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Clemson Chronicle, 1901-1902

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The Clemson College Chronicle

Valeat Quantum Valere Potest

VOL. V. CLEMSON COLLEGE, S. C., OCTOBER, 1901 No. 1

Literary Department

W. E. G. BLACK, }
 V. B. HALL, } - - - - - EDITORS

What Must We Do With the Negro?

Race issues are not confined to America; they burn in India, in Africa and in South America. Though some great minds have consoled themselves with the false idea that there is no race problem for us to solve, yet we are confronted with the most serious one that has affected a people since the ancient times when God solved this self-same problem for the Egyptians, by leading the captive Jews across the Red Sea. Gladstone said that our solution of it would be the crucial test of our civilization. Arthur Balfour, who has succeeded that "grand old man" in English politics, holds it first among the problems of our national life. Bismarck declared that the value of republics is at stake in our capacity to solve it.

The vital issue is, "Will the white man permit the negro to have an equal part in the industrial, political, social and civil advantages of the United States?" This question, asked by Council, the greatest mind of his race, is the problem that confronts us to-day. Eliminate the conservatist, the personally timid, the greedy politician, and put this question, stripped of all its verbiage, and the answer is inevitably, No! The answer may not be openly acknowledged, but,

deep down in the heart of every true American citizen, a still small voice is saying, "No! we cannot allow the negro these rights." This answer is not in accordance with right, yet I make no argument for that. It is honest. It is not politic, but it is an indisputable fact. If we could by any possible means make the answer "Yes!" then the problem might be solved in time; but with that ineradicable "No!" we must face the facts as they are. We can never again be a united nation until this vexed issue is removed from the minds of the American people. It prejudices the poor against menial labor. Capitalists will not venture to risk their fortunes within our borders while this question is unsettled. It is a problem for the white man, because it chills our love for the Constitution, it stifles thought, and gives our youth no conception of an honorable ballot. Our most sacred courts are forced to resort to trickery because of it. These evils are daily increasing and will soon overwhelm us. There is no issue that is not shrouded by this controlling one.

It is a problem for the negro, because the white man will never affiliate with him, nor consider him a political equal. He will never permit the negro to govern, even where he has a majority. Excluding the negro from social and political equality makes him the same slave that he was when he toiled in constant dread of the task-master's lash. It is a problem for him, considering our overwhelming numbers, our mental superiority, our history (for no race has ever competed successfully with the Saxon), and where is the hope for the negro? The negro has no ground on which to rest his hopes.

Our once united country is now separated into hostile ranks because of him. The vaults of the nation have been unlocked to free him. For him the blood of brave men has mingled with the dust, and yet we realize that all has been done for naught, and that the negro stands to-day shut out

from the heritage of liberty. Where lies the secret of the negro's exclusion? Is it because of his religion? Is it because of his politics? Is it because of his social ideas? No!! Then wherein lies the answer? In his skin. Bleach the skin and straighten the hair and the issue is solved. But can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots?

When shall we become thoroughly convinced of the fact that this is neither an issue of politics, nor religion, but of race? The history of mankind teaches that two such widely divergent races cannot amalgamate or dwell in harmony together. The history of such conditions is the history of disunion and separation. Peace can never come this side of separation. To treat this question in any other way is a waste of time and energy. This is a case for surgery.

Do you agree that social and political standing are not the advantages of civil rights? Then I undertake to refute the idea that you have any knowledge of this subject, for there is burning in the breast of every negro the hope of some day being equal to the white man above him. With the present surroundings these hopes are suppressed, but with the first shadow of hope these passions will force him to action. Summing this question up, it is one of equality. Handle it as you will, the facts remain unchanged.

Three other solutions suggest themselves: First. The repeal of the fifteenth amendment. Second. A restricted ballot. Third. The industrial education of the negro. To repeal the fifteenth amendment will partially relieve the difficulty, but in a most dishonorable way. If an attempt is made to heal the malady by a restricted ballot, it will disfranchise the white man as well as the negro, thus complicating the difficulty.

Industrial education makes the problem more tangled, for industrial education is increasing rapidly among the whites. The supply of white educated labor will be equal to every de-

mand. The conflict will be removed from the higher basis of social and political strife to more material things. The battle then becomes one for bread, and this battle will inevitably prove fatal to the weaker race. It has been conceded that when the negro has obtained these material advantages along with the white man, that he will consent to ignore politics and social standing, and surrender at our will the inherent rights given him by the Constitution, and remain submissive in whatever position we may see fit to place him. Sirs, ideas more erroneous were never conceived.

Webster, Henry Clay, Thomas Jefferson, and Abraham Lincoln recognized our deplorable condition, and acknowledged that its only solution lay in separation. Where these shining lights have stood, every thoughtful man must stand who dares to face the truth. Separation is the just, the inevitable, the only way. For this there can be no substitute. Religion does not heal it, for the Christ-like spirit will not prevail until the millennial dawn.

Education adds another knot to the already tangled mass, because increase of knowledge adds a proportional increase to his conception of the inconsistency between his real and constitutional status in the republic. The conflict is inevitable. We have come, in God's providence, to the point on our pathway where the negro must leave us. For his sake, for our sake, and for the sake of nations yet unborn, I call for a division. To delay it may cost us life blood. We can make it now in perfect harmony. The time is at hand, and the country is eager for a division. There are, scattered throughout the South, negro societies organized to promote it. The beneficent experiments of Booker Washington have taught him that nothing will ever span the impassable barrier of race prejudice, and that it must all end in separation. There is not a ray of light or line of promise for the negro outside of division. The elements are willing and the way is

in reach, for the broad and fertile acres of Africa and South America lie ready to receive him. The islands of the seas are ours, and may furnish a solution. Every year God increases the means of separation.

"Long ago in the Gordium of Bithynia there was a problem that puzzled and defied. Whoever untied the twisted tangle of that imperial cord was set for kingdom's rule. Men tried and struggled over it for years. Strength and skill, subtlety and cunning, theory and reason, were brought to bear upon it in vain, until one day a brave, blunt soldier severed the Gordian knot with one straight stroke of his sword, and marched onward to the conquest of the world.

Away with the expedient! Let us have done with temporizing! Away with timidity and hesitation! Let us face the great question like men! Let us grapple the mighty issue bravely, and once for all. Let us see the end from the beginning, and go forth to meet it with faith in God and in our race.

And, Almighty God, the last imminent factor in the destinies of men, will strike the scales from our clouded eyes, and lead to the kindly light a people who, with earnest faith and strenuous endeavor, have sought to help others and to help themselves."

W. G. T., '02.

Tom's "Friend in Need"

Lights flashed and twinkled; gay voices hummed and the very atmosphere around seemed resonant with music. There was a confused babel of small talk and merry ripples of light-hearted mirth. Usually, amid gay parties like this, Tom was the gayest of them all; but not so this evening. Light-hearted, thoughtless, happy-go-lucky Tom had of a sudden grown serious and moody. He seemed restless and ill at

ease. His unwonted conduct attracted considerable attention.

"What on earth's gone wrong, Tom?" asked Grace, as they passed in the hall. "You're not like yourself. You've moped about all evening as if you had lost your last friend."

"No, not exactly that, but I do feel—oh, my head's all awl—ah!—it's so hot and close here. It's much more pleasant out in the yard—don't you think so?" He glanced at her inquiringly. "Of course—there—I thought you would."

They wandered down the long curved drive, then into a side-walk, out under the oaks. They sat down on a broad plank, made to serve as a kind of rustic seat, between two great tree-trunks. For a time, not a word was spoken. The night air, bringing with it just the faintest tincture of roses and mignonette, came fresh and cool from the west. In the distance, the piano still tinkled. The silence was not broken for some time. Tom first spoke. His voice had changed, had lost some of its levity. He spoke earnestly.

"Grace," he said, "we've always been pretty good friends, haven't we?"

"What a silly question, Tom. Why, of course—so far as I know. What do you ask that for?"

"Because, Grace, I need a friend right now—I'm in a peck of trouble."

"Poor old fellow!" she laughed; "I thought something was wrong. What's the matter now?"

"You needn't laugh, for I'm in dead earnest this time." His voice confirmed his words.

"Oh, I didn't mean to laugh at you. I won't do it any more, so tell me what the trouble is and maybe I can help you out of it. I'll sit as sober as a judge while you are telling."

"I hope you can help me. Will you promise to, if I tell you?"

"Of course—if I can. I'll be your 'friend in need.'"

"And will you promise, honestly, to keep my secret, even if you can't—won't—help me any?"

"You know, Tom, a woman never keeps a secret, but I'll promise to try."

"Very well, then—declare you won't tell, and you'll help me? I'm sure you can, if you only will, and looks like you *might* do a fellow just one little favor, as he's got to leave tomorrow, and be gone nine long months"—

"My goodness, Tom, I've already told you a dozen times that I would help you if I could. So tell away."

When Tom answered, his voice trembled slightly, and the girl noticed it. She dreaded to hear what was coming, for he was half his time in some "trouble" or other, and he often came to her for sympathy.

"Grace," he said slowly, unsteadily, "I know you'll think I'm an awful big fool, but I can't help it. I'm in love—dreadfully in love. That's my trouble this time. There's a girl here to-night that I've loved a long, long time, but somehow I never could make up my mind to tell her so. I want her to know it, though, before I go back to college this time, because I feel like I could rest easier then, and not always be feeling kinder uneasy and restless like—and I want to know, too, if she lov—if she cares anything at all for me. That's where you can help me, Grace. I want you to tell her what I've said—and ask her—what I've told you, then tell me what she says. Now, won't you do it, Grace? You said you'd help me."

She heard him through. Indeed, she was too much taken aback, even to interject. It was so unlike Tom to speak of love, or any thing else, earnestly.

"Of course," she said, in answer to his last question, "that alters the case. I didn't imagine your trouble of such a gentle nature. I'm sorry I can't help you. I'm surprised at you—even *you*, Tom—for asking such a thing of me.

Hadn't we better go back to the house?" Her voice was cold—almost hard. Her manner had changed perceptibly. She made a slight move to go, but Tom sat perfectly still, and for a time silence reigned. Neither could not—or would—break it. They sat there gazing upward, through the leaves, into the blue. The moon, full and round, was already well across the zenith, and was slowly dropping to her grave behind the purple hazy hill-range in the west. A myriad star-gems glittered in their dark blue setting. Through a spot of blue, left by a break in the leafy dome overhead, Aldebaran poured down a stream of light into Tom's face. He was watching the gorgeous star. It was near the midnight hour. A few minutes more, and the big clock up in the city would tell its longest story. Tom was thinking hard what to say next. Little did he imagine that a certain subtle human passion, the very same, to wit, which once wrought such awful havoc for old grand-ma Eve, wrecked Eden, blasted Paradise, was, just at that trying moment, doing him yeoman's service.

Grace's curiosity beat down her pride. There was a terrible battle, but at last the little imp-god reigned supreme, invincible.

"Who is it, Tom?" she ventured, half coaxingly, but there was an attempt at carelessness in her voice.

"Ah! ha!" thought the boy; "now I've got you. I thought you'd come to that, but I guess I'll take my own good time telling you." "Guess," he said, aloud.

"Oh, I don't know—haven't the least idea—Maud?"

"No."

"Well, who then?"

"Oh, you are guessing."

"Alma?"

"No."

"Ethel?"

"Guess again."

"Let me see—Josie?"

"Still wrong."

"Then, it must be Marion."

"But it's not Marion."

"You said she was here to-night."

"I know I did—I still say so."

"Well, I've guessed them all."

"*All but one, Grace.*" There was a queer, ominous little ring in his voice. The girl detected it, slight as it was. She looked up quickly. His real meaning dawned upon her. Her cheeks went scarlet.

"Oh, you mean—" she began, but caught her lip tight, and hushed. Then she looked up again, with a little laugh that meant much. She turned and leaned over toward him.

"Tom, you're a great big awkward, blundering old dear, that's what you are," she caroled. "Tom!—if you do that again, I'll—don't, Tom, please don't—not now—not here—"

She drew back for a moment, then, "Tom," she said low, "did you notice how much vexed I was after what you said a hile ago?"

"I couldn't help noticing it, Grace."

"Did you know what was the matter?"

"Not exactly."

She drew a little nearer. "Tom, I think I was just a little jealous—that was all, but I won't be any more, so forgive me, please, and let's make up—no, not that way, Tom. I told you what I'd do next time you tried it, and—well, I will *next* time.

Silence reigned for a moment; then, "Tom," said Grace, "I suppose I'll have to ask that girl and tell you what she says."

Then she told him.

V. B. HALL.

Sister Ursula's Story

Vacation was nearing its close. Kenneth Lacy was loitering on the piazza steps of a hotel in the Catskills, saying words of farewell to a group of girls and young men, who had made the happy days of the past month glide by all too quickly. Renewing their promises to meet at the same place next summer, with youth's "insolent defiance to Time and Destiny," they planned excursions for the next vacation. Grasping his valise, which held in its corners many souvenirs of the holiday, he responded to the shrill notes of the postillion's horn, and with a final wave of his handkerchief, hastily ran down the steps, and was soon seated in the stage.

In a few minutes the hotel was lost to sight, and the homeward journey fairly begun. At the foot of the mountain a train awaited the arrival of the stage. When comfortably settled in a Pullman sleeper, Kenneth gazed at the fading landscape, watched "the forget-me-nots of the angels" twinkle through the azure field above, and resigned himself to a blissful retrospection of the past few weeks. From reveries that unconsciously brought a smile to his lips, he was rudely aroused by a crash, sounds of splintering glass and timber, shrieks of the wounded and dying, and a sense of being pinioned between two seats, while agonizing pains in his head made the ensuing unconsciousness merciful. "Some one had blundered"—the 9.15 train had collided with a freight.

Regaining consciousness, he found himself in a ward of a hospital, where a dark-robed Sister of Mercy moved near him with noiseless tread. A deep cut in his forehead had caused fever, which, for a few days, prevented him from conversing with his nurse. Gradually the fever disappeared. Sister Ursula proved indeed "a ministering angel," and, with woman's gentle touch and forethought, soothed every pain, until it passed into oblivion.

Gazing intently on the nurse's face one day, he was struck with its familiarity—where had he seen those features before? He pondered long ere he recalled a portrait that his father always kept near his desk, and which he believed was of a dear friend long since dead. He could no longer repress the question that was ever in his mind. Late that evening, as Sister Ursula sat beside his chair, he suddenly asked: "Were you ever in Virginia, Sister?"

Unprepared for the question, she answered with some emotion: "Yes, in my youth."

"Then talk to me of home," he cried, impulsively. "I love my native State, and feel almost akin to any one who can call it home."

"It has been many years since I have seen my old home," replied Sister Ursula; "I thought I had wiped all recollection of it from memory; but seeing a name on your handkerchief, has vividly recalled the past. If the name is yours, my son, I feel it will not be wrong to tell you something of my early life, for I once had a dear friend who bore the same name—perhaps he is a relative of yours."

She seemed to pass over that airy bridge which fancy builds across the chasm that lies between the Present and the Past, and thus began her story: "My father was a wealthy land-owner of Fairfax County, and lived the ideal life of ante-bellum days, surrounded by slaves who loved the generous master too well to leave him when the tocsin of war no longer was heard over our desolated land.

"My brother attended the University of Virginia. Returning during his Senior year to spend the Christmas holiday at home, he was accompanied by his chum, Kenneth Lacy, who preferred spending the holiday in the South to journeying to his home in New York. In retrospect, those happy days seem like a fairy tale.

"Ere the holidays had sped, Kenneth and I had plighted

our troth, and built 'chateaux in Spain' for the future. The sadness of parting was tempered by thoughts of a happy meeting in the near future. Our correspondence was rudely interrupted by the war-blast, that resounded through our land. My brother, with due patriotism, returned home, and gave his services to his country. Kenneth was, of course, a Northern sympathizer, and, after a severe conflict between love and duty, went to his home in the North, and donned the blue.

"Thus was sounded the death-knell of our happiness! Although letters were exchanged, we never met again. When peace was restored, we heard occasionally of Kenneth. The world accorded him the honor and fame he so well merited. To my lot fell the mission (I trust, a worthy one,) of aiding the sick and suffering. Our life paths were forever divided, but

" 'Side by side

May we stand at the same little door when all's done !

The ways they are many, the end it is one.' "

G. D. L., '03.

But the Yankee Beat Them All

Once upon a time, in that far away, mystic, uncanny land, where goblins and hobgoblins are wont to reside, there was a mighty coming together of certain select shades of all races and ages. 'Twas indeed a great meeting, that. Ghosts came sweeping in singly, by twos, by threes, by scores, from the uttermost corners of the earth. They rode in on the four winds of heaven. In that silent, weird assembly of spirits might be seen, gliding about spectre-like, silently, the immortal portion of many a poor fellow, whose achievements in the flesh had caused the world to stand aghast in wonder, and whose doings were told in page on page

of history. Here they were, fresh from their marble vaults, hob-nobbing with some pauper or soldier who had never known the luxury of a head-stone. All of them had changed mightily. They had left behind them, beyond the borders of spirit-land, every vestige of their flesh-and-blood paraphernalia—every semblance to their human selves. They brought with them but one attribute of humanity; that was a very decided proclivity to attract admiration, to boast. During the course of that night in Ghost land, there was as much bragging and swaggering done as if it were a gathering of ordinary mortals. Cæsar's shriveled little shade was there, surrounded by a host of more humble goblins, haranguing at length upon his hard-fought battles in Gaul and Britain; Alexander, in a thin, squeaky voice, suggestive of the tomb, told and retold of his conquest of the world; Napoleon, standing atiptoe, narrated so vividly that awful retreat from Moscow, that a little sympathetic shiver ran through his audience; then Washington must needs tell of that bitter cold night when he crossed the ice-blocked Delaware, and meantime Custer was refighting his fatal battle with old Sitting Bull; and so on and on and on, until a slender, lithe little ghost began talking in such a high-pitched voice as to arrest the attention of everybody in his vicinity.

