columbian Society into its new home are as follows: President, W. N. Hook; Vice-President, W. D. George; Recording Secretary, J. R. Donaldson; Corresponding Secretary, Q. B. Newman; Literary Critic, J. C. Thomson; Prosecuting Critic, H. B. Dodd; Reporting Critic, A. A. Butler; Sergeant-at-Arms, G. T. McGregor.

The CHRONICLE editors were examining the month's manuscript. One of them remarked, "Here is a poem on 'Heaven and Hell' in blank verse." The "Hoss'" rat who happened to be in the room, said, "That's all right, ain't it; can't you all fill up the blanks?"

One of the most delightful receptions of the season was held by Dr. and Mrs. Devant at their home in Pendleton. A number of professors and students attended, and their expressions of satisfaction must have been very gratifying to our jolly doctor and his amiable wife.

The Palmetto Society has elected W. L. Moise to represent it in the Inter-Society Oratorical contest, which takes place early in March. The representatives of the other societies will be chosen by contest.

The following experiment will be of interest to young chemistry students: Potassium, Iodine, sulphur, under slight pressure, gives the following result:  $K+I+2S=Kiss$ . This experiment is sometimes quite dangerous, as there is often a violent reaction. It should be made in the absence of light and when few—generally two—are present.

Young Lady—(to Clemson cadet, who is trying to

hold her hand)—“Sir! I will refer you to my father!”

Clemson Cadet—“Yes, and you are fixing to get your old man hurt.”

Rat.—“My light won’t burn.”

“Speck” (the electrician)—“Humph! no wonder. You’ve made a short circuit.”

Rat.—“How long is a short circuit?”

Rat.—“Major, I wish you would get me a key to this algebra.”

Maj. M.—“Can’t do it, sir; it’s a stem winder.”

#### WHEN CLEMSON HAS CO-EDS.

When Clemson has co-eds,  
Cadets will brush their matted hair  
And doff their caps to co-eds fair  
And wear neck-ties in shirts once bare,  
When Clemson has co-eds.

When Clemson has co-eds,  
The mess-hall will with pastry float  
And we, on fair young waiters dote,  
And never of our food make sport,  
When Clemson has co-eds.

When Clemson has co-eds,  
Our socks will always be as new,  
Sweethearts will darn the holes so few.  
Then Jake will take to church fair Lou,  
When Clemson has co-eds.

When Clemson has co-eds,  
We’ll not to other places go  
For girls to dance with o’er Sloan’s store;  
Nor will there be such stags galore,  
When Clemson has co-eds.

When Clemson has co-eds,  
All graduates will take a “Post”  
In “Loving as a fine art,” most,  
Then to Hymen’s altar they’ll be forced,  
When Clemson has co-eds.

W. L. M.



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# The Clemson College Chronicle.

Valeat Quantum Valere Potest.

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No. 6.

## Literary Department.

W. FLOWERS WALKER, - - - - - EDITOR.

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### THE MEETING OF THE BLUE AND GRAY.

What means all this racket, this martial display,  
This soul-stirring music, these soldiers in gray ?  
Has the vexed foreign question arisen anew  
And the President called for these soldiers so true ?  
Or perhaps the great statesman, immortal Calhoun,  
Has descended to earth in a phantom balloon.  
Here, 'neath banners of justice, to march and to fight,  
In revenge of the South and defense of the right.

Alas, you've no eyes, or you'd see at a glance,  
That these boys are less anxious to fight than to dance,  
And the darts they'll receive ere this campaign be done,  
Will prove far more fatal than cutlass or gun ;  
For they're going to Winthrop, abode of the fair,  
Pride of our State, Clemson's sister so dear.  
Just come and go with us and see what we'll do  
When we soldiers in gray meet the students in blue.

Imagine a garden of Paradise, where  
The zephyrs of summer scarce ripple the air,  
Then add to this picture of beauty divine  
Three hundred cadets who worship this shrine ;  
And these angels ! But, ah, the world will ne'er know  
One-half that occurred there a few days ago.

With meeting and greeting, with music and song,  
The bliss-laden moments sped swiftly along,  
With concert and banquet and talks on the weather,  
And the presence of teachers too strict altogether.  
Did we dance ? Well, perhaps I had better not say,



Or the subject might doubtless cause trouble some day,  
But suffice it to add that prohibited joys  
Are always the best—They were girls, we were boys.

Then God bless our sisters, and hasten the day  
When we meet them again in the sweet month of May ;  
And when school days are o'er, may each Clemson cadet,  
From among these fair maids a companion select ;  
Then, though tempest and turmoil afflict our dear land,  
Side by side to defend it they'll go hand in hand,  
And the old Ship of State will be steered safely through  
By the soldiers in gray and the students in blue.

—W. FLOWERS WALKER, '99.

---

### A Game of Three, as Played at Winthrop.

It was a gay and expectant corps of cadets that marched from Ft. Hill over to Calhoun on the morning of Feb. 24th, to board the train for a visit to their sister college, Winthrop, at Rock Hill.

Hopes rose high, and hearts beat faster as to the music of "El Capitan" they marched jauntily along anticipating the glorious times they were to have with their sisters and other boys' sisters at the great college at Rock Hill. Many expected to see sweethearts, many expected to win sweethearts, while others expected to lose sweethearts—for perhaps some pretty Winthrop maiden would think another fairer than he.

Among those who had gloriously anticipated the meeting with his sweetheart was Cadet Ted Willard. We can see him now, as he marches along in his company ; note his magnificent carriage and fearless bearing. One can almost predict that the near future has some great boon in store for him, for as he strides along keeping perfect time with the music, his easy and exulting manner of deporting himself, makes him noticable above all others in the company. Dark skin, black hair and eyes, with a tall, slender, though well proportioned

figure, and the firm tread that denotes the athlete, he is one whom any girl might love.

And indeed Edith Mills was fortunate to have such a handsome lover. She was a pretty, coquettish Junior at Winthrop, and her many gay and playful moods made her the favorite of an unusually brilliant class.

She too was looking forward with a great deal of pleasure, to this long vaunted visit of the Clemson Cadets to her college. Her class had been making great preparations, and so had the whole student body to entertain the cadets as only Winthrop girls know how.

She had not seen Cadet Willard in over eight months, and although she had at one time loved him, she was not so sure that she loved him now as she once had. On the other hand, time had only served to strengthen Ted's love, and it seemed that the train could not speed fast enough for him, so eager was he to see Edith.

Ted had a bosom friend, Harry Stanton, a jolly, handsome fellow, just the opposite of himself in personal appearance. Light hair, blue eyes, and always in a laughing good humor, he was the wit of his section, and his good-natured generosity made him very popular in the corps. Ted in his letters to Edith had spoken of Harry a great deal, and she felt as if she almost knew him. He had told Harry with a great deal of pride that he would introduce him to his girl—the prettiest girl at Winthrop—not dreaming that he (Harry) would fall in love with her too.

The train arrived in Rock Hill at 11 a. m. Companies were formed and the battalions marched in column of fours to the beautiful campus of Winthrop College. And what a grand sight met their view! All along in front of the college building were myriads of pretty girls awaiting the arrival of the cadets and chatting over the pleasures of the coming day.

But let us return to Cadet Willard. Edith, as she sees him marching in the files of Company A, feels a thrill of pleasure run through her. "But who is the golden-haired, manly-looking cadet beside him?" she asks herself. Already she guesses that it must be Harry Stanton, whom she has heard so much of from Ted Willard, and a cry of admiration breaks from her as the battalions pass in review and wheel into columns of companies with mechanical precision. Arms are stacked, and the cadets rush off to speak to their girl friends.

Soon all are promenading off in groups seeking the enjoyment that is justly theirs. Ted and Edith are strolling to the far end of the campus, apart from the rest. He is already telling her how hard the separation has been to him—while she, with cheeks suffused with blushes, listens to his tender words of love—but at the same time does not give him the encouragement, and as warm a reception, as he had looked forward to. Later on in the evening they come across Harry Stanton, and Ted introduces him to her and leaves them together, he going in search of some acquaintances whom he has not yet spoken to. Harry and Edith pass the time together, very agreeably indeed, for Edith is charmed by his wit and grace, while Harry is mentally admiring Ted's taste, for those pretty eyes and sparkling, coquetish ways had completely captivated him.

They were together a great deal during the rest of that day, and when Ted came back, the looks and smiles of approbation that she was bestowing upon Harry were not altogether to his liking.

Ted was with Edith for the rest of the evening, and wondered why she had become slightly more reserved in her manner towards him than she had been in the first part of the day. It worried him a great deal to

think that anything had happened to make her think less of him if such was the case, as he had based high hopes on the pleasures of this visit. He asked her when they were seated in one of the society halls, the reasons for treating him thus. But she appeared surprised, and told him that she was not aware of any indifference towards him.

Harry came up at this time to tell Ted that the first call for retreat had sounded, and lingered awhile to talk with them. They stayed just a minute, but long enough for Ted to note Edith's change of spirits, and how from a pensive and reserved mood, she had almost instantly returned to her old sparkling ways and irresistible smiles. "Why could she not bestow those on me?" thought Ted. But love could be blinded no longer, and he saw with growing jealousy that Harry Stanton had all but won his sweetheart from him.

They left her at the entrance to the dormitory, and went to their company. Neither spoke as they walked along together, for each knew too well the thoughts of the other.

There was to be a reception that night, and Ted determined to find out from Edith whether or not her actions of the evening had spoken her feelings.

At the play in Winthrop's beautiful auditorium Edith was surprised at the lack of interest shown by Ted, in the excellent talent of the Winthrop girls. When the play was over he carried her into the art gallery. There were several boys and girls in the room, but couple by couple they gradually left, soon leaving none but Edith and Ted in the room.

Ted, almost in despair, said: "Edith, why do you carry on this miserable sham any longer? Don't you see how it is torturing me; and why do you persist

in favoring Harry Stanton, when you have only known him one day?" Then becoming excited, he began speaking in quick exclamations, "Oh, Edith, I do love you! Tell me why you are carrying on this flirtation with Harry Stanton? Have you no feelings—no heart—no pity?" Then collecting himself, "No, Edith, perhaps I am wrong. Maybe another holds the place in your heart that I once flattered myself holding. If this be true, for God's sake tell me. Do not keep me in such suspense."

Edith seeing that the time had come for her to speak truthfully on the subject, said to him: "Ted, I thought that I loved you once, and was foolish enough to tell you so; as a friend, I value you above all others, but as a lover—it can never be. I wish I could love you, for you have always been the dearest of friends to me." Ted could stand this no longer, and rushed from the room. On the landing of the stairway he met Harry Stanton, but passed him with blazing eyes, not deigning a look. Harry called out after him to ask what was the matter, but he paid no attention whatever to him.

Guessing the cause of Ted's coolness, he went into the gallery and there found Edith looking very sad, as if about to cry; but she brightened up on his entrance. "Oh, Mr. Stanton, I'm awfully worried. Ted and I have quarreled. I know it was not my fault. I am so sorry, for we've always been such great friends."

Harry's sympathizing manner soon chased away all clouds from her mind, and she was as happy as a song bird on a summer's day.

Under the spell of her presence Harry's conversation took a more personal turn, and he pleaded with her, "Miss Edith, you say you've just lost a friend; will you not accept the friendship, the love, of one who cares a



thousand times more for you ?" She listened with drooping lids and blushing cheeks to his ardent wooing. "No, Mr. Stanton," said she, "you know what folly I have wrought by one hasty answer already. I do not believe that one can fall in love on first sight, but I confess that I do like you very much. Can you not wait and let time prove your love ?" "That will never do," said he, "for perhaps it will be a long time before we meet again, possibly not until next year." Her face instantly brightened, as she exclaimed, "Charleston Reunion." "I understand that the Clemson Cadets will be there, so will the Winthrop girls, and then if you still love me as you say you do now, I will give you my answer."

She got no further, for as she looked up their heads were so very close together, and before she could draw back a kiss had been implanted on her lips. With well-feigned indignation she scolded him, but in another minute was laughing, and they parted with the words, "Remember the Charleston Reunion."

As for Ted Willard :

"When love is a game of three  
 One heart can win but pain,  
 While two between them share the joy  
 That all had hoped to gain.  
 And one in its bitter sadness  
 Smiles on, lest others see.  
 But two in their new found gladness  
 Forget 'twas a game of three."

—W. G. HILL, '01.

---

## WINTHROP-CLEMSON DAY.

### I.

#### MORNING.

Oh ! The rushing, and gushing, and flushing,  
 The meeting, and greeting, and seating,  
 The straying, delaying, and saying,  
 Hand-wringing and clinging,

Receding and speeding  
 Of Winthrop and Clemson that morning.  
 How the talk, never ending, but always ascending,  
 Sounds and motions forever and ever were blending,  
 Unceasing, increasing, with hearts unreleasing,  
     As if never tired,  
     But ever inspired,  
 'Tween Winthrop and Clemson that morning.

## II.

## NOON.

Then the ringing, and singing, and winning,  
 The turmoiling, and foiling, and toiling,  
 The glancing, and dancing entrancing,  
     Dress-parading invading,  
     Stout hearts never fading,  
 Of Winthrop and Clemson that noon.  
 Banqueting, cadeting, coquetting,  
 Tree-planting, gallanting, enchanting,  
 Inspecting, detecting, selecting,  
     Grinning and chinning,  
     Beginning and winning  
 Fair Winthrop for Clemson that noon.

## III.

## NIGHT.

Taps sounding, confounding, astounding,  
 Seizing, hand-squeezing so pleasing,  
 Then the starting, and darting, and parting,  
     With many eyes blinking,  
     And many hearts sinking,  
 As we marched from fair Winthrop that night.  
 Long live Winthrop! gleaming and teeming  
 With girls who are pleasing, heart-seizing,  
 Captivating, adequating for mating.  
     As sister and brother  
     We love one another,  
 Here's to "Winthrop and Clemson forever."

—W. L. MOISE.

---

**South Carolina in History.**

Those are noble words of Cicero when he tells us "It is the first and fundamental law of history that it should

neither dare to tell anything that is false nor fear to say anything that is true," but some historians of this age have ignored this law ; they have dared to say things that are false and feared to say others that are true of this Southland of ours. Shall we allow the brilliant record of our State to go down in history misrepresented ? Shall we permit her noble deeds to be lost in dark forgetfulness ? If not, let us raise our voices in her behalf.

The history of South Carolina is a grand one ; to do it justice would require volumes instead of a few pages. We all love the old "Palmetto State" as we love our mothers, and venerate her high and proud character. We delight to recall her glorious historic record as a colony and as a state. We feel a pride in naming her brilliant and devoted sons in the Revolution, in the War of 1812, in the strife upon Mexican soil, in that mighty conflict between the States, and in the late war with Spain. We have equal pride, too, in recalling the wisdom, ability, eloquence and patriotism of her statesmen in the legislative halls of the State and the nation.

In the settlement of the colonies, South Carolina, the garden spot of this country, was given by the king to his favorites, and continued to be a pet of the mother country down to the Revolution. Many families from among the sturdy commoners of England, recognizing the possibilities of this colony, embarked for its shores, soon to be followed by numerous bands of influential settlers, not from England alone, as was the case with most of the northern colonies ; but also settlers from France, Holland, Ireland, and Scotland. After these peoples established themselves in the lower country, upper Carolina was settled by a hardy, industrious race of enterprising yeomanry from Virginia and Maryland.

The characteristics of these early settlers may be seen

in the people of to-day. The thrifty, energetic immigrants from Holland have left their mark upon the State in what is known as "Dutch Fork;" and nowhere will you find a more contented and prosperous people. The strong Irishman, having no country of his own, united with the Scotchman, famed for his learning and patriotism, and the blending of these two peoples has given us the Scotch-Irish, one of the most important factors in our citizenship. The proud cavaliers of England, to whom the province was granted, were a noble class of men, and they indelibly stamped their character on the settlement. The Huguenots of France, a strong and religious people, had fled from the persecution of the mother country to seek freedom of conscience in the American wilderness. Such were the germs from which the citizens of this State have sprung; thrifty, cultivated, learned, pure, proud and religious; loving liberty of action and independence of thought; it is the combination of these qualities that has produced the typical South Carolinian.

Suffering from the hardships incident to a new colony, harassed by the Indians and oppressed by the proprietary governors, the growth of the early colony was slow. But the character of the people soon manifested itself; they overcame the hardships, drove the savages from the borders of the province, overthrew their tyrannical rulers, and asserted their right of self-government.

South Carolina now became a royal province. This is, indeed, one of the happiest and most prosperous periods of her history. Dr. Ramsey says the first and second Georges were nursing-fathers to the province. They performed to it the "full-orbed" duty of kings, and their paternal care was returned with the most ardent love and affection of their subjects in Carolina. The col-

onists enjoyed the protection of Great Britain, and in return she had a monopoly of their trade. For the most part they sent their children to England or Scotland for education. The inhabitants were fond of British manners even to excess, and spoke of England by the endearing name of "home." Few countries have at any time exhibited so striking an instance of public and private prosperity as appeared in South Carolina at this period.

Charleston was now a great center of culture, refinement and trade. The rich planters, leaving their business to overseers, moved to the city for the purpose of social intercourse and improvement. They established a social order of their own which, if less ancient than that of the old country, was in no respect inferior in culture and refinement. They busied themselves in the interest of education and the betterment of the government. To these they devoted their money, their time and their talents.

In the war of the Revolution, South Carolina was ever ready to help on the cause of freedom with the talents and life-blood of her gifted and heroic sons. This she did for a cause that was only indirectly her own. The Navigation Act was the immediate occasion of war. But South Carolina had no shipping trade, hence she was not concerned. The Stamp Act did not annoy her, and as her citizens used little tea, the retention of the duty upon it was, to those who thought of it, a mere abstraction. Yet the independent, liberty-loving people of this proud colony rushed to arms exclaiming, "The cause of Boston is the cause of us all." The guns of Moultrie at the old Palmetto fort in front of Charleston announced the first victory of American Arms. Then, when the reverses of war came and the British troops had overrun the whole country, Sumter, Marion and Pickens drove



them back step by step to their stronghold and thus turned the tide of victory in our favor. There were no battles of the Revolution which will compare in brilliancy with the defense of Moultrie, the defeat of Ferguson at King's Mountain, and Tarleton at Cowpens ; all fought by South Carolinians on South Carolina soil.

And while her soldiers were fighting her statesmen were not idle. It was Christopher Gadsden who first advocated the independence of the colonies. It was the brave sons of Carolina that seconded the call for a convention to consider the oppression of Great Britain. It was the eloquence of John Rutledge that fired the hearts of his people and inspired them with a patriotism that resulted in their "independence."

In the war of 1812, South Carolina's record is not less brilliant than in the Revolution. Gen. Hampton led to victory one of the main divisions of the army, while Gen. Jackson, a Tennessean by adoption, but a South Carolinian by birth, gained the battle of New Orleans in one of the most famous conflicts that has ever occurred in America.

Again, in the Mexican war, shoulder to shoulder with New York troops, her soldiers scaled the heights of Chapultepec, together they bore the hardships of battle and fever under a burning sun, and there now stands upon Carolina soil an emblematic tree bearing the names of all who yielded up their lives at the prompting of honor in the immortal ranks of the Palmetto Regiment.

Such is the record of South Carolina's soldiers in the interest of the general government. The ashes of her sons are mingled with the dust on every battlefield in the Union ; their blood has stained the red hills of Canada and the rugged cliffs of Mexico. Wherever duty calls there are her soldiers found.

"Theirs was the grand heroic nerve  
That laughs amid the storms of war,  
Souls that loved much their native rights,  
Who fought and died therefor ;  
They gave their youth, their brains, their arms,  
Their blood—they had no more."

South Carolina's representatives have always been prominent in the Congress of the nation. The names of Pinckney, Rutledge, Gadsden, Middleton, Sumter, Marion and Pickens are conspicuous as statesmen, patriots and heroes in the Revolution. In the Congresses of 1796 to 1826 shone many brilliant lights. But, while from other States came forth bright single stars, South Carolina presented a constellation of dazzling splendor, Lowndes, Cheves, Williams, Calhoun.

"Like the moon the feebler fires among  
Conspicuous shines the Julian star."

Later she produced Hayne, Harper, Drayton, Preston, McDuffie, Legare, Petigrue, Hamilton and many other illustrious men who were the peers of any in the National Assembly for ability, eloquence and learning. Such men should inspire the rising generations in this State to emulate their fame and renown as statesmen and patriots.

Need I recount the noble efforts of South Carolina's statesmen in attempting to avoid the conflict between the States? They struggled manfully, but the conflict was inevitable. The war came, and her brave sons who had been fighting for the rights of others now had to battle for their own. You ask of their bravery? I need only point to the innumerable graves that fill our land, the silent monuments of their valor.

The war has ended. Its statesmen and leaders are fast passing away. Eulogy after eulogy has been pronounced upon their noble deeds. But the purest spirit, the deepest love, the greatest heroism, the noblest man-

hood, were exemplified by the private soldier of the South. He dared to die for a cause that had few supporters save in our own land.

"Where is loftier heroism ?

Where is nobler patriotism ?

Where is truer manhood ?

Where is grander chivalry ?

Where a more ideal hero ?

For principles, he carried the heaviest cross ;

For principles, he courted an unknown grave.

He touched elbows in the unwavering line of charge.

He gained victory with the point of the bayonet.

He dauntlessly rushed over the earthworks.

He stood like a "stone-wall" upon the field.

He was strongest in battle.

He was gentlest in victory.

He was most powerful in the face of menace.

He was tenderest to the captured.

His pride was grand, his bravery exalted, his heroism majestic !"

Need they a monument to perpetuate their memory in Southern hearts ? Sooner far would we forget to breathe than would we forget the "Confederate soldier." And here's to those noble women, who for the cause they loved, gave all their possessions, their loved ones, and suffered, and still hoped and prayed for success, while darker grew the clouds around the Southern Cross.

Let us not despair. Wars and defeats precede all great achievements and successes. When the wild Goths and Vandals pounced down upon Rome and her arts and her civilization seemed blotted out, the true Roman spirit arose grander than ever, and from the wreck of former glory arose the "renaissance." As under their raids of Goths and Vandals, so our civilization was all but wiped out, yet the Southern spirit is rising grander than ever, and upon the ruin of our former greatness is springing up a solid prosperity and an enlightened patriotism to herald the abiding glory of the coming Carolina.

With such an inheritance, could South Carolinians hear in vain the cries that came from the "Pearl of the Antilles?" Could they refuse to hear, at their very door, the pleading of the Cuban patriots, and the shrieks of outraged justice? No, a thousand times no! And once more the brave mother bade her son farewell; once more the grizzled veteran drew his sword for the national flag. South Carolina's escutcheon bears the names of Ensign Blue, Lieut. Patton and others. And although none of her sons were lost in battle, South Carolina points with pride—and sorrow—to the graves of Joseph K. Allston and others, who just as surely died for the cause they thought so just—so humane.

But, it is a pleasant thought that one of her sons raised the flag of freedom over Havana.

The war with Spain has not been without its effect upon the United States. The future policy of our national government has presented problems of the greatest importance for American statesmen to solve, and the South awaits the issue with interest. Judging from the speeches of several Northern Senators, the ultimate result will be the vindication of the principles for which Calhoun contended and the Confederacy was martyred. And already I see the rosy tints of a breaking day, when the whole Union will turn to the conservatism of South Carolina to preserve the country from ruin, and to insure to the citizen his God-given rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

EDGAR M. MATTHEWS, '01.

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### THE CHARGE OF THE THREE HUNDRED.

(With apologies to Tennyson.)

Half a league, half a league,  
Half a league onward,  
Right into Winthrop's grounds

Marched the three hundred.  
 "Forward, the boys in gray !  
 Charge for the girls to-day !"  
 Into old Winthrop's grounds  
     Marched the three hundred.

"Forward, the boys in gray !"  
 Stayed there a man away ?  
 No, for the cadets knew  
 No one had blundered.  
 Theirs was to make reply ;  
 Theirs not to reason why ;  
 Theirs but to go and try ;  
 Into old Winthrop's grounds  
     Marched the three hundred.

Girls to right of them,  
 Girls to left of them,  
 Girls in front of them,  
 Looked on and wondered.  
 Waved at by lovely maids,  
 Boldly each man stayed ;  
 Out there on dress parade  
     Stood the three hundred.

Flashed all their bayonets bare,  
 Flashed as they turned in air,  
 Watched by the maidens there,  
 On dress parade while  
 All Rock Hill wondered.  
 "Dismissed !" the Major spoke ;  
 Right through the line they broke,  
 Sweetheart and cousin—  
     ? ? ! ! \* \* \* ! ! ? ?

Girls to right of them,  
 Girls to left of them,  
 Girls behind them,  
 Looked on and wondered.  
 Gone were the parting words,  
 Scarcely a sound was heard ;  
 Sadly they turned around,  
 Marched from old Winthrop's ground,  
     Marched the three hundred.

When will the memory fade  
 Of the great day they had,  
 Though parted and sundered.  
 From all the friends they made,  
 After that dress parade,  
     By the three hundred.

—Q. B. NEWMAN, '01.



### To Dance or Not to Dance.

Every now and then, some person, posing as a moralist, mounts the bema to express his sentiments against the dancing evil, and proceeds to destroy, without mercy, the hopes for a future life, of those foolish mortals who persist in this great "saltatorial sin." Even preachers sermonize from the pulpit against it, and conclude their tirades with the threat that all who partake of this un-Godly amusement will be left in the lurch when the car of Salvation comes along.

The strangest thing about this reformatory movement is the fact that seldom is there any proof presented to sustain the statements—that no valuable authority is quoted to strengthen the arguments. The whole attack consists in the startling announcement that "I am opposed to dancing, and if you dance, you will go the shortest route to perdition, or some other seaport town. As an off-set—a counter-irritant as it were—to these crusades, we desire to say just a few words in favor of dancing, feeling that experience will justify and corroborate every statement herewith presented.

As a preamble, let us see by what authority we argue the defensive side of this question. In the Old Testament we find recorded an incident in which the people praised the Lord with the timbrel and the dance. In the New Testament we read of a feast wherein the dance was indulged in quite freely—so that we discover divine authority for it in both the Old and New Testaments.

There was a time, however, when it was considered a mortal sin to be merry—when not only dancing was prohibited, but all other forms of amusement. The theatre, the social whist-party, the "at homes"—even the smile was considered frivolous and unworthy of a professing

moralist. And there be some branches of the church to-day who encourage the "grave-yard" expression of countenance as an admission fee to the portals of the great hereafter. But, strange to say, the majority of broad-minded people encourage dancing and all other amusements which will gladden the heart and bring roses to the cheek. And we deduce from the axiom that "the whole is greater than any of its parts," that it is also wiser.

Philosophers tell us that social pleasures are necessary to a successful life, that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." Physicians are continually publishing their approval of pleasures, and insisting upon more amusements to abate the continual toil which must necessarily wear out the heart and brain before their allotted time. As civilization has increased dancing has reached a higher state of perfection, and year after year we find it gaining a stronger and more permanent hold upon the society of our country. There is a marked difference between the dance of sixty years ago and the dance of 1900.

Who can compare the dreamy maze of a voluptuous waltz of the present day, with the stilted, ungraceful stride of those days,

"When Grandma danced the minuet  
Long ago."

Like all other customs, dancing has changed with the times, and each decade has witnessed a radical improvement in the style. In the dawn of this century, during the early life of Lord Byron, the "round dance" was unknown. Nothing but the stately minuet, the less stately square dance, the Irish jig and the Scotch reel were indulged in. Hence Byron, with characteristic sarcasm, makes sport of the waltz, when he attends a ball where

the round dance is for the first time introduced. Waltzing is a comparatively recent innovation. It originated in Germany and was introduced into England about the year 1820. But since its introduction it has displaced all other less graceful styles, and will ever remain the most important feature of the grand ball.

Perhaps there is no stronger argument in favor of dancing than the fact that it brings the two sexes together under circumstances mutually agreeable. We will all admit that the aim of the average young person is to marry. Now, if the establishment of the ball-room causes the sexes to gravitate toward each other, then it must, in the nature of things, lead to marriage, and is, therefore, the enemy of celibacy. Again, we hold that an amusement which is indulged in by the highest and most refined elements of humanity must be correct and desirable; that when

" Youth and pleasure meet  
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet,"

the pleasure derived must be beneficial, or it would have been abandoned long ago.

Another argument in favor of dancing is the physical improvement noticed after a few months' lessons in this pleasurable exercise. The scientific dancing-master introduces in his first lessons limb exercise. First the waist, then the leg, then the foot, is exercised regularly to give suppleness, flexibility, grace and ease to the body. Many parents send their little children to dancing school, not so much with the desire that they may become dancers, as with the desire that they may become graceful. I know of certain instances when parents sent their children to a dancing-master, with the previous determination of refusing them the privilege of dancing after they had learned the art, only desiring them to be-

come graceful and easy in their appearance. Pope admits this important element of dancing when he says

“True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,  
As those move easiest who have learned to dance.”

Having discussed dancing from a legal standpoint, its moral effects, and its physical effects, we would now turn to its intellectual status.

Music is said to be the highest and most etherial element in the human being. We know it to be the very soul of life, the heavenly gift which only poetic minds possess. Shakespeare assures us that

“The man who hath no music in himself  
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds  
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils—  
The motions of his spirit are as dull as night,  
And his effections dark as Erebus ;  
Let no such man be trusted.”

Now, it has been established beyond the shadow of a doubt that the rythmical soul produces the rythmical dancer—that in direct proportion to one's taste for music is one's ability as a graceful dancer. The most perfect dancer with whom I have ever had the pleasure of “tripping the light fantastic,” is renowned for her musical ability. A person who cannot learn to dance will always find it difficult to turn a tune, and *vice versa*. Dancing defines your intellectual status, for music is the highest form of intellect.

Dancing is not “hugging set to music,” as some unrefined critics of the earth have said, but rather music impersonated, singing with the whole body as well as with the soul.

A gifted dancer forgets that he has feet, forgets that he is on a wooden floor ; he sees only the bewildering beauty of the summer night's high noon ; knows only

that he is gliding along in the seductive mazes of a most delightful dream ; seems

"An enchanted boat  
Which like the sleeping swan does float  
Upon the silver wave of the sweet singing."

In such moods man is either very near his Maker or else very near Heaven's antipodes ; and we will assume that in the majority of cases his better nature rules supreme. In just such moods, when the whole being is ablaze with sentiment, "man climbs Parnassus' rugged steeps and stands, poised in mid-heaven, like a star. In just such moods the orator is gifted with lips of gold, and in the poet's heart there rings the melody of the spheres."

Dancing must remain a permanent amusement, because it is the key which opens society's doors to the stranger. If you visit a city and are desirous of entering its society, yet being a stranger find it impossible, the ball-room furnishes you the desired opportunity. There you may introduce yourself to the floor manager, and he will make it his duty to see that you meet the ladies and gentlemen there assembled. At no other place is this opportunity offered, hence the value of a dancing hall. After the introduction, you have the privilege of visiting the society of the city, and of becoming a component part thereof.

The knowledge of the correct dancing step, however is of little importance when compared to the information the participant unintentionally receives as to the polite style of conversation, the easy carriage of the body, and the *gratia placendi*, one of the necessary features in the etiquette of the ball-room. In this day and generation, when chivalry is said to be on the decline, and formality becoming replaced by coarse familiarity,



the dancing hall stands forth as the exponent of these very traits, the polished manners, Chesterfieldian courtesy; and reverence and chivalry when subjected to the mild censorship of woman's eyes. Each sex values the good opinion of the other, and right acting begets right thinking. So

"On with the dance,  
Let joy be unconfined."

The cumulative wisdom of sixty centuries approves of the dance as a healthy method of diversion, and none but false prophets decry the amusement. It is beneficial physically, is beneficial intellectually, socially and morally. It is a permanent institution, come to counteract the sadness and misery in a life of continual toil, and will flourish long after these "Daniels come to judgment" have passed into the mysterious hereafter to answer for their sins. To my mind the person who has not danced has left untouched half the pleasure of life, like one who

"With the grape within his grasp  
Drops it, with all its crimson juice unpressed  
And all its luscious sweetness left unguessed,  
Out from his careless and unheeding clasp."

W. L. MOISE.

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### FAITHFUL STILL TO THEE.

You refuse to make the promise  
I desired so long ago,  
Still refuse your love to give me,  
So I need not love you more ;  
Hope will die where love once flourished  
If I'm struggling but in vain,  
First to keep love's links together,  
Then to mend the broken chain.

You do not love me, so freely  
All your friendship I restore  
To the one I would have taken  
As mine own forevermore ;  
I shall never more reprove you,

Naught you'll hear of love from me,  
But I ask you do not think  
That I do not still love thee.

Yes, my dearest, still I love you,  
Naught can break that golden chain,  
Not the words which you have spoken  
Nor the sharpness of my pain ;  
Do you think as you've refused me  
And withheld your hand to-day,  
That from out the heart I'd give you  
My strong love can fade away ?

It will live, though none may see it,  
In my soul it still lies deep,  
Hid from all, though I shall feel it,  
Often restless in its sleep.  
So, remember, that the friendship,  
Which you now think poor and vain,  
Will survive from hope and longing  
That you'll ask for it again.

Perhaps in some sweet evening hour  
Like those which we have known of old,  
If dark shadows gather round you,  
And your many friends grow cold,  
You may stretch your hand out to me,  
Would you ? though I know not when,  
My love would live ! I'll keep it  
Carefully for you till then.

—J. F. H., 'or.

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### Mad Archie Campbell.

Probably one of the most interesting figures of our Revolutionary period was born in Scotland. At an early age he joined the English Army and was sent at the outbreak of the Revolution to the Carolinas.

As an officer he was brave to a fault, personally he was wild, daring and extremely fond of gay society. His marriage was probably the most interesting event of his life unless, perhaps, it was his death. His marriage affords a striking example of his wild and daring nature.

Campbell was severely wounded in an affair between

a part of his own command and some American militia, near Goose Creek Church, about twenty miles from Charleston, S. C. Strange to relate, he was carried to the home of an American patriot, who, in spite of the fact that Campbell was a British officer, took the best care of him. The wound was severe and Campbell convalesced but slowly. All during his illness the daughter of his benefactor had nursed him as if he had been her own brother. A strong attachment sprung up between the two in spite of the fact that the young lady's father did all in his power to prevent it. The brother of this young lady was a Lieutenant in the American Army. Rumors had reached him of the mutual attachment between his sister and Campbell, so with part of his command he hurried home to put an end to the affair if possible. Campbell, hearing of his coming, resolved to bring things to a climax. It was in early spring, and as usual at that time the woods were very attractive. He proposed to the young lady that they take a gallop through the woods, which was accepted. So together they rode to a little church about two miles away, a part of Campbell's detachment escorting them at a little distance, as it was not safe for one of either party to travel without a guard. Arriving at the little church, Campbell dismounted and helped his fair companion from her horse.

