

1900

## Clemson Chronicle, 1900-1901

Clemson University

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QUEEN CITY PTG. CO. CHARLOTTE, N. C.

# The Clemson College Chronicle.

Valeat Quantum Valere Potest.

VOL. IV.

CLEMSON COLLEGE, S. C., OCTOBER, 1900.

NO. 1

## Literary Department.

E. M. MATTHEWS, }  
M. E. ZEIGLER, }

- - - - -

EDITORS

### THE SOUL QUENCHED.

With head bowed down to daily toil,  
Unheeding all the passing throng;  
Content to work for food and drink,  
Undmindful of earth's gloried song.

Passing each day as passed the last,  
No higher recreation sought;  
Just living for the sake of life,  
Blind to the wonders God hath wrought.

Seeing no beauty in sky o'erhead,  
Feeling no thrill at nature's display,  
Hearing no music in warbling brook,  
Just working,—then eating,—then sleeping each day.

My God! What a life for a man with a heart;  
For a man with a soul; for a man with a mind;  
For a man who is born to this world for a test;  
Yet who lives through the crucible deaf and blind!

Who has eyes to see beauty, yet looks on the ground;  
Who has ears to hear music, yet heedeth no song;  
Who has mind to imagine, and soul to inspire,  
And conscience to point out the right from the wrong.

Why, the beast of the field is as human as he!  
Both labor each day—feed—then lie down to rest;  
And the man who lets God's gifts lie dormant for aye  
Is no better than brute, in his life-work, at best.

There's a Power o'erhead who metes justice to all,  
And punishes those who live solely for life,

4881

Unheeding the future when the test is o'er,  
Contented with Fate, if she spare him all strife.

He shall suffer the penalty due for neglect  
Of those sentiments known to distinguish the man,  
From the beast of the field, \* \* and the creature of dust  
Shall return to the dust whence his first life began.

W. L. M.

---

### **"The Cadet Private's Dream."**

At a school where military discipline is enforced the desire for the glory of military rank naturally becomes the principal wish of certain students. On entering college they are alternately awed and charmed by the military lore dispensed by the corporals and sergeants, to whose tender care the infant career of the "rats" is committed. But close upon these feelings follows, in the breast of each such student, the fond hope that his lot might be such as to allow him to give the recruits of the succeeding year their first lessons in the great art of war; while behind all this comes the mighty consciousness of his full competency to discharge thoroughly all the duties connected with preparing a "rat" to follow his front rank man.

As the course of several such students has been watched with peculiar interest here at Clemson, a few incidents connected with the career of one can be easily detailed.

"Well, if they are going to have military rule at this place, I wish they would have it as it should be. I am so tired of this half-handed thing," said Cadet Private Jinks.

His room-mate looked up from his paper in which he had been burying himself over the accounts of the latest baseball games, killing scrapes and prize fights. 'We've



been rooming together for six months and you've given me, in that time, several dots on military management; maybe you could run it as it should be."

"I could run it better than it is now."

"I heard some of the boys say you were getting pretty "horsy" on post. I thought possibly you intended that as an indirect way of exposing your military ideas."

"I don't let anybody "rush it over me" when I'm sentinel; that's the reason they say I'm "horsy."

At this point the dialogue closed, but similar discussions on the same subject recurred at frequent intervals for a long time after.

Finally commencement came. It began to be rumored around that the appointments would be read out Wednesday at dinner. They were not, however; then it was said they had been postponed till "retreat." The same rumors were repeated for each day till Sunday.

Sure enough on Sunday at "retreat" when the companies were lined up in front of the barracks, the retiring Adjutant drew out a great long scroll of type-written paper and proceeded to read the appointments for the succeeding year with as much concern as he generally exhibited over the ordinary reading of any ordinary announcement on any ordinary day, while the sick, excited and curious crowded around, peeped over his shoulder, then looked with knowing looks at those in ranks.

This was Jinks' first year at college. He was a Freshman, but more important still—a candidate for corporal. The reading of the appointments, however, told him that his fate was similar to that of many candidates who had gone before him, and many more who are destined to follow—he had been "left out."

Jinks marched down, ate supper and conducted himself

generally with the air of a very quiet man. He did not even talk—not even enough to congratulate some of his best friends who had been more lucky. But that could not have made them happier.

Jinks went to his room and sat down with the conviction that life was not pleasant in the company of an ambition that would not be gratified, and a room-mate that would grieve you about the same.

Then he began to think. His bright college career, his past spotless record, his excellent class standing and the prospect of walking post and “extras” in his Sophomore year—all these were marshaled in regular order into the train of his sad, sad thoughts. At length the exercise became wearisome, and he fell asleep and dreamed he was highest ranking corporal in his class, was going to be ranking first sergeant, and finally, senior captain of the corps of cadets of Clemson College.

When the next appointment came Jinks was a rising Junior and he experienced the same sad feelings of disappointment with that added acuteness which accorded with his promotion in class and standing.

But from this time events began to happen that heralded a decided change in Jink's ambition. That evolution going on in the world, changing things from bad to good, had wrought with peculiar force upon Jinks; had changed him from the proud, arrogant military aspirant to a meek and lowly soldier, who would in his Senior year, drill in the rear rank without a murmur. He was no longer absorbed in the non-essentials of College life, but had turned his attention to the essentials. His exemplary conduct during the last months of his college career transformed the former contempt of his fellows into an ardent admiration.

Thus it was that Jinks, the cadet private, graduated the most beloved of his class.

—*M. E. Zeigler, '02.*

### Rubber Neck.

I stopped and wondered—it was so strange that he should fall in love with such a girl. They made such a contrast.

I had been out enjoying the cool and beautiful moonlight night and met them. They were walking slowly along as if the moon had been made expressly for their own enjoyment. Rather than interrupt a sentimental scene I stepped aside into the trees and sat down.

On they came, her arm tenderly entwined in his, and she looked up in his handsome face and smiled—a sweet smile; the kind that lovers like.

“Darling,” he whispered, “you are the only girl I ever loved. It seems as if life has been a dream, and we the dreamers, since two years ago I met you. Last summer you promised to be mine, but it seems only a day ago, so sweet has life been to us.”

He stooped low and implanted a kiss upon her eager upturned face. She was his wife—they had been married a year.

—*Aliquis.*

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### ONLY A RAT.

He is only a rat, with timorous step  
And homesick, longing eyes,  
Feeling awfully queer 'mid this throng of cadets,  
Who greet him with taunting cries.

He has never been off from his home before—  
Has lived on a farm, perhaps,  
And he thinks all so strange, so lonely and drear  
Midst these uniformed soldier chaps.

And he wonders how long it will be before  
He will cease thinking life so sad,  
And be willing to work through this college course,  
Which will make *him* a soldier lad.

Perhaps a fond mother is down on her knees  
Praying to God for her boy  
So many miles distant, 'mid scenes strangely new,  
Who is ever her pride and joy.

Boys, be kind to the rat ! you were rats yourself  
Not many months gone by,  
And you suffered the same home-longing, he  
Now suffers with tearful eye.

You were grateful yourself when some cheerful word  
Was spoken in friendly tone ;  
So remember those days, and do all that you can  
For the rat who feels strangely alone.

There's no truth in the idea that hazing does good  
To the boy just arrived at school.  
It will harden his heart, and greatly increase  
The hardships of disciplined rule.

Just a little encouragement given the boy  
Will drive all his sadness away,  
And the clouds of despair will give place to content  
By the few cheerful words that you say.      W. L. M.

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### His Last Good Bye.

Mabel Carrington sat under an old mulberry tree and waited. It was their tree, she called it, for here they—Harry Hinton and she—had spent happy blissful hours, since his home coming in June from Clemson College, where he had been a cadet for the two years past. He was coming now to meet her for the last time—to say good-bye to her until next June, when she promised to answer his oft-repeated question—would she be his wife?

Would he never come, she thought, and tried to make herself believe that she wished he wouldn't,—for she knew that he would be provoking as he always was when he came to bid her good-bye. But why don't he come on," she said to herself. "I will not wait but another five minutes and if he is not here then, he will certainly not see me before he goes. I don't want to see him anyhow.

He thinks I ought to talk sweet to him and all like that, and I will not!—he's nothing to me."

Another five minutes passed and still no Harry had put in his appearance. "Well, I'll not wait another minute longer," she said. But she did—several minutes longer.

At last she saw him coming along, whistling gaily enough, as if she was put there under that mulberry tree expressly to wait for him. "Good morning," he said. "I came to kiss you good-bye." Not noticing his salutation, she said, "You're a nice thing keeping me waiting here half an hour, then coming whistling along as if you'd done quite the proper thing."

Then with all the satire she could command—"yes, I'll kiss you good-bye, will I? I wont even tell you good-bye. To think I'd kiss you—you mean, insulting thing." With an angry toss of her head, she started towards home.

Taking the seat that she had left, and with all possible unconcern, he said, "I hope you will stay there." She walked proudly on, but oh! she did want to look back so bad just to see what he was doing. Not being able to resist any longer, she barely turned her head. "Oh! yes, I thought you'd look back. Come here, you forgot something," he called to her. She stopped and faced about. "I'll not come back—what is it I forgot?" she asked. "Come back," he answered, "and sit down. Then I will tell you. You'd better, its something very important."

Thinking probably she had left something, she went back to him and said, "If I've forgotten anything, please give it to me and let me go. I don't want to talk to you." "You forgot to let me kiss you," he said, and now you will certainly have to, as you have asked me with your own lips."

"You mean, miserable thing! The idea of your calling



me back to talk such nonsense. I wish you'd go." "I will go then," he said, affecting an air of indifference that he was far from feeling. For as much as he loved to tease Mabel, there was a warm spot deep down in his heart, for this tantalizing coquettish thing,—who every time he wanted to talk sensible, would begin some of her maddening pranks.

But this morning it had gone almost too far, he thought, and too, he wanted to tell her good-bye, and this was the way she was cutting up. But he knew Mabel well enough to be well aware of the fact that he could bring her around better by pretending that it was of little moment to him, whether he told her good-bye before he went back or not.

Still he walked on idly humming a coon song, and twirling his stick in the air—a picture of contentment—not deigning a backward look. Would she let him go in this way, he thought, and was very near coming to the conclusion that she would, when she called after him. "Come back Harry; you forgot something."

He had laid several letters by the tree when he sat down, and thinking perhaps he had left one said, "Bring it here, I'm not coming there." "No," she said, "come here and I will tell you what you forgot. Come on! its something very important."

When she had coaxed him back—"well, what is it?" he asked, and Mabel with a tempting smile on her lips, said: "You forgot to kiss me."

ALIQUIS.

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### He Saw Her.

The last rays of the sinking sun cast their flickering light upon the stooping figure of an old gray-headed veteran of the prairie as he sat gazing upon the faded picture

of a young girl. The eyes of the old man grew thin; a tear trickled down his wrinkled face and fell unheeded to the ground. Then suddenly he broke forth into the long, restrained eloquence of a heart that has longed for the shining face, the merry laugh, the welcome smile.

"Sweetheart, Maud, it was for you I came here, for your sake I left my mother's side, my happy home, and traveled far out into this wild, wild country; left all that was near and dear to me, with your words, 'I shall see you some sweet day!' and now you have been called away. Yes, you are dead, dead, and I."

The wild cry of the Sioux was echoed back from mountain to mountain as the first silvery rays of the moon cast a death-like pallor on all around.

No more could you see the bending figure. The eyes once dim now shone like balls of fire. A rifle had taken the place of the picture, and instead of the soft voice of love, one of death and defiance rang clear and sharp, paying back call for call as nearer and nearer the Indians came. His rifle spoke, once, twice, thrice, and as many red men had gone to their happy hunting ground.

The sky was redening in the east. The faint light of day cast its rays upon a sight most horrible to see.

Stretched before his hut, dyeing the shining sand with his life-blood, lay the figure of once a handsome youth, but now years of toil and care had marred that face, and time had made deep her furrows upon the face that once had brought joy and happiness wherever it was seen. The old man was dead, cold! Stiff in death he lay. His rifle, which had served him so well, now lay uncared for in the sand, half buried by the tramp of horses hoofs. The picture of a young girl was clasped tightly in one of the long, bony hands. It was for her he had lived, for her he had died, and now, in death, a smile



most peaceful had gathered on his face, for even amid the cry of war, the shriek of the flying bullet, the tramp of horses hoofs, the twang of the bow, he could see one on the other side with outstretched arms calling, "In some sweet day I shall see you again."

—*F. G. D.* . . '02.

### Sweet Potatoes and Sweet Potato Starch.

For several years the farmers of the South have been casting about for something to take the place of cotton as a money crop. There is nothing that appears to promise better results than the raising of sweet potatoes and the manufacture and sale of starch from them. I do not mean to change the farmers from producers into manufacturers, but to let them have an interest in the making of starch as well as in raising the potatoes, as will be shown later.

The sweet potato is probably a native of South America,—there appears to be some difference of opinion among the authorities as to its nativity,—and was introduced into our Southern country in the early days of our history. The different varieties have been crossed and recrossed until now we have almost as many varieties and names as sections in which they are raised. According to the census of 1890 the annual production of sweet potatoes was nearly forty-four million bushels, or about two billion, six hundred and forty million pounds, counting sixty pounds to the bushel. The greater part of this crop has always been consumed as food, being eaten by man and beast with equal relish.

It has long been known that the sweet potato contains a large amount of starch, but the manufacture of sweet potato starch has never been undertaken on a large scale. Our mothers made such starch by crude methods at home,

while our fathers were away fighting the battles of the War between the States. But its manufacture in large quantities by scientific methods has not come about, because of these facts :

Very little was known about the character and worth of sweet potato starch, and it was an undecided question whether or not the farmers could raise sweet potatoes at a price low enough to enable the factories to make a living from the sale of the stock. It will be our aim to show among other things that the farmers can, with profit, raise potatoes at low prices, that the starch is good starch, and that large quantities of starch can be made to the acre.

The sweet potato seems to flourish best in a warm, loamy soil. The method of cultivation is so very simple that it may be omitted. Suffice it to say that they should be started off right in a good, mellow bed, kept cleanly cultivated till the vines begin to shade the ground and give trouble in cultivation, and then be let alone to grow and increase for the joy and pleasure of all concerned. Sweet potatoes will make anywhere from one hundred to five hundred bushels per acre. In our discussion we will take the yield at two hundred bushels, which is low enough to be reached by every farmer.

The cost and trouble incurred in growing an acre of potatoes is much less than the worry and expense met with in growing an acre of cotton or tobacco. With both of the latter there are troubles and tribulations from beginning to end. It has been said that it takes thirteen months to raise and dispose of a crop of cotton. When the tobacco grower is sitting up at night with a barn of tobacco, the potato raiser surely has the advantage. While one fires his furnace and anxiously watches a thermome-

ter, the other lies down to pleasant dreams of big potatoes growing.

One acre of cotton, making five hundred pounds of lint at five cents, is worth twenty-five dollars. One acre of potatoes, making two hundred bushels, at fifteen cents, is worth thirty dollars. The cotton will probably cost no less than fifteen dollars to make it, leaving ten dollars for the farmer. The potatoes will not cost over ten dollars to make them, leaving twenty dollars for the farmer. Here is a ratio of 2 to 1 that will do more good for the long suffering farmer than all the ratios of 16 to 1, combined.

The potato crop while in the ground is secure. Hailstorms won't hurt them, cyclones will not blow them away, freshets will not carry them off, lightning will not strike them, and earthquakes will only loosen the ground to let them grow larger.

Now, what about the starch? Our source of information is Bulletin No. 28 of the S. C. Agricultural Ex. Station, published in June, 1897. This bulletin was prepared by Mr. Shriver, Asst. Chemist of the Ex. Station, and the title is: "The Sweet Potato as a Starch Producer." In the spring of 1895 four samples of sweet potatoes were analyzed, and the results showed from 16.93 to 29.58 per cent. of starch in the samples as received. These potatoes had been kept several months after digging, and the results of these analyses could not be accepted as correct for fresh potatoes. So in October and November, 1895, more analyses were made, and the results showed from 21.74 to 28.00 per cent. of starch in fresh potatoes by analytical methods. By mechanical separation as much as 20.61 per cent. of starch was found in one sample opposite the analytical result of 22.82 per cent. In his introduction to the bulletin, Col. Hardin, Chief Chemist

of the Ex. Station, says : " It appears from these results that we may safely count upon 22 00 per cent. of starch in many varieties of the sweet potato. As the yield of sweet potatoes in this State is from two to three hundred bushels, with a possibility of reaching five hundred bushels, which has occasionally already been accomplished, it will be seen from Mr. Shriver's calculations that the amount of starch per acre, yielded by the sweet potato, is largely in excess of the amount yielded by the cereals. I may add, that in this respect, the sweet potato has the advantage over the Irish potato also—at least, in this State." To make this plain let us take some figures : The percentage of starch in wheat is about 57.00, and taking the average of statistics, let us put the yield of wheat per acre at 20 bushels or 1,200 pounds. Fifty-seven per cent. of 1,200 pounds, is 684 pounds of starch to the acre. The percentage of starch in corn is about 65.5, and the average crop is about 35 bushels, or 1,960 pounds. Sixty-five and five-tenths per cent. of 1,960 pounds is 1,283.6 pounds of starch to the acre. As stated above, we will take the yield of sweet potatoes at 200 bushels, or 12,000 pounds. Twenty-two per cent. of 12 000 pounds is 2640 pounds of starch to the acre. From these figures we see that the yield of starch from sweet potatoes is nearly four times as much as the yield from wheat, and over twice as much as the yield from corn. And the potatoes require not to be shucked, shelled or threshed. Furthermore, the varieties of potatoes that make most to the acre, stand at the head of the list as starch producers.

This question then naturally follows : Is sweet potato starch suitable for use in cotton manufacture ? We speak only of its use in this particular, because our cotton factories are our greatest consumers of starch, and the dis-

cussion of the substitution of sweet potato starch everywhere in place of other starch is beyond the limits of this paper. What has been needed for some time is a factory test of sweet potato starch. This test has been made and the question has been settled. During the summer of 1899, a lot of about 100 lbs. of sweet potato starch made in Florida, was tested at the mills of the Edgefield Mfg. Co., at Edgefield, S. C. The superintendent of the mills in a written statement testified that the sweet potato starch gave as good results as corn starch. This opinion is final and sufficient.

Now the raising of sweet potatoes and the manufacture of starch from them, belongs to the South, and to the South alone. The sweet potato does not grow further North than New Jersey, and even at that latitude the crop is unsatisfactory. Four fifths of the 44 million bushels of 1890 were raised in the Southern States, and South Carolina stands fifth in the list with 3,061,040 bushels to her credit.

Now let the farmers invite the men who have the money, to come among them and help to get the starch factory up and to work. The idea is to let the farmers become partly manufacturers, by taking stock in the factories, and paying for their starch in potatoes, in whole or in part, as the agreement might be. This would be the easiest and simplest way to get the thing started, and would insure the factory a supply of potatoes to work on till everything got to running smoothly. The farmers would then get the factory price for their potatoes, and also a share in the dividends from the sale of starch. This idea of making money both coming and going would be a new thing for the farmer, but would be immensely interesting. The local requirements for the factory would be plenty of good, clear water, and convenient railroad facil-



ities. The water question is easily settled, and the increase of railroads will soon make almost any community in the State a suitable situation for a starch factory.

The aim should be for each State to supply its mills with starch, and thus keep the money at home. The number of cotton mills in the South is rapidly increasing. With the increase of spindles comes an increase in the demand for starch. The supply will come from somewhere. It should come from the sweet potato starch factories of the Southern States.

The question is being investigated along practical lines by men who mean business. Somebody will make the starch, and somebody will get the money. Who it shall be remains to be seen. Let the farmers of the South who wish to undertake this work and share in the profits, step three paces to the front.

W. A. B., '01.

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### A KISS.

I touched the ruddy lips to mine,  
And in ecstatic bliss,  
My soul drank the enchanted wine  
That flows with nature's kiss.

And then in transports lost I dreamed  
Of visions fair and bright,  
While all of earthly beauty seemed  
To wax in lovelier light.

And dreaming on, of gardens where  
Diviner fragrance blows,  
I softly breathed a silent prayer,  
And kissed again *the rose*.

—*Exchange*.

# The Clemson College Chronicle.

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Published Monthly by the

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## Editorial Department.

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W. G. HILL,	- - - - -	EDITOR
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With this issue begins the fourth volume of THE CLEMSON COLLEGE CHRONICLE. We take up the editorial pen for the first time with the sincere hopes of maintaining the high standard set by our predecessors. We feel though a distrust in our abilities. However, with the enthusiastic co-operation of our fellow-students,



which we should by all means have, there is no reason why the CHRONICLE should not prosper, and be as it has been, an equal of any of the magazines coming from similar institutions.

A college magazine is an enterprise belonging solely to the student body. This being true, they alone are responsible for its merits or demerits. Our magazine goes out to Colleges and Universities all over the South, and it being the only medium through which our College can be viewed, is it not important that we should lend every effort, consistent with our attention to regular college work, to make it a success? Do you know that every article is read, and many of them criticized, by the exchange departments of the various other Southern journals? It should be our duty, therefore, to make a creditable showing, and the better we do the better will our institution be known and regarded by the college men of the country.

Nothing speaks more for the culture and intelligence of a student-body than a neat, well arranged magazine containing articles of merit—both poetry and prose. It not only speaks for their ability, but shows that there is alive within them the true sense of a college man's duty in upholding the reputation of his college.

We meet with students occasionally who seem to think that none of the responsibility of running a college magazine rests upon them. They claim that the staff is elected to do this. This is a very wrong idea. A journal to be a success must be representative of every class, society, etc., in a college, or, so to speak, a mirror in which is reflected the dominating thoughts and ideas of every student. This is an ideal college magazine, the kind that we would have at Clemson College. As a rule our students in the past have been very liberal in contributing

to the CHRONICLE, and we hope in the future to see this continue.

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**A Reflection.** The session of 1899-1900 has come and gone. That class which contained so many men in the fullest sense of the word has graduated, and its members are now out in the world putting in practice that which they learned in college. A touch of sadness comes over us when we think of our many pleasant associations with them last year, many of which can never be renewed, however much we desire that they should be. How changeable is college life ! We meet, and greet, and part, in many instances never to see each other again. It is sad to say farewell to comrades who, by their actions, have shown that they were true. Yet it must be so, and we must not take time to grieve over the partings, but be ready to grasp the hands of the new men in cordial friendship ; for, in a very short while, we too will be out in the unsympathizing world and would fain leave behind us, some friends to wish us well.

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**The Annual.** Some members of the Senior Class realizing the need of an Annual at Clemson, began a movement last June to that effect, which we trust is now on a good road toward success. Editors were elected before the close of school so that as much work as possible might be accomplished during the summer months. Some work was done, and now, with the support of the faculty and students, we believe we can get out an Annual which will not only be a pleasure but a credit to the student-body. Most of the large colleges and universities have one, and in a school the size of Clemson, it ought not to be much trouble to

make The Annual pay for itself. A great deal depends upon the financial support of the students. If you will all subscribe we can complete the movement; otherwise we cannot. There is much more expense than would probably appear at first thought connected with one of these yearly magazines, and every student should pledge himself to take one, so that we may be better able to proceed with the work.

It will be the purpose of the editors to have every class, club, society or organization of any kind represented. To do this they must have our assistance. So let us all join together and make The Annual the pride and property of every student in the College.

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**Foot Ball.** The outlook for foot ball this year is bright.

Coach Heisman, of Auburn, Ala., is the right man in the right place, and with the veteran material that he has to choose from will get out a varsity that will be hard to defeat. The boys are enthusiastic, and are going in with a determination to do or die. It was this spirit which won so much for us last year under the able coaching of Prof. Riggs. The same spirit has always characterized Clemson's foot ball team since the first varsity eleven of inexperienced men stepped on the gridiron in '96.

Since then our career in this great college game has been upward, until we stand now ready to dispute the championship of the South with any and all.

We have great hopes, and when the big, tawny Varsity Eleven trot off the field on Thanksgiving Day—our last game—may the silken folds of the orange and purple flag float to the breeze an emblem of victory bravely won.

**The Fair.** It is very probable that the corps of cadets will attend the State Fair at Columbia this fall. The trip last year was such a success that all who went want to go again. It is rumored that the Citadel Cadets will also encamp at Columbia at that time, and best of all, the Winthrop girls will be there. So there will be a grand meeting of the blue and the grey, to which every Clemson cadet is looking forward.

Our going depends upon several conditions—one of which is that the recruits are drilling well enough by that time. Then, "rats," you must all do your best if you want to go to the State Fair.



## Exchange Department.

Q. B. NEWMAN, '01, }  
W. A. BURGESS, '01. } - - - - - EDITORS

---

Since we have no exchanges to dissect this month, it becomes our obvious duty to apprise our readers of what constitutes the duties of the exchange department.

Having lately come into the office of editors of this part of our paper, it is perfectly natural that we should know more about the way in which this important part of the work should be done than we will know later in the year.

We esteem this an important part of the work, because we have yet to learn that what we write will have as many readers as have the "Saved His Life" advertisements of twenty-five cent patent medicines in the reading columns of the county papers; important because we do not know that when we criticise exchanges we must put the name of the paper criticised in italics so as to give our suggestions a chance to be seen by those we are trying to benefit; important, because we think the success or failure of many a poorly edited college magazine depends on whether or not the aforesaid editors take our suggestions in good part and help us save the paper; important in short, because there is as much self-conceit in us as there is in most people.

Now, as to what we intend doing, we are not fully decided whether to be optimistic, pessimistic or egotistic. We do not know yet whether our own paper will expand its chest, so to speak, enough to justify us in telling others to go and do likewise; neither do we know whether we shall be capable of criticising our exchanges, and hence of finding good points in all of them, or whether

we shall find ourselves incompetent, and therefore declare them all bad or all good. All interested persons are advised to watch us and await developments,

The new staff of editors are determined to make this the most successful year in the history of THE CHRONICLE, and any suggestions for accomplishing this end will be gladly received.

We shall be pleased to welcome all our exchanges, and wish for each of them a prosperous year.

#### TO A MAIDEN.

Oft I've tried to cram these pages,  
Turning idly the leaves apace ;  
While between them, softly stealing  
There comes a face—her lovely face.

Eyes of blue and tresses golden  
From the pages I'd fain erase ;  
While in earnest contemplation  
There comes a face—her lovely face.


Every thought of study vanished ;  
Yes, lost in reveries of grace,  
Idly still I turn the pages,  
There comes a face—her lovely face.

—*Ex.*



## Correspondence.

---

 All questions to be answered in this department should be addressed to the fighting editor, who will give them his prompt, personal attention.

---

Q. (1). Do you think it is right for the college authorities to make me shave off my moustache? I have a beautiful pearl-gray promise that matches my complexion exactly and should like to retain it.

(2). Is there any way to obtain a concession on this line? If so, what?

(3). Why is it that a barber always trims my hair without asking if I want a shave?—RECRUIT.

Ans. (1). In your case it is a downright shame, a case where enforcement of written law is tyranny pure and simple.

(2). There might be a chance. We advise you to apply to the faculty for a writ of *habeas whiskers*. If you fail in that there is small hope.

(3). We are unable to say, but it is probably due to the fact that barbers are often near-sighted.

Q. (1). Have you ever conducted any experiments to find the relative growth of corn and beans, and if so which grows faster?

(2). I am going to send my son to Clemson next year. What preparation had I better give him?—FARMER.

Ans. (1). Our observation leads us to believe that corn grows faster. We remember seeing beans that had been pulled out of the ground by corn when it began growing after the long drouth this summer.



(2). Take him through a course of sprouts. He will fare better when he gets here.

Q. (1). Do you know what it will cost to construct a telephone line 117 $\frac{3}{8}$  miles long?

(2). Can kisses be sent by wire?—X. Y. Z.

Ans. (1). See statistics on the building of the Brooklyn Bridge.

(2). It can be done but not with any degree of satisfaction. Personally we have never been able to obtain more than 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  to 2 per cent. efficiency.

### MODESTY.

"I do not like the fall," said she,  
And blushed so fair,  
"For then on every bush and tree  
The limbs are bare.

"But Nature's rash immodesty  
In Spring is gone,  
For then the limbs of every tree  
Have bloomers on."

—Ex.

## Local Department.

GEO. D. LEVY, }  
F. G. DE SAUSSURE, } - - - - - EDITORS

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### Students.

Since college opened four hundred and thirty-nine applicants have reported to Clemson to enter. Fifteen were refused admission, as they had failed to apply in advance. Seventeen failed on examinations, and returned home. There are now four hundred and sixty-three students in actual attendance. This is two more than the whole number matriculated last year.

Of these students three hundred and sixteen are old students, and one hundred and forty-seven are new. The percentage of old students who returned is the largest in the history of the college.

---

### Additions to the Faculty.

Mr. C. S. Wright, of Georgia, has been appointed Instructor in the Machine Shops, to succeed Prof. J. G. Simpson, who has accepted a position in the Laurens Cotton Mill.

The President has appointed Mr. J. H. Hook, Assistant Instructor in Wood Shops ; Mr. S. E. Liles, Instructor in Forge and Foundry, and has promoted Prof. R. E. Lee to the Instructorship in Drawing. Prof. C. Hancock, the former incumbent, resigned last summer to accept a professorship in the University of Virginia.

Maj. W. W. Klugh has been transferred from the division of wood-work to that of drawing. He spent the summer at Cornell preparing for this special work.

### The Lecture Course.

The students are responding enthusiastically to the President's request for subscribers to the lecture course. Some of the best talent in the United States has been engaged for the course. Among others may be mentioned : Dr. E. Benjamin Andrews, formerly President of Brown University, now Chancellor of Nebraska University ; George Kerman, the celebrated Siberian traveller ; Prof. John B. De Motte, the Boston Sextette Club, and Miss Ida Benfey. It is to be hoped that all the students will take this course.

---

### The Growing of Clemson.

The new addition to the Electoral Laboratory has been completed at a cost of twenty-five hundred dollars.

The new Chemical Laboratory will be finished by January 15th, and will cost ten thousand dollars.

The extension of the Textile Building will be ready by Christmas, and will cost about nine thousand dollars.

---

### Clemson's Tennis Clubs.

Tennis Club No. 1, was re-organized, and the following new officers were elected:

W. C. FORSYTHE.....President.

E. M. MATTHEWS.....Sec. and Treas.

N. D. WALKER.....Manager.

This club consists of twelve members.

The Elk Tennis Club had a meeting on Sept. 15th, and selected the following officers to serve for the ensuing year :

H. B. DODD.....President.

T. S. PERRIN.....Manager.

F. M. GUNBY.....Secretary.

C. W. LEGERTON.....Cor. Sec. and Treas.

There are sixteen members.

The 3x4 Tennis Club elected :

G. F. MCGREGOR.....President.

J. F. LANHAM.....Sec. and Treas.

We are glad to notice the interest Clemson boys take in all athletic sports.

---

Newt.—Jim, what did you do with yourself all summer?

Jim.—Well, I went off on a cruise for about six weeks with a couple of other fellows.

Edwin.—Say, Jim, did you go up to the mountains?

President—What class did you want to try for?

Rat.—Sophomore, sir.

President—Did you go through Algebra?

Rat.—Yes, sir; I think the conductor called out that station somewhere on the road.

Asst. Prof. L. in forge shop.—Now, Mr. A., you must not receive any help, for if you do, I shall be compelled to report, not only you, but the person who helps you. A few minutes later Prof. J. started to instruct the Rat. As he took up the iron, the boy said: Say, Rat, if you don't put that iron down, Professor will burn the d— out of you.

Junior D., was asked why he was studying to be an electrical engineer.

Because, said he, I can have everything charged and never pay cash.

Ask Big One what he will take for "dat caf."

Cadet Sneed had a private hop. He stepped on a tack.

Prof. F. to Soph. G.—Why is your section so small?

Soph. G. (weight 200 lbs.)—The best goods are always put up in small packages.

Prof. F.—Is that the reason you are so large?

B "rat" seeing a mouse stick pin on a boy's coat, said to his room mate, Say, "Ric," that mouse looks more like a rat than any mouse I ever saw.

"Rat" C. buys a countersign from Cadet V., so that he may go to get some water, and when challenged by the sentinel, shouts out the well known countersign No. 729.

One of the Seniors was so afraid that he wouldn't get his "sheep skin" that he brought one with him.

Cadet C. in the car was heard to remark, that his seat by a young lady, was observed by her.

Prof. M.—Mr. S., what keeps the water out of Holland?  
Rat S.—Tunnels, Sir.

Cadet M. (on seeing a rock crusher). Good gosh, is that what they grind the ice in up here?

The following explanation was submitted:

"Late at Refile.—Respectfully slept late, and made up my bed, but did not know no better.

Yours truly, W. C. J."

We have the following queer collection of birds and animals at college: Two "Drakes," a "Duck," a "Nani-goat" a "Campbell," a "Fossil," "Old Horse," a "Pup," a "Yellow Hammer" and a "Monk."

This is a permit sent to Maj. S——.:

"I respectfully apply for admission to go home.

Respectfully submitted, T. J. C."

Cadet B. would not say yes, sir, to a lady!

---

### The Hop.

The most enjoyable feature of last commencement was the hop given by the Class of Nineteen Hundred and One to the graduating class.

It has always been the custom at Clemson for the Juniors to give a dance in honor of the Senior Class, and last year the Juniors not only resolved to carry out the custom, but to give one far eclipsing any of those going before. And when it was over each and every one voted it the most successful hop in the history of the College.

The reception hall was on the third floor of the college building—a mass of beautiful decorations—flags, flowers and pretty girls abounded. Worm's Orchestra, from Atlanta, furnished perfect music; delightful refreshments were served, and altogether it was an occasion long to be remembered by those who were so fortunate as to attend.

The chaperons consisted of the following ladies on the hill: Mesdames J. V. Lewis, Fuller, Nesom, Riggs, Sloan, Furman, Redfearn, Brodie, Lewis, Rolfs, Shiver, Brackett, Barnes and Connor.

The young ladies present were: Misses Leora Douthit, Virginia and Lillian Norris, Bessie and Mamie Hanckel, Retta and Emma Sitton, Sue and Eliza Crawford, of Pendleton; Mrs. J. W. Grey, with the following young ladies of Greenville: Misses Cleveland, Annie Marshal, Eliza Beattie, Vance Dobbs, Florence Bacot, Dora La Roche, Lalla Croft, Lizzie Goodwin, Eliza Dixon, Floride Orr and Lillian Whitesides. Misses Sue Sloan, Lesense Lewis, Anna and Mary Hardin and Annie Furman, of Clemson College; Miss Bessie Strother, Walhalla; Miss Nell Davis, Charleston; Miss Marie Williams, Greenville, Tenn.; Misses Martha Cannon and Elizabeth Todd, of Laurens; Mrs. Winn, Charleston; Miss Louise McIntosh, Bordeaux; Miss Lilla Reynolds, Augusta; Miss Lona Tillman, Trenton; Misses Ethel and Maggie Walker, of Union; Miss Annie Vernon, Walhalla; Miss Marion Hall, Charleston; Miss Sallie I'on Lowndes, Charleston; Miss



Pearl Norris, Anderson ; Miss Fannie Maxwell, Walhalla ; Miss Ida Lee, Anderson ; Miss Mabel Means, Concord, N. C. ; Miss Nell Cunningham, Anderson ; Miss Lizzie Waddell, Greenville ; Miss Minnie Helveston, of Lake City, Fla.

The cadets in attendance were : J. N. Walker, M. N. Hunter, W. H. Scott, C. Douthit, W. G. Hill, Francis Sullivan, J. B. Lewis, A. P. Riggs, R. G. Forsythe, G. P. Lewis, W. C. Forsythe, T. M. Sloan, J. T. Harling, L. D. Clinkscales, W. G. Simmons, E. E. Stone, J. L. Bradford, S. M. Ward, Jas. Lynah, A. B. Homesley, J. I. Slattey, D. S. Taylor, J. H. Woodward, J. C. Stribbling, G. M. Honour, T. H. Gibbes, O. D. Royall, V. Livingston, J. C. Wertz, A. C. Connelly, A. W. Evans, J. R. Stevens, J. R. Emery, L. E. Conner, J. H. Long, R. C. Borneau, P. H. All, E. J. Da Costa, N. D. Walker, Q. B. Newman, R. G. Williams, J. J. Grey, C. B. Douglass, A. P. Norris, J. E. Cheatham, H. B. Dodd, W. R. Darlington, L. W. Ayer, W. N. Fair, C. E. Mauldin, J. C. Duckworth, L. O. Mauldin, J. W. Blease, S. D. Pearman, E. H. Pickett, W. G. Adams, H. R. Tison, A. A. Butler, T. P. Rutledge, G. F. Klugh, B. A. Fletcher, H. L. Ramsey, H. G. Epps, W. A. Sanders, H. L. Cannon, and H. A. Wilson.

A large number of visiting gentlemen were also present.

---

### Base Ball Association.

A Base Ball Association organized in Columbia last June, by delegates from the different colleges, drew up a constitution for a State Base Ball Association, and the following officers were elected :

President—W. G. Hill, Clemson College.

Vice President—H. A. Gibson, Wofford College.

Sec. and Treas.—E. L. Richardson, S. C. College.



The constitution was unanimously approved by the delegates, but owing to some disagreement, regarding bona fide students, it has not been adopted by all the associations. We should like very much to see something done towards preventing professionalism, and sincerely hope that the Associations will come to an agreement.

---

Prof. of History—"What is the meaning of ipse dixit?"  
Senior B.—"In God we Trust."

---

### Foot Ball.

Manager Douthit, of the Foot Ball Team, has arranged the following games :

October 22—Wofford College, at Spartanburg.

November 1—S. C. College, at Columbia.

November 17—Oak Ridge, at Clemson.

During the month of November, we will meet Auburn, University of N. C., and University of Georgia.

The corps of cadets will go to Columbia this year, for the State Fair, they are assured a lovely time, and are always in the best of "spirits—after the game with Carolina.

---

Prof. M.—"If such men being blind, accomplish great things, what ought we to do, who can see?"

Senior M—"Go blind."

---

### Personals.

Mr. H. B. Dodd, who graduated last June, and who is doing some post-graduate work here, has been appointed tutor in Mathematics.

Mr. J. H. Kinsler of the same class is assisting Colonel Newman in the agricultural department.

Mr. S. N. Walker, the captain of last year's foot ball team, is taking a post-graduate course.

Mr. W. B. Chisholm, of the Virginia-Carolina Chemical Company, is here, visiting his kinsman, Dr. Sloan, and brought two sons to put in college.

Miss Clarissa Stone, who has been with her sister, Mrs. Rolf, for several months, has gone to Iowa.

Miss Kate Sloan of Greenville, visited Mrs. Furman last week.

Mrs. Margaret Stokes has returned to her home, Macon, Ga., after visiting Mrs. Calhoun.

Mrs. Albert Barnes, who spent the summer in New York, has returned, and is now at home at the Clemson Club Hotel.

Misses Mary and Anna Hardin, after a stay of several months in Virginia, have returned to Clemson.

Lieut. Gov. Scarborough spent two days here last week. He brought his son to college, and was delighted with Clemson.

Prof. J. V. Lewis was elected superintendent of the Sunday school for another term. Prof. Morrison was chosen as his worthy assistant.

Among the other postgraduates may be mentioned, A. P. Norris, F. Breazele, G. R. Lewis, B. H. Rawl.

---

### Some Senior Epitaphs.

NUMBER 3 :—The Class of 1901.

T-s-n : Ye Gods ! He sees a joke, and fain would tell it.

Sp-nc-r : I may tell all my bones, thus.

Sc- -t : His life was gentle.

S-n-de-s : Happy am I, from care I am free,

Why arnt they all contented like me ?

- S-ll-y : Let's talk of graves, and worms, and epitaphs.  
R-dd-y : Amused, at most, with deeds that were misdeeds.  
R- -v-s : He could spell like a dictionary.  
R-ms-y : Yond Cassius hath a lean and hungry look.  
P-ck-tt : Reason with careful modulation.  
N-wm-n : A man's a man for a' that.  
N-w-ll : A smiling visage, truly.  
McL-nd-n : He is a great observer  
                    And looks quite through the deeds of men.  
M-t-h-ws : Now have I reached the highest point of all  
                    my greatness.  
M-th-s : I am my brother's brother.  
L-w-s : A combination and a form indeed  
                    Where every god did seem to set his seal  
                    To give the world assurance of a man.  
L-wt-n : He was a man of unbounded stomach.  
K-u-h : Such as hath need of milk, and not of strong  
                    meat.  
K- -gl-r : His physical man was perfect.  
H-g-h-s : I am nothing if not critical.  
H-ll : To be well favored is the gift of fortune.  
Gl- -n : There's no harm in being tall.  
F-rs-th, W. C. : A well rounded nature.  
F- -r : My name is but an index.  
D-ck-o-th : A tall, stout, oily man of God.  
D-rl-n-t-n : I've loved more maids than most good look-  
                    ing men.  
Ch- -th-m : Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale, vex-  
                    ing the dull ear of a drowsy man.  
C-nn-n : But what am I !  
B-tl-er : I am Sir Oracle !  
B-rg-ss : Reason enthroned.  
Br- -kb-n-s : Being born near the water  
                    They think I mixed it in my brain.

B-e-s- : Fill all my bones with aches.

A-d-rs-n: How is it with you, that you do bend your  
eye on vacancy.

A-l : I'm not in the role of common men.

THE CLASS : Murdock—" We are *men*, my liege."

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

W. L. M.

---

#### Y. M. C. A. Notes.

The first meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association of this session, was held Sunday night, September 16th. It was attended by a very large crowd.

The most interesting feature of this meeting was a short talk made by Prof. Daniel on the impression that is made upon people by looking at pictures. He urged the students to decorate the walls of their rooms with pictures, which, when looked upon, will increase our desires to live purer lives. He also suggested that every student have his mother's picture upon his wall to help him by its restraining and up-lifting influence.

The association was fully organized the following Sunday night. At this meeting over fifty joined.

The outlook is very promising for a prosperous year's work. We hope to make it one of very extended usefulness.

Owing to the weakness of the association financially, it has seemed wise to raise the fee to fifty cents a year. We hope that this will keep no one from joining us.

Mr. E. M. Matthews, the president of the association, is a zealous worker. He will do a great deal for the betterment of the work, but he can accomplish but little unless he has the co-operation and support of the members. So it is hoped that each member will realize that it is his duty to do all in his power to make the work more efficient and more benevolent.

E. B. B.

# CLEMSON COLLEGE DIRECTORY.

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H. S. Hartzog, President. P. H. E. Sloan, Sec'y and Treas.

## CLEMSON COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

W. G. Hill, Editor-in-Chief. W. E. McLendon, Business Manager.

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E. M. Matthews, President. T. K. Glen, Secretary.

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W. M. Riggs, President.

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J. N. Walker, Captain Team '00.

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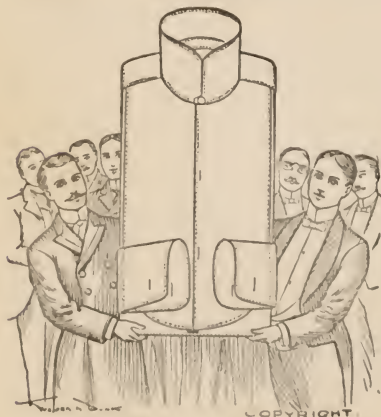
For further information see Mr. W. B. Watson, our Local Agent.

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W. H. SCOTT, Agent.

Clemson College.





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QUEEN CITY PTG. CO. CHARLOTTE, N. C.

# The Clemson College Chronicle.

Valeat Quantum Valere Potest.

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VOL. IV.      CLEMSON COLLEGE, S. C., NOVEMBER, 1900.      No. 2

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## Literary Department.

E. M. MATTHEWS, }  
M. E. ZEIGLER,    }    -   -   -   -   -   -   .    EDITORS

---

### BETWEEN TAPS AND REVEILLE.

When the soft sweet notes of taps  
Come stealing through the air,  
And I put on my nightly wraps  
To leave the world my care,

My eyelids gently close in sleep,  
But my brain no rest can find ;  
It must among my loved ones peep,  
And view friends left behind.

At first to my little home it goes  
To visit loved ones there ;  
And thence to thine own home it soars  
To visit you my dear.

Methinks, while in this state of rest  
Your angel form I see,  
While your head rests gently on my breast,  
Of love I talk to thee.

How plainly I can see that smile  
Which lingers on your face,  
As of friendship I speak the while,  
And try to win your grace.

No one could with my love compare,  
When you softly whispered "yes ";  
You'd of my joys and sorrows share,  
And my hand you gently pressed.

I fancied I would gladly die

For such a love from thee ;  
When shriller than the panther's cry  
Come the notes of reveille.

Then suddenly as the trump of death  
Ends all my dreams of you ;  
And I whispered low, in quivering breath,  
Would God my dream were true.

—E. G. C., '02.

---

### An Allegory.

Once upon a time at a spot made famous by the genius of a great statesman, a Palace of Light and Glory was erected, and upon the walls thereof was inscribed C. A. C.—meaning Character and Culture.

Invitations to come and abide in this palace were sent out to all seekers of light and glory. Whereupon boys from the muddy swamps of the coastal region, from the sandy barrens of the hill country, and the blushing slopes of the Piedmont, came and filled the great palace till the wire nettings of the windows thereof were burst.

And the Manager of the Palace made a road from the back door thereof, to an awful precipice, known to writers of geography, as Suspending Rock. Above this road floated a halo of cigarette smoke, and the bed of the road was macadamized with bits of crayon that had been wantonly flipped by the young seekers of light and glory.

And the Manager of the Palace placed the young seekers of light and glory in a line that is called straight, and lifted up his voice and prophesied: "Whosoever during the next five months walketh one hundred steps down this road that I have builded, will tumble over the Suspending Rock and will go down, down, into the gulf of Ridicule and Shame."

Many who heard this prophecy believed it, but there

were some who shot forth their lips in scorn and said, "Ha! ha!"

And it came to pass that an Overseer stood by the roadside. He was clothed in purple with epaulettes of gold. In his hand he wielded an indelible copying pencil and he kept a faithful record of the number of steps taken by the young seekers of light and glory as they marched onward to Suspending Rock.

Some there were who did make broad jumps, and hopping, skipping jumps, and somer-saults of various degrees in their joyous haste toward the terrible rock.

And there were others, wary but not weary, who tried to evade the watchful eyes of the Overseer. They wriggled and wormed, shambled and floundered down the road. They slipped into the forbidden places along the road, and in sigmoidal contortions hid behind doors, or in veriform convolutions sheltered their guilty heads behind trunks. Such sights were sad to see and brought tears to the eyes of the Overseer.

One there was, a ruddy youth with incipient moustache and gold chain, who advanced ninety steps in two months. His agility and his record-breaking pace were the admiration of all who were short on gray matter. Nor was he satisfied with this achievement. He went within a few steps of Suspending Rock. He paused before the abyss. He entered the office of the Manager of the Palace, and stood beneath the shadow of the wings of the golden eagle, and with a tragic voice exclaimed: "Turn backward, turn backward, O Time in thy flight." And the Manager said, "Nay, my son, Time does not turn backward. It is not a way that time has. Father Time does not review his classes. What thou hast walked on the road to Suspending Rock thou hast walked. What the Overseer has recorded is recorded. Nevertheless if thou

wilt stand on the road where thou art for one month and not go forward, thy muscles will grow strong enough for thee to wriggle backwards eight steps."

And the young seeker of light and glory departed with sorrow and sadness for he has great prepossessions.

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### Out on The Farm.