"I doubt not," he began, singing in accents of the damned, "that many of you here to-night have heard of me. Of course, you have. My humble name got into history ages ago, and somehow it has stuck there ever since. Perhaps, though, there may be some among you, my friends, who are so unfortunate or ignorant, as never to have heard my name pronounced. So I will tell you. I am Phidippides, far-famed and long-famed for my fleetness of foot and my love of country. You remember, many of you, the run that made me illustrious. When the Persian host invaded my native and beloved Greece, my patriotic soul swelled with

indignation. We of Athens found ourselves almost without support, so sudden had been the down-swoop of the heathen. We found it necessary to summon allies in hot haste. The Spartans had to be told the news, and told at once. The fleetest messenger in all Athens was selected to carry this all-important message. My humble self was chosen. The rest is told in history; how, without rest, without food, almost without water to drink, I made that run of one hundred and fifty miles in the incredibly short time of thirty-six hours. Thirty-six hours, gentlemen, think of it! One hundred and fifty miles over the roughest of roads, in thirty-six hours! Without rest! Without sleep! Without food!—”

“Ha!” broke in a gruff voice from the crowd, and a stumpy, blue-tinted little goblin shouldered his way through the throng toward the central figure; “ha! I say; that’s nothing, old bird. You’re not so many as you think. You’re Phidippides, are you, indeed? And when the inemy come, you run like forty, did ye? Well, you just don’t know nuthin’. I done more’n you did, by a long shot. My humble name is Mike Conner. Never saw that in history, did ye? No, I reckon not, but ye can bet your last cent that I done the runnin’ part all right. When the heathen got in behind ye, ye run like forty, yo say; but—Lord—ye ought to seen me when Old Stonewall Jackson got in behind me at Bull Run. It was like forty times forty that I run; but”—here the little Yankee’s voice assumed a hurt expression—“some how or other, I didn’t get my humble name into the history. I can see but one reason for this: there were too many of us runnin’ that day. It would have took up too much room in the book.” He paused a moment, then went on, “Taint exactly fair, though, for where you run a hundred and fifty miles in a day and a half, gods! I cleared nigh on to half that distance in a *hour* and a half. Pshaw—git off the ice!”

An Old Friend—A New Face

In these days of rushing steam and whizzing electricity, when men are whirled from place to place in automobiles and locomobiles and motorettes and gasomobiles and mobiles, it is perhaps not generally remembered that the first successful "auto" was built over one hundred and twenty years ago. The motive power for this vehicle was steam, and it was known as the "steam carriage." James Watt, who, it will be remembered, began his famous experiments with steam engines about 1765, once wrote: "My attention was first directed to the subject of steam engines by the late Dr. Robinson, then a student at the University of Glasgow, and afterwards professor of natural philosophy there. He, in 1759, suggested the idea of applying the power of the steam engine to the moving of wheel carriages and to other purposes, but the scheme was soon abandoned on his going abroad." Thus it seems that the idea of a steam carriage was alive in the mind of at least one man about six years before the crude steam engine itself was so much improved in the hands of the immortal Watt.

The first steam carriage was built in France, by Nicholas Joseph Cugnot, in 1769. This machine was not designed well, and could not run very far without stopping to get up steam. It possessed considerable power, however, as it broke down a stone wall in one of its erratic journeys. A second machine of better design was more successful.

Soon after this, in 1781, James Watt applied for a patent for a steam carriage, but did nothing further; he did not like steam coaches much, and in later years was so much opposed to them as to object to their running past his house.

About this time, Oliver Evans, in America, was doing some thinking on the subject of steam vehicles. He built a curious dredging machine in Philadelphia, which was moved

on wheels by its own steam, from his shops to the water, a distance of about a mile and a half.

In England, no successful steam motor carriage was built until 1801, when Richard Trevithick produced a steam carriage, which, although crude in design, was a practical locomotive. Trevithick was the first to introduce the exhaust steam into the smoke-stack.

From this time till 1840, steam carriages were built for operation on common roads. The most of these were heavy and clumsy, and had to stop often for fuel and water, but could run at rates of speed ranging from eight to twenty miles an hour. Hancock and Gurney seem to have been the two most successful builders of coaches. Gurney made several important improvements, and in 1831, a stage line using his coaches, was started between Gloucester and Cheltenham. The line was successfully operated for four months, but was then discontinued on account of the prejudice against it and opposition to it, which took the forms of obstructions along the roads and excessive tolls on the turnpikes. Hancock made further improvements from 1825 to 1840, one of which was to connect the crank-shaft of the engine with the rear axle of the carriage, by means of a chain and sprocket. He was also fortunate in designing the springs used on his carriage, springs being then a comparatively new feature. He ran his carriage through the streets of London without noise or frightful appearance to horses, and made a very favorable impression on the populace.

There were many other experiments during this period, in England and in America, but the interest in steam carriages seemed to die out about the year 1840. This was due to a variety of causes: The public highways were ill-kept and rough, causing excessive vibration, which weakened and broke down the machines and necessitated frequent repairs; there were no springs or rubber tires to receive the shocks

from the rough roads and make riding comfortable to passengers; there was opposition from the old stage-coach companies using horse-motors, and heavy tolls on some of the roads; then there was the invention and successful construction and operation of locomotive engines.

The regeneration of the steam carriage has taken place in the last three years, and the new birth-place has been mainly in America. Here *the* new face has appeared, and in some cases the resemblance between the old and the new is not easily seen. Although the advantages of steam over other agencies, for heavy service vehicles, are pretty well known, American genius leads in the application of steam to pleasure vehicles. The results in the United States have been satisfactory to a high degree, and steam automobiles are being made which may be safely operated by any one who will exercise care and common sense. The style of steam engine best suited to motor vehicles is the simple, plain slide-valve type, which is easily kept in repair. A very great advantage in the steam motor is its flexibility under varying loads; a four or five-horse engine will sometimes develop six or eight horse-power when climbing a steep hill, and the same engine may not develop, or need to develop, over two or three horse-power on a smooth and level road, the weight of the carriage and its passenger load being the same. The speed is controlled by varying the quantity of steam admitted to the cylinder, and this is effected by only a slight touch on the throttle lever.

As to danger from boiler explosions, it may be of interest to many people to state, that with the best type of boiler used, there is no danger at all. A great many persons could be found who would refuse to ride around, with a steam boiler carrying a high pressure, under their carriage seat, and there are some who regard a boiler as being little better than an "infernal machine." The Stanley boiler is about the best in

use. These boilers are made of copper, and seem to be absolutely *inexplodable*. One of them safely stood a steam pressure of one thousand two hundred and twenty-five pounds to the square inch, from which point the pressure could not be raised higher, owing to a slight leak in one of the seams. The same boiler was afterwards subjected to six hundred pounds cold water pressure and then put into regular service.

All things being considered, the steam "auto" has a strong hold upon the mobile American public, and evidently has come to stay.

W. A. B., '01.

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One page, per year,	-	-	-	\$20 00
One-half page, per year,	-	-	-	12 00
One-fourth page, per year,	-	-	-	8 00
One inch, per year,	-	-	-	5 00

Editorial Department

M. E. ZEIGLER,	-	-	-	-	-	EDITOR
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With this issue, THE CHRONICLE comes out under the management of a new staff. In assuming the responsibilities and labors bequeathed to us by our predecessors, we wish to say that we have no desire to improve upon their work, but our earnest wish is to maintain THE CHRONICLE at the high standard at which it was left by them. We hope, however, that they will not leave us alone in our inexperience, but that they, and others of the alumni, will, in their leisure moments, send us from time to time some words of help and encour-

agement. We know, however, how uncertain this particular kind of assistance is. However good might be his intentions, we know how prone an alumnus is to forget even his alma mater, when struggling with the stern realities of life; so we, therefore, make an especial appeal to the students now enrolled to bestir themselves and favor us with their co-operation and assistance.

In our opinion—and we believe we have reason and common sense on our side—it is a sad mistake for the student body, after choosing a body of editors to supervise the publication of their College paper, to charge them entirely with all the work and responsibility connected with its preparation, while they themselves retire calmly into the background with the air of men who have discharged their full duty.

The magazine is essentially a college enterprise. Its excellency reflects credit, and its lack of excellency places a stigma upon the whole body of students. We, therefore, in the beginning of the year, invite the support of every student who is willing to help his college in this particular way. Remember our motto, *valet quantum valere potest*, let it pass for what it is worth. This is the principle we have adopted ourselves, and we shall require no more of you.

**The Purpose
Of a College
Magazine** In assuming the duties devolving upon us as editors of THE CHRONICLE, we have given much thought as to the methods we should follow in the pursuit of our work. This has led us to inquire into the object and purpose of a college magazine.

It is evident that, since the magazine of a college is solely an enterprise of the students, being encouraged, supported and published by them, its first duty is to the students, and its purpose is carried out when its obligations are discharged in such a manner as to satisfy them.

Aside and distinct from this purpose, however, the maga-

zine of a college has another object, which is to represent the institution of its origin at the other colleges of the country. Through THE CHRONICLE, Clemson is introduced to some thirty other colleges in various parts of the South and West, and a monthly communication is maintained between them. Now, it is this social feature of THE CHRONICLE that entails upon us the necessity of maintaining it at as high a standard as possible; for it is to our interest to be represented to the best possible advantage.

This question now arises: What authority fixes the standard of a college paper? Certainly not the faculty of the college, for the paper is not intended for them, and they are interested in its welfare only so far as it conduces to the interest of the college. Certainly not the students of the college, for the most of them rarely read any college paper except that published by their own college, and the fixing of standards is a comparative process.

As I have said, THE CHRONICLE goes out monthly to about thirty other colleges. Here it is read by, at least, the exchange editors of the papers of these colleges. These editors, being constantly engaged in reading and criticising, acquire such experience and skill in their work as to make an opinion from them respecting a particular magazine worth more than the opinion of the average student in any given college. And the bulk of the criticisms made on a particular magazine by the exchange editors ought to fix its standard.

In spite of all this, how frequently do we hear a student, who has possibly never read a copy of THE CHRONICLE through, and who has never made a single effort to contribute in any way to its advancement, saying hard things about it, when the consensus of opinion among our exchanges is favorable. To such students as these we give a pressing invitation to investigate and study before condemning. If you wish to find out how the magazine of your college

stands, inquire of our exchanges; for your own ideas of literary excellence may be so highly refined by superior culture as to place you beyond the point where you can do justice to the magazine of your own college.

Literary Societies

The most important complement to a college course is furnished by the Literary Societies.

But in spite of the prominence occupied by the societies, numbers of students are found who manifest no interest whatever in them.

For the past two years at Clemson, a gradual falling away in society interests has been noticed. So much so, that a feeling of anxiety has been excited among those who have society interest most at heart.

Societies are important to the individual member, because they develop the power of argument, and give social and intellectual pleasure by the peculiar intercourse they afford. Year after year, and day after day, we come in contact with men who tell us that, could they take over again their college course, they would devote more time to society work. The further you go in life, the more you become impressed with the sadness of these lost opportunities.

The society is important to the college because most colleges derive much of their prestige from the achievements of noted speakers whose budding talents were cultivated by the societies maintained within the college walls. As a matter not only of personal gain, therefore, but, also, of college pride and patriotism, we should make every possible effort to support and improve the literary societies of our college.

The Opening Of College

Clemson opens this year with quite a large attendance. Most of the old students are back, though we notice here and there a missing face. Some of these are detained by sickness, some by other causes,

but when the studying begins in earnest, most of them will have returned.

We also have an unusually large number of new students this year. These have stood their entrance examinations, are recovering from their attacks of home-sickness, and are now beginning to appreciate the joys of college life.

Students old and new, however, are still arriving, and from present indications we will have as many as our accommodations will allow. Most of the rooms have now four boys in them. The surplus in the old barracks with those expected to arrive within the next month will fill the new barracks to a sufficiency.

On returning to College this year, we were
Improvements pleased to note the improvements made during the summer. The whole atmosphere of Clemson seems pervaded with the spirit of push and progress. All around are heard the clang of the workman's hammer and the sound of his busy voice. Several new cottages have been built, the new barracks are nearly completed, and the chemical laboratory has been finished, making it the largest and best equipped in the South.

Several additions have been made to the faculty, and they have been driven from the college building in order to find the required number of recitation rooms. It is to be hoped this spirit of advancement will infuse itself into the student body and stimulate them in the right direction.

In behalf of the student body, we wish to
To the "Rats" extend a cordial and brotherly welcome to the recruits who have joined us this year. We invite you to join heartily in with us and lend your active support to all of our college enterprises. We know that, sometimes, new students feel a timidity until they become

accustomed to things, but do not allow this feeling to fetter you. Throw it aside and "make yourself at home."

Our societies need your assistance, and it is important that you begin society work early in your college career; as the sooner you begin, the easier it will be, and the more the good derived. Write all you can and hand your compositions in to the staff, for they will help us out considerably. You may think them trifling or worthless, but a writer can seldom judge the merit of his own work. We, also, urge you to join our athletic teams and secure all the practice you can; for our old players are leaving every year, and we need trained and skillful men to take their places.

Remember that, now, you are a student of Clemson, and College patriotism demands that you do all you can to promote her welfare.

Athletics

We are pleased to note at this early date omens of a prosperous season in foot-ball. Most of the old players who covered themselves with glory in the hard-fought victories on last year's gridiron are back, and look as vigorous and formidable as of old. Here and there, also, among the throng of "rats" is to be seen a strong and sturdy frame heavily fraught with foot-ball possibilities. We are also glad to see with us again, our coach, who has done so much to advance the team of Clemson on the road to fame.

Clemson now ranks among the first of southern colleges in point of athletic achievement. She has won her way to this distinction through years of perseverance, and we believe that the efficiency thus acquired will remain with us permanently.

It is, also, gratifying to witness the support given to athletic undertakings by both students and faculty. This support has been of both a moral and a material kind, and is highly appreciated by the athletic association.

We cannot close this article better than by wishing for the team of the present season a record that will compare favorably with that made by the 'varsity during the season of last year.

**The Nation's
Sorrow**

On the fourteenth of September, the national flags standing at half-mast over the whole country announced the sorrowful news of President McKinley's death. By his death every section of the country is reduced to tears, because it feels that in the President it has lost a true and patriotic friend.

The President in his individual character represents the highest type of manhood. Kind, gentle and loving, when stricken down by the assassin's bullet, his first thought was for his beloved wife.

It is as a public official, however, that the President is best known to the country. It is true, that some parties and some sections of the country held political views different from his, yet each man, whether opponent or not, accorded to him a genuine sincerity and a firm conviction in the belief that the policies he advocated were for the best interests of the country. We might criticise his policies, but we stoutly refuse to impugn his motives.

The South especially feels a peculiar sadness because of the President's death, for he went as far as consistency would permit in atoning for the wrongs this section has suffered at the hands of the Federal Government.

As citizens of a republican form of government, we stand humiliated before the world in the presence of this exhibition of violence, where love and liberty should prevail. The fact that such a dastardly act is yet possible in this country, shows that the true American idea of government, which appeals to reason and intelligence rather than violence to adjust public grievances, does not control every one sharing

the protection and blessings of the stars and stripes. May the time soon come when every man in the United States will be so thoroughly imbued with the spirit of love for American institutions, as to drive from our midst every vestige of that dangerous and sinister sentiment—anarchism.

Notice We have been requested by the Secretary of the Southern Inter-collegiate Athletic Association to make the following announcement in

THE CHRONICLE:

“A copy of the new hand-book of Southern Inter-collegiate Athletic Association may be obtained by applying to Secretary, Prof. A. L. Bondurant, University P. O., Miss. The price of the hand-book is ten cents. This publication will contain foot-ball rules of the Eastern Association, under which the Southern Inter-collegiate Association will play this autumn.”

We are also requested to publish the following ruling of Dr. William L. Dudley, President of the Association:

“Any student who has been a member of a summer baseball team shall not be eligible to play on any team in the S. I. A. A., until he has furnished to the President of the S. I. A. A. an affidavit or affidavits sworn to by himself and by the manager or managers of the team or teams of which he has been a member, clearly setting forth that no money nor consideration of any kind (in accordance with article IX., section I, of the Constitution of the S. I. A. A.), except actual expenses, has been received by the said player for his services nor paid by said manager to the said player.”

Exchange Department

GEO. D. LEVY, '03, } - - - - EDITORS
 VANN LIVINGSTON, '03, }

It is the happy privilege of the new exchange editors of THE CHRONICLE to salute and stand at "attention" before the numerous exchanges of other Colleges and the general public.

We trust that they will not view our efforts with a critic's eye, but "pass our imperfections by;" assuring them that, with untiring zeal, we will bend every energy to sustain the good record that THE CHRONICLE has heretofore enjoyed. Let us hope that from the ashes of her glorious past, the new issue may arise Phoenix-like in splendor, and renew for the in-coming staff the kindly sentiments that its predecessors have enjoyed.

Our duties having been so lucidly and well defined in another volume, we will not bore our readers by a repetition of facts with which they are doubtless long familiar. With an intuition born of determination, we predict that this will be the most successful year in the annals of THE CHRONICLE, and will be pleased to welcome all suggestions that may attain to that end.

Wishing all of our exchanges a prosperous year, we subscribe ourselves, most cordially yours, Exchange Editors of '02.

Local Department

T. C. SHAW, '02, }
B. H. GARDNER, '03, } - - - - EDITORS

In taking up our duties as local editors of THE CHRONICLE, we realize full well that we have a difficult task before us. In a successful College magazine, the local department is one of great importance; yet it cannot be successfully edited without the co-operation of the student body. Considering this fact, we appeal to the students to aid us in our undertaking, and help make this department bright and newsy. If you do not contribute anything directly, repeat any jokes that you may hear, or give us any news items you know of. We feel sure if this is done, our department will be a success, otherwise it will be a failure.

The following changes in the Faculty have been made:

Professor C. E. Chambliss, of Tennessee, takes the place of Professor Anderson as instructor of Entomology.

Professor Dargan, of South Carolina, takes Professor Waller's place as Assistant Professor of Mathematics during his absence. Messrs. Reaves, of South Carolina, and Hunter, an alumnus of the class of '96, have also been elected to assist in the mathematical department.

Professor T. W. Keitt, of South Carolina, takes the place of Professor Daniels, as instructor in English, during his absence. Mr. A. B. Bryan, an alumnus of the class of '98, has also been elected assistant instructor in English.

Mr. A. S. Shealy, of the class of '99, has been elected to the position of assistant in Veterinary Science.

Professor C. O. Upton, of Washington, has been elected Professor of Dairying.

Mr. E. M. Matthews, class of '01, has the position of assistant in Drawing.

Mr. M. E. Bradley has been elected to assist in the English department.

Mr. H. H. Kyser, of Alabama, will assist Professor Riggs in the Electrical department.

Mr. J. W. Gantt will be assistant in wood-work.

Mr. B. M. Parker, of North Carolina, has charge of the practical textile work.

Hon. H. M. Stackhouse has resigned the position as Trustee of Clemson College, to accept the position of Secretary of the Board of Fertilizers.

Mr. Geo. E. Taylor has been elected book-keeper for the College.

Miss Minnie Wannamaker, of Orangeburg, has accepted the position as Stenographer and Typewriter to President Hartzog.

Messrs. John Garris and Charlie Gentry, of the class of '98, were visiting on the campus a few days ago.

Miss Kate Crawford, of Columbia, is visiting her cousins, Misses Eliza and Sue Crawford, near Pendleton.

Misses Julia and Margaret Moore, of Auburn, Ala., are visiting their sister, Mrs. Riggs.