The church door was open and the sound of the first bell was still echoing among the pines, but as yet none had arrived but the minister, who greeted them cordially. Campbell seized this opportunity, and stepping to the door he called two of his comrades to him. In a moment more they had the reverend gentleman covered with a revolver and ordered him to proceed with the marriage ceremony. So, forcibly induced, the good man

hastened to comply. When about half way through all were startled by the crack of rifles. Lieutenant —— had arrived and was having a lively brush with Campbell's command. They were held in check, however, until the ceremony had been performed and Campbell and his bride a mile or more away. Such was the marriage of Mad Archie Campbell.

Now if you will bear with me for a little longer I will tell you how he died. On the road between Mt. Pleasant and Georgetown there is an old mansion unlike those common in this section. It has no tall, white columns, no wide, low piazzas, in fact it has none of the grandeur of the old Southern architecture, but is never the less a very impressive building. The roof, high and gabled, built of tile, is as good to-day as it was a hundred years ago, the piazzas narrow, small and high, eked out by tiny balconies that seem to cling to the lofty walls like lichens to an oak. The chimney is of stone and leaves the roof where the four gables meet. A great Wisteria vine has found its way up to the roof and wound itself around the chimney. In the spring and summer, when it is green with leaves and hung with thousands of fragrant blossoms it is with its back ground of red tile an unusually pretty picture. The windows are narrow and the glasses are tiny and diamond shaped, held together by strips of lead, just such windows as those you see in children's picture books.

In the late twilight of an August evening when the swallows are circling about the chimney and the little tree frogs are holding a noisy congress in the branches about the windows, one feels that there is still a spot in the wake of civilization where nature held her own; within these walls, where once reigned the most lordly hospitality, bats and owls now fly.

Here it was some hundred or more years ago on a quiet Sunday morning three British officers dismounted at the gate of the pretty garden now grown up in saplings, and walked up the pathway to the door of this old house. Attired in their scarlet uniforms, they made a striking picture beneath the green shrubbery. The three men had obtained leave from their commander, Rawdon, stationed at Charleston, to spend a day in the country. This old house was the Mecca for all the better class of Tories and English. There, while privation reigned everywhere else, was extravagance and festivity, the great dance hall rang continually with the voices of brave men and handsome women.

It was after a night of pleasure at this house that Lieutenant Campbell and his two companions mounted their horses and rode toward the ferry. They were conversing gaily, and never for a moment suspected that they were in any danger, but they had erred for once, at least. When about six miles from this ferry, which, by the way, is still there, they met three gentlemen of the neighborhood wearing the uniform of the American militia. These three militiamen, by a sudden dash, took Campbell's two companions prisoners, but Archie Campbell was made of sterner stuff. It took a hard fight to capture him, but what could one do against three? They finally overpowered him and placed him in his saddle, binding him firmly. Finding that further resistance was useless, the prisoners made the best of the situation and conversed with their captors, whom they found to be Nicholas and Samuel Venning, two brothers, and a friend of theirs, whose name I do not know. They had gone but a mile or more when Archie Campbell resolved to be a free man or a dead one. His captors had failed to tie his horse to one of theirs, considering it enough to ride one on either



side of him. Surely they could not have known this man. Campbell buried his spurs in his horse's flanks and shot out between his guards like an arrow from a bow.

Leaving both the other prisoners in charge of their friend, the two Vennings started in hot pursuit. Campbell was superbly mounted and was urging his animal to the utmost. The Vennings, too, were well mounted, and were pushing him close. Now and again Campbell would turn in his saddle and fire point-blank at his pursuers. His aim was faulty, as he never once hit his man. The three horses were lathered down with sweat and half wild with thirst, but each was doing his best.

At a bend of the road where it plunges into the woods, Campbell halted a moment as if hesitating in his choice between following the road or striking through the woods. He decided on sticking to the road. A moment more his pursuers were upon him. Three shots were fired and Campbell died, the cords that had bound him still holding him to the saddle. When his captors came up he was lying well over on the neck of his horse, bleeding from the wound of a bullet that had passed entirely through him. Such was his death.

The rattle of musketry for his wedding march, the rattle of musketry for his death knell. His body was sent back to Scotland at his mother's request.

In a little church yard in Christ Church Parish, S. C., is the following inscription: "Sacred to the memory of Nicholas Venning, the man who killed Mad Archie Campbell.

F. J. McK.

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### FAITH—THE PILOT.

#### I.

I stood one day upon the ocean sands,  
Enveloped in a cloud of rain and wind ;  
A storm was raging ; the ocean far and near

Seemed one magestic struggling element.  
The waves ran high, lashed into whitened foam  
By the discordant battling 'gainst their bounds.  
Afar off, on the surging billows bold,  
I saw a single ship, tossed here and there  
By the opposing forces of the sea.  
It seemed a very toy, condemned to sink  
And vanish from my eager watch, below.  
Lo ! There it rode the crest of wave in ease,  
And then, anon, it sunk deep out of view ;  
Again I saw the keel rise from the gulf  
And poise itself upon the bosom safe.  
Slow it advanced through 'circling wind and wave,  
Creeping toward the hospitable shore  
As suppliant to the mother earth for help.  
I viewed the struggling craft with eager eye,  
Content to stand in safety and observe  
Its contest with the mighty elements.  
As if by aid of superhuman guide  
It steered directly for the nearest shore  
I saw the pilot standing at the wheel,  
And turning left or right to guide its course.  
Alas ! The fight was lost ! One mighty wave,  
O'erlapping all preceding in its force,  
Dashed pilot to the deck. The rudder turned,  
The vessel toppled, bowed on either side  
As if to 'scape the fast approaching sea,  
And then, drunk with the contest, sunk at last  
And vanished in the abyss of waters deep.

## II.

Upon the surging sea of human life  
Man battles with the elements of sin,  
He fights with all his vigor to escape  
The slow approach of death to soul and mind.  
Afar up in that mystic maze above,  
A Father gazes on the eternal strife  
And notes the contest with a judging eye.  
He sees the slow advance to realms of truth,  
The never-ceasing effort for more light,  
The spirit's cry for help and strength to bear  
The burdens of a dust-created man.  
But God assists not in the mundane fray,  
'Tis not the secret of his creed to light  
The shore of safety for the endangered ship.

Each must with his pilot—FAITH,  
Guide through the ocean swells to restful coast,  
Dependent on himself alone to find  
The truth, the light, the everlasting peace.  
Nor will the waves be stilled, the winds abate,  
For time to rest, and summon courage new ;  
Forever, 'tis decreed, that they should fret  
The soul of man to test the pilot's strength.  
"I this day set before you good and ill,"  
The Maker cries, and ours is the choice,  
And whether good or ill, the war is on,  
And fight we must till death the warrior takes  
And leaves the contest with his fellow men.

—W. L. MOISE.

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### The Youth and the College.

One of the questions that occupies a prominent position in the minds of the youth to-day is, whether to spend four years in college, or to start at once to fight their way to a high place among men. On one hand, they have, drawing them into the world, the luring temptations of that class of people who can see no value in a college education, while on the other, there is the bright prospect of their becoming educated men, if they will only exercise the mental powers they possess.

You, who do not know the value of having lived in this miniature world, and who have reached that point in your course where the road divides, one leading to the college and the other to some unlearned trade or profession, in answer to the question which naturally suggests itself to you, "Which course shall I take?" I would direct you into the path which leads to knowledge; for knowledge no longer hovers about the heads of monarchs alone, but is accessible to all who diligently seek it.

Think of the many colleges and universities that have sprung up, in this land, for the purpose of educating its youth, and of the thousands of young men who, through the aid of these institutions, are striving to fit themselves

for a life of activity. Are you, then, to be left alone in the powerful grasp of ignorance, to be crushed by its blows of desolation? Why not give heed to the bugle-call of the army of educational progress, and join the legions that are marching on to a grand success?

Be not discouraged at the weakness of youth, but direct your efforts to a higher and nobler life. See yonder monument, standing in its magnificence, towering into the sky as if to reach the very heaven itself. It was once shapeless matter, and many were the difficulties in the way of its construction, but little by little it was completed until now it stands there defying the blasts of years. So, too, can you become great by ceaseless efforts to advance. You can overcome the trials, discouragements and opposition that lay in your path by fixing your aim on the goal which is ever onward, and by striving with untiring zeal to reach it. Do not cease to aspire because it seems of no avail to you, but take courage in the truth of Tennyson's words:

Men may rise on stepping-stones  
Of their dead selves to higher things."

No young man can be his own best teacher. Exclusively self-made men are not always the best made, for they usually carry their faults uncorrected. Neither can any young man afford to grow up without the very best of culture, literature, and practice in the art of speaking. The college affords vast opportunities for the attainment of these objects. These are the generous teachers ever willing to aid the youth and to correct his faults. The well-filled library at his disposal, containing books which will help him to obtain his desired object. The literary society to train him in parliamentary usages, and to cultivate oratory. The association of other students which gives an insight into the ways of the world. All of these

are necessary to any young man who expects to achieve success.

In this day of culture and advancement, the man who proclaims that higher education is of no merit, convicts himself of being covered with the dark mantle of ignorance, and shows that he is incapable of throwing off the yoke of worthlessness which he bears. To-day the men that hold the most prominent positions are men of culture and refinement, and it is not among such men that contempt for college education is found. On the other hand, they are working hard to make the college prosper. They know that when young men go from these colleges into the world the difficulties that there await them can be coped with more successfully. They will be better citizens to uphold the governmental standard; better rulers to guide the nation through its perils. And last, but not least, better teachers to lead their fellow men to true enlightenment. Is it not well, then, for the young men to turn their backs on the advice of these pessimistic numskulls who dare oppose the colleges, and look to the educated for guidance?

A college has for its aim something higher than a mere profession. It is to help young men win the fame and immortal glory that is in store for them. To put them on the road to the highest liberty and truest enlightenment. To instil into the youth the noblest principles and grandest sentiments of honor. It does its most valuable work for a young man, not as a future lawyer or doctor, but as a man. Its office is to enlarge, enrich and ennoble the life, and to impart culture and develop character. We owe it as a duty to ourselves, as a duty to the State in which we live, to improve the golden opportunities and advantages offered by these grand institutions.



Young men need something to fan into a flame the feeble spark of intelligence they have, and to dispel the gloom which would otherwise bedim their future. The colleges are the lamps that are lighting these sparks and starting young men into the world with a firm foundation upon which to stand. The graduates of colleges are beams from these lights of civilization that shed forth progress and enlightenment to illumine the community in which they settle. So let us, in our youth, unite our efforts to keep these lamps burning brightly, and to take advantage of the many opportunities they offer for a higher and more liberal education; thus, enabling ourselves to go out armed in the cause of education, true liberty and self-government.

C. W. M., '01.

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#### THE BREAK OF DAY.

Slow falls the night ; its dark'ning pall  
Lingers, then settles over all ;  
And, wrapped in silence for awhile,  
The world lies dormant till the smile  
Of morning's sun turns black to gray,  
And that, in turn, to resplendent day.

I like to think of that other night  
Which seems to fall on the soul to blight  
Its brightest hopes, as a night that lies  
On the soul, till the light of Paradise  
Sends through the dark a glimmering ray,  
And death's night turns to ethereal day.

—Q. B. NEWMAN, '01.

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#### The Grandeur of Patience.

First we must try to understand what is meant by patience, and the best way of obtaining a definition of patience is by noting some author's definition.

One has defined patience as, "That peculiar quality of mind and heart which seals all complaining lips, soothes

the wounded heart, and simply abides the time for the accomplishment of a purpose."

But how few of us can seal our lips in time of trouble and anxiety.

It seems to be our natures to worry over every trivial affair, making ourselves very uncompanionable to our friends, thus causing them to be unhappy. Because things do not always suit us we should not make it known to our associates for they cannot remedy our personal misfortunes. How apt is the old adage. "To be troubled in trouble doubles your trouble."

I suppose that nothing causes more display of impatience than does, what the most boys call, "The trouble of getting an education."

Boys think that if they do not complete their education by the time they are twenty years of age, there is no hope of their making a mark in life.

For instance, take a college boy who is a little advanced in years when he commences recalling the names of his companions in his early boyhood days, and naming over what each one is doing he finds that a great many of them are prosperous business men; and the result, generally, is that the fellow will become impatient to commence business, give up his education and launch out into life. But in less than three years he will wish that he had remained at college until he graduated.

Because nature has smiled upon so many in a generous manner, allowing them to complete their education while so much younger than you are, that is no reason that you should become discouraged and say, "O, I am too old to go to school; look at —, he had finished college four years at my age."

It is true that a majority of business men are uneducated, and it is also true that a large per cent of business men are perfect failures.

They might make a bright and prosperous start, but generally those who make such encouraging beginnings are the very ones who make the greatest failures.

Many distinguished men have worked hard for several years (the very years that they ought to have been at school) and saved money enough to send themselves to college; and others have gone through college by working one year and going to school the next, alternating in this way until they had completed their course.

Most of us are so anxious for school to close, we commence counting the days, weeks, hours and minutes, months before time for us to go home.

Nature furnishes us with the grandest example of patience in the whole realm of the universe. Through what long and weary ages has Nature pounded on the granite doors of giant mountains, pleading for crumbs that fall from rocky tables, that she may bear them down to the vales, to feed the hungry guests that wait in the halls below. Through countless ages she has stood with patient hand, shifting into river beds and ocean depths the fine alluvial morsel that she begged from miser mountains.

F. A. L., '00.

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### THE BELLS.

On a quiet Sunday morning, in the summer of the year,  
You can hear the bells a-ringing, a-ringing calm and clear,  
As if they were a-calling for those that He holds dear.

When on a happy wedding day two hearts are made as one,  
You may hear the bells a-ringing for the happy days to come.

When our Father, in his wisdom, has called a dear one home,  
Their deep sad notes come measuredly from out their lofty dome.

But they ring their sweetest music in the watches of the night,  
When the snowy souls of infants homeward take their upward flight.

—F. J. MCK.

### One Way to Advance the Price of Cotton.

It will soon be time for the farmers of South Carolina to plant another crop of cotton, and the thought of greatest importance to them is, "What price will it bring?" Will this crop sell at a higher price than the crop of 1898? What grounds have we upon which to hope that the crop of '99 will place enough money in the hands of the farmers to pay all expenses and have a profit balance? We have none, and we are discouraged, even before the crop is planted, by the prospective, almost certain low price.

This question, "How to raise the price of cotton?" has received careful thought from many men, some of whom have honestly endeavored to aid the unfortunate planters, and others who have labored for less worthy purposes. We cannot call attention to all the schemes arising from the discussion of this question, but mention the decrease of cotton acreage, the cylindrical bale, wire tire, and the bagging made from the cotton stalk.

The first is the only method of improvement that would help the planters as a class, and raise the price of cotton, but it has been found impracticable for the reason that all planters will not decrease the number of acres planted. It is but human for each one to plant as many acres as possible when he thinks the price is going to advance.

Good results may come from the cotton picking machine, and the employment of animals trained to pick the white locks. What the South needs most is the means of advancing the price of cotton—a means that will not be affected by an increase in the number of bales marketed. If this can be accomplished the price of cotton will advance independently of the acreage, and the whole South will take on an era of profitable farming and pros-

perity, and that man who will put this means into the hands of the people will be the greatest benefactor of the Southern cotton planter since Whitney, who gave them the gin.

We are spending too much time and energy in seeking new methods and innovations. What we should do is to improve present methods. To do this we must study the conditions that surround the production of cotton and its manufacture. We pass over the planting and gathering of the crop to the ginning—the subject of our discussion.

In this day of haste, even the inventor is apt to pay no attention to the minor needs in the processes of production, and is apt to overlook the opportunities of improving present methods of manufacturing. Thousands of men ride each day in vehicles and never for a moment think of the man who invented the single-tree, without which the motion of the horse would make vehicle riding unendurable. How few thoughts are bestowed upon the man who first used laths upon which to fasten the plastering of the walls? How many of us realize that every time we raise a book off a table, and every time the housekeeper weighs a roast of meat, the earth is held in suspension? We might go on, but this is only to show that we are too heedless of the forces that surround and continually affect us.

The cotton produced was once of little value whether a few acres were planted or hundreds because of the crude method of preparing it for the requirements of man. A study of the conditions and requirements led Whitney to produce the gin, and the value of cotton was for many years commensurate with the efficiency of the gin. The processes of producing and the methods of manufacturing the staple have been improved from year to year until



we have now about come to a standstill. These processes and methods have reached their limit of cheapness, and as we have approached this limit the price of cotton has steadily declined. An advance can not be expected under present conditions. Another Whitney must rise up and extend these limits of improvement. It is to the improvement of the cotton gin that the South must look for an advance and a speedy advance in the price of cotton. We must look to the genius of invention to make the improvements, but let us consider them.

The method of separating the fibers from the seed has not changed materially from the original method of Whitney. That is the employment of circular saws, the teeth of which pull the fiber from the seed by pulling it between the iron ribs. This lint is brushed from the saw by a rapidly revolving brush, revolving in the opposite direction. Some gin saws may pull the lint from the seed in this way when new, but none of them do after they have been filed by hand or by portable filing machines.

The shaft holding the saws is taken out, mounted in a vertical frame where it is free to turn, and the filing done. A three cornered file is applied to each side of the tooth, and when finished gives the tooth a diamond shaped cross-section, while the crotch of the tooth is as sharp as filing can make it. When the saw is remounted and ginning commenced, the saw revolves in the seed cotton, catches the fibers, and the lint, as it is pulled between the ribs is cut in two if the saw is sharp and formed into a hard lump or nap if the saw is dull. Thus we see that the usual process of ginning is one of cutting the fibers from the seed, and very often cutting the detached fiber into shorter pieces.

This chopping up of the cotton fiber becomes in the

end a serious loss. Let us trace it. You have been in a cotton mill and have seen this short lint filling the air and festooning the machinery. Where does it come from? As the lint passes from the first machine to the second and so on it is being continually drawn out so that all the fibers will lay along side of each other and be in the best position for twisting. It is during these drawing and spinning processes that this short fiber is beaten out by the machinery and collects on the machines and fills the air. This loss has been estimated by good authority at from twelve to fifteen per cent. And besides this there is the cost of separating it from the longer fibers.

A bale of cotton as it is ginned now contains any length of fibers from a small fraction of an inch to one and one-half inches. This varying length of fiber, has been and is now, a question of much concern to the designer of cotton manufacturing machinery. These machines must be designed to make a thread from the fibers of mixed lengths, hence when a bale of well ginned (long fiber) cotton goes through the mill the loss is considerable. The machinery uses the same amount of this long fiber to make the same size thread as it did of the chopped up fibers. Of course the thread made from the long fibers is stronger, but the cloth is no better than the poorest threads that compose it. Now then if the fibers were all longer the thread could be made smaller and less cotton used. Then a bale of cotton would make more cloth. It is reasonable to say that there will never be any less cotton goods used than at present, and as these goods can be manufactured more cheaply from cotton of longer fiber, or the long fibers manufactured into finer goods than the present lengths of fiber, the better ginned cotton will bring a higher price.

What we need then is a gin that will pull the whole length of fiber from the seed and not chop it or nap it. Furthermore, we want a gin that will separate the different lengths of fibers. The shorter lengths will make the cheap goods now in use, and the long fibers will be sold at a higher price to be made into finer fabrics. This improvement in the gin must be left, as we have said, for the inventor to accomplish. But in the meantime a little more care in filing and better methods of sharpening the saws now in use will result in longer fibers, and we believe in an advance in price.

EDGAR M. MATTHEWS, '01.

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### LOVE'S FLOWER.

If I were blind and thou should'st enter  
E'er so softly in the room,  
I should know it,  
I should feel it,  
Something subtle would reveal it,  
And a glory round the center  
That would lighten up the gloom.  
And my heart would surely guide me,  
With love's second sight provide me,  
One amid the crowd to find—  
If I were blind.

If I were deaf, and thou had'st spoken  
Ere thy presence I had known,  
I should know it.  
I should feel it,  
Something subtle would reveal it,  
And the seal at once be broken  
By love's liquid undertone.  
Deaf to others, stranger voices  
And the world's discordant noises  
Whisper, wheresoe'er thou art,  
'Twill reach my heart.

If I were dead, and thou shouldst venture  
Near the coffin where I lay,  
I should know it,

I should feel it,  
Something subtle would reveal it,  
And no look of mildest censure  
Rest upon that face of clay,  
Should'st thou kiss me, conscious flashes  
Of Love's fire, through death's cold ashes  
Would give back the cheek its red  
If I were dead.

—*Selected.*

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### A Night With the Missing Link.

I write this under protest, as I am fully aware that no one will believe my story, but nevertheless I shall write it, as I feel it my duty. Perchance even you yourself may travel the same road that I took, and without this warning you would possibly share my fate.

It was on a rainy evening in the fall of the year that I was traveling through a very wild section of our state. My only companion was a young man about my own age. We were just entering a dismal, swampy strip of woods, when we were overtaken by a shower much heavier than any preceding one; our horses as well as ourselves were weary and wet, so it was with a feeling of great relief we hove in sight of a stately old mansion. Our spirits were a little dampened when, on drawing nearer, we perceived that it was unoccupied, but it afforded at least a shelter from the rain. Securing our horses beneath the great piazza, we picked our way up the high rotten stair that led to a great paneled door, which squeaked on its rusty hinges with every gust that howled through the empty halls.

Now and then a blind would slam with a loud report, sending affrighted bats and owls in whirling clouds through the open windows to return in flights above our heads. We made our way to an upper chamber, where we proposed to rest for the night. A great, old-time

fire-place offered prospects for a roaring fire, which we soon had. A large bedstead which had long ago parted with its varnish from exposure to the weather through the sashless windows stood in one corner. Leaves from a big poplar just outside the window sailed across the naked floor and gathered in a rustling heap in the corner. A cricket beneath the hearth was doing his best to out-noise a locust in the big poplar. The great oaken mantel seemed that it might, if it wished, tell of deeds of violence. The rain beat a ceaseless tattoo upon the shingle roof and dripped in monotonous cadence upon the rotting floor.

My companion stretched himself upon the great bed and was soon fast asleep; but I preferred to sit by the fire and smoke. The light of our lantern was too dim to read by, so I amused myself by blowing rings from my pipe or watching the changing figures in the glowing embers. As I sat thus, musing on the probable history of the place, I became imbued with a feeling of unaccountable dread—a desire to put many miles between me and my present surroundings. I confess that I was a little unnerved, but I resolved not to give way to my feelings.

The locust outside ceased his deafening buzz, and only the hissing of silence sounded in my ears. The wind was rising, so I fastened the windows and, prompted by a feeling of insecurity and dread, I made sure that every bolt went home. I doubly barred the door, and resuming my seat, I was soon fast asleep. How long I slept I can not say, but when I awoke it was with a sense that there was some one in the room besides my companion and myself. I longed to get up and search the room, but was riveted to my seat by a feeling that my efforts would be rewarded, and to such an extent as had never before been accorded to mortal man.



The fire still burned bright, but I was chilled through; great beads of cold sweat stood out upon my forehead; my hands held the arms of my chair in a vice-like grip. An old owl hooted to his mate, and with each note the blood came and went, surging through me, though somehow I knew it was not the owl that I feared. Silence reigned again, but I dared not turn my head for I felt that IT, whatever it might be, was close behind my chair. I was paralyzed with fear and could not pray. My feelings at that time admit of no description and I shall not attempt any, but the wild thoughts and images which filled me have left their scars upon my mind.

The silence grew so intense that my heart beats were all that broke it. I was just gaining courage enough to wonder how my companion was faring, when the stillness was broken by a piercing shriek. I sprang from my chair, but dared not go to him. Shriek followed shriek and my companion appeared to be in mortal agony. I mustered courage to strike a match and re-light the lantern which had been put out and then hurried to where my friend lay. Dear reader, I shall spare you a description of what I saw. Suffice it to say that his face, which a short while before was strong and handsome, was now a gnivering mass of ragged flesh with two hollow red sockets.

Stealing cautiously from the room and closing the door after me, I resolved to solve, if possible, this mystery.

The stairway to the attic was at the farther end of the hall. Mounting this, I found myself at a small door opening into a long half-lit room. Here seemed to be the favorite roost for the owls and bats that we had seen on the lower floor. They were perched on every article of old broken furniture that lay about the room,

and their big luminous eyes shone in the semi-darkness like glowing coals. Dust lay an inch thick on every article in the room, cobwebs reached from wall to wall and hung in dusty sheens from the ceiling.

The first rays of the rising sun shone through the glassless windows and lit the rain drops in the cobwebs beneath the leaky roof, lighting them into sparkling gems of varied colors.

My attention was attracted to a large cedar chest which occupied a position in the center of the floor. I resolved to open it and pry into the hidden secrets which I felt sure it contained. As I stepped towards it, the bats and owls which had heretofore paid no attention to me now flew hooting, squeaking and flapping about me. Forced to retreat, I stood for a moment irresolute but, resolving not to be thwarted in my search by a few bats and birds, I again started to the chest. Again these persistent creatures—"birds or devils"—flapped me in the face or clawed savagely at me. Again forced to retreat, I stood for a moment looking about me for some weapon with which to repel their attacks. I caught sight of a small door which slowly opened as I looked, and from it advanced the most revoltingly hideous creature that mortal man ever beheld. It advanced upon its hands and feet; its hind quarters were much higher than its fore quarters; the face was almost if not quite human; the expression was a cynical smile.

As it advanced towards me with its shuffling motion and luminous eyes a thrill of horror ran over me. With a bound I gained the door, and a moment later was tearing frantically at the tether of my horse. Mounting my own and cutting loose my dead companion's, I stuck the spurs home, and in less time than it takes to tell it, was on my way to a more hospitable neighborhood.

As I rode I could hear behind me a wild, whining laugh, awakening echoes through the dim, mist-hung recesses of the swamp, To this day I sometimes hear it, most frequently on wild, stormy, or quiet, moonlight nights.

ANONYMOUS.

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### AT THE PLAY.

A pretty comedy of love to-night,  
And all the house is gay with flowers and light.  
There is a hint of passion in the plot  
Of love that is lightly won and soon forgot—  
An old, old play.

But ah, my lady, tho' you sit and smile,  
I see your head steal darkening all the while  
To where a brown head bends above a gold  
With all the grace it bent o'er yours of old,  
When at the play.

The scene goes on, with music and the dance,  
But still she marks with sidelong furtive glance  
How tenderly he bends him down to say  
Some earnest words in just the sweet old way—  
It is the play.

Her heart-beats stir the filmy fall of lace ;  
She lifts her fan athwart her paling face  
And turns to answer merry jest with jest,  
With all the while a strange weight on her breast.  
A bitter play.

The curtain falls, the comedy is done,  
The music fades, the lights die one by one,  
My lady sees with what protecting care  
Do strong hands wrap a slight form from the air  
● After the play.

Within her weary eyes a dull fire burns,  
Yet smiles she still as to her friend she turns,  
And why her lips are white he cannot guess,  
Nor why her small hands tremble so, unless  
Too long the play.

—Selected.

# The Clemson College Chronicle.

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## Editorial Department.

J. CROCKATT THOMSON,        -        -        -        -        EDITOR.

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**Our Visit to Winthrop.** Undoubtedly the most important event in the history of the past year was our visit to Winthrop College on the twenty-fourth of February. Where is the cadet who is not brimful of the desire to write up the trip, and at the same time

where is the pen that can do justice to that iridescent dream? Where are the words that can describe it? A trip to Fairy-land, a sojourn in Paradise; all these fail to express our thoughts on the subject. Day dreams for months to come will be of naught but Winthrop. Pretty figures, rosy lips, laughing eyes and dimpled cheeks occupy the entire thoughts of the corps.

When the regiment was dismissed and the cadets rushed forward to the encounter with Winthrop's fair daughters, was there a man dismayed? No. Everyone charged gallantly, and the citadel of many a fair heart was stormed, and, we hope, carried on that day. There were sounds of revelry in Winthrop's Halls that day. Had gathered there the beauty and the chivalry of Carolina. Every corner of the college overflowed with vivacious faces and the music of laughing voices filled the air.

The Winthrop girls are justly proud of their home; the finest institution in the State, well equipped, handsomely finished and furnished. The girls have every opportunity to make their college years profitable and pleasant. Every cadet was charmed not only by the girls but also with the college.

But time passed, as it has a villainous habit of doing, and finally the hour of parting arrived. All agreed that "parting brings the bitter sigh." Slowly and reluctantly we left, cherishing in the secret enfoldings of our hearts the memory of the pleasantest day in our history.

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**Agricultural Education in Russia.** The Government of Russia is planning the establishment of quite an extensive system of agricultural education. At a recent meeting the agricultural council elaborated a general plan of agricultural education.



The rich lands of Russia are said to produce crops only one-half or one-third as large as those harvested from the greatly inferior soils of Western Europe on account of the primitive methods pursued by the Russian farmers.

The Russian scheme provides for (1) higher education furnished by independent agricultural institutes located in the chief agricultural zones of Russia; (2) agricultural high schools; (3) lower agricultural schools and (4) the diffusion of general agricultural information.

The successful completion of the courses in the three grades of the lower agricultural schools carries with it certain reductions in the military requirements.

Russia has begun to see the vast importance of the dissemination of agricultural knowledge and if their scheme is carried out, the Russians will have the finest system of agricultural education in the world.

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**The Reunion in Charleston.** The approach of the Confederate Veterans' Reunion at Charleston in May suggests to us, "Why not make it a reunion of the college students of the State, also?"

At the same time that the noble old heroes who fought to uphold the Old South are gathering together, it would be most appropriate that those who are to play such an important part in the upbuilding of the New South should meet and become acquainted with one another. There, we could meet the students of our brother and sister colleges, exchange ideas, learn the customs and usages in vogue at our sister institutions and derive much benefit from an interchange of opinions. Teachers have conventions and it is equally important that students should have something of the kind.

A meeting of this kind would bind together in a closer brother and sisterhood the whole student body of South Carolina, and who knows but that even closer ties may be formed between some of the lads and lasses of our educational institutions.

Our Oratorical Association, our Athletic Association, and our exchange of publications, do much to bind us together, but a reunion of this kind would bring in touch many of us who would not meet otherwise.

Let every college in the State attend the Charleston Reunion in a body and let us have a convention of college students.

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**The Base**            Our base ball team has never been able  
**Ball Team.**        to come up to our foot-ball team in  
                         brilliant records, but we start in this  
year with high hopes. Last year under the direction of Captain Shaw our base ball team made a record that surprised us all. In fact it came well to the front among the teams of the State, which contrasted strongly with the poor showing made heretofore.

This year again Captain Shaw is making vigorous efforts and under his efficient leadership we expect to surpass our last year's record and eventually to hold a position in base ball similar to that which we hold in foot-ball.

Boys, draw on your pocket-books to support your ball team. When a lecture is on hand for the benefit of the base ball team, turn out to a man.

Every one of you are liberal with the foot-ball team, because of their splendid record, but how can you expect the base ball team to do anything without financial support. Give the team your support and it will be but a short while before we will have as grand a record on the diamond as we now have on the gridiron.

**Our Advertisers.** Boys, our list of advertisers is small. Why is this? It is our belief that the boys do not patronize those who advertise in the *Chronicle* as they ought to. This should never be.

If our advertisers realize no returns from the advertisements inserted, of course they will discontinue them, and a magazine is a failure without ads.

We ask all of our subscribers to notice our advertisers, patronize them, and furthermore, mention the *Chronicle* to them when they buy.

College students should always work for their institutions. Be loyal to your college, your athletic teams, your societies and your magazine.

## Exchange Department.

RALPH McLENDON, - - - - - EDITOR.

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While a number of our exchanges are rather tardy in making their appearance, yet our table is pretty well filled for this month. In most of the magazines we notice many decisive improvements, which evidently show, while material may be plentiful, the experience gained by becoming familiarized with the work is also very necessary and valuable both to the student and to his magazine.

We are pleased to see, for the first time on our table, a copy of the North Carolina *University Magazine*. This is one of the best college journals we have seen in some time and we are proud to number it among our exchanges. "The Least of All Lands" is a well illustrated article of considerable geographical and historical interest. We are sorry to see but one poem in this issue, but this though short, contains excellent sentiment. The only unfavorable comment we will make, is upon the total absence of humor. We realize that college jokes as a general thing are not up to the *Puck* standard, still we think it advisable to make a cheerful attempt at humor.

In the February number of the *Davidson College Magazine* we find a pleasing and entertaining variety of selections.

"A Valentine," a short poem, is unique in thought, and appears to be quite original.

"Red Rock," a review of one of Nelson Page's most recent words, combined with a brief portrayal of the author, is a worthy paper. One of America's best crit-

ics in speaking of Nelson Page's writings does not hesitate in saying, "No more truthful picture of the sentiments and spirits of Southern people can elsewhere be found in the same compass."

"My Friend," a beautiful poem by Col. W. S. H., written in answer to a letter from a faithless betrothed, we admire for the grace the author exhibits in wording his reply.

"The Highest Art" contains many suggestive thoughts in rather a small space—the reader is left in such a condition as to induce reflection upon the subject for himself.

The editorials are always one of the most prominent features of this paper. The other departments also fully illustrate that the students of this institution are wide awake and are in full sympathy with this class of work and their obligations to their magazine. This issue as a whole is an excellent one.

*The Polytechnian*, representing an institution of the Lone Star State, comes to us with several well selected contributions. "My Impression of Hamlet," Thomas Jefferson, which gives a sketch of one of America's greatest and most honored sons. "Carlyle's Hero as a Divinity" and "The Hero as a Man of Letters" are all well prepared articles. While this magazine presents no striking features outwardly, we have always found the contents to be something more than the average. The last issue of *The Georgian* makes its appearance with well filled pages. This journal is gradually improving. The literary department shows that time and attention are given to all of the articles, which are essential to any well prepared paper.

"Hugh Wynne," "Our Unwritten Constitution," "Translations of Schiller," and "The Danger of Imperialism" are thoughtfully written and worth the perusal.



The *Wofford College Journal* contains some very interesting selections in the February issue. There is a delicate sentiment in the opening poem which would do credit to some more famous rhymster. The historical sketch, though comparatively uninteresting, is handled by Mr. Wiggins in an able manner, and evinces the ability of the author to make "a silk purse of a sow's ear." "Jack On His Wheel" is a cleverly written sketch, having just a faint suggestion of rhetorical incompleteness in several places, as, for instance, the closing words, "\* \* we did not attempt to follow him back home. He was too hard to get to Bishopville." The editorial department is well managed. Our only adverse criticism of the *Journal* as a whole, is that scarcity of poetry so evident in our journals of to-day.

It is a question open to discussion whether the college journal should publish lengthy poems by youthful worshipers at the shrine of Parnassus. A college student, being in that unripe, undeveloped state, is seldom capable of producing a lengthy poem which would pass criticism.

"The Last Pilgrimage," in the *Tennessee University Magazine*, is one of the above mentioned efforts, and although not strictly imperfect in construction and handling, yet would undoubtedly be improved by some condensation. "The New Co-ed" is a very original composition, and deserves special mention from this fact. So seldom does originality assert itself in college journals, that when the searchlight is turned upon the new discovery, the record should be published to the four winds. This, a fiction number of the *Tennessee University Magazine*, is, as a whole, most worthy of applause.