A student of the mechanical course was talking. He was emphasizing the advantages of the mechanical over the agricultural course at Clemson College. He was surrounded by those who received his telling points with complaisant glances and triumphant grins—evidently fellow mechanics, and others to whose faces these same points brought a frown which plainly showed their antipathy to the flowing argument—evidently agriculturals.

It would appear to the passing observer that between the followers of the two distinctive industries taught at Clemson there was an "irrepressible conflict." One more familiar with the conditions, however, would discern at once that this little group of disputants represented, merely one of those small assemblages, so common at Clemson, gathered together in a spirit of fun, each to overwhelm the other with the prospect of misfortune he had incurred in the choice of his particular "course."

In the instance at hand the special design was to arouse Dick to a defence of his course. Dick was an earnest and devoted agricultural student and always waxed eloquent in combating any reflection cast from whatever quarter upon the old and honored vocation of agriculture.

The mechanical ended thus: "We'll graduate in our line and find jobs waiting for us in various parts of this wide world. We'll go wherever needed, there take up our trade and coin the money 'in vast and lovely wads.'"

"That strikes the keynote of the difference between

us," said Dick. "You estimate the value of your course by the money it returns, while we value ours by the amount of pleasure and comfort it brings. You may coin the money as you say, but the monotony of listening eternally to the dull hum of driving wheels, and the misery of wrecked physique wrought by foul air and impure food, will offset the pleasure of gain. While, in the unbounded freedom of our country homes, we'll listen to such sounds only as we choose to hear, eat only the choicest fruits from the richest orchards, breathe only the freshest fragrance from the sweetest flowers and go home to a pure and wholesome dinner of home-made hams and white-head cabbage."

"The farm may do during the fruiting season and at times such as you speak of. But how when those times are gone?"

"Those times are never gone. You can't understand because you don't know. There are a thousand things from planting to harvest time to infuse interest into farm life. I could tell you of the delightful feelings that thrill in the breast of boy when, after nine months of college existence, he goes home and, on the first June night of that summer vacation, hears again the familiar sounds of horses munching corn, cattle lowing drowsily, and the whippoorwill singing in the distance. I say I should like to tell you all about these things, if I had time; but the bugle will sound for retreat in a few minutes. So I'll take you with me to a typical country plantation when the cotton picking season is on in full and the farm is at its best and brightest. We join the family just as they have retired from the supper table to the cool open air of the front piazza, there to talk of home matters as only home folks can. Presently the talk of the family is hushed and through the stillness of the night you hear a negro



laborer coming home from his dusky sweetheart's house singing, 'Ella, let your bangs grow long.' Then you lean back in a rocking chair, rest your feet up on the banister, gaze out into the soft moonshine, and hear the katydids sing and the crickets chirp until you go to sleep."

—*M. E. Zeigler, '02.*

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### THE THOUGHTS OF MAN.

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How strange the thoughts of mortal man,  
Strange, fickle, shifting as the sand.  
Like a bird they soar to some blest spot,  
Then down, as if by hunter shot.

Joy, sorrow, darkness, the bitter end,  
All in one span of life we blend.  
Truth, happiness, joy and love ;  
Glad Hearts, a bright sky above.

Flying upward to realms of bliss,  
Then suddenly hurled o'er hell's abyss.  
Soaring, surging as the lark,  
On life's sea in a frail, weak bark.

Sorrow, darkness, down to hell,  
Floating, soaring all goes well.  
Tossed and torn with labors sore,  
No rest, no rest, no light, no shore.

F. G. D., '02.

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### The Adventures of a "Rat."

Do you know Jack ? Probably you do or do not ; but that makes very little difference. Imagine a tall, gaunt figure, about six feet tall, clad in a homespun shirt and blue jeans trousers, with a broad brim hat, somewhat dilapidated, to shade his youthful but care worn face from the hot rays of a July's sun ; then you will have some idea of Jack's appearance as he drove out to the end of the row, leaning up against his plow handles, folded his arms as if in deep meditation, and muttered these words



half aloud to himself, "I cannot see for my life how 'tis that a fellow like me has to struggle so hard for a living. Why, just look at Ben L—— ! He is getting a handsome salary and sits up in the shade and smokes his Havana with all the ease and grace of a king ; and here 'tis, a poor devil like me am trudging my life away on this wretched farm. Ben and I both went to school together at the old 'Cross Road School House,' sat and studied together ; and, by all the laws of the universe, I can't see where—— Oh, yes ; stop ! now I have it before my eyes as plain as day light. You remember Ben went off to college, and there's where he got the drop on me. I'll stand it no longer. Ben never saw the day when he could outstrip me in anything."

Although Jack's mind had been very much stirred up during this short interview with himself, he soon regained his composure, but the one thought still remained indelibly fixed on his mind, and decided his further actions. Without running a single furrow more he unhitched his faithful animal from the plow and led his way to the old farm house a quarter of a mile distant. On his way thither, he was continually repeating to himself, "I must go to college." However, the arrangements were made for Jack to go, although it was a great sacrifice his parents were making to do without his services on the farm. Jack's faithful animal, which had pulled the plow beam across acres of land under the guidance of his stout arms, was now to be disposed of to defray a part of the college expenses. This separation between Jack and his beast was like the parting of dearest friends, so devoted was Jack to his animal which time and circumstance had made the one nature alike unto the other—that is, akin. Jack was now fully bent on going to college, for the ties which had bound him to his old home were now loosed, and

there was nothing to prevent him from acting according to the direction of his thoughts. He had not yet decided what kind of college he wished to go to. "Any will do. I suppose it's a thing like our old school house at the cross roads. anyway," he said to himself; but remembering having seen a cadet dressed up in a neat uniform with brass buttons and golden chevrons upon his sleeve, his heart swelled within him; he no longer hesitated, but soon decided that a military school was the proper place for a lad of his ambition and talents. It happened that Jack cast his fortune with us. That is why I am in possession of these facts which are soon to be narrated for the benefit of the many who may be admirers of Jack's courage.

At last the day came for his departure. Dressed perhaps in his best garb, he presented quite a different picture from that on the day he unhitched his horse from the plow and went homeward. I guess the reader has by this time, a very clear conception of Jack's attainments in this progressive age of the nineteenth century; and he will not be surprised to know that Jack had not traveled a great deal; in fact this was the third time he had ever been to the R. R. station, for he lived in a rural district remote from towns and railroads. This section in which Jack had lived all his life is what is popularly known as the "Dark Corner." Every county has one, but the inhabitants of such districts never admit it, Jack did, however, for he was perfectly honest. "Only ten minutes till train time" shouted the porter, Jack was at this time pacing up and down the platform gazing wildly in all directions, evidently admiring the progress of civilization. His mouth seemed to have been opened for some reason or other during the prevailing excitement, and whatever escaped his eyes was sure to come through this channel. He was

determined to take in everything; and he did for his mouth had an immense capacity. Jack was very restless during the ten minutes he had to wait, especially so, for this was to be his first trip on the cars. Just then the whistle blew and in an instant more, the train came rolling into the station. In all his life Jack was never in such a fix as now; he stood there like a post, with his valise in his hands, completely lost. Directly he started to the end of the car where passengers were getting off, inquiring of everybody 'How to get into that thing.' Of course Jack felt much taken aback when no one answered his question. He said to himself when he entered, "They must take me for a green horn." Finally seating himself near a window, he took in everything at a glance, not even the smallest detail, either inside or outside the coach escaped his vigilant eye. His head seemed to be suspended from a piece of rubber which had the greatest freedom of motion—perpetual motion solved at last. Some of us are inclined to judge too harshly of Jack's actions but if we remember that he had a lot to learn and that in a very short time, too, we cannot help but see that he was evidently on the road to success.

The train sped on—directly Jack's mind began to wander back to the little station which he had left only a quarter of an hour ago, and it flashed across his mind that his trunk had been left. Great was his consternation for that trunk contained all his possessions, and to lose it meant his return to the farm. He was overwhelmed by the thoughts that now poured themselves pell mell into the recesses of his weary brain. To battle against them was useless, he sat motionless as a statue, completely exhausted as a result of so much nervous excitement. Suddenly, he remembered that the depot agent had given him a brass check, he pulled it out of his pocket and be-

gan to study it over, but he could not see how it had anything to do with his trunk which had been left behind. Jack was still musing as to the meaning of the check, when another station was reached. Here, several of the cadets who were returning to college together with a few more new faces, evidently "Rats," made their appearance at the car door. Some seated themselves while others made a tour up the aisle greeting their comrades in the good old way, dozens of questions of a varied assortment passing between them in a minute's time—reminding one of a scene in spring time when all the birds are chirping and chattering in the warm sunshine which the Almighty has withheld so long in his arms, now casting it away to see it fall in profusion upon their innocent heads. One of the old boys who always takes a great deal of interest in "rats" went from seat to seat inquiring after the health of each. It is not very hard to tell a "rat" on the train for he has that forlorn look which distinguishes him from everybody else. A group of students were standing up in the aisle near Jack's seat. These were the leaders, no doubt, and they were planning the future campaigns and operations that were to begin that night. Leaning over towards Jack, one hoarse voice demanded of him: 'Where are you from, "rat"?' Jack replied, choking up, and not scared a little bit, "I am from the dark corner, sir." Ha! ha! ha! roared the little group, there's piles of fun to be had out of that countryman before we are done with him. Say, boys, "we'll not carry water for a month, look what a fine set of "rats" on deck." 'That rat can dance like a top,' shouted a gruff voice. 'We'll try him to-night,' put in another. 'I can tell by the cut of his eye that he can shine a shoe like a Bowery bootblack,' continued a third; and speak! "Yes, look what a Demos-thenian expression he has on that mug of his. He shall

have the table for a rostrum, and shall give us a grand oration, this very night;" retorted the big fellow with a golden chevrons.

Poor Jack, after hearing all this about 'rats' and their future, was ready to relapse into one of his nervous fits. The little station where the students disembark was reached at last; the students were hurrying and bustling to get out so as to secure seats in college hacks. Jack grabbed up his valise and mixed in with the hurly-burly.

Just as he alighted from the train he espied that trunk of his, and it is useless here to mention or describe the joy it gave him at seeing his treasured trunk once more. He felt a great deal relieved on this point; but what was awaiting him over at the barracks he could not imagine or even estimate; had he passed half under the yoke or 'was it only the beginning, were thoughts that terrified him. Jack felt that he had suffered enough persecution of mind already, but his stout heart never gave way. He said to himself, "Others have stood it before me, and I guess I can too."

On reaching the barracks his eyes were stretched to their fullest extent at seeing a hundred or more boys lined up on either side of the passage way leading into the barracks, with paddles of various descriptions which they flourished in the air, and at the same time yelling at the top of their voices, "Boys, we must receive the 'rats' well to-night."

Of course, Jack made up his mind to take his share with good grace; and as soon as he entered the passage way, two or three paddles alighted upon him. He struck a trot at once, but he soon became an example of accelerated velocity. After getting through the lines he laughed heartily to himself, and these were his thoughts, "That was dead easy; I made it through in a short time



with not more than a half dozen light ones." He manœuvred around and finally secured a room with two other 'rats' as room-mates. Night soon came, and it wasn't long before there were heard a hundred or more voices, the multitude came rushing pell-mell down the hall and stopped in front of Jack's door, beating and banging it until Jack stepped over and opened it to the crowd, saying, "Come in, gentlemen; but my room isn't fixed up yet."

"That's all right; we care nothing about that. We want you to dance a little for us," shouted the commander in-chief of the brigade.

"Well, I suppose I can do that much for ye." So Jack lit out and gave it to them the best he knew how until they said enough.

"Next 'rat' on deck," shouted the leader.

"I don't know how!" the little shivering animal replied.

"Do your best, or see here!" There were a dozen and one paddles flourishing in the air. The little 'rat' danced a few rounds in the presence of the paddles, which satisfied the leaders, and they went out, followed by the hilarious crowd into a room on the opposite side of the hall where there was to be enacted a similar scene, but different 'rats' the actors this time.

Quietness reigned once more in Jack's room, but only for a moment. Jack was rolling over on the floor, laughing fit to kill himself over the little scene. It was no trouble for him to jig, but the fun was immense at seeing his room-mate try, and under such circumstances, too.

"If that is all they do for 'rats' I don't mind to be one of their little pet animals," he said with a half smile on his face.

Of course, the surroundings were new to him, but he was destined to become used to anything, i. e., if he

remained at Clemson College. It was not long after he retired before sleep had overtaken him. His dreams, no doubt, were about his earlier days when life seemed sweet to him; perhaps of his faithful plow horse, too, when all of a sudden he was in mid air, and in another instant he struck the floor broadside, with quilts, blankets, bed and all piled upon his weary carcass. The eruption of Vesuvius was not as sudden as this. He scrambled out from under the massive pile and rushed to the door; but the culprits who had turned him had fled. Jack stood up in the middle of the floor, scratched his head and thought. Directly this is what he said:

"That was a good job, but I found it a little jolty. I know what I'll do. I'll let my mattress lie on the floor, and to be sure, they can't turn me then."

Jack slept as sound as a plank till morning without being disturbed. He had been here only a night, and next day presented new fields for exploration; rules of the college had to be learned, time of bells, the different class rooms, etc., etc. This is a task for any lad to undertake. Things rocked along as smooth as ice till call to quarters, when a cadet presented himself at Jack's room and stated that he was authorized to sell 'rats' countersigns, holding one out to Jack, and continuing his talk, "All 'rats' have to have one before they can leave their rooms. I'll sell you one for a quarter. No. 225."

Jack was very credulous, and was willing to do anything in accordance with the rules of the college, so he purchased one. The cadet gave him full instruction how to use it, and at the same time he could hardly restrain himself from splitting his sides with laughter.

Ten minutes hadn't elapsed before the same howling crowd that had kindly visited Jack's room the night before made its second visit. This time the leader shouted



to Jack in a very gruff voice, "Mount that table, sir!" Before the word was out of his mouth Jack was up and in position. "Now give us one of your best selections." The lad thought a minute and rattled off one of Patrick Henry's speeches, which he had spoken so often at the cross road school house.

"Good;" well done, my lad!" shouted the multitude. He came down satisfied with himself that he had pleased the crowd. Turning to the other 'rat,' the same gruff voice demanded of him, "Take this piece and sing it to the tune of Home, Sweet Home." The 'rat' held out his hand for the piece of paper. He began to sing, but the tears filled his eyes. "A homesick 'rat.' He better had stayed home with his mama," shouted a small voice amid the crowd.

After the legion had gone Jack thought to himself, "Well, I reckon this is the last night they'll be around; but won't we get lonesome, though." Before long the boys began to settle down to work, and the visits so often paid to the 'rats' ceased altogether. Jack inquired of them why they had stopped the fun, while his room mates were thanking their stars for the discontinued visits.

Settling down to work Jack began to study with all the energy he possessed, striving day and night to overcome the many difficult problems that stood like stumbling blocks in his pathway, always reminding the maxim, "There is no royal road to learning."

To-day Jack is one of the leading men of his class, and wears the golden chevrons which his ambition so coveted when he first saw that gay cadet the month before his departure from his little country home. No one would ever suspect that this manly fellow, Jack by name, who had won his way to the front by his jolly, good-natured ways and studious habits was once a plow boy in a remote section of the Dark Corner.—*R. N. R., Class '01.*

### Do Others or They'll Do You.

Reverend Mr. Young was delivering a sermon far beyond the usual, and that indeed, was saying a good deal, for in the whole country he had a reputation of being one of the few men in this life who could sway his hearers and bring tears to the eyes of even the gayest.

But somehow or other John could not keep his mind concentrated on the text. His eyes, no matter how hard he tried, would wander over to where Katie sat, so intently listening, or rather pretending to listen, for she would have given anything just to have taken one look to where John was, but then she declared that she never would speak to him again.

Horrid thing ! just to think he had had the audacity to try to kiss her ; no ! she never would speak to him again.

"Thou shalt forgive thy brother until seventy times seven," the clear ringing tones of the minister aroused her from her dream.

Yes, but John was not her brother, and she was glad of it too; mean thing, she would not have him for a brother, for then he—

"Do unto others as you would have them do unto you." Again Mr. Young seemed to be talking solely for the two who sat, each waiting for the other to make the first advance.

Yes, but she did not want to kiss him and she did not see why he should be so rude.

"Love one another." It was the last straw that broke the camel's back.

Katie could stand it no longer but must look just once to see what he was doing, and if he was hearing all of these words. Indeed he was; he was sitting gazing intently at his little girl, eagerly waiting for only a little encouragement.

A smile, a nod and two hearts gave a glad leap.

The last strains of the organ still sounded faintly as Katie stepped down the church steps.

All dressed in white she surely looked pretty, and as John joined her he vowed that there was no other girl half so sweet and pretty.

On they walked, not heeding the passer-by or the growing dusk until they reached the little gate and there she looking up into his handsome face kissed him and ran into the house while out of the darkness came a merry laugh and a sweet "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you."

F. G. D., '02.

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### Some Advantages of Farm Over City Life.

The result of every census shows that the population of our country is rapidly gathering around the cities. This is a bad indication. It means retrogression for our race and for our common wealth.

The city is a place where vice and crime, and all mean and low devices find most favorable conditions in which to develope. It is a place where disease is propagated and scattered. The most universal and the most bountiful gift that nature provides for man is air and water, yet the city man must drink impure water and breathe foul air. The city is a place where every necessity, every comfort, and every luxury is dearly paid for. The meagre earnings of thousands who now live in the cities can barely meet the actual necessities of life. It might be truthfully said that to the majority of them, comforts and luxuries are unknown.

Probably there is no more momentous question to be faced by the coming generations than that of devising some plan by which the farming class of people can be induced to remain content where they are.

Those who are leaving their country homes and moving to the cities have some reasons for doing so. It was getting time for thinking men to find out these reasons, and if possible show them better reasons why they should be content in a peaceful country home.

The city affords a great many attractions to a countryman. The shaded streets, the beautiful buildings, the apparent ease in which city people live. The bustle and rush of business leads him to think that there is a royal road to fortune in the city. He believes that the social advantages are invaluable and unlimited, but these things are not what they seem. I will only say here that those who go to the city rarely ever realize more than disappointment.

It is my intention to picture, if possible, a country home that is within the reach of every energetic persevering farmer, which is as comfortable and as attractive as a city home.

To me there is nothing more attractive than a farm home, where there is a neat dwelling, surrounded by a beautiful lawn, with flowers and shade trees in the yard; with a convenient orchard, from which can be gathered various kinds of fruit; and a well arranged garden; with spacious barns filled with grain and forage, around which may be seen fine mules and horses, and cows, fat hogs and poultry of various kinds; with the attractiveness of the whole increased by the slight expense of painting the houses and white-washing the fences, and having it all backed up by surrounding fields of an increasing fertility.

The conservative and the ignorant farmer is contented by thinking that such a picture is easier imagined than made real. But I know that the picture is not overdrawn. I believe that nature affords an opportunity for every farmer to fashion for himself just such a home as he de-

sires, provided he will make an intelligent use of his natural resources.

I believe that farming affords the most unlimited advantages of any occupation in the world. But a great many farmers have failed to do more than make merely enough to keep soul and body together simply because they have never realized that they have a mind with which to think, and that they are engaged in an occupation which demands the exercise of the broadest and highest intellectual ability in order that the greatest success may be realized.

The knowledge of an intelligent farmer should be as varied as nature. He should know every condition of earth, air and sky, and take advantage of them all. He must study the birds of the air, and the beasts of the field, and overcome the harm they might do. He must learn the good and the bad qualities of every insect, from the smallest to the most significant, and either destroy or turn them to his use. He must read the mute pleadings of the pale shoots from the seed which he has planted, as they break through the crust, and he must administer unto their needs. He must watch for the bud, the blossom and the fruit; and must drink in the beauty, symmetry and promise of everything that grows.

"It is on the farm that the birds, and the flowers, and the sunshine spill all their gladness. It is there that the glory of the dawn kindles new hopes, and the splendor of the sunset brings rest and peace and content."

With the single exception of the minister of the gospel, the ideal farm life is probably the most elevating and ennobling life that can be lived. The minister is continually studying the will of God as it is revealed in words. The farmer is studying his will as it is expressed in nature. The farmer is independent of all other men. The reward of his efforts is dependent only upon the Supreme Being, who



controls the seasons and directs the laws of nature with which he has to deal, and who has always rewarded the hand of even unintelligent farm labor with some remunerating harvest. Unfortunately a great many of those who are trying to farm are financially unable to farm as they do, and worst of all they are wilfully ignorant of the principles upon which their success depends. This class has done the true farmer and the occupation of farming an irreparable injustice.

Now I think that the channel through which most of the country people get to the city is that they attempt to farm with nothing to farm with, and without any knowledge of how it ought to be run, and as an inevitable result they fail, become discouraged, and finally seek other employment in the cities.

I think that the surest way to check this great influx of people into the city is to educate the farmer boys. Show them the freedom, the significance and the dignity of their occupation. Teach them that the soil contains inexhaustible riches, which are only waiting for the application of the proper conditions in order that they may be transformed into useful products, and also how to supply these conditions. When this is done, and not until then, will the farmer know his rights and appreciate his opportunities. Then the farm homes will be made more attractive and comfortable. The farm life will be marked by less hardship, and the pinch of poverty will not be felt, and the tendency to move to the city will cease to be so great.

—*E. B. Boykin.*



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## Editorial Department.

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W. G. HILL,	- - - - -	EDITOR
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**Foot Ball.** Considerable surprise was manifested at the unusually large score made by Clemson against Davidson. It was a very pleasant surprise, however, and every one seems delighted with the prospects of the Varsity's winning out in the end. One reason for

the large score, was the peculiar style of formation under which Clemson plays. Davidson had no weak team by any means, but the extraordinarily strong interference made possible under Coach Heisman's method of play simply threw the Presbyterian boys off their feet, and kept them there until the referee's whistle blew for the last down.

The weight of the teams being about equal, the result of the game goes to show that team work coupled with up-to-date formations gives a team a vast advantage over one not possessing these. Friday's game brought out several weak points in our team and a thorough coaching at these places will be the result, so that by the time of the final big games our team will play a much stronger game than against Davidson.

The Wofford game was also a "grand victory." It will be remembered that Wofford played us to the tune of 6 to 0, in baseball last spring, and the foot ball boys went into the game, determined to get revenge for their less successful baseball brothers. And as a result of this, they succeeded in scoring four touch downs in eight minutes of play. After that Wofford braced up and wouldn't let us score more??

We are glad to note the great interest that the corps of cadets take in the team—and the enthusiasm that they manifest after each victory is very encouraging to the football men.

The more that we see of the inter-collegiate contests, the more do we believe that they are the greatest factors in promoting college spirit, and gentlemanly chivalric rivalry, between the students of the colleges. It was a pleasure to meet on the gridiron such men as composed the Davidson and Wofford teams. They were gentlemen in the fullest sense of the term, and although they could

not win their game, they put up a good fight and were game to the last.

Ere this article comes from print, we will have played South Carolina College and the University of Georgia, and we hope to meet with the same success in these contests that we have had thus far.

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**Moot Courts.** Some enterprising members of the Literary Societies, who are ever on the alert for something to promote the good of these important institutions, suggested a while back that the three Societies combine every third week and conduct a moot court. Following this excellent suggestion, at a joint meeting of the Societies, it was decided to begin this step at once. Officers were elected and from now on in our Societies will be heard the eloquent plea of the defending lawyer, as with tears in his eyes, he argues that no Clemson cadet would steal a bobtail rooster, or turn over the cot of an unsuspecting "rat."

These Moot Courts, when conducted properly are sources of a great deal of amusement as well as much real good, and aside from this it will furnish a break in the monotony of regular routine duties. We are very sorry that the inter-Society debates which seemed destined to accomplish so much good have been discontinued, but hope that the Moot Courts will fill the place of these in a satisfactory manner.

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**A Gymnasium.** This is an old theme, but one which we are going to keep hammering at until our cries are heard. We have been clamoring for a gymnasium for three years and so far to no avail. We need one, and the trustees should recognize this fact.

It is useless to argue that all the big schools and colleges have one, and of the beneficial effects of the physical training on the students, etc. Everyone knows of these facts, they are as plain as daylight, and we cannot see why with as much money as Clemson gets, we have not had a gymnasium before now.

And too, the Y. M. C. A. should have a building in which to conduct their exercises. The boys would naturally take more interest in Y. M. C. A. work if they had a building to themselves. Why can we not build a Y. M. C. A. and Gymnasium building in connection, and thereby not only supply two much needed wants, but bring about a closer relation in general between the students, athletics and Y. M. C. A.

It is an ideal plan, and at the next meeting of the Board of Trustees, when our petition is put before that honored body, we sincerely trust that they will consider the matter carefully and give their support accordingly.



## Exchange Department.

O. B. NEWMAN, '01, }  
W. A. BURGESS, '01. } - - - - - EDITORS

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The September issue of *The Davidson College Magazine* is filled with good reading matter, and is a good number for a No. 1. In an article entitled, "The Negro in Virginia Before 1861," the author draws a good picture of plantation life before the war. She writes as one who knows, and wisely declares that the oft quoted phrases, degradation of slavery, and, blessings of emancipation, would be nearer to the truth if they should read, blessings of slavery, and, degradation of emancipation. The piece is written in a sort of "I remember" style, and makes very interesting reading. "I Was Much" is the title of a well written little story of a girl who sacrifices her life to enlighten the heathen of the Blue Ridge. The author of "Reddy" tells a good story of a red-headed freshman who plays foot-ball and joins the army; but owing to some unaccountable reason he gets mixed up on his facts, for whereas he says that "Reddy" died in Cuba and lies buried there, we are quite sure that we saw him down here not long ago. Now the only explanation that we can give for this apparent mistake is that "Reddy" has a successor on Davidson's foot-ball team.

The October number of the *Emory Phoenix* is pretty well filled from cover to cover, and the articles run through all the stages of good, bad and indifferent. We would suggest that the management separate the different departments a little better, so that he who reads may not run from one to another without certainly knowing it. "A Comparison of A. Conan Doyle with Edgar Allan

Poe," is the title of a labored article in which the author undertakes to show that many of Dr. Doyle's characters, ideas and circumstances are copied from Mr. Poe. To be honest about it, the writer has never read of Mr. Poe's books and only one of Dr. Doyle's, so he had to take the whole thing on faith, assuming that the author knew what he was talking about. The most striking thing in the article was a long word in the opening sentence : "ra-tio-ci-na-tive"; take a long breath and try it again ; now you have it, but what does it mean ? Well, Mr. Webster says it means only "argumentative," and now we are out of suspense, for there was no telling what had happened to the Georgia man. An article styled "Opportunity" is very good, and the whole magazine is worth reading, though the Local Department reads like the "somewhat personal" side of a Georgia county newspaper.





## Local Department.

GEO. D. LEVY, '03 }  
F. G. DE SAUSSURE, '02 }

EDITORS

---

Fresh!

Oh, Fresh!!

Oh, Green Fresh!!!

Give heed to these rules laid down by your elders and  
betters, the

Class of 1903,

to assist you in casting aside your robes of verdancy,  
and, in your aping the ways of college men to prevent  
you from becoming too deeply involved in the labyrinth  
circumplings and multiflexuous aufractuosities thereof.

First. In every matter of college interest, freshmen  
must render implicit obedience to all upper-classmen.

Second. Freshmen are not allowed to disgrace the  
college colors by displaying them on their person until  
after the mid-year examinations.

Third. Under no circumstances whatever will fresh-  
men be permitted to smoke pipes on the college campus.

Fourth. Freshmen must not carry canes.

Fifth. Freshmen must not wear loud or conspicuous  
clothing of any description.

Furthermore,

we do graciously condescend to call your attention to the  
following :

For the sake of the propagation of a sense of mediæval

chivalry among freshmen, they are cautioned against hugging, kissing, or otherwise annoying the fair sex.

Facial appendages do not become the verdant physiognomies of freshmen.

Freshmen are advised to keep off the grass, as the similarity of appearance would render them inconspicuous.

The freshman class is expected to notify the sophomore class of their banquet at least two weeks in advance.

For the prevention of colic, croup, measles, whooping cough, and sore gums among the freshman class, we advise them to have their milk bottles sterilized at least once a week.

1903.

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### Lectures.

Col. Jas. T. Bacon delivered a lecture in Memorial Hall on the night of October the thirteenth. His subject was "Duels and Dueling Before the Civil War." This was a very instructive and historic lecture, and made quite a pleasant evening for many cadets.

Dr. Hall's lecture on "The evolution of a Boy" was a great success. His entire lecture was brim full of wit and and logical thoughts.

By far the best lecture we have had in many days was delivered in the chapel on the night of October 25th, by Dr. E. Benj. Andrews. The address was a glowing tribute to our idolized chieftian, Gen. Robert E. Lee. Although the speaker fought on the Federal side, he could not have bestowed greater honor on the "Southern Cause," and certainly held his audience spellbound throughout the entire discourse.

## CLEMSON-DAVIDSON.

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### **Clemson Sixty-Four, Davidson College Zero—The Biggest Score Ever Made in the South—The Complete Story of the Great Game.**

Clemson College, Oct. 20.—Clemson opened her season of football yesterday with bright prospects—the new formations proving that straight football wouldn't go. The Davidson team was composed of good heavy material, but lacking coaching. They were as gritty a lot as ever lined up, though. Not until the game was over did they cease their fierce tackling of every runner they could reach. Caldwell at left end and Caldwell, A., at quarterback, played a defensive game seldom seen. The main feature of the game were the exceeding number of long gains made by the Clemson team. Bellows, the new end, is a find indeed, as will be seen by the account. Douthit's full back work was good, while the half back work of Hunter and Forsythe was all that could be desired. Capt. Walker and Coach Heisman are well pleased over the game and are to be congratulated on their team.

#### DETAILS OF THE GAME.

Forsythe kicks to Davidson's 15 yard line. Wyman catches and returns 15 yards, but fumbles. Clemson falls on ball. Douthit goes through centre 8 yards, and again for 8 yards; Forsythe, 8 yards round end; Douthit 4 yards on buck; Forsythe, 8 yards on end run; Hunter, left end for 12 yards; Forsythe, 4 yards, and Douthit bucks line 3 yards for a touchdown in 3 minutes of play. Forsythe punts out; Hunter misses catch. Clemson, 5; Davidson, 0.

Davidson kicks to Lewis, who returns 25 yards; Lynah 10 yards on fake; Douthit bucks 4 yards; Clemson loses

10 yards on offside play; Clemson fumbles and Davidson gets ball.

Caldwell fails to gain; Wyman, 1 yard on a buck; Caldwell kicks 20 yards to Hunter. Clemson's ball.

Bellows circles end for 10 yards, while Forsythe does same for 30 yards; Douthit bucks 8 yards; Forsythe, 4 yards, and Hunter goes round left end 14 yards, and again for 22 yards; Forsythe bucks 4 yards, and Douthit again goes over for a touchdown. Lewis fails at goal. Score: Clemson, 10; Davidson, 0. Time of play, 5½ minutes.

Wyman kicks to Clemson's 10 yard line; Lynah advances 12 yards; Hunter by a beautiful circle of left end makes 30 yards; Forsythe bucks 2 yards; Hunter fumbles and Davidson gets ball in centre of field.

Caldwell falls to gain; Fitzpatrick bucks over right guard 4 yards; Caldwell kicks 35 yards to Clemson's 10 yard line. Clemson now fumbles, and Davidson's ball. Caldwell makes 1 yard on buck, but fails at second attempt. Fitzpatrick tries goal from field, but misses by the narrowest margin. Ball is brought to 25 yard line and Clemson kicks off. Lewis gets ball. Bellows circles end for 30 yards; Forsythe bucks 8 yards; Clemson loses 10 yards on offside play; Douthit bucks 25 yards. Hunter bucks 25 yards and is tackled beautifully by Fitzpatrick. Time out. Hunter hurt. Bellows carries ball over for a touchdown. Forsythe punts for a touchdown, but Clemson fails to catch. Score: Clemson, 15; Davidson, 0.

Hunter advances 15 yards; Bellows, 30 yards round end; Douthit bucks 5 yards; Lymah and Lewis double pass 15 yards; Forsythe round right end 15 yards; Douthit bucks over for a touchdown. Lewis fails at goal. Score: Clemson, 20; Davidson, 0.

Davidson kicks off. Walker advances 10 yards; Hunter, 2 yards; Lewis, 8 yards; but on the next play Clem-

son is forced back 5 yards; Hunter circles left end 30 yards. King is substituted for DaCosta at right tackle. Douthit leaps line for 12 yards; Lymah and Lewis double play for 30 yards, and the ball is again carried over goal line. Lewis kicks goal. Score: 26 to 0 in Clemson's favor.

Davidson kicks to Bellows, who advances 15 yards; Hunter, 15 yards on end run; Walker, 5 yards over extra; Lynah and Lewis get 30 yards, but are called back on offside play. Forsythe bucks five yards; Bellows, 25 yards round end, and Forsythe 5 yards on same; Hunter, 10 yards on right end; Forsythe bucks 15 yards for touchdown. Lewis fails at goal. Score: 31 to 0.

Clemson succeeds in reaching Davidson's 10 yard line, when the first half is up. Clemson, 31; Davidson, 0.

#### SECOND HALF.

Blease substitutes Woodard at right guard for Clemson.

Davidson kicks to Clemson's 20 yard line. Bellows, Forsythe, Hunter, Douthit and Lynah by bucks and end runs averaging from 5 to 30 yards carry the ball to the goal for a touchdown. Lewis fails at goal. Clemson, 36; Davidson, 0.

Davidson kicks to Clemson. Forsythe, Hunter and Lynah respectively advance ball 12, 10 and 15 yards. Kaigler substitutes Hunter at right half, and Pearman, Forsythe, Douthit. Walker and Bellows carry the ball over for another touchdown. Lewis fails at goal. Score: 41 to 0 in Clemson's favor.

Davidson kicks off. Walker advances 10 yards; Pearman, 20 yards, and Walker again carries the ball 15 yards. Pearman, and Bellows make good gains, and Pearman bucks 8 yards for a touchdown. Pearman kicks goal. Score: 47 to 0 in Clemson's favor.



Davidson kicks off. King advances 15 yards; Walker, 10 yards; Kaigler, 30 yards; Douthit, 8 yards; Walker, 10 yards; Forsythe punts 20 yards to Clemson's fast quarterback. Bellows scores a touchdown by a 15 yard run around left end. Pearman kicks goal. Score: Clemson, 53; Davidson, 0.

Lewis, J. B., takes Lynah's place at end.

Davidson kicks to Walker, who advances 10 yards. Kaigler, Lewis, J. B., Walker, Bellows, Douthit and Pearman carry the ball up the field and Pearman goes over for a touchdown. Pearman kicks goal. Score: 59 to 0.

Davidson kicks off to Clemson and Kaigler advances 20 yards. Bellows and Pearman make gains for 5 and 15 yards, respectively. Clemson fumbles and ball goes to Davidson.

Wharton bucks 5 yards. Caldwell gets 1 yard on end run. Davidson kicks to Lewis, G. P., who returns 5 yards. Walker, Kaigler, Bellows, King, Pearman and Douthit carry the ball up to Davidson's 10 yard line, where Douthit bucks over for a touchnown. Pearman fails at goal. Score: 64 to 0 in Clemson's favor.

Davidson again kicks off and Clemson brings ball steadily forward to their 15 yard line, when the referee's whistle blows time up, and the great game ends, with a score of 64 to 0 in favor of the purple and orange.

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Clemson team played Wofford recently, score 21 to 0. This charming story will be continued in our next number. Subscription price one dollar per year.

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#### **The New Cadet Officers.**

A list of the company officers, staff and non-commissioned staff at Clemson College:

Adjutant, P. H. All; quartermaster, Q. B. Newman;



sergeant major, H. G. Stokes ; quartermaster sergeant, F. K. Norris.

Company A—Captain, Duckworth ; Lieutenants, R. G. Forsythe, McLendon ; first sergeant, Barre ; sergeants, Whitney, Watson, Giquilliat, Robertson ; corporals, Perin, J. A. Carson, Stanley, Wylie, Mayes, Hamilton.

Company B—Captain, Hughes ; Lieutenants, Picket, Reeves ; first sergeant, McGregor ; sergeants, Shealy, J. D. Hunter, Watkins, Zeigler ; corporals, T. S. Gaudy, Young, Thomas, Thomas, Quattlebaum, Sadler, Morrison.

Company C—Captain, Salley ; Lieutenants, Klugh, Ramsey ; first sergeant, Gibbs ; sergeants, Salley, Kohn, Stewart, McCullough ; corporals, Glenn, Legerton, Livingston, Wills, Harvey, Hagood.

Company D—Captain, Brookbanks ; Lieutenants, Matthews, Mathis ; first sergeant, Walker ; sergeants, Phillips, Sullivan, Cothran, Ward ; corporals, Woodward, Barnwell, King, Reamer, Roof, Levy, Hughes.

Company E—Captain, Lawton ; Lieutenants, Scott, Blease ; first sergeant, Wilson ; sergeants, Chapman, Jordan, Bowers, Lawton ; corporals, Cummings, R. A. Gandy, S. W. Epps, Breazle, Bradford.

Company F—Captain, W. C. Forsythe, Lieutenants, Roddy, Cheatham ; first sergeant, J. H. Spencer, sergeants, Pearman, Gunby, T. B. Spencer ; corporals, Black, Connelly, G. O. Epps, Gardner, Tillman, Fox.

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Maj. G. Shanklin, the commandant of cadets, has been promoted to the rank of Colonel.

Students, and any one else, desiring dental work done would do well to read Dr. T. M. Meriwether's advertisement in the CHRONICLE.

Prof. B.—“Mr. M., what is a metre ?”

Cadet M.—“A metre, sir, is a bar which, when hung up by one end will vibrate minutes. It is kept by the French Government in the tower of London.”

Cadet I.—“The last letter he got was blue.”

Cadet C.—“Yes, but it was red not long after.”

“Rat” D. sent in the following permit :

“I respectfully apply for the office of Sergeant Major.”

The next day he went to the commandant's office and asked for his uniform. He also requested that a part of his salary be paid in advance. It was Dunn.

“Rat” S. bought a drawing pencil, and inquired of his room-mate “how many colors would it write.”

Capt. L. has a new command—“rightshoulder, front.”

Lieut. C. desired to know of what denomination the Lutheran minister was.

“Rat” E., while drilling in a squad, thought he was going very rapidly while “double-timing,” so when the command “quick-time” was given, he pulled off his hat and started to make tracks.

This is an extract from a Sophomore's composition :

“She promised that she would not till he was alive until after he was dead.”

Prof.—“What is the meaning of the word excavate ?

Cadet.—“To hollow out.”

Prof.—“Give me a sentence in which the word excavate is properly used.”

Cadet.—“The small boy always excavates when his father whacks him.”

“Fatty” B. (in foot-ball uniform for the first time.)

“Chief.”—“Say, ‘Fatty,’ are you going to try for quarter ?”

“Fatty.”—“No ; three quarters.”

Prof. F.—“Mr. L., what is the meaning of bailiff?”

Cadet L.—“One who chases fowels.”

(Loud and prolonged applause.)

Senior D. informed Prof. M. that there are seven blue stripes in the American flag.

Prof. B.—“Multiply 2 Tr by forty-five (49).”

Cadet M.—“Is that the way a Yankee makes a five?”

Prof. M.—“Mr. C., what goddess did Cleopatra try to imitate when she came to see Antony?”

Cadet C.—“The serpent of the Nile.”

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### Literary Society Notes.

For the purpose of promoting and encouraging society work the Calhoun, Columbian, and Palmetto Literary Societies have decided upon the following program :

On the first Friday night in every quarter, each society will elect two declaimers to enter into a contest. The contest will be held in the respective society halls in alphabetical order, and every second contest will be held in the chapel. A banner is to be purchased by the three societies, and will be given to the winner, who will take it to his society hall, and keep it until the next contest.

Every third Friday night a mock trial will be held in the chapel, the participants being equally divided between the societies.

The officers elected to preside at the trial are :

Judges—E. T. Hughes, H. R. Tison, W. G. Hill.

Sheriff—W. R. Darlington.

Deputy Sheriff.—W. A. Sanders.

Clerk—T. C. Shaw.

Deputy Clerk.—J. E. Gettis.

The Columbian Society will have its anniversary on the evening of the 14th of December.

The following men have been elected to participate :

Orators.—E. B. Boykin, J. A. Carson.

Debators.—A. O. Bowers, J. W. Blease.

Declaimers.—J. O. Hughes, A. B. Carr.

Presiding Officer.—E. T. Hughes.

Chief Marshal.—T. C. Shaw.

Invitation Committee.—W. E. McLendon.

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The seventh anniversary of the Calhoun Literary Society will be held in Chapel at an early date.

The participants are :

Orator.—F. G. DeSaussure.

Declaimer.—B. H. Gardener.

Debators.—H. C. Salhman, I. M. Hayne.

Marshals.—N. D. Walker, chief; W. B. Chisolm, J. E. Martin, D. A. J. Sullivan.

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### Personals.

The Rev. Mr. B. M. Anderson, with his charming bride, arrived Saturday.

Mr. Herbert Smith, who graduated here two years ago, has been selected as tutor in English. He has made a specialty of this line of work and is well equipped for it.

Prof. Waller paid a running visit to his home in Greenwood to be at the marriage of his sister to Mr. W. P. Stackhouse.

Prof. Brodie took a similar trip to the marriage of Miss Sarah Bricklie to Mr. John Hook.

Col. J. D. Shaw, of Laurens, spent Saturday and Sunday here visiting his son.

Mr. J. A. Shurley, of Rock Hill, paid a short visit to his sister, Miss Agnes Shurley.

Miss Christine Von Bostell returned home last month after a pleasant visit to Mrs. J. P. Lewis.

Mr. Whitson paid a short visit to Clemson on business concerning the annual.

Mr. J. C. Tompson, popularly known as "skete" during his college career, has accepted an instructorship in the Florida Agricultural and Mechanical College.

Miss Prevost paid a short but pleasant visit to Mrs. D. B. Sloan.

Cadet N. D. Walker has been chosen to act as color bearer in Columbia, and also to lead the boys in their yells and songs.

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### CLEMSON FOOT-BALL SONGS.

AIR—"My Country 'Tis of Thee."

Clemson, we sing of thee,

And cheer for victory

On this bright day.

We love your spires and halls,

We come where duty calls,

Long may your grand old walls

Withstand the fray.

Our yells, they swell the breeze,

And ring from all the trees,

Sweet victory's song.

Let Clemson now awake,

And make —— quake,

From them the game we'll take,

'Mid cheers prolonged.

Our gallant team of thee,

Winners of victory,

Of thee we sing.

May all your gains be long,

Now rush the ball along,

Right through ——'s throng,

To victory.

**Grit.**

Our boys are here to roll up the score,  
 They'll walk thro' — like straw ;  
 For with all the grit that lies at their door,  
 They've not enough sand in their craw.

*Refrain :* Not enough sand, not enough sand :  
 Grit, grit, not enough sand in their craw.

Our fellows are built out of muscle and brain ;  
 Just the right combination you know ;  
 But the sand-hill fellows are not in the game,  
 They've not enough sand in their craw.

Watch "Buster" and "Big-un" make runs the goal,  
 Then Gus and "Peg" Douthit, hurrah !  
 Like lightning now shove them right over the line,  
 They've not enough sand in their craw.

---

**Hark ! I Hear a Voice.**

Hark ! I hear a voice, way up in the mountain top, tip-top,  
 Descending down below, descending down below.

*Chorus :* Let us all get in the game,  
 Trusting in the coach's scheme.

Merrily now we roll, we roll, we roll, we roll, we roll,  
 Merrily now we roll, we roll,  
 O'er ——— team.

---

**We're the Stuff.**

Sing a song of Clemson, roll that foot-ball along ;  
 Rooters all so happy, the team, so staunch and strong.  
 Keep the ball a-movin', boys, sweep them off the earth ;  
 Let—— see once more that in foot-ball we're the stuff.

*Chorus :* Clemson's team is on the ball-ground,  
 Now just watch them play ;  
 Clemson's boys are here to cheer them,  
 And help them win the day,  
 Don't you hear the whistle blowing,  
 Now look for Clemson in the rush ;  
 Don't you hear the people shouting,  
 "Clemson, you're the stuff !"



**Not Quite.**

AIR—"Auld Lang Syne."

—— tried to play foot-ball,  
 She thought she played all right,  
 But when she met the Clemson boys,  
 She never could, not quite.  
 O, give it up —— boys,  
 Go hide clear out of sight,  
 You thought you'd learn to play the game,  
 But never did, not quite.

*Chorus* : So many things we all expect,  
 Are never brought to light ;  
 We wait for their fulfillment, but  
 They never come, not quite.

---

**Clemson's Quilting Party.**

On the field our brave boys struggled,  
 On the stand fair maidens sighed,  
 All because ——'s kindergarten  
 Could not break the Chinese wall.

*Chrous* : ¶:Clemson's holding to the ball,;¶  
 Just to show ——'s kindergarten  
 That there's science in foot-ball.

On my ear sweet strains are falling,  
 'Tis our band, O, hear them play !  
 And the strains of dear old "Dixie" cheer us,  
 Clemson, roll that foot-ball on !

Now a shout for Clemson, hurrah !  
 For she's made another score ;  
 'Round the purple and orange let us rally,  
 Clemson, Clemson, evermore !

---

**Oh ! Foot-Ball Men Are We.**

AIR—"Four Life-Boat Men."

¶: Oh ! Foot-ball men are we,  
 And brave as we can be,  
 Ever ready to do or die ;  
 All along our noble line,  
 Well backed up from behind,  
 We are ready when there's danger nigh :¶

Don't you hear the Captain's call ?  
Clemson must advance the ball,  
For the goal line is now so very near.

||: Oh ! when you get the ball,  
Obey your Captain's call,  
And the ball push across the line;  
And if you skirt the end  
Or rush the extra men,  
We'll be there to help you every time :||

Don't you hear the Captain's call !  
Clemson must advance the ball,  
For the goal line is now so very near.

R. & S.



# CLEMSON COLLEGE DIRECTORY.

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## CLEMSON AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

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## FOOTBALL ASSOCIATION.

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J. N. Walker, Captain Team '00.

## CLEMSON COLLEGE GLEE CLUB.

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# “XMAS NUMBER.”

## The Clemson College Chronicle.

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Valeat Quantum Valere Potest.

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VOL. IV.      CLEMSON COLLEGE, S. C., DECEMBER, 1900.      NO. 3

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### Literary Department.

E. M. MATTHEWS, }  
M. E. ZEIGLER,    }      -      -      -      -      -      -      EDITORS

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#### THE NEW PRAYER.

We have forgotten, O Lord,  
The day of our innocent youth,  
When we craved not the wealth of the conqueror's spoils,  
When our hand shrunk from binding the conqueror's toils,  
When our eye turned from battle and fiendish turmoils,  
And our love was for freedom and truth,—  
We have forgotten, O Lord.

We have grown grasping, O Lord;  
We covet the conqueror's might;  
And the lust after gain, and the greed after gold,  
And the counting of kingdoms as bartered and sold,  
Have turned us away from the teachings of old,  
Have carried us into the fight.  
We have grown grasping, O Lord.

We're worshipping idols, O Lord:  
We've honored the heathenish calf;  
We've bended the knee in the temples of Baal;  
We're leaving a record that is but a tale  
Of the worship of Mammon. Our faces should pale  
That we reverence the artisan's craft,—  
We're worshipping idols, O Lord.