One of the "rats" while being initiated was asked to recite a piece of poetry. He bowed and said: "Roses red and violets blue, I am catching h—, and I wish it were you."

One "rat" was overheard to ask another, if he had been to the President's office yet to "jesticulate."

A dialogue heard in the mess-hall:

1st Cadet: Say, this is Sophomore butter.

2d Cadet: Why?

1st Cadet: Because it was Fresh last year.

At a recent meeting of the Senior Class, when the advisability of getting a new supply of butter was being discussed, Mr. R. made the motion to stop any further discussion of the butter question, as it was strong enough to take care of itself.

The day before College opened, the President, while walking around in barracks, passed a group of cadets standing on the gangway.

President: Have you gentlemen gotten rooms yet?

Cadet: Yes, sir; but we haven't anything to eat.

President: Didn't you get my circular?

Cadet: Yes, sir; but we can't live on circulars long.

Mr. D. B. Sloan has erected a beautiful dwelling in sight of the College, near the Clemson Hotel.

At the last meeting of the Literary Societies, held in June, the following officers were elected to serve for the first term of the session 1901-02:

Calhoun Society.

President—B. H. Gardner.

Vice-President—W. M. Carter.

Recording Secretary—V. B. Hall.

Literary Critic—J. B. Tinsley.

Corresponding Secretary—J. C. Wylie.

Treasurer—G. F. Norris.

Sergeant-at-Arms—M. A. Sitton.

Columbian Society.

President—M. E. Zeigler.

Vice-President—T. R. Phillips.

Recording Secretary—C. W. Legerton.

Literary Critic—A. B. Carr.

Prosecuting Critic—T. S. Gandy.

Treasurer—T. C. Shaw.

Sergeant-at-Arms—E. Brockman, Jr.

Palmetto Society.

President—J. M. Burgess.

Vice-President—S. M. Robertson.

Recording Secretary—C. L. Reid.

Treasurer—J. T. Robertson.

Literary Critic—H. T. Cantey.

Sergeant-at-Arms—J. H. Spencer.

The staff of editors for THE CHRONICLE, as elected for the year 1901-02, are as follows:

M. E. Zeigler, Editor-in-Chief.

W. E. G. Black, V. B. Hall, Literary Editors.

G. D. Levy, V. Livingston, Exchange Editors.

T. C. Shaw, B. H. Gardner, Local and Alumni Editors.

E. B. Boykin, Business Manager.

T. S. Perrin, Assistant Business Manager.

The officers of the Tennis Association for the coming year are as follows:

T. S. Perrin, President.

H. C. Tillman, Vice-President.

C. W. Legerton, Secretary.

J. B. Whitney, Treasurer.

"Few men's clothes lose shape because they have to pocket their pride."

(Two Professors making a call.)

Prof. R. (at the steps): "Have you got the cards?"

Prof. B.: "No. Do they play cards here on Sunday?"

"Mark time." "March."

Prof. F.: Mr. H., what is the meaning of the word "extenuate?"

Cadet H. : It means to make two people man and wife.

Another "Rat," seeing a box of freight addressed to the "Cadet Exchange," asked some one who "Mr. Exchange" was, and if he stayed in barracks.

The Misses Davis, of Charleston, are visiting at Prof. Furman's.

Professor of Entomology : Give three invertebrate characters.

Senior R. : Grasshoppers, spiders and worms.

("Rat" passing sentinel on post.)

Sentinel : Countersign, "Rat."

"Rat : " I don't make signs.

It is said that a larger number of "countersigns" were sold to the "Rats" this year than ever before in the history of the College.

We do not need very much now to turn Clemson into a shoe factory, since we have an "*All*" and a "*Schumaker*" in barracks.

Fresh. D., after examining the electric light in his room, declared that he did not see how all the smoke from the light got out of the "bottle" it was in.

"Lives of foot-ball men remind us,
That they write their names in blood;
And, departing, leave behind them,
Half their faces in the mud."

Junior C. (reading bulletins from sick President's physician) : "Perspiration 23."

"Rat" (looking at slate roofing) : "Don't see what good dem black-boards goin' do up there."

"Rat" (seeing first foot-ball practice): "Can't some of them fellows get another ball and stop fighting over that one?"

The College Y. M. C. A. made its first attempt this year to introduce a Freshman Reception.

Saturday night after opening of College, the new men were invited to a reception. Refreshments were served in the mess hall and the reception adjourned to the Chapel, where the new and the old students were treated to some splendid gramophone productions. After enjoying this they were treated to an appropriate address delivered by Prof. Daniels. Altogether the occasion was a very enjoyable one and should be repeated next year.

A Nameless Story

One *Cole* day in *May* a crowd of *Macks*, among whom were *McAliby*, *McArthur*, *McCall*, *McIver*, *McWhorter*, *McGregor*, *McNeil*, *McLeod*, *McGee*, *McCrary*, *McLure*, *McSwain*, etc., went out for a *Royal Fox* hunt.

After crossing *Hastings Little Ford* and approaching *Young Lachicotte's Green Meador*, they met *Manigault*, the *Hunter*, who while looking for his tame *Parrott*, had killed a *Martin*, a *Drake*, and a *King Fisher*.

When they had crossed over a *Hill*, these *Wise* men came up to *Van Hassler's* mills (by *Bequest*). The first mill was dirty and *Black* and covered with *Webbs*, but the second was clean and *White*, and the *Miller*, who was sitting on a *Tar-box*, was trying to sell *Platt*, the *Baker*, some *Rice* meal.

Just then in walked *Leitzezy*, the *Preacher*, *Sorentrue*, the *Shumacker*, and *Ouzts*, the *Taylor*.

It seems that the *Miller* made some remark about the *Welch* leather used by the *Shumacker*. *Sorentrue* took it

upon him *Self* to resent it, *Drew* his *Raysor* and made for the miller, who being a good *Walker*, soon reached his *Garrison* and brought out his *Cannon*. *Salley*, his wife, hearing the noise, came running from the *Hall*, dropped her *Golden Broch*, and broke her *Combs*, which her devoted husband had brought from *London*.

After much trouble the *Poe* wife, the *Preacher*, and daughter *Dougherty*—who had *Morehead* than many *Kings* and *Dukes*—brought about the good *Grace* of the two men.

The hunters had by this time given up all hopes of catching Mr. *Brown Fox*—so went on to the famous *Schirmer* golf *Links*.

Here they met *Brockman*, *Coleman*, *Chapman*, *Freeman*, *Holman*, *Pearman*, *Sparkman*, *Sahlman*, *Tillman* and *Wightman*, *Algood* players.

They wanted to play a match game, but could find no *Balls*.

Disheartened at their ill-luck, they ordered the *Sadler* get their horses *Ready*. As *Abell* in one of the *Glenn* churches rang out eight, they set out and reached home as the *Hands* on the *Dial* pointed to 11.30.

K. M. P. R., '02.

Athletic Notes

The foot-ball season is once more upon us. Coach Heisman has begun his effective work, and the oft-repeated question heard on campus is: What are our prospects for this year? Only five of the veterans of last year's team (the equal if not the superior of any in the South), have returned. Walker, George Duckworth, Kinsler, Bellows and Lewis, besides substitutes Kaigler and Blease, will not trot out on Bowman Field in battle array this year, and that means that both Coach Heisman and Captain Douthit will have to labor most strenuously and exert themselves to the uttermost to

turn out as good a team as that of 1900. Yet both believe that with hard, earnest work and hearty co-operation on the part of the student corps, this can be done. They think, also, that with proper support last year's victorious team may even be improved upon.

About thirty-five candidates have so far presented themselves, including a considerable number of last year's "subs and scrubs," which number will probably be increased by a dozen more candidates in the course of a week, October 1. The majority of those who are trying for the team are light and small, but the indications are that the weight of the team will be about the same as that of the team of last year, which averaged one hundred and sixty pounds to the man.

As yet it is too early to give a forecast of the efficiency of the team, but the men have gone to work with a will, and, under the careful coaching of Mr. Heisman, they are showing rapid improvement. There has been no lining up yet, the practice consisting mainly of passing, falling on the ball, tackling the dummy and running through formations.

All candidates for the "Varsity" must sign the training code and eat at the training table.

An excellent schedule of games has been arranged, including Guilford College, on the campus, for October 5th; University of Tennessee, at Knoxville, on October 19th; and University of Georgia, on October 26th, either at Clemson or in Atlanta. North Carolina will probably be played in Columbia during the State Fair, and South Carolina in Columbia, on Thanksgiving Day. A game with Davidson will probably be arranged for October 12th, and the manager is considering a proposition to play the V. P. I. in Charleston. In addition, a trip southward or one to Virginia is contemplated for November.

Coach Heisman says that probably the hardest game of the season will be the one with Georgia, October 26th, as

Georgia has nearly all her old men back, and in addition Bond, of the '97 and '98 teams, and Ritchie, of the '98 and '99 teams. They will be coached by Reynolds, of Princeton, formerly coach of Sewanee, and for the last four years coach of North Carolina. This insures a very strong team for Georgia, who will doubtless put up a tremendous fight for the championship.

Clemson Agricultural College, Clemson College, S. C.

AUGUST 16th, 1901.

ORDER No. I. All appointments of officers and non-commissioned officers now in force are hereby revoked and the following appointments announced:

To be Captains—G. T. McGregor, B. H. Barre, J. H. Spencer, A. B. Carr, H. G. Stokes, D. H. Salley, E. B. Boykin, W. C. Forsythe.

To be Lieutenants—T. R. Phillips, G. F. Norris, F. M. Jordan, H. A. Wilson, F. E. Pearman, J. B. Whitney, W. E. Chapman, E. M. Watson, F. M. Gunby, D. Kohn, D. A. J. Sullivan, T. B. Spencer, C. N. Gignilliat, S. C. Stewart, W. B. Cothran, S. M. Ward, C. L. Reid, J. E. Gettys, J. E. Martin.

Non-Commissioned Staff—Sergt. Major, T. S. Perrin. Quartermaster Sergeant, T. B. Young.

To be 1st Sergeants—W. E. G. Black, T. S. Gandy, C. W. Legerton, W. H. Barnwell, C. B. Hagood, J. P. Glenn, T. M. Harvey, J. C. Wylie.

To be Sergeants—G. F. Norris, J. P. Cummings, J. A. Carson, R. A. Gandy, T. E. Stanley, A. E. Thomas, L. O. King, V. Livingston, S. W. Epps, G. O. Epps, P. J. Quattlebaum, C. Y. Reamer, H. C. Tillman, J. L. Bradford, G. D. Levy, D. H. Sadler, G. L. Morrison, L. W. Fox, W. O. Cain, S. Ford, J. T. Robertson, V. M. Williams, J. M. Wilson, J.

H. Wyse, C. V. Sitton, M. A. Grace, W. D. Garrison, M. M. Mitchell, N. H. Alford, B. H. Gardner, W. A. Holland, H. R. Pollitzer.

To be Corporals—A. M. Henry, O. M. Roberts, F. T. Hamlin, J. G. Barnwell, C. Norton, H. C. Hightower, R. J. Coney, W. L. Templeton, Geo. T. McGregor, J. R. Connor, V. B. Hall, H. W. Barre, W. H. Donly, J. A. Wier, W. P. Walker, J. M. Monroe, A. J. Stubbs, L. H. Bell, K. F. Oswald, J. Gelzer, W. F. Mauldin, B. F. Lee, R. H. Breese, F. C. Wyse, E. F. Brown, S. I. Felder, D. B. Fletcher, I. H. Morehead, W. O. Self, H. E. Phillips, J. P. Tarbox, W. Chavous.

The following assignments of officers and non-commissioned officers are announced:

STAFF.—Lieutenant and Adjutant Phillips; Lieutenant and Quartermaster Norris, Lieutenant Jordan.

NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF.—Sergeant Major Perrin, Quartermaster Sergeant Young.

Company A.—Captain Barre, Lieut. Whitney, Lieut. Gignilliat, 1st Sergt. Barnwell, Sergts. Carson, Reamer, Morrison, Garrison. Corporals Hamlin, Barre, Bell, Morehead.

Company B.—Captain McGregor, Lieut. Wilson, Lieut. Cothran, 1st Sergt. Black, Sergts. Norris, Quattlebaum, Cain, Grace. Corporals Henry, McGregor, Stubbs, Self.

Company C.—Captain Carr, Lieut. Pearman, Lieut. Stewart, 1st Sergt. Hagood, Sergts. Gandy, Epps, S. W. Ford, Alford. Corporals Hightower, Connor, Oswald, Brown.

Company D.—Captain Forsythe, Lieut. Sullivan, Lieut. Ward, 1st Sergt. Wylie, Sergts. Stanley, Epps, G. O., Robertson, J. T. Mitchell. Corporals Barnwell, Hall, Gelzer, Felder.

Company E.—Captain Boykin, Lieut. Chapman, Lieut. Reid, 1st Sergt. Glenn, Sergts. Cummings, Tillman, Fox, Gardner. Corporals Norton, Donly, Mauldin, Phillips.

Company F.—Captain Spencer, Lieut. Gunby, Lieut. Gettys, 1st Sergt. Legerton, Sergts. Thomas, Levy, Williams, Holland. Corporals Roberts, Wier, Lee, Chavous.

Company G.—Captain Salley, Lieut. Watson, Lieut. Martin, 1st Sergt. Harvey, Sergts. King, Bradford, Wilson, Pollitzer. Corporals Coney, Monroe, Breese, Tarbox.

Company H.—Captain Stokes, Lieut. Kohn, Lieut. Spencer, 1st Sergt. Gandy, Sergts. Livingston, Sadler, Wyse, Sitton. Corporals Templeton, Walker, Wyse, Fletcher.

Officers and non-commissioned officers of Companies G and H are assigned to duty with the recruits.

By order of COL. SHANKLIN, Commandant.

Southern Colleges

Nearly all of those, which issue handsomely engraved anniversary and commencement invitations, are having them done by a Southern firm who are doing very artistic work.

We refer to J. P. STEVENS, of ATLANTA, GA.

This house has a magnificently equipped plant for the production of high grade steel and copper plate engraving, and invitation committees would do well to obtain their prices and samples before placing their orders.

Clemson College Directory

CLEMSON AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

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

CLEMSON COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

M. E. Zeigler, Editor-in-Chief.

E. B. Boykin, Business Manager.

CALHOUN LITERARY SOCIETY.

B. H. Gardner, President.

V. B. Hall, Secretary.

COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

M. E. Zeigler, President.

C. W. Legerton, Secretary.

PALMETTO LITERARY SOCIETY.

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Valeat Quantum Valere Potest

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Literary Department

W. E. G. BLACK, }
V. B. HALL, } - - - - - EDITORS

The Christian's Attitude Toward Modern Science

A TALK TO THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION
ON THE FIRST CHAPTER OF GENESIS.

Since the beginning of the third quarter of this year, the International Sunday School Lessons have been taken from the book of Genesis, commencing with the account of the creation in the first chapter. To those of us, therefore, who followed these lessons thoughtfully it becomes absolutely necessary to consider the conclusions of modern science in this connection. I say it becomes necessary; for the results of scientific progress in the century that has just closed have, to a great extent, become part and parcel of our common knowledge, and thus, in a very literal sense, the heritage of the race. Scientific knowledge, at least in so far as the fundamental laws and principles are concerned, is no longer limited to the narrow circle of the learned.

No intelligent young man can now read the first chapter of Genesis without recalling something of what he has heard or read about the nebular hypothesis, or the history of the earth as traced by the geologist, or the doctrine of the development of modern plant and animal life as set forth in the

theory of evolution. In fact, it is quite probable that each of these scientific conceptions has been more or less distinctly called to mind by every one of us as we have read the Scriptural account. And in many other passages of Scripture, where distinct reference is made to natural phenomena, we are often conscious of the fact that the statements are not in the language of modern science, to say the least.

Many have supposed that these apparent discrepancies tend to discredit the Bible; and to those who have fixed their faith in these Scriptures as the revelation of God himself, it is often a matter of deep concern. Manifestly, whatever throws doubt on one portion of the Bible tends to discredit the whole; and our apprehensions are all the greater because of the fact that some notable scientific men reject the Bible altogether as a mass of human tradition, and even sneer at all religion as a relic of the credulity and superstition of barbarism. But the religious man is apprehensive often, not so much that his own faith may be undermined—perhaps he has already passed through the dark shadows of doubt only to come out stronger in the faith—but he fears lest the rising generation, in this era of unparalleled material progress, may be led away from things spiritual by the all too prevalent atmosphere of materialism in the garb of science.

In the discussion of these difficulties, real and imaginary, many volumes have been written by both scientists and theologians, and they are by no means solely the product of recent years. It would, therefore, be the height of presumption, of absurdity even, for me to undertake to dispose of the subject in a few minutes talk. All that I can hope to do this evening is to direct your attention briefly to some of the leading facts that bear on this story of the creation. Even in this limited field, I must content myself with a mere outline, touching only upon some of the most salient points.

First of all, then, what is the question? Perhaps it will be helpful in this connection to state some of the things it is not. It is not that of reconciling the Bible and modern science, nor even "Genesis and Geology," as it is so often stated. Then, if there is a conflict at all, where is it? Let us go back to our original sources of knowledge. We have two great books of revelation, the Bible and Nature. God is the author of them both, and no worthy conception of God will admit for a moment the possibility of a conflict or disagreement between them. But science is not Nature; it is the sum total of all the systematic knowledge that the human race has gathered from the observation and study of Nature. It is man's interpretation of the divine book of Nature, and, like all other human products, it is imperfect. Our knowledge and understanding of Nature, while constantly advancing and thus approaching nearer and nearer to perfection, must, in the very nature of the case, ever remain imperfect. Science may be compared to those remarkable mathematical series that indefinitely approach a certain limit yet never attain unto it.

The conflict then is between science and the Bible, is it? No, it is not even that; but between science and our interpretation of the Bible, our theology. Now, just as science is not Nature, so theology is not the Bible. Just as science is the human interpretation of the divine book of Nature, so theology is the human interpretation of the divine book of the Scriptures. Theology, then, like science, and like all other human products, is imperfect. But from year to year, and from century to century, our knowledge of the Bible increases and our understanding of its teachings advances; and here again we have a series approaching nearer and nearer the limit of perfection, yet never reaching it. And now, even before we return to the question of agreement or disagreement, it will be clearly seen that a large part of the

difficulty has disappeared. It is, after all, only a question of reconciling two human commentaries on the two divine books.

One other suggestion may still further lessen the difficulty, and that is that these two books, equally divine and equally authoritative, lie in entirely different spheres and serve altogether different purposes. The Bible was evidently never intended as a text-book in science, and it is unreasonable to demand that every reference to natural phenomena should be an exact scientific statement. We do not so use language in our daily intercourse with each other, nor even in our more formal speaking and writing. The great moral and spiritual teachings that were given to the world centuries ago would have been utterly lost if they had been couched in the terms of exact science of to-day. The language of the Bible is the every-day language of the people of all ages; it is the language of the senses, just as we say that the sun rises and sets, when we know that it does no such thing.