"Personality in Literature" is one of the most interesting articles in the *Gray Jacket*" that we have had the

pleasure of reading in some time, and the lesson taught is one of untold value to every youthful scribe. "Every man has an individuality of his own, and when he has something to say or write, let him be his own natural self. It is the part of discretion, the part of wisdom and honesty." With these words the author closes his moral essay, but the reader will have the sentiment ringing in his ears long after he has forgotten the words. Yes, above all, be natural, be individual, be distinctly yourself. All great authors have possessed this characteristic, so that when we hear a selection recited, we instinctively know that it is from this author or that poet.

*The Mercerian* departs from the usual path of college journalism and gives the likenesses of the writers who contribute to its pages. (We presume that they confine themselves to only the best looking contributors, as we have yet to see a likeness of an ugly Mercerian.) This is a wonderful improvement, and it is greatly to be regretted that other journals cannot follow in this lead. (We beg to be excused on the grounds that we have no good looking contributors). There is another radical departure noticed in the *Mercerian* which we cannot applaud so heartily, and that is the publication of orations delivered by young men in their societies. Very few orations are readable. Many of our great orators of the "days of old" refused to allow the publication of their speeches, upon the ground that reading them would spoil their popularity. And this is generally the case. The orator should not be a debater, he should be an elocutionist. Orations appeal to the heart, not the mind, while essays appeal strictly to the mental man. It is, therefore, greatly injurious to the oration to have it published for perusal. We find only one or two exceptions to this rule, one being the oration we publish in this

month's issue of our magazine because of its historical value. Only upon such grounds is the publication of orations excusable.

"A Simile" in the *Mnemosynean* has a very pretty sentiment embodied, but the poetical construction is poor. The rythm suggests the author's close familiarity with "Hood's Rhymster, or Poetry Made Easy." Poets are born, not made.

The January *Carolinian* seems to have unearthed another Laura Jane Libbey, who contributes to its columns this month a story with the seductive title, "I Loved Her, but I Lost Her"—(the word *but* suggesting the loss as the effect of the love). When we recovered from the perusal of this thirteen page episode, we felt it necessary to take Fellows' Hypophosphate. The short but instructive essay on "Classical Manuscripts," and the other interesting article on "Pre-Requisites of Professional Success" are both very valuable, and we regret that the editors of the *Carolinian* do not devote more space to such essays. Poetry is an "absent unexcused" element in this magazine, but we trust the new year will discover some poets in the recesses of the dormitories to gladden the hearts of its readers, and give a greater variety to the journal. Under the head of "Sketches," J. H. F. misquotes our popular bard, and succeeds in doing little else. The sketch(?) entitled, "Up in the Moon," is moderately good, but evidences a stilted style, as if the young man undertook more than he could naturally execute. The department, however, is a good one, and should be made a valuable adjunct to the literary part of the *Carolinian*.

## Clippings.

---

### THE HEART OF A MAID.

"Petals of the marguerite,  
Tell me, pray,  
Doth he love me?—answer  
'Yea' or 'nay.'"

"Loveth?" laughs she gaily,  
Let him sigh!  
For all the love he offers,  
What care I?"

"Petals of the marguerite,  
Tell me, pray,  
Doth he love me?—answer  
'Yea' or 'nay.'"

"Loves not? weeps she sorely.  
Let me die!  
For life without love,  
What care I?"

—*The Trinity Archive.*

---

### MON TRESOR.

I begged her to give me the ribbon  
Twined in the waves of her hair,  
Wondering if it were useful  
In binding the sunbeams there.  
She said, as she looked up at me,  
She didn't see why I'd care  
For the little black velvet fetter,  
And her golden curls were so near,  
That I bent down, and told her the reason  
My secret, I held so dear,  
That my heart went wild with its beating  
When I whispered it in her ear.  
I said—but why should I tell you?  
'Twas only for her to hear,  
The pledge of her love is a ribbon  
Which close to my heart I wear.

—*The Carolinian.*

## A PRESSED FERN.

Ah ! tiny fern enfolded

By yellow leaves of long closed book,  
And by-gone hour thou markest  
While on thy tracings fine I look.

The last, last hour, oh ! fragile flower,  
Of a young love's life expanding ;  
Fate severed that life which scarce had thrilled  
To a higher understanding.

Ah ! baby fern, there ceased to burn  
An infant love, with thy brief life's expiring,  
The years went on, whilst thou entombed  
Were lost to hopes inspiring.

Ah ! dead, dead fern, of a dead Spring,  
The yeers have brought the full blown flowers,  
But on the tablets of my heart I trace  
The imprint of that early love of ours.

—*U. of Va. Magazine.*

---

THERE IS NO UNBELIEF.

There is no unbelief.  
Whoever plants a seed beneath the sod  
And waits to see it push away the clod,  
Trusts he in God.

There is no unbelief.  
Whoever says when clouds are in the sky,  
"Be patient, heart, light breaketh by and by,"  
Trusts the Most High.

There is no unbelief.  
Whoever sees 'neath winters field of snow,  
The silent harvest of the future grow  
God's power must know.

There is no unbelief.  
Whoever lies down on his couch to sleep,  
Consents to lock each sense in slumber deep,  
Knows God will keep.

There is no unbelief.  
Whoever says "To-morrow," the unknown,  
The future, trusts that power alone,  
He dares not to disown.



There is no unbelief.

The heart that looks on when eyelids close,  
And dares to live when life has only woes,  
God's comfort knows.

There is no unbelief.

And say, by day and night unconsciously,  
The heart lives by that faith the lips deny,  
God knoweth why.

—*Selected.*

## Local and Alumni.

J. L. KENNEDY,       -       -       -       -       -       -       EDITOR.

---

On Friday morning, February 24, at three a. m., the bugle sounded reveille, the only welcome reveille of the year. The sky was bright with stars, and three hundred hearts were bright with hopes, for were they not to be in sweet communion with the finest works of God 'ere the sun reached the meridian?

On the banks of yellow Seneca there was tumult and hopes of winning a future wife. There was hurrying and scurrying and borrowing (and sorrowing on the part of those not going.) Each and every cadet was looking forward to meeting a sweetheart of the past, present or future. At half-past four the regiment was formed and marched to Calhoun, where we were to make our start for the "Promised Land."

Owing to several stops, we did not reach Rock Hill until half-past eleven. President Johnson, of Winthrop, accompanied by several members of the Faculty, met the corps at the depot and extended us a most hearty welcome. From the depot we were marched to the College, where the young ladies had turned out in full force to meet us. And such a charming picture they did make! Three hundred fair girls in costumes of white and navy blue. It was a sight to make the heart of every South Carolinian swell with pride, for where else except South Carolina could we find three hundred pretty women out of three hundred?

The companies were escorted through the front gate to the campus by the College Marshals, carrying our colors.

After dress parade the companies were dismissed, and the boys hurried off to find the girls whom they were fortunate enough to know. Introductions followed thick and fast; order soon sprang from chaos, and all over the buildings and grounds there were "company" and "crowds" to be seen strolling around talking of everything, from love to weather. Mr. Johnson had "turned them loose," and every one was glad of it.

The cadets were escorted to the auditorium by their fair companions, where President Johnson again extended a hearty welcome to the students and Faculty of Clemson.

At one o'clock the young ladies gave a most enjoyable concert in the auditorium. Miss Mae O'Bryan's singing was especially good. Mrs. Brown's songs were also very good. The two College songs were particularly taking.

After this each young lady escorted a cadet to the dining hall, where a most elegantly prepared banquet awaited them.

At three o'clock the Seniors planted their class tree. The ceremonies were very appropriate and impressive. Promenading was then in order until half-past six, when refreshments were served.

The Winthrop Literary Society gave a bright and amusing play in the auditorium, after which the young ladies held a reception. Pairing off followed, and soon the halls were filled with young people making the best of the golden fleeting moments.

And then the bugle sounded the first call to company formation, and there was a rushing for caps, and seeking for newly acquired sweethearts, or old ones "renewed to date." Hand-shaking and troth-plighting occupied the remaining fifteen minutes, and when at last the cadets had managed to part from the Winthrop girls, the bugle had

sounded "taps," and the notes rang out clearly, tho' sadly, on the beautiful scene presented. The girls responded with a farewell song, and cheers for Winthrop, and cheers for Clemson; the boys marched away and boarded the train.

Thus ended the day, the events of which the Clemson boys will always cherish as their sweetest remembrance.

Pat—Major, do you think we will have dress parade at Rock Hill?

Major K.—I think you will be very much disappointed if you do not have a dress to parade.

"Old Hoss" (at staff meeting)—Say, "Skeet," where is that poem about somebody squeezin'?

The special Students of Clemson College, on realizing the disorganized condition of their important body, met and decided to organize an association, as all other classes usually form. The following officers were elected:

President—J. K. Hair.

Vice-President—F. J. McKinley.

Secretary—W. L. Moise.

Treasurer—T. P. Rutlege.

Lawyer—M. E. Zeigler.

A class yell, motto, and class colors were adopted, and they now stand a regular organization, and are enabled to act as such should occasion arise.

Mr. J. F. Maxwell, '00, has left College with the view of preparing himself for the coming competitive examination for Annapolis.

The appearance of the Palmetto Society's hall has been greatly improved by the acquisition of a new desk and chair for the president, and new tables and chairs for the secretary and literary critic.

Cadet D. wants some of Dr. Redfearn's anti-skeptic pills

Rat (after coming from Rock Hill)—I was disappointed in the appenrance of North Carolina. I always thought it was red.

Mack—Why did you think it was red?

Rat—Well, that is the way it is on the map.

Dr. R.—What is physiology?

Rat—The study of the earth's surface.

Cadet McM. wanted to purchase an answer book to geometry.

The Ladies' Sewing Circle, of Pendleton, gave a Valentine party at the residence of Mr. Sitton. The party proved a brilliant success, everyone having a nice time and enjoying himself to the fullest extent.

Pat (at postoffice)—Mack, isn't this our box? It has U. S. on it; don't that meas us mail?

Why is Joeduck's foot like a camel?

Mr. Rayhill, the elocutionist, gave an entertainment in the chapel on the 18th, with which every one was highly pleased. Cadets J. H. Kinsler and M. E. Zeigler, two of his scholas, rendered very good declamations.

Mr. Rayhill, having completed his twenty lessons, took his departure on the 21st.

Bashibazouk (during examinations)—What did you stand on to-day?

McK.—On my head.

Yellow Hammer (in geometry)—Professor, please read that query again.

Two Sophs, while laid up in the hospital with a mild green taste in their mouths decided to while away the time with a game of poker, but there were no poker



chips in sight, so they proceeded to capture Dr. Gordon's pills and use them for chips.

Mr. John Roach Straton gave an interesting and instructive entertainment in the Chapel on Saturday evening the 25th. A large number of the ladies and gentlemen of the Hill attended, and most of the Cadets were out.

The Palmetto Literary Society elected the following officers for the ensuing quarter :

President—J. S. Calhoun.

Vice President—C. K. Chreitzberg.

Secretary—T. O. Lawton.

Treasurer—J. K. Blakeney.

Prosecuting Critic—J. K. Hair.

Literary Critic—J. C. Redfearn.

Reporting Critics—Kaigler, W. J. Lawton and Moore.

Quarterly Orator—J. C. Duckworth.

Sergeant at Arms—J. N. Walker.

A Rat suggested to one of the editors that all jokes in the CHRONICLE be put on tissue paper.

At a recent meeting of the Foot Ball Association the following officers were elected :

President—W. M. Riggs.

Captain of Team—J. N. Walker.

Business Manager—J. F. Sullivan.

Dr. S.—Have you been standing on Mathematics ?

Rat—No sir, just on Algebra.

On the night of the 22nd the Calhoun Literary Society gave a most enjoyable and instructive entertainment in the Chapel, before a large and appreciative audience.

The programme consisted of declamations, orations, and a debate, all of which were unusually good.

The contestants showed taste in their selections and acquitted themselves with credit, both to themselves and to their society. The occasion was the society's annual contest.

It is gratifying to see that the sons of the New South have not forgotten the glorious history of the Old South. Many of the selections breathed a spirit of pure patriotism and devotion to the Lost Cause, and reconciliation to the new order of things.

Music was furnished by the college band and thoroughly enjoyed by all.

The programme for the evening was as follows :

#### DECLAMATIONS.

J. P. Glenn—"America in the Front Rank of Nations."

Percival A. Carter—"Washington."

L. A. Turnipseed—"Virginia."

#### ORATIONS.

L. W. Ayers—"The Next Century."

L. O. Mauldin—"The True Citizen and His Relations to the Government."

Edgar A. Mathews—"South Carolina in History."

#### DEBATE.

Query—"Resolved, That the Disarmament of European Powers is Desirable and Feasible."

Affirmative—N. D. Walker, S. H. Lumpkin.

Negative—T. F. Hogg, J. E. All.

L. A. Turnipseed, Edgar A. Mathews and N. D. Walker were the successful contestants. The exercise was presided over in a very graceful manner by Mr. W. F. Walker.

The Clemson base ball team is being organized and will begin practicing regularly in a few weeks. Games have been arranged with Cornell University, Wofford

College, Furman University and Erskine College. We hope to have a splendid team this year and win more laurels, and retain those won last year. In crossing bats with Cornell we are attempting more than any other college in the State and can hardly hope to come out victorious.

---

**“ My Dier.”**

We sat in the auditorium,  
 Her hand I clasped in mine ;  
 Her red lips pouted temptingly,  
 Her breath was sweet as wine.  
 O bitterness ! O rapture !  
 For the light began to fade,  
 And I put my arms about her  
 'Cause I thought she might be 'fraid.  
 And then I nestled closer,  
 Whispering sweetest words of love ;  
 Thinking by chance I'd kiss her  
 'Fore the light shone from above.  
 But ere this lonely maiden,  
 With my wish could comply,  
 Quite suddenly the lights flashed on,  
 And O ! I thought I'd die.

J. F. S. '00.

---

**Some Winthrop Gags.**

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND,

Winthrop Girl :—“ I have always wanted to be a boy.”

Clemson Cadet :—“ Well, I don't blame you. Most girls would like to be boys.”

Winthrop Girl :—Yes, there are so many boys that could be improved on.”

---

VERDANT.

Rat H. was heard to remark, on his return from Winthrop, that the most enjoyable time was at the “ exception ” given that night.

## HATS AND HEARTS.

The number of lost caps was only exceeded by the number of lost hearts.

---

## RAT-TALK.

First Cadet (at 1 o'clock):—"Let's go and hear the concert."

Second Cadet:—"All right, where is it to take place?"

First Cadet:—"Over there, in the opera house."

---

## REPARTEE.

Winthrop Special:—"Mr. M., I am going to make a "cat's paw" of you to-day. You won't object, I know."

Cadet M.—"Why, certainly not; especially when the cat is so bewitching."

---

## SISTERS, ONLY?

If Winthrop is Clemson's sister, then there is no danger of a cadet losing his heart, for she "can only be a sister to him."

---

## PROOF POSITIVE.

Horried Matron—"Miss N., what did you mean by allowing that cadet to kiss you?"

Miss N.—"What do you know about it?"

Matron—"Well, one side of his nose is powdered, and one side of yours is not."

---

## TERPSICHORE.

Love laughs at lock-smiths. And it might be remarked that Winthrop dancers do the same.

---

## A STRONG HINT.

"Isn't it a pity," remarked a young Winthropian, "that we didn't have mistletoe hanging around on the walls?"

"Ahem!" stuttered the bashful cadet, "do you think it always—ahem—necessary?"

"It seems to be, for some of you," replied the lady.

---

#### SARCASTIC SENIORS.

A fair but witty senior, while promenading with ye writer on the campus, suddenly exclaimed: "I've found him! I've found him?"

"Found who?" I asked, looking around.

"Found the boy who swallowed the bass drum," she replied, pointing to "Fatty."

---

#### SUGGESTIVE.

"Old Horse" was such a warm member that the first place his escort carried him was the "Curry" society.

---

#### THE OTHER BUIST.

When Fresh. R. was introduced to Mr. Buist, who has charge of the Winthrop farm, the cadet remarked to him that he had often heard his mother speak of him, and that she used his garden seeds and almanacs.

---

#### PAIRED.

Did you see the big meeting? (The two fatties.)

---

#### TRIMMED.

Winthrop Girl—Well, Captain C., how do you feel?

Captain C.—I am sick in bed, excused by the surgeon, and about to die.

Winthrop Girl—Please hurry up, for I'm anxious to see you pass away."

---

#### BENEDICT.

Our commandant (the colonel), says that there will be a change in the Winthrop faculty ere long.



## ARMED.

We can now thank the authorities for permitting us to go on the trip well "armed."

---

## ALL UPPER-CLASSMEN.

The number of cadets in the Senior and Junior classes on this occasion was fearful to contemplate. There were no Sub-Freshmen on this trip, and but few Fresh and Sophs.

---

## COUPLED OFF.

Ask "Shack" about the "pair" of Senior captains at supper-table.

---

## INVISIBLE.

Prof. (at door of dining-hall)—"Miss K., why did you not bring a young man to dinner?"

Baxter's fair companion.—"I couldn't find one."

---

## MOSES II.

Where was Sergeant-major when the lights came on?  
W. L. M.

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# The Clemson College Chronicle.

Valeat Quantum Valere Potest.

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VOL. II.

CLEMSON COLLEGE, S. C., APRIL, 1899.

No. 7.

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## Literary Department.

W. FLOWERS WALKER, - - - - - EDITOR.

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### SUNSET.

O'er rugged steeps,  
'Round drooping peaks,  
The last sweet ray of sunset creeps.  
O'er hill and dale,  
Night casts its veil,  
And throws its darkening, silent trail.

A soft light fills  
The plains and hills,  
And lakes, and murmuring mountain rills.  
With outstretched hands,  
Yon mountain stands,  
Reflecting light from peak to strand.

From mountains high,  
The skies anigh,  
Is thrown a yellow crimson dye.  
And through the night  
The soft star-light  
Comes, diffused from a lofty height.

In drowsy ease  
The soft night-breeze  
Begins to stir 'mid rustling leaves.  
From lofty boughs,  
Where insects house,  
Comes the music of mingled mouths.

The day is done,  
And night has come,  
In darkness and in silence numb.  
The moon ; its rays

Are cast where plays  
The myriad stars' light, in a haze.

I like to sit  
In silence ; think  
Of life that nears that darksome brink,  
When age will creep,  
As if to peep  
Beyond and then pass into sleep.

—L. B. HASELDEN, '02.

### Chords and Discords of the American Harp.

Many of our writers and speakers have a beautiful custom of likening the United States government to things that we see every day in the world around us. Some of these comparisons seem somewhat singular at first, but in all of them there is a greater or less degree of accuracy, and they rarely fail to convey the ideas for which they are designed.

With some, it is a machine whose driving belt is patriotism, having the States and subdivisions for the different parts. The object of the machine is to turn out the best form of government. Others like to speak of it as a brotherhood of States comparing to a fraternity, the object being to promote the welfare of the individual members and of the body as a whole. With others, it is the weaving of a mighty yet delicate fabric, and the object is to weave a perfect pattern, blending the colors so as to produce the most pleasing effects on those who shall come afterwards and examine the work.

These and a large number of other comparisons are made, and they all have a remarkable degree of accuracy and aptness.

But it seems to me that one of the most pleasing, if not most accurate, comparisons has been rarely mentioned. To a lover of music, the running of the United States government is the rendering of an exceedingly

difficult musical composition. The States are the strings upon which it is played; the times of prosperity and triumph are the high-sounding major strains; and the times of adversity and confusion are the mournful minor strains. And, carrying out the comparison, the times of harmony and good feeling between the States represent the times when the instrument is in perfect tune; while the time of discord is the time when the States are antagonizing one another. Our great statesmen are the master musicians who spend their lives at work on the harp trying to keep it in tune.

In 1776, when Thomas Jefferson wrote, "These United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States," he sounded the keynote of the grandest piece of music the world has ever heard. That declaration meant, "The United States have studied their part in the world's concert, until they are convinced that they are prepared to render successfully the part which 'nature and nature's God' intended that they should render." With this conviction, Jefferson and his contemporaries began playing this part.

The prelude was played through successfully with only the ear of the players to say whether the music was harmonious or discordant. But they soon realized that, without some set method of playing, they were not likely to play very long; that, while they might improvise their music, it would not run as smoothly as if it were written. So they met and decided upon their style of music and wrote it down in our great national note-book.

Let us notice for a moment the note-book from which we play our national music, the source from which we get our noblest strains, the Constitution of the United States. No composition was ever so intricate, yet so

simple; so easily understood, yet with so many possibilities of being misinterpreted. It contains the best chords from all the music of the civilized world, from the Mosaic law down to those of our own day; a grand medley containing the good points of all the sources from which it is drawn, and the bad points of none. It is so well arranged that every measure seems full of harmony, every strain seems to fit into every other strain, making an apparently perfect composition. Still the ear of the expert musician detects imperfections in it. No doubt it seemed as near perfect to its composers and to those who listened to the flow of its melody one hundred years ago as it does to us now. Yet radical changes have been made in it. And the time will come again when we shall hear the discord; and changes, just as great as have ever been made, must be introduced to remedy it.

Let us hope that when the first discordant note is struck, steps will be taken to get the harp into perfect accord, and the changes made in our note-book, before the discord gets so great as to rend the harp asunder as was almost the case before.

This grand national harp has not been without its discords. Although it was not noticed at the time, it was not perfectly tuned when it was first constructed. But when new strings were added and the work of tuning them came up it was easy to observe the discord. The question then arose as to which end of the instrument the new strings were to be tuned with. Each end of the harp insisted that it was tuned right, the other wrong. Each insisted that it was following the music and playing it exactly as it was written, while the other was not. The truth of the matter is that both were following the music, and the fault lay in the fact that the builders of the instrument had not been careful to see that it was in perfect accord throughout.



Instead of harmonizing the old strings, the musicians put on new ones, tuning them in a different key, midway between the others. This, of course, made the discord greater, but string after string was added only to render confusion worse confounded, and in 1860 began the most fearful part of the music through which we have yet played. It was then that the work of tuning was done, and oh, the horrors of the work! The clash, the strife, the discord, the confusion.

But musicians say that discords harmoniously blended are the most melodious of musical sounds, and now, as we look back to the returning period, as we turn to the time when all was discord, as we listen to the plaintive flow of the minor strains of the sixties which gradually change into the grand major chords of to-day, we thank God for the discords and the minor strains which alone make the grand harmonious major possible.

In the past year we have made the grandest music of our whole career. Every string was in perfect accord with every other string, and every faculty of the player was awake to all the possibilities of the music, and the world is applauding our success. But now we are passing a double bar in the music; we are changing keys and it would be wise to go a little slow and observe closely what we do or we may mar the music we have made.

We now have a harp with 45 strings, all tuned together and there is no reason why we should not play as successfully in our new key as in the old. But we have the same old critical world for our audience, and it is expecting as good music now as it has had in the past. Our best plan then is to keep on the alert for all the difficult parts.

In the first place, we should see to it that the instrument is yet in tune. The most successful musician in the

world can never produce harmonious music from a discordant harp. Neither can even an ideal set of officers give a good government to a divided country. It may be that the audience is not altogether pleased with the change we have made and it will be ever on the lookout for imperfections in our work. Let us see to it, then, that we undertake nothing which we cannot do as one people with one idea. Let us see to it that there is no North, no South, no East, no West; but that these parts make up the harmonious whole. If this is not the case, it is not yet too late to return to the style of music we are just leaving; for we are not yet past the double bar which indicates the change.

At present we are playing the lead instrument in the world's greatest orchestra of nations. The others are necessary, of course, to fill out the melody, and some of them render parts as important as ours, but in many respects they are following us. How long we shall be what we now are, depends entirely on us. We are now beginning to try to play two parts. We are to try to bring out the part we have been playing, the grand, swelling note of the republic; and at the same time the harsh, hard note of the empire. The time, it seems to me, is critical. It is hardly possible for us to play two parts successfully, especially two parts as widely different as the two we have undertaken, and sooner or later we must drop one. The world will not allow us to play both. The double bar over which we are now passing then is an important one, for it is now that we are to decide on our future course, and the length or brevity of our career depends upon the choice. Which shall it be? Americans, you are asked the question, which shall it be? Shall it be the short, sharp, snarling note of the empire? Or shall it be the music of our fathers, the

melodious, long-drawn-out note of the republic? It can not be both. Which shall it be?

There is a time in the history of this as well as of all other governments when the music must stop. No one has ever dreamed that any work of man could last forever. By and by we shall play out to the last double bar, and the music will be folded up and put away. How soon that will be none of us pretend to say; but, sooner or later, the experience of others sav, it must come. Our constant, fervent, humble prayer to the great Giver of Music then, should be that, when we are playing the last strain, yes, even until we come to the last double bar itself, our music may be harmonious; and the world shall applaud until the Master Musician shall take the discords of the finite and blend them into the harmony of the infinite.

Q. B. NEWMAN, '01.

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### YOUTH'S FALLACY.

A youth of high ambition came  
Into my life one day,  
And standing firm, with flashing eye,  
These words he did essay:

"I long to go into the world  
And fight the war of life,  
To meet my enemies face to face,  
And triumph in the strife.

"I want to meet yon grim Despair  
And lank Want, pale, unfed,  
I want to conquer erring sin  
And leave each victim dead.

"For with this record on His books  
I could meet Death with grace,  
And mounting on my victims, climb  
To heaven for a place."

I gazed upon the ambitious youth,  
Mis-led by false desire,

And smiling sadly, asked of him :

“For heaven dost aspire ?

“Then seek not in the world to find

The key to after-life,

But conquer first thyself, before

Thou enterest public strife.

“Dost think thyself so purely cleansed

As ready to meet Death ;

With hands defiled, and vulgar soul

And faith-denying breath ?

“Art thou so fortified 'gainst sin

By armor of his love ?

Or proof against the grim Despair

By faith in One above ?

“Begin the battle nearer home,

First cleanse your tainted self,

Expunge the malice and the spite

And then the love of pelf.

“When these faults thou hast cast aside

And stand a perfect man,

Then, if thou wilt, seek outer ills

And conquer if you can.

“But this I hold ; that he is great

Who fits *his* soul for Death,

And meeting him, a victor dies

With faith-exulting breath.”

The youth in sorrow turned away

And passed into the night

A sadder, yet a wiser mind,

By faith prepared to fight.

—W. L. MOISE.

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### Specimen Hunting.

The fears of final examination and the excitement of commencement had scarcely disappeared when Clarence Ward and his friend, Stocklin Harris, began to think how they would spend the months of vacation. After much discussion, they decided to take a trip into North Carolina on foot. The course mapped out lay mostly among

the mountains, and terminated at Asheville, where they expected to spend a few weeks with Clarence's relatives.

They made all necessary arrangements, and set out from the college where they had agreed to meet. The equipment consisted of very little besides a blow pipe outfit and a limited supply of reagents. From the nature of this equipment, one would suppose that they were in search of specimens, the hobby so dear to the student of mineralogy, and although they were going for the pleasure of the trip, they did intend to bring back a few specimens that would "open the eyes" of their fellow students.

At the end of the first week, they had accomplished little more than the trip across the state line; though discouraged, they pushed ahead into the mountainous country, inspired by the same hope which sustained Mr. Micawber. After a good many weary miles had been passed they came upon the scenery of the French-broad. They stopped at the little town of Z——, now filled with summer visitors, where they decided to rest a few days and participate in the pleasures afforded by the season and surroundings.

Several valuable specimens had been found, and altogether the trip so far was a success in every way. They made excursions each day upon the mountains in search of ores and rocks, and to see the beautiful scenery of the mountains and streams. They became weary of the short excursions and made preparations to push out in an easterly direction to spend two or three days in examining some of the streams for gold.

They set out, but when about a mile from the town, a thunderstorm came upon them without the warning of a single cloud, and as night was coming on, they began to look about for shelter. Thinking it would be best to re-



turn, they set out around the mountains, as that was the nearest way back. When in sight of the town they came upon a by-path almost hid by the hazel-nut bushes and long grass. The rain was now coming down in torrents, and they determined to follow the path in the hope of finding shelter near. After winding among the undergrowth, the path grew wider and showed signs of recent use. It led them shortly to an opening where they perceived the outline of a house.

When they had approached the spot, the ground was found to be comparatively level for a considerable space around the house. The house was a story and a half high, the lower portion being a basement or cellar. The half story was built of masonry, the rocks presenting a very aged look. The remainder of the structure was of wood, very much decayed and out of repair. They did not spend very much time examining the architecture, but entered the back door, it being the only one unlocked.

While the storm spent its fury outside, our two adventurers began a general inspection of the interior in search of a place to spend the night, should the rain not cease before dark. The rooms were found in good order, though the furniture was falling to pieces. The pictures were still hanging on the wall but could not be distinguished from each other on account of the water stains, the result of leaks in the roof. No evidence was found that the place was inhabited, and as the rain stopped just before night set in, they hurried back to the hotel without stopping to examine the basement.

After supper the company was out on the piazza listening to the boys tell of their little adventure. When they came to the part about the rather mysterious house, the mountaineer who ran the hotel turned a little pale

and forgot the remainder of a joke he was telling a man next to him. When he had recovered his self control, he asked excitedly, "Did you boys go into that house?" They replied with a look of inquiry that they did, and they waited breathlessly for the mountaineer to explain his question.

He resumed his usual manner and told the story of the place. Said he, "A rich old mountaineer had lived there several years ago. He was a miser and lived alone with his gold in that out of the way place. It is said that two hunters were caught in a storm, while hunting near there and the old man took them in. They repaid his hospitality by murdering him evidently for his money, as it was gone the next morning. The old man's body was never found, and nothing has been heard of him since. There are several stories about his death but this one is the most plausible. The case has never been investigated, as none of the people about here would venture near the place for any consideration. A great many people have seen ghosts around the place, and one man who attempted to spend the night there received injuries that came near being the death of him." "The ghost was a muscular ghost at least," suggested one of the boys.

The hotel keeper recited some other narrow escapes of people whose curiosity led them to investigate the mystery. But he had already aroused the boys' curiosity and spirit of adventure, and before going to sleep they had planned to devote the next excursion to the solving of the ghost mystery. They would tell the others that they were going again to test the river beds, and if they failed to discover the ghost no one could laugh at them. And then what could compare with the happiness of telling the boys how they found the ghost, and they began to think of a few little things to tell that really did not

happen at all. But they found out that this was unnecessary and that if they told the truth it would be sufficient to interest the boys. They kept everything to themselves and spent the next day procuring four large pistols and making a few other arrangements. Just before supper they set out, the others at the hotel thinking that they were going to walk till late that night.

It was some time after dark when they reached the old house. They entered and selected a room that had good doors and sat down to wait for the ghost to appear. By some unaccountable means they managed to lock both doors securely and examine the pistols to see that everything was all right. They decided to each watch an hour and sleep an hour. Waiting for a ghost was not as pleasant as they had thought, and everywhere was so dark. After straining their eyes for several hours they could see things all about in the room and could hear noises.

Some time after midnight the watch became weary and fell asleep. He did not know how long he had slept when he was awakened by the grating of a door as it was being opened. Rushing up, he saw a horrible looking white figure coming into the room. He seized his pistols, and before the ghost got near him, had fired all his cartridges but one—and the ghost kept advancing. By this time Clarence was up and grabbing for his pistols, but couldn't find them anywhere. The horrible looking monster was coming nearer, and just as it rushed upon the boys, Stocklin fired the last shot—and both boys fainted.

When they came to they were in a room walled in with rock, which they supposed to be the basement of the haunted house. They were bound hand and foot. When daylight began to come through the curious windows at

the back of the basement they looked around to see about getting out. The only furniture in the room was a peculiar looking apparatus in one corner which they recognized to be a still.

While they were surveying the room, to their surprise in walked the hotel keeper. Seeing their surprise, he told them how he and his two chums had tricked them to teach them a lesson. He had followed them from the hotel and entered the basement, where the other two moonshiners were at work, and the three waited until the boys had gone to sleep and entered the room by a secret passage. They removed two of the pistols and substituted blank cartridges in the others. Two of them hid while the hotel-keeper dressed up and "appeared" to the boys.

But how were they to get out of the predicament? The problem solved itself, for, while they were talking, shots were heard outside, and the other two moonshiners rushed in and the "three" cutting the strings that bound the boys, grabbed a rifle apiece and rushed out through a door in the rear wall. The boys ran up the stairs and into the room they had watched the previous night only to be covered by two rifles in the hands of revenue officers. The adventurers told who they were and how they came to be there, but the officers laughed and told them they would have an opportunity to tell that tale at court.

What had befallen them! Arrested for operating an illicit still and captured right in the house with it. Surely the prospect was gloomy indeed to the students. They were tried, and although their relatives and friends were there to testify to their good character, etc., still the fact remained, the circumstantial evidence was enough to convict them. And they certainly would have been had

it not been that the moonshiners were captured and the hotel keeper, fearing that he was going to die from a wound received when captured, confessed to the killing of the old miser and exonerated the students.

Clarence and Stocklin are back at college. They are anything but good natured when asked about the specimens collected on their trip, and have no desire to investigate mysterious houses, especially in the mountains of North Carolina.

EDGAR M. MATTHEWS, '01.

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### A WINTHROP REMINISCENCE.

A LA KIPLING.

Jenny and me were in love you see,  
Since early in the Fall,  
So a dance or two was nothing to you  
Or anyone else at all.

Jennie was dressed like all the rest  
In a dark blue suit so warm,  
While I attended, clad in a splendid  
Clemson uniform.

Now we had arranged, through notes exchanged  
Early that afternoon,  
At number Four, to waltz no more,  
But stroll through the halls and spoon.

But let me say in a casual way  
That this was not improper,  
For I had won, (through a yarn I spun),  
The consent of her aged papa.

Now a kiss or two is nothing to you  
Or anyone else at all,  
For we were hid, as every one did,  
In the Curry Society Hall.

—F. J. MCK.

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### The River of Life.

A mighty river is before me. Its waters heave and foam as they move on to join the ocean far beyond. From



the distance comes the awful roar of the angry water surging to and fro as it leaps with uncontrolled fury from rock to rock. When rounding a bend it comes with such fury as to frighten me lest I should be thrown into that angry mass of confusion. Rocks and crags are tossed and whirled by magic force as though they were so many straws, and huge boughs are twisted and dashed to pieces against resisting bowlders. The water dashes in convulsion against the opposite shore before it is able to again resume its course and as it curves, the waves leap madly upon each other as they fall into line and dart furiously as they again find their path.

The stream moves on and the faint music of rumbling water, as it splashes and dashes against the strong rocks, floats through the calm and peaceful air to me. At my feet now the water is almost motionless. No sign of distortion is even visible as it moves in subdued silence inward and outward, as if fearful of disturbing the peaceful strand. The soft inclining waves rise and fall with measured cadence, stray whirlpools are seen to move about from place to place until at last they are intersected and break asunder, leaving no trace of their existence except a nervous trembling of the water as it rushes to fill the void.