And do Thou forget them, O Lord,—  
The prayers our father's have prayed,—  
For they asked Thee to give us a self-governed land,



To strike out the sword from the emperor's hand,  
To blast and destroy the oppressor's band,—  
These prayers should not have been made,  
And do Thou forget them, O Lord.

And give us to tyranny, Lord,  
Grant us plunder and murder and and wealth;  
Let us crush out the weak, help us to conquer the strong,  
And set up a kingdom whose king shall be wrong.  
We're a God-fearing nation, Oh, grant that we long  
May serve Thee in plenty in health,—  
And give us to tyranny, Lord.

Our prayer is before Thee, O Lord ;  
'Tis a new one and somehow 'tis strange ;  
But we speak the desires that are first in our heart,  
When we ask Thee to smile on the double-faced part  
We're playing to-day. And keep open the mart  
Where we buy and sell kingdoms, and give the best part  
Of the nation's manhood in exchange.  
Our prayer is before Thee, O Lord.

Q. B. NEWMAN, '01.

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### Relation of Industrial and Scientific Education to the Progress of the South.

*Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen :*

Whenever in history, a people or nation has disregarded the superiority of the mind over material things, has not trained it to guide and direct the movements of the body and has not allowed it to be animated by that spirit which tends to high and noble ends, the existence of such a people has terminated in fruitlessness. In such cases there was evidently a need for those viewless, intangible things which are born of the brain and the soul and which carry with them the idea of lofty thoughts and heroic examples—Christianity and Education.

To-day I wish to speak to you of that education by a proper use of which the body, the mind and the heart, are developed—Industrial and Scientific education.

The time is not very far in the past when the study of the sciences was regarded with suspicion. They were thought to be trivial or positively evil, teaching men to search into things that were forbidden man to know, but since that time a radical change has come about and to-day it is acknowledged by all that science in its progress has been guided by infinite wisdom to the fulfillment of a purpose of infinite Love.

It is a well known truth that new occasions teach new duties and the time is at hand when the American people must awaken to the importance of that training by which the youth is taught to unite intelligence and physical force and in this way be able to do things as well as to say things.

By an accurate study of the tendency of the times one must be forcibly impressed with the idea that the coming century is to be pre-eminently an industrial age—an age characterized by numerous evidences of progress and the possibility of its greatness is written unmistakably in the various lines of human industry within the last half century. To-day if measured in the aggregate we are the most prosperous people on the earth, and when we contemplate the measure of our national increase and the magnitude and splendor of our development we are filled with pride for our country. In consideration of these facts let us pause—

God has given us an inheritance of which we may justly be proud. He has permitted us to dwell in a free country, comprising an area not only of vast extent, but abounding in all resources; excellent in climate; fertile in soil, capable of sustaining in the plentiful enjoyment of all the necessities of life a population of many times the present number.

Is it not our great mission, as a people, to occupy this

fair and rich domain; to replenish it with an intelligent, virtuous and industrious population; to convert the barren wastes into fertile fields; to drain the swamps and cover them with rich harvests; to build up cities, towns and villages in every direction and to unite the whole by a rapid intercourse between all the parts?

Is it not our duty to in this way acknowledge our reliance upon a Supreme Being, and show to Him our appreciation of the great age in which we are living—an age blessed with discoveries and inventions, multiplied beyond all for examples, by which the vast powers of nature are rendered subservient to the purposes of art, to spread of civilization, and to the general progress in knowledge and of its diffusion through all ranks of society?

Is not all this improvement and progress, but the dawn of a new and grander civilization, more refined, more elevated, more intellectual and more moral than all others preceding? The emphatic answer to all these questions is yes; and the thought which should be of greatest inspiration to us is that we have been raised up by providence to advance these great and noble purposes. Now the accomplishment of these purposes in the most efficient way possible will be the fruition of the hope of industrial and scientific education.

What we need to stimulate a continuation in the promotion of our country's welfare is a system of education, properly applied, which will instill into our youth the principles of intellectual activity, civil usefulness and moral goodness. This is true with reference to the whole country and especially is it true here in the South where exists many evils to our material prosperity that are to be combatted, where abound unlimited resources needing development and where in the future will doubtless originate the greatest ideas and be propelled the grandest

movements that have ever characterized any age, country or people. There is a great demand and a continually growing necessity for men and women who thoroughly understand the principles of the sciences and who can apply these principles practically. We need such people in every line of Southern industry and until we get them we may never expect to develop the South to the high destiny for which God has endowed her. It is the people who have the trained hands, the true hearts, and the thinking and cultured minds that are to bring to light the resources of the South and through their efforts and only through them may we hope to be recognized the world over as a thinking and cultured people imbued with motives of progress.

In the application of this subject to the South, it is not my intention to define sectional lines, nor to arouse sectional animosities, for the war between the States has been over, now, thirty-five years. Peace has long since been made, and today, the flag of the Union belongs as much to South Carolina, as it does to Massachusetts, and the American people are bound by nerves the force of which unite us under one government, and conform us to one hope, one destiny and one God. It is rather my desire, to point to you the fact that in the South are innumerable resources that lie ready to be unfolded for the benefit of humanity, and that by uniting the brawn and brain of Southern manhood and womanhood, our land must unquestionably be the centre of progress in years to come.

Before the Revolutionary War, the virgin lands of the South were very productive indeed, and it was by the Southern Colonies that the burden of England's taxation was most severely felt. At the close of that War, all of the Colonies were left in a deplorable condition, but the

sturdy old pioneer in both sections went to work with renewed energy to bring about a condition of prosperity. Slaves were shipped to this country in great numbers. The Puritan at first used them, but finding them unprofitable in his manufacturing industries, sold them to the Cavalier of the South, who could make good use of them on his plantation. Time moved on and the growing of cotton in the Southern States began to be extensive. The slaves were bringing an enormous increase to their masters so that by the time of the outbreak of the Civil War the Southern people were far on their road to wealth. Then the Old War came, and again the South was left in an impoverished condition, and many of its best and bravest men never returned to their homes, but were left behind to sleep in unknown graves, yet, forever obedient to the call of duty the sons and daughters who remained, rallied and proved their loyalty by showing that they are zealous for success in peace as they had been in war, and now it can be said without fear of successful contradiction that the world furnishes no parallel to the strides they have made envired as they have been.

The period following the war was indeed trying to the care-worn Confederate Soldier, and to those dependent upon him, but to-day all this displeasure has passed and out of the bitters of reconstructions have come the sweets of prosperity. We look back on the war as into the crater of an extinct volcano. However, we can glory in the truth, that the salvation of the South is written in the fact that Southern manhood and womanhood have been taught in the school of adversity the lesson of self reliance.

Never did a coming generation owe to a going one the debt of gratitude that the youth of the South of this day



owe to their parents who have undergone many privations to extend to the youth the civilization of their ancestors.

It seems to have been the duty of our fathers to fight their battles in war. Let us fight ours in peace. To do this best, we must provide for a peaceful fight—we must avail ourselves of that education which will enable us to accomplish the most good in the world, and to be prepared for the future.

In order to show the room for Southern development, let us make a little comparison. According to the Eleventh Census, Massachusetts with only 8,000 square miles, supports a population of 2,000,000 people, two-fifths of which is engaged in work that tends to the developments of the industries of that state. In striking contrast to that is South Carolina, comprising an area of 30,000 square miles of virtually rich soil, and with a great many more natural advantages supporting a population of only one-half that of Massachusetts, and employing a proportional number of its population in industrial development. This is true with reference to almost any of the Southern States, and it shows that the essential feature in our future prosperity must undoubtedly be industrial development, and in order to promote this we must do as Massachusetts has been doing for more than thirty years, educate the youth in the sciences pertaining to these industries.

To further illustrate the importance of that education which combines the sciences and arts, let us take a journey down one of our Southern streams. The waters of this stream are teeming with fish, which could be made to furnish food for immense numbers of people who live near it. On its banks can be found immense supplies of valuable timber, capable of being converted



into beautiful dwellings and into the finest works of art ; it flows through a valley of swamps which, if properly drained could be made into land as productive as the valley of the Nile ; the stream itself furnishes water power, which if properly used would turn the music of its ripple into the hum of valuable spindles ; Not far away in the hills are imbedded the accumulations of ages in the form of various metals and minerals that can be profitably mined and converted into things of use and value. With our fish thriving ; the timber on the banks turned into things of value ; the swamps drained, and malaria destroyed ; the now rich land covered with crops of waving grain, with fleecy staple, and with pastures of grass upon which are feeding swine, sheep, cattle and fine horses and mules, and with factories and mills on the banks, we now need the river spanned at intervals with bridges and all the industries supplied with railway facilities, and provided with other means of communication. The illustration could be carried further, but time forbids. This is all very suggestive of the evident need of men and women trained in the sciences and arts.

We need architects and mechanics who thoroughly understand their business to make and control machinery, to build our cities, and to make improvements in various other ways. We need civil and electrical engineers to build our railroads, to operate electricity, and to provide means of communication in various ways. We need chemists to apply their science to the arts and manufactures, and to make numerous investigations in various directions, carrying the investigations into minute details. We need the physicists to teach us the source of all power and of the application of this power to material things. And we need men who are trained in the various natural sciences who will investigate the great truths

pertaining to such sciences, and be a mean of maintaining a condition of economy in our country, and of preserving the health of our people. Yes, we need them all and I hope that ere long every youth shall awaken to the importance of this fact, and have the means available to go forth to the great conservatories of knowledge in our country, and be given an opportunity to rise above the follies of the age into the busy realm of science applied.

A fit illustration of the value of scientific education can be applied to the products of the cotton plant alone. The seed which were formerly regarded as useless and were emptied into the streams, are now converted into millions of dollars in the form of fertilizers, lubricants and edible products. By means of scientific experiments, it is now believed that by blending the long staple cotton with the short staple a variety can be perpetuated that will give us a quality of cotton much finer than that furnished by the short staple, and that will grow in any country adapted to the cotton plant.

Textile education should to-day be a prominent feature in the realm of our industrial activities; for by putting into the numerous mills that are now being constructed at the door of "King Cotton" well trained operatives we may expect to economize in more ways than one in the manufacture of this great staple.

The most recent figures in the production and manufacture of cotton in the world gives us a visible supply of 13,000,000 bales, 11,000,000 of which were raised in the United States, chiefly in the South. In the United States there were, in 1898, 20,000,000 spindles, one-fourth of which were raised in the South. In the same year there were over 3,000,000 bales manufactured within the United States, one-third of which were manufactured in

the South. There is no reason why we should not manufacture this cotton in the Southern States except that we have not the mills, nor the trained men to operate them. Should we manufacture our own cotton crop into the plainest cloth there would be an annual saving of millions of dollars which could be turned into the channels of Southern prosperity. By manufacturing the cotton into finer qualities of cloth there could be a resultant saving for our section of billions of dollars. Let us then go to work to approximate this saving.

We should avail ourselves of that education which will prepare us for the life that now is and that which is to be. The study of the natural sciences should at least awaken in the student some idea of his own capacities and possibilities of development, some idea of his power to subdue the things of the earth and make them administer to his needs or desires, and here in our own section where nature with liberal hand bestows lavish gifts of fertile soil, abundant water and inviting climate she decreed that our chief interest should be agricultural. Let us now consider the importance of the skilled agriculturalist. We have just enumerated the advantages arising from the training of our mill operatives and manufacturing engineers. We have pictured the growing avenues of commerce, but all of these will become idle and delapidated if our crops fail. My friends, in the face of these facts there is an increasing necessity for the teaching of the first principles of the sciences underlying the art upon which the well-being of our country depends and in which the vast majority of our people are engaged. Agriculture is of divine origin. It existed before literature was known or governments were formed. It antedates every other occupation of man. It favors and strengthens population, it creates and maintains manufactures; gives

employment to navigation and material to commerce. It animates every species of industry and unfolds to the world the surest channels of wealth. The associate of good order, the great conservator of eternal peace, and the strongest element in the preservation of society it should be honored and venerated by the liberty loving people of the South. History teaches us that where it has been fostered by a people, that nation has prospered and achieved, the highest degree of perfection; while strictly commercial sections carried along in their enterprise their own elements of decay. The mouldering palaces of Venice, the faded purple of Tyre, and the ruins of Carthage bear evidence to this fact.

The land is as honest a thing as there is in nature. If you feed it, it will feed you; if you keep it hungry, then poverty and destitution, like famished wolves, will lie in wait at your own door. Let us then learn more about it and of its relation to the things with which it is associated. The movements of air and water, of the life rounds of countless micro-organisms and of the decay and disintegration of plants and soil particles, for these are some of the activities of the fertile soil. "If our ears were delicate enough we could hear the shuffle of the workers, the beating of the hammers, and the roll of the tiny machinery. All things begin with the soil and all all things come back to it. It is the cemetery of all the ages and the resurrection of all life."

Blessed with a fertile soil, a land rich in minerals of of commercial value, this section, under the influence of scientific education will go forward with wonderful strides of progress. To-day the hum of more than a million spindles, on every side is the inspiring utilitarian music that charms the ear of man. Agriculture first and foremost—manufacturing, commerce and navigation all fur-

nish inviting of opportunities for the display of individual pluck and enterprise. Indeed our entire Southland is a magnificent field for the development of the greatest, richest, and most useful industrial enterprise and institutions.

My friends, I have spoken to you principally on the development of Southern resources, because in the South the opportunities of development are greater than elsewhere, and because I love the Old South with all of its progressive features, but let us be magnanimous enough to rise above the incentives of revenge to a higher and broader plans of general amnesty and disinterested patriotism. Standing upon the bright threshold of a new era we behold everywhere the marshalling of our Nation's industrial hosts beneath the white banner of reconciliation and peace. From every forge and workshop in the land we catch in our eager, and listening ears the pulsations of these mighty forges forever chanting the anthem of a higher civilization as they beat our useless swords into plow-shares and reconvert the energy of war into implements of husbandry and mechanical industries.

From the bosom of Mother Earth where our dead heroes lie buried, the associated industries of the North and the South, have gathered the materials to repair the desolations of war, and now surrounded by all the advantages of an advanced age, let us continue our industrial development with a broader horizon of thought and with a higher conception of duty until at last the genius of prosperity will come like to sunlight of heaven to dwell in all the homes of all the people in all the land. Then the Southern home, the emblem of purity, will be in the future as in the past and present, the source of inspiration, and the true foundation of the Southern people. Yes, as our horizon of thought is widened the purity





BASE BALL TEAM.





of the Southern home will rise grander than ever in the conception of the Southern people, and it will continue to radiate with splendor, the enriching rays of congeniality, until the hard hearts, and inhuman tendencies of those who reach out to worship the false god of their own proclivities will melt like the snows of winter under a vernal sun.

Now in conclusion, my friends, let me cast for a moment a thought upon my Alma Mater. I regard her as a light on the pathway of a human destiny. Sail on Clemson with your high aims and Godward Aspirations, and teach to the youth of South Carolina, the great truths that are essential to the development of the South's resources. My earnest hope is that you may always be known as the diadem among Southern jewels. Though there may be at present, passions and prejudices which affront you, when your high mission is properly seen by the people of this state, such will vanish forever and hundreds who slumber now in uncreated dust, will rise up in a long unbroken line of successive generations, to call you blessed. The acclaim at last will be by a united, free and happy people, disrobed of prejudice and begirt with truth, "God speed the work of Industrial Education."

L. O. MAULDIN.

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### MOTHER.

[DEDICATED TO MRS. C. H. M.]

There is music in the warbling of the brook,  
There is music in the singing of the birds,  
There is music everywhere  
But no music to compare  
With the music of a mother's tender words.

There is poetry in the rythm of the wind,  
There is poetry in the moonbeam's silver dart;  
There is poetry in sunrise  
But no poetry fit to prize,  
Like the poetry of the love from mother's heart.

There is beauty, in a landscape decked in green,  
There is beauty in yon ancient temple pile,  
There is beauty in youths' grace,  
But no beauty on earth's face  
Like the beauty of a mother's kindly smile.

There's a sermon in the fate of erring men,  
There's a sermon in ambitions fearful price,  
There's a sermon in remorse,  
But no sermon to endorse  
Like the sermon in a mother's sound advice.

There is sadness in the moaning of the sea,  
There is sadness in the spirits cry to save,  
There is sadness in earth's strife,  
But no sadness in all life  
Like the sadness of a darling mother's grave.

W. L. M.

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### The Play.

It was the play of Romeo and Juliet and the house was well filled, and as the curtain rose in the first act a handsome young man entered the box.

The lights were low and he could not see his hostess who had invited him to join the party, but he knew his seat and sat down, paying little heed to those around.

The curtain fell and as the lights shed their golden ray on all, his heart quickened within him. He glanced again; yes, he was sure he could not mistake those deep blue eyes and golden hair that had made him fall in love with her at first, he could never mistake that sweet little mouth that had not even a month ago so cruelly wronged him. And now, here they sat side by side.

The hostess had just given her hand in welcome to another guest. She and others were deeply involved in the praise of the actors.

What was to be done? He gladly would have departed but there was no excuse. No way except to wound her

feelings and make her the object of every one's curiosity, and that he would not do, for although she had dismissed him he loved her yet. There was but to speak or sacrifice her feelings.

He would try. So leaning over he addressed her and begged to be her friend, if only for the night. She was about to refuse, but the pleading look in his eyes made her say yes.

The curtain rose, he lent her his glasses, the scene was beautiful, and as it closed she turned and her eyes spoke more than words. As she handed him the glasses their hands touched, it was only for an instant, and yet love's fire had been rekindled.

The play was done. Her escort could not be found, he must take his place, and as they reached the gateway they paused. "Sweetheart," he whispered, "I am not mistaken, you love me."

Two soft arms stole about his neck, two sweet, dreamy blue eyes gazed up into his. The lips parted, her very soul seemed to breathe, "Frank, I love you."

He stooped his head and kissed her.

The hostess' strategy was not in vain.

F. G. D., '02.

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### ONLY A SCRUB.

#### I

They work work him like a hired man, until he's black and blue,  
They rush him, and they crush him, for all that he can do,  
They're always jumping on him 'cause he's always in the way,  
But somehow no one's looking, when he makes a clever play.

*For he's only a scrub, that's easy to tell,  
So he's not worth a cheer, and he's not worth a yell,  
But he works with all his heart,  
Just to do his little part*

*For Clemson.*

## II

He's on the field each afternoon, in spite of wind or rain,  
 Abucking 'gainst the 'varsity without a chance to gain,  
 But 'Varsity has all the fun, and all the petting too  
 The scrub gets little credit for the work he has to do.

*For he's only a whip to the 'Varsity men,  
 The same as the other unfortunate ten.  
 But he works on just the same  
 For the glory and the fame  
 Of Clemson,*

## III

He goes to all the football games, to cheer his rivals play,  
 He isn't working for himself, he couldn't work that way,  
 He's glad enough when 'Varsity can do the thing up well  
 Ana forgets about his chances, when he leads the college yell.

*For he's only a scrub, but his good work tells,  
 When the great game ends with the Clemson yells,  
 So all honor to the scrub  
 Who may some day be a sub  
 For Clemson.*

W. L. M,

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### Is Ambition a Thing of the Past ?

In our present age it is generally thought the days of hard earned education has passed, such as those days when Lincoln, so determined to get an education, would work all day and study at night by the light of a pine-knot fire in Kentucky. That since those days it has gone out of fashion to study hard for an education. Probably it is on account of the advanced condition the part of the country that we live in, that such an idea prevails.

This is a mistake, for in sections of our country today, there are parallel cases to that of Lincoln.

As an example of such extra ordinary type of ambition I wish to briefly tell how some boys, even in our day, get their education.

Situated in a little town in Georgia, thirty-five or forty miles from the nearest railroad, is a college, or perhaps more correctly termed a school, where a number of rough mountain boys are taught.

If there is any place in America where there is need for education it is in our mountain region, there it is that the people are just fifty years behind the times, and it is useless to say that they are poor and unable to have efficient schools.

But, at the college to which I have reference, the expenses are greatly reduced by the States giving them free tuition. This may seem to be the greatest obstacle, but when we know that the mountains are very thinly settled, and that the schools must necessarily be far apart, there, boarding becomes the greatest item. It is of the manner in which a number of the scholars live that I refer to especially. Most of their homes are some distance from the College, and they are too poor, to board at private residences, so they form small clubs of from three to six boys each, and live in little log huts all to themselves. They each bring supplies from home and do their own cooking, washing, and other domestic duties. It is supprising to see how little they do live on. Their expenses, considering the cost of everything is very often, not more than two dollars and a half, or three dollars a month.

As an example of the type of ambition that still exists, and of the success that it brings, we may take one of the students of this college, who at the beginning of his instructions was one of greenest of country lads, but after going through all the trials and hardships of such a college life for four or five years he graduated, and afterwards went to one of the Southern Literary Colleges where he entered the Junior Class and graduated in two



years. He took a good stand in his class, and in his Senior year, taught a number of his own class Calculas.

While this is only one example, there are others that show us that ambition is not a thing of the past.

AYTCH.

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### MY PRAYER.

Give her, O God, all good,  
Not of this vain world's charms;  
Not beauty, fame or wealth,  
But keep her from its harms.

I do not ask for jewels rare,  
Nor gold, nor silver bright;  
But a heart to know and fear,  
Her God and Maker right.

I do not ask for earthly things,  
For they soon fade and end;  
But of Thy bounteous grace,  
All good on her pray send.

Give her a heart to know,  
A mind to understand,  
A will to accomplish anything,  
A free and loving hand.

Make her like her God and Maker,  
Give her more than I dare say  
While after death, Oh God, pray take her,  
And upon Thy bosom lay.

And if my prayer is weak,  
And I my words can't frame,  
Then take her as thine own,  
Nor make me bow for shame.

F. G. D., '02.

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### A Pair of Blue Eyes.

In the fall of '97 a "rat" strutted out from the Commandant's Office with a box under his arm. His face was flushed with excitement, due, perhaps, to his awe of the Commandant, but, one could see, from his joyous

look and springy step, that something unusual had happened. He hurries to his room, sets the box on the table, and takes out a gray uniform, exclaiming, "If it had gotten here three days later, I could not have gone to the Fair."

This proud "rat" was Raymond Rivington. His black, curly hair shaded a face which could hardly be called handsome, but it impressed one by its look of intelligence and determination. "Ray," as he was called by his friends, was in the rear rank of "C" Co., but he felt sure that all eyes were upon him, as he marched up Main Street to the inspiring strains of "Dixie." His bosom thrilled with pride as he contemplated his future military career. For the first day, nothing but the foot ball game had any interest for him. Clemson possessed the champion team of South Carolina, so he was elated. The "merry-go-round" was surrounded by girls and boys, late in the afternoon of the second day. Ray was leaning against a tent pole, watching the pretty girls wearing Clemson's colors. Just as he was turning to leave the tent, a blue-eyed girl of about fifteen summers rode by on one of the ponies, waved her colors and smiled sweetly. As he was marching out of Columbia, he saw her on a trolley car waving a farewell to the boys in gray, and joining in the cheers for Clemson. Those blue eyes were the prettiest Ray had ever seen, and he treasured that smile as none but a romantic youth can. He came back to Clemson with the determination of seeing those eyes, and that smile again, if possible. He studied hard, those eyes, ever before him, increasing his energy. In his sleep, he would sometimes exclaim, "I am going to the Fair."

It was two years later, and he was a Junior, before he again saw those blue eyes. His room-mate, George

Hartwell, invited him to spend the Christmas holidays at his home ; and since his home was so far that he could not visit it in such a short time, Ray accepted the invitation. The train was crowded when they reached the town of G—, and a lovely girl came into the car occupied by George and Ray. As there was no vacant seat in the car, George arose, spoke to the girl, presented her to Ray, offered her his seat, and went into the smoker. Ray thought he had seen the girl somewhere, and at some previous time, but her face was hidden by her veil, and, as the train sped on, he became more and more puzzled. Ray enjoyed the trip very much, short as it was, because Grace Wayland was a pleasant companion, but he longed for a peep under that veil. After his arrival at George's home, he learned that Grace and George had quarreled, and that she treated him rather coldly. Ray saw her several times during his short stay, but only one sight of those blue eyes was required to recall the little girl he had seen in Columbia. Every time he saw her, his infatuation increased. His holidays, however, were all but gone, and he went to her home to spend the last evening before resuming his studies. He told her where he had first seen her, and how then and there he had met his fate. He pleaded with the eloquence of true love, and her heart was glad ; but with the shyness of maidens, she blushing told him that their acquaintance had been so short that she could give him no promise, yet she hoped they should meet again. Looking into her deep blue eyes, he read the promises her lips would not give, and bidding her farewell, left with mingled feelings of joy and sadness. Since then, he has spent many happy moments with her, and is anxiously awaiting the approach of Commencement. Shortly after graduating he is to be married and George is to be his best man.

G. F. KLUGH, '01.

### Our Purpose at College.

No doubt every student, when he first enters college, has a burning desire to nobly discharge his duties, to do himself credit, and to get the greatest possible good out of his college course. Many of them become discouraged and cease to entertain any high ambitions, as soon as they realize their own insignificance, by coming in contact with their superior fellow-students, who oppose them in a fierce competition and in more manly emulation. This class of students then begin to yield to the influence of the popular current, engage in idleness, rowdyism, and vandalism. Of course it is usually conceded that this class gets very little good out of a college course, but on the contrary they stand as stumbling blocks in the way of more earnest and deserving students.

There are two other classes of college students who remain ambitious and hopeful throughout the college course. One of these classes may be represented by a student who values his college course according to the praise that he receives from his professors and the marks which they record against him. He neglects literary society work and everything else, but continually pours over his text books, in his endeavor to make high marks, and to be praised. An ambition which prompts a student to desire to make good marks is a plausible one, but a student has extremely narrow views, who think that his only object is to make high marks, or who thinks that it is even necessary for him to make high marks in order that he may be a deserving student. So far as the intrinsic value of marks is concerned, they are worth nothing. Because they do not show what they are intended to show, the relative merits of students' work. In the first place some students have a better way of expressing

what they know than others have. So they get better marks than a student who knows more, but has a less fluent way of expressing it. Some students have a better way of hiding their ignorance than others. It is reasonable to suppose that their marks are higher than they deserve. I believe that in some cases the professor allows his likes or dislikes for a student to influence his marks more than the merits or demerits of his mark. So the student, whose ambition is to make marks, is liable to get less than he deserves of the thing which he prizes most highly.

The other class of students which I spoke of may be represented by an earnest student, who cares but little about his marks, except that he wants credit for what he deserves. He conducts himself as a gentleman on all occasions, devotes a reasonable portion of his time to the study of text books. The balance of his time he spends in reading or thinking of problems with which he expects to deal in real life. He may not be regarded as a brilliant student, nor does he care to be so regarded. But when he gets out into life to face the problems of the world, he will be better prepared than the student whose aim has been to make marks. It will then be found out that the few facts that are learned in text books count for very little in active life. The one who succeeds best will not be the one who has memorized the greatest number of facts, but rather the one who has learned to do original thinking, to arrive at correct conclusions, and to adapt himself to the conditions which surround him.

The college student has but few preconceived notions. He is open to conviction. He is in a position to make impartial investigation, and to draw unbiased conclusions. These conduce to make college life preeminently a period in which the student forms a code of principles by which his future life is to be guided.

E. B. BOYKIN.



If I were to give to the article, I am about to write, a heading, or attach to it my name, I would very likely cause many a casual reader to pass it by unnoticed; for the subject isn't a new one, neither has the author gained a reputation as a writer, so I shall leave it to the reader, whoever he may be to decide this unimportant question.

I have just returned from a meeting of the Literary Society, in which I was once an active member. I hope you will pardon me reader, for saying that of all the benefits derived since my connection with this institution, I class that of the society work, not among the least, but with the greatest, if not the most important. It is very gratifying not only to the writer, but to all who have the interest of the college and boys at heart, to note the progress not only of this particular society, but of all three of the societies. These societies afford an opportunity for every boy who desires it, to become a clear thinker and a graceful speaker; and pray tell me what can be more influential than fit and fluent speech when important measures are to be fearlessly upheld, and worthy causes expounded. It makes no difference what your occupation may be, this gift or accomplishment of ready speech will be found advantageous.

I think it would be well for each of the societies to have an anniversary, and let there be one speaker only selected as panegyrist. If the object for which these organizations were conceived is worthy, and their methods and merits deserve a tribute of praise, a meeting to re-awaken the memory of their noble founders and emphasize the standard of their accomplishments would be in the highest sense fitting and proper.

Well, and truly may it be stated, that active interest in a literary and debating society embrace one of the very highest methods of education; for what may be the good



of storing the mind with all the philosophy of the ages, and gathering vast stores of information, if after all the golden mean be not observed, and obtained of making, learning useful, as well as ornamental, and training for fruitful diligence. Although it may not be essential in every case, still business men of every kind can profit by it; and surely as long as society extends benefits to its numbers, she can supply no greater means of enjoyment and none of a higher, and more enduring order.

We should cherish the idea that in the society we may acquire "Clearness, force, and earnestness" which Webster asserts, "produce conviction," and deep in our hearts ought we harbor the hope of developing powers to move the soul. Eloquence can mark the heights of future years to which virtue may attain, and depict the infinite scorn in which despicable vice is held; and standing pure and undaunted, inmoved and unconquerable amid the billows of political corruption, and social evils it may search out a remedy for present ills; and rear a race of gods.

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#### A "Rat's" Dream.

As I sat by my table studying about two weeks after the college opened, I felt a drowsy sensation gradually coming over me. I, in this state of mind, began to think of my past life and the prospect of my making something of myself in the future. My mind runs in the same channel as all "rats" do, and consequently my first thoughts were of home. I had left a happy home. I, being the only boy, home was dearer to me than it would have been otherwise, as in every case where there is but one boy he is always petted. The parting from my friends and dear ones at home had been very

hard for me, and many tears had been shed at the parting.

At the time of this writing I had about gotten over my scare of the old boys, but the quietness of the barracks, together with the steady downfall of the rain, was enough to make any one dream of the past and future.

I first thought of the past before I had come to college, of the happy days I had spent with my "best girl." How beautiful she looked when I kissed her good-bye, with the promise that she would be mine when I finished my education. These were happy thoughts.

My next thoughts were of the first two nights I spent in barracks, the way I kept time to the customary "pat," with my feet, and sung melodies for the amusement of the boys, these were sad thoughts.

The rain continued to fall outside and everything was quite within. The spell that had been over me became stronger, and I began to dream of the future. I thought I had risen step by step from Private to Corporal, from Corporal to Sergeant, then then to Senior Capt. I had then reached the highest pinnacle of fame unimaginable to a "rat."

In carrying out my duties as Senior Captain, I tried to look as fierce and commanding as my predecessor.

I was just getting to the part where life was worth living when a light tap sounded on my door, and there stood the officer in charge looking as fierce under his golden epaulets as possible for man to look.

His "all right," was answered by me somewhat in this manner, "Yes, sir—I am all right thank you." He smiled and passed on to the next room.

I was a "rat" once more.

**A SWEET WAGER.**

"My birthday," my sweetheart said.

What rare gift for my lucky guess

If I tell the number dread?

"As many kissés, no more, no less."

With fearful heart, I thought with care

Oh, happy hazard, "twenty"—right, and when

She stole within my arms, I swear

I wished her three score and ten.

—MATTHEWS.

# 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.

W. G. HILL,     -   -   -   -   -   -   -   -     EDITOR

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**The Fair.** Another fair has come and gone. As usual the Clemson cadets were present in a body, and from the reports of every one, they seem to have enjoyed the trip to this fair, more than any of those of preceding years. The corps went down on Wednesday

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morning, arriving in Columbia about noon. From then on, the time was given up to enjoyment. Thursday was probably the most satisfactory day of the fair. It was on this day that the annual Clemson-Carolina football game came off.

Ever since 1896, when Clemson put out the first eleven of football players, only to be defeated by Carolina, there has existed the most fierce and intense rivalry between these two institutions.

As a consequence of this defeat in 1896, Clemson determined in the fall of 1897 to put out a team that would not only defeat Carolina, but make a good showing among the second-class teams of the South. For the last three years Clemson has defeated Carolina by a larger score each succeeding year.

This year Carolina took a brace and the result of the game, that is now a part of history was a puzzling question. However, after the first kick-off, it was evident that the swift execution of intricate plays, always backed by strong interference, placed Carolina out of the business entirely. And when the game was over, and the story fully told in the score of 51 to 0 every Clemson heart was glad.

An immense crowd was present to witness the struggle, probably numbering nearly three thousand, and many were struck by the clean, gentlemanly way in which the members of both teams conducted themselves while opposing each on the field of play. They were also struck by the indication of good feeling that seemed to be existent between the student bodies of the two colleges where rivalry was so intense. Not an incident occurred to mar the pleasure of the day, and as long as this continues football will remain and prosper, as the most popular game of the American colleges. The exhi-

bition of fair and honorable rivalry during this year was one that any two colleges may well be proud of.

Another most pleasing feature of the fair, to the Clemson cadets, as well as many others, was the presence of the Winthrop College girls on Thursday. Their handsome exhibit was strikingly suggestive of the high class of work done by the students of that excellent institution.

The Citadel cadets gave an exhibition drill on Thursday afternoon that was up to the fullest expectations of the admirers of that school—their drilling being almost perfect.

Another very noticeable feature of the fair was the large number of students present, both of the male and female colleges over the State, showing that while many cry against the institutions of higher learning, they are all filled to overflowing with the youth of our State, proving that there is the greatest demand for college training.

Altogether this fair will be one long remembered as the most successful ever held. The Clemson cadets hope to go again next year, and indications are that their hopes will be fulfilled. We trust so anyway.

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**The Charleston Exhibit.** The various departments are making preparations for an extensive exhibit at the Charleston and West Indian Exposition next year. Each branch of the college will be represented, and we can say beforehand very creditably.

We think such an exhibit will be a most admirable plan to give to many, who have ignorant and obscure ideas, concerning the work carried on here—a clearer conception of our aims and methods. It is true that



there are many vague and incorrect opinions of the scope of instruction carried on at Clemson, and we believe that this exhibit will do much toward removing these.

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**Georgia-Clemson  
Foot Ball Game.** We are naturally a little disappointed at the scant credit given us by the Athens correspondent to the *Constitution* and *Athens Banner* for our victory over the Georgia foot ball eleven. We had, however, expected to be "damned with faint praise" at the headquarters of Georgia sympathy, and therefore have no complaint to make on that score.

But the account of the game contained in the *Red and Black*, of November 13th, accompanied by a venemous and misleading editorial on the second page are rather too serious in their charges to pass unnoticed.

We have been thrice beaten by Georgia on her own campus, and we believe with some provocation to do otherwise, have borne our defeats with a "patient shrug." Pity it is that Georgia in time of defeat cannot exercise like discretion.

We do not intend to make a counter attack on the *Red and Black* by recounting the indignities to which our team, the guest of Georgia, were subjected—if so we might relate how the cries of "kill them," were heard, not from the side lines, but from the gridiron itself, upon which at all stages of the game the Georgia students crowded; of how lumps of coal were thrown by on-lookers in the windows of neighboring dormitories, at our players; one piece striking Donthit in the back as he lay upon the ground holding the ball for a try at goal, and another narrowly missing Forsythe's head. We are willing to let these things pass, however,

regarding them as the actions of excited college boys in the face of inevitable defeat.

Valuing as we do our athletic relations with the University of Georgia we are inclined to regard the utterances in the *Red and Black*, as not voicing the sentiments of the student body in its calmer moments of reflection. Referring to the articles in question we call attention to the statement which is in effect, that after it "grew a little dark," the first man to receive the ball from our center ran with it—that our quarter-back was an "incubus," on the team, judging from the small part that he took in handling the ball. This statement or insinuation, which ever it is intended, is false. At no time of the game did it grow dark enough to obscure in the least the movement of the ball, or the players.

We do not always pass to the quarter-back, (therefore in Georgia parlance it must be a trick), but sometimes to one of the halves who in turn pass to the full, or other half-back; but we have no plays, nor would we tolerate one such that was in violation not only of the foot ball rules, but the rules of many honest athletics as well.

With regard to the insinuation contained in the editorial that our team "consistently plays dirty ball," we would be glad to learn the writer's authority for such a statement. It is contradicted by the writer of the article on the first page, who states that, "with the exception of Walker, who have nothing but praise for the Clemson team." This surely does not comport with the statement in the editorial.

In order to collect data upon which to base a contradiction to the charge of dirty playing, of which we believe we are as free as any team anywhere, we have sent a circular letter to the captains of the teams Clemson

has played this season, asking for their opinion on this point. From each we have received a written or oral answer to the effect that our play is entirely free from all slugging or dirty work of any kind.

We have in our possession the written statement from Mr. Henry Thornton, who officiated the game that he saw no dirty work by either side.

In the face of such accumulated testimony the lurid charges against Capt. Walker and the Clemson team will be dismissed with a shrug and a significant smile.

The glaring inaccuracies in the article make us hope and believe that they are the utterances of a furious boy editor, and do not represent the sentiments of the students of the University of Georgia.

We take no offence to the editorial reference to "trick plays" that are "universally ridiculed." Had the writer of the article in question kept up with the progress of foot ball as played by the big teams East and West, he would know that strategy is entering more and more largely into the style of play, and the most strategic teams are considered as deserving the most credit. The University of Iowa defeated the University of Chicago by an oft-repeated double pass and yet no one thought of discounting Iowa's credit on that account. In fact she came in for all the greater praise. Georgia should remember, and to her credit, that her only touch-down was made on an old time honored trick.

Princeton, of all the big teams, if now she can be classed in that category, Princeton alone still bucks the center and charges the tackle, and Princeton coaches in the South, when they see any other than the stereotyped orthodox old plays yell, "trick!" as if brains as well as brawn was not an essential element in successful coach-

ing ; and as if the ability to create new and bolder plays was to be discounted.

For Georgia's team the Clemson eleven has only words of praise. Before, during and after the game their conduct was all that could be asked of a gentlemanly and sportsmanlike adversary. Clemson hopes to meet the Georgia team every season as long as she is in the foot ball business, for we have always found in them foemen worthy of our steel. But we cannot stand by calmly and have our team maligned and slandered. A reputation such as the article in the *Red and Black*, would give us, we know to be undeserved, and it is likely to grow and stick, for every successively defeated team will cry "wolf" and join in the chorus of other defeated teams, to excuse their own poor material, poor condition, poor coaching and poor playing. We do not deserve such a reputation, and will strive by our acts and by controversy if necessary to prove that statements such as contained in the *Red and Black* are misleading some of them, others of them untrue.

We give below copies of letters typical, of numbers of others that we have in our possession :

COLA, S. C., November 18, 1900.

MR. J. NORMON WALKER,

Captain Clemson Foot Ball Team,

Clemson College, S. C.:

DEAR SIR: Yours of the 15th to hand and noted. In reply will say that the conduct of the Clemson team during our contest on November 1st last was such as would be expected of a set of gentlemen. I acted in the double capacity of captain and player, and was in the game until the end, and will say it was the cleanest game, devoid of anything like slugging or foul plays, that we have played this year. I have questioned each

player, also the coach, who agree with me heartily that you play clean, fair, fast ball. While we all regret the defeat, we each acknowledge it was done fairly and hope for better success in the future. Trusting we shall be able to play many more games such as our last, I beg to remain,

Very sincerely,

T. J. BELL,

Capt. S. C. Foot Ball Team,

S. C. College, Columbia, S. C.

SPARTANBURG, S. C., Nov. 17, 1900.

TO CAPT. J. N. WALKER,

Clemson College, S. C.:

DEAR SIR: I hereby certify that the game of foot ball between the Clemson College team and the Wofford team on October 22, 1900, was an absolutely clean, fair game and as devoid of slugging and dirty work, kicks and objections, etc., as any game I ever played in or witnessed. I remember it with great pleasure as a model exhibition of the game in these respects. I have no excuses to offer for our defeat except that we were clearly outplayed by the fastest and most perfect conditioned foot ball team I ever saw, using the best interference. I know your team to be a gentlemanly set of collegians, playing sportsmanlike foot ball.

(Signed) T. FRANK WATKINS,

Capt. Wofford College Foot Ball Team, 1900.

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**The Oratorical Contest.** We call the attention of the students to the Constitution of the South Carolina Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Contest contained in this issue. The time for the Inter-Society contest, in which to choose a representative for this college to the State contest that is to be held in Chester



next April is gradually drawing near. To those who anticipate entering the contest we will say that it is all important that they should begin to prepare themselves at once. Hard preparation, and study, with a determination to win, are two essential factors, and we beg of every one to make the best of this golden opportunity that comes so seldom.

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**Chronicle Medals.** For the promotion of literary work among the students the CHRONICLE staff has offered a gold medal for the best articles submitted during this year.

1st—For the best piece of Fiction.

2nd—For the best Poem.

3rd—For the best Essay.

We trust that many will respond to this offer. The medals will be publicly awarded during commencement.





## Exchange Department.

Q. B. NEWMAN, '01, }  
W. A. BURGESS, '01. } - - - - - EDITORS

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There is a great diversity of opinion among the exchange editors of the publications we receive, as to what it takes to make a college paper. Some hold that the ideal journal contains nothing that does not of itself have considerable literary merit. They would abolish the locals, suppress school boy verse, and deal only with things philosophical, rhetorical or critical. And we find as a rule that the exchange editor voices the sentiments of the staff for in such papers only heavy articles are found. On the other hand we find some who think that these lighter articles are more to be desired. They say that the college paper is supported entirely and read mostly by the members of the student body; and therefore, that the stray bits of humor and the little oddities that color life at school should be collected and printed for the benefit of those who are most concerned. As a matter of fact we doubt if the average school boy or girl ever reads more than the title of such essays as "The Relation of the College Student to the Government," or "What the Play of Hamlet would be if Hamlet Were Left Out."

It seems to us that in this case as in all others, a happy medium should be chosen rather than either extreme; and that one or two essays should be printed for the older and more mature students, while the remainder of the space should be given to short stories, etc., for *hoi polloi*.

But with all the variation of opinion that exists it is no wonder that one critic should praise exactly what another

condemns; and we ask that no one take our decision as final, but see what others say and get the general verdict.

*The Central Collegian* is about as well balanced in this respect as any paper that comes to our table. First, is a following little autumn song; then an essay "The Founder of Modern Russia," an entertaining study of Browning; "The Feminine Oddity," nonsensical enough to please the most exacting; then, a little further on, athletics and page on page of locals. We imagine that *The Collegian* is a mirror of life at Central, and we therefore say that it fills its sphere as well as any of our exchanges do.

Were it not that we fear being accused of trying to retaliate, we have a few remarks that we should like to make about *The Converse Concept*. But we will not. Since *The Concept* becomes personal, however, and says that Clemson eadets are well versed in the art of rubber necking, we also become personal and say (presuming that our accusers caught us in the act,) who could help it?

The leading article in *The Howard Collegian* is a speech in favor of the establishment of the dispensary system in Alabama. The speaker shows clear; vigorous thought, and clothes it in convincing language.

*The Criterion* contains one of those tributes to Southern womanhood, that makes every Southerner feel that he is a nobleman by birth. The editorials in *The Criterion* are all on up-to-date subjects, and are well written. We congratulate the editor, that she has left the hackneyed themes to other journals, and has written something that is really refreshing.

The November *Gray Jacket* is a good, readable magazine. The author of, "A Mountain Home," takes an old

theme: a drunken father and a dying child, but writes his story in a very interesting style. "More Light, More Light," is an excellent article, though it does seem to have a queer title. The time-honored words, The New South, would appear better as a title, as what follows in the body of the piece is essentially a review of the recent development of the South. A short article on, "The Amateur Photographer," is to be commended for its faithfulness of description.

The most striking piece in *The Southern University Monthly* is the old familiar "Nellie Gray," worded as Horace or Virgil would have sung it.

The *Davidson College Magazine* is up to its usual standard of excellence. "Jottings from London Town" are very fine jottings, and we hope to see more of them. An article entitled, "Anglo-Saxon Mythology," is well written, and highly in order. The author begs us to turn our attention from Venus and Jupiter and Mars and Hercules and Neptune and Orpheus, to Woden and Thor and Freya and Baldur and Loki, and see if we cannot learn something about the gods of our forefathers. In "Our Country's Call," the author shows that there is a higher call than the one to arms and war, and that our country is calling on her sons to develop her resources, to develop themselves, and so bring glory and honor upon those whose duty it is to become that which they are.

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### Questions and Answers.

All inquiries to be answered in this department should be addressed to the fighting editor, who will give them his prompt, personal attention.

Q. To what do you attribute McKinley's majority?

W. J. B.

A. It would take more space than we have to devote to this department if we tried to answer this question in full. Briefly stated, the reasons are: (1). Bryan is personally and individually responsible for the Philippine war, the Galveston flood, and last summer's drouth; (2). The meteoric shower that was ordered by the Weather Department last fall was not to be sent "in case of Bryan's election"; (3). Mr. McKinley's administration helped the price of cotton go to ten cents; (4). Will be sent by letter if you will pay the postage.

Q. What is causing all this disturbance about the French gun secret? de X.

A. The French government secured the patent to the original British Bull Dog, and the American government, which has not killed \$10,000,000 worth of Filipinos yet, is still carrying a Bull Dog in its hip pocket.

Q. What, in your opinion, will be the chief issues in the campaign of 1904

A. The issues in the last campaigns have been forced by the Democratic platform. The next, however, will be brought up by the Republican party. The issue will be whether the official title of our chief executive shall be "President of the United States, Protector of Cuba, Owner of Porto Rico and the Philippine Islands, Sultan of Guam, Royal High Muck-a-Muck of China and Ting a Ling, and Heir Apparent to everything that John Bull doesn't want."

Q. Is it true that one of the Clemson cadets contemplates writing a work on "The Hereditary Instincts of Atoms and Corpuscles?" J.

A. Probably so.

Q. B. N., '01.

## Local Department.

GEO. D. LEVY, '03 }  
F. G. DE SAUSSURE, '02 } - - - - - EDITORS

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### The Twelve Labors of Hercules.

The story goes that a young man was about to enter Clemson, and who desired favor in the eyes of the faculty, made a trip to Clemson and inquired of the oracle (President) how this might be accomplished. The reply was to perform the twelve labors below recited. He started the task, but unlike the fabled Hercules, did not come out successful. In performing the first four he sacrificed his independence, he had to borrow money to attempt 5, 6 and 7—his devotion to 8, 9 and 10 cost him his health, so that in trying to perform the twelfth, he sacrificed his life. For the benefit of those who have the same aspirations we give the labors in full :

1. Always concur with the opinions of the President and Faculty.

2. Submit to officer's officiousness without remonstrance.

3. Make known to Faculty all transactions of class and student body.

4. Agree that the "survival of the fittest" always determines who shall have preference in military appointments.

5. Order all books through the college exchange.

6. Cheerfully pay all damage bills without criticizing the amount.

7. Respond liberally to all appeals for contributions to college organizations, pay term fees in advance, and



patronize everything which has the approval of college authorities.

8. Get 10 in every study.
9. Attend all religious meetings.
10. Never miss a company formation.
11. Never get excused from any duty.
12. Answer every question fully and correctly in examinations.

W. L. M.

#### 1904's REPLY TO 1903—ATTENTION!

Here is to the imprudent Sophomore,  
The most accursed of all the corps,  
Who tried to govern Freshmen, green,  
Who laid down five laws to be seen,  
You may perhaps remember,  
In the COLLEGE CHRONICLE of November.

Heed, you Sophomores!  
Herein do we reply,  
Though the moments fly,  
And though away time may speed;  
You may yet find time to read.  
We, of course, obey the college rules,  
But not those laid down by a set of Wise Fools.