So, I repeat, no language of Scripture was ever intended to teach science, not even the most elementary science, for that we can learn from the book of Nature, but it reveals to us the personality and spirituality of God, his relations to us and our relations to him; its purpose is moral and spiritual. If the first chapter of Genesis had been couched in the technical scientific language of to-day, it would have been utterly lost upon the people for whom it was first intended. It could not have been understood unless accompanied by a complete treatise on astronomy, geology, and the biological sciences. Even then it could have reached only the few who might have time and inclination to delve into these sciences and master them.

As a matter of fact, there is a remarkably close coincidence between the outline of creation as recorded in Genesis

and that which has been deciphered by the study of geology. But the Biblical account is in simple, direct language, and there is nothing said of the processes or methods by which God created. If science finds in the study of Nature that everything is done systematically, that in all known cases effects are invariably the results of causes, and if it seems reasonable to believe that this principle extends throughout unlimited space and unlimited time, there is nothing in the Bible to the contrary. So far as its teachings are concerned, we may believe that God created all things directly, without the use of any creature instrumentality, as a man might have done, if endowed with the power; or we may take the far higher conception that he is the source of all matter and energy of the universe, and that, operating through these, he has developed, evolved, or created through the ages, the universe as we now see it. We might interpret the account of creation to mean that everything was created in six common days of twenty-four hours each, as many have believed and as many yet believe; but it is a far grander conception to understand the word "day" as referring to an indefinite period, just as it is often used in the Bible, and as we frequently use the word now. When we say that the day of feudalism is passed, does any one suppose for a moment that we mean to assert that feudalism existed on the earth only twenty-four hours, as the extreme literalist would insist in Scripture interpretation? On the contrary, is it not perfectly plain that the day here referred to is an era, an age, an indefinite period of time? From astronomy and geology and biology we learn that this is the rational interpretation of the creation of the earth and its inhabitants, and of the whole universe.

Only three centuries ago the Christian world believed that the sun, moon and stars were created solely for our benefit, and that they revolved about the earth only a little distance

away; they regarded this as the teaching of the Scriptures, and they did not hesitate to condemn the man who first pointed a telescope towards the heavens and demonstrated the existence of other worlds besides our own. But this marked the beginning of modern astronomy with its transcendent conception of infinite space, and now we marvel that the Bible should ever have been so utterly misinterpreted.

The world was just becoming accustomed to the idea of infinite space, and was beginning to realize the more exalted conception of God as the creator and preserver of worlds and systems of worlds without number, when it was again startled by the announcement of the law of gravitation. If it is this principle that binds together all objects throughout infinite space, if it is this law which controls all their movements, from the falling of a stone and the circling of the planets to the parabolic path of the most erratic comet, then where is God's place in Nature? Does it not, they asked, dispense with his services in the material universe altogether? But let us ask one further question. The law of gravitation does, indeed, pervade infinite space, guiding the circling worlds and fiery suns in their courses; but what is gravitation? What can it be but the guiding and sustaining power of the Creator himself? The question transcends the utmost limit of science, and we can look only to revelation for answer.

Less than a century ago religious people believed, and many even yet believe, that the earth and all things pertaining to it were created suddenly about six thousand years ago, in the forms that we now see, and without the intervention of any created means or natural process. The situations then and now are admirably contrasted by the late lamented Dr. Le Conte: "Mountains were supposed to have been made at once, with all their diversified forms of beetling

cliffs and thundering waterfalls, or gentle slopes and smiling valleys, just as we now find them. But now we know that they have become so only by a very gradual process, and are still changing under our very eyes. * * * There was a time when continents and seas, gulfs, bays, and rivers were supposed to have originated at once, substantially as we now see them. Now we know that they have been changing throughout all geological time, and are still changing. * * * There was a time when rocks and soils were supposed to have been always rocks and soils; when soils were regarded as an original clothing made on purpose to hide the rocky nakedness of the new-born earth. Now we know that rocks rot down to soils; soils are carried down and deposited as sediments; and sediments reconsolidate as rocks—the same materials being worked over and over again, passing through all these stages many times in the history of the earth. In a word, there was a time when it was thought that the earth with substantially its present form, configuration, and climate, was made at once out of hand, as a fit habitation for man and animals. Now we know that it has been changing, preparing, becoming what it is by a slow process, through a lapse of time so vast that the mind sinks exhausted in the attempt to grasp it.”

So, also, with the marvelous advance of geological investigation during the century just closed, fossils, remains of plants and animals wholly different from those now inhabiting the earth, have been brought to light in all parts of the world, revealing clearly the existence, in former times, of tribes of living beings besides our own; and “the idea of infinite time, of which the life of humanity is but an epoch, was born in the mind of man; and again the intellectual horizon of man was infinitely extended. These two are the grandest ideas, and their introduction the grandest epochs, in the intellectual history of man.”

The law of causation is universally recognized in physical phenomena; such phenomena follow one another in unbroken succession, each derived from a preceding and becoming, in turn, the cause of a succeeding. So, also, in the study of geology and the biological sciences, organic beings are found to follow one another in a continuous chain. Throughout the plant and animal kingdoms, every form is the product of a preceding and becomes the source of a succeeding. Just as the present continents, the mountains, the rivers, and all inorganic things are the results of infinite series of changes, through natural causes, leading gradually up to their present condition, so the plants and animals of to-day are connected in unbroken succession with those of the past ages of the earth, and seem to have been derived from them by a series of slow and gradual changes through the operation of natural causes. This is the law of development, or of derivation, or of evolution, or the law of causation, as it might be called; and it is this principle that pervades the whole material universe, throughout infinite time. To the scientific mind this furnishes the only rational interpretation of Nature, both organic and inorganic.

Two of the greatest intellectual results of the progress of science are embodied in the ideas of infinite time and infinite space. The universal law in space is the law of gravitation; in time, the law of derivation, or causation. "The one may be called the divine mode of sustentation; the other, the divine process of creation."

With one more quotation from Dr. Le Conte I close: "We have all heard of the 'music of the spheres'—a beautiful and significant name used by the old thinkers for the divine order of the universe—a music not heard by the human ear, but only by the attentive human spirit. Harmonic relation apprehended by reason we call law, and its embodiment science; the same apprehended by the imagination and the

aesthetic sense, we call beauty, and its embodiment art, music. Now, in music there are two kinds of harmony, simultaneous and consecutive—chordal harmony and melody. These must be combined to produce the grandest effect. So in cosmic order, too, there are two kinds of harmonic relation—the co-existent in space and the consecutive in time. The law of gravitation expresses the universal harmonic relation of objects co-existent in space, the law of evolution, the universal harmonic relation of forms successive in time. Of the divine spherical music, the one is the chordal harmony, the other the consecutive harmony or melody. Combined they form the divine chorus which 'the morning stars sang together.' "

J. V. L.

The Alumni Address of 1901

I appear before you, not with any new subject, nor perhaps with a new phase of that question which is stirring the people of the South to greater fields of activity and of usefulness, but simply to bear testimony with you to the great and glorious results that are coming to the people of the South through the scientific and industrial training of our youths.

Standing within the portals of the 20th century, and surrounded with all the applications of science and learning that have come to us through the efforts of our ancestors from time immemorial, it is hard for us to realize the condition of the country even as far back as the beginning of the 19th century. I do not care to tax your patience by enumerating some of the leading inventions and discoveries of the past century. It would make a long list—but, in order that we may have some conception of the advancements that have been made since 1801, I call your attention to the fact that the inventions and discoveries for the year 1900 alone just trebled the total number of patents issued

for the first third of the century. The number of patents granted in 1801 numbered but a few score; to-day, our fifteen millions of families are enjoying the benefits of 673,000 inventions and discoveries that have come to us through the thoughts of great men, fostered by scientific methods. The great advancements that have been made in transportation, agricultural methods and electricity, have been made during the past century, and the primitive methods employed in every department of human industry one hundred years ago have witnessed improvements almost as great as these. Thus we see that while it might appear to some of us that there are but few more improvements to be made, still, with these facts before us, we are obliged to admit that we are just in our infancy, and may reasonably expect greater things than has ever been brought to light by human thought.

Let us see, then, what are some of the causes that have brought about such wonderful changes during the past century. Back in the early ages, and even as late as the beginning of the 19th century, there was but little aggregate intelligent effort directed to the investigation of the laws and resources of nature. At that time there was not a single electric art nor any utilization of this natural force. The power of steam had been discovered, but had never been put to much practical use; and likewise the methods employed in agriculture and in all the departments of human industry have witnessed wonderful improvements. In short, at that time no scientific methods were employed. To-day, everything is governed by scientific principles, we have passed from guesses to mathematical certainties—from unreliable to definitely known methods. From that day to this there has been a constantly increasing, united effort searching for new means of harnessing and subjugating natural forces.

While the engineer and the mechanic are busy in the

work-shop, and the agriculturist tending to the duties of the farm, the scientists are likewise busy in the laboratories; and during no year of the world's history has the human mind delved so deep into nature's secrets as in the one just closed. People who have seen the country's need have contributed their wealth towards the creation of opportunities for advanced study; and on this important fact one may safely predict a large increase to the class of people engaged in making original investigations. To-day there is no industry, from agriculture to architecture that is not shaped by research and its results; there is not one of our fifteen millions of families that does not enjoy the benefits of scientific advancement; there is no law in our statutes, no motive in our conduct, that has not been made juster by the straightforward and unselfish habit of thought fostered by scientific methods.

Every step in our national progress has been guided by the steadfast knowledge born of assimilated experience. The trebling of population in a half century, raising the republic from an experiment in State-making to a leading place among the nations, is the wonder of history; the thrice-trebled wealth and educational facilities gained through application of new knowledge, are a marvel before which most men stand dazzled at home and wholly blinded abroad; the three times thrice-trebled knowledge itself, lifting the nation high in enlightenment and making way for still more rapid progress, is a modern miracle wrought by scientific work. But greatest of all in present potency and future promise is the elevation of moral character attained by that sense of right thinking which flows from consciously assimilated experience—and this is the essence of science now diffused among our people.

As we review the past century, I wish to show you in part what steps the South has taken in the development of the

country. It is not my purpose to stir up any sectional animosities, nor do I desire to treat unfairly with the people of the North; but that universal opinion that prevails among the people at the North regarding Southern shiftlessness, has set my soul on fire, and if there are any within the sound of my voice to-night who are blinded by any such foolishness, I shall count my effort a success if I am able to dispel that idea. To-night I wish to call your attention to the fact that some of the greatest internal developments that have ever been witnessed by the people of the past century originated in the South.

The first steamship ever to cross the Atlantic Ocean went out of Savannah, Ga.; and according to the United States census of 1810, the manufactured products of Virginia, the Carolinas and Georgia exceeded in that year both in variety and value those of the whole of the New England States combined. At this time slavery was not tolerated in some of the Southern States; but as it was found unprofitable in the North, they were pushed off to the South, and as a result the manufacturing interests and internal developments in the South soon gave way to the production of cotton. There was a time when the bills of exchange of Charleston stood ahead of those of New York or even London; and it was in 1830, I believe, that the enterprising people of Charleston formulated a plan for building a railway from Charleston to Augusta. This, as you know, not only antedates any railway in America, but was the first railway in the world constructed with a definite plan of operating exclusively by locomotive power. The success with which this enterprise met by carrying the cotton coming down the Savannah River across the country to the port at Charleston, led to a still greater undertaking—the idea being to connect the Mississippi River with the Atlantic coast. As a result, we had next the road from Augusta to Atlanta, and then

from Atlanta to Chattanooga, and lastly the Memphis and Charleston, and the scheme was accomplished. After this, but before slavery had gained a very strong hold in the South, Robert Y. Hayne headed a scheme for constructing a trunk line from Charleston to Cincinnati. This was at that time considered the greatest engineering enterprise of the world. The same man was also fighting for slavery; and it was at this period in our history that internal developments in the South sank to the supremacy of slavery. Then may I not say without fear of successful contradiction, that the people of the South have always been an enterprising people, and had it not been for that greatest question of modern civilization, we would to-day be leading America, if not the world, in internal developments and manufacturing? Now that the war is over, there remains the incomparably pleasanter task of showing that where the American flag floats there peace and civilization reign.

Without money, without homes and without food, our fathers set to work, and with that determination and energy which has characterized the people of the South, they have with one hand buried the problem of slavery and settled the question of Anglo-Saxon supremacy the world over, and with the other they have made advancements in the commercial and industrial life of the country and in civilization, that have startled the world. Let me say that while slavery has been a great drawback to the progress of the South, our fathers were not responsible for it; and I declare to you tonight that, true to my convictions, they have settled that question just as any brave and intelligent people would have done; but American enterprise, American energy and American commercial thrift must solidify the bonds which have been made with the sword and paid for with the blood of our fathers. To-night I believe that God Almighty, with the purple quiver and burnished bow, is standing tiptoe on the

throne of mercy and love and shooting rays of prosperity and liberty at a people who have waded rivers of blood and crossed the fields of desolation fighting for a just cause.

The Southern people have not been slow in realizing that we are ultimately to become the leaders of the world in internal developments and manufacturing. Our climate is better adapted to the exploiting of our agricultural, mineral and manufacturing resources than any other on the face of the earth; and while we have no knowledge of the amount of the latent richness of nature's undiscovered wealth, still we have reasons to suppose that it is yet practically unfathomed and untouched. Our fathers saw these facts just as we see them to-day, but they have had other problems to solve and other battles to fight. We are just emerging from that terrible conflict about which we have already spoken, but at last the time will come—aye, it is at hand—when the South is to take the lead.

A thousand picks in the mineral fields are heralding her coming; a thousand smiling meadows kiss her garments as she passes, and ten thousand laughing cotton fields unfurl their flowery flags to her. Five million spindles strike the chords of harmony; the heart of the deep forests beat time to the music, and the bright waters from the mountain tops ripple with a melody of approval. Prosperity and happiness come hand in hand, tipping and dancing in her shining train, and I wish this might last forever.

With the 20th century come new ideas, new industries and likewise new necessities; and the answer to the question that demands the attention of every Southern youth is, get ready for the fray. Get ready, that we may see its headlight in the distance; get ready, that we may ride with it as it flashes across the country; get ready, that we may add speed to its progress. How fortunate for this generation, that with the facts recorded in history fresh in our memo-

ries, we are reminded that every obstacle that stood in the way of our fathers has been overcome, and there is nothing for us to do but to add prosperity to an already happy people. It is no longer a question of how are we to prepare for the contest. The evidences are numerous. The wealth contributed by such men as Carnegie towards the establishment of institutions affording technical and practical training demonstrates where they think the battle will be waged hottest during the coming century, and with no less sagacity than generosity are they endeavoring to equip their countrymen for the greatest contest of the century. The knocking at the doors of our agricultural and mechanical colleges by the boys of this, as well as of other States, shows that the country's progress for this generation must find expression along scientific and industrial lines. Although the South possesses greater natural wealth than any other section of the country, she cannot successfully contest for commercial supremacy until she has a citizenship educated and trained in all the arts and sciences, able to organize and direct the industrial enterprises of the country.

How did Massachusetts get all her wealth? The assets of that State are almost as great as those of all the Southern States combined, and the most of her wealth came from manufacturing an article produced in the South. With properly trained minds and hands, we can make 1,000 per cent., yes 5,000 per cent., on our cotton just as easily as we are now making 100 per cent., by manufacturing it in the South; and then we not only add wealth to the South, but also intelligence and culture, which means a higher social position to the laboring class, and an elevation of moral character which brings happiness to its citizens and power to the State in which they live. The establishment of Clemson College has probably done more within the past few years than all the other institutions of the State combined towards

developing the resources of the State; and similar institutions all over the South more than any other factor will enable the South to maintain herself in the fierce struggle for commercial supremacy.

Then let there go out from this commencement a cry to the people of South Carolina for increased educational advantages in new lines to meet new necessities, and let it echo and re-echo and re-re-echo between the Blue Ridge Mountains on the North and the Atlantic Ocean on the South, till every citizen has been made to hear and to realize the importance of equipping the young men of this State for the greatest contest that the ages have yet witnessed.

Fellow-graduates, if the object for which this institution was conceived is worthy, and her methods and merits deserve a tribute of praise, then let us reawaken the memory of her noble founders and emphasize the standard of her accomplishments. Standing pure and undaunted, immovable and unconquerable amid the billows of political corruption and social evils, she will search out a remedy for present ills, and rear a race of gods.

Then, just as young Hannibal, when a youth of only nine years of age, with his hands upon the altar of Baal and in the presence of his father, swore eternal hatred to the Romans, and as he was faithful to that vow, so let us lay our hands upon the altar of our Alma Mater and in the presence of her undergraduates and in the presence of the people of South Carolina, swear eternal vigilance to her who has stood by us and placed us where we are to-night.

H. B. DODD, '00.

Jack Morton's Story

Ever since he first entered college, Jack Morton was a very quiet, reserved fellow. He was seldom seen with any

one, and seemed to care nothing for his fellow-students. As a natural consequence of his behavior, he had few or no friends among the students. Every one thought that he must be very poor; for he never contributed anything to athletic or other college causes; and what was more, on Saturdays, when other boys were having an "easy" time after the hard work of the week, he would be seen working at some odd job around the college. In addition to his reserved habits and his apparent poverty, he was always rather dull in books, and just managed to "keep up" with his class. During the sessions he dragged along, and, although he seemed to be doing his best, he made but a poor show. Whenever "exams." came around, every one expected him to fail, but he always managed to pull over in some way; and the two or three branches that he did fail in during the college course, he managed to make up on second trial.

As it seems to be a part of human nature—and especially college-boy nature—to laugh at and ridicule the mistakes of others, it is hardly necessary to say that Jack came in for his full share of ridicule. This seemed to hurt him, and, although he never resented it openly, still, it seemed to fix a great gulf between him and his class-mates. For my own part, I always felt very sorry for the boy, and never took any part in the fun at his expense. He seemed to appreciate this, and, though we never became very close friends, he seemed to think more of me than of any other boy in the class. Whenever he did have anything to do with any of us, it was generally with me, and some of my friends tried to tantalize me by dubbing me "Jack Morton's Chum."

Occasionally Jack would come to me with some of his troubles, and if I helped him out, he was always most profuse in his thanks. On one occasion, when he was in an unusually confidential frame of mind, he promised to tell me, before we left college, the story of his life—why he

had come to college, and why he had struggled so hard to stay. He made me this promise some time before commencement. As the time for our final "exams." approached nearer and nearer I saw less of him, as he was studying very hard in the hope of distinguishing himself on his last examinations.