Thus it is in human life. We are as the ceaseless motion of a mighty stream wending its way to join the far off ocean. It is a matter of choice with us as to which class we shall belong, whether we shall join the main stream of life and advanced civilization or belong to that idling class of humanity which infests the border edges of this grand stream, forms whirl-pools of individuals and retards the advancement of civilization. It is composed of men who have no desire to join that mighty wave which, as it dashes down the river of life, over rocks

and crags in endless confusion, gives out the sweet pure music of murmuring waters.

It is surprising that in this world of activity, in this time of tumult and strife, while men are advancing like angry waters, tossing the rocks and crags of misfortune from their paths and wrenching from its place each opposing barrier, we find some characters who care not for self or humanity, but content themselves with idling away time that is precious. These are the men who are made dupes of, who aspire to be nothing of value and whose existence is represented not by noble deeds, as it should be, but by a bundle of bones wrapt up in flesh. These have never improved on mere nature, their sole object in life being mere sport. To them there is no kind word of caution that would be heeded, no friendly advice that would merit their appreciation. They go through life in a most careless and indifferent way utterly heedless of the danger signals as they approach the rapids of destruction.

With those men who thus choose to waste the time given them by a wise and just Creator, we can only sympathize. To those who in their ignorance have been led astray by the luring influence of temptation and who are day by day sinking deeper into the bottomless pits of infamy, we say that ignorance in common law excuses not. Let our aspirations be high. Every man should be ambitious to improve, and without that ambition life can be but a failure. That life is a failure that does not grow daily in body and mind; when intellect goes to seed, and the mind, that great gift of the Creator, which distinguishes man from brute, becomes morbid; when hope ceases and ambition loses its influence upon the soul when it recognizes in self a standard for others to live by.

The time is at hand when that class of humanity, which

represents the borders of the stream of life, and which by its influence upon innocence is fast becoming dangerous to civilization, should turn about.

The destiny of the age is in the hands of the people of to-day. If they are worthy of their charge nothing is lost, and the history will continue to improve in future as it has in the past. But if on the other hand they are not worthy of their charge, the civilization will be inferior and the future history of the world will not be what it should.

"To be or not to be, that is the question." We must either live in the truest sense of the word or we perish ere we have lived. If we have existed and merely vegetated, it were far better we had never been born.

How many records have we of men whose lives were so low and degrading that the announcement of their deaths caused the world to smile in being rid of this surplus material. Children have even smiled at the death beds of once loved and cherished fathers. Can it be said that for these life was sweet and living a reward? We are sorry to see that some unjust critics who suppose themselves to be in a proper position to criticise the lives of men are daily growing stronger in their belief that a man cannot lead an upright life and be worthy of respect without devoting his life, to a certain extent, to some charitable work. It is needless, however, to say that this is a mistaken idea. There are heroes in the army of life who know nothing of the arduous duties of a missionary.

About the worst enemy civilization has to contend with is the hypocrite. It is not our intention to touch off into a discussion of hypocrisy, and we do not attempt it, but the straight-forward impudence with which these self-esteeming creatures are endeavoring to identify themselves with the better element of humanity is a fact worthy of notice.

In all cases the hypocrite is most likely to meet with his just reward.

Ere long he loses the respect of those who once revered him, and eventually public sentiment rises to such a degree of indignation that he is scoffed at on the streets and in other public places. Such characters are a burden. The air is too scarce to furnish breathing for such material. We should do away with the Jonahs before the waves dash us to pieces against the rock-bound coast we are approaching.

Another of life's wayfarers is the joker; that man who views life from a humorous standpoint and sees in the grandeur of life nothing but fun. Who looks upon his existence as a capital joke. Perhaps a joke has been played upon the innocence of humanity by permitting such a man to live. It is some times in life that a joke is in order, but it is better for us not to give up our entire life to the pleasing influence of fun. Fun in its right form is pleasant and is enjoyed by all, but when practiced beyond a limit it ceases to be an innocent amusement and becomes dangerous. It upsets the mind, and worst of all, it detracts from other and more important duties. How many unfortunate beings do we daily meet with who have given up their lives to fun; who are so enthused that when asleep they dream of monkey shows and elephants and awake to the music of a too perpetual laugh.

On the other hand, some men are too apt to be discouraged by failures. They think that a failure is an ill omen. They forget that

"Spring would be but gloomy weather  
If there were nothing else but Spring."

Let nothing stand between us and the best side of life, and while yet we live, let us not be deceived in our

choice of lives. Our lives are histories—the years volumes and the days pages. Let us make it a history that will not mislead youth or corrupt old age.

Be good, be true, let those who will be clever;  
Do noble things, not dream them all day long,  
And thus make life, death and that vast forever,  
One grand, sweet song.

L. B. H., '02.

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### THE MIRAGE.

Faint and hungry, weak and thirsty,  
Under Egypt's brassy skies,  
Travelers see the water bursting  
Forth before their very eyes.

Half a mile before their faces,  
Half a mile of burning sand,  
Lies a beautiful oasis  
On that garish waste of land.

And the palm tree tall and stately,  
Rising through the burnished sky,  
Cheers the travelers, who so lately  
Prayed to God that they might die.

Yet, when that long day had ended,  
Still no water has been found;  
Many a weary mile they've wended,  
Finding only parched ground.

Journeying far with faces brightening—  
Saddening when the day is done,  
Still it keeps their bones from whitening  
There beneath the red hot sun.

Were it not for these oases  
On the desert sand of life—  
Fertile, green, and pleasant places—  
We would weary of the strife.

Though our hoping steps, far-reaching,  
Never bring us to the shade,  
Still they keep our bones from bleaching,  
Cheer us when our spirits jade.



And we never cease our hoping  
Till the end of mortal strife,  
And 'een then, in darkness groping,  
Hope we for a higher life.

—Q. B. NEWMAN, '01.

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### A Lost Ring.

"Hotter than a peppercorn!" said Dr. Chucksley to himself, as he guided his shaggy little horse round the sharp turn of the road, and checked him under the spreading shadow of the giant cherry-tree, whose broad boughs were all sparkling with ruby pendants. He then walked to the house.

"Hal-lo!"

He shaded his eyes with his hand, and looked intently in at the kitchen window. There was the trim figure of his pretty daughter standing at the kitchen table, her sleeves rolled back and a pink checked apron tied about her taper waist, apparently deep in the saccharine mysteries of pie-making. That was nothing surprising, but Doctor Chucksley could have sworn that a minute ago the apparition of a young gentleman was manifesting a remarkable degree of interest in the pan of sliced apples and various spice-boxes and sugar-bowls that flanked it; and yet, now that he looked again, Kitty was trimming off the edges of her pie-crust all alone! He walked straight into the kitchen, where the oven-fire was glowing so hotly that Kitty's cheeks were like twin carnations, as she worked away at the pies, sifting showers of powdered cinnamon and nutmeg over the juicy slices of July apples, and drenching them in snowy sugar.

"Kitty, where's Harton Splinter?"

Kitty stopped to cut a little star in the center of the white sheet of pie-crust, wherewith she was covering her pastry, before she answered in a low tone:

"I don't know, papa."

"You don't, eh?" said the doctor, quietly pursing up his mouth into a shape suggestive of whistling. "I suppose not."

And the doctor proceeded through the hall into his little office, where sat his hopeful young student, Harton Splinter, deep in the pondrous pages of a medical dictionary.

"Been hard at work all day, eh?" said the old gentleman, taking off his straw hat and fanning himself with its broad brim."

"Yes sir," said Splinter, "I've written out that abstract you left, and looked over the papers on fractures, and—"

"All right, all right. You're a most industrious fellow," said Dr. Chucksley. "You don't believe in stopping work on all sorts of frivolous pretexts, do you?"

"No, sir," said Splinter demurely.

"You are convinced that nothing but steady perseverance will enable a man to succeed in the science of medicine?"

"Yes, sir," replied Horton Splinter, moving a little uneasily in his chair.

"Very sensible of you," said Doctor Chucksley, shrugging his shoulder, "And now—but what are you looking for?"

"My ring, sir. I thought it was on my finger but a minute ago. You have not seen it, I suppose?"

"No, not that I know of," said the doctor, taking puffs from his cigar just as briskly as he did anything else.

"I hope it is not lost," said Harton. "I value it very highly as my father's gift. Where can it have gone?"

"Don't know," said the doctor. "Just give me that list of patients we expect this afternoon, and then go and ask Jake to keep a lookout for your trinket. That boy has

more eyes and ears than most people, I know he has more mischief!"

Harton Splinter adopted his preceptor's suggestion, and the old gentleman was left alone, alternately taking puffs from his cigar, rubbing his spectacles, and cogitating whether his fair daughter was really deceiving him as to her innocent love affair.

"Confound it!" soiloquized the doctor, petulantly, "it takes sharper eyes than mine to see through woman-kind's manœuvres. I'll ferret out the mystery yet, though—hanged if I don't."

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The brazen throat of the old kitchen clock had just announced, in a sort of shrill treble, the fact that it was one; and dinner was nearly over at Doctor Chucksley's. Somehow dinner tasted better in the long, shady dining-room of the Chucksley mansion house than it did anywhere else, for the climbing honeysuckles at the window stirred so pleasantly in the wind and held back their green wilderness of leaves to admit such delicious scents of new-mown hay and blossom-sprinkled woods, that the most delicate appetite could not help being tempted.

And Kitty Chucksley looked so pretty, at the head of the damask draped table, her brown hair brushed back and her white throat edged with dainty lace, and the faint color coming and going on her cheek like rosy shadows. No wonder Harton Splinter looked at her so often; we should have done the same thing had we sat opposite her at the table.

"I'll take another piece of that apple-pie, Kate," said the old doctor, extending his plate. "Capital pie—where did the apples come from?"

"I believe Patrick gathered them from the gnarled old tree that grows by the south wall of the orchard, papa;

the apples hang there like balls of gold just streaked with red on the sunny side, and I baked them this morning."

"Upon my word, you're getting to be quite a little housekeeper," said the doctor, chuckling. "The first I know some young fellow will be—why, hello here! what's this?"

For Doctor Chucksley's teeth, sound and white as ivory, had struck against some foreign substance under the savory crust of the much praised pie, with a jar that set every nerve on edge.

"Do they make apple-pie now-a-days out of stocks and stones?" demanded the old gentleman, tartly. "No, I'm mistaken, it isn't a stone, it's a ring!"

And the doctor quietly held up Harton Splinter's missing ornament—a heavy cornelian, set in a ring of chased gold. Kitty turned scarlet. Splinter looked amazed and confounded. "How a ring should happen to get baked in an apple-pie I don't know," said the malicious old doctor, enjoying the confusion of his companions. "Young people, can you tell me what all this means?"

"I can tell you, sir," said Harton valiantly, seeing that now or never was the time for his *coup d'etat*; "it means that I am in love with your daughter Kitty, and that if you will give your consent to our union, we will be everlastingly grateful to you!"

"Papa!" whispered Kitty, with her round arms clasped about his neck, "now be good and say yes! I wanted to tell you before, only I—I didn't dare."

"Oh!" said Doctor Chucksley, dryly, "I thought I should find things out, bye-and-bye. I wish, however, it mayn't be at the cost of a snapping toothache!"

"May I have her, sir?" pleaded Harton, who had by this time got his arm around Kitty's waist.

"Well," said the doctor, "I don't know that I have any objections. Have it your own way, young people. Only, if you have any more courting to get through with, I beg you won't do it up over my apple-pies."

Harton Splinter was a rich man that July afternoon; he had two treasures trove—a promised wife and a ring. And the doctor was happy, for he had found something to tease Kitty about.

H. A. WILSON, '02,

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### THE WORLD SMILES ON.

A sudden gleam of light bursts forth,  
And buildings perish in the flames;  
The inmates lose their lives, and pass  
Beyond this vale, unknown to fame,  
And

the  
world  
smiles  
on.

A drunken madman shoots his wife,  
And finds himself condemned to die;  
His soul departs this mortal sphere  
To meet the eternal God on high,  
And

the  
world  
smiles  
on.

Toward the water's edge there strays  
A motherless, friendless, homeless girl;  
She casts herself into the deep,  
Is lost amid the eddying whirl,  
And

the  
world  
smiles  
on.

The world loves not the darkened side,  
And troubled mortals find no friends;



'Mid woes unnumbered, sorrows deep,  
Life's gay throng no compassion lends,  
The

world

smiles

on.

—W. L. MOISE.

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### A Cadet to His Lady Love.

MY DEAR ———. Since I met you, over two weeks ago, I have been suffering from quite a well known disease called love-sickness, and at present there seems to be no prospect of my recovery. You remember my asking you if you loved me; but you never condescended to say yes. You cannot imagine what pain this gave me; what agony I suffered, when awaking to the sad reality that I possessed no place in your heart; that I was not even honored with a single thought from you.

If you have any compassion for one whose heart lies bleeding in the great abyss of suspense, do tell me whether or not I have any room for hope, so that if not I may cease to live on false hopes. I am sure that you will grant my one small request if you have a full realization of the cruel treatment you are imposing upon me by not doing so.

When first I looked into your soft dreaming eyes, there was a fire kindled in my heart, a love so warm and enduring, that only dark, grim death itself can cool it. Although you may scorn my humble devotion, and deny any affection for me, still I will not cease to love you. "The heart that has once truly loved, as truly loves on to the close."

I will wrap my secret in the innermost folds of my heart, that the cruel world may not observe the precious treasure that it holds.

Every hour of the day, in barracks and class-room alike, will your sweet face be in my memory, and the dear name I fain would utter, be upon my lips. And when the day is closed and darkness veils the earth, then will I peer into the open heavens, and from the brilliant moon and sparkling stars draw inspiration for "lines" to you; and when my pen refuses further to record the themes that flow from my heart, and the last soft strains from the bugle sounding "taps" have died away in the stillness of the night, I will sink into the soothing arms of Morpheus and dream that I am lying in the enchanting arms of Venus. I know full well the dreams that will crowd in upon my restless slumbers. I will dream of those happy hours that are no more; of the day we strolled through the classic halls of ———, and of the few short moments that we stood on the bridge together, which I cherish as my sweetest remembrance, when my words and looks were failing to express the love with which my heart was filled, and you, committing yourself by neither word nor act, seeming a very angel as the golden rays of the setting sun lit up your wavy hair and rosy cheeks; of how, when at last the sad hour of parting came, I had to submit to the inevitable and bid you adieu, and of how I pleaded for the one sweet privilege of imprinting a kiss on your tempting lips, but received an indignant repulse.

My dreams will continue to flow in upon me thick and fast until the notes of the bugle sounding reveille reach my ear. And the awful reality! The thought that it was all a dream! Then the sad experience of the preceding day will be repeated.

By just one word of encouragement, by throwing only one little ray of hope into my existence, you can save me from this sad fate. I know that you, whose mind is

imbued with nothing but high and noble thoughts, would not intentionally see a mortal, no matter how unworthy, sink into the depths of despair without offering a helping hand to save him.

Now, when you know that my every thought and act are for you; when you know that I would swim a sea of molten lava to be with you for one short moment, and would willingly die at your feet, don't you think you could at least honor me with a letter?

Please forgive me for writing to you without your permission, but really the temptation was too great to be resisted.

I am in your hands, hoping to hear from you soon.

Your almost unknown lover,

*Anonymous.*

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### THE COON DANCE.

Oh! the katy-dids are sighing  
And the whip-poor-will is crying,  
    'Tis a summer night way down in Alabam.  
You can hear the banjos ringing,  
You can hear the darkies singing,  
    There's a dance progressing down in Alabam.

A big-foot nigger rises,  
And is followed by all sizes,  
    Of "black men," whom the people say can dance.  
See! the sets of dancers shifting,  
Oh! the sand they sure are sifting,  
    'Tisn't often that they get this splendid chance.

Oh! those banjos, how they're talking,  
You can almost see them walking  
    Up and down the cabin floor alone.  
The "nigs," they sure can pick 'em,  
There's no white man that can lick 'em,  
    At the same time bringing out the tone.

See! the morn is almost breaking,  
For the chickens are awaking,

You can hear the watch-dogs baying deep and strong.  
The darkies hush their singing  
And the banjos cease their ringing,  
When the sun shines down upon the happy throng.  
—A.

---

### Some Reflections by a Member of the "Bald-Head Clan."

You all remember that cool spell we had some days ago? Well, some days prior to that, some of we boys being afflicted with "spring fever," being reported for going to sleep in, or having the appearance of sleeping in class-room, resolved to have our wool shorn, and to have no wool "where it ought to be." We thought that by undergoing such a painful operation, our brains would work better; that we would feel cool about our craniums; that we could keep awake in the class-rooms. But, gentle reader, alas! we forgot to consult the heavens; we forgot that there was such a thing as snow! in March. I think some of us have found out to our sorrow that we poor human beings are, within ourselves, nothing; that we need to learn a thing or two more before we leave the old ruts. It is well not to be behind the times, but beware how you, a poor, misguided, weak creature, take the lead—how you take to new ideas without investigation or thought! The night of this sudden change in the weather was one of rain, wind, thunder and lightning. I, with my hair cropped short, laid me down to gentle repose on my little iron cot in the middle of the room. On either side my room-mates lay, and as we tried to banish the thoughts of the day and give ourselves up to the sleep of the tired, we thought not of the sudden change in the weather—thought not that, ere morning, we would be awakened by old Thor.

About half-past three, I was awakened by a cool,

creepy sensation about my anterior extremity, and as soon as sufficiently aroused, put my hand up there to see what the matter was. My warm palm came suddenly in contact with my sleek, knotted, almost frost-bitten head. My! how cold my head was. In a second I had him buried under all my bed-clothes and was giving him a warm application of knuckles. But, oh! the horror! I could not keep him under there. My transom was not closed, my sashes were pulled down some eight inches and my room-mates were serenely snoring! What was to be done? Those sashes had to be pushed up; that transom had to be closed! Must I bring him from under that cover? Must I take him out of that warm place before circulation had commenced, to do what had to be done? My feet were becoming numb and I found to my sorrow that in my haste to cover my head, I had pulled the quilts up too far and exposed my unsuspecting feet to the biting wind. Being somewhat lengthy in stature it is very difficult for me to cover my head and feet at the same time, unless I turn my quilts, so that a diagonal will bisect two opposite corners. But, I could not think, I must act! so, with a feeling in my head and feet somewhat akin to pain, and with one in my heart something like rage, I shook the bed-clothes off, as an enraged lion would his mane, and commenced my attack. It is needless to say with what dispatch this program was carried out, but I assure you there was no lingering! In a few seconds I was on and under my bed-clothes again. I kept digging till I reached the bottom; then, after rolling up and forming something resembling one of these round cotton bales, I gave myself up to thought.

What were my room-mates thinking of? I wondered if they were dreaming of home, or their girls, or the hereafter.

The soothing, enervating hand of sleep here touched me and I lost consciousness.

W.



# The Clemson College Chronicle.

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FOUNDED BY CLASS OF 1898.

Published Monthly by the

CALHOUN, COLUMBIAN AND PALMETTO LITERARY SOCIETIES  
OF  
CLEMSON AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

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## Editorial Department.

J. CROCKATT THOMSON,       -       -       -       -       EDITOR.

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**Nature Study.** There has been some talk of establishing a course of Nature study in the common schools of the State.

This is a point which our people have been a long time

in reaching, and now is the time to start the good work.

The age has passed for people to spend the time for procuring an education in acquiring a knowledge of Greek, Latin and Hebrew, and a smattering of mathematics, and the man of today must study the sciences that treat of the principles underlying life and the practical concerns of the world.

We have three points in favor of establishing such a course of study: first, that studies of this nature have such a broadening and liberalizing influence on the mind of the student; second, that the rapid advance of civilization calls for an education along lines that fit one for practical work by giving attention to the sciences involved in the every-day life of the world; and third that although the public schools are supposed to fit students for the literary colleges, none of them give any preparation for the agricultural colleges.

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**Literary Societies.** The present school year has been one of special activity in the Literary Societies. The public contests and debates have been of an unusually high order and have proved more interesting than is generally the case.

This is a good showing, and we earnestly hope that the societies will continue to widen their influence and work. In this school where literary work is not a principal feature but rather a side line, literary societies are of greater importance than in most schools.

The man who does not take advantage of every opportunity that his society offers him is guilty of grievous folly. The Board of Trustees have been very liberal to the Societies and every student should show his appreciation by taking an active part in the society exercises.

**The June Issue.** Last year something was said about getting out an Annual at Clemson. This year more was said, and committees were appointed by the different classes to consider the matter. This action was not taken, however, till too late to accomplish much, and the committees, after procuring some information on the subject, decided that in view of the length of time necessary to get up a good Annual it was better not to attempt it at such a late date.

Partly because of this we have decided to issue a June number of the CHRONICLE to partially take the place of the Annual. In the June number we wish to publish several cuts, articles on the incidents of the year, class histories, and so forth. We request our contributors to give us special articles for this number.

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**The Sons of Veterans.** In common with several other colleges in the State, Clemson has organized a camp of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans. This is a movement that should awaken the interest of all students.

This organization has for its object the preservation of the unwritten history of the countless unknown heroes of the Civil War, the perpetuation of the memory of that grand struggle in defense of principles, and also the alleviation of the distress of any Confederate Veterans who may be in need of assistance.

## Exchange Department.

RALPH McLENDON,       -       -       -       -       -       -       EDITOR.

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Again we are surrounded with a fresh supply of college literature.

Many of our exchanges continue to prove more interesting, as a little time has brought forth numerous improvements. At first, articles such as were of concern only to the college community from which they came have given way almost entirely to contributions that are more readable to the general public.

We received with a generous welcome the clever stories and sketches composing last month's issues. Poetry, however, is making little headway. We regret having reason to note this deficiency, and ask in behalf of you readers that you do not become too prosaic and moralizing. Let us have a greater variety by the introduction of more verse, also discuss as far as possible live and up-to-date questions and make every effort to let your thoughts ring out in genuine originality.

We gladly make room on our list for the *Hendrix College Mirror*. One of the best articles, "Political Arguments for a Colonial Policy," we think shows up the expansion question in a very favorable light, altho' we should say that the writer bases some of his conclusions on rather weak hypotheses.

The *Mirror* compares quite favorably with our other exchanges. We suggest, however, that if, instead of taking things quite so seriously, the editors could get in a little of the spice that goes so far towards making the college magazine the *Mirror* might be improved.

The *Polymnian* has made its appearance with the second quarterly number for the first time this year.

This magazine is gotten up in a neat and tasteful style. The material, taken as a whole, is fairly good. "Character Building," while a hackneyed theme, contains many valuable thoughts appealing to the best of one's nature. "Johanna Ambrosius" is an excellently prepared sketch, numerating the many difficulties which this lady has so successfully overcome before reaching her present success as an authoress.

We wish to commend the editorials also. The article entitled, "Literary Societies" is thoughtfully written and contains much truth from beginning to end.

The exchange editor deserves a considerable amount of credit for the interest taken in her department. We have made room on our list for this paper and would be glad to have it visit our table again.

With a slight feeling of timidity, we venture to assert that, as a general thing, the display of literary talent by our sister institutions does not show up near so well as that of the opposite sex. We will not attempt to give proof or show why this is the case, for occasionally we are convinced that some of our fair comrades make applaudable efforts at journalism. For this reason we find immense pleasure in the perusal of the "Converse Concept." Still this paper is lacking in some of its former merit.

The literary department does not present that imposing and voluminous appearance which it should, however, we take for granted you are great believers in quality. Although if you can secure the material we should like to see more space offered to literary matter.

"Censorship of the Press in History" brings out clearly the pernicious effects which have been produced by



"press censorship" in some of the continental countries, and the wonderful influence the American newspaper has exerted upon our civilization.

"Ambition," poem, has a noble and inspiring sentiment embodied. We would advise more encouragement along the poetical line.

"The Closet," somewhat tragical in character, was read with some interest, though the ending is too abrupt and horrifying.

The editorial on lectures in the college is well written and to the point.

We commend the efficiency shown by the exchange editor in the management of her department, which gives proof of having received what this department of most of the magazines does not get—attention.

The *Furman Echo*, Vol. II., No. 4, is at hand. We are glad to see our neighbor after so long an interval of desuetude. The number is very good in every respect, having a full literary department and the editorials are pertinent and interesting. It is gratifying to see our old school mate, Mr. P. W. Moore, in the literary editor's chair. We were impressed with the oration entitled, "The Call of Our Country," which did not take the medal at the contest, but which is nevertheless of very sterling merit.

The humorous gibe on examination cramming was greatly enjoyed, as it contains some "truth-germs," which may well be inoculated into the average college youth of to-day.

"The Story of Jonah" is an attempted parody on the old Biblical story, and is hardly so successful as to merit its publication in a journal published by sons of "the cloth."

The department of "Current Topics" is ably managed

by Mr. W. C. Allen, and proves a great addition to the literary value of the *Echo*. We would like to see the exchange department a little more thorough in its work.

"Harmony in Nature," in the *Central Collegian*, sets forth in a forcible manner deep and systematic thought and encourages one to observe more closely the many wonderful and beautiful things which surrounds his daily life,

We caution the author to beware that he doesn't attempt more than can be successfully disposed of. "The Puritan and Cavalier in American Civilization" is the title of an essay in which the views of the composer upon this subject are forcibly presented, yet in a style which offers but little inspiration to the reader. The writer, after speaking of the social and political side of the topic under consideration, holds up very pleasingly the American citizen as a typical exponent that resulted from the blending of these two elements.

In our opinion the *Collegian* is entirely prosaic. Give a greater variety to your paper and select material with more life.

This magazine is almost free from verse, which is very objectionable.

The *Baylor Literary* comes, as usual, with several contributions worthy of examination. "The Tale of His Life" is a deserving story from a literary point of view, but the plot is of such a character as to produce no desirable impression upon the reader. "Our Duty to the Philipinos" is the most laudable article of this issue. The writer states in a logical way some facts of interest concerning our duty towards the natives of the Philippines.

The editorials are good and serves as a fair example of the efficiency of the editor to occupy this position.

Not by mere chance do we take up next for perusal and comment the *Ozark*, which, from a glance at the contents we should say offers in subject matter a rare treat in college literature to the peruser.

This issue is brim full of fiction, essays, and verse. "Ritual of Sacrifice in Homer" pictures vividly some of the idolatrous habits and customs of the ancient Greeks.

The author of "The Genius and Heroism of Milton" gives an admirable portrayal of the rich endowments of nature's mystic gifts that were possessed by this world-wide honored genius.

"Education," a well worn subject, yet not equally true of the manner in which the question is discussed, is an excellent paper. The subject is handled in an intelligent and instructive style.

The author makes a striking contrast between the advantages offered by the literary and scientific courses as taught in the American Colleges and Universities of to-day. We feel doubly repaid for the perusal—we love to read things that touch a responsive chord. Let us have another production from the masterly hand of this contributor. "Fishin'," a dialect poem, is unique and quite amusing.

The Science Notes are commendable and were given a careful review.

## Clippings.

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### FAITH.

"Ah, could we lift the future's sable shroud,"  
And see what it contains for you and me,  
What days of sunshine, what obscured by cloud,  
If we could only see.  
Draw that impenetrable veil aside,  
Think, would we then be glad all things to know?  
More glad than now, each daily want supplied?  
Perhaps 'tis better so.  
Would it be well to walk from day to day,  
And know each step what next before us lies?  
Is not faith better than that blank dismay  
Should blight all-seeing eyes?  
Say, rather let us thankful be that all  
Lies dark before us as we onward plod;  
Take each day's joy or grief as may befall,  
And trust the rest to God.

—U. V. MAGAZINE.

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### THE TRUE REWARD.

Though a man toil steadily  
For rewards the earth may give,  
If he toil alone for payment  
Naught he does is done to live.  
Let him, then, forget the pittance  
Which a short lived world may dole,  
And in love do actions only  
That enlarge the deathless soul.

—Selected.

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### MARGUERITE.

'Mong the nodding daisies stood  
Marguerite,  
Scattering snowy petals down  
At her feet.

"Do I love you, John, ask you ?

Let us see !

Daisies fair the truth shall tell

Now for me."

"Yes I do, and no I don't ;—

Yes, I do ;—

Ah, the last one says my heart's

Not for you !"

But he crushed the daisy petals

'Neath his feet :

" 'Twas your blushes told the truth,

Marguerite !"

—M. A. R., Columbia.

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### MY SWEETHEART'S FACE.

The smoke wreaths of my good cigar

Float out and curl and still ascend—

A world where dreams and phantoms are,

Where past and present softly blend—

But still whate'er their groupings be,

What'er imaginings I trace,

Always amid their mists I see

My little sweetheart's tender face.

I see the fringing hair above,

The modest eyes whose lashes fall ;

I see the little mouth I love,

A crimson flower, pure, sweet and small ;

The dimpled chin, and smooth, fair cheek :

Yes, every charm and gentle grace

That poets sing or painters seek,

Are mingled in my sweetheart's face.

The winter bells ring glad and free.

The sledges cross the moonlit snow ;

Such winter joyance rang for me,

Ah, not so very long ago !

Ah, not so very long ago

We sped along the glittering space

To jingling bells, and, nestled low,

Beside me smiled my sweetheart's face.

How gay we were ! Our voices blent.

In song and laughter on the air,

How mute we were ! In deep content



My cheek pressed warm against her hair,  
 And all the while the happy chime  
 Of wild bell music lent its grace—  
 And now and then, to help the rhyme,  
 I kissed my little sweetheart's face.

I muse alone. A broken prayer,  
 Lost in a sigh, breathes from my heart,  
 May all good angels guard her where  
 Her sweet life moves—from mine apart !  
 And still I dream—hope cannot die—  
 That sometime, in its rightful place,  
 Here on my arm at rest shall lie  
 My little sweetheart's darling face.

—*Ex*

---

#### A THOUGHT.

At twilight dim I walked along  
 Between the mossy graves ;  
 In yonder church-yard on the hill  
 And read the dates, the names, the lays.  
 O'er one low mound the weeds had grown,  
 And broken was the stone ;  
 On which this single line was carved :  
 "I lived, I died unknown."

I lisped a silent prayer for him,  
 Whom fortune favored not ;  
 Who failed to gain the goal of fame ;  
 Alas ! Here lies forgot.

So thus must you, and so must I,  
 For such is all our lot ;  
 The dying die to live no more,  
 But soon to be forgot.

—*The Viatorian.*

## Local and Alumni.

J. L. KENNEDY, - - - - - EDITOR.

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The Inter-Society Oratorical contest was held in the chapel on the evening of March 4th. The hall was very artistically decorated with flowers and flags, having a background formed of beautiful wreaths of ivy. It was the most important event of its kind which has ever before taken place at the college, and consequently drew a large and cultured audience. Heretofore all society contests, etc., have been merely of a local nature; but this contest was considered as being of great importance because of the fact that its effect would be felt throughout the State, the winner being the representative of the college in an oratorical contest which would have representatives from five colleges of the State.

The speakers were men who had been selected from their respective societies by contest.

Every one was very enthusiastic over the exercise, and a great deal of society spirit was exhibited, each speaker being loudly applauded by the members of his society.

The following is the list of the orators and their subjects :

W. L. Moise, Palmetto Literary Society—"The Scape-Goat."

R. McLendon, Columbian Literary Society—"Why Political Monopoly in the South should be Destroyed."

E. M. Mathews, Calhoun Literary Society—"South Carolina in History."

Rev. S. Lander, Williamston Female College, Dr. M.

M. Riley, Greenville Female College, and Hon. Geo. B. Cromer, Newberry College, acted as judges.

The judges decided in favor of Mr. W. L. Moise, therefore he will represent this college in the State Inter-Collegiate Oratorical contest to be held at Due West on the last Friday night in April.

Mr. F. J. McKinley left College on the 16th to begin the summer term at Charleston Medical College.

Ira Buncombe—Why didn't you go to the Y. M. C. A. last night, Bill? I went.

Bill—Oh, well, "fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

What did "Ed." say when Fatty stepped from behind the door?

Ask "Pug" why it was that G. L.— wanted to help him sweep out his room for general inspection.

The Palmetto Literary Society elected the following officers to serve during the ensuing quarter :

President—W. L. Moise.

Vice-President—J. H. Kinsler.

Secretary—J. R. Blakeney.

Prosecuting Critic—C. K. Chreitzberg.

Literary Critic—J. L. Kennedy.

Treasurer—L. B. Hasleden.

Reporting Critics—Cobb, Gregory and Matthews.

Censor—Stubbs, C. E.

Sergeant-at-Arms—J. F. Long.

Quarterly Orator—J. F. Moore.

The following men were also elected to represent the Society in its annual contest :

Declaimers—J. N. Walker, J. R. Blakeney.

Debaters—J. J. Gray, J. F. Moore.

Orators—B. H. Rawl, C. K. Chreitzberg.

The other day a rat remarked, "I expect 'Speck' to inspect."

Ask Cadet B. if he found the bottle of anhydride.

Yellow Hammer has discovered a method of planting Irish potatoes so that they will not suffer from droughth. His plan is to plant onions with the potatoes, and claims that the onion juice will cause the potatoes' eyes to supply the ground with water.

The Columbian Literary Society held its annual contest in the Chapel on March 1st, before a large and attentive audience. The exercise was a success throughout, and reflected much credit to the Society. The declaimers rendered their declamations in a very graceful manner, and both debaters handled their subject admirably, while the orators convinced the audience that oratory is not on the decline. The exercises were presided over by Mr. C. E. Mauldin. The College Band played several airs as interludes. The order of the exercise was as follows :

Music : Our Leader March.

Declaimers : H. B. Dodd—Eulogy on Henry W. Grady. C. B. Owings—Unveiling Confederate Monument at Chicago.

Music : Georgia Camp Meeting.

Debate : Query : *Resolved*, That Prohibition is the Best Solution of the Liquor Problem. Affirmative—W. N. Hook; Negative—E. T. Hughes.

Music : St. Louis Exposition.

Orators : Q. B. Newman—The Chords and Discords of the American Harp. R. McLendon—Why Political Monopoly in the South Should be Destroyed.

Music—Sweet Alpine Roses—Waltz.

Awarding Medals—Professors Furman, Brodie and Daniels acted as judges.

The successful contestants were : H. B. Dodd, E. T. Hughes and R. McLendon.

On March 11th, Dr. G. E. Nesom and some of the Agricultural Seniors went to Walhalla to hold a veterinary clinic for the benefit of the farmers of that neighborhood.

When the last issue of the CHRONICLE came out, there was some complaint on the part of a great many of the boys, generally "preps" and others whose limited scope of intellect is not capable of appreciating the witticisms contained in the CHRONICLE, as to the jokes being entirely too opaque. For the benefit of these cadets we have decided to procure a number of X-rays, which will be furnished to such persons on application.

Pat (at hospital)—"How are you feeling to-day?"

Speck—"Oh, I'm feeling all over in spots."

The ladies of the Presbyterian Church gave an oyster supper over Sloan's store on March 5th.