We carry the colors,  
We carry the cane,  
And are determined to carry the same  
So long as at Clemson is enrolled our names,  
Although it does addle the "Wise Fools'" brain.

We beg you to understand,  
When the fair sex is in reach,  
We do not propose to heed  
What our "Wise Fools" preach.



## CLEMSON DEFEATS THE VIRGINIA TECHS.

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**Game Was Played on Neutral Ground at Charlotte---Was a Hard Fought Contest, But Carolinians Were Never in Danger.**

CHARLOTTE, N. C., Nov. 24.—Clemson won the hardest game of the season by the score of 12 to 5 here this afternoon. Their opponents were the strong foot-ball players from the Virginia Polytechnic Institute, which team on October 27th played the University of North Carolina a tie game on her own campus.

In the first half of 25 minutes, Clemson scored once, kicking the goal, while Virginia made a beautiful goal kick from the field.

In the second half, Clemson went in with a rush, making a second touch-down and kicking goal. At the request of the Virginia captain this half was shortened to 15 minutes—the time being called with the ball in Clemson's possession, and they were rushing down by long gains for another touch-down. Both teams, despite the closeness of the score, played clean, gentlemanly foot-ball.

Clemson closes the season by her game with University of Alabama in Birmingham on Thanksgiving. She has not yet lost a game.

### STORY OF THE GAME.

The Clemson College foot-ball team met and defeated the Virginia Polytechnic Institute team on the gridiron at Latta Park this afternoon.

The game was undoubtedly the fastest and best game that has been played in the South this season. The Virginians clearly showed themselves worthy of their score of 0 to 0 with the University of North Carolina

several weeks ago. Capt. Carpenter kicked a magnificent goal from the 37-yard line.

The line bucking of the Virginia team was very heavy, and although they never got dangerously near Clemson's goal, yet it took Clemson nearly all of the first half to solve it. Afterwards it was easily seen that it was Clemson's game, because the V. P. I. had nothing left to fall back on. On the other hand when Clemson found one style of play would not work against the V. P. I. she showed great resourcefulness by brilliantly executing new plays and adopting a totally different style of plays and through her versatility clearly showed herself the superior team and master of the situation.

The offense style of the two teams was extremely dissimilar. The offensive of V. P. I., which constituted great and tremendous power, lacked variety, and the sheer grit of Clemson finally enabled them to stop these plays at safe distances from their goal line.

The game was fast throughout and devoid of all slugging and dirty playing. The coach and captain of V. P. I. expressed the opinion that Clemson easily excelled any team they had been against this season.

#### FIRST HALF.

Virginia won toss and chose north goal. Forsythe kicks off for Clemson to Hardaway, who fails to advance. Carpenter attempts line buck, but fails to advance; Huffard makes two yards around end; Hardaway makes three around end; Huffard tries end, but fails to advance. Carpenter bucks line for two yards. Hardaway goes around end for three yards, but referee gives ball to Clemson on forward pass.

Douthit makes two yards through line. Forsythe makes one yard through line. Ball goes over to Vir-

ginia on downs. Carpenter makes four yards through line and Hunter falls on ball. Capt. Carpenter claimed ball was downed and after some discussion Voorhees is put in Beard's place as referee. Virginia's ball second down and three yards to gain.

Carpenter makes two and a half yards through line; Huffard makes three through the line; Hardaway tries line but fails to advance. Carpenter makes three yards through line; Huffard makes two and a half yards around the end; Carpenter makes one yard through line; Huffard bucks line for three yards; Carpenter bucks line for two yards; Hardaway makes half a yard through line. (Third down and four and a half yards to gain.) Carpenter kicks goal from 27-yard line from placed kick.

Clemson kicks off to Carpenter, who advances ball 15 yards. McCormick makes two yards through line; Hardaway goes around end for two yards; Huffard makes two and a half yards through line; Hardaway goes through line for two and a half yards; Carpenter goes through line for three yards; Huffard goes around end for five yards; Hardaway goes through line for two and a half yards; Carpenter makes three yards through line; Carpenter makes two yards through line; Huffard makes two yards through line; Jewell goes around the end for 10 yards.

Carpenter goes through line for one yard and a half; Hardaway tries end but fails to advance; Moffit makes four yards around end; Jewell goes around for six yards.

Carpenter goes through line for two and a half yards; Hardaway tries for end, but loses half a yard; Huffard makes half a yard around end. Ball goes to Clemson on downs.

Bellows goes around end for 18 yards; Bellows makes

three and a half yards around end; Forsythe makes three yards around end; Hunter goes around end for 16 yards; Forsythe makes 12 yards on a triple pass through the line; Hunter, on double pass, makes four yards around end; Douthit makes two yards through line. Walker goes around end for two and a half yards; Lynch goes around end for five yards; Douthit bucks line for half a yard; Forsythe makes two yards through line. (Third down and two and a half yards to gain.)

Clemson gets five yards on off-side play. Douthit bucks line for three yards and touch-down. Lewis kicks goal.

Carpenter kicks off for Virginia to Forsythe, who advances ball 15 yards before being downed. Lynch goes around end for two yards; Douthit hurdles line for three and a half yards; Forsythe makes five and a half yards around end; Hunter, on a double pass, goes through line for five and a half yards; Duckworth makes two yards through line; Hunter goes around end for 15 yards; Walker goes through line for two yards; Douthit goes through line for 32 yards; Lynah goes around end for 17 yards; Hunter makes half a yard through line. Douthit makes seven yards through line; Hunter goes through line for three yards; Lynah goes around end for one yard; Douthit bucks line for two yards; Hunter tries line buck but fails to advance ball. Forsythe goes through line for half a yard. Ball goes over to Virginia on downs on her 14-yard line.

Hardaway goes around end for four yards; Carpenter goes through line for three yards; Huffard goes through line for two yards; Hardaway goes around end for three and a half yards; Hardaway makes three yards through line; Huffard goes around end for one yard; Carpenter goes through line for three yards; Carpenter goes through

line for one and three-quarter yards ; Huffard goes around end for three yards; Carpenter goes through line for two yards; McCormick made one yard through line. Time out with ball on 35-yard line.

Time of half, 35 minutes. Score 6 to 5 in favor of Clemson.

#### SECOND HALF.

Capt. Huffard kicks off for Virginia to 5-yard line to Hunter who advances the ball 25 yards. Hunter makes 3 yards around end. Clemson off side gives Virginia 10 yards. Douthit makes 2 yards through line. Hunter 4 yards around end. Forsythe 2 yards through line and Hunter 3 yards. Hunter makes run 17 yards around left end. Bellow makes 3 yards around end. Forsythe bucks line for 2 yards; Douthit makes 2 through line. Lewis loses 12 yards on fumble. Hunter makes 10 yards around end (third down and 2 yards to gain.) Hunter makes 2 yards around end and Forsythe 6 yards around end, but is colled back on account of off side play and Virginia gets 10 yards. Lynch ties end, but fails to advance ball. Hunter makes  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards around end. Third down and  $2\frac{1}{2}$  to gain. Here on a double pass Lewis kicks ball to Bel-lows on Virginia's 30 yard line within bounds by 2 yards. Signal is given and interference goes around right end and Lynch goes straight through line for 30 yards and touch-down. Lewis kicks goal.

Carpenter kicks off for Virginia to Douthit who advances ball 8 yards. Duckworth goes through line for 5 yards. Walker fails to gain around end. (Third down and 5 yards to gain.) Porsythe kicks ball to Carpenter on 25 yard line and he advances ball 20 yards. Hard-away makes 3 yards around end. Huffard half a yard around end. Carpenter makes 2 yards through line.



Haraway bucks line for 2 yards; Huffard goes around end for 1 yard; Carpenter through line for 2 yards. Huffard goes through line for 3 yards. (First down on Clemson's 35 yard line.) Hardaway goes through line for  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards. Clemson gets 10 yards on off side play. Carpenter bucks line for  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards. After a fumble Hardaway makes 1 yard through line. Huffard makes 1 yard around end.

Ball goes over to Clemson on downs. Bellows makes around end; Douthit bucks centre for 2 yards. Forsythe kicks 10 yards to Moffett. Huffard, for Virginia, makes half yard through line. Carpenter bucks line for 3 yards. Huffard makes half yard around end. Ball goes over to Clemson on downs on her 45 yard line.

Game called on account of darkness.

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### Society Notes.

On the night of Friday, the 16th, the three societies adjourned, and held a moot court in the Columbian Society hall. Mr. H. R. Tison was charged with "assault and battery with the intent to kill" by one A. A. Butler. With all the dignity becoming his office, Judge E. T. Hughes presided, and gave advice on the many complicated points of law that arose. The counsels for the State were Messrs. E. M. Matthews and Q. B. Newman. Messrs. M. E. Zeigler and R. N. Reeves pleaded eloquently for the defendant, and by their argumentative speeches and convincing evidence, secured the acquittal of their client.

The officers elected to serve for the next quarter in the three societies are :

### COLUMBIAN.

President—W. E. McLendon.

Vice-President—E. F. Hughes.



Recording Secretary—B. H. Barre.  
Corresponding Secretary—J. O. Hughes.  
Literary Critic—Q. B. Newman.  
Prosecuting Critic—J. B. Watkins.  
Reporting Critics—P. J. Quattlebaum, S. M. Ward.  
Sergeant-at-Arms—T. C. Shaw.

## PALMETTO.

President—G. F. Klugh.  
Vice-President—H. L. Ramsey.  
Secretary—T. E. Stanley.  
Treasurer—J. E. Gettys.  
Sergeant-at-Arms—O'Hagan.  
Prosecuting Critic—H. M. Mathis.  
Reporting Critics—H. G. Stokes, T. O. Lawton, W. A. Burgess, J. E. Cheatam.  
Literary Critic—G. D. Levy.  
Sensor—G. Honour.  
Quarterly Orator, C. L. Reid.

## CALHOUN.

President—H. R. Tison.  
Vice-President—R. N. Reeves.  
Secretary—F. K. Norris.  
Recording Secretary—B. F. Pegnes.  
Treasurer—E. B. C. Watts.  
Critic—D. H. Sadler.  
Sergeant-at-Arms—I. L. Tobin.  
Assistant Sergeant-at-Arms—I. W. Hayne, B. M. Jenkins.

Sergeant K. to "rat" G.—"Do you want to buy some visiting cards?"

"Rat" G.—"No, we visit without them, for if they catch us we will be reported anyhow."

Junior B. does not agree with Senior D. He says, "that there are not seven, but thirteen blue stripes in the American flag.

Cadet F. after reading a notice about a dime reading. "I wonder what the price of admission will be."

"Chunk" R. to "Boy" L.-- "Do you converse with Miss — these days?"

"Boy" L.—"No, she is nearly two hundred miles from here, but I correspond with her."

Prof. of Chemistry.—What is a retort?

Soph. H.—A cutting reply.

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### Personals.

Col. J. S. Newman and Mr. Edward L. Johnson attended the Georgia State Dairymen's Association.

Prof. Weber, of the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., visited Clemson recently and expressed himself as being delighted with what he saw.

Mr. Carter Newman, the horticulturist, is now showing some magnificent chrysanthemums at the gardens.

Mr. C. H. Wells, who graduated from Clemson last June, has returned to do some special work.

Cadet J. W. McMakin, the popular pitcher of last year's base ball team, has entered college again.

Prof. Morrison paid a short visit to Wofford.

Mr. J. H. Rice, Jr., is here visiting friends.

Dr. Hartzog and Dr. Bracket have returned from their trip to New Haven. They bring back much useful information.

The board of trustees of Clemson are here in session getting ready the annual report for the Legislature, and looking after the affairs of the college.

The Athletic Association has secured Coach Heisman's services for another year. He will introduce general track athletics.

Her lips were like the leaves, he said,  
By autumn crimson tinted ;  
So people autumn leaves preserve  
By pressing them, she hinted.

The meaning of the gentle hint  
The lover did discern,  
And so he clasped her round the neck  
And glued his lips to her'n !

—Ex.

Soph !

Oh ! Soph !

Oh, Conceited Soph !

Wilt thou never bend thy stiff neck to the yoke of humility ?

Wilt thy little corporals or disappointed, would-be corporals, so swell thy head that thou mayest not remember that but one short year ago, thou too wert fresh ?

Me thinks that freshness hath not worn away.

Would'st thou cast out the mote in thy brother's eye when, behold, thou hast a beam in thine own eye ?

Would'st thou be so gracious as to condescend to impart knowledge when, behold, thou fools and blind, thou hast none to give ?

"Under no circumstances will freshmen be permitted to smoke pipes upon the college campus."

Ge ! Ho ! my Sophs, me thinks I smell the sweet savor of thy fine cigars with which thou hast so filled the air.

Me thinks I behold thee strolling up and down, swinging gold headed canes, and so honoring the college colors by placing them upon thy most worthy selves, while in most musical tones (as becomes a soph) thou sayest, ah ! I am a soph.

We do truly advise thee to try some of thine own medicine for such diseases as thou wouldst cure the freshman of. And in thy walks and talks thou hadest far better keep upon the grass, for then thou wilt pass unnoticed (a thing most desirable) and render the college grounds far more attractive.

'Tis needless to advise thee to keep away from the fair sex, for have no fear they will do the keeping away.

It is at all times advisable for ye sophs, to wear gay and gaudy clothing, for then, indeed, it will be in keeping with thy Pharisaical ostentation.

Poor, innocent babes, thou hast just past from babyhood and into the teething age (as thou showest) and doth thou, indeed, think thyself worthy to give advice, even to thy younger brothers, the fresh.

Furthermore, my brethren, be admonished, try thy best to fulfil the meaning of thy name Sophomore (a wise fool) for thou, indeed, lackest the wisdom.

Prof. F. (in English)—Mr. C. where were the canterberry tales written ?

Cadet C.—In Camden, sir.

Cadet D. (in free-hand drawing room)—Major, is this model of Clity ?

Major K.—No, sir, it is of plaster paris.

Cadet S.—Man, you ought to have been out on the frying pan during the Davidson game.

Col. S.—Mr. P., if the company is marching at route step what command is given to resume quick time ?

Cadet P.—Hault.

The photographer told our old barn yard fowl to wing out a little to the left.

Major K. made Cadet D. change his name because it did not suit his fancy.

Prof. P.—Mr. W., what is the hardest current to insulate ?

Cadet W.—Water, sir.

Rat R. (after the reading of the Governor's Thanksgiving proclamation)—Was that the Declaration ?

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### **Constitution of the South Carolina Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Association.**

#### **ARTICLE I.—TITLE.**

The name of this organization shall be the South Carolina Inter-collegiate 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 contests, at such times and places as shall be decided upon by the Executive Committee.

#### **ARTICLE III.—MEMBERSHIP.**

The Association is composed of the following college membership : Furman University, Wofford College, Clemson Agricultural College, Presbyterian College of South Carolina, Erskine College, Newberry 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.

#### ARTICLE IV.--OFFICERS.

SEC. 1. The officers of this Association shall be a President, Vice-President, Secretary and Recorder, Treasurer, Corresponding Secretary, and Secretary of the Sealed Marks, one from each of the six 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 nominations 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.

SEC. 4. The new officers shall take their seats for one calendar year.

#### 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 attach his signature to certificates of membership, and shall have the power to call special meetings at his discretion.

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 of the President, the Vice-President shall become the active President of the Association. It shall be the duty of the Vice-Presi-



dent to call a meeting of the Executive Committee at least thirty days previous to the annual contest.

SEC. 3. It shall be the duty of the Secretary and Recorder to keep an accurate copy of all amendments of the Constitution and By-Laws, 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, and 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, and 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.

SEC. 6. The Secretary of Sealed Marks shall receive and keep the grades from committee, Section A, shall not open them except in the presence of committee, Section B, on night of contest, and shall then and there assist Section B in combining and tabulating the grades of the two committees.

## 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 Com-

mittee to audit all accounts before they are presented to the Association. The committee shall decide all contests in regard to personal membership.

SEC. 3. The annual oratorical contests shall be under the control of the Executive Committee.

#### ARTICLE VII.—COMMITTEE ON DECISION.

SEC. 1. Six persons shall constitute the Committee on Decision. 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. 2. The Committee on Decision shall be divided into two equal sections, A and B. Section A shall be selected by the President 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 remaining orations in proportion to their merit as compared to the first.

SEC. 3. Section B shall be selected by the Executive Committee at least thirty 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 shall be on the scale of one hundred as in section A.

SEC. 4. Any college of the Association shall have the

right to object to any member of the Committee on Decision, but not more than two objections shall be allowed each college, and such objections shall be submitted in writing, and shall be in the hands of the President at least twenty-five days for section A, and ten days for section B, previous to the contest.

SEC. 5. 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. These grades shall reach their destination at least four days previous to 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 sealed marks.

SEC. 6. At the close of the contest and in the presence of the audience assembled the secretary of sealed marks, assisted by the members of committee, section B, 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. 7. The orator, whose grade from all members of the entire Committee on Decision is found to be greatest, shall be awarded the first honor medal. The orator whose grade is next highest shall be awarded the second honor medal. 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 chairman of committee, section B, shall

then announce to the audience the result. 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 composed and written by the contestants themselves, without assistance, and as regards delivery, they shall receive no assistance except from the faculty and students of the college they represent, 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 contestant 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 Correspond-

ing Secretary, who shall then issue a certificate of membership in the Association and shall forward it to the President for his signature. Any representative who shall fail to pay this fee within thirty 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 at such time preceding the contest as the President may direct. 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 deliberations 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. The order of speakers shall be drawn for at the meeting of the Executive Committee, at least thirty days before 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.

SEC. 3. The successful contestant shall represent the Association in the Southern Inter-State Oratorical Association.

## 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, a list of the officers of the Association, prize men, date and place of next contest, and the constitution of the Association.

## ARTICLE XVI.—AUTHORITY RECOGNIZED.

All questions of parliamentary forms and usages, not provided for by this constitution, shall be referred to "Robert's Rules of Order."

## ARTICLE XVII.—AMENDMENTS.

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.

W. G. Hill, Editor-in-Chief.

W. E. McLendon, Business Manager.

## CALHOUN LITERARY SOCIETY.

E. M. Matthews, President.

T. K. Glen, Secretary.

## COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

M. E. Zeigler, President.

A. O. Bowers, Secretary.

## PALMETTO LITERARY SOCIETY.

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T. S. Perrin, Secretary.

## YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

E. M. Matthews, President.

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## CLEMSON COLLEGE SCIENTIFIC ASSOCIATION.

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## ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

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## FOOTBALL ASSOCIATION.

W. M. Riggs, President.

C. Douthit, Manager.

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## ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

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Spartanburg, S. C.

B. F. Robertson, Secretary.  
Clemson College, S. C.



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Valeat Quantum Valere Potest.

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No. 4

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## Literary Department.

E. M. MATTHEWS, }  
M. E. ZEIGLER, }

- - - - - EDITORS

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### LIFE.

The clouds of life o'ershade us all,  
To each in life his share must fall.  
There is no place, however bright,  
That in its turn hath not a night.

It is not right for man at best,  
To have for aye a day of rest.  
A little work, a little strife,  
A saddening end, and this is life.

But life on earth, is but a view,  
There's work, and good for us to do.  
The goal is not the end of all,  
There is another, a higher call.

Then let us to that call attend  
And for it every effort bend,  
So that in death the world may see,  
We've done the work given you and me.

F. G. D., '02,

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### Wireless Telegraphy.

The term wireless telegraphy is a misnomer in the sense that conductors are not used, because, conductors are used. though not conductors as we commonly use the word. Energy is transmitted from one place to another through the earth and ether of the air, hence really, no wires are used, and in this significance the term "wireless"

is correct. But the popular interpretation of the term is a transmission of energy without conductors—a proposition which is opposed to the laws of mechanics.

Let us understand then, that wireless telegraphy is the transmission of signals between two places that are not otherwise connected except by the earth and ether.

It is true that vertical wires are used, but this will be explained further on; and excepting these, no other metallic conductors—wires—are used.

We are disposed to look upon the subject as something very new, while in truth it is an evolution of physics covering a period of eighty years or more, and including the experiments and work of some of the ablest physicists that have made experimental physics what it is to-day.

Before the middle of this century engineers and experimenters thought seriously of telegraphing across the Atlantic without a cable; indeed this thought preceded the idea of a cable connecting the two sides of the ocean.

While a degree of success attended nearly all these experiments great difficulty was experienced when the various systems were put in operation commercially, and all of them were finally abandoned.

We cannot take up a study of the systems employed by these early experimenters save to say that in every particular they obeyed the laws of physics and did no violence to any of the sciences as then understood.

It is in this particular that the systems employed to-day differ so materially from the pioneer efforts. By employing modern methods it is possible to get spark discharges of electricity of such a high pressure that their actions can be made to violate some of the fundamental principles upon which the laws governing electricity are based.

For instance, it is stated in physics that no current is

induced in a conductor at right angles to another conductor. Now this is easily done with electricity at the high pressure used in wireless telegraphy. For example, a moving train can take a message from the ordinary line wires even at distances of more than one hundred feet.

While all this may seem strange, and to some extent is, yet this same action by which messages are transmitted, say sixty miles, takes place in some of the very simplest physical experiments.

Consider the system employed by Marconi. The sending station consists of a vertical wire the height of which depends on the distance of the receiving station. This vertical wire is connected to the earth but has a break in it across which a spark is made to pass. This spark is made by using an induction coil and a few cells of battery. Hence to send a message we use the ordinary telegraph code. Two sparks close together make a "dot," and with an interval of time between, two sparks make a "dash."

Now for the receiving end. Another vertical wire just like the other is connected to the ground. It has a break also, but instead of a spark passing, a small instrument, called the "coherer," is joined up completing the connection to the ground. It is upon the action of this little coherer that the successful working of the system mostly depends. It consists of a small piece of glass tube of small bore, say one-eighth of an inch, two brass rods fit snugly into the tube, and between the ends of the two rods are about five grains (by weight) of nickel filings. This combination of filings and the rods is normally a non-conductor of electricity. But when a discharge of electricity of sufficiently high pressure takes place in the vicinity the nickel filings undergo a change and will now conduct electricity. If the filings be jarred by a tap of



the hand they fall back into their original state—that is the coherer becomes again a non-conductor and is ready to receive another impression.

This action of the coherer is utilized by connecting it in a local circuit together with a battery and ordinary telegraph relay. Now when a spark is made at the sending station a transference of energy takes place through the circuit composed of the verticle wires, the earth and the ether between the stations. As stated before, the coherer becomes a conductor. Now the local circuit also is made complete when the coherer begins to conduct. The local battery energizes the local circuit and operates to close the relay. The closing of the relay closes another local circuit in which are connected a battery and ordinary electric bell. The relay would remain closed and the bell would continue to ring if the filings in the coherer were not jarred loose. This is accomplished by using a large bell and placing it close to the coherer so that when the clapper rebounds after striking the bell, strikes the coherer and jars it. The filings are restored to their non-conductive state and the receiving station is ready to receive another signal.

To complete an equipment each station must have both a receiving and a sending apparatus.

It is pointed out as a disadvantage that any one with the proper receiving apparatus can take a message at any locality within the range of the sending instrument.

It is too much to expect that all the details of a system which is such a departure from the ordinary methods should be complete. It is perfectly reasonable to suppose that in a short while means will be found for making this system of telegraphy, already successful, complete in every detail.

There are three distinct types of wireless telegraphy

but their work cannot be described in an essay. The interested reader is referred to a history of the subject written by Fahie. The Marconi system alone represents a departure from the ordinary principles employed in all the other systems.

It is too early in the history of wireless telegraphy to say how the energy is transferred from place to place without any visible medium.

To be sure quite a number of explanations are at hand but none of them are free from objection.

It is very probable that nothing definite will be known of this novel transmission of energy until experiment gives us a better insight into the nature and property of the ether which up to now has been treated too much as a scape goat for physical inconsistencies.

Such knowledge of the ether is not visionary. Already Prof. Thomson, following his division of atoms into smaller particles; promises absolute proof of some general laws concerning the behavior of the ether under electrical stresses.

It is even suggested to explain the action of gravitation on this proposition that even atoms of air are composed of smaller bodies "corpuscles," some charged with positive electricity and others with negative electricity. But to recur to the subject. In reading contributions on this and kindred subjects written for the technical journals one is confounded in the maze of inconsistent terms. One flounders about between the term "radiant energy"—which covers entirely too many sins—and the misuse of "induction," and "charges of electricity by influence."

While this shows our poor system of nomenclature, it also shows that the most able men are woefully far apart

in understanding the phenomena arising from high pressure electricity.

The most common explanation of wireless transmission is that at the high pressure needed the ether is made to vibrate by the waves set in motion by the unbalanced electrical stresses. The action does not depend on any properties of the air, but the energy is radiated, like light, in every direction through the ether without resistance, and hence is instantaneous.

In a careful study of the subject by the writer and experiments made by him and Mr. Roddey, there appeared no phenomena that cannot be explained as well as the action of gravity, of electric condensers, or of a voltaic cell.

As a matter of fact nearly all the actions are identical with those of a gigantic condenser.

The commercial value of the system as developed at present cannot be determined. It is very probable that inventive genius will remedy all the defects and add new features that will before long make wireless telegraphy, and also telephony, a common adjunct to our business and social systems.

E. M. MATTHEWS.

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### A Changed Man.

Edd was on the train that was whirling the boys home from Clemson College. He had passed over the greater part of the distance and most of his comrades had stopped at their respective destinations or separated in other directions. Under the influence of the comparative quietude that followed Edd's mind filled with thought.

The fever panic proved altogether too serious a subject for continued meditation to a boy on his way home

from Clemson with the Christmas holidays in near view ; so Edd glided to easier topics.

In preparing his schedule of holiday pleasures the Christmas festivities feel naturally enough into place—family gatherings, turkey dinners, bird hunts and dances. And he gloated over the idea that these were to be sure enough dances. Not such as he had consoled himself with in the walls of Clemson ; for even the dreamy waltz deliciously played by Sling's string band is stale, flat and unprofitable when danced by men—only.

Edd preferred life out in the country, among the cotton fields, where the wheels of progress are somewhat clogged, civilization pauses in the pleasant places and the joys of festal occasions are entered into with something of primeval simplicity; where, by the light of a pine knot fire, to the music of the banjo you can swing your partner till your head is dizzy, dizzy, dizzy.

But even in the midst of such thrilling thoughts, Edd's face shaded with a sudden gloom. He revolved the annoying matter through his mind again and again then resolutely resolved to set it right at his first opportunity.

\* \* \* \* \*

The month of December has nearly passed, the pleasures of Christmas are almost gone, and the last "party" that Edd will grace with his presence is rapidly gathering. Meanwhile the company chat gaily and enthusiasm rises vigorously. Presently the first dance is ordered, the music begins, and dancing feet mark the regular cadence of old Virginia reel. Above the din you hear the prompter's voice with suitable inflection command, "Lead up on the head and swing."

This set is danced through, then another, and still another when Edd sees his chance. He advances boldly upon a girl he has watching closely and secures her per-

mission for the next dance. They then retire at his suggestion to the seclusion of the piazza to wait till the music starts.

"It's been over a year since we've met," Edd begins.

"It's all your fault," she replies.

A lengthy conversation of greater or less interest follows, they forget the dance and fail utterly to contribute to the general entertainment.

Edd is now back at Clemson. His face relieved of its gloom is radiant with smiles. May they abide with him forever!

M. E. Z., Class '02.

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### She Loved Him Unto the End.

It was in a beautiful little village when the sun was approaching the horizon, casting its long shadows in the distance that Nell and Judson, the loveliest couple in the whole place, she a blonde of exquisite grace and beauty and he as handsome as Apollo's statue, began their usual evening stroll down the long lane which led across grassy meadows, smiling with flowers into a large woodland. Not for a moment did they think of returning until they had seen the golden sunset, seated side by side in rapturous love, breathing the enchanted air of the forest.

The spring just beneath the hill from which flowed a limpid stream of pure water laid claim to most of their visits, for just above it there was a moss covered rock which nature had provided for such a pair as that. Seated here they could imbibe the richest dreams of pure love, lulled by warbling birds perched above and by the babbling brook at their feet, until their intoxication carried them into realms too sacred for mortal man to enter. It was to this delightful spot that Nell and Judson were repairing unless they should change their



minds on entering the wood, but as this was their favorite retreat on all occasions so could we expect to find them there at the usual hour.

Nothing produces a more pleasing effect upon the human mind than that of seeing our fellow creatures gay and happy; such was the couple that had left the house only a few moments ago, now fast on their way, arm in arm, chatting for their lives; occasionally there was a burst of laughter which seemed to express the inmost feelings of their souls, so happy were they in each other's company. It is useless to try to describe the joy that these rambles through the forest gave to each, for my pen should fail under the attempt; but it is only necessary to say that they always became deeply absorbed in the conversation between them which was as uninterrupted—save a hearty laugh and the bestowal of a kiss upon her coral lips, they being so often upturned to his and so tempting too that he could not refuse to accept—as the hours that follow one after the other. May be it was because they were profoundly interested in the same subject, impelled by the same feelings, acting together to discover some great thing which should be handed down to posterity. Not for a moment should we think they were on verge of discovering the Philosopher's stone or Elixir of Life for science has refuted that theory ages ago; but it must be something though worthy of thought by two such beings as Nell and Judson. Can you guess? One said, they were exploring the boundless region of Love; exactly so, already had they penetrated farther into the depths of this human passion than had any of the great poets who merely paint from their imaginations what appears to be reality. Love to these two was a tangible thing, they experienced it, they tasted it in all of its sweetness. Now, lost in the jungles



of happiness and joy, they were contented to remain there forever were such a thing possible, for they cared nothing about the exterior world except their existence.

Both had drunk deep and tasted the waters of love of the Pierian spring, one should cease to live without the other, so closely had their destinies been linked by that mystic power which man calls Love. They were two flowers which God had allowed to bud and blossom, the very life of the little village in which they lived.

On entering the wood they were greeted by the warbling thrush that flitted about among the branches, pouring forth its sweetest notes to them, and by the hum of bees which were gathering nectar from gay colored flowers at their feet. Nell and Judson stood there for a moment possessed with that sort of feeling which comes to lovers only once, or it may never come, that is, when nature in all its brightness seems to be in accord with their very thoughts. The spell was broken, these two continued their way toward the spring a little farther on where they were soon to be seated on the moss covered rock, there to talk and revel in love until night should declare their departure.

Judson became serious all of a sudden while he was calling over to himself the day's experience, for it flashed across his mind that he should have paid his friend by three o'clock that afternoon. He was greatly agitated about it, so much so that his sweetheart began to question him. After a little persuasion, she finally induced him to tell her his secret troubles. She was sure she had the remedy, should his case require it.

"Nell, I repeat it with shame, but I got into a poker game while I was up town last night, with my friend Brett (also a friend of yours, I believe), and lost all I had; besides, I borrowed twenty-five from him and lost

that too. It put me in a predicament for my wages will not be due within a week yet, but I expected to borrow, now it's overtime, and he has that Shylock nature about him that makes me shudder, ah! that you knew him as well as I do."

Nell was not much surprised at his statement about his loss. She began to console him with sweet words, yet she rebuked him for being so reckless. "Jud, look right into my eyes. Didn't you promise your little Nell that you were going to turn over a new leaf and be a good, sweet little boy and not gamble any more? Because you know it's not right, besides you may get killed, and I—I—." She did not finish her sentence.

"Oh! Nell, my precious one, not for a single moment will I offend thee again, you are the very star of my hopes, hence forward I shall be guided by this little hand which I hold in mine."

"My own," she said, patting him on the cheek, "We will fix it this time with our friend, for I have that much lying away in my drawer which I saved from last year, and with it we can smooth over everything, so rest easy on this point. But you must promise me upon your word as a gentleman—are you listening Jud? you naughty boy—that you will not play another game as long as you live?" Nell, sweet one, I adore thee, I love thee, and do solemnly promise you that nothing on earth can induce me to play another game."

The conversation ended, they became impassionate and could not be restrained, for that power which is mightier than the sword had taken possession of their souls, they were now locked in each other's embrace pouring forth notes of love in such profusion that the birds among the branches quit their play in order to catch some of the sweet sounds that fell upon the still

air. "Jud," she was saying, "Tell me only once more that you love me and I shall be satisfied?" "Oh! Nell, why be so cruel as to ask such a question as that. Do I love thee? Life should be to me a thing not worth the living without thy love to soothe this burdened heart of mine, I would rather be in the grave and my soul with the immortals than be here and not share thy love."

"Though the brightest stars in the heavens shall fail to give light, yet will I not forsake thee, Jud, you are my very existence, I love not the singing of birds, the babbling brook, the beautiful landscape, or anything else that Nature has spread out before me; yea, my sweet one, I love nothing under the skies but thy immediate presence which completes my happiness." "Oh! for an eternity of bliss such as we have enjoyed this evening," exclaimed both. They were sealing the newly made vows with a last kiss when they were suddenly aroused from their revelling by a noise from behind. It was Brett.

"By the Almighty! I have you at last! exclaimed the large, brawny Brett.

"Oh! Hold! Hold! What's the matter man! I will settle with you about that; see here! wait!"

"Not a minute will I wait, you damnable wretch! The time is out!" With the last words uttered, a pistol was pointing at Judson's head, and the fatal shot fired.

"My God! My God! He has killed him," screamed the terrified girl, pale with fright; at the next instant she was on her knees by the side of her dying lover, doing all she could to restore him, but of no avail, for he was beyond the help of human skill; a few moments more and the last breath left his body. It was like tearing her heart away when she received the farewell kiss. Her eye caught the glimpse of something in his hip

pocket which she grasped with the arm of a Hercules, and brandishing it above her head she shouted, "Revenge is just! Revenge is mine!!" Then was levelled at Brett the deadly weapon. She pulled the trigger, and he fell over, but was not dead.

"God forgive me for this deed!" exclaimed Nell, deathly pale and ready to faint from exhaustion. Glancing over to the spot where her lover lay dead, and who had only a few moments ago promised her a world of happiness and she had done the same to him, was rapidly giving way to her feelings. Death had blasted the one flower that should have grown by the side of the other, why had it not claimed her too, for she cared not to live any longer since he was dead? Often had she prayed that both should die on the same day, but little did she dream that that day was so near at hand. Part of her prayer was now answered, and she desired that it should be complete; she had avenged her lover's death, and was now ready to go; so placing the pistol that caused her sweetheart's resignation from this wicked world, against her temple, her little hand pulled the trigger. She lay there by the side of her lover, a sweet smile still on her livid face. Death itself could not erase it. Their spirits were already fast on their journey to a place of eternal rest.

Brett was only dazed by the shot that struck him. His recovery is due to a little herb that grew by the side of the brook, which he mechanically drew to his mouth for it contained properties that soon revived him. He stood aghast, with his mind filled with burning thoughts, Oh! My God! what have I done? He would be calm one instant and raging the next, giving utterance to sentences full of wrath, or else upon a few moments of meditation his soul would be filled with remorse whereupon

issued sobs from his wounded heart instead of revengeful curses.

"I intended to kill him ! Thanks to divine Providence for the opportunity which presented itself ; I cared nothing about the money he owed me ; I only wanted a pretext to do the deed ; but for him who has stood in the way Nell and I would have been happy months ago."

He sat down on a log, for he was becoming weaker and weaker every minute. These words escaped his mouth, "Yes I know I loved my friend Judson ; he was a dear friend, but that damnable thing ! That stinging viper, which is called jealousy, entered my heart and has caused me to execute its designs. How terrible ! Oh ! how bitter has been the deed ! The very thoughts will kill me ! To stain my hands with the blood of my dear friend, and to be the cause of the death of the fairest girl on God's green Earth ? Who would have thought she loved him so ? To die for him is proof enough that she did not love me. Would to God that I had known it but yesterday ! Then I should not have committed this terrible crime. What have I gained ? Nothing. I am lost forever. He became a raving demoniac during the while.

Directly the stars came out and lit up the ghastly scene, Brett having recovered himself by this time, made his way out of the wood. He left with the view of giving himself up, but changed his mind before the edge of the forest was reached. "No," he said, "Let them find me ; why should I seek them ? May be I have done the proper thing after all."

Investigations were made, but proved nothing beyond the fact that Nell and Judson were desperate in love ; and through jealousy he had ended her life and then took his own. The deed cast a gloom over the whole village,



and many were the sad hearts to lament the death of their departed friends.

Brett's life was wrecked, for his plan had failed completely; while he was plucking the thorn from around the delicate flower which should ultimately be his, it withered and died. There was nothing for him to live for, so he was ready to die. The thoughts of the awful tragedy preyed heavily upon his mind until his life became a bitter struggle; he knew he had caused the death of two innocent beings and this haunted him every hour both day and night. Finally death came and relieved him of his sufferings.

Nell, Brett and Judson—Nell, thou wast a beautiful girl. Judson loved thee passionately for it, yet thy love for him was even greater, it lasted beyond the grave. Brett, thy life was bitter dregs, theirs was happiness unto the end, but Fate was against thee. It decreed that thou shouldst not interfere, and thus thou hast been rewarded that which is thine.

R. N. REEVES, Class '01.

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### **General Suggestions for Moving from One Town to Another.**

A good idea of the prosperity of a town can be had by knowing the number of drug stores that give away advertising matter with the drugs sold. The above applies only to drug stores that do not sell groceries or furniture.

If the health of the town is such that it has no drug stores—a condition of affairs met with only where doctors do not practice—you may form a fair estimate of such a town by knowing the number of unemployed people, both sex, that meet the trains. Or if you should spend a night in such a town prospecting, observe the street lamps when lit. I would not consider a town prosperous whose street



lights couldn't be seen more than seven and one-half yards off, the weather being favorable.

I would not move to a town that sold spirituous liquors, as a great many people get drunk if they can obtain liquors in hogshead quantities.

Select a town with streets well laid out. This will assist you to get home at night when the street lamps have moved over where you suspected the fence to be.

A wide-awake town should have at least two white and one colored fire companies, and at least one company and engine should attend all fires in time to save the chimneys if made of brick and otherwise fire proofed.

The mayor of such a town should not have a great many other duties besides being mayor, cotton weigher, street lamp tender, and deacon, unless he has a large family or his mother-in-law residing with him.

Having selected a suitable town a few remarks as to surroundings might not be amiss. Select a large house one that has a great many windows. This may prove a good investment, for when the price of glass advances you can sell the sash to advantage and make enough to buy new ones when the price goes down.

Be careful who you select for neighbors. If possible select a house on each side of which is a large gully, and cemetery in front. Dead people properly buried will not annoy you much, except, possibly at night.

If your neighbor has a cat or dog that eats chickens, try to keep on good terms with both. If you find this impossible and hair in your drinking water, you may rest assured that the animal is doing as well as could be expected considering the depth of the well and quality of stone attached.

Finally, in whatever community you decide to cast your lot and household effects try as much as in you lies to

live peaceably with all men—notice that the admonition does not apply to women—be courteous to those in a position to favor you, and try to teach your children the difference between the proper observance of Sunday and the ox in the ditch scheme.

If you have paid the rent with your wife's money you need not take a receipt, she will remind you that the rent has been paid.

E. M. M.



# The Clemson College Chronicle.

FOUNDED BY CLASS OF 1898.

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## Editorial Department.

W. G. HILL, - - - - - EDITOR

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**The Article in the Orange and Blue.** We are not in the habit of commenting in our department upon matters contained in other magazines, but we find an article in Auburn's periodical, *The Orange and Blue*, that gives us so much amusement that we cannot

help but notice it. The one entitled, "Why we didn't play Suwanee, Clemson or North Carolina," is referred to. It is rich and we all had a big laugh over it, knowing as we do how matters have stood between the teams.

Beginning the writer says: "It is true that Clemson tried to get a game with us, but their application was received at such a time that it was impossible to schedule a game with them." Much more is said that we will pass unnoticed, as we presume that the editor was short on material and wanted something to fill out space only.

As a matter of fact Manager Douthit wrote to the manager of the Auburn team as early as March 3rd, urging him for a game—besides this many other letters were written, but all to no avail.

There is another very funny story in this paper too called, "Why Auburn Should Have Southern Championship." The writer evidently possesses a very strong imagination or he could never have thought up such a wonderful story. We would like to remind Auburn that she did not go up against a single team of any consequence this season, while Clemson, North Carolina and Suwanee did.

Clemson might, and would have a great deal more right to claim the championship on defeating the V. P. I., which team tied the University of North Carolina on North Carolina's own grounds. We do not believe in relative scores, however. The fallacy of such is readily seen in the fact that one team might play a number of weak teams and make a magnificent showing, which we grant Auburn has done, yet this does not go to show that such a team is the strongest in the South.

We do not wish to provoke any ill feeling by this article as it was written in nothing but the very best spirit. We hope to meet Auburn next year.

**The Scarlet Fever.** The scarlet fever scare has come and gone, and college work has been resumed as usual. What at first looked as if it would be a calamity to the college proved only a lengthy holiday and work is now going on as if nothing had happened. The trustees have wisely decided to lengthen the college term until the 21st of June, thus making up two of the three weeks that were lost. All the students report a most pleasant holiday and have come back determined to study hard and make up for the time that was lost.

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**Base Ball.** It will be only a short while until the base ball season opens, and Clemson will be contesting on the diamond we trust as successfully as she has on the gridiron. To get out a good team there must be a large number of men to pick from, and we therefore hope that every one who can play at all will put on a uniform and come out to help the team practice. A good second team is necessary to develop a good Varsity.

New uniforms and an entire new equipment has been ordered, and will arrive in a few days. The color of the uniforms has been changed to grey with white and red striped stockings and jerseys. The management decided to make this change as the purple faded so quickly.

As many games as is possible to arrange will be played here, so that the students can derive as much pleasure as possible from the sport and also that the base ball men may not lose time from their studies.

We hope to see the students turn out well to the games here as the Association is under considerable expense this year on account of buying new equipment and hiring the services of a coach.

**Short Issue.** We apologize to our readers for the extremely short issue this month. It is due to the fact, that on account of the unexpected close of college we have been able to secure very little material.





## Exchange Department.

Q. B. NEWMAN, '01, }  
W. A. BURGESS, '01. } - - - - - EDITORS

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In the Wofford College *Journal* we find two love stories of the War Between the States, "Maurice Stevens" and "Randolph Haynes." While both have very tragic endings, we find them entertaining. There is a very strong and thoughtful editorial in the *Journal* on "Sectionalism" which we heartily endorse. The writer says some sensible things about the sectional editorials of the Northern press and specially about the New York *Sun's* disgusting tirades against Gen. Lee, and closes by saying proudly, "In spite of the *Sun's* protest the Hall of Fame is to be honored by Robert E. Lee. His name will gain nothing of honor from having been placed there, but it will honor the Hall of Fame."

The very best piece of fiction that we have read this month is "The Surrender" in the *Converse Concept*. It is a charming story told in an entertaining manner. "Gawk's Reception" is very good but altogether impossible; for it relates the story of a girl who actually couldn't talk, and hence is an impossible, an altogether imaginary story. "The Mission of Home Sweet Home," a reverie in verse, is deserving of special mention.

This number of the *Carolinian* is above the average, which is saying a good deal. The number of articles in this paper is too great for us to attempt a criticism of all them. "Education a Source of Political Power" is a strong argument in favor of educating the masses for political reasons. "What we need and are going to need more

and more is intelligent voters." "If they [the people] are to rule, let them become fit to rule."

The offer of several prizes for the best essays on certain subjects, and for the best story has filled the *Carolinian* from cover to cover with excellent reading matter.

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### CLIPPINGS.

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#### A MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE.

A cat sedebat on our fence,  
As læta as could be ;  
Her vox surgebat to the skies,  
Canebat merrily.

Quite vainly jeci boots, a lamp,  
Some bottles and a book ;  
Ergo I seized my pistol et  
My aim cum cura took.

I had six shots, dixi, "Ye gods,  
May I that felis kill !"  
Quamquam I took six of her lives,  
The other three sang still.

The felis sang with major vim,  
Though meus aim was true ;  
Conatus sum putare quid  
In tonitru I'd do.

A scheme advenit to my head ;  
Scivi 'twould make her wince.  
I sang. Et then the hostis fled,  
Non eam vidi since.

—Ex.

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#### LOST, STRAYED OR STOLEN.

On New Year's as the custom is,  
I made a resolution.  
I built up with care and art  
Throughout its evolution.  
I braced it here and bound it there,  
And when it met my fancy

It took this form, "Resolved, I will  
Propose to-night to Nancy."

Holding my treasure hard and fast,  
And in its strength confiding,

I took me to sweet Nancy's home,

Where, proper moments biding,

I sought with words to make my plea,

Then moved to elocution.

But where it went, dear Heaven knows—

I lacked the resolution !

—*Town Topics,*



## Local Department.

GEO. D. LEVY, '03 }  
F. G. DE SAUSSURE, '02 } - - - - - EDITORS

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At the regular meeting of the high order of Imperial Liars, held on January 4th, the following rules were adopted :

1st. The prize hereafter was to be awarded to the man who not only told the largest, but the most natural lie.

2nd. At each regular meeting every member must have at least two lies; one must be original.

3rd. The same old, old lie about never having told a lie is never to be accepted for it has already taken four prizes.

After the adoption of the foregoing rules by unanimous consent the regular business was attended to. The president—Cadet Lord high muc a muc, told the first amusing coincident.

I was in Texas last week, he said, and on one occasion it rained so hard that the water running down a hillside was damned by a barb wire fence until it reached a depth of twenty feet, and when wire did break the water swept away a whole village.

“Well, sir, it is wonderful how that rain helped the corn. Why by the very next day it had grown fully fifty feet, and if the ground had not been soft enough for the stalk to sink forty feet the people could never have gotten the ear. As it was they had to use axes. Why I never saw such corn in my life; a single grain would feed a family for a year, and nearly all the streets are paved with the grains.

It was now Lieutenant J.'s turn, and when he rose his

face bore the signs in serious trouble, such as sea sickness or something equally as bad. "Gentlemen, he said, "My life has had a sad, sweet strain running from my youth. I had three brothers, all of whom were exceedingly unfortunate. Two were born cross eyed, so much so that when John cried the tears would run down his back, and James, my eldest brother, met his death by digging such a crooked well that fell out breaking his neck. But the saddest of all was the fait of Joe, who was driven mad by traveling such a bending road that every five miles he would meet himself coming back. Tears were streaming down little Cadet Private S's cheeks as he rose.

"Lieutenant, your story reminds me so much of my father that I was compelled to play the part of the baby." Gentlemen if you have tears to shed prepare to shed them now. "My father was an honest, hard working man, but his unfortunately long beard made him appear a thief. Why, gentlemen, he had to get on one side of a picket fence and drag it over to comb it."

One morning he lost his hat, and after mother had gotten the rake we found five pounds of lard, mother's baby crib, two setting hens and his hat all snugly hidden away. Really it was no uncommon thing for covies of partridges to mistake it for a bay field, and of course pa would get mad when Flos would come to a dead point on him. Others and as interesting narratives were told, but my pen and time fail me.

Let it suffice to say that the mosquito as a well digger and cable insulator had his turn. That curves where the engine was compelled to wait for the last coach to get over and when even then the train was often tied into perfect knots, also played a prominent part.

In December when the fever broke out here one of the cadets was so much worked up that he telegraphed from home asking one of our majors to pack his trunk for him. The air was blue for four days after the recurring of the message.

Senior D. said that he was glad that the abscess on the Textile building was now complete.

One of the Cadets was heard to ask at the exchange if he could swap a bad headache for one of Murrie's sweet smiles.

It is hoped that Cadet Levey will soon return to college. His work on the CHRONICLE staff is much missed.

Prof. B.—“Now, from these two equations, how are we to get  $C_4$ ?”