At last the examinations were over for us. We had received our diplomas that morning—Jack along with the rest of us—and our college life was at an end.

In the afternoon Jack came to my room and asked me to go to walk with him, remarking that he had something to tell me.

We had been walking around a short while when Jack suddenly said: "You know I promised to tell you my life story, some time ago." I had really forgotten the promise, but I urged him to begin. This is what he told me:

"In the first place, my father was a farmer and a very poor man. He had a very hard lot in this life. I hardly remember my mother; she died when I was only five years of age. After my mother's death, my father and I lived alone, as I was the only child. Our community was not very thickly settled, and we had but few neighbors. The only school I ever attended was a small country school, about two miles from home, which ran four or five months in each year; but the teacher was rather an ignorant man himself, and taught us little or nothing; indeed, I should never have been able to enter college, had not my father, who had a fairly good education, given me a good deal of instruction at home.

"When I was sixteen years of age, my father died and left me to fight the battle of life for myself. For three years I farmed faithfully, but at the expiration of that time I decided to stop and go at something else. As I had always had a great desire to go to college, I decided to sell the place,

and to devote the proceeds to further my education. Although the place was very poor, and I received a very small price for it, yet this did not shake my determination to go to college. At first I was unable to decide whether to take a literary or a scientific course; but as I had always had a mechanical turn I finally decided to come to Clemson.

"When I got here I entered the Preparatory Department, but owing to my lack of preparation, I found trouble in keeping up with my class even there. I had difficulties to overcome that you can never appreciate. In addition to my being backward in my studies, I was a good deal older than the majority of the boys in my class, and very naturally became the butt of a great many jokes. But it is not necessary to tell you of these, for you have seen and heard them all. I often wonder what causes some people to be so thoughtless and cruel. These jokes at my expense, while I have always tried to make light of them, have ever cut me to the quick, for I never could stand anything like ridicule; and, though I have always longed to make friends among the boys, their ridicule and their jokes have caused me to become more and more reserved, and to have less and less to do with my class-mates. Well! it is all over with now, and my talking and thinking about it can never change it. I don't know why I have told you this, unless it is because I craved a confidant and have made one of you.

"Since I have told you this much, I suppose I may as well finish my story. There is one in this world who has never ridiculed me, or said one unkind word to me. It was for her sake more than for anything else that I have stuck it out at college, and have tried to make something of myself."

'03.

A Summer Episode

It was at a sociable given at an old colonial home. During the intermission between the dances, gay couples

could be seen seated on the piazza paired off in shadowy corners to whisper words of love and affection into willing ears. As the sweet strains of "Sylvan Reveries" were wafted on the breeze to the youthful merry-makers, they arose and walked into the spacious ball-room, which was decorated with palms and evergreens for this auspicious occasion, and participated in a beautiful, dreamlike waltz.

It was noticed that Percy Randolph and Gladys Lee preferred each other's society to the inspiring music and enchanting dance. But why not—they were engaged.

A mischievous little boy, who was anxious to learn how lovers converse, stole in the house, and went into the room that faced the part of the piazza near where they were seated. He opened both his eyes and his ears, and this is the account as afterwards related by him:

"O, Percy, do you know Will?"

"Will who?" was the natural response.

"Never you mind about who Will is, but I can just tell you that he is the dearest, most intelligent fellow that you ever laid eyes on!"

"Well, Gladys, that certainly sounds nicely coming from you, especially as we are going to be married next month."

Noting the worried expression on his face, and desiring to have some fun, she continued:

"So you are jealous, are you?"

"No, indeed, I am *not* jealous; but I most assuredly dislike to hear you eulogize another fellow, when you are to be my wife so soon."

"Well, then, what will you think when I tell you that I allowed the darling fellow to rest his head on my lap; after which he tried to kiss me, and he was so irresistible that I—"

"Why, Gladys! horrors! horrors!! I will—I will—not stand it. Let me get my hat! My God, I never thought that it would come to this!"

He arose, started down the steps, but her sweet voice called him back.

"Now, Percy," she said, "don't get so infuriated about nothing."

"About nothing!" he gasped.

"Well, let me tell you now. Will is a darling little pug dog that Brother John gave me yesterday—won't you come around to see him to-morrow. '03.

The Young Man's First Year at College

In this progressive age of ours, all young men, it seems, are possessed of the desire to obtain a college education. They feel as if, without it, they would be perfectly helpless to keep abreast of the improvements and marvellous changes that are being wrought by the almost supernatural hand of man.

To accomplish his desire, he first decides to which college he must go; whether it be industrial or literary. When he has this decision made, he then begins the preparation for entering that college, at which he is to prepare for life's work.

The young man, when he enters college, is, generally, overflowing with high aims and noble purposes, some of which are the outcome of his own ambition, the others, of his mother's pleading. He seems to think that he has these so strongly and securely worked in with his physical being that even he himself cannot remove them. But, alas! young man, even the slightest mark of negligence will forever bar them from your reach. Yes, the young man who, when he enters college, has high aims and noble purposes before him as his goal, must, to accomplish them, have *backbone*; he must possess that strength of character which will enable him to stand as the embodiment of *manhood and determination*.

The first year of a young man's college career, usually, decides his destiny. What will that destiny be? On the one hand, if he has vowed allegiance to that high sense of honor which appeals to human nature, and has closely allied himself with those things which go to make up the pure and unblemished man, then I dare say that on leaving his Alma Mater, he will go out into the world prepared to meet and overcome any difficulties that may obstruct his way. On the other, if he has allowed himself to be influenced by the sentiments of those around him, and has, by entirely ignoring what is right, lost all respect for himself, he will go out into the battle of life tossed about as a disabled ship is by the mad waves of the ocean.

Young men, you who are spending the first year of college life here at Clemson, you have reached the crisis in your lives—the turning point. You can either be as “dumb driven cattle,” or you can “be a hero in the strife.”

'04.

The Lazy Man's Utopia

It is not as it ought to be,
This world of ours so fine:
It ought to be that man may have
What e'er he may incline.

That lazy man, like you and I,
Might while the hours away;
And doing nothing all the time,
Receive a steady pay.

Just sit and smoke a long stem pipe,
Tobacco of the best;
Then when tired of doing this,
To lay us down and rest.

ASHAMED.

The Clemson College Chronicle

FOUNDED BY CLASS OF 1898

Published Monthly by the

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Agricultural College

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Editorial Department

M. E. ZEIGLER,	-	-	-	-	-	EDITOR
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We wish to announce to the student body that the staff offers a medal for the best essay, one for the best story, and one for the best poem, contributed during the year. No member of the staff is allowed to contest for the prize.

Novel Reading

It is interesting to notice the varying opinions held in regard to the advantages and disadvantages of novel reading by different persons. In the magazines of the day we see books reviewed and criticised, and their merits and demerits pointed out to the public.

In former times, however, there were those who could see

no good in the novel or the reading thereof. It is said that Coleridge held all novel reading to be injurious. He compared its effects upon the mind to the temper of a host after spending the morning in entertaining transient visitors. Each visit, indeed, relieved the pain of vacancy, but left the host—the mind—too much exhausted to attend to his domestic duties, and unfitted him for the companionship of more rational guests. Another eminent man strenuously objected to the practice of novel reading, because the realm of romance differs so much from the world of reality. In reading romance, so he stated, the impressionable mind of the youth is filled with ideals of life and humanity far above the reality of things. When in maturity, these deluded persons are cast upon the cold, cruel world as it is, they find it so different from their cherished ideals, that they become disappointed, discontented and unhappy. We believe, however, it may be truthfully stated that now novel reading is regarded, generally, as instructive and profitable—barring, of course, the lower grades of fictitious books that exist in such numbers on the market. It is true, some novels are fanciful and that, were we to form our estimation of the world by them, disappointment would be our lot. The well informed and discriminating mind, however, is capable of separating the real from the unreal, and this exercise within itself may afford a peculiar mental advantage.

**Alfred
The Great**

In reading the magazines, we lately noticed an extract from an article entitled, "The Influence of Alfred the Great upon English Culture." It is proper and instructive to discuss such subjects at times. We are indebted to this great Saxon king for the preservation of that simple language which takes the name of the people by whom it was originated, and which furnishes modern English with the commonest words in the language.

It was Alfred the Great who conceived the idea of writing and translating books into the Saxon tongue, thus giving the language such a firm footing in England that even the Normans, with all of their power, cruelty and oppression, were unable to stamp it out. The Saxon words now comprise nearly half of those used in our language.

Hazing This custom, old at all colleges, and particularly severe at some, seems now to be losing ground over the entire country. We notice it referred to in an article in one of our exchanges, where several colleges of the North, South and West are spoken of as having passed resolutions against the practice in the future.

This crusade against hazing was started some time ago, when it was carried to such an extent at West Point as to cause the death of one of the cadets, which catastrophe being followed by investigations of a close and searching nature, succeeded in bringing to the attention of the public the attitude taken by the old students at West Point towards the new. Though it is doubtful if the measures taken will insure the discontinuance of hazing at West Point, yet it is certain that they will lighten the hardships of the practice, not only there, but in all the institutions of the country. The circumstance at West Point gave the public an opportunity to express itself in regard to hazing, and its condemnation was general and overwhelming. Though regarded by some as a relic of barbarism, hazing is most severe at the higher institutions of learning. There it amounts not merely to an unpleasant reception and mortification for several days thereafter, but the Freshmen are kept in subjugation throughout the entire year.

From its very nature, we must say that, in our opinion, hazing is not destined to bring any prestige to the college. It encourages rudeness, where only the most amiable rela-

tions should exist. The old students are, in a sense, situated as hosts, and thus it becomes their duty to welcome the new students in a friendly and hospitable manner. If not a relic of barbarism, hazing is certainly not a mark of chivalry, and does not accord very closely with the modern ideas of civilization.

Still, there are some who claim to see some elements of good in hazing. In exceptionally rare cases, there might be. When a real fresh rat comes in wearing a four-inch collar, shoe-strings of red, white and blue, and boasting of bluffing those "countrymen," why, then, there is really nothing to do, but to allow a few of the wise and prudent to take this wayward son under their parental protection and give unto him some fatherly advice—lest he go astray. But these cases are few and far between, and whenever they occur, the hazers have to sacrifice for the time being every instinct of hospitality for the good of the cause. There is danger, however, from even this limited indulgence; for it is argued, if hazing is good for the stubborn, then how much more must it be good for the meek—forgetting that the meek need it not at all.

We hope that in the near future some system will be adopted whereby students on entering college will, instead of being subjected to every mortification imaginable, be made to feel at ease and among friends.

Anarchy Just now considerable discussion is being aroused in the newspapers and journals in regard to the wisest solution of the anarchist problem—a problem brought suddenly and unavoidably upon us by the assassination of President McKinley. By some, the old remedy of banishment is advocated; by others, the remedy is to destroy their journals, suppress the propagation of their theories, and prohibit them from meeting. Still others believe in a lenient and less radical course.

They favor the adoption of measures which will offer greater protection to rulers, but will not inflict upon the anarchists undue harshness. This appears to be the proper course. Notwithstanding the fact that we are sorely vexed—not without good cause—we should yet not retaliate by violent measures. That would be returning like for like. In our eagerness to suppress anarchy, we should guard against introducing a dangerous form of tyranny. Our government is pre-eminently one of law and liberty, and we should submit to the guidance of its ruling spirit in the settlement of even the anarchist question.

**Student
Contributions**

We should be glad to have more manuscripts submitted to us by the students. We realize that composition is difficult for some; but the student body should remember that THE CHRONICLE must be supported, and that time and effort are required in order that that end may be attained. Each should, therefore, endeavor to do his portion. Whenever we approach a student on this matter, we are answered by the statement that he is not a writer, never could write, and never expects to write. With all due deference to your presentation of the case, we are inclined to the opinion that the fault is not so much in your ability as in your methods. Any student of average ability, who succeeds in class work, should be able with proper diligence and study to produce something worthy of publication. No writer, however talented, can write at any time or place. No man is at all times flushed with ideas—the only necessary thing being the time to write them down. Thoughts worth recording have to be courted and pursued for hours, days and even longer, before they burst upon us in all their clearness and simplicity.

In his introduction to the "Scarlet Letter," Hawthorne tells of the difficulties he experienced in inducing his fancy to work. While none of us are Hawthornes, still some of

us may possess, in some degree, the faculty of imagination, and, if so, it will be subject to the same influences that Hawthorne describes. Hawthorne, also, tells us, that if, while in the Custom House, surrounded by influences totally at variance with imaginative themes, he had attempted composition of a different order, he might have been more successful. Perhaps, too, many of us are unsuccessful in our literary efforts, because we attempt subjects unnatural and unsuited to our talents. If we fail at narration, poetry or imaginative composition, there is still a wide field of reality; in that we may succeed. There are very few things that the human mind can accomplish on first trial, and most of all, ready composition. We should not, therefore, be discouraged if we fail on our first, second, or even our third attempts. In our daily studies, how many times do we have often to try to master a problem or make an exercise before success finally crowns our efforts. If we are not discouraged by these failures, then why should we be discouraged by others?

Reading

Next to the regular system of instruction, the greatest advantage offered by a college is that of a good and well selected library. We get the fundamental principles of knowledge—the details of science and the technicalities of art—in the class-room, laboratory and shop; but the broadening influences of college life comes from reading and association; mostly from reading, as it is that which gives the information and acuteness of mind that enables us to profit by association. To secure this broadening effect is the true aim and object of reading. No man should be satisfied to study and work altogether in one sphere of activity. It cannot but have a narrowing influence upon his ideas of the world and diminish his sympathies with mankind. In a world so large, so busy, and so interesting as this, the motto of every man should be, "live

and let live," and there should abide in the heart of each a fellow-feeling for his brother. This feeling can be wrought only by a proper knowledge of the brother's condition, and this knowledge comes mainly by reading.

Oratory We notice in one of our exchanges an article on "Elocution and Practical Public Speaking," contributed by a professor of the institution from which the paper comes. The subject is well discussed and the author offers some good suggestions to every one interested in public speaking.

All the great men of America, from Jefferson down, have agreed that skill in public speaking is necessary to win commanding influence in a country like ours. Jefferson emphasized as most important the oratory of reason. It is only necessary to glance at history to see that the ability to speak effectively in public has been the most potent force serving to raise American citizens to stations of trust, honor and profit. Nor are such instances confined to this country, or indeed to profane history. When the children of Israel were to be led from the land of Egypt, The Almighty found in Moses a man in every way suited for that great task, except that he lacked the power of speech, and because of the absence of that one quality, Aaron, a man of eloquence, was chosen his companion. These are some of the things that oratory has accomplished for men in times gone by. These are instances of the value of oratory in the practical affairs of life; and if it has done so much for men in the past, why should it not do something now? If it was important then, why should it not be important now?

Occupying such prominence as it does, oratory is a study that no college student can afford to neglect. It should be discussed, studied, analyzed and practiced, so that the best methods of its study might be discovered and adopted. We should like to see this subject discussed more in our college

papers. We should compare ideas and results. Oratory is of immediate importance to the college student, because of the prominence occupied by literary societies in the college course; it is of future importance to him, because of the part it plays in the affairs of life.

The popular idea seems to divide oratory into three classes: Elocution, which deals with the manner, and includes all readings, recitations, etc., intended to amuse; oratory proper, which deals with both manner and matter, and includes all speeches more or less elaborated and made on set occasions; and the speaking of forum and hustings—political and otherwise—which adds the quality of effectiveness, and, indeed, makes that the most important of all. It is this last class that concerns the majority of men most closely—for while we may, on rare occasions, be called upon to recite for the pleasure of others, or to deliver an oration of some importance, we are bound to be required, time and again, to give reasons, in public or private, for expressed opinions.

In the article referred to above, the author defines elocution and discriminates between it and practical public speaking. He points out the error of mistaking elocution for the end sought in practical public speaking, and criticises the methods of elocution as unsuited for the demands of the same. Declamation, he says, has its legitimate use in the training for a public speaker; but if carried too far, is apt to give a hollow, an unnatural and artificial style. He, also, advises against memorizing and declaiming the speeches of great orators, with the object of acquiring their style of composition and delivery; for their style—its elaborateness and lengthiness—is totally unsuited to the demands of the present day. All these suggestions are well given, and strike us as being at once good and practicable.

Exchange Department

GEO. D. LEVY, '03, } - - - - EDITORS
 VANN LIVINGSTON, '03, }

The Converse Concept is one of the best exchanges that has come to our table this month. The "Evolution of a Fool," is an exceedingly well written piece; it contains deep thought and gives the reader the impression of much preparation on the part of the writer. "Concerning the Prince," is another story worthy of mention. "His Father's House," is not quite so good; but the paper, as a whole, is up to its usual high standard.

We have already received three copies of *The Student Record*, a semi-monthly magazine, published by the students of the University of Nevada. The magazine is rather small, owing to the frequency of its publication, and we think that by making it a monthly paper, a vast improvement would be noticed. "A Gridiron Duel," is a fairly creditable story; and the "Song to the U. S. V.," is a great addition to the magazine. Would that Clemson had a poet who could sing her a song. The second issue contains "Reverses." This is the most unnatural, improbable and inconsistent story that we have read in some time; and if it were not for the very excellent editorials of the editor-in-chief, it would tend to reverse our opinion of the magazine.

The Baylor Literary is a neat, well-arranged periodical. The poets all seem to be extremely unfortunate in their love affairs, and we extend to them our most heartfelt sympathy. The prose part of the magazine is almost above our criticism; but we would like to mention "The Unfenced Pasture," as being a specially well written article.

Among other exchanges, we enjoyed reading *The Mirror*. We were very much impressed with the poem, "McKinley," which, we think, pays due tribute to our fallen chieftain. "My First Sweetheart," is the only story contained in this magazine, and we found this exceedingly entertaining.

Several interesting articles appear in *The Wofford College Journal*. "Echo Rock," deserves especial notice, although we were not aware of the fact that Clinton is situated in the Santee valley. Notwithstanding we were not in sympathy with the views expressed in "The Modern Corner-Stone," we consider it very well written.

To My Queen

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY LUCILE F. JOHNSON.

What care I to hear
The sweet song of a bird,
For thy voice has a note
The truest ever heard.

What care I if God
Veils the stars of the skies,
For the purest of stars
Brightly shines in thine eyes.

What care I if Spring
Brings me blossoms and bow'rs,
For there blooms in thine heart
The most matchless of flow'rs.

This wild bird of passion,
This white star far above,
This pure flow'r of the soul,
Has a name, and it's—Love

—Ex.

Then and Now

In	What
days	would she
long	say, if she
ago (in	saw girls
the six-	to-day, with
ties, you	their skirts
know), when	clutched
Grandma	so tightly
went walking	they all
she held	look
her skirts so.	this
	way.

Ex.