### **Clemson vs. Cornell.**

The most interesting event which has occurred at the college for some time was the Cornell-Clemson base ball game. All the cadets turned out in full force to see the game, and there was also a large number of spectators who came in from the surrounding country and towns, despite the fact that the weather was very unpleasant.

At 2:30 the game was called. The following is the line up of the two teams :

#### **CLEMSON.**

Shaw . . . . . Captain . . . . .

McMakin . . . . . Pitcher . . . . .

#### **CORNELL.**

Stratton

Singer



H. K. Gray	.....1st Base	.....Murlagh
M. N. Hunter	.....2nd Base	.....Young
Whitney	.....3rd Base	.....Newton
C. E. Mauldin	.....Short Stop	.....Bole
A. F. Bamberg	.....Right Field	.....Johnson
T. P. Rutledge	.....Center Field	.....Robertson
W. F. Coal	.....Left Field	.....Doughty

Result of game, 14 to 3 in favor of Cornell University.

Score by innings :

Clemson	.....0 0 0 1 0 2 0 0 0—	3
Cornell	.....4 1 4 0 0 3 2 0 0—	14

The following officers were elected in the Columbia Literary Society to serve during the next quarter: President, R. McLendon; Vice-President, Q. B. Newman; Recording Secretary, L. B. Clinkscales; Treasurer, T. H. Turner; Literary Critic, C. E. Mauldin; Prosecuting Critic, C. B. Owings; Reporting Critic, W. F. Coal; Sergeant-at-Arms, F. M. Gunby.

Prof. Bowman left for his home in Charlottesville, Va., on the 29th. He has been in ill health for the last few months, part of the time being unable to attend his classes. We sincerely hope that he will be with us soon to resume his accustomed duties.

Mr. Heisman, of New York, gave a Shakespearian impersonation in the Chapel. For further information apply to Prof. Furman.

The hotel has changed hands, and will now be run by the professors, on the club plan.

Several tennis courts have been built and various other improvements on the campus have been made, such as new walks, etc.

'Twas in the prime of summer time,  
A lovely moonlit eve,  
When "Pot" sat on the steps,  
Miss M. was at his sleeve  
Suddenly there came with steady aim  
From the immediate rear  
A human foot which quickly put  
Poor "Pot" to flight in fear.  
Oh! Father why, Miss M. did cry,  
Did you insult my lover thus?  
You had no right my hopes to blight,  
In making such a fuss.  
You skip to bed, the old man said,  
For so your Father wills.  
I run this show and you must know,  
I likewise foot the bills.

—W. N. H.

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### A Sergeant's Dream.

Time, four thirty; place, guard-room. It is the cold March morning, within the barracks, all is wrapped in the stillness of slumber; without, is the steady drip of rain and the hum and whistle of the old March wind. The Sergeant sits with his arms folded and his long limbs stretched before the glowing fire left by the corporal of the "third relief," and as he watches the sparkle of the fire through the slits of the stove door, there comes over him a fit of drowsiness which he cannot resist. He is once again in the presence of his love; he once again looks into those blue sparkling eyes; he once more clasps that soft white hand. They have now commenced their accustomed stroll beside the brook just over the hill, beyond the barn-yard. They slowly traverse its banks, plucking here and there, violets and daisies. After some time, the young girl by his side sees a beautiful white lily growing in the water near by, and stretches out her arm from the little knoll on which they stand to pluck it. Her lips are parted; her golden locks hang back from her

beautiful white forehead; her large white sleeves float back and reveal her white rounded arms; he looks into her trancing eyes, and in a moment, is by her side. "Let me pluck that for you!" he exclaims, and stretches his long arm out over the water; he easily reaches, picks and lays it on her white, outstretched palm. "Thank you!" she softly murmurs. "See what my length of limb is good for!" he exclaims, lest in the stillness, she hear the beating of his heart. "Yes," she replies, "you can easily reach what I may strive for in vain!" He stoops over the half averted face and whispers, "When I have reached the goal, may I lay my treasures at your feet?"

There is silence for a few seconds—days it seems to him—then she softly murmurs, "yes." For an instant he feels that there is something worth living for after all; then he is roughly shaken by the shoulder. "Hilloo, Ichabed! what is the reason you have not had reveille sounded?" He starts from his posture, sees the O. D. standing before him, makes a dive for the door, takes the steps four at a time, and the next minute finds him pounding on "Prof." All's room door. C. H. W.

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Pot, on being asked if he shot any rapids while on his boating trip down the Savannah river last summer, remarked that he did not see any rapids, but that he shot several alligators.

"Shack" remarked, on coming back from the veterinary clinic at Walhalla, that they had a hard day's work of it and that "old Horse" required a lot of rye for his dinner.

Prof.—What interest do the Greek take in commerce?  
"Rat."—They don't indulge in it.

On March 26, a Camp of Sons of Confederate Veterans was organized at this college, seventy-six names

being enrolled. The camp is composed of professors and cadets, all descendants of some one who served in the Confederate army or navy during the Civil war. A constitution was adopted, and a name for the camp also decided upon, which is Camp Pickens, Sons of Confederate Veterans.

Such an organization has long been contemplated and we are glad to see that it has at last become a reality. There has been much discussion as to the advisability of having a camp at the college, so at length it was decided to form the camp some time during the present year, but the near approach of the Charleston Reunion hastened matters some as the camp would wish to take part in this Reunion.

The following officers were elected: Command, Prof. J. V. Lewis; First Lieu't. Commander, Maj. S. M. Martin; Second Lieu't. Commander, Prof. R. E. Lee; Adjutant, J. L. Kennedy; Quartermaster, B. H. Rawl; Treasurer, Maj. G. Shanklin; Color Sergeant, J. N. Walker; Historian, C. M. Furman, Jr.

"Lewis" A. (in English.)—Professor, wasn't Richard Steele a right bad character?

"Father F."—I don't know that he was, why?

"Lewis."—Well, it seems that his wife made it pretty warm for him.

"Father."—Oh, there is nothing remarkable about that.

The Calhoun Literary Society elected the following officers for the ensuing quarter:

President—J. H. Stribling.

Vice-President—S. D. Pearman.

Recording Secretary—S. M. Sloan.

Corresponding Secretary—C. Douthit.

Treasurer—E. M. Mathews.

Literary Critic—J. E. All.

Sergeant-at-Arms—E. J. Decoster.

Assistants—C. W. Mauldin, N. D. Walker.

Chaplin—L. W. Ayers.

Chairman, (reading constitution of of "Camp Pickens")  
—"A sponsor shall be selected to represent the camp at all gatherings, etc."

"Rat."—Mr. Chairman, does the sponsor also have to be a male descendant of some Confederate soldier?

Cadet J. E. All, of this College, has composed a march entitled, "The Clemson Cadet March," which has been pronounced by musical critics a great success. Mr. All has had much experience in musical lines, and it is no surprise that this, his maiden effort at composition, should prove so successful. He has had the march published in Philadelphia, and is furnishing it to College boys at very reduced rates.

He has also written two songs of rare sweetness, with words to one by Mr. W. L. Moise, and words to the other by Mr. J. F. Sullivan, both of which will be out in a short while.

"Norman" (in Botany)—Professor, this must be a pneumatic lamp, isn't it?

A certain "rat" promised his mother that a cigarette should never again touch his lips—and straightway purchased a cigarette holder.

"Rat"—Have you got anything in the shape of a match?

"Lord"—Yes, I have a toothpick.

Ask "Shack" where the Pericardium is located.



**ROUGH, RECKLESS, RAZORISM.**

There's a barber in the barracks  
    'Tis no use to call his name,  
You can dodge him if you want to  
    But he'll get you just the same.  
He takes a friendly interest,  
    And he always seems afraid  
That some one will get reported,  
    For long hair on dress parade.

Oh, he raps you on the gangway,  
    Springs upon you at the pump;  
And the way he slings that razor  
    Causes timid hearts to jump.  
Catches hold of your moustachios  
    Cuts them off at one mad whack,  
Tells you if you have no whiskers  
    That you've wool upon your back.

This he thus proceeds to butcher,  
    And the hide he peels away  
Is enough to keep a tanner  
    Dressing "Undressed kid" all day.  
Thus, he's gradually been drifting,  
    Drifting on from bad to worse;  
Till at last he's capped the climax,  
    Spoiled his rep and spoiled his purse.

This is how the whole thing happened,  
    Promise that you will not cry,  
When I tell you how this barber  
    Fell from heights superbly high.  
Through some reason ne'er disclosed  
    Business had begun to fade,  
And the barber was astounded  
    At the downfall of his trade.

Then he hit upon an idea  
    And fairly laughed in glee,  
"I will go to them," he giggled,  
    "If they will not come to me."  
So he gets his sharpest razor,  
    Rushes out into the hall;  
Springs alike on Prep and Senior,  
    Shaves their heads and leaves them bald.

Leaving some in bad condition,  
Leaving others in a plight,  
Causing friends and foes to shun them  
Being frightenēd by the sight.  
Some resembled men of Zulu,  
Some the graceful chimpanzee;  
Some might pass for ghastly Voodoos  
In the Islands of Eiji.

All these victims flocked together,  
Trying to concoct a plan  
Of revenge on this imposter,  
On this wicked barber man.  
What they finally decided  
I have never heard them say,  
But the barber plies his business  
In the barracks till this day.

So here's to you, sli & Old Barber,  
May your trade remain the same;  
And here's to you, bald-head Coolies,  
May your hair grow out again.

—R. P. SEARSON.

# CLEMSON COLLEGE DIRECTORY.

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# The Clemson College Chronicle.

Valeat Quantum Valere Potest.

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No. 8.

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## Literary Department.

W. FLOWERS WALKER, - - - - - EDITOR.

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### IN MEMORIAM.

(PROF. R. T. V. BOWMAN, Died April 14, 1899.)

Dead? And half his work undone!  
Dead! And half his course unrun!  
Transported from this earthly vale  
Without the warning of death's trail  
His life to shun?

Hushed are the sounds of joy and mirth;  
Dimmed is the gladness of the earth;  
While sorrowing mortals all unite  
In saddened anthems for the flight  
Of manly worth.

Sound taps! Death's evening shadows fall,  
And round his life-work cast a pall;  
So, sleeping sweetly 'neath the sod  
His soul shall rise, by grace of God,  
And smile o'er all.

Rest thou in peace! The dust reclaims  
Its own, purged by life's fitful flames.  
Another day fades into night;  
Another soul the gods requits  
For human aims.

Proud mortal! Seek not thou to judge  
Between the ornament and the drudge.  
Each man who fights the battle through  
Receives according to his due.  
This, none should grudge.

Our lives, like rivers gliding free,  
Pass into Death's eternal sea.  
Thus far we know, but who can tell  
What haps beyond, when sounds the knell  
For God's decree?

—*W. L. Moise.*

### President Hartzog's Tribute.

It becomes my sad duty this morning to announce the death of Prof. R. T. V. Bowman, which occurred at his home in Charlottesville, Va., Friday, April 14, 1899.

One who was greatly beloved among us, the friend and helper of us all, has gone to the unseen world. Because of his many sterling qualities of head and heart, he claims an enduring remembrance at our hands. It is not my purpose to make a studied panegyric of him. Bowman lived for you, and for others—and not for himself. This simple statement of fact is eulogy enough.

The least particulars of one that we love are interesting. Trifles indicate character. Bowman was ever ready to contribute his time and talent to the enjoyment of others. Though physically unable to take any considerable part in athletics, he helped you by his counsel and presence.

It may not be improper now to state that he denied himself many of the comforts of life in order to send his salary to loved ones in a distant State.

His heart was possessed with a spirit of thoughtful consideration. Some months ago he volunteered to carve mural tablets to place in this Chapel to commemorate the names of President Strode and Prof. McGee. He had just finished that work of love when his soul went out like a ray at sunset, giving promise of brilliant sunrise on the morrow.

"His life was gentle ; and the elements  
So mixed in him, that nature might stand up  
And say to all the world, 'This was a man !' "

As a professor, his class-room was his kingdom. In his chosen specialty he possessed in no ordinary degree the five requisites of a first-class teacher: Breadth and accuracy of information; enthusiasm and tact in conducting a class, and that indefinable something we call Culture. He worked because he loved his work. He magnified his calling, and his calling magnified him. He never complained when extra duties were imposed upon him. On the contrary he sought for more work than he was expected to do. Enthusiasm based on intelligence developed his division to the highest state of efficiency. The ruling passion is strongest in death, and during the delirium of his last days, with Death hovering over his bed, his mind wandered back to the familiar scenes of college duty; he talked of his work, called students by name, and bemoaned the fact that his work was unfinished.

Young gentlemen, in one sense his work is unfinished. He was stricken down in the meridian of life, as the avenues of opportunity were radiating in all directions.

But in a more exalted sense his life has just begun. He was a Christian in the truest sense of the word, and for him the grave was but an open door to an eternal home of light and life and love. His memory is fragrant, his life an inspiration, his death a victory.

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#### **Prof. Hancock's Tribute.**

A true and noble life, in full vigor of manhood, is ended. It is scarcely fit that one so recently come among you should attempt to eulogize a man whose best years were spent in your midst. The purity of his life, the faithful and conscientious performance of duty, the unselfish and even self-sacrificing devotion to college interests, the loyalty of his friendship and the fidelity to

principle have won notes of higher praise than my words can express.

It is not only upon the field of battle, amid the horrors of war and the ceaseless roar of reeking tubes of steel, that heroism is developed; nor is true nobility that which comes alone from a line of distinguished ancestors. The greatest heroes of all ages have been those who have conquered the passions that war against man's highest development, and the truly noble have discounted self and placed the welfare and happiness of others in the position of greatest importance.

I knew Randolph Bowman in his boyhood, and in his manhood I have known his struggles and hopes, his ambitions and disappointments. Before this audience on this solemn occasion I affirm that he possessed traits of exalted manhood, of true heroism and nobility of the highest type. His gravest faults were the result, directly or indirectly, of his prodigal generosity.

But our friend and colleague is no more. We would look up in humble recognition of Divine Providence and say, "Thy will be done."

Did I say a life is ended? How profound and awful, and yet how blessed is the truth that ours is a life that never ends!

"No stream from its source

Flows seaward, how lonely soever its source  
But what some land is gladden'd. No star ever rose  
And set without influence somewhere. \* \* \* No life  
Can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife,  
And all life not be purer and stronger thereby.  
The spirits of just men made perfect on high,  
The army of martyrs who stand by the Throne,  
And gaze into the face that makes glorious their own,  
Know this, surely, at last. Honest love, honest sorrow,  
Honest work for the day, honest hope for the morrow,  
Are these worth nothing more than the hand they make weary,  
The heart they have sadden'd, the life they leave dreary?  
Hush! the sevenfold heavens to the voice of the Spirit  
Echo: He that o'ercometh shall all things inherit."

### If We Could Know.

If we could know, when others' hearts are sad,  
If we could know by what to make them glad;  
Could we our brother's tenderest feelings read;  
And, reading, speak the soothing words they need,—  
The world would be relieved of half its woe,  
Could we but know, could we but only know.

If we could know the times when griefs annoy,  
As well as when the heart is full of joy;  
If we could feel the griefs our fellows feel,  
Could know the loads 'neath which our fellows reel,—  
Our souls in streams of sympathy would flow,  
Could we but know, could we but only know.

If we could know. The day may sometime be,  
When we can look around and know and see  
Each other as the other really is,  
Each make the other's joys and sorrows his.  
Our hearts with fullest, purest love will glow,  
When we can know, when we can only know.

Q. B. NEWMAN, '01.

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### Our Country Roads.

Long years ago, as our forefathers cut away the trees and brush along a line from one rustic cabin to another, they little thought that three hundred and fifty years from that time those same little paths would be a source of enormous expense to a large and flourishing nation; that a lack of judgment on their part as to the location of these paths would within four centuries be a cost to the United States of over five million dollars a year.

These sturdy men of the forest naturally built their houses on the hill-tops, so as to be located in the most healthy places. Then they cut paths from one hill-top to the next. It took no modern treatises on Geometry to show those rough foresters "that the shortest distance between two points is a straight line. They struck bee-lines from settlement to settlement, regardless of the many hills that nature had strewn around them. There



were no wagons to be drawn along the roads in those days, so it mattered little whether the grades were steep or not. The forests were cleared and crops were planted along the steep little paths.

As the years rolled on, the farmers grew more prosperous, and as property grew it became necessary to find some means of carrying the products of the country to the little towns. Various contrivances were tried, but the wheeled vehicled was soon found to be the best. When the vehicles came into use wider roads became a necessity, so the narrow paths were widened into roads. And now three hundred years after the clearing of these little paths many horses and mules prematurely die every day because of a lack of engineering knowledge on the part of the constructors of these paths.

In most speeches made by prominent men of today, the attention is called to the fact that this is a day of scientific development. Is road building a science? Scientific men claim that it is. Sciences were little thought of three hundred years ago, yet many of the roads now in use must have been in active service in the year 1600.

Perhaps the statement of expenditure is much exaggerated for this age of truth and honesty, but it is a well known fact that many dollars are annually thrown away on account of the lack of application of scientific principles to the construction and improvement of our roads. This matter of road improvement should be taken up by the energetic and thrifty farmers of the different counties. Many farmers have to stop their plows during a dry spell so as to do their hauling while the roads are good; about the time the farm work is resumed it rains, and wagons and plows lie idle, while the mules stand in their stable munching away the corn. Such is the state of affairs among the thrifty farmers of today.

In most neighborhoods one thousand pounds is considered a heavy load for a horse. In neighborhoods where macadam roads are used two thousand pounds is not considered a heavy load. Eight feet of macadam along all our important roads would more than pay for itself in five years.

But the surface is not the only defective part of our roads. Their grade is another important question, that is practically almost totally neglected. Eight and nine per cent. grades exist on many of our important roads, whereas a long grade of more than five per cent. should never be tolerated. When a load is drawn up an inclined plane, the weight to be overcome is to the whole load as the height of the plane is to its length. Upon a slope of one in forty-four a horse can draw only three-fourths as much as he can on a level. On a slope of one in twenty-four he can draw only half as much; on a slope of one in ten, only one-fourth as much.

We sometimes see a good, well-drained road, with a splendid surface, extending through the country. It seems all right till we come to one long, steep grade. Whenever a farmer loads his wagons to pass over that road he has to put on a load of probably only one thousand pounds, whereas if it were not for that heavy grade, he could easily haul two thousand pounds to the horse. If this hill were cut down, or if the road were made to circle around it, there would be an immense saving to the entire community.

Besides the surface and the slope there is something else that is probably even more neglected. This is the drainage. Unless the road is well drained it is almost impossible to keep a good surface.

May the time soon come when the farmers of this and other States will become awakened to the fact that with-

out good roads they cannot prosper. Then, and not until then, will prosperity reign throughout the agricultural sections of these United States. W. G. A., '00.

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## CLEMSONIAN SILHOUETTES.

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### SILHOUETTE NUMBER FIVE.

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#### A Modern Pythias.

Not very far from the main college building, down in a miniature ravine, there is an interesting though somewhat repulsive settlement known as "The Stockade." This is the dwelling place of a number of State convicts, who are employed in keeping up the college grounds, and perform other similar labor too tedious for the agricultural students of the college to perform.

On Sunday evenings, after the supposed study hour is over, the cadets often stroll down to this place, and look around the premises. Often a cadet will question one of the prisoners as to the deed which led to his imprisonment, and the length of his confinement. Oftimes some very interesting bits of history can be obtained from the answers furnished, for the lives of some of these convicts read like fairy tales, replete as they are, with exciting adventures and mysterious escapades.

Leland Segling, one of the cadets, often visited the stockade and talked with the prisoners. There was one prisoner in whom Cadet Segling took a special interest. He would often take this convict aside, and talk with him by the hour of his past life. The convict, an unusually intelligent man, related the story of his mis-deed and imprisonment. It was the old, old story of "She did tempt me and I did eat." John Ragsby, the convict mentioned, was once in love with a young fair haired

girl of sixteen summers, beautiful yet possessing that quality, so often accompanying a blonde beauty—falsity. This girl had agreed to marry Ragsby, as soon as he obtained enough money to support her comfortably. One night when John called to see her, she proposed a plan for getting the money at once, without having to work for it. She described the mode of entering a certain bank, and gave him the combination by which he could open the safe. "If you love me, you will do this much," she said, "and we can be speedily married." He, poor love-sick fool, gave his consent to the undertaking, entered the bank, took the money, and was captured by the police the next day. He was tried, convicted and imprisoned for thirty years.

This was his story, and told in so pitiful a voice that Segling felt sorry for the fellow from the bottom of his heart. This appeared to Segling an apt illustration of the secret of so much human sin—man tempted by woman to do wrong for the sake of love.

Then Ragsby told of his home, and the grief of his aged mother, when she heard of his sentence.

"It is now ten years since I have seen my mother," he concluded, "and only yesterday I received a letter saying she was quite sick. I pray God she may live to greet me upon my release from this den of infamy!"

The next evening Segling returned to the stockade to inquire if Ragsby had heard from his mother. On entering the convicts cell, he found him lying upon the bed weeping bitterly, with a yellow slip of paper in his hand. Advancing to his side the cadet snatched the telegram from the convict's hand, and read:

"Your mother dying; she is asking for you every minute."

The cadet knelt at the side of the convict, and tried

to soothe his grief. "Don't take on so, old fellow. Get up and let us see what can be done."

"What can be done?" Ragsby exclaimed bitterly. "Do you forget that I am a convict, chained and guarded; watched by day, and locked in at night. And my mother dying!"

"Hush!" said Segling, "there is no use to complain like that. Listen! I have a plan. Your keeper is a good man, is he not?"

"Yes, but he would not let me leave him for a minute. He cannot show partiality to any one." "But would he not let you go, with a guard to keep you company? Then he would feel sure you were safe."

The convict straightened himself up, and looked proudly at the cadet. "Do you think I would go to my mother's death-bed at the point of a gun? No! I would rather stay here, than appear before her as a convict in her last hours on earth."

Segling mused a while longer, trying to devise some scheme by which the convict could see his mother once more. Suddenly he jumped up and walked out to the keeper's house.

"Mr. Keeper," he said, "I don't know you personally, but I want to appeal to your heart, in behalf of a poor convict in there."

"Mr. Segling," he replied, "a keeper is not supposed to have a heart."

"I know that. But I have heard that you were a blessed exception to this rule. Read this telegram."

"I have read it," the keeper answered, "and am willing to do all I can, in keeping with my position here, for I know Ragsby is a good man in spite of his stripes." Then listen to me," and Segling whispered something in the keeper's ear, and shook his pocket, half full of coins, in a suggestive manner.



The keeper looked astonished. "What! You would not do that, would you?" he asked. "Yes, I would," replied Segling, "for I believe the poor fellow is a man of honor. What say you?"

"But what would the college authorities think?" "That is of minor importance to me, and, therefore, should be to you," Segling replied independently. "Leave me, for a short while, and I will come to you with my answer," said the keeper.

Segling hastened back to the cell with high hopes. "Come, Ragsby, get yourself in readiness. You are to go to your mother at once!" The convict jumped up with wonder and joy written on his countenance. "What do you mean? How did you manage it?" he asked. "I can show better than I can tell you," replied Segling. "Just wait a few minutes."

At this point the keeper appeared in the cell and stood looking at Segling with a sad smile. Then he said: "Ragsby, this cadet has made me a proposition which I have decided to accept solely out of charity to you, and I expect you to do your part with honesty and secrecy."

At this the convict looked round and found Segling removing his coat and pants. "Take off your clothes too," Segling exclaimed, "and put on mine. We will trade stripes for a few days." It would be hard to describe the feelings which came over Ragsby as he realized the sacrifice his young friend was making for him. Hastily exchanging garments with the young man, he found himself arrayed in a neatly fitting suit of gray.

The keeper now spoke up. "Here is my contract: The cadet is to take your place for the space of exactly four days. To-day is Monday; the hour is four o'clock. You have leave of absence until Friday evening four o'clock. If you are not back by that hour, this cadet sacrifices his

citizenship and becomes a regular State convict without dissent. Do you hear the terms, Mr. Segling?" "I do," replied the cadet, "and will accept them." "Do you hear the terms, Ragsby?" "I do," said the convict, "and I accept them."

"Then take the horse you will find at the big gate and hurry away. Remember, this affair is a secret, for if it ever gets to the ears of the governor, I may lose my job. Now go." The ex-convict rushed from the room, and soon disappeared through the woods.

Segling sat down on the cot and looked around him in a sort of dazed bewilderment. Here he was, locked in a cell, wearing convicts clothes, and Ragsby gone! A feeling of fear and distrust came over him for a short while, but soon he braced up, and began reading a book he had in his pocket. Soon the darkness interfered with his reading, and he lay there wondering what the boys at the college were doing, and if they had missed him yet, for he knew there would be a great deal of excitement as soon as it was known that he had disappeared. Thus meditating, he fell asleep and was soon dreaming of stripes and prison cells. Here let us leave him for a short while, and see how things are progressing in the barracks.

Excitement is at its highest pitch when we enter the main door, and walk to the guard room. A half hour ago the officer in charge had made his nightly inspection and had found Segling out of his room. He gave orders for an inspection of rooms by the sentinels, and not finding him in this way, long roll was sounded and all the students hurried to answer to their names—Segling alone was missing. The next morning there was more excitement, as soon as the corps heard of his disappearance. The president telegraphed to his parents in Winnsboro

to find out if he had gone home. They replied that they knew nothing of his whereabouts. This added greatly to the mystery. Skirmishing parties were sent out to scour the surrounding woods, and a party of boys went to the Seneca river to drag it for the body. But there was no result. He was as completely lost as if the earth had swallowed him up. After two days of excitement the college settled down to work once more, and awaited information of his arrival at home every day.

Meanwhile Segling passed his days in the stockade very pleasantly for a convict. Special food was served him, and he kept very well amused with several books he had obtained. Often he would go out and talk with his fellow-convicts, who were told about the exchange and became greatly interested in the young man who had sacrificed so much. Segling learned a great deal of private history and interesting biography in the next few days, and his note-book was soon filled with interesting data for story-writing, Segling being very fond of composing stories for the papers.

The fourth day at last arrived, and Segling began to prepare for his departure. At twelve o'clock he ate his dinner and then went out into the yard to watch for the return of Ragsby, for the hour was drawing dangerously near and no Ragsby was on hand. Two o'clock sounded, and still no returned convict. Segling began to feel a little scared. He trusted Ragsby, but felt a little afraid that the temptation to escape the horrors of twenty years of convict life had been too much for the poor fellow.

Three o'clock, and no sign of Ragsby. The excitement was getting intense. All the convicts came out into the yard and stood around in groups, waiting for the arrival of the fatal hour. Many of them expressed their

opinion that Ragsby would not return, with such a good chance to escape. As for the cadet, his nervousness was fast getting the best of his faith.

Three-thirty by the keepers watch. The men gathered around the keeper, and watched the hands with bated breath. How Segling longed for the sound of a horse's hoof.

Three-forty, three-forty-five! Slowly the watch ticked away the fatal minutes, and Segling now felt the extreme danger of his undertaking. "Three-fifty" announced the keeper. Then Three-fifty-one, fifty-two, fifty-three, fifty-four, fifty-five, when a sound of horses hoofs was heard in the distance. Fifty-six, fifty-seven, fifty-eight! and a panting horse halted in front of the gate. Fifty-nine! the gate was thrown up, and Ragsby, dusty and covered with lather from the horse, rushed into the yard and fell to the ground in a faint.

He was quickly carried to the sick-room, and restoratives soon brought him to life again.

"I'm—on—time!" were his first words, "thank—God—for—that." Segling entered and hastened to his side. The faithful fellow looked up and said "Mother died this morning—that's why I'm so late. She blessed me with her dying breath, and sent you these"—and he placed in Segling's hand a bunch of forget-me-nots.

"My favorite flowers," said Segling, pressing them to his heart. \* \* \* \* \*

#### LE ENVOI.

The secret did not remain one very long. Cadet Segling went directly home from the stockade without going back to the barracks. He told his parents the story of his absence, and requested a note to the President of the College explaining that the cause of his absence was satisfactory to them. Then he took this note, and re-

turned to college. His father wrote the full story to the governor, who was a very good hearted man, and was so pleased with the loyalty and honesty of the convict, that he granted him a pardon.

A few days after, Cadet Segling received from the governor a silver medal with the motto engraved thereon

“One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.”

W. L. MOISE.

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### CAROLINA.

The despot treads thy sacred sands,  
Thy pines give shelter to his bands,  
Thy sons stand by with idle hands,  
Carolina !

He breaths as ease thy airs of balm,  
He scorns the lances of thy palm ;  
Oh, who shall break thy craven calm  
Carolina !

Thy ancient fame is growing dim,  
A spot is on thy garment's rim ;  
Give to the winds the battle-hymn  
Carolina !

Call on thy children of the hill,  
Wake swamp and river, coast and rill,  
Rouse all thy strength and all thy skill  
Carolina !

Cite wealth and science, trade and art,  
Touch with thy fire the cautious mart,  
And pour thee through the people's heart,  
Carolina !

Till even the coward spurns his fears,  
And all thy fields, and fens, and meres,  
Shall bristle like thy palm with spears,  
Carolina !

I hear a murmur, as of waves  
That grope the way through sunless caves,  
Like bodies struggling in their graves,  
Carolina !



And now it deepens, slow and grand,  
It swells, as, rolling to the land,  
An ocean broke upon thy strand  
Carolina!

Shout! Let it reach the startled Huns!  
And roar with all thy festal guns!  
It is the answer of thy sons,  
Carolina!

—HENRY TIMROD.

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### A College Youth.

How delighted a boy is when he arrives at the age to be sent to college. The last few weeks before the time for him to leave seem as if they never will pass; but when the hour at last comes for him to say good-bye to his loved ones, he feels a little sad and despondent over leaving his home. However, that feeling is only for the time being, and is generally caused by seeing his mother's tears.

After being seen safely on the train, generally by his devoted father, he goes on his way rejoicing, smoking, eating fruits, candies; and chewing gum, of course, to while away the time, and to break the monotony of the traveling. Perhaps his train is delayed for a few minutes, by some reason or other which causes great impatience on his part, for he is so very anxious to reach his destination.

But with all the delays, and waiting for trains he reaches college, and is there given a warm reception by the old students. His first few weeks at college certainly are romantic ones; he has romances that he never in all his life dreamed of, and he longs to return to his home and parents.

But this longing for home will soon pass away if the youth is made of the right kind of material and comes to

college with a determination to obtain an education. He soon becomes interested in his new duties and has not the time to think about getting homesick, because he is in a military college, which, as every one knows, keeps its students busy from early morn till late at night.

Everything seems to move on smoothly with this innocent youth until about three months before vacation. Then he becomes impatient to return home so as to show his parents and friends what an elegant and polished gentleman the college had made of this once gawky country lad. He even freshens his mind up on his "old field school" arithmetic in order to reduce the remaining months to weeks, days, hours, minutes and seconds.

At last vacation has come, and this youth is moving swiftly homeward. It affords him a great deal of pleasure to be at home with his family once more, after being separated from them for so many weeks; but somehow it seems as if he is rather shy about going with the girls, and to dances, picnics, etc. He spends his vacation in reading, smoking, sleeping, and fishing.

So you see that he does not cause any pining in the young feminine hearts when he returns to college at the opening of the next term; but nevertheless he goes and bids them all adieu, which proceedings are more formal than are the majority of college boys adieus.

But no doubt he thinks by spending such a quiet vacation that he is in a much better condition for study than are his school mates, who generally return to college with so many different stories of their little experiences of love. They generally spent the first few weeks after their return to college soliloquizing, letter writing and writing odes to the moon and stars; a condition in which no one is equal to the duties devolved upon him at college.

The friendship of pure young women is possibly the best influence that is ever brought to bear upon a young man, unless it is the councils of a devoted mother, but these friendships must be in every way subordinate to the duty a student owes to his parent and himself which is to make the best possible use of his time and opportunities while at college.

Correspondence is probably the most natural cause of discontent and procrastination as regards the application to his books. If he cannot be contented without a correspondence with one of the fair sex he should choose one who is in every way his equal mentally, or better yet one who is his mental superior. From such a correspondent he will derive benefit, but from a host of frivolous correspondents he will only suffer annoyance.

F. A. L., '00.

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### A Story of the Confederacy.

It was mid-day on a Southern plantation, just before the civil war. To the younger generation the picture of a Southern home is wholly unknown, but to those upon whose heads time has laid his snowy touch, it is a sweet remembrance, a dream of the past—sacred, inviolable. They were then young, some were mere children, romping through life, little thinking of the dark days that were to follow; of the surrender of the Southern armies; of the grievances of the reconstruction period, with the terrible rule of the carpet-bagger. But I am about to forget. Let me return to my scene.

Perhaps there is nothing so unique or more characteristic of the anti-bellum days than its plantation homes, and their home life, and the one that I am about to describe is typically representative of this period.

Standing back some distance from the road in a grove of immense oaks, and this encircled by the old-time rail fence, it is a picture of serene and peaceful tranquility. The dense foliage of the trees almost cover the house, which is a large wooden building, beautiful in its simplicity, and of the style so commonly built by the planters of this day. Off to the right is the well, with its moss covered shed, supported by four upright posts, and hanging on one of these posts is the gourd. Right by the side of the shed is a huge live-oak, shedding the well and ground for yards around. Here the negro slaves collect at dinner while waiting to go out to work.

It was noon, on a sultry summer day. The male portion of the slaves had just finished dinner and had come up from the "quarters" to the "white folks' yard," as they called it, and were waiting for the mules to finish eating, so as to start back to work. Collecting around the well, and in the shade of the oak tree, they busy themselves in different ways. Some are playing marbles with the children, others are amusing themselves at the old game called "pitching the horse-shoes." Uncle Tom, a venerable old negro who has passed the greater part of his life with the Kelton's, has chosen for a pillow a root of the oak near by, and stretching himself out upon the ground, with hat pulled down over his eyes, dozes away, oblivious of the drowsy hum of voices around him. A pigeon and its mate are cooing away on top of the well-house as if they knew it was noon, and were resting awhile before their little ones on the left.

The Keltons had lived at the place for many years, and here had raised their family. Tom and Charlie, two boys of fifteen and seventeen, respectively, and Mary, their eldest sister, a beautiful girl of eighteen summers, are amusiug themselves on the porch. Mr. Kelton, a

man past middle age, is sitting in the corner of the piazza reading the weekly paper, which is full of the newly begun skirmishes, as they termed them then. Mrs. Kelton, a kind and motherly looking old lady, is in the hall sewing. Occasionally, as she glances up from her work and looks at her children over her glasses it can be seen that a trace of motherly pride lingers there.

Reader, you will doubtless wonder at my reasons for going into such a minute description of a Southern home, but I merely do so for the purpose of showing, if possible, the happiness and contentment of the Southern people before the war in contrast with the state of affairs that existed during and after the war.