Senior M.—“Advertise for it.”

Unknown parties coming in Barracks now will hereafter have to be identified.

Mr. and Mrs. Levey paid a short visit to Cadet Levey while he was in the hospital.

Prof. M.—Mr. A. what ended the life of King?

Rip A.—He—died.

Speaking of a great plague bred in Egypt Prof. M. asked Senior C. what killed so many people in Egypt.

Cadet C.—“Lack of bread.”



## **Constitution and By-Laws of the Foot Ball Association of Clemson College, Adopted December 14, 1899.**

### **NAME.**

This Association shall be known as the Foot Ball Association of Clemson College.

### **OBJECT.**

The object of this Association shall be for the regulation and development of foot ball at Clemson College.

### **MEMBERSHIP.**

Any member of the student body or faculty may become a member of this Association on payment of dues, and those members of the faculty whose names appear on the guarantee list, and any others who may be elected by this Association.

### **OFFICERS.**

The officers of this Association shall be President, Manager, Assistant Manager, Secretary and Treasurer. Captain, Coach and Trainer.

### **COMMITTEES.**

There shall be an executive committee consisting of the President, Manager, Assistant Manager, Secretary and Treasurer, one representative from the faculty members of the Association, and one representative elected by the Association.

### **ELECTION OF OFFICERS.**

All officers for the ensuing year shall be elected immediately after the close of the foot ball season, or when necessary to fill an unexpired term.

All officers except Captain, shall be elected by the majority of the members present voting.

The Captain shall be elected by all men who have participated in the game during the past season.

## DUTIES OF OFFICERS.

President—The President shall preside at all meetings of this Association and of the executive committee. He shall call meetings of these bodies when he deems desirable.

He shall have general oversight and advisory power over the workings of the Association, and in case of emergency, when it is not possible or practical to call a meeting of the Executive Committee, he shall act in their stead. He shall represent this Association at the Southern Inter-Collegiate Athletic Association and at the Clemson College Athletic Association.

## MANAGER.

The Manager shall conduct all correspondence of the Association, arrange all games and make purchases authorized by the Executive Committee and carry out their directions along lines naturally within their province. He shall keep a record of all correspondence relating to games and affairs of the Association, and his records shall be open at all times to inspection by members of the Executive Committee.

He shall, after each game, turn over to the Executive Committee an itemized list of expenditures and receipts, which, after being audited by the Committee, shall be turned over, with any accruing funds, to the Secretary and Treasurer. In case of a deficit, an order on the Secretary and Treasurer shall be given the Manager for funds to meet such deficit. No orders for material shall be made and no financial risk of any kind incurred, without the consent of the Executive Committee. While absent from home the Manager may, however, incur the routine expenses incidental to arranging the game—expenses that are borne by both teams and come first out of the gate receipts.

## SECRETARY, TREASURER AND ASSISTANT MANAGER.

He shall have in charge all the funds of the Association and shall pay out same only by order of the Executive Committee acting through its chairman. He shall collect all dues and subscriptions, and in general assist the Manager in his duties. He shall carefully keep a record of all receipts and expenditures, and his books shall be open at all times to the inspection of the members of the Executive Committee. He shall make a written report to the Executive Committee at the end of May, September, October and November, and whenever called upon by the Executive Committee. He shall also act as Recording Secretary of the Association and of the Executive Committee and keep a record of their proceedings.

## CAPTAIN.

He shall have control of the players, both on and off the field, subject, however, to the authority of the coach.

## TRAINER.

He shall have charge of the training table and diet of players.

## COACH.

The coach shall have supreme authority over players both off and on the field of playin. His directions pertaining to the game and to training shall have precedence over all others. He shall have sole authority as to the selection of players to compose the team for any match game. No match game shall be booked without his consent and approval.

## EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

This body shall at the call of the President to consider all questions of financial policy. No financial obligations shall be assumed and no financial risk taken by

any officer of the Association without the consent of this body as shown by its minutes. No match game shall be booked without its consent (as well as the consent of the coach). At times when it is impossible or impracticable to call together the members of this Committee, the President shall act for them. At least three members of the Committee must be present at a meeting to constitute a quorum for the transaction of business. A majority vote of the Committee shall carry any measure before the body.

#### PENALTIES.

Any officers may be suspended from office at any time for transgressions of the provisions of this Constitution by a vote of the Executive Committee, and a successor elected by the Association.

In case such an officer be a member of the Executive the other members shall elect a substitute to act during the consideration of the charges made against him.

This Association shall be governed by the rules of the Southern Inter-Collegiate Athletic Association.

#### DUES.

The annual dues shall be one dollar, payable on or before September 30th.

No assessments shall be levied other than the regular dues.

#### PLAYERS.

No person shall participate in a game either as a scrub, substitute or Varsity player, or use any of the property of the Association, nor sit at the training tables, unless he be a member of this Association.

#### AMENDMENTS.

Amendments may be made to this Association by a vote of two-thirds of the members of this Association.

# 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.

W. G. Hill, Editor-in-Chief. W. E. McLendon, Business Manager.

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## COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

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## FOOTBALL ASSOCIATION.

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C. Douthit, Captain Team '01.

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Spartanburg, S. C. Clemson College, S. C.





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QUEEN CITY PTG. CO. CHARLOTTE N. C.

# The Clemson College Chronicle.

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Valeat Quantum Valere Potest.

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## Literary Department.

E. M. MATTHEWS, }  
M. E. ZEIGLER,    }      -      -      -      -      -      -      .      EDITORS

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### WHEN IN DOUBT.

Oh, faithless man ! When filled with dangerous doubt,  
And wondering if there be One above,  
Go thou, and stand encompassed about  
By stars, and night, and nature's holy love.

Go read the lesson flashed across the sky  
By lurid lightnings of a stormy night,  
That God doth reign ; and in the wind's wild cry,  
Heed thou the warning, "God is for the right."

Or seek some calm, reposeful woodland part,  
And lay thyself upon green nature's breast,  
Then feel the throbbings of an unknown heart  
And know that this is God's heart's throbbing crest.

If with thine eyes fixed on His pledged rainbows,  
Thou still doth doubt His gloried life on high,  
I pray thee watch the evolving rose,  
Or hear the rhythmic wind's contented sigh.

Stand on the heights of some great mountain peak  
And gaze at the immensity about,  
And from such vastness, inspiration seek  
To learn the damning narrowness of doubt.

—W. L. M.

### St. Valentine's Day.

"In the Spring a fuller crimson comes upon the robin's breast ;  
In the Spring the wanton lapwing gets himself another crest ;  
In the Spring a livelier iris changes on the burnished dove ;  
In the Spring a young man's fancy turns to thoughts of love."

This tendency of the young man's fancy seems to be especially active on or about the 14th of February. A search for the cause of this activity leads to the investigation of what is perhaps the most curious of our many curious customs. The 14th of February has been called Valentine's Day, or St. Valentine's Day, for many centuries, and all through these years the day has been celebrated in ways as varied as the whims and fancies of the celebrators. The day probably gets its name from a certain Valentinus of Interamna, a bishop and martyr who miraculously healed the deformed son of Craton, a Greek rhetorician living in Rome. For this reason it appears that in Italy and Germany to-day, the blessing of St. Valentine is invoked on the 14th of February, in cases of epilepsy and diseases of like character.

A very ancient notion connected with the 14th of February, was that on that day, birds first choose their mates. This notion about the birds led to the day being celebrated in a manner entirely divorced from anything of a serious nature. In England and Scotland there grew up among the young folks a custom of choosing a mate or "valentine" for the year, in imitation of the birds. A number of young bachelors and maids would assemble in some convenient place and write their names on slips of paper. These slips were placed in a hat and passed around, each person choosing a slip bearing the name of one of the opposite sex. Thus, each one by this lot became possessed of a mate for the year, and each one also became some other person's valentine. But it seems that

the man would, during the year, be more faithful to the maid who had fallen to him than to the one to whom he had fallen. These partners were also expected to exchange presents, though it soon came to pass that to the men alone was left this unspeakable pleasure. Out of these mock betrothals grew many real ones, so that finally the custom did take on a rather serious aspect. In Italy, where there was at first a custom similar to that prevailing in England and Scotland, the priests interfered and substituted the names of the saints for the names of persons in the hat, and each one chose a saint to be his guardian for the year. This usage, in a modified form, obtains in the Catholic Church to-day. Thus it seems that the fact of the day being a saint's day is purely accidental.

As a companion to the notion about the birds, there was formerly a very widespread belief that the 14th of February was the best day in the spring to plant seed and begin gardening. Some traces of this belief are still to be found among our more modern superstitions.

With us to-day the observance of St. Valentine's Day has largely degenerated into the usage of youths and maidens sending each other by post or otherwise, prints of a sentimental character, such as Cupids, transfixed hearts, and the like; or they send ludicrous caricatures of men and maidens, accompanied by lines of boorish rhyme. With this custom has also come the habit of calling the missive sent, the valentine, as well as the one to whom it is sent. If all this is done in the name of St. Valentine, surely his name is taken in vain.

Another form of valentine is the one which consists of a verse or verses of rhyme, composed by the loving sender and written with his own hand. This custom is thus responsible for some of the most beautiful poetry of

our language. The farmer boy, in romantic mood, writes thusly :

“My love to you shall ever flow,  
Like water down a tater row.”

Or : “As sure as grass grows round this stump,  
You are my darling sugar lump.”

The butcher with uplifted cleaver exclaims :

“If you love me, as I love you,  
No knife can cut our love in two.”

Or, if it be the cook's turn, she writes :

“My love to you shall ever spread,  
Like butter on hot ginger bread.”

The cooper, in an ecstasy of love, cries :

“As sure as this hoop's without an end,  
My love to you shall ever tend.”

The florist, and the boiler of sugar cane juice, in concert sing :

“The rose is red, the violet is blue,  
Sugar is sweet, and so is molasses.”

Some of our old friends have written these more classic valentines :

“A mighty pain to love it is,  
And 'tis a pain that pains to miss ;  
But of all pains, the greatest pain  
It is to love, but love in vain.”

“I am filled with such amaze,  
So far transported with desire and love,  
My slippery soul flies to you while I speak.”

“It warms me, it charms me,  
To mention but her name ;  
It heats me, it beats me,  
And sets me 'a on flame.”

“It is a fearful thing  
To love as I love thee ; to feel the world—  
The bright, the beautiful, joy-giving world—  
A blank without thee.”

"Doubt that the stars are fire ;  
Doubt that the sun doth move ;  
Doubt truth to be a liar ,  
But never doubt I love."

—W. A. B., '01.

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**"Where Time Works No Change."—A Sketch.**

A solemn stillness pervades the air of a beautiful moonlight evening in early April, except that the breezes seem to whisper through the leafy branches, a love-ditty of sweetest melody. The resplendent moon, from his high seat of observation, looks lovingly down upon a couple seated on an old oaken bench, whispering such words to one another as only lovers can originate or understand. And as the evening-light observes this loving couple below him, a whisper seems to spread itself over the atmosphere, "sh—!! sh—!! and the voices of the night are stilled and silent, for Cupid is at work, and Cupid works greater wonders in the silent hours of a moonlight night, than at any other time.

From the lips of the youthful couple come words empty in meaning, unless spoken in the sentiment of love. Sitting together with hands clasped, these persons converse in the language of the heart, soul speaking to soul, and the mere mode of expressing their sentiments by words is of little value or importance. Minutes pass hurriedly by, yet the lovers heed them not. Theirs is a peculiar lot where time has no emphasis. Verily love is blind !

And when the hour of parting draws near, and the last hand-squeeze and the good-night kiss has been delivered, he with lingering steps departs homeward, while she, his beautiful siren Edith with happy heart prepares herself for refreshing slumber, content with the assurance of his love. And the moonlight, playing lovingly over her pillow, kisses those weary eyelids to rest, and commends her to the queen of that happy realm,—dreamland.



And thus their evenings pass away, and all their future seems bright and promising. Weeks roll into months and with the advance of time, their perfect faith and love for one another grows stronger, until it seems as if the very zenith of bliss has been reached,—and then,—and then—

\* \* \* \* \*

Two weeks have passed by since Edith received that fatal note,—fatal, because it broke in twain the loving chord which Cupid had wound so securely about their hearts—fatal, because it well-nigh caused the death of truthful Edith. No excuse was given, no apology offered for this sudden separation—all was clouded in mystery; for the note ran thus; “Should my visits and attentions be missed from now on, please believe, dear Edith, that it’s not my choice, but my fate that I must hereafter deny myself the pleasure of your company.” And Edith, reading, felt a pain, a sudden twitching of the heart, a dazed feeling seemed to come over her, and she knew no more. When she became conscious, her first thought was about the note. Where was it? Ah, in the fit of passion, which had come over her upon reading it, she had torn it to pieces, and the scraps were even now by her bedside—scattered, like her hopes—like her happiness—like her very love—scattered under foot.

During the period of weakness which confined her to her room Edith did some serious thinking on the all-important subject. First she was full of yearning which none but lovers can understand. Later, when she grew stronger, and saw no signs of reconciliation, pride took the place of yearning, and pride held her up as nothing else could have done. She determined to forget him—blot him from her memory. There were others in the world just as willing to court her as he—some more

willing, more anxious. Some who had been waved back because of the presence of this favored suitor, but now in her anxiety to pass him from out of her very life, even from out of her thoughts, she gathered around her a conclave of suitors, all anxious for one kind word, one loving look from the queen of beauties. Into the very depth of society's whirl she cast herself, trying to forget that such a person ever lived—but of no avail. On the tablets of her memory there still remained his image, engraved thereon by the hand of love. She remembered his actions, his favorite conversations, his fondest songs. She remembered the playful words of her father, now dead and gone to that sphere whence no traveler returns, when he said to her lover one evening after a prolonged visit, "Come again, but don't stay so long." And then she realized the fact that "Memory is only paradise out of which we cannot be driven."

Yet, what of Leon, the deserter? Ah, Edith! Could you but have known the cause of his "desertion," you would have acted in a very different manner. Could you have been aware of the thousand heartaches, the horrible loneliness which was fast undermining his very health, you would have extended to him a heart full of pity if not love. It was for your dear sake that he had acted thus. Remorseless, pityless rumor had begun its deadly work. Whispers of scandalous and malignant nature were floating through the air. Insinuations were made regarding the chastity of their intercourse, yet it was impossible to get at the originators. And to check at once and forever this horrible state of affairs, Leon with noble self-sacrifice, forgetting in his haste that Edith, as well as he, would suffer, brought to an end the happiest dream of his life, to thereby cleanse her name. And this was accomplished. No matter how much pain he suffered, it

was for her good, and he *endured*. Yet in the weary hours of the night, when sleep refused to visit his tired lids, there would rise up in him such an overflow of yearning for her sweet companionship, that he would cry out in his pain, "Oh, God, give me forgetfulness." Yet memory still remained, and preyed upon his peace of mind so much that slowly his health gave way. Doctors advised a change of air and scene, and Leon prepared to go, even in the height of his yearning after his loving Edith, prepared to leave the city where she lived, and travel to a distant city, his former home. Yet while preparations were being made, there came over him such a strong desire to see her 'ere he left, that he could not o'er-master it. The fates were kind to him in his extremity. The night before the day fixed for his departure, there was a festival, given to the public, and learning from a friend that she would be there, he resolved to attend it, even if it cost him unnumbered heartaches afterward. It is impossible to picture the state of nervous expectation which came over him as he sat in the hall, watching the newcomers enter the doors. At last she entered, cool, calm, collected, as a sovereign queen. Gracefully though proudly she took a nearby seat, "the observed of all observers." And now he recognized the state of affairs. He saw that he had to deal with a proud, superior woman, and his weapon must be as hers—indifference. And they used their weapons well. Through the entire evening not a word, not even a look, was exchanged between them, and when the small circle of friends gathered around him to bid him a last farewell, Edith among all, remained apart—alone, but for her thoughts. And as she stood thus some kind spirit came to her and whispered: "Pity him. Give him one last farewell. It may be forever." And pride broke down, and sympathy, if

not love, took hold of her and drew her to his side. "Goodbye," was all she said. Her hand lay for a moment within his strong grasp, and in that moment Leon realized the great goodness, the unbounded sweetness of her nature. And walking out into the night he swore eternal fealty to her—his queen.

In the early morn Leon left the city for his former home, for the scenes of his childhood. Months dragged slowly by, and he was regaining his health rapidly. Yet with his love, time could work no change. Months of recreation, excitement, and flirtations failed to blot from his memory the picture of one girl, absent yet not forgotten, out of his sight, yet not out of his mind,—miles away, yet ever near him in his thoughts.

Beautiful faces surrounded him on all sides, courting his conversation. But there ever arose before his mind's eye the image of a face far prettier, a form far more graceful, a mind far nobler, and a heart far more sincere and pure than any around him. And gradually the love which time failed to decrease, took entire possession of him and he exclaimed, "I must return to her. I can keep away no longer," and he made preparations for his return to the city of his love. God bless and prosper such an undying love as Leon's.

His return was uneventful. He arrived in the familiar city early one morning, feeling tired yet happier than he had been for many months. That evening he made a careful toilet and wended his way over the familiar streets he had so often trod. He had notified her of his return, and now he was approaching the house where he was to discover if woman's love was as constant as man's. If he had any doubt on this score, it was entirely expelled by the warm embrace he received from Edith upon his arrival. The old quarrel was forgot (for this was one

matter time had succeeded in erasing), but the sincerity of their affection remained unchanged.

\* \* \* \* \*

And as they wander, arm in arm, through the bright pathways of matrimonial bliss, the consciousness of God's divine blessing upon their union, entirely obliterates all minor troubles, and makes their life one long, strange, happy dream. And here we draw the curtain.

W. L. M.

Sumter, S. C., Jan. 16, '96.

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### **"The Future of the Negro."**

"From the kindly assistance of our friends, the Yankees, good Lord, deliver us." But for the fact that we have fell out of the habit of using the Litany in our church services, every churchman in the South would feelingly repeat this invocation as regularly as he went to church.

This remark and those that follow are called forth by a discussion, in one of our Northwestern college papers, of the "future of the negro." And, while the present writing is not intended as a reply to this discussion, we wish to use the subject of it, and to base what we shall say on certain parts of it. At the outset we wish to disclaim all intentions of writing anything of a sectional nature. But rather let us express the hope that we may add our mite towards preventing our Northern brethren's coming again so disastrously to our assistance. The college boy of to-day will be the Congressman of twenty-five years hence. And when a college boy says, "It is the negro problem in the United States, to the solution of which the world's attention is called as never before," we tremble to think of what the Congressman may do, and repeat the addendum to the Litany as given above.



The secret of the whole trouble lies in the following paragraph, copied verbatim: "Did the politicians of the Civil War really solve the negro problem with their amendments to the constitution? Is it not easy to see that they, far from mending matters, blighted the life of the whole nation and wronged the innocent black man by awakening in him false hopes while imposing an unbearable burden on the whites? Is it difficult to see their presumption in their endeavor to supplant the slow working of nature's laws by the artificial method of placing a black race scarcely freed from the lowest stage of savagery on equal footing with a white race which had by slow degrees evolved from the barbarism of prehistoric times into the highest type of civilization?" This gives in a few words the cause of the trouble. And none save those who saw it can realize the awful results that followed the effort to put this insane theory in practice. We who have grown up since that time are apt to smile incredulously when our elders tell us of the lawlessness and license that existed when black idiots ruled our State through white devils and were aided and abetted by the armies of the United States.

Observe at this point that it was not the black race that gave trouble, but the carpet bagger representatives of the race and the military support of the Federal Government. Left with only the negro to contend against, the "white man's burden" would have been light. A few months of negro rule pure and simple would have so demoralized the various factions that the work of reconstruction would have been a short and simple process, taking months, or perhaps weeks, where it took years to be achieved.

But with the brains of white men to hold them together, and the bayonets of white men to establish their



laws, what was the remedy? The citizens of the South found it necessary to retrograde several hundred years and become outlaws as their ancestors were centuries ago. Secret societies known as Ku-Klux Klans were formed all over the country for protection to person and property. The government at Washington, instead of trying to stop the legalized plundering that was going on, declared martial law to put down the Ku-Klux. Placed thus "between the devil and the deep blue sea," the people of the South rose in their manhood, pulled the props from under their robbers and assumed the control of affairs.

Since that time conditions have changed very little. It is true that North and South Carolina, as well as several other States, have amended their constitutions so as to eliminate the black element from politics, it is also true that so long as he stays so, the negro can cause little trouble. In fact, the only trouble that the negro as a race has given since he was taken from his natural element, the worker, and put in an unnatural element, the citizen, is that induced by the white—what shall we call him—who would eat at the public trough regardless of all decency. When such characters have gone among the negroes and stirred them up, the natural outcome has been riot and bloodshed.

Outside of this the negro's past, present, and, for many years at least, his future, has been, is, and will be a period of contentment in his sphere of "hewer of wood and drawer of water."

Then let not our Northern brethren be too much exercised in our behalf; let them not be over-zealous to help us solve our problems, which, if they be problems at all, are those that we, alone, can solve by practical common sense methods in one-tenth of the time it would

take to destroy an ideal solution furnished by those who know nothing of the existing conditions.

"The South! The poor South!" One more solution of the negro question from the North would leave her a scant existence on the pages of history—nothing more. Unless we can convince our friends that the crisis when last seen was going the other way we are ruined. The riots that we have down here occasionally are mere two-for-a-nickle holiday affairs compared with the troubles our Northern friends sometimes have with foreigners of another type, aye, with their own flesh and blood. And yet they can see through the mighty conflict in their own front yards, where organized workers meet and grapple with a part of the army in a struggle for bread—can see our little troubles and work out solutions for them!

No man in the South sees any reason to believe that matters are approaching a crisis, or that, unless an immediate solution of the problem is offered, we are doomed to certain calamity. The negro was never more peaceable and contented than now, and was never more completely out of politics. Then, what is the need of a solution? becomes more of a problem than the race question itself. Let some of the loose energy that is running waste on the race problems be used rather on the need of a race problem until this latter question shall become established beyond all doubt. Then let all others "keep off the grass" while the Southern people by a few grand stand plays decide the game. Q. B. NEWMAN, '01.

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### Loved, Forgotten, Loved Again.

The day was done! In the golden west nature's canvas had been spread while on its folds God's hand had drawn its end.

The white walls of the village church seemed more

distant in the gloom. The quiet tombs, like sentries of the night, keeping their silent watches on the dead, seemed more ghastly in its shade.

No sculptured marble marked the spot of a newly-made grave. No wreathes of flowers spoke of love and pride.

It was the grave of a child that had not known the warmth of a mother's love or father's saving hand. Its earliest remembrances were perhaps of the long silent halls of the almshouse. There it had lived and there it had died, and now besides its last resting place the figure of a woman knelt.

Hot tears of agony and wounded love flowed down her cheek like molten lead. It was her child, the child she loved and yet was not able to call her own.

In agony her voice went up to God. To Him who can alone heal those wounds made upon the heart by cruel hands, and bring peace and sleep to eyes that have known no rest.

"Oh, God!" she cried, "Must this be? Must the only one I have to love be torn from me and carried to his home? Oh, God! My child! My child! That you had not died, that some day I might have brought you to myself. But now all is done. Yes, all is done."

She buried her face in her hands and burst forth into convulsive sobs. Her cross was too heavy. Even God's hand seemed estranged. The world was dark.

The cold March wind chilled her. But physical pain was naught to the agony of her heart.

The figure of a man approaching in the shades is even unnoticed by her.

The man knelt for a moment on the other side of the grave and then, as if his inmost soul was moved, he

bowed his head and cried : "Oh, God ! May ! Forgive !"

\* \* \* \* \*

Two hands were clasped across the upturned sod, no words were spoken, both understood. To each 'twas a new-born love. The past was dead.

God's angels were left to watch alone and guard the sacred spot. The sun was gone. The day was done, and with its dying embers there lived a nobler, truer man.

F. G. D., '02.

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### The Course of True Love in Dixie.

Among the thousands of Confederate soldiers who were destined to find themselves homeless on their return from Virginia in 1865, was a young South Carolinian, James Horace, who had left his luxurious home and pleasant surroundings in Columbia at the first call for troops. He was at the age of eighteen when he cast his lot with the Hampton Legion. Soon after he found himself on Virginia soil, where he spent the four years of that glorious struggle.

James was a cadet at the Arsenal Academy prior to his enlistment and on account of his knowledge of military discipline, General Hampton had appointed him one of his couriers.

On the morning of April 18, 1865, a mature man of twenty-two years entered the city of Columbia. He bore no likeness to the James Horace who had left there four years before ; nevertheless it was he. He was recognized by none who passed him, and being deep in thought, noticed no one as he waded through the ashes and ruins to which the city had been reduced by Sherman. He wended his way to the chimneys and foundations of the former home of Alice Moore, the girl to whom he had been engaged since his childhood. As he stood observ-

ing the ruins of this once familiar house a young lady of perhaps twenty years, dressed in deep mourning, stopped and noticed the chimneys for a few moments also. Then turning, as if in pain, she discovered the soldier in gray, and remained looking at him as bound to the spot. James, seeing her, advanced and asked, "Can you tell me where the people who lived here have moved to?"

James had not heard from Alice for some time and he feared that something had gone wrong with her. As he stood waiting for an answer, he thought that there was something familiar in the figure of the veiled woman; but he had no time for continued meditation, for at that moment the girl, with a stifled scream, collapsed, and would have fallen to the ground had not the strong arms of James caught her. As she fell the veil was blown from her face, showing James the lovely face of Alice Moore, and he imprinted a kiss of genuine love on her cheek as he laid her on the grass, in the shade of the only tree left standing in that vicinity. A few drops of water from his army canteen—which he still carried—soon revived her, and sitting there, under the tree where they had often played in childhood, she told him why she had fainted on recognising him. She had heard that he was dead, had been killed in the retreat from Richmond, and she could not believe that it was he.

Two weeks later there was a quiet wedding in Columbia and Alice Moore and James Horace were made one. They immediately left for Matanzas, Cuba, where James was to manage a large sugar factory, the property of an English officer who had been the British observer with General Hampton. This officer had formed a close friendship with James, which had led to his offering the "rebel" the position.

W. M. C., '03.



### Which Was Deceived ?

"Oh ! George, what a lovely night ; why it is almost as bright as day," exclaimed Fedora, as they stepped out on the piazza and turned their faces toward the east where could be seen the moon just peeping over the tree tops at them.

"Do look out yonder at the fantastic shadows on the wall, I do believe there is the outline of a wolf and a bear, how can this be ? Can the light passing through those pretty blooming rose bushes make such hideous monsters as that ? Please tell me George, you know all things."

"Fedora, dearest, I do not know that I can explain it to you, although I have studied astronomy; nor do I claim to know all things either, but come let us sit on that bench out yonder, and maybe we can explain to each other matters much deeper than shadows—I do not like shadows anyway."

"Nor do I either, George, but that little bench you spoke of just now is in the shadow of that large oak."

Her answer puzzled George, but he thought and said, "Then we can promenade down to the gate and back and among the flowers until the dance begins, for we will be refreshed by the pure air, and besides we can talk you know."

No sooner was the word spoken than both were on their way down to the gate talking in a low voice, both seemingly interested in what the other said. "Oh, George! you are so noble to tell me all of these things, when you plucked that rose just now and said, I was ten thousand times sweeter than that, and was an angel or something like it, I almost felt like kissing you to show you that I am mortal still." They were now only a step from the little bench ; they sat down not knowing why. Both were unconscious of everything around them—even the



dance did not interrupt them ; they remained seated for minutes; yes, hours, we may say, talking of angels and heavenly things. They were transformed beings now, for Love itself had made them so. Suddenly, Fedora remembering the shadows which George abhorred, cried out, "Why, Georgia ! don't you know we are out on this little bench in the shadow of the big oak ? It's dark out here. Oh ! Listen, I hear the strains of 'Home, Sweet Home.' How time goes ! Hours become seconds, don't they dear ? Ours has been a short sweet dream. Oh ! that this night had an hour for every minute ; yes, an hour for every second."

George was silent a moment, then he began, "Sweet Fedora, you have spoken truly, dreams like this issue only from souls of those who are passionately fond of each other, which nearly expresses my case if you will only allow me to substitute, 'desperately' for 'passionately.' No, I mean 'insanely,' for 'desperately.' "

"Whichever you wish, Georgia, I am yours and you are mine."

"Fedora, dearest, we are soon to be off to college and back to our studies. I can't make up my mind to go ! It's hard ! It will break my heart to be away from thy sweet smiling presence for a whole year; you speak of shadows—my heart is filled with them unless you smile, then I am transported to another world. A kiss, then we part, but remember that distance is no obstacle in the way of those who love; we can write, too.

Silence ensued for a moment, then they proceeded to the house, the dance had broken up and the once gay crowd was fixing to depart to their respective homes, George received a farewell kiss on the door-step and went his way, oblivious of everything around him except the shadows, the little bench, and his sweetheart.

George left for college in a day or so after the dance. Fedora left on the Monday following; both were soon down to hard study, which is required of all students, and especially of Seniors. But could they study? No. They tried. Examinations which are more of a terror to students than a den of lions, beset them as soon as they returned. What was to be done, examinations impending and no preparation? Desperate! Yes, George repeated this word when he was on the bench by his Fedora, now he uttered the same word but he was in his room pouring over his Astronomy and Mechanics; the hours were short indeed—seemed almost minutes, one problem an hour—slow progress. Contrast the progress made on the little bench beneath the dark shadows of the oak. He had light now, what's the matter? One a mathematical problem, the other a problem of love; which was the easier to solve? Some say one, some say the other. George had his doubts.

George was a good student and luckily, he passed on all subjects, making a clean sweep and leaving no conditions behind. He was no person to do things by halves, his record showed him to be filled with determination and pluck. After examinations were over, George wrote a long letter to Fedora, who was at college a hundred miles away, telling her of his sadness and examinations which he said had about done him up, yet he had enough life left in his body to wish for a similar meeting as the night when they sat under the shadow of the tree, both scared to death of shadows.

Correspondence between these two was as unbroken as the ocean current, two letters a week hardly satisfied each other; their love seemed unbounded; their letters increased in number to four, their pages increased proportionally. This did not suffice, he sent her a box of candy

once a week, although he had declared to her that she was too sweet already. What will he send her next? The fourteenth of February has come, St. Valentine's Day; No, the Ides of March have come. "What a beautiful valentine, you are going to send it to Fedora, I presume?" said Jack who was eyeing the present. Remember Jack was George's room mate, and a boy who kept his eyes and ears open, he had studied tactics, though not evidently military tactics, for he was a private in the rear rank, yet he was a good judge of human nature.

George spoke, "Jack, seal up this valentine for me while I step down to D—'s room to get a stamp!"

Always obliging, Jack did his bidding, but instead of sealing it; he took out the valentine and put instead a beautiful picture of a girl with this advertisement in large letters across the top, "Do you use Ivory Soap?" He sealed it, but before doing this he wrote on the back, "From George," not knowing at the time that George's card had been left in the envelope.

A week ended, and this is what ran through George's mind during the while—"My sweet little Fedora will know that I still love her, it took me a week or more to find a sentimental piece that would please my dearest. She loves me, I know she does."

And this is what entered Jack's head, "Time about is fair play, he has been going to see this girl three years and has not married yet. What slow progress—the twentieth century does not allow slowness in anything; besides I like the girl myself, she suits me too. Now is my time, she must be mine, I will see the outcome of the valentine, I think it will work."

George was puzzled when two weeks flitted by without receiving a single line from his sweetheart. Becoming alarmed and thinking something wrong, he sat down and

wrote her a long letter, but no answer; he wrote a second time, but still no reply. He was desperate sure enough which was the third time in three months, the little bench, then the mathematical problems, now the valentine. This third was to be the hardest for him to solve; did he solve it? No.

Fedora received the valentine, the one Jack sent; and to her utter astonishment she found George's card in with it. "How can this be? surely he has gone crazy this time, the idea of sending that to me! If I had loved him ever so dearly, I should now hate him forever." She was raging for awhile, but finally cooled down and muttered these words to herself: "The dear boy, no doubt, loved me until lately, some one must have told him something that is not true, or else he would not have acted so crazily. I am glad the valentine came; now I can break off the correspondence. My love for him has been waning ever since we bade each other farewell at the dance. What marvelous changes can be brought about in so short a time! I loved him, now I hate him.

June came, George and Fedora graduated, she returned home and so did Jack, who also finished then; but George, poor boy, went West, for he did not wish to meet the eyes of that fair maiden whose love he once possessed, now bestowed upon some other.

At the house which had witnessed so many jolly gatherings, and which the summer before held the gay crowd among which were Fedora and George, who occupied the little bench under the oak, was once again the scene of similar festivities. Fedora was there, so was Jack, who had come about fifty miles for the occasion.

How handsome Jack looked, thought Fedora, who had the first dance with him. She got tired for some reason or other and did not wish to dance any more, so they

went out on the piazza to view the skies or to talk. It flashed across her mind what a delightful time she and George had had on such a night as this one year ago, the moon was shining as brightly, the same shadows were outlined, the bench was there, but where was George? She tried to banish the vision from her mind, and succeeded, for Jack leaned over and kissed her, she was raging and threatened to leave, but Jack understood all. Their conversation turned upon George, Jack's roommate while at College. "Do you know George? I used to love him a little bit, but he thought I dearly loved him. We carried on a big correspondence till St. Valentine's Day, when I received a most ridiculous valentine from him. It had his card with it, too. I knew he did not send it. It was a trick some of the boys played on him. Nevertheless, it answered my purpose, for I wanted to stop the correspondence. How lucky I have been! I was only carrying on with him to make the other girls jealous. I knew he was bestowing all his affections upon me. Oh! that I could love like other girls, then I could have loved him always."

"Oh, Fedora, dearest of my heart, don't you think you could love me?"

"Jack, yes, yes, I could love you till time shall be no more—that is, through eternity; you are the only one beneath the heavens that could possess my love." He gave her another kiss in recognition of what had been said, then came his time. He began, "Fedora, you possessed the love of one who would have made you a worthy husband. He loved you, yet you say you did not love him, although your letters were filled with passionate love?"

"Jack! How on earth did you get to read my letters?"



I am lost. I am done forever," she muttered the last two sentences to herself.

"Simply enough, dearest Fedora, George and I were room mates. Say, sweet one, do you think you could deceive me in the same way as you did George?"

"Most assuredly Jack, I have never loved but one and I believe it is you. Oh! how can true love, love that flows from the deepest fountains of the heart, prove false?"

"Certainly, it cannot prove false, dearest," answered Jack.

She thought she had captured another George, but she hadn't, for Jack knew his business well. She was deceived and so was he. He truly thought that she loved George, but found that letters do not always convey a correct idea of the feelings where love is the theme. Jack has never disclosed the secret about the valentine; he learned a lesson from it, though, which has stuck with him until now, i. e., angels do not exist on earth. He has not made such rapid progress as he at first thought. He is now forty and you can read very plainly the "Reveries of a Bachelor" in his face. Fedora has reached the age at which all girls of sixteen get married, yet the future looks dim before her eyes. I reckon it is because she didn't capture the right George. George is out West, owns a ranch, has a beautiful residence and a little bench out in the yard for his Fedora—no, his three little girls.

R. N. REEVES, Class '01.

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**"Senior Private."**

Standing on the platform of the car that was bringing the "scared rats" to Clemson College in September, '96, was a young man by the name of Fred. Draton. He had been working for the past two years trying to make



money enough to go to college. He had been very unlucky in finding good paying work, for being only a poor boy, had to work for wages far less than he was actually worth. It was in his case, like all others, where a young man has no "pull" he cannot get a paying position every time he asks for it. After looking a long time for work and being unable to find anything to do, Fred Draton became discouraged, and his dreams of becoming a great electrical engineer were about to be given up. He was about to give up trying to make anything of himself, when his good old mother—his father being dead—told him how hard his father had to struggle to make a man of himself, how he had been ready to give up, but tried on with greater determination when hope seemed darkest, and she pictured to him the success of his father, how his friends loved him and how liberal he was to the poor, until sickness overtook him and the small fortune which he had collected was gradually spent.

The kind words of his mother put new hope into his heart, and with a greater determination than before, he set out to find work. He secured a position as a clerk in a small grocery store, and by saving all of his earnings, was able in two years to save enough money to send himself to college. He chose Clemson, as his expenses there would be very moderate, and here he could study to be an electrical engineer, which was his ambition.

After making all preparations to come to college, it was very hard for him to leave his dear old mother, whom he loved more than all else in the world. It seemed to Fred that the parting from his mother and his "girl," whom he loved next to his mother, was more than he could stand, but with the promise that she would be his when he finished his education, Fred kissed his girl good-bye. After the sad parting of dear ones which Fred had ex-

perienced, we do not wonder at him going to the platform of the car to get away from the happy faces of the "old boys," which seemed to mock him in his misery. Although some of the "old boys" told him that he would have to sing and dance for their amusement when he arrived at the college, this was not what was causing the lump to rise in his throat—it was the thoughts of leaving his happy home and his friends which were so dear to him. When he arrived at the college he was like one without a head, he did not know what to do, but after having been "run" from two or three rooms, he found one that he could keep.

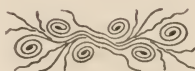
Fred was a boy of good temper and did not protest when called on for a song or dance. Though he did not like the place at first he soon came to think there was no place like Clemson College. He was proud of her record in the past and the prospects of one more brilliant in the future. Fred studied hard and in every way seemed determined to accomplish what he had left home to do.

His greatest disappointment was that at the end of his Freshman year, when he had passed all examinations with flying colors, securing for himself a reputation as a scholar, was that the men in authority had, in giving away their corporals, left his name off of the roll that was read out before the corps by the retiring adjutant, in '97. All of his friends had received cadet offices, who in their classes had stood far below him. Fred was sadly disappointed at the time, but he soon got over it, and come back at the opening of college in '98 with a determination to study hard and make a record that would surpass the one made by himself the year before. He succeeded in doing all that he expected, and was always to be found in his place and ready for every difficulty that presented itself.

Fred did not mind being a private, for, as he said, "The lowest ranking private in school, if he has the right heart in his breast, is as good as the "ranking man of his class."

Fred Draton is now in his senior year, though still a private, is a man that the class of 1901 may well be proud of. He will never disgrace his Alma Mater, but will make a success of himself, be an honor to the college and to the class in which he graduates.

S. T. H., '04.



# The Clemson College Chronicle.

FOUNDED BY CLASS OF 1898.

Published Monthly by the

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## Editorial Department.

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W. G. HILL,	- - - - -	EDITOR
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**England's New King.** It is well to cast a brief glance at the new ruler of Britain and her dependencies, and to consider what effect the death of Queen Victoria and the succession of Albert Edward to the throne, will have upon the nation.

While in most countries the conclusion of a reign of

such length and importance as that of Queen Victoria would be fraught with the gravest apprehensions with regard to the future, the people of the British empire seem to view without fear the accession of a new ruler in the person of the Prince of Wales.

As to the political views of Albert Edward, very little is known. With tact unprecedented in the history of the heirs apparent to the English throne he has been so careful to avoid giving expression to his political views, that even his closest associates are not able to speak of them with any degree of certainty. That he is deeply interested in domestic and foreign politics is manifested by his regular attendance and close attention to the debates in the House of Commons. That he is desirous of maintaining the friendly relations fostered by his mother between the United States and England is certain, for no member of the royal family has ever done as much as the Prince of Wales in cultivating the friendship of the American people who have been in England. Further than this nothing is known of his opinions politically—whether he leans towards the Conservatives or the Liberals, or whether he prefers an understanding with Germany instead of France, or vice versa, no one can say.

Some claim that Britain with her vast possessions has reached the zenith of her power, and following the example of all the great nations of history, must decline; that Queen Victoria by her pure and noble ruling, has thus far been the inspiration that has helped to keep the vast domain together, but this having gone, England must go down rather than build up. There is possibly more truth in this view of the matter than would seem. Certain it is that the English people can scarcely hope for the reign of Albert Edward to be as prosperous as that of Queen Victoria.

**Track Athletics.** We are glad to learn that the President has decided to build a track, and hope to see Clemson get out a first class track team this spring.

There is any amount of good material in barracks, and with the proper training, track athletics should become an important feature here as in the other large colleges of the South. Mr. Heisman will be here in March to coach the baseball team and will probably take charge of the track team also.

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**Baseball.** The team under Coach Heisman will begin practicing as soon as examinations are over. The prospects for a winning team are good this year—practically the whole of last year's team being back. A number of good games have been scheduled for the campus. Among them are, Auburn on the 29th and 30th of March, Cornell on the 8th of April, and Wofford on the 24th of April.





## Exchange Department.

Q. B. NEWMAN, '01, }  
W. A. BURGESS, '01. } - - - - - EDITORS

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This month we are glad to welcome a new exchange to our table. The new babe in college journalism is *The Palmetto*, from the Presbyterian College for Women. The magazine is in very neat form and the editors have done well in their beginning. In "A Sketch of the History of the P. C. W." we find some very interesting bits of their college history. "Impressions of Rome" is a very entertaining sketch. The reader is led from place to place and introduced to Old Rome and New Rome in a very pleasant way. In "A Word Concerning College Spirit" we find some words of wisdom which we might well take for our own guide. The editorial matter is well written, and on the whole the magazine is a very acceptable exchange.

The *Emory Phoenix* for January is full of matter as usual. It is the prize story issue, and gives three very good stories. "Got a Poet Jes from Georgia," is a real good poem. We were very much impressed with a piece entitled, "Life's Pathos." On a soldier's oath, we cannot tell what the writer is talking about, though it is dimly apparent what he wished to say. We do not mean to say that he ever shows any lack of words; on the contrary, he seems to have had more words than he knew what to do with. Witness these detached sentences: "Out of the struggles on the hidden battle-ground of the soul, whether they terminate to anxious introspective orb in victory or defeat there must issue to every princely heart a vigor of moral fiber and a stateliness of mental

repose, whereby at once he may fight and suffer with calmness, with silence, and with triumph. \* \* \* He discovers that his own lot is not worse than that of the race around him ; that beneath the smiles and happy greetings of farm and forum there pours a stream of ceaseless weeping—tears, not limpid saline, but red, corpuscular, fluid-blistering, hot and saturating, not kerchief or the hand, but the quivering soul. And, blessed fact ! the sorrower perceives his power to ameliorate the pathetic estate of stricken humanity.” He finishes with this : “Be glad for the infinite pathos of life, and know that one day there shall be revealed to your exulting vision more fully ‘What this wild drama means.’ ” The quotation used at the end is very much to the point after reading what precedes it.

We find something about the negro in a number of exchanges this month. His present and future possibilities seem to be matters of grave concern to many thinkers.

In *The Georgetonian* the third part of “Lucy” continues in interest. This magazine is full of poetry, and there are four specimens from the same author, who seems to be in a very poetic mood. One of his pieces styled, “The Lacking Gift,” contains some really poetic ideas.

The *St. John's Collegian* for January has in it some real good matter. “A Hero of ‘The Lost Cause,’ ” is well written and we will await the next part with much interest. The author of an article on “Athletics” goes to the root of the matter and makes some wise observations on the necessity for hard work if we would win victories in athletic contests.

## Local Department.

GEO. D. LEVY, '03 } - - - - - EDITORS  
F. G. DE SAUSSURE, '02 }

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The Sophomore Holiday Club met and elected the following officers for the year 1901:

President—B. F. Pegues.

1st Vice President—R. G. Williams.

2nd Vice President—I. L. Tobin.

Rec. Secretary—E. B. C. Watts.

Treasurer—J. M. Wallace.

Critic—D. S. Taylor.

Attorney—W. M. Carter.

Physician—Mackey.

Sergeant-at-Arms—Jenkins.

Bottlewasher—G. M. Honour.

Historian—Sahlman.

The club meets the night of the first Saturday in every month.

The Sophomores also elected the following class officers:

President—Perrin.

Secretary—Black.

Class Paet—Levey.

Cadet M. was heard to say that if Cadet Hill could trace relationship to the general. The he would be the biggest Hill around here.

Prof. M.—As “Fattie” the ordily leaves: That is the most ordily we have had yet.

“The Nick Oyster Club” elected the following officers:

President—J. E. Salley.

Manager and Cook—J. H. Nyse.

Ass't Prof. S.—Mr. H., what is a goatee?

Cadet H.—A little goat, sir.

Cadet K.—Reading from book of fortune: If — — —  
The man is methodical.

Cadet S.—That's Fritz.

Cadet K.—Fritz is no methodist.

"The three by four tennis club" elected the following  
members: J. H. Forsythe, H. B. Jennings.

Cadet R. in exchange—Q. B. I want to see you.

Q. B.—See my clerk.

Cadet R.—He sent me to you.

Cadet M.—Q. B. he wants credit.

The degree of B. S. was again conferred upon "Yellow Hammer" by the Senior Class, which also elected Q. B. Newman and E. T. Hughes as commencement orators.

The law of self-preservation being the first law of nature, no more jokes on Senior D. may be published in the CHRONICLE until the storm has passed.

There is going to be a lively scrap on No. 4 for the warm hereafter. Don't ask why.

Fresh W.—How many bells have been rung?

Soph W.—Only one, but that one has been rung twice.

Ask "Fatty" where he was when the Major inspected?

They say that one of the Majors got stuck on "Pig."

# CLEMSON COLLEGE DIRECTORY.

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# *The Clemson College Chronicle*

Valeat Quantum Valere Protest.

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## Literary Department.

E. M. MATTHEWS, }  
M. E. ZEIGLER,    }       -       -       -       -       -       -       EDITORS

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### Is There a New South?

In this progressive age, in these times of so much transformation and development, some writers have called this Southland the "New South."

There is no New South; the present is only the development of the past. There might be a New North, but there is no New South either from a material, social or political point of view. There has been material progress, but it is a progress resulting from the development of resources already here, and from the use of opportunities presented by this development.

The spirit which made this progress possible was inherited by this generation of active workers, from ancestors born and reared upon Southern soil, who claimed the South as their home and their heritage and prepared the way to present achievements, by the inculcation of those virtues of head and of

shoulder went through those dark and bloody years "that tried men's souls," keeping time to the martial strains of Dixie with the stars and bars waving proudly over their heads!

In social life we are the same peculiar people our ancestors were. They counted nothing too dear for women. And what man is there that has a heart in his bosom, I care not whether he be a Southerner or Northerner, that does not feel it leap with pride when he reads of the noble and self-sacrificing deeds of the Southern women during the war both for American Independence and for Southern rights!

Ladies and gentlemen, I claim that no women can ever surpass them in bravery and in patriotism. In this respect they deserve to rank with Spartan and Roman mothers, but unlike Spartan and Roman mothers who gave their sons to the State to wage cruel wars of conquest, to oppress the weak and win martial glory, the Southern mother gave her boy for a grander and a nobler cause; she gave him for the sacred cause of liberty. Their deeds make up, today, not only the most resplendent pages of Southern, but of American history. Their loving works will go ringing down the ages until history itself fails to exist.

The South still possesses these gems which have forever made its name famous in song and story. Look at the loving work that the Daughters of the Confederacy are engaged in today—erecting monuments to the unknown Confederate dead and to Southern statesmen—Let it not be supposed that their object is to perpetuate sectional feeling. It is higher, purer, and nobler. They consecrate their work by a spirit of love and they wish that the light of peace may rest upon it forever.

Behold them today, watering with their tears and bestrewing with the sweetest and freshest flowers of spring the graves of the Confederate dead.