Local Department

T. C. SHAW, '02, }
B. H. GARDNER, '03, } - - - - - EDITORS

Every one enjoyed the last regular monthly dance given at Sloan's Hall. Although the boys were very much in the majority, the dance as a whole was a great success.

First cadet: Say, did you know that they have turned off one of the cooks in the kitchen?

Second cadet: No; why?

First cadet: Because he pulled the bag containing the coffee through the hot water too slow.

Wanted to know who that fellow is on the band hall that is always making goo-goo eyes at Jo.

Mr. Arthur Riggs, of the class of 1900, spent a few days with his brother, Professor Riggs, before entering upon his work with the General Electric Company.

In English room—Senior T. (about to be called on): Say, quick, S., what are the idols of March?

Prof. Military Science: What is the weight of ammunition?

Senior M.: 1,000 pounds weighs 100 pounds.

Cadet Z.: How is phase spelled?

Senior S.: Faze.

Professor C.: How can you tell when the ground is too wet to plough?

Hi-Ki: The mule bogs up.

Professor Shiver has had his house remodeled recently.

Dr. Redfearn visited his father in Fairfield County some time ago.

Professor Brodie has returned from his trip to New York, where he went for his health. He is much benefitted by his trip, and has resumed his duties as Professor of Mathematics.

Senator B. R. Tillman and Col. M. L. Donaldson were here a few days ago in the interest of the College.

Miss Annie Belle Owens, of Anderson, and Miss Ida Calhoun, of Greenwood, visited Mrs. Burgess recently.

"Big Chief:" What is the use of working so hard and saving up your money when your ancestors will get it all?

We regret very much that Cadet Marvin had to return home on account of ill health. He was a good student and would have graduated this year.

Mr. L. A. Turnipseed, of the class of '99, has had his name changed to L. A. Turven.

J. Norman Walker, of the class of 1900, is on the campus.

Col. Shanklin carried the Seniors of the first battalion to target practice for the first time Wednesday afternoon, the 16th ult., and the Seniors of the second battalion the following Friday afternoon. Hereafter they will go to practice at the same time each week. There are some very good marksmen among the Seniors, but the majority of them can't shoot very well. Cucumber and Big Chief hold the record so far.

On Sunday evening, October 13, we had the privilege of hearing Dr. Davis, of Columbia, deliver a very interesting and instructive lecture on China, which embraced the con-

ditions, customs, habits, etc., of the Chinese. His remarks were supplemented by a number of very appropriate views.

Football team returning from Tennessee (at a station) :
Countryman to Cadet G. : Say there, pardner, have you been to the Hoss Show?

Cadet G. : No; why?

Countryman : Because I see you have a premium on.

Col. S. : Mr. H., what is the position of the soldier at lunge?

* Mr. H. : Carry the left foot fifteen paces to the front and put your weight on the left foot and bring the gun to a horizontal position.

Rat P. : While opening uniform came to his pompon, and with an air of delight said : "Colonel, look here; those men sent me a clothes brush."

Prof. F. : What sort of a soldier is a Sepoy?

Cadet H. : A Sepoy is a soldier that fights on the sea.

Professor Keitt, Assistant Professor of English, is now occupying the old D. B. Sloan residence.

Prof. F. : Mr. H., where is the strait of Gibraltar?

Cadet H. : Between the United States and Asia.

Mr. W. G. Hill, last year's Editor-in-chief of THE CHRONICLE, and manager of the football and baseball teams for 1900-1901, came here to see the Clemson vs. Guilford game. He now holds a government position at Port Royal naval station.

Prof. M. : Mr. P., Where does the Speaker of the House of Representatives sit?

Soph. P. : He sits in Washington.

It is a certain fact that the corps is going to Charleston, and it is quite probable that they will camp just in front of the Exposition grounds.

The College authorities have adopted another style of uniform, which will be braided and altogether very similar to those worn at West Point.

Many a broad smile passed over the rats' faces as the guns were being issued to them, but those smiles will wear off before the trees bud again.

Clemson will have an athletic exhibit at the Exposition at Charleston. President Hartzog has had a large oil painting of a tiger's head made, which will occupy a most prominent place. All branches of the college athletics, including football, baseball, track, etc., will be represented, and this novel exhibit is expected to attract attention.

The College authorities have made arrangements with Mr. C. Blenheim, an artist, of Elizabeth College, N. C., to make a miniature seven feet square of the college campus and buildings. This miniature is to be made of papier-mache for the Charleston Exposition. Mr. Blenheim was here a few days ago procuring the necessary data for the work.

Lectures

On Saturday night, October 12, our lecture course for the session of 1901-1902 was opened by Dr. Thos. Dixon, whose subject was "Backbone." Mr. Dixon, whose present home is in New York City, is a native of North Carolina, and is rated as one of the foremost platform orators in this country. His oration was practical and full of sound doctrine, and yet there was plenty of wit along with his teachings. He

stood for individual thought and speech; for independent action rather than the doing of things for policy's sake. He urged upon his hearers the importance of originality of thought, and its advantage over allegiance to the utterances of others. We feel sure that none of those who heard Mr. Dixon were disappointed in this lecture.

The second lecture of the season was on the night of Wednesday, October 23, and was delivered by Rev. J. J. Lewis, of Boston. It was an illustrated lecture on the great Passion Play of Oberammergau. Dr. Lewis spent two weeks in Oberammergau at the time of the Passion Play of 1900, and obtained a number of motion pictures of the village and its people. In addition to these, he presented over a hundred stereopticon views of the Passion Play itself, and of the principal actors taking part. Altogether this was one of the best lectures ever delivered at Clemson, and it was much enjoyed by all present.

In addition to these two lectures, our course for this year offers the following attractions: Prof. E. C. Foster, Geo. R. Wendling, the Mendlesohn Quartette, Russell H. Cornwell. Besides these there will probably be several minor attractions interspersed throughout the year.

A Campaign Meeting

The Columbian Society, as well as each of the other societies, has been lacking for society enthusiasm for some time. It needed a tonic to stimulate in it an interest for society work.

It was suggested that they have a regular political campaign meeting the following Friday night, October 11, which met with the approval of the whole society. Accordingly it was moved and seconded that there be two candidates for each of three offices—Governor, Superintendent

of Education and Congress—and that a vote be taken after each two contestants have finished speaking to decide which was elected.

The names of Hon. F. M. Gunby, of Orangeburg, and T. C. Shaw, of Abbeville, were suggested as candidates for Governor.

Dr. Larry McCullough, of Williamsburg, and Hon. T. R. Phillips, of Orangeburg, were urged to make the race for Superintendent of Education, and Hon. M. E. Zeigler, of Orangeburg, and Hon. R. H. Witherspoon, of Anderson, agreed to run for Congress.

Friday night, October 11, came—the other two societies were invited to attend. Everybody was in the best of spirits, though there wasn't room to seat the audience.

Hon. David Kohn was elected chairman of the meeting. He introduced as first speaker of the evening, T. C. Shaw, of Abbeville, candidate for Governor, who spoke in his characteristic style, and was followed by his opponent, Hon. F. M. Gunby, who showed that he was no amateur politician. Vote taken: Shaw elected.

Then followed Dr. Larry H. McCullough, who charmed the audience by his skillful use of words. Though not elected Superintendent of Education, he showed that he had given deep study to the educational problems of the State. His opponent, Hon. T. R. Phillips, spoke in an impressive way, and convinced the audience that he was the better of the two for that important office. Vote taken: Phillips elected.

Next Hon. M. E. Zeigler was introduced, who fumed and frothed, but foundered. His opponent won the day by his quaint humor and logic. Vote taken: Witherspoon elected.

Though these gentlemen have not yet taken up their official duties, and probably never will, the meeting was a success and had the desired effect.

Athletic Notes

CLEMSON VS. UNIVERSITY OF TENNESSEE.

In a hotly contested game, Clemson holds its own against the skillful Tennesseans.

On the 19th of October, Clemson and Tennessee played a beautiful game at Nashville. The score stood 6 to 6. From start to finish there were brilliant plays and a masterly struggle for victory. Clemson has a team that she may well be proud of. Her resourcefulness and splendid concert of work made a combination of no small ability. It is snappy from the word "go," and game to the end. The Southern team that wins a victory from Clemson deserves victory. Tennessee did not expect to go against such a team, but since it found that it was good stuff, they do not feel badly about not making a winning score. There was good playing on the part of every Tennessean, but the particular stars of the day were "Little" Bean, Crawford, Green, who made a great run, "Big" Bean, and Buckingham. For Clemson, there should be enough stars to go around, but Da Costa was a star of particular magnitude. Clemson has a brilliant coach in Heisman, as was shown in the game.

First Half.

Newman kicked off for Tennessee to the twenty-yard line. Forsythe caught the ball and returned it eight yards. Da Costa went through right tackle for twelve yards. Forsythe was held at left end. Lynah in a jump cleared right end for five yards. Clemson lost the ball on downs. Tennessee took the ball and plunged the line for several gains, and went steadily down the line, but was stopped by Clemson, and the ball went over. Clemson lost the ball on fumbles. Tennessee struck the line until three yards of a touch down. In the next scrimmage, not having made

the required gain, the ball went over to Clemson, who went through the University line and around the ends in a series of brilliant, quick plays, carrying the ball steadily back.

A long pass by Clemson, which was one of the most brilliant plays ever made, carried the pigskin down the field to Tennessee's thirty-yard line. There, on interference, Clemson ran Da Costa for a clear gain for a goal, though desperate efforts were made to stop him. The goal was kicked. Time, five minutes; score, 6 to 0, in favor of Clemson.

In the second kick off, Newman kicked the ball for thirty-five yards. Pearman caught, but was downed by Cox. Forsythe and Da Costa gained on end plays. Lawrence gained two yards through centre. Douthit hit the line like a cannon ball, but struck a "thirteen inch armor." Tennessee gained ten yards by Clemson's off side play. Lawrence tried the line twice, but Bean and Cooper stopped him each time. Tennessee got the ball on downs. Centre was bucked for four yards. A fake at kicking position gave the ball to Crawford, ran down the field for a long gain, but was sent back for thirty yards. Douglas went through centre for five yards. Clemson held for downs, forcing Tennessee back on the last try. But just at this point as Clemson was about to reap the fruits of her magnificent defence, Tennessee fumbled and the ball shot forward toward and way across Clemson's goal line, fully fifteen yards away. Then ensued a desperate struggle for the ball, which seemed to take delight in eluding both teams, but finally a Tennessee man, Cooper, secured it, making a touch down on their own fumble. Crawford kicks goal. Time, fourteen minutes. Score: Tennessee, 6; Clemson, 6.

Second Half.

The first brilliant play in the second half was made as a result of a long pass and a fifteen-yard gain. Da Costa

took the ball through right end for four yards. Green made a brilliant tackle by which Clemson lost two yards. A fake was made and the ball was carried across the line for an easy touch down by Lynah, but Tennessee claimed "off side," and Umpire Paine seemed at an utter loss what to make of the matter, though the play had been fully explained to him before the game, and to his entire satisfaction. Eventually he decided to leave the matter to the Referee, who decided against Clemson, although he was not at the time in a position to see whether the play was properly made or not. The ball was returned to twenty-yard line. Failure to go through the right end gave the ball to Tennessee. Crawford made a fine run for fifteen yards. Hollopeter made three yards. Tennessee lost on downs. Clemson with steady rushes was making gains when "Big" Bean got the ball on a fumble, and the next play put it through Clemson for four yards. A pretty play with tackles back gained four yards. Buckingham made two yards. Clemson then got the ball on fumble. A punt was then blocked by one of Clemson's own men and the ball went to Tennessee. Bean bucked the line for two yards. Douglas made "a backward bend" and went through Clemson's line for ten yards. Newman punted thirty yards. Clemson fumbled but saved the ball. Da Costa then made the star run of the day around Tennessee's right end under impenetrable interference and went down to the goal for about seventy-five yards, but the ball was returned sixty yards on account of his having stepped outside of bounds. Tennessee got the ball on downs and Hollopeter went through the line for four yards. Da Costa was knocked out. Newman punted. Bean tackled and held Clemson without gain. A pretty buck gave Clemson ten yards. She then fumbled and lost the ball. Hollopeter was hurt and went out, Grim going to end and sending "Little" Bean to half. In a sharp tussel the

game wound up near the centre of the field, with the ball in the hands of Tennessee.

Clemson was without the services of Half Back Hunter, probably the best all around player on the team, and who would no doubt easily have turned the tide of battle in Clemson's favor. Again, Clemson had made a long tiresome trip of nearly three hundred miles to get to Knoxville, to say nothing of the fact that they were entirely unprepared for Tennessee's astounding exhibition of strength and skill, and were by no means "on edge" for so hard a match, Coach Heisman having held the physical development of the team in check for the Georgia, V. P. I. and North Carolina games later on; whereas, Tennessee, by their own admission, has all along accounted us the hardest game on her schedule and was armed *cap-a-pie* for the encounter. Tennessee was also much the heavier of the two.

But while these considerations offer much consolation to Clemson, they must not for a moment be permitted to detract from Tennessee's glory nor from a just appreciation of their great playing. Coach Heisman says their offensive work is but little short of the best he has ever seen in the South, while their defence is, without exception, the very best that any team of his ever encountered. Believing as she does, however, that she had just a shade the better of the playing, Clemson is quite willing and ready to try conclusions again with Tennessee this year, and with her best team in the field see if she cannot secure a decisive victory. But it must be admitted that had not the Clemson boys exerted the most sustained effort, the most dogged determination, they must have been overwhelmed. As an exhibition of sheer grit, Coach Heisman says Clemson's game has never been surpassed in his experience. Both teams learned to entertain a most wholesome respect for each other's prowess. Tennessee is strictly in the same class with Clemson, right in

the front rank of Southern football, and we are glad to welcome one more "big" team, which knows as well as Clemson herself, how to play good hard football and play it fairly. The best of feeling prevails between the two teams, and Clemson begs to express her profound obligations for the sportsmanly and courteous manner in which they were treated by the Tennessee team, students and faculty alike. May Tennessee and Clemson meet often on the athletic field.

The Line-up.

Tennessee.	Clemson.
Cooper.....	Right End.....
Longmire.....	Right Tackle.....
Newman.....	Right Guard.....
Jarnagin.....	Centre.....
Cox.....	Left Guard.....
Buckingham....	Left Tackle.....
Bean, J.....	Left End.....
Crawford.....	Quarter Back.....
Hollopeter.....	Left Half.....
Green.....	Right Half.....
Douglas.....	Full Back.....
Umpire, Payne. Referee, McClung, S.	

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5.

"The 'Tigers'" are wide awake again. Guilford was defeated by the largest score ever made in the South. Having lost five of last year's 'varsity and three substitutes, and playing only twenty and ten minute halves, they succeeded in running up a score of 122 to 0 on the Tarheels.

Captain Douthit wins the toss-up and chooses the south goal. Promptly at 3 o'clock, Referee Riggs' whistle was blown to commence the game. Pearman kicks off to Holden, who catches the pigskin and advances it five yards. Bouldin tries a punt, fumbles and King falls on the ball

behind the line, making first touch down for Clemson in one minute and ten seconds of play. Pearman kicks goal. Score: Clemson, 6; Guilford, 0.

Bouldin kicks out of bounds, and has to bring back, and this time he kicks to Hunter on the ten-yard line, who takes it up the field for twenty-five yards. W. C. Forsythe makes a beautiful run of seventy yards and places the ball between the goal posts. Actual time of play thirty-eight seconds. Pearman fails to kick goal.

Bouldin kicks to Lynah on twenty-five yard line, who advances it twenty yards. King takes it for thirty more and Hunter carries it over for another touch down. Time, fifty seconds. Pearman kicks goal.

This time the ball is kicked to Clemson's fifteen-yard line and Pearman takes it forward for twenty yards and by Gantt's beautiful interference Lynah scores another touch down. Time, thirty-five seconds. Pearman puts the ball between the goal posts.

Again Pearman receives Bouldin's kick off on the twenty-five yard line, and by skillful dodging carries the ball to the sixty-yard line. Lynah bucks for three yards, and Da Costa circles end for twenty. Clemson is called "off side," and loses ten yards. Pearman goes over left tackle for fifteen yards and Lynah again carries it behind goal posts for another touch down. Actual time, three minutes seventeen seconds. Pearman scores another goal. Hunter receives the kick-off on the fifteen-yard line, and by a brilliant run and clever head work advances the ball sixty yards; King takes the ball over for another touch down. Time, thirty-seven seconds.

We shall not bore our readers by a repetition of long games and star plays, but will try to give a short synopsis of the game.

During the thirty minutes of play, Clemson averaged a

touch down for every one minute and twenty-six seconds; and a gain of thirty yards for every play. Clemson's superb team work prevents us from mentioning any conspicuous stars. Clemson's interference and tackling was excellent, and proved the most brilliant feature of the game.

The Guilford team was composed of a nice gentlemanly set of young men, who took their defeat in a most sportsmanlike manner. They said, as they were getting ready to leave, "that there was one thing that they wouldn't lose on downs, and that was that train going back to North Carolina." They had the ball only about six times during the game, and then each time failed to make the required gain.

The game was devoid of any unpleasantness, and everything passed off in a most quiet and orderly manner. All officials gave entire satisfaction.

Line-up.

Clemson.		Guilford.
Green	Centre.	Milligan.
Forsythe, J. A.	R. G.	McNary.
Breeden	L. G.	Patterson.
King	R. T.	Gurley.
Da Costa	L. T.	Albright.
Lynah	R. E.	Short.
Forsythe, W. C.	L. E.	Ragin.
Hunter	R. H.	Horney.
Pearman	L. H.	Leak.
Douthit	F. B.	Bould.
Gantt	J. B.	Dixon.
Umpire, Prof. Riggs.		Time-keeper, R. G. Forsythe.

During the game Clemson substituted Lawrence, Sadler, Sneed, Taylor, Combs, Lewis and Kaigler, in order to give them a chance to show what they could do.

Clemson Won Football Game

GAME WAS WARMLY CONTESTED FROM START TO FINISH—
TWENTY-NINE TO FIVE WAS THE SCORE AT THE END
OF THE CONTEST—CLEMSON BOYS PLAYED BEAUTIFUL
GAME AND RICHLY DESERVED EVERY POINT THEY
WON.

In a hotly contested game between Clemson College and the University of Georgia yesterday afternoon, the boys from the Palmetto State won from the Georgia boys by a score of 29 to 5.

The game demonstrated unmistakably two pertinent facts: first, that Clemson can play hard, straight football, and that Georgia is no mean foe for the best of teams. Many who thought that Clemson relied on her trick plays to win, found that Coach Heisman had well nigh perfected his men in straight football, while the pessimistic few who thought that Coach Reynolds' men would make a poor showing with the Carolina aggregation were treated to a clean cut surprise. Clemson was handicapped by the inability of her captain to play, but this disadvantage was more than offset early in the game when Captain Ridley, of the Georgia team, owing to a painful but temporary disablement, was debarred from further participation in the game.