Intelligence had come to the Keltons of the bombardment of Fort Sumpter, and of the concentration of the Southern armies in the Virginias, but they had no idea that so momentous a struggle was about to begin. Mr. Kelton himself had been disabled in the Mexican war, and could not go to the front, but his eldest son Charles was just now of the required age of enlistment. Charles had wanted to go at first, but his mother would not hear of such and time had gone on until that day when one of the negroes coming up from the quarters noticed a party on horseback approaching the house. They proved to be a company of newly recruited men who were coming by Kelton's in the hope of persuading Charles Kelton to go with them.

Every one on the place was bitterly opposed to his going, but Mr. Kelton, his voice shaking with emotion, said, "No, son, your country calls you—you must go. Do your duty in the war for State's rights as your father did his on the plains of Mexico, and your chief will never have cause to say that a Kelton was not first where duty called."



It was a sad sight to see such a peaceful scene as I have described in the opening so harshly broken into. The mother as she strained her son to her bosom to bid him farewell, and the sister as she clasped him around the neck and with sobs entreated him not to risk himself to the horrors of war. Amid the sorrowing of all Charles rode away. Every eye was strained to catch the last glimpse of one they loved so tenderly. Mr. Kelton thought that he would be back in a few months. He could not understand that there would be any extended fighting, but merely a few skirmishes in which one side or the other was to be scared off. Was there ever a delusion so complete? Alas! It was soon found that grim war had commenced. Victories came, but oh, how bloody! Such a father had fallen, a fond brother lay dying on the blood-strewn battle-fields, a lover had gone down amid the carnage of death and destruction.

Charles Kelton joined the division of a prominent Confederate general, and was soon in the midst of the dangers of war. On July 21st, 1861, was the battle of Bull Run, of which Charles wrote to his father—of how the raw and untried Northern soldiers had fled in the utmost disorder back towards Washington.

In his account of the fight he said nothing of his own actions, but it soon reached the ears of his father. It was in this way: The company that he belonged to had by some unknown cause been separated from the main body, and it was very evident that if it did not again unite with them, the alternative of running from the enemy or being captured would be left them. To reach the division they would have to run directly across the enemy's firing line. Their captain had been wounded and no one seemed to want to take the responsibility of leading the soldiers across the field. Charles seeing that the colors

had been shot down, seized them and waving them above his head cried for the men to follow him. Across the field they ran—many were wounded in the attempt—but at last they had crossed. General Beauregard had seen Charles' wonderful exhibition of nerve, and when the fight was over, sent for him, and handed him a commission as lieutenant, in the company from Charles' own home.

It was one night just after supper that Mrs. Kelton heard of her son's bravery and promotion. The family had collected around the fireside and were listening to an account of it from a soldier who had come home on a furlough. When he had finished telling of it Mrs. Kelton broke down and cried, but smiling through her tears she said, "God bless my boy and save him from danger," and the family knelt in prayer. It was touching to see the father and mother kneeling around the fireside praying for their son who was away fighting for his country.

The year 1861 passed and there was still no prospect of the war closing. Charles had been in many of the fights that occurred in Virginia and in all of them had exhibited such bravery as to secure the highest admiration and praise from those in authority, and had it not been for the fact of his extreme youth he could easily have risen several numbers higher in rank.

He wrote to his parents often, and kept them informed of the developments of the war, but as usual his modesty prevented him from saying anything of himself. However they heard from the soldiers that came home occasionally of the high estimation with which he was regarded by his superior officers. Mrs. Kelton's heart went out to her son as she listened to these accounts, but as time went on she grew very uneasy about him, and as every letter came from the front she opened it with a

sinking heart, for how could she know but that it was to tell of her son's being wounded or killed. As she read over the list of the dead and wounded in the papers she trembled with anxiety until she had seen every name in it, for now battle after battle was being fought, and thousands were pouring out their life-blood for a cause they knew to be just.

Daily men came from the front with great gaping wounds, only to linger and die, and in the delirium of their last moments, perhaps the old rebel yell, as it was called, would break from the lips, and with a smile of exultation their souls would pass away. Thus it was that the young manhood of the South gave their life to their country.

One evening just at sunset, a day or two after the battle of Fair Oaks, Mr. Kelton saw a person on horse back coming from towards the village, a few miles distant. News of the battle had already reached them, but they could hear nothing from their son, hence the whole family were in great suspense of his fate. The poor mother had not slept since hearing of the fight.

Seeing that the person on horse back was the one who usually brought the mail, Mr. Kelton called his wife and children. The rider came up to the gate and handed Mr. Kelton a letter, but alas, it was written in a strange hand. Mr Kelton turned white as he opened the letter and read :

"MR. KELTON, Sir :—It pains me greatly to inform you that your son, Lieut. C. B. Kelton, was fatally wounded yesterday in the battle of Fair Oaks. He died last night at eight o'clock. He was a brave boy, and fell at the head of his command.

Respectfully,

GEN. J. E. JOHNSON."

A moan of anguish escaped from Mrs. Kelton as she listened and turning walked tearless into the house. She could not cry, her sorrow was too great.

It was a sad hour, when two days later, attached to the train coming from the direction where the war waged, was that car bringing back the dead—the dead car. A mournful gloom had settled over the entire household, the slaves included, when the body of their young master was brought in the parlor for the funeral services. Taking the lid off the coffin each one stepped silently up to view the one they had loved so well.

There he lay in his uniform of Confederate gray looking perhaps a litle older than when he left but seemingly otherwise unchanged. When the mother went up to the side of the coffin and saw her son for the first time in over a year, looking so calm and peaceful in death she burst into a flood of tears—the first she had shed since hearing of his death.

The next day the body was carried to the cemetery to be interred. As the coffin was let down into the earth old Uncle Tom came forward and begged to be allowed to help cover his young master's grave. The men seeing the sorrow of the old slave allowed him to do so. And as the last shovel of earth was thrown upon the grave, a volley was fired in honor of the dead, the bugler sounded taps and all was over. Another gallant Confederate had passed away, as many others were destined to follow, before the bloody strife was ended.

W. G. HILL, '01.

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#### SHE PLAYED TO ME.

She played to me. And I, inspired,  
Sat gazing into vacancy.  
She played a Polonaise, *Suite I*,  
An Overture and Fantasia.

The "Air de Ballet" next she played,  
That masterpiece by *Chaminade*.

She played a *Valse*, so sadly sweet  
I passed from earth in poet's leaps,  
And dreaming stood, all else forgot  
Save life-long bliss upon those steep.  
"Valse Brilliante, No. 1," it ran,  
And opposite, the name *Chopin*.

An interval of chat, and then  
She played "An Invitation Dance,"  
Then turned to *Hoffman, Schuman, Greig*,  
"Narcissus," "Merry Men of France,"  
From all composers, one by one,  
*Weber, Verdi, Mendelssohn*.

The music ceased, and I, inspired,  
Turned dreamy gaze full wrapt in thought  
To read the message from her eyes,  
Which St. Cecelia quick had brought.  
A lightning glance twixt hers and mine  
And both were blessed by *Reubenstein*.

W. L. MOISE.

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### Extension Work of Cornell University.

Since the beginning of experiment station work in the United States, a problem that has been before the scientists for solution was how to get the results of their scientific experiments to those living in rural districts, who most need instruction along their own industrial lines. It appears that a fine solution of this problem has at last been reached in the extension work now being operated by the experiment station of Cornell University.

In 1893, in a certain district in the State of New York, where horticulture was the chief industry, the people of that section, realizing their absolute ignorance of their own profession, and also realizing that new obstructions



to their work were constantly being introduced, in the way of new destructive insects, plant diseases, fungi, etc., they appealed to Cornell University for help. The Cornell station at that time was already carrying on very extensive experimental work along the line of horticulture which required the expenditure of all the funds that the directors of the station had at their disposal for that line, and while the station staff was very anxious to help the rural districts of the State, yet it was compelled to refuse to take up any more work in consideration of the limited funds at its disposal.

After this the enthusiasm of the country people seemed to be a thing of the past, until the meeting of the Legislature in the spring of 1894, when it reasserted itself in the form of a bill asking for an appropriation to that district for the purpose of carrying on practical experiments. This was to be done through the instrumentality of the Cornell Experiment Station, and for the purpose of giving the people practical instructions in their own profession and thereby enabling them to better face the difficulties and remove the obstructions to their industry. The bill was carried, and an appropriation of eight thousand dollars was made for that purpose. The work was immediately taken up by the Cornell Station and placed under the direction of Prof. Bailey, with the assistance of entomologists, botanists and such other experts as were needed in the work.

The nature of the work laid out by Prof. Bailey was, first, to experiment in all of the localities of the district to determine, in each locality the most prevalent hindrances to the industry of horticulture, and second, to instruct the people as to the best methods of removing these difficulties.

In the latter part of the first season, Prof. Bailey had

effected the organization of horticultural societies throughout the entire district, which societies would meet on his experimental grounds from time to time and receive his instructions on the work he was conducting. Before the close of the first season it was not an unusual thing for Prof. Bailey, accompanied by his assistants, to lecture on subjects pertaining to horticulture, to an audience of a thousand people in the rural districts of the State of New York. The Legislature, realizing the great importance of this work, appropriated the following year, double the amount of the first. The work of the second year was even more successful, and from that time up to the present, extension work in the State of New York has been growing with rapidity, and now it is being carried on throughout the entire State, for which purpose large appropriations are yearly made. The nature studies have even been introduced into the high schools of the State and in the teachers' institutes, the discussion of these subjects is now an essential feature.

It is now not an unusual occurrence for the scientists of Cornell experiment station, who still have the extension work in charge, to appear before an audience of two or three thousand people, and lecture on all subjects pertaining to Agriculture and Horticulture.

The extension work of New York has certainly been the most successful, and most profitable system of experimentation work ever known. It is the first time in the history of experiment station work that the people of the rural districts have gone with outstretched arms to receive what the government offers them in this line.

It is certainly a question of to-day, how the agricultural people of South Carolina can be made to realize their absolute ignorance of their own profession, and be induced to accept the instruction and the help that the

government now offers them. More intelligence is certainly the only thing that will improve the condition of the farmers of South Carolina, and it is to be hoped that the example set us by the people of New York will soon have its effect in South Carolina, and that the home of our rural citizen may soon be converted from a place of desolation, privation and ignorance into a place of abundance, liberty and intelligence. B. H. R., '00.

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### A Trip to Cæsar's Head.

The hot days of July make every one long for some shady retreat in which to pass away the time, and drive the people from the low country to higher latitudes, where they are free from the sultry heat and where they can enjoy the summer breezes.

It was at just such a time that a party of young men from one of the cities on the coast were spending the holidays very pleasantly in a famous summer resort in the northern part of South Carolina. But these young men, being of a roving nature, were not satisfied to stay in one place for any length of time; so they, together with a few boys from the town near by, decided to take a trip to "Cæsar's Head," which could be seen about forty miles away, one of the most prominent peaks of the Blue Ridge Mountains. It was my good fortune to be spending vacation in this place at the time this trip was to be taken; and having read something of the wonders of the mountains, I agreed to be a participant in the adventures of this party.

All preparations for the trip having been made, we started early one morning and were some distance from home when the sun rose. The fresh morning air increased our vigor, and put all in high spirits for the day's journey. We travelled to the northward for some distance,

through a thickly settled community, and passed many beautiful country homes. The rich farms with large fields of grain ready for harvest, the lovely valleys with luxuriant growths of grass and flowers, and the clear streams which went winding in and out among the hills; all seemed to take on the beauties of nature just for our benefit. About noon, we came to a bold spring near the road; and, as the exercise of the morning had whetted our appetites, a stop was made and dinner was prepared.

After enjoying dinner and resting for a while, the journey was resumed. The course now changed to the eastward, and led into a thinly settled part of the country; the woods became denser, and the undergrowth was so heavy as to make the forest almost impenetrable; all of which indicated that the main body of mountains was not far away. When the day ended, we found ourselves at the foot of one of the tallest peaks that we had gazed upon with so much admiration the evening before, and which proved to be the one that we were seeking. The night was spent in a mountain home, with this tall peak keeping watch over us like a sentinel.

A good night's rest and a hearty breakfast next morning, put us in proper shape for the climb up the mountain, which bade fair to be a tough one; but we were amply repaid for it by the beautiful scenery that opened up before us. The higher we climbed up the mountain side, the more marvelous was the beauty of the scene before us. When about half way up, we could look back and see the road that we had come up, and which wound around the mountain side, in and out of the ravines, and gradually rose higher and higher until it reached the level spot upon which we stood. While below the road, we gazed down into the depths of a large ravine which fell almost perpendicular for several hundred feet. Or, after



toiling up a steep ascent, we paused for a little rest and saw still farther the valleys, divided by the sharp spines of the jutting hills, jeweled with farm houses, and smiling with the rich harvests of summer.

The climb up the mountain occupied the greater part of the day, and the summit was reached just as the sun was setting. Here we saw one of the prettiest sights ever beheld by man. The sun was casting its last rays across the valley below, the mountain stream poured over the steep places, and went winding its way in and out the hills until it disappeared behind a large one which seemed to keep watch over the others. The shadows in the valley grew longer and longer, until at last the sun seemed to drop behind the mountain and leave the whole valley enveloped in darkness. While, from where we stood, the whole range behind glowed with red for awhile, and then the fire-like ball dropped out of sight, but still sent its rays into the sky above. We now betook ourselves to the hotel, where the night was spent, and as everything was favorable, we decided to spend several days in this mountain retreat.

Early next morning everybody was up and out to see the sun rise, as it was the custom with all who visited this place to do. We scrambled up a little knoll, and in a short while the first glimmer of light became perceptible; it slowly became lighter, and then increased so rapidly that in a short while it seemed full daylight. This changed very little for the next quarter of an hour, when suddenly the sun appeared above the horizon, decking the dew-laden foliage with glittering gems, sending gleams of golden light over the valley, and waking all nature to life and activity.

Having seen the beauties of a mountain sunrise, our attention was attracted to the highest point of "Caesar's



Head." Here is a rock precipice, and in it a ledge with a projecting rock overhead; and to one in the valley, the whole has the appearance of a Roman's head with this projecting rock as a nose. From this resemblance, it is said that the peak gets its name, "Caesar's Head."

The surrounding country could be viewed from this point, and the whole seemed to rise higher and higher, until it met the sky, and the horizon appeared to be on a level with the ground upon which we stood. Here and there immediately below could be seen the farm houses, nothing more than little specks of white that decked the valleys; while still farther could be seen the villages with their tall buildings and spires, rising above the trees and adding to the picturesque scene.

Several days were spent on the mountain; hunting, fishing, visiting the places of interest, and searching out the treasures of which it is full, until we were worn out. So we started home from the holidays that had been thoroughly enjoyed; and at the end of two days found ourselves back with friends, filled with renewed vigor, and a fresh store of memories and ideas. In a few days the young men returned to their homes, declaring that they would return to "Caesar's Head" at the first opportunity.

—C. W. M. '01.

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### EVENING SONG.

Look off, dear Love, across the sallow sands,  
And mark yon meeting of the sun and sea,  
How long they kiss in sight of all the lands,  
Ah! Longer, longer we.

Now in the sea's red vintage melts the sun,  
As Egypt's pearl dissolved in rosy wine,  
And Cleopatra night drinks all. 'Tis done,  
Love, lay thy hand in mine.

Come forth, sweet stars, and comfort heaven's heart ;  
Glimmer ye waves, round else unlighted sands,  
O Night ! divorce our sky and sun apart,  
Never our lips, our hands.

SIDNEY LANIER.

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### **The Intellectual Condition of England at the Beginning of Modern Literature.**

The intellectuai condition of England at the beginning of modern literature was snch that no Englishman may look back upon without righteous pride. Shaw says : " In literary inheritance the readers of the English language are the richest people that the sun shines on." About a hundred years before this period, the reformation swept over England, and close upon its track came that wonderful awakening of the intellect such as had not been seen since the time of Greece.

The condition of society was silently demanding an advance, the outcome of which was the productions of the genius of Shakespeare and Spenser, and Bacon's contributions to philosophy. It was no longer dangerous to speak or a crime to think. The printing press proved one of the chief agencies through which early literary efforts succeeded.

Then followed several writers famous for their theological eloquence, and in this group we find men of equal merit serving the Church of England and others in the ranks of the Dissenters. Greatest among these is Milton, whose life was "consecrated to intellectual effort," the fruits of which placed him at the head of his class of poets, and did much to check the corruption into which the government was settling.

To do justice to the condition of England after the restoration, we must look at the condition of affairs under the Puritan management. While Cromwell was at

the head of the government, the skill of Milton, his learning and genius were given entirely to the affairs of state. The powers of his intellect were felt through the whole kingdom, and no doubt would have accomplished much had he been spared. But it was not to be, for with Cromwell's fall, fell Milton.

With the restoration of the throne to the infamous Charles II. began that corruption which proved so hurtful to intellectual progress. The particular kind of literature which appeared at this time earned the name of "corrupt drama," and truly does it merit the name which critics have given to it. The plays were coarse and vulgar and written with a shamelessness that is appalling. As a "nation is known by its literature," the corruption of the literature just at this time shows the low plane to which the intellect of the nation had fallen. The tragedy was exaggerated and the comedy which dealt only with the manners and character of society, without any depth of feeling, and devoid of all those qualities which literature must possess to make it beneficial to the reader, gave no substantial return to the man who consumed his time in studying it. And on the other hand it degraded the writer. But when we remember that on the success of their productions, these writers depended for their daily bread, they claim our sympathy and we are too apt to excuse them.

The restrictions of the Puritans are to blame for a great deal of the ignorance and baseness of this period. It was with the greatest aversion that they treated every amusement however innocent; hence when they came into power the theatres were prohibited, the May pole was pulled down, and even Christmas festivities were abhorred. The suppression of the theatres threw destruction into the ranks of the playwrights. Intellectual effort

saw no market and it was plain that writing under those circumstances was courting starvation. So the licentiousness and corruption which followed were the natural results of the reaction. Entirely restrained by the Puritans, when the relaxation came the people rushed madly into excesses. Religion was in the balance, and indeed it would have been difficult to have found any of that quality at all. But out upon this moral darkness streamed rays of light from Bedford jail. John Bunyan, though confined in his cell, sent forth his "Pilgrim" to teach men faithfulness and endurance.

Historians picture the country as being on the verge of atheism. Clergymen were betraying their religion in their eagerness for literary fame, and others were apostatizing for political preferment. But while corruption was running riot, we must not think that there were none to raise a rebuking voice, for there were many who gave their powers in behalf of the right. This condition of things developed the intellects of several scholars into their full capacities who might otherwise have lived in obscurity. Among these we find Addison, Steele, Swift and other noted prose writers.

In a history of literature, we find this description of the times: "The amusements, when not merely frivolous, were either immoral or brutal. Gambling even among women was prevalent, the sports of the men were marked with cruelty and drunkenness." We may imagine that among such creatures, literary culture was at no high premium. Repugnant as this is, yet to it we owe the origin of our periodicals. For it was these vices and a desire to correct them that prompted Steele to publish the "Tattler." I doubt not but that he hoped, by its name, to gain for it a few moments' notice from the ladies, and thereby sow a few seed unto righteousness, hoping for a rich harvest.

This paper published twice a week was both interesting and instructive. Stelle's "Tattler" proved a success and received unbounded applause. It consisted generally of the current news with several essays, on popular themes, which employed the best talents of the contributors. There was now a decided improvement in literature morally, and it approached nearer to perfection than it had yet done. Prose writings had attained an excellence which filled English minds with pride and satisfaction. They anticipated the elegance and worth of the literature which was to follow. And they were not deceived.

The next epoch produced the Historians and Novelists. Among the novels we find many that are excellent and we find others which we must throw aside. The histories, like the novels, are also divided; some are authentic, while others are mere compilations of quotations and traditions. But in all of them we find the genius of the historian displayed in the vivid description and the comprehensive pictures of scenery and character, with the pleasant narration of uninteresting events. The appreciation of the grandeur of their attainments is sullied only by the knowledge that they were skeptics.

Outside of the realm of letters great proficiency was attained. In science, philosophy and theology many men appeared whose genius revived the spirit of research and experiment. Isaac Newton and Robert Boyle astonished the world with their teachings and discoveries completely revolutionizing science and at the same time John Tilloston and Robert South animated society and the church by their writings and pulpit eloquence. And thus we find ourselves at the door of a new epoch, with the whole country enthusiastic over literature and science. But in every department we find religion and skepticism side by side.



The influence from France was anything but pure. Hume, the greatest skeptic of his time, was hurling upon the heads of the few faithful all the powers of his corrupt mind. A fierce antagonism existed between the two religious parties, and often it turned into an intellectual contest. But the emotions which had been checked for so many years began to warm back to life the recognition of the brotherhood of man. The cruel games were stopped, and the licentiousness of the time lessened by pressure of public opinion. Then came the religious reaction which swept over the land, ennobling manhood, and directing literary efforts into higher channels. This new epoch in literature was ushered in by such men as Whitfield and the Wesleys, whose eloquence, together with that of Pitt, and the music of Handel widened the intellects and showed to men possibilities of which they had not dreamed.

EDGAR M. MATTHEWS, '01.

# The Clemson College Chronicle.

FOUNDED BY CLASS OF 1898.

Published Monthly by the

CALHOUN, COLUMBIAN AND PALMETTO LITERARY SOCIETIES  
OF  
CLEMSON AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

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## Editorial Department.

J. CROCKATT THOMSON,       -       -       -       -       EDITOR.

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**Gymnasium.** The need for a gymnasium at Clemson has been commented upon in former issues, both by us and the former editor of this department.

Now we hear rumors to the effect that the Board of Trustees is considering the establishment of one.

A gymnasium is essential in every college, and a school of the size and equipment of this should surely have one. Some objections are raised to athletics in colleges as it is asserted that they engross too much of the student's time, but these attacks are always aimed at the football and baseball teams and rowing crews.

However, if these are kept within proper bounds they are very beneficial, and almost every one recognizes the necessity for a gymnasium.

The great English colleges where athletics are so prominent are a striking contrast to the German universities where the students' spare time is given up to drinking bouts and duels, and none can doubt that the first are more successful in turning out men fitted for citizenship than the latter.

A gymnasium where the students are directed by a proficient instructor will do more to build up the bodies of the cadets and make healthy minded and self-reliant men of them than anything else. The drill at a school like Clemson College does not give sufficient exercise to properly develop the boys.

The United States Naval and Military Academics, although they have a great deal more drill than we have, nevertheless have well equipped gymnasiums.

It is the earnest desire of the Cadets that the Board of Trustees may see fit to give them a gymnasium in the near future.

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**College Spirit.** College spirit is rather a trite theme, but nevertheless it is one that cannot be too much impressed on a student body.

To discuss College spirit, one might divide it into two sub-divisions, one as it has to do with outsiders and the

other as it concerns ourselves only. Under the first head we have College spirit as it manifests itself in the support of, and interest in, what is being done by the College in its athletic teams, its magazine, its intercollegiate debates and orations, and by the College, apart from the students.

We have said enough already about supporting your base-ball and foot-ball teams, but at the match game of tennis played with a team from Williamston not long ago, comparatively few of the Cadets evinced enough interest to go down to the courts to see the game. We have several times tried to impress on you the value of the literary societies.

Every once in awhile a desire bursts forth to stop supporting the CHRONICLE. We do not believe that the students appreciate the worth of the CHRONICLE, or the work done by the staff to make it a success. To show you what others think of the CHRONICLE, we give the following from a page's criticism in one of our exchanges.

"It is a sure sign of strength and a certain token of success of a college magazine when Sophomores show a marked interest in literary work and in the advancement of their magazine. We observe that the principal work in the literary department of CLEMSON COLLEGE CHRONICLE (for April) is done by men in the Sophomore class."

The second sub-division of College spirit has to do with the moral tone and character of the body of students, whether they are a set of gentlemen or a crowd of toughs.

The actions of a few may spoil the reputation of the whole student body, and the many should endeavor to suppress acts of rowdyism among those who are inclined that way. An ideal body of students would be one; that was submissive to authority in that it did not find pleasure in doing certain things simply because they were against

the rules, that would not allow its members to give or receive aid on examinations or recitations, and that suppressed acts of vandalism against College property.

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**Class**      The Senior Class have inaugurated a new  
**Memorials**   departure in deciding to erect a class memorial at the College. They have decided to put up a fountain on the campus, and hope to have it completed before they graduate.

This is a good idea, and we hope that the practice of establishing class memorials will be followed by all succeeding classes. It is an appropriate way to have the memory of a class perpetuated at the College, and a number of artistic memorials on the campus will do much to beautify the surroundings of the College.



## Exchange Department.

RALPH McLENDON,       -       -       -       -       -       -       EDITOR.

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Since our last criticism of the *Carolinian* its management has been transferred to new hands, and if the change has produced any noticeable effect, we are inclined to think it is in the way of improvement. This magazine, in outward appearance and in arrangement of the various departments, is decidedly one of the most attractive periodicals that has yet found its way to our table. To those exchanges that show little or no care as to the order in which their contents should be arranged, we offer this paper as a fair example for suggestions. The April issue is an excellent number in every particular. We find, however, little, if any, originality in verse. Fiction seems to hold full sway. This is a commendable feature if not carried too far. The first article, "The Poster Girl," is a fairly good story. It appears from the subject matter that the *Carolinian* has quite a number of contributors who have a great fancy for romantic love-making. The most interesting and best prepared article in this issue is, "Corporal Punishment in Schools." The paper is lengthy and the question discussed with considerable intelligence. Some of the author's suggestions, or rather ideas, are well founded, while others, if put into existence, would prove quite ineffective.

We cannot agree with the writer, that this method of restriction is the best in every instance, and is likely to continue. It is quite true that the teacher will have occasionally cases where the rod will have to be re-

sorted to, but if instructors are what they should be (which is more than the average teacher really is) more and better work can be secured from the child through intellectual and moral agencies, which we believe will finally replace the old and imperfect practice of some of our secondary and rural schools of to-day. The writer says it is urged by some that perfect harmony between instructor and pupils is requisite to proper working of any school, which we think is true beyond question, although he goes on to show the necessity of the rod in bringing about the existence of this state of affairs in the school room. His argument has its faults as well as its merits, and, while we agree with him to some extent, we desire to add that the teachers with kind and sympathetic hands, ones who are willing and prepared to study the disposition of every individual pupil, and govern each accordingly, are in greater demand than one who is a promiscuous wielder of the "cane," and little fitted for anything else. No doubt children fear rather than respect physical or brutal force. We feel safe in asserting that thousands of children have become averse to books or anything pertaining to school life from this very fact, while on the other hand, if they had been placed under the influence and kindness of a loving hand they would have looked upon what they now regard with indifference with much interest and a just appreciation of their opportunity. If children are taught in early childhood to stand by what is honest under any condition, the teacher will find little difficulty with them in the class room. Of course this would have to first begin in their homes, under parental instruction. Our attention is very often called to the fact that one of the greatest needs of our country today is better teachers and better training for children in the homes of our people. This is a subject

which we might say touches a responsive chord, one which we are much interested in, but other matters forbid further comment and discussion.

Suffice it to say, the consideration the author has given this matter has resulted in an admirable paper in every respect. We feel more than remunerated for the time spent in its perusal.

"A Woman's Trust" hardly merits the space it occupies. "In the Ranks" is another story possessing little worth. We realize, however, it is too much to expect a College magazine to be well-nigh perfect. "Sketches," a new department in the *Carolinian*, is a little unusual but a commendable addition. The exchange department has improved wonderfully under the supervision of its new director. His work is a fair representation of his efficiency.

*The Spectrum* for this month, although it contains only fifteen pages of reading matter, is very good. It devotes more of its space to the discussion of scientific subjects than the average A. and M. College paper does, and for this, it is to be especially commended. Still it finds space for political discussions, as "The Development of Internationalism" will show. This paper has a vigorous protest in the editorial department against political favoritism in the appointment of officials of State colleges. While we are not troubled (?) with anything of that kind down here, we cannot help but admire the stand taken in this matter.

The next at hand is the April number of the *Wofford College Journal*, which holds its own as well as any college paper we've had the pleasure of commenting upon since we have been more or less interested in the duties of the critic.

We are glad to see this successful attempt by our fel-

low comrades. Being so near, and sons of the same commonwealth, we cannot help feeling a deep interest in whatever success you or your institution may accomplish. The leading article, "The 'Germania' of Tacitus" is an excellent book review and portrayal of the author of the "Germania." "Theodore Roosevelt," society oration, is a better effort towards an essay than for the purpose for which it was prepared. We take for granted this is the excuse for its publication. "An Old House" contains little of any value, however, an article with poor thought is not necessarily altogether without some literary merit. It is rather peculiar to find in the same issue two orations which were prepared for society purposes. The second, entitled, "Our New Citizens," which, in other words, is nothing more than a plea against imperialism, it is in make-up somewhat more oratorical. The only unfavorable comment we wish to make upon this production is the unreasonableness of the author's argument. It appears that he has gotten off on the extremes concerning the expansion policy. "Uncle Dennis—A Plantation Echo," is an article in dialect—"Negroism"—a subject which does not always find as an attentive reader as the composer of such is often ready to presume. The article is faultless in its construction, still, in an age like the present, no doubt, one would do well to discuss questions upon such subjects that a research for material would be more valuable and instructive from a point of information, at least. We always find genuine college spirit pervading the editorials. The exchange department is more thorough in its work than the majority of our college and university magazines. We might say in a general way, that every department of the *Journal* is in deserving hands.

The *Howard Collegian* for last month comes to us with

a vacant literary department, the one article which appears therein (with the exception of two editorials by the two literary editors) occupying just two pages. We pass from this over to the exchange department, which is also rather abbreviated, consisting of one criticism and five mentions. We feel greatly flattered to observe that the CLEMSON CHRONICLE is the lucky victim for criticism, and regret that so many other exchanges have "handled" this exchange editor "without gloves," for we would like to tackle him ourselves, regarding the pessimistic characters of his criticisms. We do not believe in hitting a man after he is down, so will refrain from expressions of our "righteous wrath." However we will inform this young man that the discussion of a side issue never succeeds in overshadowing the original proposition. His concluding words really startled us. He states that "from experience" he has discovered the dance to be "damning more people than it benefits." Yet the great world continues to dance in spite of its demoralizing effects on a majority of its participants. Strange, isn't it, that the majestic universe should continue to amuse itself with a form of pleasure which damns eighty-five per cent. of the participants? However, we expected adverse criticisms from religious institutions, and are not at all surprised at this exhibition of defensive repartee.

There is one thing about *The Georgian* that we cannot fail to admire, and that is the excellent quality of its opening poem each month. It is an accepted fact that the opening poem gives a decided color to the rest of the college magazine, and it has always been the policy of our CHRONICLE to select a poem of some beauty for the first page. In the April *Georgian* we read the poem entitled "Genius," with great pleasure, and unhesitatingly



pronounce it an ideal conception both in composition and idea, and excelled only by the opening poem in the March issue of this same journal, entitled "The Lone Graveyard." We congratulate *The Georgian* for its success in publishing two such poems, and the authors their success in conceiving them. The essay upon college literature is very well prepared, and contains some excellent food for thought. We would like to quote some of the author's remarks in full, but for lack of space it will not be possible. We will, however, quote one paragraph as being the key-note of our sentiments on the subject. He says: "It has no central force of its own. Within its circles no counter-currents of thought are generated. It is merely a gymnasium to place where energy is imparted for future use. But let no one of us be discouraged. If the fulcrum is not within college walls, the lever is there given him, and that is the main thing. Plans can be there formed which later shall bear fruit." We would add that we disagree with the writer regarding the importance of a local department. The locals should be monthly chronicles of the events happening around the college, and are invaluable as references for future years. A good local department is half the magazine, particularly so to the students of the institution from which it comes.

## Local and Alumni.

J. L. KENNEDY, - - - - - EDITOR.

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Vacation is near at hand, and the "rats" have already begun to count the hours, minutes and seconds between this and the 15th of June. Only a few days ago one of this species purchased a railroad guide to Spartanburg. The older cadets, however, are more concerned at present about examinations than they are about vacation.

A new veterinary clinic building is to be constructed some time during the summer. This will be a very valuable addition, as the old building was not thoroughly equipped and entirely too small for practical purposes. The study of veterinary science is one of the essential features of the agricultural course, and it is gratifying to see that the veterinary department is receiving such attention. Free clinics are held twice a week (Mondays and Thursdays), when the farmers in the surrounding country bring their sick stock in for treatment. This is very beneficial to the farmers, and also affords the students, who assist in conducting the clinic, very valuable practical instruction.

Clemson and Wofford College played at Spartanburg April 1st. Result of game, 6 to 5 in Wofford's favor. The following is the line-up of the two teams :

### CLEMSON.

Shaw.....	Catcher.....	Hudgens
McMakin.....	Pitcher.....	DuPre
H. K. Gray.....	1st Base .....	Burnett
Hunter.....	2nd Base .....	Bates
Odiorne.....	3rd Base .....	Bennet

### WOFFORD.

C. E. Mauldin .....	Short Stop .....	Sullivan
Cole.....	Left Field .....	Hall
Rutledge .....	Center Field .....	Martin
H. F. Bamberg.....	Right Field .....	Burbage

## SCORE BY INNINGS.

Clemson.....	3 0 0 0 1 0 1 0 0—5
Wofford .....	0 0 0 0 0 0 0 3 3—6

On April 8th the Clemson and Erskine baseball teams crossed bats on Anderson diamond. The game was a very pretty one, resulting in a score of six to two in Clemson's favor. W. F. Cole, Clemson's "left-fielder," made a star play—a long hit was made into his field, and he made a beautiful run, catching the ball in one hand. The play was worthy of a professional. The following is the line-up of the two teams:

## CLEMSON.

## ERSKINE.

Shaw .....	Catcher .....	Hunter
McMakin .....	Pitcher .....	Davis
H. K. Gray .....	1st Base .....	Pressly
Hunter.....	2nd Base .....	Moore
Odiorne.....	3rd Base.....	Stewart
C. E. Mauldin.....	Short Stop.....	Mangum
W. F. Cole .....	Left Field .....	Kirkpatrick
Rutledge.....	Center Field .....	Brownlee
H. F. Bamberg.....	Right Field.....	Caldwell

## SCORE BY INNINGS.

Clemson.....	0 0 1 0 0 0 3 1 1—6
Erskine .....	0 0 0 1 1 0 0 0 0—2

Clemson and Piedmont played probably the prettiest game of ball which has been played in the State this year, resulting in a score of 4 to 3 in favor of Clemson. The line-up was as follows:

## CLEMSON.

## PIEDMONT.

Shaw.....	Catcher.....	Accorsini
McMakin.....	Pitcher .....	Smith

H. K. Gray.....	1st Base.....	Osteen
Hunter.....	2nd Base .....	Poal
Whitney .....	3rd Base.....	Calahan
C. E. Mauldin .....	Short Stop.....	Frost
W. F. Cole.....	Left Field.....	McCall
Lanham.....	Center Field .....	Moseley
H. F. Bamberg.....	Right Field.....	Chandler

## SCORE BY INNINGS.

Clemson.....	0 0 1 0 2 0 0 1 0—4
Piedmont.....	0 0 0 2 0 0 0 1 0—3

We are indebted to Mr. Rutledge for the above accounts of the games.