Behold the sacrifices that they are making, that they might erect monuments to the heroes who fell in defense of their firesides and their liberties! Does this not prove that the same loving, generous and patriotic heart beats in their bosom that beat in the breast of that humble Southern widow who, when told that her four boys had been slain upon the battlefield, promptly replied "that deep as was her affliction she would be consoled by the thought that her boys had fallen fighting for a sacred cause and that her only regret was that she did not have four more to give?"

When the Southern woman passes away, when she ceases to exist, then and not until then will there be a new South.

It is said that nowhere, even in the days of our fathers, were women more respected, more honored and adored than in the South and especially in South Carolina. Cannot we, their descendants, claim the same virtue? Cannot we challenge the world to find upon our statute books a divorce law?

Cannot we, as people, challenge comparison with any other people in our fealty to women and in our devotion to her truest welfare? Winthrop College is a tribute from true Southern manhood to true Southern womanhood.

And we are to be congratulated, as a people, that at the last session of the General Assembly of our State, money was appropriated to perpetuate the self-sacrificing deeds and to keep green the memories of the heroines of the Southern Confederacy. As our fathers were in their fidelity to women, so are we.

And our women as their mothers before them, can justly claim to be the equal of any on this earth. Our women who prefer being queens of the fireside to being queens at the ball box.

Home life in Dixie, in years gone by, is said to have been

sacred and pure and ennobling. And where in this age, is the home guarded with more sacred care than in this land? Where is it valued more? Where is it loved better?

This is the same old South in spirit and in purpose. With changed conditions and better opportunities, results have been greater and achievements grander but the same sentiments which animated our forefathers animates us. That love of home and of country which, in the days that are gone, impelled boys and old men, tottering with age, to march to the front in defense of their firesides and their liberties would impel the men of this generation to gird themselves for the protection of their rights. Not only *would* impel them but *has* impelled them to go to the suffering and the oppressed beyond the limits of their own land. Look at the conduct of our soldiers in the late skirmish with Spain. When the war for human liberty was declared the sons of the South were seen hurrying to the "temple of liberty" to lay down their lives upon the sacred altar of human freedom. The names of Victor Blue and Worth Bagley will live as long as the spirit of freedom and independence lives.

In hospitality who excelled the men and women of fifty years ago? Where can you find the superiors of those of these times? And in politics John C. Calhoun could claim, in his day, no more ardent supporters of his doctrines that can be found among the people of these times. Free trade and State sovereignty is the slogan of the South today. His advocacy of these doctrines not only lives in the memories of us all, but they are our doctrines, incorporated in the body politic, and ratified and confirmed in the school of politics of this generation. His spirit still moves among us and inspires us to hold, as a precious heritage his name and his fame. As our fathers were

true to him, may we be true to them in weaving into the present and future the high ideals and lofty character of John C. Calhoun.

The Democracy of our fathers still abides with us. We still believe as they did, that this government should be a government "of the people, for the people, and by the people." That,

\*\*\* "Freedom's battle, once begun,  
Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,  
Though baffled oft, is ever won."

That we ought not only to be free from the domination of any foreign power, but should be free, also, from Federal interference, from the domination of corporate power and aggregated capital encouraged by a Federal congress. That we should not only uphold and maintain the Monroe doctrine at home, but should practice it abroad; that since as our forefathers, fought for their liberties and established a Republic for us, our army and navy should not be used to foster imperialism in a foreign land. Such was the Democracy of our forefathers; such our Democracy is and will remain.

We are co-workers with those of the past, actuated by the same spirit and laboring for the same end. With an enlarged horizon, with a larger view and with greater opportunities and privileges we are enforcing their ideas and purposes with the accumulated wealth of the present.

Standing upon the threshold of another century and looking back with deep gratitude upon the past, we see its colors blending with those of the present until there is but one. This is the same Southland where our fathers lived, which they loved and blessed. May we guard its traditions and defend its institutions and make it worthy of them and of us!

E. T. HUGHES, Class '01.



### A Journey.

One who has never been away from his native shores has never felt the thrill of joy and gladness which one experiences on approaching them again after a journey abroad.

Suppose you and I take a journey from this country and see what we find in foreign lands.

We will take Columbia for our starting point and travel northward to Washington, the city by the Potomac, with its grand buildings and scenery, its parks, libraries and schools. From Washington we will go on to Baltimore on the Chesapeake. Here also we find the hustle and bustle which can only be found in large cities. After taking in the sights we will go on board the good ship "Dresden" which is to take us across the Atlantic.

As we stand on the deck and look around us, we are struck with the neatness which everywhere presents itself. The brasses are all shined, ropes carefully coiled, decks swabbed and the sails and flags furled neatly in their places. You hear the merry "Ho! Heave Ho!" of the sailors and see them spring about in the riggings as if they were on terra firma.

Now let us look around in the harbor. Here and there we see the powerful little tugs, streaming around like a great swarm of bees. On either side of us we see ships of all shapes and of all nations.

Our ship is to leave at two o'clock and promptly at that time the anchor is weighed and the good ship steams out of the harbor under guidance of a tug. When Capes Henry and Charles are reached the tug turns back and leaves the steamer to pursue her way across the trackless Arctic. A beautiful sight it is to stand on the deck and watch the sea gulls skim-

ming overhead, the blue waves all around you and the vanishing land in the distance.

Judging from the frequent visits that some of the passengers pay to the sides of the ship you would think they believe the sight extremely beautiful but if you watch more closely you will see a very pained expression on their ghastly faces, and from this you will reach a different conclusion.

As the American continent gradually fades from view the memory goes back to her and reveals a grander light than we have ever beheld in her before.

For two weeks we will remain on board ship enjoying the scenery and ocean breeze and a pleasant time we will have provided we do not take up too much of our time feeding the fishes.

On the twelfth or thirteenth day we will come in sight of the Lizards on the English coast. Here our ship signals her name and ownership, and after being recognized by the authorities in the tower we enter the English Channel. After entering the channel we are constantly in sight of land on one side or the other. We get glimpses of France, Belgium, England and Holland, but do not get near enough to form any opinion of the looks of any of them, except that they are hilly and for the most part are hidden in clouds of fog.

Then we pass through the Strait of Dover, and just opposite we see two great masts of a ship sticking out of the water hardly a mile from shore. This is the scene of a terrible wreck where two thousand brave British seamen lost their lives, and if our ship goes near enough in shore opposite this wreck, we can faintly make out the tombstones that mark the graves of these sailors.

As we go along the coast of Holland we can make out the

fans of their wind-mills, and see the mighty dykes that hold back the water.

We now enter the harbor of Bremenhaven, a seaport on the German coast. From here it is only a few miles to Bremen, and from Bremen we will go on to Magdeburg.

Let us stop and look around us, on every hand we see strange sights, hear a strange language, and notice a striking difference from what we see in our country. The streets paved and neatly kept, the buildings large and stately, mostly built of stone, and the people neat and pleasant looking.

We proceed from here to Berlin, the capital of the German Empire, where the palace of the Emperor is situated, and where will see some of the finest buildings and monuments in Europe. Its cathedrals, schools, art buildings are all a matter of interest to the traveler.

From Berlin we will travel back through Magdeburg on to the Rhine, the river far famed for its beautiful, romantic scenery.

To begin our trip on the Rhine, we will start from Cologne, a city noted for its magnificent cathedrals, its wines and the perfumes which are made there. Next we visit Coblenz, Wiesbaden and Frankfort. Bingen also comes under our view. This is the city where the story of the "Rat Catcher" originated. A great tower stands in the middle of the river, and into this, according to the fable, the "Rat Catcher" went to blow his fife, the music of which drew all the rats out of the town and into the river where they were drowned. From here we go to Strassburg, noted for its fortresses. Here also is a great clock, the most wonderful in the world. From Strassburg we travel across country to Munich, capital of Bavaria, with its literary institutions and art galleries. As we travel along the Rhine

and look upon its banks, we behold the most romantic scenery. Castles that have been there for hundreds of years but still preserved for the generations of today.

If we were to go up to one of these castles and ask permission to look through, we would be requested to put on a pair of soft wool shoes over our own to keep from scratching the highly polished floors, for these castles are kept in the very finest order. They are kept as they were when they were inhabited by kings and princes. We may yet see the ancient paintings on the walls, the heavy artistic furniture of the finest wood, curtains and rugs as seldom seen these days.

The wines that are made from the grapes grown along this river are as famous as the river itself.

We will now go on to Liepsic, noted for its printing establishments.

In Germany as well as in other parts of Europe, the traveler can find much more to amuse and please him than in America. Beer garden, concerts and gay festivities are always going on. In every city of Germany we will find regular troops and the discipline and ease with which they drill is a wonder to the foreigner. The morning drill is also worth seeing. They are drilled in the latest methods and are trained in night target shooting and all kinds of athletics.

By this time we begin to think of returning to our native land. When we arrive in Magdeburg we witness a grand display of flags, wreaths and bunting. On inquiry we find that the unveiling of a monument of the grand father of the present emperor. On the morning of the event we are awakened early by the sound of drum and fife and on going to the window we find the street below packed with spectators.

At eleven o'clock Emperor Wilhelm and his wife are driv-

en down the street to the monument between two rows of soldiers and take their seat in a room built at one side of and facing the monument. The monument is surrounded by row after row of soldiers. This room in which the Emperor sits is furnished inside with costly red plush and has a brazen eagle on the top. The veil is dropped after which is some speaking by the Emperor and his cabinet, salutes are fired by the soldiers and the day passes off.

We now take our passage home and as we approach our native land every true American feels a thrill of gladness in his heart upon seeing these grand old shores again.

KRENTZLIN. '04

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### **The Knight of the Leopard.**

We find him near the Dead Sea clad in a plain and ponderous suit of armour, his steed being one of the large war horses common to the Middle Ages. He was pondering over his future prospects in "Love" and in "War." His past was adorned with honors now in the tilt-yards and on battlefields; he had tried his skill with Christian and with Infidel, often with success.

Altogether, he was a fair type of exalted chivalry; he possessed an undaunted courage, a vigorous constitution, a strong frame and a chivalrous nature. His love of chivalry made him revere and respect womankind and honor a brave foe or friend. His armour was that of a poor knight; but, because of his prowess, Lady Edith, of Plantagenet birth, heard his praises with pleasure. He wore her colors and endeavored to make his "Escutcheon," a "Couchant Leopard," as prominent as possible in the lists of chivalry.

He had joined the Crusade under Richard's banner; be-



cause he would be near Lady Edith, and at the same time win a great name. Richard was sick with fever and could not attend the Crusader Council. The Council, with few exceptions, were glad he was absent; because he was gaining too much power to agree with their variety.

The Council chose the Leopard messenger to a Prelate, in Palestine, possibly because he was brave; but more on account of his being a Scot and supposed to be an enemy of Richard's. The Leopard journeyed alone because his attendants had been scattered by fever and war, and his esquire, his only remaining attendant was sick. While near the Dead Sea he was attacked by an Infidel, whom he fought, and with difficulty, disarmed. The Infidel proved to be an emir of high rank in Saladin's court. They swore friendship and journeyed together to the Prelate's abode, passing over rough mountains and hot, dry deserts without mishap.

After their arrival the priest, a hermit clad in goat skins, gave them refreshments and place to sleep. When the emir was fast asleep, the hermit awakened the Leopard and carried him to a magnificent chapel, by means of a staircase, and left him to see a procession of nuns and of those who had not taken the veil. He recognized Lady Edith by her shapely little finger and a ring. While passing near him she dropped some rosebuds at his feet. He picked them up and kissed them, as lovers will do.

After the procession some dwarfs were sent up from below to frighten him, but with no success. Two days later he left the hermit, having done his errand.

He suddenly made his appearance in camp with a physician from Saladin's court with his endorsement. After curing the Leopard's esquire, Richard's attendant, Baron de Vaux, investigated his claims and allowed him to attend the



Lion. During the Baron's investigation he visited the Leopard's camp and gave him license to keep a stag-hound. The Lion rapidly convalesced, and was soon the dreaded Lion of former days.

While this was being done, two unscrupulous knights were plotting the abandonment of the crusade, and an alliance with Saladin. To accomplish the first it was necessary to transfer the leadership to another Prince by some means. Jealousy was the best means, so one (a Marquis) finally influenced the Duke of Austria, by drink and flattery, to insult the banner of England. The English banner which was floating on the highest staff was lowered and the Austrian substituted. Richard was enraged, and rising from his bed hastened to the spot with a few attendants and tore down the Austrian banner, trampling it under foot. In the melee which follows, the Leopard saved the Lion's life by a ready blow. The French Prince averted a war by his ready wit and talents. The Lion retired, leaving the Leopard at the honorable post of guardian for the flag during the night. The Leopard, proud of the distinction, called his stag-hound and mounted guard. Presently his dog began to bark furiously and a human form approached. The messenger purported to come from Lady Edith, bearing her ring and an order to meet her in her tent. He hesitated between love and duty, and finally decided to go as it was not far, and his hound was faithful and courageous. Arriving at the tent, he found that he had been imposed upon, and received the apology of Lady Edith, who was innocent. He returned and found his dog wounded and the flag, his charge, gone. He was stupefied and overwhelmed with grief. The physician, passing by, tried to console him by offering him a means of escape to Saladin's court where he would be wel-

comed and honored, but in vain. After confiding his hound to the physician he went to Richard's tent and told of his betrayal of trust.

The Lion had not risen from his bed, but when he heard the news he believed the Leopard crazy and sent to see if the flag was missing. He raised his enormous axe to split the head of the traitor, but desisted because the Leopard unflinchingly awaited the blow, and sentenced him to death by the axe, with some privileges as to manner. Richard's Queen begged him on bended knees to release him, but in vain. His confessor told Richard that it would be a fatal error to behead the knight, but he would not pardon him, finally giving him to the physician as a slave. The physician carried him to a "Fountain" near the scene of the Leopard's conflict with the emir. The fountain was called the "Diamond of the Desert." He was offered a high position in Saladin's court, but he refused. The physician proved to be the emir of his former acquaintance and his staunch friend.

The Lion had been reinstated to good fellowship and preparations were being made for the renewal of war, when a black slave of gigantic frame entered camp leading a hound by a silk and golden leash. He was a gift from Saladin to Richard, and could not talk. He had a proposal of marriage from Saladin to Lady Edith. He carried the letter to her and she penetrated the disguise and refused to marry Saladin. Richard made the slave armor-bearer and put him to work cleaning his shield. One day the slave saved the Lion's life by killing a fanatic, let loose by one of the plotters. The slave promised to find the thief who stole the English banner, provided the army should pass by him one by one. As the army was to be reviewed in a few days, a good chance was afforded. In the meantime, Baron de Vaux had a talk with the Leopard's

esquire and some matter was discussed of such importance that when he returned he and Richard had a long consultation from which the Baron returned in a better mood.

As the day for the review drew nigh, great preparations were made and the spirits of all rose.

The usual reviews were insignificant when compared with this. The slave was stationed close to the Lion, and held the hound in leash. The troops passed in the order of their Prince's rank. Finally the Marquis of Monteserrat, with his troops divided so as to appear numerous, and dressed gaudily bestride a spirited steed passed. The hound howled, was released and springing on the Marquis, pulled him to the ground.

The Lion challenged him to combat in the lists, but as the Lion was leader, it was decided that he should have a champion. All arrangements were left to Saladin, and the Leopard was the champion. Crowds from both camps witnessed the Leopard's victory, and the Marquis's death wound. The Leopard was feasted, praised and the stigma from his name removed. His real name, "David, Prince of Scotland," was proclaimed, and he was married to Lady Edith a few months later, and the treaty made by Richard ended the Crusade.

G. F. KLUGH.

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### Purple Violets.

Memorial Hall was a scene of beauty. It always is on such occasions. The Clemson Literary Societies were holding their annual oratorical contest.

A great deal of interest is manifested in this contest. The first two speakers had received the approving applause of their friends. The music ceased and the presiding officer presented the third speaker.

His subject was "The Spirit of Our Religion," and he delivered the address in a pleasing manner. Not until he was half through did the full significance of his theme and his earnestness begin to reach the audience.

Minds religious and otherwise were forced to admire the gem thoughts that the speaker presented and the golden setting of his finished oratory. You could have heard a pin fall, the hall was so quiet. The speaker paused. He seemed to be gathering strength, indeed, his face exhibited a determination to rally all of his efforts for the last thought.

The speech was of the highest order, and its delivery faultless. The audience evinced their appreciation by prolonged cheering. Every one had held his breath while the speaker defended the religion of his people, their traditions, and their ideals.

He was a Jew.

The judges retired to make their decision, and the great hall was at once a scene of excitement and suspense. The ushers moved about the crowd gathering flowers and notes which they presented to the speakers seated on the rostrum.

Flowers began to pile up around the first two speakers but the third speaker received none. Several persons noticed this, and remarked that he was almost a stranger at College while the others were old and popular students.

Colonel Morgan's family were present. Mary carried a beautiful bouquet of violets. She was seen to scratch the name she had written on the card at home so that it could not be read, and hastily pencil another. The usher gave it to the last speaker.

Charley Herndon thought them the purplest violets he had ever seen and the prettiest. He would have thought them

prettier still if he had known the girl that gave them. After that he received other flowers, but the aroma of those violets filled his thoughts and somehow made him feel happy.

He took the flowers to his room where for several days they made the air delicious with their perfume. But days after the other flowers were withered and thrown away the purple violets gave from their little incense bowls their sweet, delicate aroma. It spread to everything in the room, filled the four walls, and Herndon's heart also. He pressed his face among the violets every time he entered the room, and read the little card with their names upon it.

What difference did it make if he had never seen her nor heard of her. The violets were so purple, so royally pretty and sweet. He knew that they had been intended for some one else. and that his name had been written on the card at the last minute, but this robbed the violets of none of their value in his eyes. They were his favorite flowers.

As often as he saw her card and smelled the violets he thought of the giver and wondered what she looked like. He learned that Colonel Morgan's family lived a few miles from College. There was no way for him to meet Mary, so he was content to think of her.

One Sunday evening, a few weeks before commencement, Charley came into his room after a long walk, and interrupting his roommate's letter writing, announced the fact that he had seen the prettiest girl in the world.

"I got just a glimpse of her as the carriage passed, but I tell you I would love that woman till doom's day if she would let me."

Then he proceeded to tell all the "points" that his binocular gaze had taken in the limited time. When he had finished



his roommate informed him that he had seen Mary Morgan, his violet girl.

Charley said nothing for a while but communed with himself. There came to his senses the sweet aroma of purple violets. The world looked larger the common place things seemed to lose their commonplaceness, and he was conscious of an indescribable feeling of loneliness and happiness. There seemed no possible way for him to meet her, and he accepted the fact as final that commencement would conclude his one-sided love making.

One night during commencement week found him at Sloane's Hall attending a masquerade party. The floor and windows presented a beautiful scene. Fair ladies dressed in the costumes of several ages were the centers of courtly groups of men. There was a veritable conglomeration of perfume, exquisite taste in dress, and ridiculous millinery.

Partners for supper were chosen by lot. The "Maid of Orleans" fell to the lot of "George Washington." The Father of his Country was seen to stop and become awkward for a moment as he took the arm of the Orleans Maid.

She wore a large bouquet of purple violets.

The moments spent at that supper table were the sweetest of his life. He seemed to feel, to know by intuition, if you please, that he was at last in the presence of the woman that he could love passionately. Her voice was life to him, and his very heart drank in the aroma of violets.

After supper came the unmasking and he was happy. He desired to thank her for the violets, and had other affairs to talk of. They sat in a window and the cool Southern breeze played with her hair. Cupid played with hearts.

He told of his loneliness and how the flowers made him



happy—they were his favorites. She apologized for the scratched card. They were boating in a dangerous sea, but Cupid ferried them safely over.

“I believe I loved you before I knew you, just for the violets,” he said.

“Really, I was so glad you won that pretty medal,” said the Maid of Orleans.

“I will swap it for that bouquet of violets,” said the Father of his Country, “and throw in the cherry tree and hatchet.”

“Anything else?”

“Yes, my heart.”

The sweet aroma of purple violets was wafted out on the still night air.

EDGAR M. MATTHEWS.

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### **History of Road Building in the South.**

[Written up from a lecture delivered at Clemson College by Mr. Eldridge, then chief of the office of road inquiry.]

Had this country been settled by the Romans it is possible that all parts of it would now be connected by a thorough system of good roads. But the earlier settlers of America consisted of a people who lived in the Dark Ages, and who had no knowledge of the principles governing road construction.

Primarily, Indian paths took the place of roads in this country, and were the only means afforded to the early settlers for communication between different points, or for conveying produce from place to place. These were followed by pack train roads and these in turn, by wagon roads. So far, however, no attempts were made toward road improvement. The settlers built roads into the interior of wildernesses by

cutting out passages through the woods, bridging streams with logs and piling brush over boggy places.

The roads were first kept in repair by free and voluntary labor. This, the first method of road improvement, began in the time when it was the custom for all the citizens of a precinct or district to assemble in mass to discuss questions of public interest. Roads, at this time, commanded a considerable share of attention from these early deliberators. And voluntary offers of service were freely made that the roads might be kept in repair.

As time went on, however, these voluntary offers became less and less frequent; so much so, that it soon became necessary to enact laws compelling all able bodied men to either do a certain amount of labor on the roads annually, or pay a yearly tax.

In 1736 the first stone road was constructed in this country. Large stones were placed on the bottom for a foundation. On these were piled smaller stones or gravel, and the whole covered with earth, when the work was considered complete and the road thought to be one of great durability. A few washing rains, however, sufficed to show the error of this belief. The top covering of dirt was washed away and sharp points and angles of stone portruded from the surface, thus rendering the road dangerous for traveling purposes.

From this dreadful condition, however, the road was rescued by an Englishman who repaired it, following the methods introduced into the old countries by Macadam and Telford. The success of these methods as shown on this road operated to bring on in this country a new era in road making—that in which the turnpike roads flourished.

The turnpike roads were constructed by chartered com-

panies. The method followed by these companies, however, effected very little improvement in the general system of roads. One of the most prominent of them—the Philadelphia Lancaster Co.—built a road from Philadelphia, then the capital of the United States, to Lancaster, Pa., an enterprise which proved unsuccessful.

Then came the period of speculation. Charters increased to an amazing extent and many adventurers were seized with a desire to enter this business of profit.

About 1812 the question of roads had assumed such proportions as to attract national attention. It solicited the interest of such renowned statesmen as Calhoun, Clay and Webster. Jefferson had even before this time expressed his appreciation of its importance, and it was during his last administration that government aid was first extended for the establishment of national highways.

The Cumberland road, extending from Maryland to St. Louis, Mo., was the first built in consequence of national aid. Henry Clay was the projector and supporter of this enterprise.

In 1817, Calhoun proposed a national aid system and urged his plan in a vigorous speech. The system was approved also by Clay.

Between 1810 and 1820 several appropriations were made by the government, amounting in all to several million dollars. The prospect for national highways seemed full of hope and encouragement.

Public interest, however, began to decline in national highways with the introduction and development of the locomotive. The roads were now neglected and, indeed, it was thought by some that their usefulness was rapidly drawing to a close.

The roads were soon in a desperate condition. The description Dickens gave of one of our roads during his visit to this country, was applicable to most of the roads at that time.

Road building in this country received its greatest stimulus when the government established the office of road inquiry as a branch of the agricultural department. The object of this office is to diffuse information respecting the best methods of road improvement. By its direction and under the supervision of its employees, short tracks—varying from fifty to one hundred yards—have been built in various parts of the country as experiments.

The question has now become one of State interest, each State being interested in devising some means by which a better system of roads can be secured. New Jersey is in the lead, having a total of nine hundred miles of improved roads.

The great obstacle to road improvement in the past has been the cost involved. This hindrance is now being somewhat overcome by the introduction of improved road building machinery.

Perhaps there never was a time when the prospect for good roads was brighter. More good roads have been constructed this year (1900) than in any year preceding.

Just as the invention and introduction of the locomotive impeded the progress of good roads, so the invention and introduction of the automobile will stimulate it. The wheelmen of America have already done much in this direction. And just in proportion as the automobile surpasses the bicycle as a means of conveyance, will the improvement for its transit be increased.

M. E. ZEIGLER, '02.

# *The Clemson College Chronicle*

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Published Monthly by the

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....OF....  
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## Editorial Department

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W. G. HILL,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	EDITOR
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We congratulate the students upon the great success of the field day exercises on Washington's Birthday. Nothing could have passed off more pleasantly, and those who were in charge deserve the highest praise for the excellent way in which everything was managed.

The records made on the standing and running broad

jumps; standing and running high jumps; and putting the shot lead us to believe that we are not as far behind as we thought in the way of field athletics. We would like very much to see this college represented in the coming field day meet of the S. I. A. A., and judging from the records made on the 22d of February we would certainly not come out last.

If we are not mistaken, the S. I. A. A. meeting is in Knoxville this spring. Why not send a team to represent Clemson College?

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**The** It gives us great pleasure to state to our readers  
**Clemsonian.** that the work on the annual, "The Clemsonian," is well under way and the contract has already been awarded. The publishing house is one of the best in the country and we predict for those who have given orders a well bound volume.

Every student at Clemson College is urgently requested to pay up his subscription promptly as soon as the Annual arrives—and for those who have not yet subscribed we urge them to do so at once.

Every cadet will want a souvenir of his college life, and no more fitting one can be had than this book, which, as near as possible, will portray student life at our school.

This being our first effort on this line, we earnestly solicit your financial support.

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**The Need** We would like to emphasize the need of a first  
**of a Good Fire** class, up-to-date fire department at Clemson Col-  
**Department.** lege. It is true true that "A" company has been supposed to constitute the fire department proper—but to a certain extent only in theory has this been so. With the large number of costly equipped build-



ings on the campus, the facilities for protection in case of a fire are inadequate, and there is an urgent need for a more definite organization in this respect.

At present each company is assigned to some duty in the department—"A" company having charge of the hose and reels, "B," the Salvage corps, and so on—making the organization more general than special. In this case no one man has a special duty, and consequently should there be a fire there would be a lack of systematic work on the part of the respective organs.

As a suggestion along this line it would possibly be a good plan to have organized two regular reel teams, with captains of each appointed by the military authorities, and allow them several evenings off from drill during each month to practice. This would stimulate an active interest in the matter and we venture to say that even in the course of a month this organization would be incomparably stronger than it is at present.

The nozzles, wrenches, etc., would always be in their proper places, and not scattered around as they would be if there were no specially organized team, and one of the companies as a whole had charge of this branch.

## Exchange Department.

Q. B. NEWMAN, '01, }  
W. A. BURGESS, '01. } - - - - - EDITORS.

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Since we have been connected with the Exchange Department of this magazine, it has been our pleasure, privilege and duty to examine closely the exchanges which have fallen into our hands from time to time. In pursuit of this pleasure, privilege and duty, we have stumbled upon some things which have been of more or less interest and benefit to us. Some things have made us think; some things have made us laugh, (slightly); some statements have been accepted as true, either because we knew them to be true, or because we, in our ignorance, could not prove the contrary. But now and then we have found things which have sorely taxed our credulity. In the *Howard Collegian* for February, we find such a thing in the first part of an article entitled "Franklin." The title we say is "Franklin," and that which follows the title is mainly about him, but it is in a sentence which does not directly refer to Franklin that we have found what we have found.

After some very complimentary remarks about Webster and Napoleon, the author has this to say about Newton, (we quote exactly his words): "With intense rapture we behold Newton, as with profound reverence he lays hold upon the golden chain swung from the Eternal throne, and climbing upward vibrates through the concave of the sky, gazes round upon the stars and bathes in the glorious sunlight of eternal truth that blazes from the center,—'He who moves in mysterious ways.'"

Well now, we do not believe that Sir Isaac ever did any

such thing. Indeed, this is the first time we have ever heard that he was such an enthusiastic gymnast. It is a scandalous charge. It seems to us that the author has gotten his Bible and Physics a little mixed. He must surely have been thinking about Jacob's ladder when he started Newton out on his climb to heaven on a golden chain. Of course though, it may have been a chain ladder; we have heard of such things, and we believe that Jacob really did see a ladder in his dreams.

But Newton came along some considerable time after the translation of Enoch and Elijah, and we have no authentic record of any such bodily transference from earth to heaven after Elijah's time. However, if Sir Isaac Newton ever did do such a thing as to climb up among the very stars on a golden chain, we are willing to bet that he did it long before he watched that apple fall. It is our opinion that he had too much respect for acceleration and gravitation and  $Mv^2$  to undertake such a climb, after his revolutionizing discoveries concerning matter. Just suppose that one of the golden links had broken when he, with blinking eyes, faced the man in the moon. (Of course he must have gone up on a moonlight night when he could see exactly what he was doing.) Just suppose now that one of the links had broken, or that Sir Isaac had turned loose the chain in order to catch a better hold on it. We will take it for granted that he was still within range of the earth's attraction. In all probability he would have come tumbling from his lofty position, and the possible consequences are awful to think upon. He might have been set on fire by the heat due to the frictional resistance of the atmosphere; on the other hand, he might have kept himself so cool and collected as to have suffered no harm until he came in sudden and violent contact with the earth. It is hard to say just what would have

happened if one of the golden links had broken, and the subject is altogether too horrible for further speculation. We would just like to state again, in order that our position may be perfectly plain to all, that we do not believe that Sir Isaac Newton ever did any such thing. W. A. B.

One of our best exchanges for the month is the *Emory Phoenix*. They have a real poet over there who contributes two poems this month, one of which, "Some Time, Sweet-heart," is a very sweet little poem. "Almost, But Lost" has a well developed plot, is well written, and altogether is probably the best story we have read this month. We congratulate the editors of the *Phoenix* on the success of their efforts to maintain a first class paper.

*The Wofford College Journal*, in "Lines to E. A. P.," gives an interpretation of the meaning of Poe's "Raven." While we have never had a vision similar to that which this writer had, we venture to say that he is very near the truth.

This is not the place for personals, but we believe we are not going too far astray when we observe that Arthur Buist Bryan, '98, who was editor-in-chief of the CHRONICLE, now holds the same position on the editorial staff of the *Peabody Record*.

---

#### Correspondence.

Q. If England were a republic, what would be Edward VII's chances of being elected chief magistrate? J. B.

A. We don't like to answer questions of this nature; it might plunge us into a war with England.

Q. What are some characteristics of a good family horse?

K,

A. First of all he should have a head, because if you didn't have a place to put the bridle, a lady might not be able to handle him. Then he should have four good feet, unless he is an automobile, in which case he might worry along with wheels. If it were not for the fact that horses have feet that beautiful poem beginning, "For want of a nail," would never have been written; and if automobiles continue to increase in popularity it may be changed to "Because of a nail." He should also have a tail. The principal reason for this is that he might be harassed by flies, but it should be borne in mind that he would also be rather unsymmetrical without it. With these facts in mind the ordinary buyer should have no trouble in making a good selection.

Q. I am left-handed, and wish to learn to use my right hand. What method would you adopt? R.

A. A friend of ours had his left arm amputated, after which he acquired some skill in the use of his right hand. You might try this.

Q. I am a young colored gentleman, honest, sober and industrious, but am out of employment. If you or any of your readers know of a desirable situation I shall be glad if you will tell me of it. J. CUFFEY.

A. You are something unique in every respect. We have never heard of anything like you in any respect except in that you are idle. We advise you to put yourself in a glass case and become a millionaire by showing yourself at two (2) cents a peep.

Q. If you were present at McKinley's inauguration won't you be so kind as to give us a "write up" of it? W.

A. We didn't go. A lot of people, with whom we are not on speaking terms, had been invited and we realized that it

would be unpleasant, so we went fishing that day. Moreover it is a kind of stirring time, when Mr. McKinley has more company than he can conveniently accommodate—something like county Sunday school convention week. We are informed that he was actually reduced to the extremity of making down a couple of pallets in the front room, and bunking a Major General, a cowboy and Andy Carnegie on the folding lounge.

Q. Is your "Correspondence Department" intended to be funny?

T. E.

A. No.

Q. B. N.





## Social Department.

GEO. D. LEVY, '03,    {    -    -    -    -    -    -    EDITORS.  
R. N. REEVES, '01.    }

---

### Being "Turned."

I was dreaming of loved ones at home,  
On the night of the twenty-fifth,  
When some one caught the edge of my cot,  
And suddenly gave it a lift.

I thought I was falling through space,  
When I heard the slam of a door,  
And turning slowly over,  
I found myself on the floor.

What had happened, I couldn't imagine,  
As from under the bed I squirmed,  
'Till I hear my room-mates laughing;  
And realized that I was "turned."

I slowly arose and surveyed the scene,  
And this is what met my gaze,  
Bedclothes and bed tangled so—  
'Twas a perfect mystic maze.

It was cold and dark in my room,  
And help me, my room-mates would not,  
So alone and unaided I set to work,  
And proceeded to make up my cot.

At last, my work was ended;  
I propped a chair against the door,  
And as I tucked myself in bed,  
Prayed, not to be turned any more.

—'03.

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### The Commencement Hop.

The Junior Class intends to excel all the previous classes in the hop, which is to be given in honor of the Seniors, during Commencement Week. Various committees have been appointed, and many plans adopted to assure the success of the

affair. This is always one of the most attractive features of the Commencement, and the good wishes of the corps are with the Juniors in their great undertaking.

---

#### **Track Athletics.**

In order to encourage college athletics, the President had a splendid one-quarter of a mile track built. This track will be of wonderful assistance to the football and baseball teams while in training, and should be a great encouragement to both of them, since they know that they have the support and co-operation of the Faculty.

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#### **Cadet Officers.**

The following is a list of promotions and appointments made in the corps of cadets: For Captains, R. G. Forsythe, G. F. Klugh and W. H. Scott.

For First Sergeants, T. R. Philipps and A. B. Carr.

For Sergeants, I. W. Hayne, C. L. Reid, J. E. Gettys and E. J. Larsen.

For Corporals, W. O. Caine, G. H. Larsen and S. Ford.

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#### **The Artillery.**

Clemson now has a magnificent detachment of artillery, composed of Senior and Junior privates, under the command of Captain Forsythe and Lieutenant Roddy. Such an organization would be a credit to any military academy.

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#### **Inter-Society Contest.**

The first of a series of Inter-Society declamatory contests was held in the Chapel on the night of March 1st. The object of these contests is to establish a friendly rivalry between the societies and thus to build up society spirit. A banner has been ordered, to be awarded as a prize to the victorious

society, to be kept in its hall till some other society shall win. Owing to the fact that the banner has not yet come, there were no judges in this contest. The Columbian Society was represented by Mr. M. E. Zeigler, who gave some extracts from Hayne's speech on slavery. A characteristic of Mr. Zeigler is that he sees and feels what he is talking about, just as if he were delivering the original speech in the Senate chamber. And this it is that makes his style of declamation so impressive.

The Calhoun Society was ably represented by Mr. W. M. Carter, who delivered Webster's famous speech, "Liberty and Union." Mr. Carter's declamation was delivered in an easy, natural manner that reflected great credit on him.

Mr. G. D. Levy, for the Palmetto Society, delivered a "A Convict's Soliloquy." The great difference between the nature of Mr. Levy's selection and that of the other two makes it difficult to institute a comparison. The soliloquy of a condemned man on the eve of execution would naturally be very dramatic, and Mr. Levy succeeded in every detail. His delivery was greatly admired.

The exercises were very entertaining, and the whole corps eagerly awaits the next contest.

Mr. E. M. Matthews performed the duties of presiding officer in a most graceful manner.

Q. B. N.

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### **Field Day.**

Great credit is due Messrs. H. C. Sahlman and J. H. Wyse for the great success of the first Field Day exercises at Clemson. Under their careful management the program was splendidly rendered, and some of the records made furnish sufficient evidence that Clemson would show up well in an inter-collegiate contest. The events, prizes, winners and time are as follows :

First, one-quarter mile dash, running shoes, J. B. Whitney, 59 seconds.

Second, apple eating contest, one-half bushel apples, F. E. Pearman.

Third, sack race, alarm clock, F. E. Pearman, 50 yards, 12 seconds.

Fourth, long throw, (baseball) baseball glove, W. F. Cole, 28 feet and nine inches.

Fifth, one hundred yard dash, (heavy weight) running suit, J. B. Whitney, 11 seconds.

Sixth, tug of war, bunch of bananas, G. R. Barksdale, H. Greene, F. C. Breese, J. O. Breeden, C. O. King and A. McL. Shealey.

Seventh, three-legged race, one dozen handkerchiefs, D. H. Saddler and F. E. Pearman.

Eighth, hurdle race, scarf pin, F. E. Pearman, 18½ seconds.

Ninth, putting the weight, University cap, J. B. Whitney, 32 feet and 2 inches.

Tenth, one hundred yard dash, (light weight) running suit, J. C. Wylie, 12 seconds.

Eleventh, water race, alligator purse, F. E. Pearman.

Twelfth, standing broad jump, pair of cuff buttons, J. B. Whitney, 9 feet and 9 inches.

Thirteenth, running broad jump, set of shirt studs, G. P. Lewis, 17 feet and 3 inches.

Fourteenth, cracker eating contest, pen knife, W. M. Carter.

Fifteenth, egg race, shaving brush, H. T. Poe.

Sixteenth, standing high jump, fountain pen, J. B. Whitney, 4 feet 5 inches.

Seventeenth, running high jump, fountain pen, J. C. Wylie, 5 feet and 3 inches.

Eighteenth, consolation race, one hundred yards, Jersey, W. M. Wightinan, 11 seconds.

Nineteenth, one acting the best fool, pair of Regal shoes, H. R. Tison.

Twentieth, best athlete, gold medal, J. B. Whitney.

Twenty-first, catching greasy pig, running suit, A. McL. Shealey.

Judges—Professors Wills Johnson, D. W. Daniel, W. M. Riggs.

Marshals—R. G. Forsythe, chief; J. G. Kaigler, Q. B. Newman, R. N. Reeves, W. N. Fair, W. G. Hill, J. B. Lewis.

Managers—H. C. Sahlman and J. H. Wyse.

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The sixth annual contest of the Columbian Literary Society was held in the Memorial Hall at 8 o'clock Wednesday evening, Feb. 27th, with Mr. E. T. Hughes presiding. All present listened to good speeches by the following members of the Society: Declaimers—A. B. Carr and F. M. Gunby. Mr. Gunby received the medal for being the best declaimer, yet Mr. Carr's speech was delivered with grace and eloquence.

Debate. Query: Resolved, That the United States Government should improve the State Militia instead of increasing the standing army. The negative side won, Mr. A. O. Bowers receiving the medal. The affirmative was well represented by Mr. J. W. Blease. The orations were excellent, showing that much thought and study had been put upon them. Mr. E. B. Boykin won the medal over Mr. J. A. Carson.

Marshals—T. C. Shaw, chief; D. Kohn, W. H. Scott, T. R. Phillips and A. A. Butler,

**Society Officers.**

These officers will serve in the three Societies during the ensuing term :

## CALHOUN SOCIETY.

President—E. H. Pickett.

Vice-President—R. N. Reeves.

Secretary—H. C. Tillman.

Treasurer—T. K. Norris.

Literary Critic—R. G. Forsythe.

Sergeants at Arms—W. N. Fair, J. W. Anderson, J. M.

Rodger.

## COLUMBIAN SOCIETY.

President—J. W. Blease.

Vice-President—W. H. Scott.

Recording Secretary—D. Kohn.

Corresponding Secretary—L. O. King.

Literary Critic—M. E. Zeigler.

Prosecuting Critics—J. B. Watkins, T. M. Harvey.

Sergeant at Arms—H. N. McCrary.

## PALMETTO SOCIETY.

President—H. G. Stokes.

Vice-President—J. Lynah.

Secretary—G. Black.

Treasurer—S. M. Robertson.

Censor—B. F. Lee.

Literary Critic—J. H. Spenser.

Prosecuting Critic—W. G. Templeton.

Sergeant at Arms—J. T. Roberson.

Quarterly Orator—A. M. Henry.

Reporting Critics—Sneed, Conneely and Lawton.

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We are all glad to welcome Coach Heisman, who has re-



cently returned to train our baseball team for the coming season.

Professor B : "You must study mechanics hard, and give it time to soak in."

Senior D. : "Yes sir, but I am waterproof."

Cadet G. : "Seventy-five cents is half the price of the Annual."

Cadet H. : "What has seventy-five cents to do with a year?"

Senior M. : "Was not the battle of Hastings fought in 1066?"

"Senator" B. : "No, Hastings was not born at that time."

Cadet to Professor M. : "The United States Government has gone to a great expense to erect boys and beckons along the Alantic coast."

Why is Clemson like France ?



# Clemson College Directory.

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## CLEMSON AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

H. S. Hartzog, President.

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

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## CLEMSON COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

W. G. Hill, Editor-in-Chief.

W. E. McLendon, Business Manager.

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## CALHOUN LITERARY SOCIETY.

E. H. Pickett, President.

H. C. Tillman, Secretary.

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## COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

J. W. Blease, President.

D. Kohn, Secretary.

---

## PALMETTO LITERARY SOCIETY.

W. G. Stokes, President.

G. Black, Secretary.

---

## YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

E. M. Matthews, President.

T. O. LAWTON, Secretary.

---

## CLEMSON COLLEGE SCIENTIFIC ASSOCIATION.

J. V. Lewis, President.

Geo. E. Nesom, Secretary.

---

## ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

W. M. Riggs, President.

---

## FOOTBALL ASSOCIATION.

W. M. Riggs, President.

C. Douthit, Captain Team '01.

C. Douthit, Manager.

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## CLEMSON COLLEGE GLEE CLUB.

W. M. Riggs, President.

R. G. Forsythe, Manager.

Q. B. Newman, Secretary.

---

## TENNIS CLUB.

T. S. Perrin Elk, President.

C. W. Legerton, Sec. and Treas.

---

## BASEBALL ASSOCIATION.

M. N. Hunter, Captain.

W. G. Hill, Manager.

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.....DENTIST.....

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 Usual Discounts to Students.

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207 S. Main St.,

GREENVILLE, S. C.

### STARTLING IF TRUE.

The prediction of a general war to close out the century may or may not come true; but no one doubts our being at war with dirt as applied to all kinds of wash good, from shirts to sheets, socks to skirts. Many people say that our army of cleansers always win and we're not too modest to own the truth of their encomiums.

W. H. SCOTT, Agent,  
Clemson College, S. C.





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# The Clemson College Chronicle

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Valeat Quantum Valere Protest.

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## Literary Department.

E. M. MATTHEWS, }  
M. E. ZEIGLER, } - - - - - EDITORS

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### Knowledge the Basis of all Progress.

At some period in the world's history began the circle of human thought. The mystery and beauty of nature led to philosophic inquiry and creative art. Thoughts of God, of the universe, of human duty and destiny stirred in the mind of some great original thinker, who spoke his thoughts in familiar intercourse, in public walks, and on festal occasions. Thus began the great school of ancient philosophy; thus did men acquire knowledge; thus was human culture propagated; and thus was laid the foundation of all knowledge, all education and all progress.

Through the passing years knowledge has grown in power; and, in its growth, it has found material expression in



human institutions ; and through the evolution of the ages it has gradually brought us to our present exalted position. Nations of all ages have been dependent for their stability upon its dissemination among their individual members. They have reached the highest development, and achieved the greatest renown in those periods when the influence of learning was most widely extended. The farther we go back in the records of antiquity, the smaller is the circle of human thought, the lower is the ideal of human life, and the less stable are the nations. But, as we trace the growth of knowledge through the subsequent ages we find that it has stamped upon humanity a higher ideal of life ; while each succeeding nation that has risen in its luminous path has reached a higher plane and wrought out a grander destiny. Natural advantages have never stood, within themselves, as the exponent of national strength. The standard of measurement is always man. The position which a nation holds in the scale of national greatness is determined by the position which its people hold in the scale of civilization.

The spread of knowledge has secured for the race a great political freedom. For centuries the few had governed, the many had been driven, the combined strength of the inferior had been concentrated in the upbuilding of the superior ; but after the long trance of the dark ages democracy arose, gave man the right to liberty, brought the individual man to the front, and crowned the peasant the peer of the king. Today I see most nations ruled by beneficent governments, which respect the rights and guarantee the liberties of their citizens.

Knowledge has stimulated man to make wonderful progress in material achievements, and thus enabled him to overcome the pressure of his material environments. The primi-

tive man was as much restricted as the lower animals, but the enlightened man has placed the entire globe under tribute for his comfort and happiness. The ocean imprisoned him for centuries, but now he forces it to be his liberator. He bids the sea, the earth, and the sky to minister unto him and it is done. He sends the threatening lightning on trusty missions the world over. The voice of man was limited to a few paces, but we can now whisper secrets in each other's ears, though hundreds of miles apart. The forces of our great waterfalls, which, for ages, passed unnoticed from the mountains to the sea, are being harnessed and used for beneficent purposes. The colossal ocean steamer, which ploughs unawed the seas of every zone, defying neptunion wrath and seolian rage, has taken the place of the little sail boat, which hugged the shores and feared the buffeting waves. The wonderful locomotive now goes thundering across the continent at the speed of a mighty hurricane. The common laborer of today is provided with luxuries which even kings of a century ago did not enjoy. The progress of the past two hundred years has surpassed the dreams of the most fanciful enthusiast; what colossal strides will yet be made onward and upward, the most sanguine prophet will not attempt to foretell.

Knowledge may be properly regarded as the basis of all religious progress. For so soon as man was capable of continuity of thought; so soon as he had framed for himself intelligible speech; so soon as he began to wonder what power moves the sun and the moon in their orbits; so soon as he asked himself how came the first man and the first woman upon the earth, he began to pay homage to a Supreme Being. And as he increases his store of knowledge, he broadens his conception of this Supreme Being; he is inspired with an exalted morality; and he begins to appreciate the grand ideal of

a Maker, who moves in silent harmony, as in a mystic dance, the hundred worlds throughout infinite space, and who has created life that is capable of higher and higher development throughout infinite time. Show me an atheist and I will show you one who has never asked himself how it is that a little seed can germinate, and grow, and develop into a mature plant—one who has never asked himself what power is it that lifts the vapors from the sea and causes the rains to refresh the thirsty earth, so that it may yield its fruits—one who has never asked himself what makes yonder stars twinkle in the sky yes, one who has even never thought how he himself happens to exist. For the warfare between science and religion is over; the object of both is the elevation of mankind. Science discovers the unchangeable laws of nature and teaches man how to apply them to his individual necessities; and thus opens up an avenue through which the church can show him the wisdom and beneficence of the Infinite Being.

We look with delight at the accomplishment of the ages; but when we consider the causes of them all, we must conclude that every material advancement that man has made is simply the result of a previous corresponding advancement of thought. For that power which manifests itself in the aggregate causes and effects human history, and exists in the present blended world forces which we call civilization, is, if human reason can discern it or human language can describe it, the result of the intelligent and designing will of man. Through this medium has been brought to manifest revelation the unity of the universe, the unity of man and the unity of life; and by it has been thrown ajar the gates of immortality by proving the perpetuity of physical and moral forces.

The enlightened mind of man is the only force that

counts in the great world today. For beyond all magic of state craft, beyond all temporary devices, and beyond all make-shifts of politicians, the most potent sovereign and abiding good that can come to any country is the lifting up of all her children in the sunlight of universal education.

We have recently heard a great deal about the advantages of increasing the standing army in the United States. We cannot take time to even hint at the advantages or disadvantages of this movement; but there is an army in our country that we should all endeavor to enlarge. This is an army that is grander than any ever mustered on the field of wars. I refer to the conscript and volunteer school children of the United States, over sixteen millions strong. It is the embryo of the mightiest civilized force ever organized by any people. Woe be unto him who sows in these young souls any unworthy thought. When this army deploys in action may it fly the banner of truth and liberty and carry in their hearts love of their countrymen and fellowmen. This is the only patriotism that is not sounding brass and tinkling cymbals.