A large crowd witnessed the game, the presence of the girls from the Institute lending inspiration to the defenders of the red and black.

Every man played on his mettle, and 'tis hard to name the man who did most in defending their respective colors; but for Georgia, Gordon, Dickinson, Baxter, Turner and Monahan played a great game. Gordon, catching the ball on a fumble, made a beautiful eighty-yard run to a touch down, making Georgia's only score; Dickinson was Georgia's surest ground-gainer; Baxter broke nervily into Clemson's

splendid interference, and several times prevented a score; Turner ran well with the ball, making many needed gains and tackled and interfered in great style. Monahan, who supplaced Ridley in captaining the Georgia team, distinguished himself by his splendid tackling in the back field. The linemen showed up in much better style than in previous games. Calhoun ran well with the ball, hurdling beautifully on several occasions.

For Clemson, Da Costa at full run with the ball and bucked beautifully; Pearman at left half played a star game; Lynah at right end, who captained in place of Douthit, was fleet, and a sure ground gainer; Lewis, the little quarter back, played his position well; Hunter, Clemson's brag half back, was not in the game.

The Clemson boys will undoubtedly make a good showing against Virginia Polytechnic Institute next Saturday.

The game was marked by clean play and few injuries, the injuries received being slight and incident to every game. The officials gave perfect satisfaction. The line-up of the two teams follow:

Georgia.	Position.	Clemson.
Baxter.....	Right End.....	Lynah.
Gordon	Right Tackle.....	Sneed.
Monk.....	Right Guard.....	Forsythe, J.
Ketron.....	Centre.	Green.
Beaver.. ..	Left Guard	Breeden.
Clay (Smith)....	Left Tackle.....	King.
Ridley (Russel)...	Left End ...	Forsythe, W.
Monahan.....	Quarter Back.....	Lewis.
Dickerson.....	Left Half.....	Pearman.
Turner.....	Right Half.....	Whitney.
Calhoun.....	Full Back.....	DaCosta.

Referee, Butler; Umpire, Colquitt; Timekeepers, Patterson and Douthit. Time of halves, twenty and fifteen minutes.

Football Scores—1901

Georgia 10; South Carolina 5.
Auburn 23; Montgomery A. C. o.
North Carolina 37; A. & M. of North Carolina o.
Vanderbilt 22; Kentucky State o.
U. Nashville 23; Auburn 5.
Techs 29; Barnesville o.
Virginia 68; Roanoke o.
Vanderbilt 47; Georgia o.
V. M. I. 38; Hampden-Sydney o.
Virginia 39; St. Alban's o.
U. Tennessee 8; Kings College o.
Wofford 55; King's Mountain o.
Techs 17; Furman o.
Virginia 5; Pennsylvania 20.
South Carolina 12; Furman o.
Sewanee o; Mooney School o.
Sewanee 15; S. W. Presbyterian o.
Georgetown o; Naval Cadets o.
V. P. I. 32; Georgetown 6.
Naval Cadets 6; Pennsylvania 5.
Sewanee 47; Georgia o.
Davidson 24; Guilford o.
Virginia 28; Washington and Lee o.

Alumni Notes

Believing that it will be of interest to most of our readers to know something of the whereabouts and occupations of the Clemson alumni, we have prepared a list of the graduates of the class of 1896 and given their location and employment. We regret that this list is not complete, but it is as near so as we could make it with our limited sources of information. It will at least show that some of our men are taking positions of prominence in scientific lines. Heretofore, THE CHRONICLE has never had an alumni department,

but this year the local department has been enlarged so as to embrace this field. With our next issue we hope to give a similar account of the class following that of '96, and so on until we have covered the field.

Blain, J. M., Blackstock, S. C., farmer.

Breazeale, J. F., is with the Armour Packing Company, Baltimore, Md.

Folk, J. F., is teaching school at Briggs, S. C.

Gooding, P. H., is farming. His address is Crokettsville, S. C.

Hamilton, R. G., student at Augusta Medical College.

Moore, J. H., is located at Waterloo, S. C. He is "teaching the young idea how to shoot."

Robertson, B. F., State Chemist, Clemson College, S. C.

Sloan, B. F., is practicing medicine in Walhalla, S. C.

Tillman, B. R., Jr., private secretary to Senator B. R. Tillman, Trenton, S. C.

Thompkins, F. G., is practicing law in the Capital City.

Turnipseed, R. L., preacher, Pleasant, S. C.

Wertz, L. A., is book-keeper for a firm in Belton, S. C.

The above took the agricultural course. The following took the mechanical course:

Aull, B. M., superintendent Auton Cotton Mill, Auton, S. C.

Bowen, J. T., who is filling a position as mechanical draftsman in Philadelphia, is visiting his old home in Easley, S. C.

Bradley, J. T., is engaged in the lumber business at Hunter's, S. C.

Bryant, F. L., is filling the position of electrical engineer at the Newport News Navy Yard.

Calhoun, P. N., is located in Washington, D. C. He is a government clerk.

Carpenter, W. H., is a Captain at West Point.

Chreitzberg, A. M., Portsmouth, Va. Mr. Chreitzberg is engaged in the railroad business.

Cothran, T. W., is also at Portsmouth. He is employed as a mechanical draftsman.

Dowling, D., is engaged in the hardware business at Bamberg, S. C.

Earle, E. P., Assistant Professor of Forge Works, Clemson College, S. C.

Hart, G. W., is employed as a textile draftsman in Charlotte, N. C.

Hunter, J. E., Tutor, Clemson College, S. C.

Klugh, W. W., Assistant Professor of Drawing, Clemson College, S. C.

Langley, P. G., is in Schenectady, N. Y. He is working for the General Electric Supply Co.

Lee, R. E., Professor of Drawing, Clemson College, S. C.

Mauldin, I. M., is practicing law at Pickens, S. C.

Sease, L. A., teacher, Prosperity, S. C.

Tindall, A. J., lawyer, Felder, S. C.

Tuten, T. H., is practicing medicine at Crokettville, S. C.

Wardlaw, W. W., teacher, Sandover, S. C.

Since leaving college, the following members of this class have married: Cothran, Folk, Gooding, Hamilton, Klugh, Lee, Simpson, Moore, Robertson, Sease, Turnipseed and Tuten. There are rumors of several more getting married. The Bird is trying hard to get married, and any fair lady will do well to get him. (?)

Southern Colleges

Nearly all of those, which issue handsomely engraved anniversary and commencement invitations, are having them done by a Southern firm who are doing very artistic work.

We refer to J. P. STEVENS, of ATLANTA, GA.

This house has a magnificently equipped plant for the production of high grade steel and copper plate engraving, and invitation committees would do well to obtain their prices and samples before placing their orders.

Clemson College Directory

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FOOTBALL TEAM, 1901.

The Clemson College Chronicle

Valeat Quantum Valere Potest

VOL. V. CLEMSON COLLEGE, S. C., DECEMBER, 1901 No. 3



W. E. G. BLACK, }
V. B. HALL, }

- - - - - EDITORS

Color Blind

"Guess the color of my blue eyes,"
My sweetheart with daring did say;
"Tell the fortune that color implies,
And the price you name I'll pay."

"Did I win?" my sweetheart's a woman.
When I thought the lids to force,
Her soft arms stole 'round my neck,
I couldn't look with lips so close.

EDGAR M. MATTHEWS.

Education and Discontent

A distinguished writer, in speaking recently of different kinds of ignorance, said that the young man who begins life careless of the quality of his work is ignorant, no matter how high his standing in his class at school. Education, then, must mean the preparing of a man to be discontented with anything that is not the best output of his life. Nobody doubts the value of discontent. Self-criticism has a most wonderful stimulating effect. The most efficient knowledge lies in knowing: "How ignorant am I!" When a man begins to see the periphery of his ability, he is just beginning to be able. The knowledge of one's ignorance, the recognition of the periphery of one's ability, is sure to bring discontent. But it is held that education causes a dangerous sort of restlessness and discontent in the mind of youth; that a large part of our college-bred youth, rather than being inspired by this discontent to the best that is in them, rather than being fitted for the greatest usefulness, are unfitted for efficiency in their proper sphere. Visions of a roseate future on flowery beds of ease set them to dreaming, and not to acting, which is the proper state of man.

This is the argument of many against the masses; who say that the hewers of wood and drawers of water should be left in ignorance and consequent contentment, while only the favored few should be educated. There is education and education. That which makes an impression upon the youth that the track of life can somehow be shifted so as to avoid the necessity of labor, and that drudgery is degrading, is not education. But it is true, doubtless, that such an impression is made in many instances. Centuries ago it was decreed that man should earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, and the law is in force yet. The education that teaches to try to evade or break that law is not education; the education that teaches to obey that law intelligently, using

the forces of nature and natural endowments to secure largest results with least expenditure of life forces, is the education that educates. To educe man, to teach him to recognize the periphery of his ability, and to teach him the functions in his proper sphere—that is to educate. It follows, then, that there is an education for “The man with the hoe” and an education for the man in the White House. We cannot all be men of high station; we cannot all be “masters, lords, and rulers” in the land. The hewers of wood and drawers of water, the men with the hoe, are an economic necessity.

If our education fits us for the efficient performance of the duties of our station which it has made us to recognize, then, while it makes us discontented with any but the best in our ability, it brings contentment to us.

But the question comes up: How many young men who, after being educated—as we generally understand education—will believe that the limitations of the periphery of their ability demand that they be “the man with the hoe?” The necessity for this man, as we said before, exists; and can he be taught to be proud of his “masterly hoeing,” or will education teach him to be dissatisfied with his hoe and to despise his hoeing, while it makes him aspire to the (for him) unattainable scepter? The disquieting effect of education is generally admitted; but as of education, so of discontent—there is discontent and discontent. Progress is a law of life, and the education that does not cause healthy discontent results in ambitionless mental stagnation; while, on the other hand, that training which causes the youth to get false understanding of his life’s possibilities, which causes him to set for himself too high an ideal, which makes him aim at a star and hit a carpenter’s bench—that education is not healthy. To aim at a million means, with the generality of men, to miss the unit.

There is a story of an old farmer who, listening to a cele-

brated lecturer, heard him advise: "Hitch your wagon to a star." The farmer, who could not hear well, misinterpreted the lecturer to say, "Grease your wagon before you start," and came away much pleased with the common sense of the lecturer.

The true education, while it places before you the star to hitch your wagon to, also furnishes the grease to keep it from squeaking in discontent. Yet education does not, cannot, and should not eliminate healthy discontent, which is the father of progress, and which makes the human soul long to give expression in activity to the highest and best that is in it. *Per contra*, it does, and should, augment such discontent; while, *pari passu*, it should teach that "in the nature of the soul is the compensation for the inequalities of condition." Such an education will also bring contentment to let one's life flow on in the channels of greatest efficiency and usefulness.

But discontent is universal. "Discontent" is but another word for "aspiration." "Discontent" is the name for that indescribable longing for the highest, and even the unattainable, that exists in the souls of all sorts and conditions of men; for

"Our thoughts, our hopes, desires never die;
They live for good or bad, or low or high.
Our aspirations shape us as they sing,
In circle round the world an anguished sigh."

The Face I Saw

As the lights burn low, at even tide,
I set by the large open fire-side;
Watching the flames as they come and go,
Casting their shadows on the floor.

Watching each form that will fade and die;
 The forms of love ones that in them lie.
 In the burning coals I seem to trace,
 The clear outlines of a lovely face.

Must that face die and give me pain?
 Must those coals fade where it has lain?
 I lean more forward in my chair,
 For one last glimpse of a face so fair.

Fainter and fainter it seems to get,
 Only a trace is lingering yet;
 Duller and duller grows that red,
 One faint spark, and it is dead.

I bow my head in silent thought—
 'Tis a hard true lesson that was taught,
 That love ones here must live and die,
 Like the face that in the coals did lie.

Azo.

The Harmony of Colors



UMBERS of people had gathered in Columbia, and the streets on Wednesday night of Fair Week, 1899, presented a beautiful, if somewhat disordered, scene. A Clemson cadet, far from home, mingled with the crowd that surged from one street corner to the next as the street performances took

place in succession. He was alone, save for his thoughts, which made him look about in the dense crowd hopeful of finding some familiar face. His vigilance was soon rewarded by the beckoning hand of the wife of one of his own

teachers—a sweet woman she was and newly married. The cadet was not long in reaching the sidewalk, where he found Mrs. — the center of a gay group of college girls. She was chaperoning these college girls, two of whom had escorts.

The cadet captain was introduced around, and Ned Avery found himself again going with the crowd, but with the precious burden of a girl, Tiny Newsom, on his sword arm. Would it be impossible to fall in love under such conditions?

Hours were spent in tramping right up the middle of Main street, stopping occasionally under a street light to take stolen glances to see how each other looked. These two young people found out a great deal about each other during those few hours. She, a sweet girl, with a face so pure and a manner so innocent; and he, well—a college boy. Was it impossible, I said, aye, was it impossible not to fall in love?

They separated with the promise to attend the Clemson-Carolina football game on the following day. Is there any such thing as love at first sight? I believe that there is not, as a general rule, but I hold as an exception, that when two hearts made for each other from the foundation of the world—and I am not a Presbyterian—find this fact out, it matters nothing whether they have known each other a day or since eternity's dawn.

Eleven o'clock next day found them seated together on the grand stand. She may have seen the people around, but certainly he did not. The football game was the only division he could make in his attention, and he grew positively angry when any of her friends presumed to interfere long enough to speak to her.

The game was fought desperately at first; but, by reason of harder training, Clemson soon overwhelmed Carolina, and the orange and purple waved aloft everywhere. But Ned Avery did not wave his colors nor shout. Tiny wore

Carolina colors, and he would have deemed it bordering on sacrilege to make a demonstration at the expense of the colors she chose to wear.

They spent the rest of the evening together, lunching, and visiting the different buildings and places of interest. When he told her good-night at the step, his heart seemed overflowing. Could nobody else talk and smile like Tiny? What difference did it make that he must soon leave? A little bouquet of innocent violets lifted their fragrant heads to look into his face and receive the kiss intended for her. "Good night, my violet, the bluest of the blue."

It has always been man's misfortune that he must require a sign. Even in the good days when our Saviour was on earth, miserable man required a sign from the Son of God before he would accept his teaching. On that occasion the sign was denied. So in this case.

Something whispered to Ned Avery, "How much does your angel love you?" "Think you that she would sacrifice those Carolina colors and adorn herself with the orange and purple of her new-found lover?" "I will try her," the jealous Ned decided at last. Their next day's meeting was robbed of all pleasure because of his unreasonable jealousy. She, the dear girl, assigned his gloominess to his leaving so soon. He made the unreasonable request that she put Clemson's colors on and throw away the garnet and black. She refused like a queen and he felt humiliated—shamed. They parted in the evening, he very angry and offended, while she felt wronged and heart-broken. It was understood when they said good-bye that their little drama was ended, that no letters would be exchanged, though each might retain the photograph that had been given.

* * * * *

Vacation was the time set for their usual mountain tramp. The "big four," as Ned Avery and three of his classmates,

were generally called at college, set out as soon as the commencement hop was slept off. A series of tramps, lunches and sleeps, occupying ten days, brought the party to Brevard. It was decided to spend two weeks at Brevard at "Big one's" home, and then push on to Asheville, where two more weeks would be spent merry-making, then the party would disband. Hearty is the right word to describe the welcome they received in Brevard. The usually quiet little town was full of summer visitors who had already become acquainted with one another. When the four boys arrived, the week was one round of sociables and dances. It was at the first dance that Ned met Miss Ethel Morton. They had not known her a week before the four agreed that Ethel was the divinest girl they knew. It did not surprise the other three to find Ned paying, it seemed, particular attention to Miss Morton.

"Poor fellow," they agreed, "he suffered death for love of Tiny Newsom and deserves the love of some sweet girl."

One's nearest friends sometimes do not understand. If, at the end of the two weeks, some one had told Ned that he loved Ethel, he would have laughed at the idea. Yet he had tried to be with her at every opportunity; long walks and longer talks they had taken together. How could he do all this and not love her? was "Big one's" question to Ned's denial. "Haven't you hunted her out at every dance, and who else has had a precious hour with her? Tush! man, and it is not what you feel but what does the poor girl expect?"

"I—I had not thought of her feelings," and the smile for once left Ned's face. Ned was annoyed all day thinking what he should do. Before night he decided that he would see her at the dance that night, and tell her the truth about the whole matter.

It was not hard for him to find the opportunity, for Ethel

had grown accustomed to saving a place, in thought, at least, for the jolly boy that she had known for scarce two weeks. More than one pair of gay dancers turned to smile a benediction upon the two as they strolled out into the lantern-lit yard. When they were seated, Ned did not hesitate to begin at once the story that he had to tell.

"Ethel," he said, for they had grown chummy, "friends have shown me that I have not treated you as a gentleman should treat a lady, and especially one to whom a man is so much indebted as I am to you." She placed her hand upon his arm as though to question him, but he continued: "I don't believe that you care anything for me, but the offense is none the less great. I loved a girl as beautiful as you and as lovable; she attended college in Columbia, and there I learned to love her. Over nothing we separated, and I nurse a broken heart, too proud to try to see her again. I thought that I had ceased to care for her, but I had not known you a week when the old affection surged over my wounded pride as an ocean billow covers a drowning man. I never thought about your feelings or what was right or wrong, but fed the flame of my passion with your tenderness and sympathy. Can you forgive such baseness? The little kindnesses that you have shown, and the glimpses of your love, and the sweet communion of your pure soul, have served only to make me love her more desperately.

"What more can I confess? you have poured wine into my heart wound, you have made paradise to bloom again for me, and to repay you, I love another woman."

When he had finished, the girl looked into his honest eyes, and, with a sad smile, said, "Ned, boy, you deserve her love."

"I can never forget you, sweet girl," he said, kissing her trembling fingers, and leading her to the steps, he turned away for home. She waited for the gate to latch, and hurried to her room with the kissed fingers to her lips.

* * * * *

September finds Tiny Newsom back at the College at Columbia. It is the night of a brilliant opening and the older students are selecting room-mates among the demure freshmen. Tiny had already struck up an acquaintance with a girl from North Carolina, and liked her so much that she shared her room with her.