A very interesting game of tennis was played, April 22nd, on the college tennis court by Mr. Frank Lander and Dr. Anderson, of Williamston, and Messrs. T. H. Turner and C. M. Furman, Jr., of Clemson. The score is as follows: 6-3; 6-1; 7-5. Mr. Lander and Dr. Anderson winning. Some very pretty plays were made, especially by Messrs. Lander and Turner.

Umpire, L. Boyken. Scorer, J. C. Thomson.

The college band went to Spartanburg on April 17th for the purpose of furnishing music for an entertainment at Wofford College. The occasion was the annual exposition of the Sophomore class. The services consisted of six orations by members of that class. After the exercises were over the members of the band were tendered a reception, at which a large number of Converse girls were present.

Dr. S.—“Say, W——, was the fire incendiary?”

“No, sir; it was in Appleton.”

Ask Lewis A. about the Rock Hill widow and the “passing fancy.”

Miss Camella Wolcott and Miss Jane Good, of St. Louis, are visiting at Prof. Boehm's.

Maj. (on drill)—“Fire by companies, at house five hundred yards, etc.”

Bill (in charge of company)—“Lower your muzzles and raise your sights five hundred yards.”

Skeet—“I found some water in a caraffe in the dining room.”

Hoss—“Why don't you call it a hippopotamus? That's a water animal.”

Prof.—“What germs may be transmitted by the lips of two persons coming in contact?”

Jake—“The most dangerous is bacillus cupidus.”

Mug (at class meeting)—“Mr. Chairman, I move that the first man in the class who marries be required to put a plate on the monument.”

Ira Buncomb—“Mr. Chairman, I move we table that motion.”

The latest song around Clemson is “Cupids Victory,” music composed by Mrs. Williams, with words by Cadet W. L. Moise.

“Goober” says one of his customers must be dead, as the aforesaid customer remarked that he would settle with the barber that evening if he lived, and Goober “hasn't seen him since.”

On April 22nd the Y. M. C. A. gave a dime reading at President Hartzog's residence for the purpose of raising funds with which to send delegates to the summer school to be held in Asheville in June. The program was very attractive, and the affair proved quite a success.



**Answers to Correspondents.**

J. E. A. (1) There is no doubt as to the merit of your new composition, but would not advise you to sing it to prospective purchasers. (2) No, I think you are mistaken about the rumor that the "Clemson Cadet March" resembles Sousa's latest. (Sousa's latest is not out yet.) (3) I would not pay any attention to their jokes. A literary critic should be above such insinuations (several feet above).

M. L. E. (1) The proverb that "beauty is but skin deep" is not very consoling when we remember that skins are of various thicknesses. (2) You might try lemons or a porous plaster. (3) The person you mention is not on the staff, because the CHRONICLE is not published as a joke.

Feet-Ballman. (1) You should not be so jealous of the baseball team merely because they are having a better time than you did. (2) You could wear a round-comb during the summer to avoid cutting it off.

W. R. D. (1) I think you are mistaken about Long having a twin brother several years older than himself. If I am not mistaken, the twin brother is about his age. (2) You say she has pretty teeth. Yes, I know it. She just received them from J. Lynn & Co., the other day. (3) No, the child of a grass-widower is not necessarily a grass-hopper.

W. F. W. (1) Yes, we consider your walk the acme of perfection. We cannot suggest anything to improve it, unless it is that you lay it away and let it rest awhile. (2) I am sure your new book, entitled, "I and the 400, or Glimmering Glimpses of Gentility," will find a ready sale (among the 400 aforesaid). (3) You might find out from "Shack" about the bet. I think, myself, that you

are mistaken about a touch-down being the same as a touch-back.

A. J. M. (1) Six feet of earth is the legal allowance, but in your case I feel sure that the law will be stretched a little. (2) Your graduating oration should be short and concise. I would suggest for a subject, "What I don't know" as being one which could not occupy more than 8 or 9 pages. (3) You can remunerate me for this information in watermelons.

H. R. T. (1). Your suggestion concerning the literary critic of the Calhoun Society opening an elocution class is a good one. Why not propose it to your society? (2). No, blank verse is not a series of blanks, as you surmise. (3). "Kink" is an obsolete word, originally meaning F. J. McK.

T. C. S. (1), The book entitled "Every Man his own Barber or Tonsorial Artists Perfectionized," is by Boy Lawton and will be furnished free (gratis) [for nothing] with every 25c. hair cut. (P. S. This is not an ad.) (2). We cannot turn these pages into an advertising medium. Besides, every one knows you are captain and manager of the baseball team, except Furman University. (3). No, oil paintings are not done in petroleum.

A. T. (1). Your proposition to form a regular organized Clemson aviary is unbecoming of a mockingbird. The jays would unite and exterminate the few aristocratic birds in a short while. (2). "A Physiological and Psychological Analysis of my Brain Development" was written by Mr. Graham, an old student of Clemson, who was also the author of "Three Years of Suspense, or the Secret of Perennial Fresh(man)ness Discovered."

McL. (1). The ring could be worn in your nose, instead of on your finger. I think this would make it con-

spicuous enough. (2). Yes, there is a great difference between profanity and cursing. (3). The term "old maid" is a corruption of "gold made," and originally signified "of rare value." Hence its application.

A Rat. (1). No, the physical laboratory is not a gymnasium. (2). Recipe. A few bottles of horse-sense, taken sparingly and being very careful about small doses at first, will reduce the size of your head so that you can wear the same sized cap as before your election as society debater. (3). The command "break from the right and march to the left" is not the same as "swing corners, balance all," though it does resemble a square dance somewhatly.

W. L. M.

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Since in Divine wisdom our friend and helper, Prof. R. T. V. Bowman, has been taken from us, be it resolved by the Clemson College Glee Club of which he was, since its organization, an enthusiastic member and efficient officer,

First. That in his death we, as an organization, have lost one of our leading spirits, and each individual member has lost a warm, personal friend.

Second. That a copy of these resolutions be inscribed on a page in our minute book, and copies be sent to his family, and to be published in the COLLEGE CHRONICLE, *The State* and the *News and Courier*.

W. M. RIGGS,  
J. F. SULLIVAN, } Committee.  
B. H. RAWL.

Clemson College, S. C., April 21, 1899.

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Since in the workings of Divine Providence our beloved comrade, Prof. R. T. V. Bowman, has been taken from us, we the Football Association, of Clemson College, do hereby resolve,

First. That in his death we mourn the loss of an enthusiastic friend and efficient officer, one who at all times was ready to contribute his time and talents to our interest.

Second. That in view of our high appreciation of him and his services, and desiring to suitably commemorate his name we do, hereby petition the President of the College to bestow, officially upon the new drill and athletic field, the name of "Bowman Field."

Third. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to his family, and published in the COLLEGE CHRONICLE, the *State* and the *News and Courier*.

W. M. RIGGS,  
A. S. SHEALY,  
J. F. SULLIVAN, } Committee.

Clemson College, S. C., April 20, 1899.

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# CLEMSON COLLEGE DIRECTORY.

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W. LIONEL MOISE.  
WINNER OF INTERCOLLEGIATE ORATORICAL CONTEST.



# The Clemson College Chronicle.

Valeat Quantum Valere Potest.

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VOL. II.

CLEMSON COLLEGE, S. C., JUNE, 1899.

No. 9.

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## Literary Department.

W. FLOWERS WALKER, - - - - - EDITOR.

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### TO THE CLASS OF '99.

---

Comrades we've reached at last the cherished goal  
Of our ambitions. Now all doubts and fears  
Have vanished. Nought remains save memry's scroll,  
The mottled tombstone of departed years.

Years that have trailed their tranquil lengths along,  
Leaving their imprint on our hearts and minds ;  
Years that have linked in lasting nearness strong  
Truth, Hope, and Love with all that wisdom finds.

In reminiscent mood we pause and think  
Of days that are no more, and try to scan  
The future, standing on the very brink  
Of that which separates the boy and man.

Here in the twilight of our college lives,  
'Tis but the dawning of our graver days,  
While yet the flickering, fading ray survives,  
We can but look above to find our ways,

Full ninety strong a sturdy Freshman band,  
We left our homes this long hard race to run,  
But now alas, a sad sixteen we stand  
To watch the setting of our college sun.

As brothers we have known the selfsame cares,  
Like brothers we have shared our little joys,  
Thus on thro' life the cycled lapse of years  
Will bind in manhood's strength the hearts of boys.

We've reached the point where preparation ends,  
That point where life commences true and real.  
Then have we kept good faith with loving friends?  
Have we prepared ourselves for woe or weal?

Let records speak! It is not meet that we  
Should be the critics of our class and name,  
Let records speak that those who hear and see  
May write the full just measure of our fame.

Now as we part to seek divergent ways,  
Let's drink a health in love's delicious wine,  
A toast to friends and sweethearts, and all praise  
To Clemson College and to Ninety-Nine.

W. FLOWERS WALKER, Class Poet.

---

### Address to the Class of 1899.

DELIVERED BEFORE CALHOUN SOCIETY.

In addressing my remarks to the class of 1899, it is with regret that the time is not far distant when Clemson will have to say to you "Good-bye"; but it is with pleasure that we can rejoice with you in the fact that you are going to enter upon the duties of life with bright futures and brilliant prospects.

Commencement in life for you has come. The Twentieth century is destined to furnish a field in which you can work. During your day there will probably be wrought out a more general and vital change in the condition of man. The world is enlarging in every direction and to whosoever will, are offered splendid opportunities. Though there is a world wide meaning between the phrases "whosoever will" and "who soever simply wishes." One expresses self determination; the other only lazy desire.

For the last one hundred years, we may say, there has been a constant and rapid growth in politics, in commerce, in the arts, sciences and education. Much work



along the various lines remains yet to be elaborated. Fellow South Carolinians are we not destined to exert a profound and potent influence in continuing the work begun by the genius of the Nineteenth Century? Does it not become the duty of men who have taken advantage of the great opportunities offered by the Clemson Agricultural and Mechanical College to do a great deal in developing our country's resources and in bringing to light the hidden fruits which nature with her lavish hand has stowed away on every side?

In speaking to you, fellow students of the graduating class, I say nothing intentionally in the sense of advice, but when you go out into various parts of this State and perhaps of other States, to assume charge of the duties that await you I would have you know that you have left behind men who are interested in your welfare and men who as co-workers are willing to put forth vigorous efforts in the material advancement of everything which tends to the improvement of mankind.

The generation which is going on to the field of action will live in stirring times and it of greatest importance that we make the necessary preparation in order that we may be enabled to live up to the requirements of the times and to cope successfully with the difficulties that are to be constantly met with.

During your career here you have been applying yourselves diligently to make this necessary preparation and yet perhaps any man of you could say with justice to his conscience, "The more I know, the more I know I don't know." However, you have had implanted within your minds seed thoughts that may in after years become mature ideas and if properly matured may perhaps be the means of inconceivable good.

You have left behind you a noble record, a record

which no man of you need be ashamed of. It is needless to here enumerate the things which you have done, but there is one thing that might be especially commended—that is the projected scheme to erect a class memorial. You have sought to beautify the Campus by putting on it a fountain. This fountain to be a token of the fact that your memories cling around your Alma Mater. May it also be emblematical of the fact that the class of 1899 is a fountain of inexhaustible virtue pouring forth to the world its good deeds.

Soon you will turn from us to take a part in the crowding interests and activities of life's duties. May your aspirations be high, and may your efforts be crowned with success. Your past record bespeaks for you the energy that is to accompany your lives in producing a force that must prove a leading factor in your generation and that will give you a life coupled with a glory that is imperishable.

L. O. M.

---

### A TOAST.

---

Here's to the graduating class !  
Come, boys, drink deep this wine,  
To the health of each and every one  
In the class of ninety-nine.

#### II.

They'll not come back again, boys.  
Perhaps we've seen the last  
Of each bright face and shining eye  
Of our noble Senior Class.

#### III.

Bid them a sad farewell, boys.  
Let tears be in your eyes;  
Say to them that in life, boys,  
There's success to the man who tries.

## IV.

Lift up each glass again, boys;  
Fill them to flowing o'er,  
And drink to the health of the class, boys,  
The class we'll see no more.

A. T.

---

**Our Country and Its People.**

Our hearts swell with pride when our country's name is called. We are proud of the principles upon which our government was founded. We boast of our liberty and of our progress, but we, too frequently neglect to consider how our present position was reached, and upon what our destiny depends.

The secret of our past success, as a nation, is in the fact that, during the greater part of our country's history, it has been filled with heaven-inspired men, men who sought nothing less than manly independence, or nothing more than justice. Men who faced duty without flinching, and who contended for their rights as long as there was a spark of hope left to encourage them.

It is to men of this character that we owe all that we have to-day which entitles us to the distinction of being considered a people deserving of the blessings of heaven. This is the kind of men that fought for our independence, and built the foundation of our government, a solid foundation, upon which has since been erected all that we behold in the way of the superstructure.

Men of a more world-wide reputation have lived and died and been forgotten, but grander souls never struggled toward the light, nor bowed before the ever-living God than those noble heroes who so gallantly fought for our liberty. They threw the gage of battle full and fair in Britain's haughty face. When defeat followed defeat, until the new nation was bankrupt, and they were

starving upon the field of battle; when a few cowards were flying from their colors, and men as brave as Roman tribunes were weeping tears of grim despair, they were still fanning the flickering flame of liberty with a deathless faith that the Omnipotent arm of God would uphold the banner of the free. Again and again the hungry Continentals, whose feet were bare, and whose garments were tattered, set their breasts against the bayonet, until, from the very ashes of defeat, dear liberty rose like a goddess in her beauty, a Titan in her strength.

Our ancestors were inspired by the highest impulses of fierce patriotism to make slow, though painful steps toward the top of the eternal mountain, where the great light of God breaks, and where there is no more of darkness and of down-trodden rights by foreign foes.

“The true glory of a nation is in the living temple of a loyal, industrious and upright people.”

The character of our people will determine our country's destiny. Then it becomes us to ask ourselves whether we are to-day viewing national questions with a world-wide horizon and with our country's interest at heart, or dwindling down to a people whose god is the dollar, whose country is the stock exchange, and who are striving to manage affairs on the basis of brute selfishness, dreaming that the mighty arm of some unseen power will lift us to the top round of national glory, without any arduous struggles on our part.

“Nations, like individuals, have their youth, their lusty manhood, and their decay.”

Our nation has passed her period of youth. It is either in the full bloom of greatness, or it is decaying.

We can advance only by developing the natural resources, and kindling loftier aspirations in the youth of

our country. The great question which confronts us is "Are we moving in this direction?"

Let us stop and think. It may be possible that we are drifting in the wrong direction. We have indications of trouble ahead of us.

Our wealth is great, but we have vices and corruption that reach from the Senate chamber through every stratum of society.

Plutocrats are being magnified and working men are being impoverished. That honor, patriotism, and reverence, and all things that were more endearing to our fore fathers than pure gold, are departing.

Our country is being filled with men who are striving, not to do their God-given duty, but to win wages of gold and grub, and to obtain idle praises by empty plausibilities; and men, who are aspiring to ride the topmost wave, not of a tempestuous ocean, which tries the heart of oak and the hand of iron, but of some pitiful sectarian or political mud-puddle.

I think that it is getting high time that we were laying aside all false conceptions of pride and advancement, that we were beginning to battle, with renewed energy, against industrial wolves, political and social rottenness, and that we were definitely persevering in the road that leads to national perfection.

Nations have fallen whose slightest wish was once the world's law.

Let us learn the lesson that this teaches us. It is possible for us to fall, but may God grant that the banner of our country may ever be lifted high, and that our people may ever be a rising people, ascending the scale of national greatness and of moral purity.

E. B. BOYKIN.



### JUNE.

---

June! The month of joy and mirth  
When peace and good will reign on earth,  
And rivers move with bound and leap  
As if ashamed to slowly creep  
Along their destined course.

June! When flowers bloom galore  
When birds sing merrily, and pour  
Their sweet refrain into the light,  
While sun-bedazzled summer sprites  
Dance gayly here and there.

June! The month of wine and dance,  
The time when life seems one long trance  
One never ending song of love,  
An illustration from above  
Of God's eternal love.

June! The very breeze is stirred  
With sweet refrain from mocking-bird,  
And whip-poor-will, and restless jay,  
That soothe the slow declining day  
With their soft roundelay.

Yes, this is June! And hearts are bright,  
And feet trip the "fantastic light"  
And Cupid's arrows speed along  
Till men and maids sing Hymen's song  
And join the benedictine throng.

W. L. MOISE.

---

### "Numbers Applied."

I am only a "rat." My life has been in danger ever since my arrival at Clemson, yet I do not complain. I am only a "rat" and "rats" are subject to all sorts of treatment. I have been bunked and maltreated in every possible manner. I have been turned over while sleeping sweetly on my couch of down; I have had my head rubbed, and my ears pulled. All sorts of "initiations" have been visited upon me and I bear it all with quiet

complacency and never grumble. I know that this will not last forever.

But there is one thing which I wish to raise my feeble voice against and let the authorities know what I think about it. One thing, which unlike "hazing," does not cease with rat-dom, but continues on and on through a college life, and causes the student to become wrinkled and sad with the exertion necessary to perform this arduous task.

The affliction I refer to in such feeling terms is the custom of numbering each cadet as if he were a convict or some such disreputable character. Why, I am the most be-numbered person in this land of sweet liberty, and I rise to a question of privilege and inquire is this sort of thing in keeping with the constitutional right of seeking life, liberty and happiness.

Bear with me a few moments and I will detail a few of the numerous number of numbers I have to tax my brain to remember. Upon my arrival, and after paying my entrance fee, I am shown into the President's office and insert my name in the matriculation book. Here I receive my first number, for opposite my name are the figures 978. From here I am shown into the commandant's office, and am assigned to Company C. Then I am conducted to the barracks and my captain assigns me to Room 18. So far I can remember these facts.

Now, I am given a place in Section, and I am told that I am in the 4th Section Sub-Fresh A, and my name is 5th on the roll. All right! So far, so good. I discover that my recitation rooms are on the 3rd floor of college building.

After drilling in the "rat" squad for a few weeks (and all this is done by numbers) I am put in my company,

and here again I am re-numbered, being the 2nd man in the rear rank of the 6th four.

My laundry is also numbered 526, and my gun is numbered 563,638.

I am shown into the Library, where are quite a number of books, and I take one or two in my hands and start for the door, thinking that I would take them to my room and read them. But my escort grabs me by the shoulder and conducts me to a table where a fellow is writing numbers in a big book.

"Here, Furman, give this rat a page in the ledger."

"All right," he replies, and turning over to the back of the book, says, "Your page is 913, what is your name?"

I give him my cognomen, and turn to walk out, when I am again called back, and I stand before the big book again.

"Give me the number of your books, so that I can keep a record of the books you get out," requested the Librarian.

I sighed a weary sigh, and turned to the front cover of the books. "Number 1687 and number 1891," I called out. "All right; remember the date you took them out, and bring them back in 10 days or you will be fined 2c. for every day you are late."

I smiled sadly and walked out from the door. "Let me see, now. My page is 913, the books are to be returned in 10 days, or 2c. each day they are kept. O. K. Now for a summary.

I live in number 18. I recite on 3d floor of college. I am 5th man on roll of 4th section, Sub. Fresh A. In the company I am 2d in 4th six, No., — 6th four. My laundry is number 526, my gun is 563,638. Library page 913! Whew! I hope my brain will hold out!

I soon become interested in my books. I go to the drawing room for free hand drawing and am given some more numbers. The place to keep my board is on shelf D, and the drawer to keep my paper and pencil is number 107.

When I commence mechanical drawing my drawer of instruments is 23—and the T square is number 372.

The next place is the wood-shop. Here I find some more numbers staring me in the face. The tool box is numbered 7. The drawer in which I keep my wood-work is numbered 31, and the combination to open it is 3-15-26. The pattern I am now working on is number 19.

When I enter the Forge shop, I am still more benumbed. My tool box in the Forge is number 7.

I will enter the Chemical Laboratory soon, and here my keys will have numbers; my desk will have another number, and my experiment yet another number.

My box at the post-office is number 26, and the letters I get cannot be numbered, they are so numerous.

My brain is almost worn away, yet numbers still stare at me everywhere I turn—when I get corporal I will be known as 5th corporal or possibly 6th corporal. During foot-ball season, the foot-ball signals are numbers innumerable, and I will have this list to add to my mental store of numbers. Yet I still live, and feel sure that by the time I graduate my memory will be so gymnastical I will be a living representation of Wentworth's "Numbers Applied." Such is college life at Clemson. The department of mathematics is very complete here.

W. L. MOISE.

### VOICES.

---

Rage on, ye elements above,  
While torrents downward pour ;  
The soul of man undaunted stands  
And rises grandly oe'r  
    The fury of thy storm.

But in the stillness of the night  
When peacefulness holds sway  
The voices multitudinous  
Then to his thoughts may say  
    What shape they shall assume.

Thus in the little lives we lead  
Within this tear-dimmed vale,  
'Tis not the awful, the sublime  
Which makes our faces pale  
    That influences most.

The quiet, still, small voices that  
May meet us anywhere;  
They change our living here, and say  
What we'll be over there  
    Where is eternity.

J. C. T. '99.

---

### The Story of the Two Pines.

It was one of those pleasant days in early Spring when all nature seems to be inviting man to cease from strife with his fellow-man, that I found myself strolling through one of the oldest country church-yards in upper South Carolina. As I strolled leisurely about, reading epitaphs, I was struck with the age of some of them, many dating back to before the Revolution. The dust of some of South Carolina's most illustrious dead repose in this old church-yard.

My notice was attracted by the position of two magnificent pines, which stand on the southern edge of this



"City of the Dead." These pines stand about seven feet apart, and are the only trees of their kind within the boundary of the church-yard. I walked over to where they stood, hoping to find some tombstone or other mark which would furnish some clue to the reason why these pines had been left standing while all the rest of their kind had been hewn down.

Fortunately, as I neared the trees, I saw an old man walking in the same direction. I quickened my pace and as soon as I drew near him accosted him pleasantly, and asked him if he could tell me anything of the history of those two pines. He replied that some thirty years ago a newly-made grave had been found in the church-yard with a pine stick at each end, and on one of these sticks were carved the words, "George Neville."

The sticks, he said, had taken root and grown to be the large pines which we now saw. Thinking that there must be something interesting behind all this, I asked him if he knew anything about the pines and the grave which they marked. He said that he knew nothing more, as the whole history of the grave was shrouded in deep mystery, the grave having been dug, and the body buried by night. I was very much disappointed at this, having hoped to hear an interesting story. After returning home I thought much about the mysterious grave and the two pines.

A few weeks ago, while looking over some old papers I found one with the words, "The Story of Two Pines," written across the top. The paper was yellow with age and the ink so faded that I could scarcely make out the words. However, I managed to make out the following tale:

It is a wild scene on a small island in the Savannah River. The ceaseless roar of the waters may be heard

on either hand as they rush over the shoals and rocks which attempt to hinder their onward flow. The sun will set within an hour, leaving shrouded in darkness a small party of men who are gathered on the small island. These men are divided into two groups of about equal size. Off to one side two men stand talking earnestly. In the midst of each group stands a man, coatless and hatless, sword in hand.

What does all this mean? A duel! The next question is, "What is the cause of the dispute that can deserve so bloody a mode of settling?" Let us go back a few months and see.

The scene to which we now take our readers forms a marked contrast with the one which we have just left. It is in the magnificent pavilion on the beach of Sullivan's Island. It is nearly midnight and every object is bathed in the silvery light of the moon. Within the pavilion the light of many candles is reflected by the jewels worn by the many couples of dancers, who are floating through the dreamy mazes of a waltz. Immediately upon entering our attention is drawn to a group of young people on the north side of the building. The young lady, Miss Helen St. Clare, who is seated in the midst of this group, and who is evidently the centre of attraction, is the recognized belle of the place. Of all the admirers who crowd around her, two seem to be in special favor. One of these gentlemen is George Neville and the other is Henry Conwall.

Before the appearance of Miss St. Clare on the beach these gentlemen had been warm friends, but since her arrival a coldness had sprung up between them, for both were madly in love with her, and each had sworn to make her his wife. At the time we see these gentlemen in the pavilion they are not on speaking terms.

George Neville had made up his mind to propose to Miss St. Clare that very night, and thus decide his fate; his rival, who was the more prudent of the two, had no idea of thus prematurely risking his future happiness by over-haste.

Neville had the good fortune, as he thought, to be the one to see Miss St. Clare home. He proposed and received as his answer that, while he was regarded as a friend, he had not been known long enough to be loved. After seeing her safely home George Neville returned to his rooms in a very troubled state of mind. The next day he left the island, determined not to remain longer where he could daily see the object of his misplaced affections.

Let us now pass over a period of six months and come to the afternoon of January the 6th. Had you been near the door of St. Michael's church, in Charleston, you would have seen a newly-married couple emerge from the church and enter a carriage. Had you been a close observer you would have also noticed that as the couple crossed the pavement on their way to the carriage, a gentleman who chanced to be passing just then, lifted his hat and bowed. The lady did not see this person, but the gentleman did, but did not pretend to return the bow. Who is this couple? It is Mr. and Mrs. Henry Conwall.

Two months later in a small town in upper Carolina, in one of the rooms of the only hotel of which the place could boast, sits a man whose handsome face and form seem strangely familiar. This person is evidently lost in a very pleasant revery, for his eyes are half closed and there is a smile on his lips. He is thinking of a beautiful wife far away in Charleston. Suddenly his pleasant thoughts are broken into by a sharp rap on the door. He rises and, still smiling, opens the door. Instantly the

smile vanishes from his lips and in its stead comes an expression of cool reserve. What could have caused such a sudden change in the expression of Henry Conwall, for it is he.

Let us glance at the person on the outside of the door. His face is also familiar. It cannot be called a handsome face, but it is far from being ugly, nor can it be called an honest face, for it has a sinister expression, which at once impresses the stranger unfavorably. Where have we seen that face before? Yes! In the pavilion on Sullivan's Island, and again in Charleston, near St. Michael's Church. Here then is the person for the sudden change of expression on the face of Henry Conwall; he stands face to face with George Neville, the man whom he insulted near St. Michael's Church in Charleston!

The two men stood eyeing each other for half a minute before either spoke. The silence was at last broken by Conwall's asking in cool, even tones to what reasons must he attribute the honor of this visit. Neville looked at him coolly for a few seconds and then replied, "I come but to demand an apology for an insult which you gave me some two weeks ago, in the City of Charleston. I need not say what that insult was, for you know as well as I do what it was."

"Yes," replied Conwall, "I know what insult you are speaking of, but as we were not on speaking terms, I paid no attention to your bow. Therefore, sir, I refuse to apologize."

"Then," said Neville, "know that you are under the challenge of George Neville."

"And you may know, sir, that your challenge is accepted, and that I bid you defiance," replied Conwall, rising to his full height of six feet, two, thus displaying a finely moulded form.

"Then, good-morning, sir," said Neville, and turning on his heels left the apartment. Half an hour later another rap aroused Conwall from his thoughts, which were of a very different kind from those which he had before his first visitor. Upon opening the door he saw a stranger standing without. This stranger gave his name as James Johnson, and stated that he was acting in the capacity of second for Mr. Neville. He was referred to Captain Lewis Smith, who was a member of the party with which Conwall was traveling. Johnson retired to arrange the time, place and terms of the duel, with Capt. Smith. The time was set for the following afternoon, and the place the small island which has already been mentioned.

The next afternoon two boats containing half a dozen men each, might have been seen gliding down one of the swift flowing tributaries of the Savannah. There is none of the mirth and noise which usually attend such an excursion, when on a pleasure trip. Every one is silent and grave. The boats glide on down the stream and finally land on the small island before mentioned.

In a few minutes the two men who have been talking, return, each to his respective group. Each then places his principal on on his ground, after which the signal is given for the struggle to commence. The two men stand eyeing each other for several seconds, without moving. Then Neville commences the struggle by rushing upon Conwall. In the struggle which follows, Conwall receives a wound in the fleshy part of his left arm. Then for a few seconds each combatant stands eyeing his adversary. Again Neville rushes upon Conwall, but this time falls back, pierced to the heart.

It is a sad and silent group which might have been seen making its way back up the river which it had so lately descended. They land a few miles below the town from



which they started, and after traveling a few miles across the country arrive at an old church. Here they open a grave and lower the body of George Neville into its last resting place. A short prayer is said and the grave filled up. The pine sticks which had been used to carry the rude litter on which the body lay were stuck into the ground at the head and foot of the grave. George Neville's name was carved on one of them so as to let all know who lay under this mound of earth.

F. M. G., '02.

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### THE RENEWAL.

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Every day is a fresh beginning,  
 Every morn we start anew,  
 You that are weary of study and learning,  
 Here is a beautiful hope for you,  
 A hope for me and a hope for you.

Things of the past are gone forever,  
 As dew before the rising sun;  
 Yesterday's errors let yesterday cover,  
 Yesterday's races to-day cannot run,  
 Nor to-day may we gather the prizes won.

The session now past is a part of forever,  
 Bound up in a sheaf which God holds tight,  
 With glad days and sad days and bad days which never  
 Shall visit us more with their bloom or their blight,  
 Their fullness of sunshine or sorrowful night.

Every year is a fresh beginning;  
 Listen, my soul, at the glad refrain!  
 And 'spite of all gone and all that's coming,  
 And lectures and quizzes in regular train,  
 Take heart with to-day and begin again.

—Anon.

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### W. Lionel Moise.

The picture on the first page of this issue represents Cadet W. Lionel Moise, of Sumter, who is the winner of

the medal offered by the South Carolina Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Association for the best oration.

This Association, representing Wofford College, Furman University, Erskine College, Presbyterian College of South Carolina, and Clemson College, held its first contest at Due West, on the 28th of April. The various Colleges were well represented, and after the orations were delivered there was room for considerable discussion as to who should receive the medals. But the judges, in what Dr. Grier called the "Wilson decision," because all three of the judges were Wilsons, decided that Mr. Moise, of Clemson, should receive the first honor medal, and Mr. Watson, of Furman, should receive the second.

The fact that a Clemson student has won this distinction, will go far toward upsetting the idea entertained by a great many people that Clemson is merely an aggregation of laboratories and shops. We take this signal victory to indicate that while the literary work at Clemson is not so extensive as at literary colleges it is thorough and for practical purposes equally as good. The average made by Clemson's representative was  $93\frac{1}{3}$  being four points above Mr. Watson's who came out second.

The following sketch of Mr. Moise's life may be of interest to readers of the CHRONICLE. He was born at Sumter, S. C., June 10, 1879. He attended the graded schools at that place until he was sixteen years old. Deciding to stop school he went to Savannah, Ga., to work. He stayed in Savannah only one year when his health failing he was compelled to stop work and return home to recuperate. In the fall of 1896 he was sent to Clemson College where he soon became an important factor in literary work. He has been honored by his literary society on several occasions and has won two

medals in public contest. He is now President of the Palmetto Literary Society and holds the position of Assistant Literary Editor on CHRONICLE staff. We predict a brilliant career in the literary world for Mr. Moise. He is a young man of recognized ability, who throws his whole being into whatever he undertakes and we venture to say that wherever his lot in life is cast he will make himself felt.

Q. B. N., '01.

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### Class History.

The class of '99 now stands ready to make its bow.

After four years of uphill work we look back with conflicting emotions upon the tortuous path we have trod, and offer up a prayer of thankfulness that we have been brought safely thus far. As is usually the case we have had a much harder row to hoe than either the preceding classes.

When we were "preps" we were told that we must expect hardships as all the class work was laid out with respect to the Seniors. How we envied those fellows; with what feelings of awe we approached them. We were told that when we became Seniors we would have "a soft thing of it"; nothing special to do, just to polish off the rough edges, and prepare our graduation speeches.

A young lady once asked an elderly gentleman if he liked the wing of a chicken. "I have never," said he, "tasted the wing. When I was a child the old people ate the wings; when I became a man the children took them." When we became Seniors, we were told that "owing to the unexpectedly large attendance in the lower classes, the work would have to be laid out with respect to them." Then again vacant hours on our

schedule have been few and far between, and the time allotted three years and more ago, to the preparation of graduation speeches has utterly failed to materialize. Owing to the changes made in the sessions we have had six months extra work. The first class graduated in December, '96, the second, in February, '98, and this one in June, '99. As men, the extra session will be of inestimable value to us, as boys it has been considered an abominable nuisance.

Taking a hasty review of the field we see two or three things in which we feel a pride similar to that which a father feels for his son. We introduce here, the custom of leaving a memorial of our joys and sorrows. We have ordered a fountain, to be placed on the campus. As boys, we are well pleased with it; when we become multi-millionaires as each one of us expects to do, we will erect a grander and more imposing monument.

We are the first to leave a history of the class. This as you see, is simply a short statement of our grievances, with the names of the members and a date or two of importance to each. The task of writing this sketch could not have been entrusted to more unworthy hands; the only reason this duty rests where it does, is because the fellows best fitted for this work were glib of tongue and talked themselves out of it.

Another thing that may be put down to our credit is the fact that we saved the life of the CHRONICLE—a fact which will grow in importance as the years roll by. We are proud of our college journal and have tried to keep it up to the high standard set by its founders. Many of us appreciate the value that will attach to it in after years and we fought tooth and nail to prevent a few shortsighted men from killing it. A college, without a journal, is practically unknown. Through it we

introduce ourselves to the vast body of students all over this broad land of ours. We therefore deem this fact worthy of a page in our annals.

The records show that while we were "preps" there were one hundred and eighty-one of us. There are only eleven of that number left; four men having joined us in the Freshman year, and one in the Sophomore.

We take pleasure in introducing, in the order of military rank, the class of '99.

A. S. SHEALY.

Mr. Shealy was born in old Edgefield county in June, 1874. His father, J. Edward Shealy, is a well-to-do planter of Edgefield, his mother was Miss Frances Linder, of Lexington. Coming from a section noted for its generous people, Mr. Shealy, or as the boys call him, "Shack," entered college in June, 1894. He decided to take the agricultural course, and has pursued it to a successful completion. He has been honored with the highest office in the corps, being appointed Senior Captain in February, 1898. He has been president of the Columbian Society, was captain of the '98 foot ball team, holding the position of left end in a manner that left nothing to be desired.

After graduation Mr. Shealy expects to make a specialty of Veterinary Science.

Characteristic : A fondness for, but extreme diffidence toward the fair sex.

C. K. CHREITZBERG.

"Chup" Chreitzberg is the only preacher's son in the class, the surprising part being that his reputation is "fair to middlin'." He was born in Sumter, S. C., on April 21, 1874, his father being Rev. A. M. Chreitzberg, D. D., of the Methodist Conference. His mother was Hattie E.