The more carefully we train the minds of our youths the more carefully will the era in which we live be involved in celestial light and will human life fulfill its divine mission. I long for the time to come when man shall comprehend all the forces that operate upon his own being from without, and feel all the powers that lie dormant within him for the want of cultivation.

This mature age affords no excuse for ignorance. Generation after generation has handed down to us the illumination of religion and learning, and today, through Church and State, we have access to the schools and colleges, which are the conservatories of this precious boon from bygone ages. If we of

the present and future generations would win for ourselves fame, renown and glory, we must cultivate the intellectual talent which God has given us. When it has been completely fashioned by education it is a possession of such grand and beautiful proportions that it should excite the admiration of every one. "It is almost prophetic from its knowledge of history; it is almost heart-searching from its knowledge of human nature; it has almost supernatural charity from its freedom from littleness and prejudice; it has almost the repose of faith, because nothing can startle it; it has almost the beauty and harmony of heavenly contemplation, so intimate is it with the eternal order of things and the music of the spheres." I care not where your lot may be cast, there is not a single calling but can be better filled, and not a position worthy of ambitious hope but can be better reached, by a cultured mind. Yet in the face of these facts, in this advanced age, and in this enlightened land, it is a sad reality that a great majority of our people are but little above the lower animals. Even within the sound of our college bells we find a fearful proportion of the most squalid ignorance. And when we consider that it is among the ignorant class that we find the sighs, the miseries and the weeping eyes, we must conclude that what the world stands in greatest need of is a wider dissemination of useful knowledge. A great deal has been done in the way of building and endowing schools and colleges, but our ignorant people do not realize the importance of intellectual development. In view of these facts it seems to me that one of the highest duties of the educated citizen is to use his influence in creating among the ignorant class a greater desire for knowledge. And when this desire creates a demand for greater educational facilities, we must see that it is met, at any cost. We can afford to do it, for any state is better off



with educated citizens than with hoarded silver and gold.

I make no special plea for either scientific or literary education; neither do I care whether it comes through the Church or through the State; but I do plead for any kind of knowledge that will make men think, and inspire them with a hope of that which is unseen. All knowledge can be used for a worthy purpose. It makes no difference about where it is gathered. For just as the morning sun is rosy with the memory of last night's sunset; just as noon looks longingly down the eastern sky over which it has traveled, and fondly onward to the night toward which it hurries; just as months link in with months, seasons work with seasons, and year joins hand with year in the long labor of the world's hard life—so there is a unity and a harmony in the varied knowledge of mankind.

The kind of knowledge that we acquire is not a matter of so much importance as the application that we make of it. Knowledge is worth nothing except so far as it is used in accomplishing desirable results. It would be a monstrous conception of learning to esteem it merely as a selfish weapon with which to carve the way to personal fame and fortune. It would be folly to learn facts merely to be hung on pegs and duly numbered and catalogued. The accumulation of knowledge should be simply the storing of a reservoir for the large and benevolent activities of daily thought and service. The object of education is not to exempt us from the hard struggles of life, but to make us greater factors for good by giving us a clear, calm, accurate vision and comprehension of all things, so far as the finite mind can embrace them. As it increases it and fulfills more and more the moral yearnings of the human heart, confirms more and more the instincts of dignity and majesty of human life; and when it reaches a suffi-



cient degree of development, the world will be as a populous city, with the seas for its streets and thoroughfares—the network of wires for common sympathies and interests. All governments will move to one great democracy. Before the serene light of learning the dark clouds of passion, hate and war will vanish; and in the sheen and glory of knowledge all problems will be solved, earth will be subdued; man will be led from triumph to triumph, and reason will be exalted to her lofty throne.

E. B. BOYKIN.

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#### Autobiography of a "Brownie."

My Ruddy brown complexion and my clear cut features may lead you to believe me younger than I really am, but you are not to blame for my face bears the date 1895. I may as well tell you that I am older than I look though I cannot say just how much.

My memory serves me fairly well back to about the time Columbus accidentally discovered our continent. I say accidentally because he could not sail around it and so could not help running into it. No one was there to tell him of his danger and the land wasn't posted. Considering these facts I have always thought his punishment too severe.

Between the time I have spoken of, and the creation of the world my recollection is some what hazy due to the loss of my diary when the water rose during Noah's administration. Noah has been criticised for building the ark, and I heard members of his own church say that he had water on his brain, but time has proved him the wise man.

It is needless to say that I was born young, and as my mem-

ory does not serve me well for that period of my history I will begin my native with my introduction to man.

It was on the shore of Lake Superior that I first saw the sunlight. The man that dug me from my resting place was my counter part in color, but his jibbering talk was more than I could understand. I was fashioned into an ornament that the great chief wore about his neck, and many a mad chase through the woods had I taken with that warrior before both of us fell victim's to the Astecs tribes.

I had not been in my new home long, and the smoke from my chieftain's pyre had not ceased when I was completely defaced and disgraced. After passing through laborious processes I came out made into a hard tool. Coarse workmen used me to dig gold and other ores from the earth, alas, I had become the tool of the gold greedy man.

It was while serving in this disgrace that I saw Cortez burn his ship and begin battle with my captors. There could be but one issue to such an unequal struggle and once more my fortune changed.

The greedy Spaniard made me into a piece of filthy money and my face bears the blush of shame until now and time cannot erase the disgrace. To Spain I was toted in the pocket of a Dago. I compared my hard lot to that of my friend Columbus who was returned in chains to prevent his escape at sea. Poor man, would that both of us had fallen over board then I should not chronicle the further indignities that were heaped upon me by that mongrel race.

It is utterly impossible to tell the many times that I was exchanged for pipes, cigarettes, rent, and the like. No wonder that my features faded and that people could not tell what I was.

It was a happy day when I was returned to the colonies. How my bosom heaved with joy as I breathed the air of the Carolina fines once more. I found things considerably changed and my first friends the Indians were living further west and fast dwindling into insignificance. The American Colonies had been steadily growing in number and in wealth. Under the guidance of the first presidents the little federation of states had grown into a prosperous country

I served my country in many capacities always giving the best service that I could. In eighteen hundred and ninety five my Spanish name was changed and the stamp of my own dear country told the world that I had served well and faithfully and had been rewarded with the honor of leaving the insignia of this noble land of liberty.

In that year I came from the mint dressed in a new uniform, the livery of the national service. Since that time I have had many experiences and taken part in many dramas. I have been tossed to the organ grinder's monkey; given as alms to the poor; paid for bits of bread; and sprigs of flowers; closed the eyes of the dead and paid the preacher's salary.

It has been my misfortune to be the price of crime; the cause of the gambler's quarrel, and the persecution of the poor. It has also been my lot to alleviate suffering; reward industry and bring smiles to the faces of happy children.

Fate has decreed that my life must be one of service. I can love, but those who have a tender thought for me have sinned. Love for me is the root of all evil.

I have lived a checkered life, of usefulness in the main with scarce a day that I am becoming decrepit, my heartiest wish is that I may serve my country to the last.

I have served through famine, and plenty; though the rav-

ages of war and crime, and kept my hands busy in prosperity. When I am too old to serve the busy trade let me still bring smiles to the little children: let me toddle hand in hand with them at play until I fall by the wayside and mingle again with the earth.

EDGAR M. MATTHEWS.

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### The Rivals.

Randolph graduated in June. His last days at college seemed longer than did the rest of the session, and why? Because he was so anxious to see again the sweetest girl in the whole village in which he moved and had his being. Jennie was a girl of rare beauty and loveliness; some said she was a Cleopatra, but Randolph chose to call her by the pet name of "My Little Venus"—to which she did not object, but smiled at this. Zebulon who was also one of Jennie's admirers reached home a day after Randolph's arrival. He was a jolly fellow, a member of the Junior class at another college.

A couple of days elapsed—Randolph had already made an engagement to take his girl to the dance on the following night. He was one day ahead of Zebulon which made him put on his studying cap. "Yes," he said, "time to me is very valuable—in one day a battle may be lost or won. Now, I have the start on him, which may mean that I shall get him out of the ring altogether; this is the chance of a lifetime—once ahead, always ahead."

The evening of the dance, all three were there; Randolph was in the gayest of spirits, and Jennie reminded one of a bird just escaped from Paradise, she looked so fascinating in her

toilet. But what of Zebulon? His mind was filled with a multitude of ideas as to his situation, which seemed critical, indeed. This caused him to have a troubled look when he entered the parlor and began to shake hands with the many friends whom he had not seen for nearly a year. His heart beat wildly within his breast when he ardently grasped the soft little hand that Jennie placed into his, while she gave him the sweetest smile that had ever illumined her youthful face, as she said in tones so sweetly to him—"Zeb, I am so glad to see you back; you look like the same sweet little fellow when we used to play together in the meadow." Randolph heard all she said, which caused him to doubt very seriously in his mind as to the smoothness of the path that lay before him.

Jennie was all smiles tonight, how could she have been otherwise; for Randolph and Zebulon both were there—the only two whom she loved? But with her soul thus filled so suddenly with love and joy, she felt somewhat puzzled with herself. She knew full well that love is immeasurable, that it is boundless; and it made her uneasy just now, because she loved one as ardently as she did the other, which means that if one was entitled to a smile, the other should have like measure. To be exact was not Jennie's nature, she would throw her smiles to them as recklessly as would a summer cloud which spills its refreshing drops upon every flower and every blade of grass; little did she dream that the fountain of love into which she was dipping her golden cup, was exhaustible.

The dance began presently, Randolph and his fairy were soon winding in and out among the merry couples, swaying to and fro in graceful curves; while the strains of sweet music made them forget their earthly existence, and transported them to airy regions of fairies and elves. Zebulon's eyes were at-

tracted by no other couples in the hall, but his eyes followed this fairy like creature at every turn; her dazzling beauty had so infatuated him that he could not for a single moment take his glance from her. In spite of herself not to be impartial to either of her lovers, Jennie would cast Zeb, as she called him, a little smile. This made him so angry with Randolph who held her in his embrace that he could hardly restrain himself from being rash. The music ceased, and the merry couples were seated, each enjoying a *tete a tete* until the dance should begin again.

Randolph had never before, in all his life, enjoyed sweeter moments than those seemingly short ones that had just passed. Jennie declared that words could not express her feelings, so thoroughly had she enjoyed this set. Both were now lavishing their love upon the other with such effectiveness that many of those present abandoned their conversation in order to watch this happy pair, whose love seemed inexhaustible tonight; just as a bouquet of sweet flowers whose fragrance is inexhaustible. Zebulon only looked on at a distance, but he could not help envying Randolph his place; yet he satisfied himself that the time was short until the next set.

The music began again, and the jealous Zebulon, who a few moments ago was enduring the most torturing pains about his heart, was now filled with an intense feeling of joy and triumph, almost indescribable; as he clasped his sweetheart's lovely form in his embrace and went circling around the hall, the happiest soul at the dance. It seemed to him that time had wings sure enough, for never in all his existence did a few seconds become so short as these. He threatened Time with a lover's curse for being so cruel as to deprive him of the pleasure that should be his.



Nevertheless, he refrained from so doing, for Jennie touched him lightly on the sleeve and with a little smile that meant everything, she said, "Zeb, I think it would be much cooler out on the piazza, don't you think so too?" This is what Zebulon had in his mind at the beginning of the dance; but never was anything said more opportunely than when she spoke these words. He was so satisfied with her suggestion that he almost forgot to reply, but mechanically started out before the last word fell from her ruby lips. "I am ahead! I am ahead!" were thoughts that took possession of him as he and Jennie filed out of the door and vanished through the hallway.

Again the strains of sweet music summoned them back to the dancing hall; but these two beings were deaf even to such music as this which floated upon the air and brought all the dancing couples under its spell. They were listening to music though—not that from a violin or flute; but to music contained in every word that came rushing from the depths of their souls—music of love, which is the sweetest of all. Whatever she said, whether of a most trivial, reached his ear and his soul re-echoed its notes just the same as if she had struck a chord in his heart by a smile or a sweet word. None the less was she enchanted by his presence and the way in which he lavished his love upon her. Her dreams of love were no longer dreams, but were now a reality.

What of Randolph? We left him with the jolly crowd of dancers. His spirits were crushed just as soon as Jennie and Zebulon left the hall. He no longer enjoyed the dance but swore vengeance on Zeb, who had the audacity to carry off his sweetheart and remain with her the whole time. His doubts as to whether he was one day ahead flashed vividly across his mind.

Jennie was a generous hearted, besides being a most fascinating girl. She was deeply in love with both Randolph and Zebulon. To be as fair to the one as to the other was her ambition; but how soon should she overstep the mark, being blindly and passionately in love, she could not tell—she was like a ship with a broken rudder which yields to every wave that strikes it, bending it out of the course it was wont to pursue. But as far as her powers went, she meant to guard against impartiality.

One evening you could see Randolph and Jennie out for a walk; while on other evenings you could see Zebulon by her side strolling across meadows, enjoying the beautiful scenery which nature's hand had so lavishly painted for their benefit. Jennie was a lover of flowers, and it pleased her greatly when she was out with Zeb, for him to classify the flowers they gathered. How deeply he may have been interested in the study of flowers is not known, but it is quite certain that he sacrificed everything for her pleasure, knowing that the time was short in which to captivate this priceless pearl.

Human nature is the same the world over, yet it is by far the greatest study that the intelligence of man has undertaken to master. It baffles the efforts of the wisest—they, even, do not understand its workings. Zebulon studied this lovely being just as he did each rose petal. Did he discover anything? Yes, this he learned: there are few creatures that do not succumb to flattery; he knew this to be the case in other spheres, but never dreamed that girls are vain too. None the less, Jennie had a vague idea (of course naturally) that she was very beautiful, and it pleased her for others to think her so, even if they did not speak their thoughts. Zebulon knew by this time that his conversation was very acceptable, and he sought to win her over.

While out gathering flowers, he plucked one of very rare occurrence which he held up before her eyes, and after naming the species to which it belonged, he compared the sweetness of her nature, her beauty, her loveliness to this blossom; only he said, that it was but an index to the inexhaustible sweetness of her being. This one comparison caused her love to flow more freely in his direction. Just think of the many similar ones he made and the effect they must have produced upon her! Had he a little more time to fortify himself against Randolph before his departure for college, his mind would not have been filled with strange forebodings upon leaving his sweetheart. But time and tide wait for no man. Zeb left next day.

His departure seemed to grieve Jennie even more than it did him, yet she tried to appear calm and reserved. However, she resolved to save Zebulon's share of her love until his return, then she would bestow it upon him four-fold. The change that came over her was particularly noticed by Randolph who came to see her much oftener since Zeb's departure for college. "Fortune has favored me at last," he mused, "I shall play a lucky hand within these ten months, see if I don't."

Randolph possessed a purely literary education; he thought more of the Greek classics than he did of Nature's works. These had no charms for him. Zebulon, on the other hand, besides being well versed in the arts, was perfectly acquainted with many of the sciences, which was a point in his favor; for Jennie, especially, was a student of Nature, and flowers were her idols. Often had she said that the sweetest moments of her life had been spent in the woods gathering flowers, and in listening to some merry songster perched among the branches while her lover, sitting by her, repeated his story, not in rhyme as a would-be poet, but in the old fashioned way.

Randolph never failed to take an evening's stroll with Jennie unless the weather was too bad for her to go out. Whatever pleased his fancy, he thought would be sure to please her too, but he was quite mistaken—she cared not for his poetry or his verses on "Helen of Troy," but longed for the solacing company of Zebulon who could tell her the name of this flower or that. She knew well enough that her love had overstepped the mark, and that Zebulon now owned the bigger half.

Randolph continued his visits throughout the year with a determination to win. Although not a selfish creature Jennie did not know how to keep back Zeb's share of her love until his return; she tried to be cold and indifferent toward Randolph, thinking by so doing she could hold in reserve, not only part but the whole of her bounteous love for Zebulon, but in vain. The effects of intimate association, as it is with lovers, is incalculable; it breaks away the strongest barriers of coldness and indifference, it works in a mysterious way wonders to perform. Her love for Zebulon gradually died down, consequently she bestowed it more freely upon Randolph who had stopped repeating poetry but who was cleverly pursuing another course. "What power is it that wields me thus? Is it Satan or is it Love? I have broken my promise with Zeb. Will he forgive me? Oh, what a weak creature I am!" were thoughts that fastened themselves in Jennie's mind.

God alone knows all things, yet Zebulon had strange dreams which told him that he was not the accepted lover of Jennie's. His dreams came true, for a few days later he received a formal invitation to attend the marriage of Randolph to his beloved, to take place one week after his graduation. The news overwhelmed him with grief; but Time whose in-

cessant beats assuages all pain, relieved him of his sadness. When he reached home he sought new fields for conquest which he entered with a determination to succeed this time. He attributed his defeat to his long absence more than to any other cause, and why should he not, for more than likely he was Jennie's choice. Oh, Time! Thou art a terrible hammer that stands in the way to strike and to crush the fortunes of many, like Zebulon, who are trying to fix their wagons to a star.

R. N. REEVES,

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#### A Lover's Quarrel.

"My goodness Frank! one would think that I belonged to you to hear you talk."

The speaker, Hope Raymond, was a young lady about nineteen years old. She was a perfect brunette, and, though not really pretty, there was something very attractive about her. Frank Richards, the person she was speaking to, was a young man twenty or twenty-one years of age. He was rather tall, had an open face and when he spoke, his voice was soft and musical.

"I wish you would let me alone for a little while, any way! I can't turn around without finding you at my elbow! It is getting monotonous, and I won't stand it any longer!"

If she had watched his face she would have seen three distinct expressions pass over it. First a look of surprise, then one of pain, and last of all his eyes flashed, and an angry flush surged over his face.

"Very well Hope, I will promise you right now that you wont have to make that complaint again. It's true that I,



loving you, and believing you when you said you loved me, have been rather attentive to you of late. But I am almost certain that I heard you say, no less than a week ago, that you were never happier than when with me; and being in love myself, I was fool enough to believe you."

"Good-bye."

With that he was gone. Hope sat there for a long time half expecting to see him come back, but getting impatient after awhile she arose and went into the house murmuring something about not caring if she had made him mad. When, however, she reached her room, she could not disguise from herself any longer that she did care. She lay for a long time unable to go to sleep, got up, opened the window and gazed out at the moonlight for a while, then lit the lamp and tried to read. Finally she threw herself across the bed and sobbed herself to sleep.

As soon as Frank's anger had time to cool a little, he became very miserable and bitterly accused herself of being over hasty. He started to go back and ask her pardon, but his pride got the better of him. He sat down and tried to reason with himself, but was too restless. He then wandered aimlessly around the town until nearly dawn; when completely exhausted in mind and body he found his way to his room and sinking down on his bed, slept.

A week passed during which Hope was very miserable. She attended to her regular duties and appeared happy and even gay when in the presence of others, but when left alone she would break down. She wrote several notes to Frank asking his forgiveness, but had not had the courage to send any of them.

Frank, too, was miserable during this week. He had at-



tempted to work as usual, but could never get his mind under control.

It was in the dead of night. Frank heard a cry, raised himself up in bed and listened. He heard it repeated. There was no mistaking the cry now. "Fire! Fire!! Fire!!!" ever growing louder and louder. He jumped out of bed, hastily dressed and hurried forth to the scene of disaster.

The fire had broken out in a large two-story dwelling, occupied by a widow and her three small children.

As Frank neared the house, he heard a shriek of horror rend the air, and upon inquiring what was the matter, he learned that one of the children, a three year old girl, had been accidentally left up stairs in the burning house. He at once prepared to go to the rescue. The stairs of the house were wrapped in flames and the room under the child's was burning. It seemed sheer madness to attempt a rescue, but Frank did not hesitate. He caught a blanket near by and rushed into the house, up the stairs and into the room where the child was peacefully sleeping in its little bed. Frank was already badly burned, but he did not think about himself. He picked the child up and wrapping the bed clothes about it, started back down the stairs. The smoke was blinding and the heat terrific. He got about half way down when he felt the stairway sink beneath him. He now gave up all hopes, but clung to his burden and happening to land upon the floor on his feet, he staggered through the door and fell exhausted on the ground in front of the house.

When Frank regained consciousness he was lying on his back in a darkened room, and the first thing that met his gaze was Hope, leaning tenderly over his pillow. He attempted to speak, but was too weak. She told him that he had been there

for over a week. And when he tried to speak again she told him that the doctor had given strict orders for him not to say a word and that she would leave him immediately if he did.

Frank was confined to his bed for two months but with such a nurse, he rather enjoyed being sick.

When he was able he took a trip to the coast, and as he told Hope good-bye at the car, he whispered to her "Can I act as if you belong to me now, darling?"

Her answer was lost in the noise made by the departing train, but I don't think Frank needed an answer.

V. L. '03.

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### Is Education Worth the Getting?

Frequently there comes up to each student the question: Is the benefit derived from a College course worth the time expense and study? It is a question which makes its unerring visits during hours of gloom and periods of disappointment and exerts a powerful influence on even the most constant. It was the question under discussion as Jack walked into the room of his friend one Sunday afternoon and found several of his comrades engaged in earnest conversation, as they leaned back in their chairs, rested their feet on the table and smoked their pipes with diligence.

During the lulls in the conversation, each would waft himself in memory back to the home of his early youth where there was no constraints and no confinements, but all was joy and peace and happiness. In that brief instant of retrospection would be gathered all the pleasures comprehended between the aromas of a mother's kitchen and the honeyed

words of a loving sweetheart, making it all the darker for the College side of the question.

"Now just notice the great number of boys who attend College. Most of them return home and become as ordinary men who have had no College training," said Cadet D.

"While that is the case with the majority, notice that still all the positions of greatest honor, prominence and responsibility are filled by College men" was the reply.

Another speaking on the moral side of the question, observed that many a boy who had brought ruin on himself and disappointment to his friends would have fared the better had he never crossed the threshold of a College door or came under the influence of College temptations.

"But," said still another, "the field of worldly experience is full of temptations and so he must have met with evil in all its alluring forms had he never crossed a College campus."

Many different phases of the question were discussed pro and con. Finding, however, that they were making slow progress towards a definite conclusion and noticing that Jack had said nothing since entering the room, he was appealed to aid he sought to give the company the benefit of his views.

With a modesty born of wisdom, Jack began by hesitating. Assuming finally a philosophical look, he slowly and solemnly said: "Yes, the College fails to raise the mass of its attendants to intellectual prominence. Some fail because of sheer inability; some are eaten up by the vicious birds of unworthy ambitions; some fall on the stony ground of evil temptations; but of those who pass unscathed by every danger, full to the brim with a high purpose, let it be said they are like the seed that fall on fertile soil; they produce a hundred fold.

### A Question.

Recently, in the home of a resident of a town of this State, a lad asked a question which has given rise to these thoughts. He said to his mother: "Mamma, the South never had any Poets and Authors did it?" "All I ever read or heard of came from the North or some other country."

Well, have we any? If so, have we given them the homage their talents deserved? Really, I do not think that we have shown our appreciation of them as we should have done, still, I believe that we all feel proud of them.

Remembering Wm. Gillmore Simms, Paul Hamilton, Hayne and Timrod, I think that our own State can claim the honor of giving men to the world who possessed great literary talents. Besides these mentioned there are others, whose songs have filled with rapture the hearts of a noble people.

I am not ready to believe that any land has people more gifted, more capable of great deeds and good work in any line, than that of our fair Southland; and it is a duty we owe to our gifted ones, and an honor to ourselves, to keep them fresh our memories.

At this time we can boast of a goodly share in the making of American Literature, and I hope and believe that, ere many years come and go, our Southern genius will be accorded that place in the temple of fame, that will leave no doubt as to the knowledge of its existence.

CHAS. DEW.

### The Seniors' Reformation.

By the holy hills of Zion,  
The Clemson Seniors' swore,  
That their refractory comrades,  
Should break the rules no more.  
By the holy hills they swore it;  
And on that very day,  
Marshalled full their forces,  
And begun the dread affray.

No more the lowly private,  
Can go his rounds in ease,  
No more can gracious action  
A Senior's wrath appease,  
As he walks in meekly penance,  
Each Saturday afternoon.  
He wonders why they call it  
A thing of precious boon.

Tho' the private's yoke be heavy,  
We find him fairly true,  
For kindly solace tells him  
He'll be a Senior too.  
Then in crowning wisdom,  
He'll cite each by-gone nation,  
And say the good it wrought,  
It wrought by Reformation.

—M. E. ZEIGLER.



FOOTBALL TEAM. SESSION 1900—'01.





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## Editorial Department

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W. G. HILL,	- - - - -	EDITOR
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In this issue will be found the revised edition of  
**The Athletic Association.** the Athletic Association's Constitution. The organizations are all brought under the supervision of one head, and it is thought that this will prove a much better solution of the problem. In the past the

organizations have been distinct and separate; each having its own constitution and rules of government, possessing no active interest in each others affairs. Some of the active athletic supporters seeing the necessity of a common constitution, recommended the more logical plan, which has culminated in the very efficient constitution which we believe we now have. It is seen that the rules do not in any way affect the dside workings of either the base ball foot ball or track teams, but leaves to them the carrying on of their own business affairs; the arrangement of games, etc.

An athletic council, consisting of representatives from the separate organizations is provided for, the duty of which will be to look after the general athletic interests of the college, to see that all candidates for teams are eligible to play under the rules governing the different colleges, thereby not endangering the whole Athletic Association, by the misconduct of some one of the branches. This council will also confer upon those entitled to wear it, the Varsity "C," in commendation for their services on the athletic field. This is a very good custom, and one which is carried out in all the Northern colleges, where it is deemed one of the greatest honors of the college course, to be able to earn the Varsity letter. It is usually customary in these colleges, to confer this honor upon those who have participated in contests against one of a certain number of specified colleges, whose standing in Athletics is considered high. We predict that the very best results will come from the method adopted by the Athletic Association for the government of its affairs.

To the spectator at the recent Auburn game, **College Patriotism.** it might seem that Clemson was overflowing with healthy enthusiasm and college patriotism—and indeed is such the case. We are proud of the loyalty of our students to the orange and purple, and so long as this remains at its present high standard we feel sure that our colors will never trail in the dust. A good strong college spirit speaks volumes for any institution. It shows that the students as a whole are not only satisfied with their college, but are proud of it, and glory in its achievements as much as if they were their own. Show me a school where a wholesome college spirit prevails and I will show you one that is prospering, and buoyant with life and hope for the future. Nothing can succeed where the student is indifferent to the happenings around him. He should be intensely alive to every incident that will tend to bring his college before the eyes of the public in a pleasant light, and thus help to build up a reputation that will benefit every student connected with his college. This is the only true college spirit and one which, if cultivated, will bring lasting good.

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Before this issue will reach our readers the third **The Oratorical Contest.** State Oratorical Contest will be a thing of the past. Since three years ago when Furman first proposed the organization of a State Oratorical Association, these contests have been viewed with increasing interest by the people throughout the State. This year the contest will come off in Chester, and the students of the different colleges are looking forward with eager interest to the outcome. Last year Erskine's representative was the winner of the first honor medal, and as will be remembered with

pleasure, Mr. W. L. Moise, of our College, won the honors the year before in the State contest; afterwards taking the first honor medal in the Southern Inter-collegiat Contest at Mont. Eagle, Tenn. Mr. E. B. Boykin will represent this College at Chester in the coming contest, and it is needless to say that the entire student body wish him the greatest success.

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Every one was pleased with the outcome of the **The Auburn-** recent baseball games played against Auburn **Clemson** on this campus. The playing of our team was **Games.** up to the highest expectations of its most ardent admirers. Sitton's and Cole's pitching was a revelation to those who saw the games, and it is expected that these two men will do good work for Clemson in the games that follow during the season. Pearman and Dingle, two substitutes of last year, played third and short to the eminent satisfaction of the whole team. Captain Hunter's playing was also of the highest order, and at times very brilliant.

We were sorry to see such a small attendance at the second game. The management has arranged a number of the on this campus so that the students may derive as much pleasure from the sport as possible, and for this reason the students should all turn out to make the season a financial success.

As to the Auburn team, every one has the highest praise for their conduct both on and off the field. They took their defeat like college men should, and it is to be hoped the Clemson and Auburn will meet every year hereafter, both in baseball and football. They being two similar institutions, contests between them will always create much interest.

## Exchange Department.

Q. B. NEWMAN, '01,	{	- - - - -	EDITORS.
W. A. BURGESS, '01.			

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We are using our copy of Munchausen's travels as a pen wiper. A writer, with a name as long as a bean pole, has contributed to *The Polytechnian* an account of a tour of the world that made the venerable old Baron turn over in his grave. We should be glad to print a copy for our readers, but we fear that our printer's type might melt in the intense heat and we are not prepared to stand a suit for damages. The writer states that it was a dream and gives the article the caption, "Mental Wanderings," but even with that in mind we are in favor of giving him the kettle.

Under the title, "The Uprising of a Great People," the *Southern University Monthly* presents a careful study of the causes and probable effects of the South African War which we find very entertaining.

We notice that they have got to seeing ghosts in the far west. The *Student Record* from the University of Nevada comes with "A Moonlight Funeral," one of the most uncanny tales we have ever read. The writer very unjustly tries at the end of the story to shift the responsibility from himself to an insane woman. We would not have done that. If we had the nerve to relate such an experience, we would stick to it through thick and thin. The *Student Record* is one of the very few papers that come out oftener than once a month, and yet are of more interest than the country correspondence



in our county paper. We congratulate the *Record* on being an exception.

The Class Free number of the *Emory Phoenix* is especially interesting. The address of the Dux inspiring. The class History and Prophecy are unique and very entertaining. The historian does not touch on the serious side of the student's life, but gives us some glimpses of the senior when not at work.

The March *Shamrock* is devoted chiefly to fashion. We gather from it that violets are out of date, while roses bloom everywhere this season, from the college walls to the ladies' hats. In editorial, fiction and advertisement, this valuable information is impressed upon us.

The *Carolinian* for March opens with "An Unreal Experience," and we are not surprised to find it signed "The Devil" The next article, "Journal of a Voyage," is very restful, coming after such a wild excursion. "Modern Impoliteness" contains some unpleasant truths. The editorials are good and we wish the new editors much success in their work, but we do not think the March number comes quite up to the usual standard.

The *Gray Jacket* is one of our best exchanges for the past month. We have read with keen interest "After Thoughts of College Life," which contains some practical truths and lessons for teachers and students. The following quotation will show the tone of the article: "There is all the difference in the world between the PROFESSOR and the TEACHER. The scholar who can bring himself no closer to the student than the connection involved in generalized ideas, is no teacher, but a presumptuous intruder upon sacred ground." "The Tidal Wave at Tocopilla" is well written, and the description of the earthquake is very vivid. The exchange department is full.

## Social Department.

GEO. D. LEVY, '03, } - - - - - EDITORS.  
R. N. REEVES, '01. {

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“My friends” said the eloquent minister,” were the average man to turn and look at himself squarely in the eyes and ask himself what he really needed most, what would be the first reply suggested to his mind?”

“A rubber neck,” shouted the precocious urchin in the rear of the room, and in the confusion that followed, the good man lost his place in his manuscript, and began over again.

It was with great pleasure that we heard of Prof. W. M. Riggs' election to the presidency of the State Athletic Association. He has always been a great enthusiast over the subject of Athletics, and we feel confident that he is the right man in the right place.

### Tennis.

Of late the students have taken a greater interest in tennis, and in order to make the interest in this sport still greater, the three clubs have united to form the Clemson College Tennis Association. The President has communicated with a great many of the colleges in the State to arrange for an inter-collegiate meet, and the tennis players look forward to a number of brilliant games, with the greatest pleasure.

The officers chosen for the Associations are :

R. G. Forsythe, President,

E. M. Matthews, Vice President.

T. S. Perrin, Secretary and Treasurer.

G. F. McGregor, Manager.

Cadet G. to "Punch": "Say, Punch, did that preacher graduate at a geological cemetery?"

"I don't like your heart action" the doctor said, applying, the stethoscope again. "You have had some trouble with 'angina pectoris.' "

"You are pretty right, doctor," sheepishly answered the young man. "Only that isn't her name."

Mr. B. D. Martin visited his nephew, Maj. S. M. Martin, here several weeks. He was on his way from Washington to his home in the Indian Territory.

Mr. Geo. Moore, of Lenoir, N. C., spent a few days with his sister, Mrs. W. M. Riggs.

Prof. McL. to cadet S.: "What does proficiency mean?"

Cadet S.: "Knowledge, sir."

Prof.: "Where did you get that meaning?"

Cadet S.: "Out of the 'epidemic' dictionary."

Mr. Claude Douthit has been elected manager of the "track team" with Mr. James Lynah as assistant.

A very handsome triangular, revolving book case, which is now in the President's office, and furnishes sufficient evidence of the high grade of work that is done in our woodwork division. The three sides represent the Agricultural, Mechanical, and Textile Departments of the College in a most novel manner.

Daddy R. (smoking "twofer"): "This is a quarter cigar."

Mickey: "Yes, and three quarters hay."

The college expects to have a fine exhibit at the Charleston Exposition. It will show the work done by the students in the different departments of the college. Much of the work has already been completed; and the students are working faithfully to make it one of the best exhibits that the college has ever put forth.

The students are very much pleased with the lectures of the Lyceum course this year. They have listened with pleasure, to some of the best lectures on the American platform. The next entertainment will be the Columbia entertainers; their coming is looked forward to with much interest on the part of the boys, for ladies are in the party.

The *Clemsonian* staff are hard at work getting everything ready for the publication of this, our first Annual. Much of the manuscript and cuts have been sent to the publishers; and the work on it has fairly begun. As this is our first Annual, the staff purpose to make it as complete as possible. Every student should possess a copy to show to his grandchildren in future years.

Prof. M.: "What is the Sphinx?"

Cadet S.: "It's the King's palace."

Prof. of Dairying. "If milk is kept at a high temperature for a long time, what takes place?"

Cadet B.: (Getting his words mixed) "Germination."

Prof. M.: "Did Washington serve two terms?"

Cadet J.: "Yes, he was elected the second time without *apposition*."

Prof. M.: "Can any one go to the map of Africa and point out Siberia?"

Cadet T.: (taken unawares) "I can, it's in the Northern part."

Cadet R.: (on seeing the foul flags posted on the ball field) "Say, Chief, are those quarantine flags."

The Agricultural students of the Senior, Junior and Sophomore classes, met and organized a Student's Agricultural Society. Mr. E. T. Hughes was elected President, and H. M. Mathis Vice President, both of the Senior class. Mr. M. E. Zeigler of the Junior class was elected Secretary and Treasurer. The object of the organization is to promote the interest of the Agricultural department. The society meets once every week; and at these meetings, subjects pertaining to Agricultural lines are discussed by the students. Professors in the Agricultural department are also requested to lecture to the students on any subject and at any convenient time.

The Inter-Society Contest which was held to decide who should represent us in the State Oratorical Contest, which is to be held at Chester, S. C., on the 19th, was presided over by Mr. Q. B. Newman, Mr. W. G. Templeton represented the Palmetto Society, and Mr. E. B. Boykin the Columbian Society. Both deserve credit for their excellent speeches, which showed they had spared no pains in preparing themselves for the contest. Mr. E. B. Boykin, who proved himself to be a splendid orator in a recent Society Anniversary, was awarded the decision. Mr. Templeton's oration was much admired, and he certainly reflected great credit upon himself.

**Society Officers.**

These officers will serve in the three Societies during the ensuing term :

**CALHOUN SOCIETY.**

President—R. N. Reeves.

Vice-President—T. K. Glenn.

Recording Secretary—B. H. Gardener.

Corresponding Secretary—O. M. Roberts.

Literary Critic—David Jennings.

Sergeants at Arms—C. Bellows, H. C. Sohlmann, S. Jeffares.

**COLUMBIAN SOCIETY.**

President—W. H. Scott.

Vice-President—T. C. Shaw.

Recording Secretary—F. M. Gunby.

Corresponding Secretary—A. B. Carr.

Literary Critic—Q. B. Newman.

Prosecuting Critics—C. W. Legerton.

Sergeant at Arms—B. H. Lawrence.

**PALMETTO SOCIETY.**

President—W. A. Burgess.

Vice-President—J. H. Roddey.

Secretary—G. D. Levy.

Treasurer—C. L. Reed.

Literary Critic—T. S. Perrin.

Prosecuting Critic—H. M. Mathis.

Censor—H. T. Cantey.

Sergeant at Arms—S. T. Hill.



**Clemson vs. Auburn.**

Clemson started off her baseball season by winning two complete victories over the Alabama boys from Auburn. Such victories surpassed the most sanguine expectation of the baseball enthusiasts, and caused them to look forward to the champion of the State for Clemson this year.

The synopsis of the first game is as follows :

Brown goes to the bat for Auburn and fans the atmosphere ; Sloan makes first on Pearman's error ; Jewitt gets a hit to right field ; Nisbet and Boyd fail to make connection with the ball, and retire side.

Dingle, for Clemson, flies out to Jewitt ; Barksdale fans ; Hunter gets base hit to center field ; Chisolm hits to Sloan, and is thrown out at first, ending first inning. Score 0 to 0.

Second inning : Parker knocks fly to Dingle, who easily takes it in ; Sheggs strikes out ; McCarwell flies out to Whitney.

Clemson comes to the bat again. Hughey is thrown out at first ; Pearman makes first ; Whitney gets base hit to right field ; Cole follows with another to center field ; Pearman is thrown out at third ; Sitton drives ball to center field, scoring Whitney and Cole ; Dingle flies out to Walker, making the third out. Score Clemson 2 Auburn 0.

Parker flies out to Dingle ; Sheggs tries three times, but fails to hit the ball ; McCarral knocks fly to Whitney—Auburn retires without scoring.

Barksdale takes the bat for Clemson, and gets a beautiful hit to left field ; Hunter follows with another to right field ; Barksdale is put out at second ; Chisolm knocks fly to Nisbet ; Hughey gets base on balls ; Pearman makes first ; Whitney

walks, forcing in Hunter; Cole gets a good hit, and scores Hughey and Pearman; Sitton knocks to Sloan, and is thrown out at first. Score, Clemson 5 Auburn 0.

Sloan and Nisbet fail to hit the ball; Walker flies out to Pearman. Auburn makes another goose egg.

Clemson to the bat. Dingle gets a hit, and reaches first; Barksdale follows with a two-bagger to left field; Dingle scores; Barksdale is put out in an attempt to make third; Hunter knocks a pop-fly to Nisbet; Chisolm makes first on Nisbet's error, but is thrown out while trying to steal second, thus making third out. Score, Clemson 6, Auburn 0.

For Auburn, Boyd fans; Parker flies out to Hunter; Sheggs knocks slow grounder, and Barksdale throws him out at first.

Pearman, Whitney and Cole fly out respectively to Jewitt, Sheggs and Walker. Score, Clemson 6, Auburn 0.

Brown cannot touch Sitton; McCarrall gets base hit but dies at second; Walker fails to redeem his team.

Clemson does better work in this inning. Sitton leads off with a good hit; Dingle follows with another good one to left field; Barksdale flies out; Sitton scores before the ball reaches home; Nisbet takes in Hunter's fly; Chisolm gets first in error: Dingle scores; Chisolm dies in an attempt for second. Score, Clemson 8, Auburn 0.

Auburn goes to the bat. Sloan knocks fly to Chisolm, who catches it with the greatest ease; Jewitt makes first on Pearman's error; Nisbet gets base on balls; Jewitt dies at third; Boyd saws.

Clemson takes up the stick again. Hughey gets a base hit on a ball to center field; Pearman flies out to Sloan, Hughey tries to steal second and is put out; Whitney gets a hit to left field; Cole's fly is caught by Nisbet. Side retires.

For Auburn, Parker makes first on Hunter's error ; Sheggs knocks to Hunter, and is put out at first ; Parker dies at third ; McCarral fans.

This is Clemson's last time at the bat. Dingle knocks to Jewitt, and is thrown out at first ; Barksdale flies out to Parker ; Sitton knocks a hot grounder to Parker who throws him out at first.

Auburn's last chance. Nisbet gets a hit to right field ; Boyd knocks to Pearman, who throws him out at first ; Parker knocks to center field, and Whitney throws Nisbet out at second ; McCorrall beats the air with his bat. Final score : Clemson 8, Auburn 0.

Thus Clemson commenced her baseball season for 1901. Sitton's pitching and Hunter's fine catch were the principal features of the game.

The second game was simply a repetition of the first, the score being 10 to 4. Cole's splendid work in the box for Clemson was the most noticeable feature of the game.

Cadet N had a great deal of trouble with "my lady" (malady).

Mrs. G. E. Nesom has gone on a visit to her parents at Starkville, Tenn.

Col. M. L. Donaldson of Greenville, was here recently on business.

It is quite evident that Cadet D. is not afraid of water, since he has taken charge of the fire department.

Senator B. R. Tillman has been chosen to deliver the commencement address, and the Rev. D. N. McLaughlin of Chester, will preach the baccalaureate sermon.

Daddy ! The scene was as livid as life.

**Clemson Vs. Un. of N. C.**

While we all regretted the defeat administered to us by the Un. of N. C. in Charlotte on Apr. 6th, we have no excuse to offer except that we were up against a much older and experienced team. As well be seen from the line up of the University team given below, the majority of their men, played in the fast teams of the North Carolina league of last summer, and it gives without saying that they were an exceptionally fast lot of ball players. Clemson also played against luck until the seventh inning when the game was too near gone for any possibility of winning.

The line up of the two teams were as follows :

**CLEMSON.**

Barksdale, catcher.  
Sitton, pitcher.  
Hughey, first base.  
Hunter, second base.  
Dingle, short stop.  
Pearman, third Base.  
Cole, left field.  
Bamberg, center field.  
Chisolm, right field.

**NORTH CAROLINA.**

Graves, catcher.  
Battle, pitcher.  
Holt, first base.  
Cock, second base.  
Carr, short stop.  
Smathers, third base.  
Donnelly, left field.  
Pendleton, center field.  
Graham, right field.

**Report of Committee on Constitution.**

**RESOLVED:** That the following Constitution shall supercede and replace the Constitution under which the Clemson College Athletic Association was organized and has been operated.

**CONSTITUTION.****ARTICLE I.—NAME:**

The name of this organization shall be the Clemson College Athletic Association.

**ARTICLE II.—OBJECT.**

The object of the Association shall be to look after the welfare of Clemson College Athletics as a whole.

**ARTICLE III.—DEPARTMENTS OF SPORT.**

There shall be for the present four organized departments of sport, viz: Base Ball, Foot Ball, Track and Tennis. Other departments may be added when properly organized.

Each of these organizations, hereafter called sub-organizations, shall have entire control of its financial affairs, shall make its own requirements for membership; elect its own officers, and arrange and carry out inter-collegiate contests without dictation from the Association, provided only that such contests are conducted in accordance with the constitutions of the S. I. A. A. & S. C. I. A. A., and that the names of all contestants have been presented to, and acted upon by the Athletic Council as provided in Act VII.

Each sub-organization must be complete with constitution and duly elected officers with whom the Association may transact business.

**ARTICLE IV.—MEMBERSHIP.**

**SECTION I.** Any student or member of the Faculty

may become a member of the Association by payment of dues, and no one not a member of the Association shall be permitted to enter any sub-organization of sport, or represent the College in any inter-collegiate event.

SEC. 2. No sub-organization shall receive to membership any one who does not present a receipt from the Treasurer of the Association showing that he has paid the admission fee to the Association. A member of the Association shall be entitled to membership in a sub-organization, only by conforming to the constitution of that organization. No sub-organization shall however charge an admittance fee.

SEC. 3. Honorary members may be elected by the Association. These shall have power to vote and participate in the affairs of the Association without payment of membership fee.

#### ARTICLE V.—OFFICERS.

The officers of the Association shall be a President, Vice President, and Secretary and Treasurer. These officers shall be elected by and from the members of the Association in June of each session.

#### ARTICLE VI.—DUTIES OF OFFICERS.

SEC. 1. The President of the Association shall preside at all meetings of the Association and of the Athletic Council. He shall call meetings of the Association whenever he deems necessary, or upon request of ten members, and of the Athletic Council whenever he deems necessary or upon the request of one member.

He shall receive and answer all correspondence from the S. I. A. A. & S. C. I. A. A. In case of any matter of general interest or importance he shall convene the Athletic Council to consider same. If not possible or practical so to do he shall act without their advice, reporting the matter at the first



Council meeting thereafter. He shall keep copies of all correspondence and these may be called for at any meeting by the Athletic Council.

SEC. 2. The Vice President shall in the absence of the President perform all the Presidential duties.

SEC. 3. The Secretary and Treasurer shall keep the Minutes of the meetings of the Association and of the Athletic Council, of which he shall be a member by virtue of his office, without, however, the privilege to vote, unless elected by some sub-organization to represent them in the Council. He shall collect and hold in trust money paid in as entrance fees, and shall in all cases give receipts for same.

He shall pay out money only as directed so to do by the Athletic Council acting through its Chairman. The ordinary running expenses of the Association, such as stationery, dues to S. I. A. A., & S. C. I. A. A., expenses of delegates to Conventions may, however, be paid out upon the written order of the President, and shall be reported to the Athletic Council at the first meeting thereafter.

It shall be his duty to have properly advertised the meetings of the Association and shall notify each member of the Athletic Council in person of the meetings of that body. He may require any sub-organization to furnish him with its membership roll, in order that he may know that each is eligible to membership by virtue of payment of fees to the Association.

#### ARTICLE VII.—ATHLETIC COUNCIL.

SECTION 1. The work of the Association shall be carried on through the Athletic Council. This Council shall be made up as follows: Of two Football, two Baseball, one Tennis, and one Track Representative; two members of the

Faculty, and the President and Secretary of the Association, the latter, however, without power to vote unless otherwise elected as a member of the Council. These representatives shall be elected annually in June by their respective organizations. Two members of the Committee, not including the President of the Association shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of any business. No vote shall be cast by proxy.

#### DUTIES OF ATHLETIC COUNCIL.

SEC. 2. The prime duty of the Council shall be to see that other branches are not imperilled by violations of the Constitutions of the S. I. A. A., and the S. C. I. A. A., by any sub-organization of sport.

To this end it shall require each sub-organization before its first inter-collegiate contest to furnish the Council with a list of names from which the contestants will be selected.

The Council shall review the list thus sent in, see that each member has paid the initiation fee, and if no charge of ineligibility according to the Constitutions of the S. I. A. A. and S. C. I. A. A., is brought against any of the proposed players they will be considered eligible. Any player may be challenged on the score of ineligibility by any member of the Committee. If the charges be sustained the said player shall be debarred from any participation in inter-collegiate contests with teams belonging to the Association, whose eligibility qualifications are not complied with. The Secretary shall furnish to the sub-organization and to the Faculty a list of the players passed up as eligible, and no others shall be allowed to participate in inter-collegiate contests.

Individual names may likewise be submitted to the Committee for approval.

The Secretary shall keep a correct list of all players en-

titled to participate in inter-collegiate contests, and it shall be a duty of each member of the Council to see that no others play in the inter-collegiate games except those duly passed upon by the Council.

SEC. 3. The Council shall have power to dispose of any accruing funds as it may see fit.

SEC. 4. The Council shall elect one of its members to represent the Association at the conventions of the S. I. A. A. and S. C. I. A. A. Such election shall take place at the first meeting in College session. The representative so elected shall duly inform himself as to the athletic needs and interests of the Association, and carry out any instructions given by the Athletic Council.