Kilgore, of Newberry, S. C. In September, 1894, he entered college, and selecting the mechanical course, has devoted as much of his time as was possible to civil engineering. He was appointed second captain in February, 1898; was president of the Palmetto Society, secretary of the class, local editor of the CHRONICLE for a time, and held the position of right end on the foot ball team.

Characteristic : Jollity.

JAMES CROCKATT THOMSON.

Mr. Thomson, alias "Skeet," was born in Augusta, Ga., July, 1876. His father, Robert Thomson, of Beaufort, S. C., married Margaret Ann Walton Crockatt, of Glasgow, Scotland, and is now in the government service in Washington. "Skeet" entered in February, 1895, and immediately became one of our most popular men, also the marcher of his section. He was elected president of the class, and was chief usher in the '98 commencement. He has held many positions of honor and trust. Among them may be mentioned editor-in-chief of the CHRONICLE, president of the Columbian Society, secretary and treasurer of the Tennis Club, and is also a member of the Glee Club. He was appointed third captain in February, 1898. He took the agricultural course and expects to spend his life in the study of chemistry.

Characteristic : "Gen'l utility, boss!"

IRA BELTON TAYLOR.

"Ira Buncombe" was born in Prosperity, Newberry county, on May 18, 1876. His father is T. H. Taylor, of Prosperity, who married Mary Stockman, of the same town. Ira entered Clemson College in July, 1893. He was compelled to miss one year on account of sickness, but has been ever a conscientious student. He was a

young man of high moral character, being president of the Y. M. C. A., of this college, and its delegate at the summer school at Knoxville two sessions, and also conventions held at Columbia and Spartanburg. He was appointed fourth captain in February, '98. He has been president of the Calhoun Society, and here proved his ability as an executive. He expects to make Veterinary Science his study after graduation.

Characteristic : Piety.

#### LEWIS A. TURNIPSEED.

Mr. Turnipseed, originally called "Rutabager," but finally "Root" for short, was born in Richland county, October 27, 1880, which makes him the youngest member of the class. His father, B. R. Turnipseed, married a Miss Turner, of Granada. Miss. "Root" took the Freshman year with a previous class, but spent the following year in Mississippi; returning in February, 1897, he took up his work where he had left it, and has proved himself to be one of the brainiest men in the class, as he has been "section marcher" nearly the whole time. He was appointed lieutenant in February, 1898, and was promoted to captain the following October. He was president of the Calhoun Society, and an influential worker in it. He took the electrical course and intends to perfect himself in that branch of science at one of the large universities.

Characteristic : A very matter-of-fact young man.

#### W. FLOWERS WALKER,

"The Old Hoss," alias "Blossom," was born in Bull Pond Township, Barnwell county, on June 1st, 1877. His father, Josiah J. Walker, married Mattie E. Flowers. "Hoss" entered college February 21st, 1895, and took the Agricultural course. His literary work has been

very much in evidence, as he has been a prominent member of the Calhoun Society, and was elected President of same in '98. He was Literary Editor of the CHRONICLE, and also Class Poet. Was appointed Captain of C. Company in October, 1898.

Characteristic: An extraordinary indisposition toward physical exertion.

THOMAS H. TURNER.

Now Tom Turner is a fine fellow. During his senior year he was said to be the handsomest Adjutant at Clemson College. He published his first order in Graham's, Barnwell county, October 16, 1875. His superior officer was Geo. W. Turner, and his mother was Margaret Jennings, of Orangeburg. Tom cast his lot with us in February, 1894, and soon was made Vice President of the class. He was President of the Columbian Society, and the crack player of the Tennis Club. He was appointed Adjutant in February, 1898. He took the Mechanical course and intends to perfect himself in Electricity and Mechanical Engineering.

Characteristic: Fondness for evening strolls.

RALPH M'LENDON.

"The old maid" first saw the light in Cypress, S. C., April, 1875. His father, Thos. J. McLendon, of Darlington, married Ellen DuBose, of the same place. "Mac" entered in September, 1894, and has been "sawing wood" in the agricultural cause ever since. He was exchange editor of the CHRONICLE, class contributor for the same journal; was president of the Columbian Society, and a power in the land when he took the floor. He was appointed Quartermaster in February, 1898. He intends to go North to study chemistry.

Characteristic: Extremely hard to please.

## JAMES SAM CALHOUN, JR.

"Pot" was born in Barnwell county in March, 1876. His father, J. S. Calhoun, married Alice Matilda Atkins, of Beaufort. He entered in February, 1894, and decided to take the mechanical course, making a specialty of civil engineering. Was president of the Palmetto Society; and was appointed Lieutenant in 1898. He intends to work with some engineer for a year and then take a post graduate course.

Characteristic: Very fond of boats.

## M. L. ELDER.

"Spec" is a much freckled man, but there is plenty of good stuff in him. He first saw the light in Chester county in October, 1874, his father being W. H. Elder, of Guthriesville. His mother was Sallie Lewis, of Talladega, Ala. He entered in February, 1894, and taking the mechanical cause, he has been devoting himself to the study of electricity. Mr. Elder was a member of the committee that discussed the question of a college journal. The CHRONICLE is the result of that meeting. He was president of the Columbian Society, and was appointed Lieutenant in February, 1898.

Characteristic: Unique originality (in spelling).

## WM. N. HOOK.

Bill Hook is the oldest man in the class, having been born in Orangeburg county in July, 1872. His father, J. N. Hook, married Sue Ann Pou, of Lexington. Bill should have set us a good example, but he didn't. He was full of life and animal spirits, and they kept him up to some devilment all the time. He was always trying to see how near he could come to getting caught and yet escape. He entered in February, 1894, taking the mechanical course and studying civil engineering. He was

president of the Columbian Society, and was appointed lieutenant in February, 1898. He expects to do some government work in Dry Tortugas.

Characteristic : An itching palm.

J. W. JEFFARES.

"Doc" was born in Feastersville, S. C., September, 1873. His father, Henry Jeffares, of DeKalb county, Georgia, married Elisia Coleman, of Feastersville. He entered in July, 1893. He was president of the Calhoun Society, and was one of the representatives sent by the Young Men's Christian Association to Asheville, N. C. Mr. Jeffares decided to take the mechanical course, and made a specialty of civil engineering. He was appointed lieutenant in February, 1898.

Characteristic : A vivid imagination.

ANDREW JACKSON MATHIS.

"Mug" was born in Mossy, Aiken county, August 19, 1880. His father, Chas. H. Mathis, of Edgefield, married Elizabeth S. Green, of Aiken. Mr. Mathis entered July, 1894, and has taken the regular course in mechanics and electricity. He was class treasurer, but his duties were not arduous. "Mug's" hot head kept him in the ranks until October, 1898, when he was appointed lieutenant in A company. He spent three months in camp with the First South Carolina Volunteers, but was mustered out and rejoined his class. Mr. Mathis has secured a fine position as an electrician in Ocala, Fla.

Characteristic : Determination.

HERBERT G. SMITH, "D. D. C."

Herbert G. is one of the few cadets who fails to have a nickname. He was born in Slabtown, Anderson county. His father, J. P. Smith, who is secretary of the Fertil-



zer Commission, married Carrie Glen, both of Anderson. Smith entered college in February, '94, and proved a careful student. He has the distinction of being the only day cadet who has been appointed to a military office, being made a lieutenant in the "Signal Corps" in February, '98, and afterwards transferred to the Commandant's Staff.

Characteristic : Desuetude.

J. EARLE LEWIS, "D. D. C."

Mr. Lewis is another bright man and is known familiarly as "Sore-Head." He was born June, 1879, in Pendleton, S. C. His father, J. E. Lewis, married Anna H. Smith, of Charleston. Earle entered college in July, '94, and pursued an electrical course, in which he soon became proficient. Last May he was offered a very fine position at Portman Shoals with the Electric Power Plant and accepted the offer. He continued his studies during spare time and returned to college to receive his diploma.

Characteristic : Talkativeness.

J. H. STRIBLING, "D. D. C."

In Mr. Stribbling we have the only man who began at the beginning. He was born in Pendleton, S. C., in December, 1878. His father, J. C. Stribling, of Pendleton, married Miss V. H. Hunter of the same place. Hunter entered "low prep" in '93 and has come straight on up. He took the mechanical course and has devoted himself to the study of electricity.

Characteristic : Imitation.

C. K. CHREITZBERG, Historian.

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### **A Resume of the Last Football Season and the Prospects for Another Session.**

If victories determine the success of a football season, then Clemson may well congratulate herself on the bril-

liant record made by her team during the session now drawing to a close.

Reckoned as is the standing of baseball teams, her average is 75 out of a possible 100—and of four games played only one was lost, and that to one of the strongest teams in the South. For the four games she scored 110 points to the opponent's 20; in only one game did the opponents score at all. It is doubtful if any team in the South can show so good a record.

Only against the strong and experienced team of the University of Georgia did Clemson lower her colors, and then only after one of the closest and most exciting contests of the season.

The score 20 to 8 shows only in a small measure the relative strength and play of the two teams. In the first half the play was practically even, neither side appearing to any great advantage over the other. Both teams played in this half a bucking game, and to Clemson's surprise and Georgia's disappointment, our much lighter and less experienced team held its own against the plunges of the heavy Georgia backs, and in return excelled them in the magnificent line bucking by Sullivan and Forsythe. With many advantages in their favor—weight, experience, familiarity with their home field, a crowd of enthusiastic rooters, they lacked the one great essential of a football player—*endurance*. When the first half ended, the Georgia men were worn out and discouraged, and the captain and coach saw that unless some bold stroke was resorted to, Clemson, with the down hill in her favor, and seemingly as fresh as at the beginning of the game, would carry the ball over their goal at pleasure. Their only hope lay in their sprinter half-back, Harman Cox, who, at the Southern Inter-Collegiate meet, had won the 100-yard dash over all competitors. Thinking they had an

easy thing of it they had not put him in the game at first, but had reserved him for an emergency. Then, too, he was in no condition to play a whole game through, not having trained regularly with his team. He was to win by undivided prowess what McCarthy knew his team could not accomplish by united effort. Clemson had had little experience at stopping end plays, and was especially weak at right end. Around this vantage point, by sheer swiftness, Cox managed to make one long run after another—runs that either carried the ball over, or placed it near Clemson's goal. There was no team work on Georgia's part during this half. Cox was the team, he was to do everything, and did all that was done, and certainly all that could be expected.

Clemson had gone to Athens with no hope of winning, but at the end of the first half it looked as if she had a fighting chance, and hopes ran high. Their game showed them how strong was their aggregation. Even the final loss of the game could not destroy the assurance that they had a good team, and had played a good game. Probably to this Georgia game is due in a large measure the following series of victories. Our men saw what a good chance they had of turning out a winning team, and from the Georgia game the interest never flagged, and their ambition was never lowered. The Bingham game, farcical as it was in some respects, resulting in a score of 55 to 0 in Clemson's favor, confirmed the men in their notion that Clemson's team and Clemson's style of play was the best she had ever had. Every play went off like clock-work, despite the fact that the season was still new and the personnel of the team unsettled. Everything, however, has its disadvantages, and in this game the accident to our right tackle, Baxter Lewis, deprived the team of one of its best players and most loyal members.

The Carolina game followed, and another zero from our opponents and 24 points for Clemson was recorded. Clemson men delight to "do" the S. C. College, and their ambition in this direction was fully satisfied this season. A larger score would have indicated that Carolina had dropped back *out of Clemson's class*. But probably the most perfect game played by Clemson was the last game of the season played against the Georgia School of Technology, in Augusta, resulting in a score of 23 to 0 for Clemson. No prettier game has been played in the South. Both teams were well trained, both determined to win, but from the start it was evident that the heavy line bucking of Forsythe, the magnificent end runs by Walker, Shealy and Chreitzberg must carry the ball over the Techs goal many times before the hour of play had elapsed. And so it proved. Only once did the Techs stand a chance of recovery; once, when after a series of successful bucks and end runs, the ball had been advanced to Clemson's one-yard line. It was first down and never was there a finer piece of defensive work done than by the Clemson boys at this critical juncture. The first down failed to carry the ball an inch, a second and the Techs were thrown back by the fierce charge of the Clemson men. A third and last, and with only a little to gain, the ball went to Clemson and was soon carried out of danger. It was a great rally; a magnificent piece of defensive work.

It is not the purpose of this article to draw comparisons between the players who won these victories. Every man did his duty and played good, smashing football. They seemed to have the proper spirit in them—a spirit that will not own that it is beaten until the last down is played, the last advance made. To this invincible determination on the part of every man who com-

posed Clemson's eleven, to the loyalty of every man to the training code, to their obedience, to discipline and unbounded enthusiasm, to these elements of success have our victories been due.

Too much praise cannot be bestowed on our efficient coach, Mr. Penton. His enthusiasm and determination were contagious. Clemson may play even better football in the future than she has done in the past; as our men become better versed in the game; as we accumulate veterans, she will rise to a position the equal of any college in the South, but we predict that she will never have a coach who has the interest of the team more at heart, or who will labor more faithfully for its success than did our big, jolly, well-beloved coach, Mr. Penton.

Shealy's record as a captain is only excelled by his achievements as a player. The very incarnation of enthusiasm and loyalty, a strict disciplinarian, a tactful worker with his men, he combined all the essentials that go to make up a leader.

Never in the football history of Clemson have the prospects for a strong personnel for another season been so promising. There is no reason from this standpoint why her team should not during the course of next season come to the fore front of Southern Colleges in this great sport. But a football team, like everything else in this world that is worth anything, costs. The "sinews of war" must be provided. The glory of the football team's victories are the common property of every cadet at Clemson.

If the Inter-Collegiate contests are for the sole gratification of the eleven engaged in the contest, then away with the game. It costs too much time, too much money, too much privation; it is not worth while. But if every trip taken, every game played, establishes more





BASE BALL TEAM.



firmly in the public's mind Clemson's claim to be a community of gentlemen; if every victory won is a source of gratification and pride to students, faculty and alumni alike; every practice game on our own grounds a source of entertainment for the students; if all these things added, go to make college life more enjoyable to the participants, more attractive to outsiders desiring an education; go to advertise the college, and last but not least, go to make better men physically, morally and mentally of those students who actively participate in the sport, then we say long live football, the greatest man-making, college-spirit-creating game to-day on the American continent. We hope the day will never come when Clemson College will be without a football team, for that day will find also less contentment among its students, less loyalty and college spirit and fewer pupils.

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### **Clemson on the Diamond.**

The prevailing idea among the boys at Clemson seems to be that her base-ball could have taken a better stand among the different college teams of the State if it had been under a good trainer for a part of the season. There is no one who does not admit that it could have been much improved under the supervision of a good coach and we hope to be able to employ one next season. A good coach could have easily raised us one notch, putting us first instead of second among the colleges of our State. We certainly have good material for development. The cadets and our many other supporters should be well pleased with our work as this is only our second year on the diamond. Prof. Bowman was an excellent coach but his untimely decease robbed us of a hearty supporter and a true friend. Not only the team but the entire corps bewail his death.

Some members of the base-ball association seem to be very much discouraged indeed at the little support received and the small amount of enthusiasm shown over the games played here at home. This lack of interest may be accounted for in several ways. First. The game is yet very young at Clemson. Secondly. The part taken in other inter-collegiate contests has been so great as to detract from base-ball. Thirdly. Competition in base-ball has never yet been strong enough between the different college teams of the State to arouse the proper spirit at home or abroad. Fourthly. The teams played here were so little concerned in our college standing that the games created little interest.

Notwithstanding the many difficulties that base-ball has to encounter we cannot doubt, when we reflect for a moment, that base-ball is fast gaining ground at all the colleges in this State. Clemson entered the field last year. The Citadel, Charleston and Newberry Colleges all made their first appearance as competitors this season. All the college faculties except those of Clemson and South Carolina College have ruled out foot-ball. This leaves a very bright and promising prospect for base-ball, as the boys of the different institutions must be brought together by means of some form of athletics.

In the colleges visited by the ball team this year a majority, sometimes all and never less than half of the students were members of the base-ball association, paying both a monthly and an annual fee amounting to more than one dollar per year. This year Clemson's Association opened upon a similar basis with less than half of the cadets members, but with the success we have met with this year the prospects for increasing the membership two-fold are good.

Wofford College is trying the Monday holiday scheme

and from all accounts it works splendidly. Furman and several more of our neighboring colleges are anticipating a similar change next session. This plan is no doubt a good one and it has several strong points for its support, but athletics are not so much concerned in the day as they are interested in getting one day universally adopted by the colleges engaging in field contests. This discrepancy in holidays conflicted with our games this season. The limited number of days that any student can be absent from his classes makes it necessary for us to play most of our games on holidays. Suppose Wofford and Clemson wish to participate in three games during a season and Wofford's holiday comes on Monday and Clemson's on Saturday, then for each game one team must sacrifice one whole day, which could be avoided by the proper arrangement of holidays.

When you make inquiries of your professors with reference to joining a literary society they never fail to tell you that they received half of their education in their old society.

I do not hesitate to say that the influences a boy comes in contact with while visiting colleges as an amateur athlete benefit him as much as, if not more than, his society work at college, while the field training is better than one gets in the best governed gymnasiums. A skeptic remarked that "nobody plays ball but toughs," but my experience has been much to the contrary. Of all the college students I have met with, the ball players as a rule conducted themselves most genteelly.

Clemson's success at base ball this year was due not so much to individual work—for the players are all college amateurs with no "grandstand" players among them—but to team work. The base running, throwing, fielding and batting could all have been improved. Several did



good work at the bat; McMakin and Shaw led the list, getting seventeen hits each out of forty-four times at the bat. McMakin began a splendid season, striking out twenty-four men in two games but he had too much work for one man and consequently lost his arm before the end of the season. No pitcher could have made a better beginning than he. The team now sees that its weakest point was the need of a supporting twirler.

The following brief summary of games will give an idea of the work done by the team.

COLLEGE GAMES.

Cornell.....	14	Clemson.....	3
Wofford .....	6	Clemson.....	5
Erskine.....	2	Clemson.....	6
Erskine.....	9	Clemson .....	4
College of Charleston.....	3	Clemson.....	11
S. C. College .....	8	Clemson.....	21
College of Charleston.....	3	Clemson.....	11

NON-COLLEGE GAMES.

Piedmont.....	3	Clemson.....	4
Piedmont.....	16	Clemson.....	6

————'00.

# The Clemson College Chronicle.

FOUNDED BY CLASS OF 1898.

Published Monthly by the

CALHOUN, COLUMBIAN AND PALMETTO LITERARY SOCIETIES  
OF  
CLEMSON AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

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W. L. MOISE.....	Assistant
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All business communications should be addressed to the Business Manager.

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## Editorial Department.

J. CROCKATT THOMSON, - - - - EDITOR.

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**Valedictory.** With this issue of the CHRONICLE the present staff of editors, who have held office since February of 1898, will step out of the *sanctum*

to make way for their successors, and ere we are in print the new staff will have been elected.

Like all other mortals, we have committed our blunders, but now at the end we can hold up our heads and say that we have ever striven earnestly to properly administer the affairs of the CHRONICLE, and to accomplish the purpose for which it was founded. We flatter ourselves that our efforts have not been entirely unsuccessful, and as we turn the little magazine, that has been our charge for a year and a half, over to new hands, we believe that some advancement has been made by our college journal since we took charge of it.

While the outlook of the CHRONICLE was brightest we worked faithfully to still further advance its interests, and when the darker days came and our magazine seemed about to fall through, we but redoubled our labors, and now we turn it over to the new staff who, we hope, will be as zealous of its success as we have been.

As long as we live we will have a keen interest in the CHRONICLE, and as each successive staff takes hold of it we will watch anxiously to see how it will fare.

May the CHRONICLE never lack supporters, and may it always do good work toward the two prime objects for which it was founded—the cultivation of literary talent at the College, and the fostering of College spirit.

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**Oratorical Contest.** In our first editorials for the CHRONICLE, while discussing the formation of the State Oratorical Association, we mentioned that it was our belief that Clemson could acquit herself creditably in a contest with the other colleges of the State. Now in our last editorials we take pleasure in announcing that in the first inter-collegiate oratorical contest of South

Carolina, Clemson's representative, Mr. W. L. Moise, took first honors.

Mr. Moise, whose picture appears in this issue, is from Sumter, S. C. He will represent South Carolina in the inter-State contest at Monteagle, Tenn., in July, and will, we do not doubt, reflect honor on his State.

Many were surprised that the youngest college in the contest, and the one where English and rhetoric are a side issue, as it were, should lead the State in oratory. Mr. Moise, however, is an easy and graceful speaker as well as a good writer. Any one will have to exert himself to defeat him. He not only came out ahead on the combined mark, but was first in each of the subjects—composition and delivery.

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**Tennis Club.** In this issue we have devoted some space to the athletic teams of the College and their work through the year.

On account of delay we were unable to have the cut and write-up of the Tennis Club to present.

The Tennis Club has aroused a good deal of interest in tennis, and now there are four courts on the campus and the surrounding "Hill." Every year a tournament is held for the single championship of the club. Last year this was won by Mr. T. H. Turner, of Denmark. This year's tournament has not been completed as we go to print.

Two games were played this year with outside teams. The first with a team from Williamston, in which we were defeated by superior players, and the second in which we defeated Erskine College at Due West.

It seems especially difficult to arrange a game of tennis with the other colleges of the State. Last year although we made every effort to get games with several

different teams, from some reason or other none could be arranged, and this year although we endeavored to have a regular series of games with other teams only two of the games materialized, and only one of them with a college.

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**Lack of** Ever since we have been on the CHRON-  
**Enthusiasm.** ICLE staff we have been laboring to build up the college spirit of our student body. The comparative youth of our college was some excuse for a lack in this line, but lately our athletic teams have been the means of stirring up an enthusiasm for Clemson among the cadets.

One thing that we see no excuse for, was the deplorable lack of enthusiasm displayed on the occasion of our winning the oratorical contest at Due West. The Palmetto Society, of which Mr. Moise is a member, hired a carriage and decorated it, to bring the victor over to the college, and the Senior Class passed resolutions thanking and congratulating him; but with these exceptions no demonstration was made. A lack of appreciation of Mr. Moise's achievement was shown by nearly all connected with the college.

Mr. Moise's victory should have evoked applause from everyone connected with the college. The winning of the oratorical contest will do much for Clemson and every one of us should be proud of it. Holding the championship of the State in athletics, it only remained for us to display our superiority in mental lines, and we have capped the climax by doing this at Due West on April 28th.



## Exchange Department.

RALPH McLENDON,       -       -       -       -       -       -       EDITOR.

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The college year has ended and with it has ended the work of the present staff of the CHRONICLE. In our last issue we propose to make "general remarks" about the work of the year among the college magazines, rather than to comment on the work of individual journals for the past month.

The year, it seems to us, has been an unusually profitable one. From the beginning of the year to its very close, the average college paper has been such that successors in the editorial chairs will have some hard pulling to do to make next year's work equal to this. We say "average," for some have fallen below their former standard, while others have failed to raise themselves to any degree of excellence where it would have been comparatively easy to do so.

Our policy in conducting the Exchange Department has been to offer suggestive criticisms where we thought them necessary. That is, instead of cataloguing the articles in an exchange, and deciding on the best or the worst, we have endeavored to look at the paper as a whole and suggest improvements where we thought there was need. While we have often criticised individual articles, still we have tried to make this class of criticisms subordinate to comments upon the whole. Our reason for this was a two-fold one. First, the criticisms of a particular writer often touches no one except himself, while under the method we have attempted to follow our remarks have applied not only to the individual

writer, but to the paper for which he writes, and to college journalism at large. In the second place, we believe that derogatory remarks will often discourage writers of promising ability and deter them from making a second attempt. This was our method, whether it was a good one, or whether it accomplished what it was designed to accomplish, is not for us to say.

While the position of exchange editor is an arduous one in some ways, it is not by any means an undesirable one. In relinquishing to our successors the work and the honor (?) of the place, we wish to assure them that there is no small amount of pleasure and profit to be derived therefrom.

With mingled feelings of regret we now bid you farewell.

## Local and Alumni.

J. L. KENNEDY, - - - - - EDITOR.

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The Football Association held a meeting for the purpose of discussing places for the next season. While financial prospects are not very bright, the prospects for a team next year are better than ever before. Most of the old men will be back and we will have a lot of good material among the new ones. Let every man who can play, come back next year with the intention of playing. Those who cannot take part in the game should urge new men to come out and try for the team. We want a team that will beat even the record of the team of '98.

The Glee Club seems to be in a better condition than usual, this year. The concert to be given by this Club will be one of the features of commencement. After commencement the Club will make a tour of the following places: Greenwood, Abbeville and Laurens.

### Resolutions of Appreciation.

WHEREAS, Believing oratory to be one of the most sublime accomplishments, and feeling that it is the best means of cultivating and encouraging lofty ambitions, patriotism and true manhood, and recognizing the efficiency of the State Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Association as a means of cultivating the spirit of oratory, and appreciating the great importance to Clemson College of the victory won by our representative, Mr. W. L. Moise, in the first contest held by the Association; be it

*Resolved*, First, That the Senior Class take this method of expressing its approval of the excellent work done for the College by Mr. Moise, and that it hereby tenders to him its heartiest congratulations upon his success.

Second, That it commends Mr. Moise for the faithful, earnest

preparation that he made for this contest; for it is of the opinion that talent alone could not have won so brilliant a victory.

Third, That these resolutions be published to the corps of cadets, and also in the State papers, and that a copy suitably framed be presented to Mr. Moise.

C. K. CHREITZBERG, }  
L. A. TURNIPSEED, } Com.  
W. F. WALKER, }

Clemson College, S. C., April 30, 1899.

The Palmetto Literary Society will hold its annual contest in the Chapel on Monday evening, June 5th; W. L. Moise, presiding officer. The order of the exercises is as follows :

MUSIC.

Declamations.

J. N. Walker.....“The Curse of Regulus.”  
J. R. Blakeney.....“The Convict’s Soliloquy.”

MUSIC.

Debate.

Query; *Resolved*, “That Imperialism Should be the Future Policy of the United States.” Affirmative—J. F. Moore.  
Negative—J. J. Gray.

MUSIC.

Orations.

L. B. Haselden..... “The March of Mind.”  
B. H. Rawl.....“Clemson College and the Rural Home.”

MUSIC.

Decisions Rendered.

Ask McL. if he succeeded in procuring a hack to drive over to the Isle of Palms.

Prue says that when he marks a lesson in his books he always writes the number of the year, otherwise the marking would be useless.

Miss Squires and Miss Ray, of Atlanta, are visiting Mr. Williams.

"Doodle" is with us again to take his place as first tenor in the Glee Club.

Miss Good and Miss Wolcott, of St. Louis, returned to their homes on May 9, after a visit at Prof. Boehm's. They made many friends on the hill during their short stay, who will always welcome them to Clemson.

Mr. T. R. Vogel, '98, who is draughtsman in the Port Royal Navy Yard, paid us a short visit after the Reunion. We are glad that some of our graduates still find time to visit Clemson.

Ask "J. D." if he is coming back next year.

Why did McL. miss the 12 p. m. boat?

The Clemson Cadet March is out. Come early and avoid the rush. "Prof." All.

Quite a number of Cadets and several members of the faculty attended the Reunion in Charleston. The baseball team also went down and remained a couple of days, crossing bats with the Charleston and South Carolina Colleges while there, and we are pleased to say coming off victorious.

Prof. (in English)—Mr. A., what is the meter of this verse?

"Prof." All—I think it's millimetre.

Prof.—Whose son was Charles Lamb?

Lewis A.—He was the son of another Lamb.

Cadets J. C. Thomson, W. L. Moise, R. McLendon and S. M. Robertson went home with Cadets C. K. and H. R. Chreitzberg to attend the wedding of the latter's sister to Mr. H. W. Shelamer, at Moultrieville, S. C.

The alumni address this year will be delivered by Mr. J. S. Garris ('98), during commencement week.



Old Horse (looking over the Reunion ball program)—  
I reckon Deux Temps. must mean between times.

### Diamond Dots.

Charleston College and Clemson, at Charleston, S. C.:

#### SCORE BY INNINGS.

Charleston College.....	0	0	0	0	2	0	1	0	0—3
Clemson College.....	1	5	4	0	0	1	0	0	x—11

South Carolina College and Clemson at Charleston,  
S. C.:

#### SCORE BY INNINGS.

South Carolina College..	0	2	0	0	3	0	0	3	x—8
Clemson College.....	2	7	2	2	6	0	1	1	x—21

Charleston College and Clemson, at Clemson, S. C.:

#### SCORE BY INNINGS.

Charleston College.....	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0—3
Clemson College.....	2	3	0	0	0	5	0	0	1—11

It was just about 12 o'clock of a hot Spring day. The scene was in Charleston at the Confederate Veterans' Reunion. Around the corner of Market street rushed a Clemson cadet toward the wharf, where a ferry boat was lying and bells ringing gayly. The cadet rushed toward the boat, for he heard the bells ringing and thought sure the boat was leaving him behind. As he approached the edge of the wharf he saw that the boat was about one yard from the landing. Making a sudden dash, he leaped over the intervening space and landed on the feet of a poor minister of the gospel. Regaining his equilibrium he apologized profusely, and explained that he was in great haste to catch the boat. The stranger glanced coolly at the cadet and asked, "What is your hurry, the boat is coming in."

## CLEMSON ALPHABET.

- A is for All, who has a red head.  
B is for Buzzard, who looks after the dead.  
C is for "Corporal Little" and frail;  
D is for "Doc," who delivers the mail.  
E is for Elder, the great "Speckle Beauty,"  
F is for "Fatty," who does extra duty.  
G is for "Goober," our barber so great.  
H is for Hi Ki, Photographer of late.  
I is for "Issac," with hair curly and black  
J is for "Joe Duck," who goes quack ! quack !  
K is for Kennedy, the leader of the band,  
L is for Lawton, with razor in hand.  
M is for "Mocking Bird," oh ! how he can sing,  
N is for Newton, that pitcher from "Sling."  
O is the letter showing Carolina's score,  
P is for "Polly" and "Pug," and a great many more.  
Q is for Quattlebaum, a very fine name  
R is for "Root," that captain of fame  
S is for "Shorty," our baker so big,  
T is for "Thumb," and also "Tom Pig."  
U is for University, Furman so grand  
V for "Victory," won by Clemson's great man.  
W is Walker, as strong as a bull  
X is for the corn that made "Pot" so full.  
Y is for "Yellow Hammer," isn't he a beast ?  
Z is for Zeigler, last but not least.

—H. T. POE, '02.

### Extracts From College Rules.

All irregular students are required to make new applications for irregular courses at the beginning of the college year.

Irregular or special courses cannot be granted in the Mechanical Department after the beginning of the second term.

All irregular students are required to stand examinations on all studies pursued.

Students in any college class shall be allowed one month from the date of entrance to such class, in which to make application to change the course of study.

Each applicant for admission to Clemson College must present a testimonial of good moral character from his last instructor, or from some reputable citizen of the community in which he lives; and students from other colleges must bring certificates of honorable discharge.

The pass marks for examination shall be 60 per cent., and the required combined mark for promotion shall be 60 per cent., and the pass mark for daily recitations shall be 60 per cent.

To find the combined mark multiply the average monthly marks by 2. To this add the examination mark and divide by 3.

No student failing on more than one subject shall be allowed to go forward to a higher class. No student deficient in any subject shall be allowed to enter the Senior Class. Failure in two successive years in the same subject is considered failure in two subjects.

The maximum mark on a re-examination is 60 per cent.

All declamations, debates and speeches which are to be public must be submitted to the English department for revision and approval.

No cadet is allowed to publish or write for publication or to send any article to the press without first submitting it to the President.

Section marchers are chosen for the term on the basis of class and examination marks.

Students who are put back in a class are required to take the full work of that class.

All students are required to take the military course.

On March 9th the following resolution was passed by the Board of Trustees, to take effect next September:

At the beginning of the session each student is required to deposit with the Treasurer Two Dollars, to be known as the Breakage Fee. Whenever the property of the college is damaged the actual cost of the repair of the property damaged shall be charged to the student who damaged the property. If, however, the responsibility cannot be fastened upon any student the amount of the damage shall be prorated equally among all the students. At the end of the session any amount to the credit of the student shall be returned to him.

## FARMER'S INSTITUTES.

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Farmers' Institutes will be held in a limited number of Counties this summer for the instruction of the people in various branches of Agricultural Science. The course of lectures shall be arranged to present to those in attendance the results of the most recent investigations in Theoretical and Practical Agriculture, and as far as possible to make the subjects discussed meet the special needs of the locality where the Institute is held.

All expenses of the meeting will be met by the college. The community in which the Institute is held is expected to provide a suitable place for the speaking; to advertise the meeting and to arrange the minor details. It is desirable that local speakers and writers assist in the exercises of the Institute by discussing subjects in which they are most interested, or in which they have had successful experience.

### TIME.

It may not be practicable always to hold the Institute on the day desired by the community, as different places sometimes ask for the same date. The final selection of the date must therefore, be left to the college authorities, but the wishes of the community will be observed as far as practicable.

It is the policy of the college to lengthen, when desirable, the sessions of the Institutes. We realize that the best results cannot be obtained from a one-day meeting. The scope and character of the work should be broadened year after year. Where sufficient interest is manifested the Institute will be conducted for a longer period than a day.

This work will begin about the first of August, and applications should be sent in at once. Specify the time and place, and the names of the gentlemen who are willing to serve on the local committee.



## SUBJECTS.

The subjects discussed at the Institutes should be adapted to local conditions. We therefore ask those interested to designate the subjects that are believed to be of the most interest to the locality.

Among the subjects that the members of the Institute Staff are prepared to discuss may be mentioned :

Improvement of Soil,	Grasses and Legumes,
Horticulture,	Plant Diseases,
Botany,	Entomology,
Insects and Insecticides,	Methods of Spraying,
Dairying,	Animal Husbandry,
Farm Manures,	Veterinary Science,
Fertilizers,	Chemistry of Soils,
Truck Farming,	Drinking Waters,
Road Improvement,	Industrial Education.

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## The College Institute.

After the County Institutes, an Institute lasting one week will be held at Clemson College. Board and lodging will be furnished at cost.

Distinguished lecturers from abroad will be invited to assist in the College Institute and every effort will be exerted to make this meeting pleasant and profitable.

The Auxiliary Experiment Station Clubs are earnestly invited to co-operate by sending delegates.

The date and program will be duly advertised.

For further information write to

**HENRY S. HARTZOG, President,**  
**Clemson College, S. C.**

# CLEMSON COLLEGE DIRECTORY.

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## CLEMSON AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

H. S. HARTZOG, President.      P. H. E. SLOAN, Sec'y and Treas.

## CLEMSON COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

J. Crockatt Thomson, Editor-in-Chief.

J. Francis Sullivan, Business Manager.

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J. F. Sullivan, Secretary.

## FOOTBALL ASSOCIATION.

W. M. Riggs, President.

J. F. Sullivan, Manager.

J. N. Walker, Captain Team '99.

## CLEMSON COLLEGE GLEE CLUB.

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## TENNIS CLUB.

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