SEC. 5. The Athletic Council shall have no power to modify or alter any provision of this Constitution, but shall be charged with the strict enforcement of its provisions.

#### ARTICLE VIII.—DUES.

The fee for membership in the Association shall be \$1.00 per session. A student or member of the Faculty may join at any time during the session, the membership fee providing however for that session only.

#### ARTICLE IX.

Clemson College shall be a member of the S. C. I. A. A. and the S. C. I. A. A.

#### ARTICLE X.—VACANCIES.

Vacancies in office occurring during the session shall be filled by vote of the Association.

#### ARTICLE XI.—QUORUM.

One half of the membership of the Association shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of business.

#### ARTICLE XII.—AMENDMENTS.

Amendments to this Constitution shall be made only by vote of the Association.

## ARTICLE XIII.—GRANTING THE VARSITY “C.”

The Athletic Council shall have sole power in granting the Varsity “C” to those who have played upon the Varsity teams, or who have otherwise distinguished themselves in Athletics. At the end of each season the Council shall be furnished with a list of those playing in match games and from this list the Council shall select those who are entitled to wear the Varsity “C”.



# Clemson College Directory.

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## CLEMSON AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

H. S. Hartzog, President.

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

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## CLEMSON COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

W. G. Hill, Editor-in-Chief.

W. E. McLendon, Business Manager.

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## CALHOUN LITERARY SOCIETY.

R. N. Reeves, President.

B. H. Gardner, Secretary.

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## COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

W. H. Scott, President.

F. M. Gunby, Secretary.

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## PALMETTO LITERARY SOCIETY.

W. A. Burgess, President.

G. D. Levy, Secretary.

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## YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

E. B. Boykin, President.

W. O. Cain, Secretary

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## CLEMSON COLLEGE SCIENTIFIC ASSOCIATION.

J. V. Lewis, President.

Geo. E. Nesom, Secretary.

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## ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

W. M. Riggs, President.

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## FOOTBALL ASSOCIATION.

W. M. Riggs, President.

C. Douthit, Captain Team '01.

C. Douthit, Manager.

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## TENNIS ASSOCIATION.

R. G. Forsythe, President.

T. S. Perrin, Sec. and Treas.

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## BASEBALL ASSOCIATION.

M. N. Hunter, Captain.

W. G. Hill, Manager.

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## CLEMSON COLLEGE GLEE CLUB.

W. M. Riggs, President.

R. G. Forsythe, Manager.

Q. B. Newman, Secretary.

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## ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

J. S. Garriss, President,  
Spartanburg, S. C.

B. F. Robertson, Secretary,  
Clemson College, S. C.





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QUEEN CITY PTG. CO. CHARLOTTE,

# The Clemson College Chronicle.

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Valeat Quantum Valere Potest.

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## Literary Department.

E. M. MATTHEWS, }  
M. E. ZEIGLER,    }      -      -      -      -      -      -      .      EDITORS

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### PICKETT'S CHARGE AT GETTYSBURG.

Who has not heard of the wild charge we made  
The charge, I mean, of Pickett's brigade  
When, enveloped like night in the blinding smoke,  
Right through the Federal lines we broke,  
That bloody day at Gettysburg.

July the third, in sixty-three,  
By the command of Robert Lee  
Began a mighty cannonade.  
God only knows the havoc made  
That awful day at Gettysburg.

Scarce had the hoarse voiced cannon hushed,  
When from the Rebel ranks there rushed  
A column ; men were they, as true as steel  
Soon with their blood to drench that field—  
The battle-field of Gettysburg.

Forward dashed that gallant band,  
Their bayonets fixed, their guns in hand.  
Forward through that raging hell  
Of whistling ball and bursting shell  
For'd through the smoke at Gettysburg.

Cheering madly as they went,  
Altho their thin grey ranks were sent  
By a storm of steel and lead.

Ah, many a Southern soldier bled  
That awful day at Gettysburg.

Across that valley lay the foe  
Whence upon their ranks did throw  
Their murderous storm of leaden hail—  
Enough to make immortals quail,  
But on they pressed at Gettysburg.

Onward up the slope they swept,  
Straight for the Yankees' works they kept,  
Until at last with bayonets fought  
For the ground so dearly bought.  
For the field at Gettysburg.

But no use, down poured the flood,—  
Nipped our vict'ry in the bud.  
For where is mortal found, so strong  
To cope with thrice his number long  
E'en on the field of Gettysburg.

So, out numbered, we turned back  
Along our bloody, corpse-strewn track.  
The day so bravely fought, was lost ;  
Lost to the vast, blue-coated host.  
Lost ! The field of Gettysburg.

Although in vain they fell and bled ;  
Although the cause they loved, is dead ;  
Yet long will they be known to fame.  
Honor to each hero's name !  
Who fought and fell at Gettysburg.

—V. B. HALL, '04.

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**An Address Delivered at the "Old Stone Church," Near Pendleton,  
On Memorial Day, May 4, 1901, by Wm. S. Morrison,  
Professor of History, Clemson College.**

We have met to-day, Ladies and Gentlemen, on hallowed ground for a pious purpose. Suffer me, a student and teacher of history, Confederate Veterans, after thanking you for the honor done in calling me to the pleasant duty undertaken, to express my heartfelt approval of

your noble work, as outlined in your constitution and exemplified in the workings of your organization—United Confederate Veterans.

How appropriate the name you have given your camp ! Among the Wofford College boys, who, when Carolina called, forty years ago, laid aside books, left college halls, took up arms, and went to the tented ground and field of battle, were two brothers. One gave his life for his country, of him a comrade wrote home in a private letter: "Pendleton has had to mourn the loss of another one of her true and patriotic sons—Tally Simpson—a noble fellow too. He fell while gallantly discharging his duty, on the field where many have fallen before him, and many, I expect will have to follow his example"—*Letters of Lieutenant Richard Fewis, page 56*. His name your camp bears. The other brother lives and serves his day and generation—and generations that are to follow. One died for the Southern Confederacy. The other after service in war, in the dark days of reconstruction, in the trying times of 1896, and in the Wallace House—amid the duties of law office and courtroom gives freely his best thought and the earnest efforts of mature life to the Clemson Agricultural College—of whose Board of Trustees he has been since its organization—and still is, the honored chairman.

You have asked me Confederate Veterans, to speak briefly of this church ; of the soldiers of this community who served in our country's wars ; and of those old warriors who are sleeping in this cemetery.

On the 13th of October 1789, when Washington had been less than six months president of these United States, "a people on Seneca" appealed to the Presbytery of South Carolina to be taken under its care and for "supplies of preaching." Their request was granted,

and Rev. John Simpson, a native of New Jersey and a graduate of Princeton, was sent to preach to these people, who soon organized as a congregation, and took the name of Hopewell. The name was given in honor of the home of General Andrew Pickens, on Seneca River, near where the Blue Ridge Railroad now crosses that stream, the scene of one of that famous officer's treaties with the Indians—memorable "Treaty of Hopewell." The name of this congregation appears at different times in the records of Presbyterian church history as Hopewell (Keowee) Hopewell on Seneca, and Hopewell-Pendleton.

Robt. Anderson and Andrew Pickens, officers of the Revolution, were two of the first elders.

The first building was of logs. It was put up in 1790, and stood a mile or two from this spot. Tradition says it was burned—catching from a forest fire. A few years later in 1797, this building was erected, the site, nearer the centre of the congregation, was deeded by the Millers—either by John Miller—"Printer John"—publisher of the "Junius"—the pioneer newspaper man of the up-country of the South Carolina, proprietor of "*The Pendleton Messenger*"—printed on a press General Greene had used in camp—or by the sons of that worthy man. The first load of stone that was to build the church was hauled to the spot by a Mr. Roberson—"a zealous man." He and Miller are buried here.

Among the most liberal contributions were Andrew Pickens, Robert Anderson, George Reese, William Steele, Captain McGuffin, Hardy Owens, Mr. Whitner, Mr. Calhoun, and General Earle. The seats and the pulpit were given by General Pickens individually. John Rusk, who had been a soldier of the Revolution, was the builder. To him was born in 1802 a son, who was named in honor of the President then in office, Thomas Jefferson.



This son was United States Senator from Texas 1846 to 1856, dying in the latter year. One county—and the county-seat of another—in the Lone Star State bear the name of this one of the South Carolina born leaders of the Texans. John Rusk is buried in this grave yard, a rude stone—like those of which he built the church—appropriately marks his resting place.

About the middle of the last century the wood-work of the church was destroyed by fire, again catching from burning woods.

In the year 1900 a substantial stone wall was built around the grave yard.

The first preaching for these people was done by Messrs. Simpson, Hunter, Medlin, and perhaps others as "supplies." Reverend Thomas Reese, D. D., was the first pastor, and also the first person buried in the church yard. His grave was dug before the church was built.

Reverend Benjamin R. Montgomery, afterwards a professor in the South Carolina College, was the next pastor, serving about two years. Upon his resignation in 1807 Reverend James McElheuny was called to the pastorate, being assisted by his son-in-law, Reverend John D. Murphy. Mr. McElheuny owned the place which John C. Calhoun afterwards made his home, changing the name from "Clergy Hall" to "Fort Hill" in honor of Fort Rutledge erected on the Seneca by General Williamson. Messrs. Murphy and McElheuny died about the same time. Both are buried here. The next pastor was Reverend James Hillhouse. He served five years and moved to Alabama in 1822, where he died in 1835.

"In 1828 this church had only fifty-nine members, and as it would seem by the force of circumstances and mutual consent, preaching was gradually transferred to the village of Pendleton"—*Dr. Frierson.*



A missionary to China—1840-1843—Dr. Thos. L. McBride is buried here. He was a native of Abbeville District, a graduate of Franklin College, now the State University, Athens, Georgia; a student of the Theological Seminary, Columbia; honored with the title of Doctor of Divinity by Erskine College. He died in 1863 while pastor of this congregation.

Three soldiers of Revolution—we are told—were buried at the old Stone Church: James A. Garvin, Andrew Pickens, and John Rusk.

Of Garvin we have been able to learn only this—that he fought for his country in both the wars with England and that his grave is here.

Mention has already been made of John Rusk, whose patriotism manifested itself in warring against the enemies of this country and in the church building.

The life of Andrew Pickens—in its facts and its lessons furnishes material not only for our address but for a volume. He was born in Bucks County, Pennsylvania. In boyhood he came with his parents to South Carolina, living first at the Waxhaws, and afterwards in Abbeville. He married Rebecca Calhoun, an aunt of the great statesman. He, under Colonel Grant, fought the Cherokees. He served without pay during the war of the Revolution. Both North and South Carolina elected him Brigadier General. He rallied the militia at Cowpens. He was shot down at Eutaw Springs. At Kettle Creek he offered to pray with the dying Tory leader, and when that offer was rudely and profanely refused by Colonel Boyd the christian soldier agreed to send to his widow the silver spurs of his fallen foe.

His services in peace were no less renowned than those in war. He was a member of the State Legislature and of the States constitutional convention. He was a Con-

gressman from South Carolina. And old newspaper thus instructs us: "In 1794 Congress sat in Philadelphia. At that time there were neither railroads nor stage-coaches—all traveling was done on horseback. Picture then, to yourselves, a man who is approaching his three score years, of material figure and dignified demeanor, mounted on a spirited milk-white steed, of pure Andalusian breed, whip in hand, and holsters filled with a brace of pistols, the silver mountings of which glittered in the sunlight, a three cornered hat, from beneath which grows the silvery gray hair, put smoothly back and tied in a queue, an undress military coat, ruffled shirt, and small clothes and fair top boots, with massive silver spurs. Following at a little distance, on a stout draft horse, is his African attendant, Pompy, in livery of blue, with scarlet facings, carrying a poulderous postmanteau with a consequential and dignified air, showing in every movement the pride of a body servant in his revered master. Paint this in your mind's eye, and you have before you a gentleman of the eighteenth century, with his servant, on his way to congress. Such was General Andrew Pickens as he passed through our village in 1794." *Keowee Courier*.

General Pickens was appointed by President Washington, with General Wayne, to conquer the great north-western tribes of Indians, but declined the honor. Washington invited him to Philadelphia to consult as to the best methods of civilizing the Southern Indians. General Pickens ran the line between North Carolina and Tennessee by an appointment from President Jefferson.

"The Legislature of South Carolina, in 1816, unanimously offered him the gubernatorial chair, which he respectfully declined from age and infirmities."

At his home at Tamasse, in Oconee county, in that lovely valley, at the foot of the beautiful mountain peak

of the same name, where, in 1779, he had fought one of his hardest battles with the Indians, on the 11th of August, 1817, in his 80th year, the soldier, statesman, Christian "fell on sleep." He died suddenly, sitting in his chair, opening his mail, under a cedar tree still standing. It is a singular co-incidence that General Thomas Sumter too, the associate of Pickens in the war of the Revolution, at his home in Sumter county, fifteen years years later, died suddenly while sleeping in a chair leaning back against the wall.

Here rest the mortal remains of three soldiers of our second war with England, the war for free-trade and sailor's rights, commonly called the war of 1812—James A. Garvin, already referred to as a hero of the Revolution; Jesse P. Lewis, over whose grave stands a handsome monument; and Andrew Pickens, Colonel and Governor of South Carolina, who sleeps under a marble slab.

Andrew Pickens, the younger, son of the general of the same name, when a boy of five "drew the jury" of the first court ever held in Abbeville District. "In the war of 1812 he did his duty to his country as a lieutenant colonel in the United States army on the Canada frontier, and in 1814 he was appointed to command one of the regiments of State troops raised in South Carolina." In 1817, the year of his father's death and a few months after that event, he was elected governor of the State.

Here too, rest the remains of a victim to the intense excitement of "Nullification times"—Bynum—killed in a duel on the Savannah River, in the early 30's by Benjamin F. Perry, himself a native of this county, afterwards "Provisional Governor" of South Carolina. Bynum's body was brought here, buried in the rain, at night, the two pine pole handsticks used to carry the corpse from the wagon to the grave being stuck up at its head and foot

and growing to great pines which stood until recently. It may not be generally known that Bynum wrote and printed a volume of poems.

So far as we can learn no veterans of the war with Mexico were interred in this cemetery. John Hunter, a hero of that war, was buried at Pendleton. His relatives have a sword presented him by his comrades, on which is inscribed the battles between Vera Cruz and the city of Mexico.

Pendleton District furnished sailors as well as soldiers. Shubrick, an officer of the navy, was buried in the village.

Cornelius K. Stribling was born and raised near Pendleton, ran away from home, walked to Charleston, joined the navy, a boy of tender years, served on the lakes in the war 1812 and in the Pacific squadron during the war with Mexico, was superintendent of the naval academy four years, rose to the rank of rear-admiral, and was buried at Washington, the highest officers of the government, the army, and the navy participating in the funeral ceremonies.

Listen to the roll of soldiers of the Southern Confederacy buried at the "Old Stone Church": Alexander, J. N.; Cherry, J. C.; Doyle, Dr. O. R.; Frazier, John; Gantt, B. F.; Goodman, Wm. W.; Harris, John; Harris, Robt.; Hopkins, G.; Kilpatrick, Colonel; Lanier, James W.; Lewis, David; Lewis, Earle; Lewis, Cap't Richard; Lewis, Robert; Livingstone, Colonel; McCrary, Edmund; McElroy, J. S.; Miller, John F.; Rochester, W. C.; Sharpe, Ed. A.; Sloan, Enoch Berry; Stevens, A. C.; Swords, Harvey; White, Verner; Whitten, John.

Colonel Livingston went out as Captain of Company A, Orr's regiment, and in regular line of promotion became Major and Colonel. He was wounded at Gainer's



Mill. When shattered health forced him to return home he sent two able bodied men to the front.

When the first call for volunteers was made, Whitner Kilpatrick raised a company. Their services not being immediately needed he joined for a time as a private Perrin's Company of Abbeville. Later his own company and others from this section under Colonel J. B. E. Sloan fought gallantly at First Manasas and in the other battles of the opening year of the great conflict. For gallant conduct he was promoted to the rank of Colonel. He and his command followed Longstreet through the Virginia campaigns. He was in every battle in which his command was engaged. After Longstreet's men were sent to Tennessee, Colonel Kilpatrick was taken sick. Hearing at midnight that a battle was imminent, he rose from his sick bed, took command of his regiment, and met his death at Wills' Valley, in East Tennessee.

He refused the comforts to which his rank entitled him and voluntarily suffered with his men the hardships of life in camp. No wonder his general, hearing of his fate, exclaimed: "Sir, it feels like one-half of my heart is gone with the last pulsation of Kilpatrick."

David Sloan Lewis fought through the battle of "Seven Pines" and died, in the nineteenth year of his age, in a hospital at Manchester, Virginia.

Robert and Earle Lewis were two brothers, brave soldiers, who yielded up their lives on Virginia soil.

While putting fresh flowers on the graves of these whose places of rest are known, let us remember those

"On whose lonely graves  
There is not even a name,  
Their coffins but their Southern Soil,  
Their shrouds Confederate gray."

One is William Poe, who in one of the battles of Ten-

nessee had one leg shot off, the other so badly injured it had to be amputated. He died within the lines of the enemy, and his family have never been able to find his grave. Of his gallant conduct in Virginia, eighteen months before his death a comrade had written: "Our color-sergeant, Lawrenu Smith, was killed, this old flag was hanging on the pulpit. The speaker paused and pointed to the stains of Smith's blood on it, and all of his color, guard, eleven in number, fell wounded under the old colors. Private Poe, of the Palmetto sharp shooters, volunteered to carry the colors, and nobly and bravely did he do it, for at one time when the regiment was reeling and staggering under the terrific fire he moved to the front, waving his colors to the men, and with a shout and a yell, they followed him, driving the Yankees before them." (*Letters Lieutenant Richard Lewis P. 31*)

In musing on the death of this gallant Pendleton boy association brings to mind the words Father Byan wrote in memory of his brother who died under circumstances very similar:

"A grave in the woods with the grass o'ergrown,  
A grave in the heart of his mother—  
His clay in the one lies lifeless and lone;  
There is not a name, there is not a stone,  
And only the voice of the winds marketh moan  
O'er the grave where never a flower is strewn,  
But his memory lives in the other."

Two Clemson boys are buried here—Rembert, an orphan; Martin, the only son of his mother and she a widow. Suitable stones mark their resting places. May we ask, good women, for flowers on their graves today?

Young gentlemen in gray, cadets of Clemson College, the State of your birth, the site of your school, the device on your buttons, the color of your uniform—all call you to a life study of the life story of these Southern



soldiers, these surviving veterans and their sleeping comrades, members of a "band of patriots whose valor on the field of battle, and whose fortitude in the camp and in the hospital have made the name Confederate soldier synonymous with every element that goes to make a man."

Ought we not, my countrymen, erect in the centre of this cemetery a shaft of marble or stone, and inscribe on it the name of every soldier—of all wars—buried in this grave-yard, and leave on it space for the names of the survivors who in coming years may be laid to rest in this sacred enclosure ?

Suffer me in conclusion to bring as my offering a wreath of beautiful thoughts in sweetly flowing words woven by that sweetest singer of the cause of our Southland—a "cause though lost still just"—our poet-priest Father Ryan:

Do we weep for the heroes who died for us,  
Who living were true and tried for us,  
And dying sleep side by side for us ;  
The martyr band  
That hallowed our land  
With the blood they shed in a tide for us ?

Ah ! fearless on many a day for us  
They stood in front of the fray for us,  
And held the foeman at bay for us ;  
And tears should fall  
Fore'er o'er all  
Who fell while wearing the gray for us.

How many a glorious name for us,  
How many a story of fame for us  
They left ; would it not be a blame for us  
If their memories part  
From our land and heart,  
And a wrong for them, and shame for us ?  
No, no, no, they were brave for us,  
And bright were the lives they gave for us ;

The lame they struggled to save for us  
Will not forget  
Its warriors yet  
Who sleep in so many a grave for us.

On many and many a plain for us  
Their blood poured down all in vain for us,  
Red, rich and pure, like a rain for us;  
They bleed—we weep,  
We live—they sleep,  
“All lost” the only refrain for us.

But their memories e’er shall remain for us,  
And their names, bright names, without stain for us;  
The glory they won shall not wane for us,  
In legend and lay  
Our heroes in gray  
Shall forever live over again for us.

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### Dorothy and I.

We were in Paradise. True, there were no angels, no cherubs, no streets paved with gold, about us; just Dorothy and I, sitting there together on a mossy rock, at the top of a high, high mountain that towered above a valley as wildly beautiful as any myth-land. It was all so beautiful—and so awfully grand. Dame Nature was masquerading in many garbs. At our feet the precipice beetled dizzily over the tree-tops below, near my hand a little daisy swayed on its slender stem, when wafted by a breath of the soft, evening air; and not far away, a modest little wren bobbed and ducked and twittered right merrily. One of Dorothy’s dainty white hands was in mine; the other rested gently on my shoulder. She was speaking, and her voice rivaled that of the tiny musician in the chestnut bush. I was quite happy.

We ceased talking, and sat gazing out over the league on league of forest and field spread out at our feet. Finally I looked up.

"Dorothy," I murmured softly, "do you know, Dorothy, I have just been thinking that, with your little hand in mine, and that arm about my neck—just as it is now—I could gladly spring over that cliff, even if there were no valley beneath, and fall down and down and down through endless space, and go on falling throughout eternity, and consider that a fair exchange for heaven."

Dorothy's answer was a smile, and we were again silent. Our feelings were not to be expressed in words. Our happiness was complete, indeed, too complete to last. The interruption came all too soon. The semi-holy stillness was broken by a low, hissing rattle. It came from just behind us. We well understood the ominous warning. Dorothy turned quickly around. So did I. The sight that we saw paralyzed us for the moment.

There, within arm's reach of us lay an enormous rattler. It was the largest snake that I had ever seen. He was coiled and ready to strike. The sharp forked tongue glanced incessantly back and forth. The greenish eyes shone with a demoniacal gleam.

For an instant we were powerless with fear. Dorothy first moved. With a wild scream she bounded toward the edge of the precipice. She landed on the very verge. With a sickening sensation running through and through me, I saw her peril and sprang forward to save her from the awful death that threatened. My arm encircled her slender waist; but too late. She had already lost her balance and was leaning out from the rock. I threw my whole weight away from her, and pulled as I never pulled before. My effort was in vain. We counterbalanced each other.

Soon I saw that I was giving way before her dead

weight. There was no further hope, for I, too, stood only half-footed on the edge.

Slowly we began falling.

For one brief moment I glanced below me at the waving tree tops, a thousand feet away. The sight chilled me, and frightened me into making one more struggle for life. With that instinct that causes a drowning man to grasp a straw, I began reaching for something—what, I knew not—to stay our fall. I fanned the air wildly with my free arm. All unexpectedly my hand touched something. It was the slender twig of a chestnut bush that grew on the very brink of the cliff. I clinched it desperately, but it snapped like a straw. Then--there was the blue sky above us. Again I glanced downward. All was inky dark now. My eyes swam in my head. The earth and sky and trees and rocks were whirling confusedly together. In my ears was a sound of rushing air. Then blackness, blackness everywhere—then, a terrific shock. There was a dull pain in my thigh. I was growing stiff and cold. I lay quite still. One arm still clasped the mangled wreck of a form once so faultless and so graceful. That shapeless bleeding thing was once Dorothy—my Dorothy. I turned away. I was sinking fast. There was no certain pain anywhere now, only the cold numbness of death was creeping over me.

Suddenly I made a powerful effort, and recovered a remnant of my fading strength. Dreamily I raised myself on one elbow. I looked around me through the darkness. How strange it all seemed! How strange the trees! And Dorothy! How she had changed! She seemed no more than a great white thing in my arms. I was as one in a terrible trance. Slowly I rose to my feet, only to meet another startling surprise. At my feet, instead of the grass and rocks earth, was what seemed to be a

chaotic, tangled disarray of white and brown cloths. There was a mighty clatter and scuffle, somewhere near me. Then, from afar, came sounds of discordant mirth, strangely out of place in that wierd valley. I rubbed my eyes and looked at Dorothy. Poor Dorothy! Poor, feather stuffed Dorothy! How that downy little waist must have suffered from my rough grasp.

I had at last realized the true state of affairs. I could not decide whether to laugh, or give other vent to my over-taxed feelings. The merriment without grew louder, and, as I began getting bed on legs and sheets above mattress, I stopped just long enough to wail at my tormentors: "Maybe you think it's awful funny, but I don't!"

V. B. H., '04.

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### Shall the Trust Triumph?

Our country has reached a crisis in her history. A period grave in its responsibilities, uncertain in its results and unmeasured in its possibilities. The ship of state that has so peacefully and unerringly kept her course through the past century, the wonder and admiration of the world, is now riding on turbulent waters, tossed by many adverse winds, bound for an unknown haven, with a pilot at her helm who has all but discarded the chart by which she has been so safely steered.

We are now in the midst of a sweeping change which may fitly be termed an economic evolution, and which is unquestionably a menace to our liberties. We are beginning to feel the results of mighty industrial combinations they are confronting and environing every one engaged in the struggle for existence. When we see



what the trusts have done, what they are doing, and what they will do, we may readily see that they should no longer go unchecked. When we see all the mighty coal trusts, which control the sources of light, heat and motive power; another that controls everything we wear; another that controls our food products; and still others that control the common necessities of life; we should scarcely be surprised that there should be some mighty trust that controls our very existence. Well may the question be asked, "Shall the Trust Triumph?"

Certainly these aggregations of capital in such extraordinary and unprecedented amounts, with four-fifths of the great manufacturing industries of this country practically consolidated, each under a single ownership; with competition in those industries completely eliminated; and controlling as they do, the production, distribution and sale of commodities in universal use—cannot but excite the gravest apprehensions in the mind of every thoughtful and patriotic citizen.

During the past few years that which was previously but a shadow on the economic horizon has become a dark and potentous cloud, and on every side, and from every quarter are heard rumbling harbingers of imminent danger.

Almost exclusively the trusts are owned and controlled in the North. They are Northern corporations, formed by Northern capitalists to promote their own selfish interests to the detriment of others. As to the motives of the men behind the trusts, they seem to have no sense of duty, no sense of what is right, no love for their fellow-citizens, no love of country. Their sole object, their ever-enduring ambition is the *accumulation* of wealth. And they care not whether the means they use be fair, just or constitutional. They buy raw material at



their own prices, and place the price of their manufactured goods at just what they believe consumers can be forced to pay. They are protected at home by the tariff laws, and to-day, goods of American manufacture, can be bought cheaper on the opposite side of the globe than they can in the factory where they are made. If the promoters of these corporations had the welfare of their country at heart, if they had any love for their fellow-men, they would not thus take advantage of laws intended for the good of the country. They are bringing the American people to poverty, while they lock their own millions in their vaults and enjoy their ill-gotten gain.

Those vicious monsters the trusts have trampled the constitution under foot. Tho' framed to protect, not the oppressor, but the oppressed, it is now in the hands of those monsters who have not only deprived the people of its protection, but are using it as a shield for themselves. With the mantle of corporate form wrapped about them, they not only claim a constitutional right to combine, but, in their arrogance, they say that the constitution forbids the government to interfere with them.

If the trusts were in no position to ask or demand the favor of the government the situation would be far different. But such an influence do they exert over our government that they mould legislation. Prompted by the desire to obtain some of the vast wealth of the trusts, a majority of our ruling officers no longer have that courage, that manhood, that strength of character to say, "No! The American Republic will not tolerate such oppression." Oh! What an era of greed this is. Our people are eager to amass a great fortune. It is naught but greed—the excessive love of money—that is threatening to plunge our country into a bitter struggle between capital and labor. Oh! That we had a man at the head

of our government who had the interest of the people at heart, whose guiding star was "prosperity for the masses," who had in his heart love of liberty—love of what is right. A man with the courage to say what he believed, to do what he thought was right. With such a man for our leader, what need would there be to fear these industrial combinations. Their oppression would soon be brought to an end. Mark Hanna, that god of trusts, who by pleading their cause at the national bar, is bringing thousands of dollars into his own pocket, would tremble at the sound of the voice of such a man. Soon the tyranny of trusts, the reign of monopoly, the oppression of the people would cease.

One result of these combinations yet remains, which alone should condemn such a policy. It is the effect upon our country as a nation. We should not base our judgment on the standard of the almighty dollar. The precious rights of the American citizen can never be dragged down to the low level of dollars and cents. Put the industrial system of this nation in the hands of a few men, let them control all that we eat and wear, let them determine the price of raw material, the price of finished products, and the wages of the laboring man, and you will have a mighty moneyed aristocracy. When a few men control the sources of production, and hand out daily bread to all the rest on such terms as they prescribe, a government of the people, by the people, and for the people is impossible. The rise of an aristocracy means the destruction of our democracy, the two cannot stand together, where one reigns the other must perish.

Spain, once the mighty leader of nations, the mistress of the known world, owes her downfall to the rule of an aristocracy. Spain cared more for riches than for the liberty of her subjects; wealth was her highest ambition;

she became the richest nation ever known; she gained the mightiest domain the world possessed. But the fruits of such a policy were sure to come. Soon she took the downward way, till now she has lost her last colonial possession; and is herself a corrupt unprosperous and ungodly country. Shall the United States, by nourishing the trusts, follow Spain in this course? Then her doom is inevitable.

On the other hand England is governed by her democratic, liberty-loving middle classes; she acknowledges the individual as the centre of industrial activity; she stands for the liberty and personal rights of her citizens; wherever her ensign waves it means progress, enlightenment and civilization. As a result she has risen from a comparatively low and unimportant position among European nations to be their honored leader—their powerful mistress. America has risen from the thirteen little colonies along the Atlantic Coast to be equal in every respect to Great Britain. She has risen as a democracy, Shall she under the rule of an aristocracy go backward, leaving England alone to battle against a mighty host who would place the world at the feet of the “god of greed?” Shall England look in vain to America for help? Shall she see us struggling and groping and groveling under the oppression of a mighty moneyed aristocracy who are trying to extol the last penny from our pockets. Shall she see our democratic principles, the hope and light of the world, ground beneath the heel of mercenary tyrants? Shall she see the people of this commonwealth cheated and swindled and oppressed and trodden under foot by a few tyrannical money-kings, and crying in vain for some Cromwell to rise up and remove the yoke of the oppressor from their necks? Our answer ought to be, “No! The American

people can never tolerate such a tyranny of an industrial aristocracy—such a despotic reign of trusts." America shall march hand in hand with her Anglo-Saxon sister carrying civilization and Christianity to the uttermost bounds of the earth. Ignorance, bigotry and slavery shall tremble at her approach. She shall bid Turkey's Mohammedan tyrant cease his despotism, and Russia's bigoted despot put an end to his tyranny. She shall check this mighty movement which threatens the liberties of our commonwealth. She shall shape the destiny of the world and shape it for Christ and his kingdom.

To us, the people of the South, the effects of the trusts are far more disastrous than most of us suppose. As the Southern States have not yet engaged very extensively in manufacturing they must necessarily begin on a comparatively small scale. The Northern syndicates send agents down here and by underselling the Southern mills they soon drive them to failure. Now the factory is the nucleus around which much of the growth of our towns is centred. To secure one after another additional manufacturing plant has been the abiding ambition of every American town. Thus we see that the Northern corporations, by either dismantling our factories or by driving them from existence, are bringing disaster to the towns of the South. Our farms too are being brought to ruin. They must stand or fall with our towns; their interests are one and inseparable. From the rural districts of the South have come the makers of this Republic; from them have come the brainiest statesmen and bravest soldiers of our past history. The spirit of chivalry, the sense of justice, the love of right, inherent characteristics of the people of the South will yet fire her statesmen with an undaunted determination to beat back the unrighteous onslaught that is being made on our liberties, and to the conservatism of the South will yet be due the preservation of our institutions and the stability of our Republic.



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## Editorial Department.

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W. G. HILL,	- - - - -	EDITOR
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**The Team's Record.**      The base ball season is over :—bats, balls, and the various paraphernalia of the game have been laid away until next season, and no more will be heard the enthusiastic yell of the ball crank. Bowman Field will enjoy a rest, until the

fall when the long haired foot ball man, will be back in hard training for the heavy games that are to be played.

A winning team is something to be proud of, and well can we say that the record made by the baseball team for this season, is one which every student of the college can glory in. Out of thirteen games played against every college of prominence in the South we lost only two. We challenge any college for as good a record, and while we do not wish to appear as boasting, we do not believe that a single college in the South, with the possible exception of the University of North Carolina, can beat the above record. At the beginning of the season many entertained doubts as to whether the large per cent. of new men contesting for the team would ever make steady players. Thanks however to the most efficient coaching of Mr. Heisman they developed into one of the fastest lot of college ball players, that we have seen on the diamond this season.

We would like, here to extend to Mr. Heisman in behalf of the entire student body and faculty, the heartiest thanks, and congratulations for the most excellent team that he has put on the field for us this year. His coaching has been a great factor in winning games, and without him we could not possibly have been near so successful.

On account of the fact that the Georgia Tech team could not qualify under the S. I. A. A., rules we were notified by Pres. Dudley, of Vanderbilt, that we could not play them. This, of course, was regretted very much by every one here, for while no one doubted the out come of such a game, it would have been much more satisfactory to have played it. It seems that the Tech team openly and knowingly violated the rules of the



S. I. A. A., by playing three men who were not eligible, according to Pres. Dudley's ruling.

We cannot better express our feeling in closing this article, than saying "Three cheers for the team of 1901," and may the one of 1902, add new laurels to the glorious record of its predecessor.

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**Clemson at Erskine.** We hardly know where to begin this dolorous tale of woe—the thoughts of which we would willingly blot from our minds, if memory could be coaxed into the blissful state of forgetfulness. We would gladly give some other writer the painful pleasure of chronicling the most unpleasant episode in the history of athletics of our college.

As teams whom we have played over the South will testify, we have always accorded them only the most sportsmanlike conduct, and in return expect such from others.

Of course when we went to the Puritanic little town of Due West, which is said to be on the straight and narrow road that leads to heaven, we expected to open and close, the game with a prayer from one of the good Seceder brethren—and a psalm for variety between the innings. Well, we got them both—right in the neck.

When the umpire called, "play ball," the furor began—such frenzied, demoniacal howling, yelling, and leaping, was never seen since the days of the Comanche ghost dancers. This could have been borne, had it not been for the personal nature of the taunts and gibes heaped upon us by the Erskine students; and had they not run out on the diamond every few minutes, as if they, and

not the Erskine team were playing the game. At one time when a foul was knocked to our third baseman, the Assistant Manager of the Erskine team deliberately stood in front of him, and waved an umbrella in his face as he was attempting to field the ball.

What makes the matter so peculiarly aggravating is that the reporter from Due West had the gall to add insult to the injury, by making untruthful and misleading statements concerning the game in the *Greenville News*.

It is true that Capt. Hunter protested time after time, but not against a single decision of the umpire. He only made complaints that his team could not play unless the crowd kept off the diamond, and accorded them fair and gentlemanly treatment.

The Clemson team to a man begged the Coach, Captain and Manager, to allow them to stop the game, and had there been any way of getting to Donald's, four miles distant, in such a case, it would most assuredly have terminated at the third inning.

When the unutterable, torture and misery of eight long weary innings had passed away, we joyfully departed, thinking of the "City of the Dreadful Night," where,

"Some say that phantoms haunt those shadowy streets,  
And mingle freely there with sparse mankind;  
And tell of ancient woes and black defeats,  
And murmur mysteries in the grave enshrined:  
But others think them visions of illusion,  
Or even men gone far in self confusion;  
No man there being wholly sane in mind.

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**The New Barracks.** One of the most important additions being made around the college, is the new wing of barracks now under course of erection. This building will provide accommodations for one hundred

and sixty more students, making the total capacity of the college six hundred and twenty. The addition will be completed by September, so that next session, Clemson will be the largest institution in the South in number of students enrolled. The continual demand for admission has made this enlargement of the college necessary, and while even this increase in capacity will not accommodate all those who have made application to enter, it is a step in the right direction, and very probably in another year or so, another addition to the barracks will be erected. The clamor for admission goes to indicate that a technical education is becoming more and more desirable as time goes on, and with the great increase of manufacturing enterprises over the country it will become necessary for all technical schools to increase their capacity so as to supply the demands for a technical training.

Clemson College with its thorough, Civil, Electrical Textile and Agricultural departments meets these requirements, and it is not to be wondered, that it has attained such a degree of popularity.

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**Our Adieu.** With this issue our connections with the CHRONICLE are severed,—and we step from the editorial sanctum to give place to others who will carry on the work for the coming session.

An able corps of editors have been chosen, and they should be liberally supported by the student contributors—for without the co-operation of students outside of those directly connected with the staff, the CHRONICLE cannot succeed. During the last session scant aid has been accorded to the editors, but we hope that with the boom along all other lines that the college is enjoying,

will come a renewed stimulus towards literary contributions from the students.

In retiring we ask our friends to judge as leniently as possible, of the many mistakes that we have made. We wish also to say to the students, that the honor bestowed, in selecting us to take charge of the CHRONICLE for the past year is highly appreciated, and that our best wishes will be with them in all of their undertakings. Long may Clemson and the CHRONICLE prosper.



## Exchange Department.

Q. B. NEWMAN, '01, }  
W. A. BURGESS, '01. } - - - - - EDITORS

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The time has come when, in political parlance, we step down and out ; or to use a semi-religious expression, the place that knows us now will soon know us no more forever. (We have no desire to set our readers a-weeping, but we think we ought to make our farewell remarks a little above commonplace.) When we assumed our position a year ago it was with mingled fear and pleasure,—fear lest we should tread on somebody's pet corn, and pleasure in the anticipation of a year of reading the ideas of our brethren. Both expectations have been realized, but we are glad to say that the cases in which we got ourselves disliked are few, while the pleasure experienced in throwing bouquets where we thought them deserved cannot be expressed even in our extensive vocabulary.

To our brother and sister exchange editors we wish to extend our thanks for their many valuable suggestions. We have enjoyed reading their criticisms of us and others, but mostly the latter, and hope that we have profited by all of them. Our parting wish for all of our exchanges is that each may make next year's work as successful as this has been.



## Local Department.

GEO. D. LEVY, '03  
R. N. REEVES, '01

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EDITORS.

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### Address to the Cook.

Dear little Duck: I've Mustard up  
Suf-Fish-ent nerve to tell you, Sweet,  
That you are just the needed Cup  
Of sauce to make my life complete.  
My heart with love is Boiling o'er,  
It Beets for you for all it's worth;  
I swear, by Ginger, you are more  
To me than any Bird on earth !  
Your gay French Dressing pleases me—  
I like the way that you "Ragout."  
You're so well-Bred—it's plain to see  
Your love I cannot be without.  
Those cheeks of Peach—the Radish hair.  
Ah, you're the Flour of my life !  
You're really such a wondrous Fare,  
You'd Butter come and be my wife.  
So, come, and Lettuce fly  
Off to the Dessert—ah, we must !  
Your heart's the Apple of my eye,  
Your Creamy lips the tender Crust.  
We'll live in Mush-Rooms by the sea,  
On Water cress and seaweed Stems.  
Dress in your best and fly with me !  
Be sure to wear Graham Gems.  
Yours, in a Stew.

TEA MCARON

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### THE ANSWER.

Dear Mac :  
I Doughnut care to wed—  
To Yolk myself to you. You see.  
An old and withered Cabbage-Head



Would never, never do for me.  
 I'm sorry that you're in a Stew,  
 But though a Duck, I cannot fly.  
 I really Cantaloupe with you.  
 For I have other Fish to Fry,  
 Yours with a pinch of Salt,

SALLY LUNN.  
 —*What To Eat.*

### Clemson the Champions of the State.

Ever since the Base Ball season commenced, Clemson has piled up victory after victory on the diamond, until she now holds the first place among the colleges of the State, and second in the Southern States. Few colleges can boast of three such pitchers as McMakin, Sitton and Cole, and to them is largely due our splendid record this season. Ask Auburn and Wake Forest how they would like to face Sitton again; inquire of Mercer and North Carolina if Cole knows how to pitch; and after these queries are asked, please hasten to tell Wofford and Carolina that McMakin has not forgotten how to curve the sphere over the plate, for some of their poor players may yet be waiting for their "base on balls." Among the numerous games that our team has played since the last issue of the CHRONICLE went to press may be mentioned:

Clemson 6,	Mercer 3.
Clemson 25,	Univ. of Georgia 2.
Clemson 7,	Wofford 5.
Clemson 14,	Wake Forest 1.
Clemson 8,	Wofford 5.
Clemson 2,	Univ. of North Carolina 2.
Clemson 17,	Citadel 2.
Clemson 15,	Erskine 8.
Clemson 12,	South Carolina College 4.

After reading such a splendid record, let each Clemson cadet give three cheers for Captain Hunter and Coach Heisman.

Cadet McC.: "Say Doc., who reported Cadet C. for showing impartiality?"

The Artillery has issued invitations to their masquerade ball to be given on May 31st. This will, indeed, be a great addition to the Commencement and will afford abundant pleasure to the cadets and visitors.

Cadet N.: "I have concluded that I am not worth a cent."

Cadet M.: "Say, have you not marked those goods too high?"

If you want to laugh; if you wish to see the professors as they are seen by the cadets, be sure to attend the great annual Glee Club entertainment. This year the members of the club hope to entertain their audience better than ever before, and they have made arrangements not to slight any member of the Faculty. So, come out Professors, and see the fun!

Hanging over the hotel banisters, with his heels higher than his head, and yelling for "the calf rope," a certain gentleman could be seen suspended in mid-air vibrating seconds as accurately as the pendulum in one of Grandpa's clocks.

Several very interesting and exciting games of ball have been played between the different sections of the Freshmen, Sophomore, and Junior classes. The "6 E" Section Juniors defeated "4 E" Section by a score of 23 to 20. The "4 B" Section Sophs. won a very hotly contested game from the "2 A" Section by a score of 22 to 21. The "2 A" Section were again defeated by the

"6 B" Section, score 28 to 14. The prettiest game of all was the one played between the 2nd and 4th Section Fresh., which resulted in a victory for the 2nd Section, the score being 14 to 9.

Miss Harriet Kershaw, of Charleston, is visiting Mrs. R. E. Lee.

The Misses Bradford are the guest of Prof. Brodie.

Miss F'Brien is visiting her sister, Mrs. G. E. Nesom.

Prof. M: "What were the Roman aquaducts?"

Cadet X: "They were a very warlike tribe of people."

For over a month the entire corps had looked forward, with great interest, to the competitive drill, which took place on May 17th. The captains had drilled their companies up to a great degree of excellency, and no one was willing to predict which would be the winning company. The judge appointed by the Commandent was Hon. I. W. Mauldin, of Greenville, who had served as a captain through the recent Spanish-American war. The lovely weather, the fair ladies, and the enthusiastic onlookers certainly must have inspired the cadets to prove to the State that Clemson is not lacking in military, for never before have such high percents been made on any previous competitive drill at Clemson. After all the companies had left the parade ground, every one was as much in the dark as to which was the best drilled company, as they were before the drill commenced, for all the companies had showed up so remarkably well, that no one could reach a definite conclusion, and was totally unable to predict the result. Finally, at "retreat" the adjutant put an end to all speculations, when he announced that "A" Company had won the flag, making a percentage of 98, and that Captain







Duckworth was awarded the commandant's medal, for the best drilled captain at Clemson College.

Those wishing to go home soon should apply to Boy L., for an "honorable discharge."

Cadet W. ordered one half dozen coffee teaspoons.

While enjoying a walk off the college campus, Cadet B. heard a most peculiar noise in the woods; it was similar to the shriek of a woman, for it was certainly piercing and shrill, yet it might have been the cry of a wildcat, or perhaps, some person in distress was hollowing for aid. Taking the latter as the cause of the disturbance, he hastened to the spot from whence the noise seemed to originate. After penetrating deeper and deeper into the woods, he came closer to the uncanny sound, and as he emerged from a thicket of underbrush, much to his surprise, he saw a high ranking officer of the Junior class standing on the stump of a tree, and still greater was he surprised, when, having approached closer, he heard the cadet repeating over and over again: Pine trees, at-tent—ion!!!!

Detailed for duty to-morrow, for officer in charge—Col. Oak.

For officer of the day—Cadet Capt. Hickory.

Delinquency report for etc., etc.

On April 26th the students and faculty had the pleasure of witnessing a first-class comedy, "David Garrick," played by the Clemson College Dramatic Club. It was a complete success in every detail, and they deserve much praise for the accomplishment of such a task.

Prep. A—Pass those molasses.

Senior D—(*astonished*)—Have you ever studied English?



Prep. A—Certainly—pass me those sirups, I say.

Corp. D—(*to newly appointed officer*) I want to sell you my stripes.

Freshman F—No, thank you, mine comes free at home.

Have you heard the new rule for subtraction, viz :  
From two take one, equals three?

The annual contest of the Calhoun Society was held on May 4th, in Memorial Hall. The audience listened to excellent speeches by the following members of the society: Declaimers—E. B. C. Watts and R. J. Coney. Debators—B. H. Gardner, affirmative, and W. N. Carter, negative. Query, resolved that: "The South gained more than it lost by the late war." The orators were O. M. Roberts and H. C. Sahlman. After much deliberation the judges rendered their decision as follows: Declaimer, R. J. Coney; debator, B. H. Gardner; orator, O. M. Roberts. Each was presented with a handsome gold medal.

Besides the lectures of the Lyceum course, we have recently enjoyed two others, one on Persia and the other on Armenia, both lectures being by natives of those countries. Stereopticon views showing the towns, cities and customs of those people added a great deal to the interest of the lectures. It is a great privilege to hear the natives themselves lecture on their own country.

Prof. M—What direction is the north pole from the college?

Prep. S—It must be opposite the south pole.

Elec. Student—A great criminal was electrocuted in New York the other day.

Freshman L—What was the charge?

Elec. Student—One thousand volts.

Soph. S—What's your notion of an ideal mess hall.

Freshman R—It is one where the rations are not quarantined against the table.

The trip to Pendleton was very much enjoyed by the students, and especially by those of the "band" and "artillery." On our way to Pendleton we stopped at Old Stone Church where we listened to a eulogy by Prof. Morrison, on the brave soldiers who lay buried there. After the decoration of the graves, and the firing of salutes, we again took up our line of march to Pendleton. Here we spent the rest of the day in a variety of ways. Decoration of the graves and an address by Col Hoyt occupied our attention until noon; then was sounded the bugle for dinner, and strange to say none were absent. Prof. Daniel made a short address in the afternoon. Many of the young couples repaired to the Farmer's Hall, where they took part in the dance, while other couples strolled about under the shady trees and indulged their fancies in thoughts of love. The whole trip may be summed up in these words—a big dinner, a good time.

Work on the new chemical laboratory is progressing rapidly. Preparation for the erection of a new barracks has begun, and it is hoped, by next September, that it will be ready for occupation by the students.

Prof. Kinard, of Winthrop College, gave a very entertaining and instructive lecture Saturday, May 18th, on "Rambles in England and Scotland." Among the views shown were scenes and places represented in Scott's "Lady of the Lake," Shakespeare's birthplace, Westminster Abbey, and many others of similar interest.

Prof. F—Do you see the point?

Senior D—(reading Shakespeare) Yes sir, it's an interrogation point.

At the last meeting of the Scientific Association Cadet E. M. Matthews delivered a very instructive lecture on on "Wireless Telegraphy."

Dr. and Mrs. R. N. Brackett entertained the Agricultural Seniors at their home Saturday evening, May 18th.

The lecture given by Prof. Watson, of Furman University, was thoroughly enjoyed by both students and faculty. Subject; "The use of the microscope in biology."