The first few weeks of school life are very pleasant, especially to girls. There are so many strangers and so much to find out about them. Tiny and her room-mate grew to be the best of friends in a few weeks, and this treaty was ratified when each girl inspected the other's trunk. It was a pleasant Sunday evening that they chose to take the last degree of fellowship. After they had talked over each other's dresses, hats and gowns, each drew from somewhere in her trunk a box of photos. Is there anything sweeter than the comradeship of college girls? They became sisters in truth as they exchanged photos. from those precious boxes. There were mothers and fathers, sisters and good-looking brothers to be proud of, others, of family ties and young men friends. Wasn't there a slight change in manner, didn't fond eyes grow just a little brighter, as each passed to the other a photo. with face down, and turned her face aside. Did two hearts stand still when those pictures were turned over? Perhaps so, but there must be some mistake. They exchanged the same pictures again, both girls saying at once, "Did you see this one?"

There was no mistake this time; two pairs of brown eyes looked at each other, two love-lit faces sought each other, two hands, two hearts sought and found each other. Between two sobs, a kiss; and two photos. of the same handsome boyish face lay upturned on the carpet. "He loves you—I know he loves you with all his heart, Tiny," sobbed a smothered, girlish voice. After a little while, Ethel told her room-mate of the two happy weeks at Brevard, when

Ned had come into her life and made it sweet—oh, so sweet—only to leave it bitter—oh, how bitter. Then she told of his noble action and his confession that he loved but one girl and that she was Tiny, though he had not called her name. During the telling of this little story, Tiny Newsom grew into womanhood. Thoughts that before had been girlish sentiments became principles of life and happiness. “Is he lost to me forever, does he still love me in that way? If I had known, dear sweet heart.”

That night two girls said prayers close together, and two soft cheeks were pressed close in sleep. One girl was happy in a new-found joy, while the other offered her heart on the altar of friendship.

* * * * *

A year has passed since the story opened and the Fair of 1900 is on. To-morrow Clemson and Carolina play again. Two sturdy football teams will battle for the victory. To-night Ned Avery is invited to a reception at college, but by whom, the card does not say.

“Tiny will be there, and I will see her. Ought I to see her?” Is it force of habit that makes a man ask such foolish questions? Ought he to go? He had long before decided that he would go and see her and tell his love again, although he might be driven away.

He found himself at the door and a marshal, waiting seemingly for a person of note, made her way to him and as she spoke, slipped a card into his hand.

“Ethel, you here?” came from his parted lips, but she pressed his hand.

“Hush, it is all right; I love her, too.”

“In the lower hall, at the water cooler,” the marshal whispered, and moved to show other visitors to the parlors.

A little later, in the moonlight, heaven smiled on the bungling work of Cupid.

"To think, dear Nell, that for a foolish sentiment, I was willing to lose the dearest girl in the world."

"Hush, Ned," whispered a sweet voice, tempered with the message of love, "and I who love Clemson, too."

"God make them happy, I love them both," prayed a tired little voice.

EDGAR M. MATTHEWS.

The Song of the Shepherds

BY EDWIN MARKHAM.

"And the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all the things that they had heard and seen."—Luke ii. 20.

It was near the first cock-crowing,
And Orion's wheel was going,
When an angel stood before us and our hearts were sore
afraid.
Lo, his face was like the lightning,
When the walls of heaven are whitening,
And he brought us wondrous tidings of a joy that shall not
fade.

Then a Splendor shone around us,
In the still field where he found us,
A-watch upon the Shepherd Tower and waiting for the
light;
There where David as a stripling
Saw the ewes and lambs go rippling
Down the little hills and hollows at the falling of the night.

Oh, what tender, sudden faces
Filled the old familiar places,
The barley-fields where Ruth of old went gleaning with the
birds!
Down the skies the host came swirling,
Like sea-waters white and whirling,
And our hearts were strangely shaken by the wonder of their
words.

Haste, O people : all are bidden—
Haste from places, high or hidden :
In Mary's Child the Kingdom comes, the heaven in beauty
bends !
He has made all life completer ;
He has made the Plain Way sweeter,
For the stall is His first shelter and the cattle His first
friends.

He has come! the skies are telling;
He has quit the glorious dwelling;
And first the tidings came to us, the humble shepherd folk.
He has come to field and manger,
And no more is God a Stranger:
He comes as Common Man at home with cart and crooked
yoke.

As the shade of a cool cedar
To a traveler in gray Kedar
Will be the kingdom of His love, the kingdom without end.
Tongues and ages may disclaim Him,
Yet the Heaven of heavens will name Him
Lord of peoples, Light of nations, elder Brother, tender
Friend.
—*Harper's Bazar.*

Saved by the Mascot

The shoe-drummer, a hale, jocund old fellow, who had apparently well passed the noonday of his life, leaned forward from his chair, and, with the end of his little finger, gingerly brushed the ash off his cigar into the glowing embers of the lobby-grate.

“Speaking of miraculous escapes, and strange unaccountable occurrences in time of war,” said he, making allusion to several really wonderful, and not unlikely highly colored war stories which had just been told, “reminds me of a very queer little piece of business that I took part in during the

Civil War." The speaker stopped, and glanced from one to the other of his companions, noting the effect made by this beginning. He evidently gathered encouragement from their faces, for he replaced the Havana between his lips, and, for half a minute, sat gazing into the coals, puffing vigorously, and straightening out some facts preparatory to commencing his story. It was a bleak December night, and outside, beyond the frosted window panes, the wind howled around the corners and among the eaves of the little inn. Finally the old drummer looked up and removed his weed.

"It was, as nearly as I can recollect," he began, "about the latter part of November, sixty-three. I was at that time third officer of a little 'converted' gun-boat—one of that vast swarm of tiny craft which formed such an important auxiliary to the fighting power of the United States Navy during the Civil War—and for several dull, dreary weeks we had been detailed for patrol duty off the coast of Alabama, chiefly in the vicinity of Mobile Bay.

"As you well know, gentlemen—you especially (nodding at the elder of his listeners, a grey beard well on the sunset side of life)—those were momentous times—times when all was stir and excitement, and great things were being done by our gallant jackies—and by those of the other side, too, so far as that goes—and naturally enough the green-eyed monster took hold of us, and our frail human natures asserted themselves. We became jealous of our more fortunate fellows. We wanted work to do, and we wanted a chance to win some of the laurels that were being scattered with such a liberal hand among our sailor men. This inaction was galling to us. Some of the men began to look ugly. Well, at last one evening the chance did come to some of us aboard, but it came from an unlooked-for quarter.

"'Twas nearing the close of one of those weary days of dullness and inaction. None of the ship's company was in

very good spirits. They moped listlessly about the deck, or worked quietly at their tasks. I stood on the after part of the deck, leaning against the taff-rail, gazing moodily into the west. Out there on the horizon lay a long, low bank of clouds. They promised a dreary night and morrow. When first I noticed them, they were dark and menacing; but as the sun buried himself among them, they suddenly threw off their dull-gray color, and became a streak of glowing crimson and orange. Long, dazzling shafts of light were shot out across the league on league of sea that lay between us, and were made to flash and glitter from its dancing surface."

The story-teller sat gazing vacantly. He seemed to be again living among the scenes that he described. His cigar had gone out.

"It was all quite grand while it lasted," he presently said, "but that wasn't long. The sun soon set, and the clouds resumed their sombre hues. Then my interest in them flagged—my gaze wandered. I glanced at the water beneath me. Riding at our stern, by three fathoms of cable, was a little old boat that our captain had—two days before—taken it into his head to pick up a few miles down the coast. We laughed and joked at it at first, and called it our royal prize. Indeed, she was a queer little craft. Along her gun-wales were three pairs of good large oarlocks. The *Jean* (for such four large black capitals across her bow proclaimed her to be) might easily have been mistaken for an over-large row-boat, had not a slender pole, long enough to rear its head several feet above our deck, been planted close up in her bow. This feature of her construction placed her among the 'cat-boat' species. As I said before, we had at first laughed at our baby prize; but three days later I believed, and believe to-day, that our commander had an end in view when he took the *Jean* in tow. At least, it seemed so afterward.

"From the cat-boat at our stern, I turned my listless gaze out over the water toward the south-west. Half a league away, something small and dark was rising and falling with the swells. I looked away for a minute, and when next I noticed the speck it had grown much larger, and was fast assuming a definite shape. I watched it narrowly. It was a boat, and it was approaching us rapidly. On she came until I could see the even rise and fall of the oarsmen as they pulled at the oars, and the steady dip of the blades. I knew her to be a man-o-war's boat. At length she touched our port side. Two seamen made her fast with boat hooks. Then a slender stripling of an ensign rattled up our side. He was met on the companion by our old captain, and, after the formal salutes had been given, they went below. Just what passed between them there, I have no idea. I do know, though, that when, half an hour later, the flag-ship's boat (for such she was) pulled away from us, she left two strangers aboard us, and once or twice after that, while watching the captain out of tail of my eye, I saw him throw at me a quick, furtive glance. Evidently something was up. I felt it in the wind.

"Well, about nine o'clock that night, I was summoned to the captain's cabin. He wished to see me about something that was important. Immediately I thought of the strangers from the flag-ship. What could the captain want with *me*? I appeared before him promptly. He laid before me the orders that he had received that evening from the admiral. 'Those two strangers are spies,' said he, lowering his voice and trying to conceal the contempt that he felt for his visitors, 'and I have orders to land them at 'Buoy-head,' four miles up the coast, well before day-break to-morrow morning. I have selected you, sir, to do this bit of work. The boat at our stern will well serve your purpose. Start at four o'clock. Of course,' he said as I was leaving, 'there is

some danger connected with this landing, as the enemy are known to be in numbers near that point—so be careful.’

“I was very much elated; for, while the enterprise held in it but scant promise of adventure or reward, still I was to be in *supreme* command, and that in itself was something out of the ordinary for a third officer of a fourth rate sailing vessel.

“Next morning betimes I reached the deck. I glanced instinctively at the sky. It was a dark, lowering morning. The cloud bank which lay on the horizon at sunset had risen during the night and spread itself in an almost unbroken pall, from horizon to horizon. One lone star shimmered balefully through a slight break in the rolling clouds. All else was dark. Away on our northern board, scarcely visible even to our trained eyes, stretched out the long, low shore line. That misty, uncertain streak of blackness was our goal. We pulled away slowly, silently—rather grimly, seems to me. Each man seemed to understand the nature of our business. We depended entirely upon the oars, for, although the mast still stood in our bow, there was not a rag of canvas in the boat. A rather stiff breeze blew off the land. This impeded our progress to some extent.

“For some time after leaving the ship, we pushed on in silence. Only the steady, even dip of the oar-blades, and the rush and patter of the water against our bow, was audible.

“We had rowed in this manner very smoothly for perhaps half a league, mounting and riding the rollers evenly enough, when, by a most lubberly turn on the part of the helmsman, the *Jean’s* bow was swung suddenly around to the right, exposing our port side to the mercy of the waves. The fellow made a seamanly effort to right his blunder, but it was impossible. A big white-cap was on us in the twinkling of an eye. She struck our broadside with terrific force. The brine broke over us in a flood. Our frail little shell of a boat jerked heavily and seemed to tremble to her very mast-head.

"Just at this moment of peril and excitement, when every man of the crew was clinging tightly to the thwarts and holding his breath, there came, out of the darkness above us, a sound that made the blood chase cold through our veins. It was a voice, deep, guttural, unearthly. 'Twas a strange voice—an ominous voice. The tones were hollow and sepulchral, as if they came from another world. It seemed to speak, yet say nothing. A deep, death-like stillness fell over the whole company. Each man held his breath, and peered into the gloom above him. We looked in vain; for all in that quarter was still as death. Often before that time I had seen Death. I knew the grim old Reaper well, but I had never yet turned my back on him. But in the presence of that unseen thing in the darkness above us, I grew weak-hearted. My manhood all but deserted me.

"The silence was beginning to grow oppressive, when suddenly again the voice hailed us. This time it spoke in a tongue that we understood. It seemed to say: 'Put her head about! Put her head about—you!' Then the terrible creature—demon or whatever it was—launched out into a stream of profanity, awful to hear. From right above us came that fearful flood of blasphemy, and that strange command, repeated over and over again. What being was this telling me so distinctly to turn back? Was I going into some great danger, and was this really some supernatural creature come to warn me? My sailor's superstition was working upon me. My courage was wavering.

"I sat there as one in a trance for, I suppose, a full minute, wholly oblivious of all around me. Suddenly I recovered my senses to find myself nearly knee-deep in water. The boat had half filled, and almost swamped when the roller struck us. I aroused my men to the imminency of our danger. We began carefully yet with great diligence to bail the boat, but somehow the water in the bottom went down

very slowly; so slowly, indeed, that I was not greatly surprised when, a few minutes later, a seaman near me cried in a hoarse whisper, 'My God, she's opened a seam.' I placed my hand where the fellow indicated. Sure enough, through a yawning crack in the side, the water was pouring in. The shock had been too heavy for our frail, half rotten old shell.

"I now almost forgot the unseen terror above us, for the certain danger that threatened us below. 'Work fast, men,' I ordered, 'we must hurry on.' But just then the mysterious voice spoke again. 'Put her head about,' it told me. The work of bailing stopped. A subtle, superstitious fear seized upon me. It seemed that some strange providence was set against our enterprise. An unknown voice had even hailed me from the air, telling me to turn back. Why should I persistently push on in the face of these hindrances and warnings? The leak was cause enough for putting back, and then that voice—that unseen thing that hovered above us in the hazy gloom—I shivered. What was I to do? I decided quickly. 'Put her head about,' said I, using the same words that I had heard, 'and pull for the ship, men.'

"The distance back to the ship was near half a league, and the sea was rough for so small a boat as ours; consequently we made but slow progress. Before we had covered half the distance, a bar of dull gray light appeared in the eastern sky. The day was dawning, and I confess I was glad of it.

"With the first appearance of light, which broadened and deepened rapidly, I glanced uneasily upward, half-expecting, half-dreading a sight of the superhuman thing that had hailed us in the dark. 'Perhaps it still hovers over us,' I thought, and I was right. As I looked up through the misty, semi-darkness, I saw something that made me cry out with astonishment and rage. Every eye among the crew was turned in the direction indicated by my finger. Have

you the least idea what it was that greeted our gaze? No? Well, I suppose not. Perched there upon our mast-head, blinking blandly down upon us, sat that demon of the darkness, that unearthly monster which had defeated our plans, and thrown nine brave seamen into a cowardly panic. There, gentlemen, sat 'Polly Farragut,' our newly-acquired mascot—a South American parrot.

"Well, I had been foiled, and by a parrot. I was so badly outdone that I flew into a great rage, drew my pistol and fired straight at the imp. Fortunately, perhaps, my aim was poor, and the bullet merely grazed a wing. Two or three feathers were cut out, and came fluttering down into the boat. I have those feathers now."

The old sailor fumbled in his pocket, and presently brought out three short, gray feathers tied together with a bit of string. He passed them to his companions for inspection, then took them back and began twirling them between his fingers, listlessly. At last he resumed:

"I can easily understand," said he, slowly, "why the bird should have said just *what* it did. It knew not another word of English. But as to why it should have taken its place on our mast-head and spoken just *when* it did, I can offer but one explanation. It was placed there, I firmly believe, by the hand of God, but for what reason or purpose, I do not know."

"Then I can enlighten you some on the subject," spoke up the elder of the listeners, and there was a tremor of excitement in his voice, albeit he tried to appear cool. "That parrot was indeed placed there by the hand of God, and well you may thank Him for it. You were, my dear sir, on that eventful morning, rowing as straight to your death as six stout sailors could pull you. I myself was commanding those forces which were 'known to be in numbers near that point.' We were there, as your captain told you, and

through certain secret means we had learned of your intended landing of spies. We were ready for you. We had set our trap. So well were our plans laid, that had you once entered that cove your chances of getting out would have been slim indeed. Our orders were: 'Kill spies like dogs,' and we were in a mood to execute the order to the letter, not only against the spies, but also against their accomplices. So," he went on, "that's the reason for your non-appearance that morning. Well, now that it's all over, I'm heartily glad that you didn't get there—I really am, old Yank," and the old Confederate soldier laughed good-humoredly.

"Thanks," murmured the man addressed, "so am I. And I am glad, too, that I didn't kill poor Poll."

VERNON HALL.

The Relation Between the Student Body and the Faculty

Judging from my own experience and from what I can gather from the experience of others, there is in all of our institutions of learning a distinct line of demarcation between the student body and the faculty. This is a very unfortunate condition of affairs. The student attends an institution of learning solely for the purpose of self-improvement. The faculty is paid to use its time and talents in the improvement of the students. In view of these facts, and in view of the fact that the best results can only be accomplished when the student body and faculty work together in harmony, there should be an intimate relation existing between these two great bodies in the college world which is second only to that harmonious relation which exists between parents and children in a peaceful private home. Inasmuch as this is not the case in any of our institutions of learning, it is my endeavor to point out, without undue consideration for either side, some of the reasons why this condition of affairs

exists. In a general way, we may say that the great difference which exists between these two bodies is due to mutual lack of confidence, and, as some one else has said, to "mutual misunderstanding." Now if I am allowed to be plain and blunt in my remarks, I will say, in the first place, that the majority of the professors are more or less conceited. They overestimate the value of their own ideas, but consider the student body as a set of children, immature in judgment, devoid of reason, and with no knowledge of what they want or of what is best for them to have. Consequently, they expect the students to accept their views on all subjects as being infallible, and regard their actions as being unquestionable. The professors are ordinary human beings. Their knowledge is more or less limited, their views are sometimes incorrect, and their actions are sometimes wrong.

The students soon find these things out. They watch the professors very critically. They recognize their inabilities and notice their mistakes. So the students usually form among themselves a very correct estimate of the professors. Then when a professor has the appearance of thinking more highly of himself than he ought to think, of overestimating the value of his own opinion, and of disregarding the views of the students, a spirit of disrespect and disobedience is engendered amongst the students. A great many professors lose their influence and cause themselves to be disrespected by such an improper attitude towards the students.

Our most venerated professors are those who are firm and dignified, but respect the students and allow them to feel perfectly at ease while in the class rooms. It may be urged by some that, if the professors do not force the students to do their work, it will not be done. This is not the case. It has been my observation that where a professor acts simply as a guide, and leaves the work chiefly with the students, they do his work through respect for him. They feel that they owe

it to him for the consideration which he has shown them. While, on the other hand, if a professor is disagreeable, unreasonable and exacting, the students retaliate by neglecting his subject, ignoring his wishes and disrespecting him personally, as far as their own interest will allow them. It is very unfortunate for a professor to treat the students so as to cause them to regard him as a master in his department. It seems to me that the professor should so treat them that they will regard him as a co-worker, and that he should let them know and feel that he is not in his position simply to ask questions, exact answers, enforce arbitrary laws, and draw a salary.

A very wide difference is often brought about between the students and faculty on account of the fact that the students sometimes look upon the faculty as an autocratic council, without regard for justice, equity or right. This is due very largely to the fact that the faculty, which is secure and confident in its power, enacts laws and regulations, that to the students who do not understand the motives that lie beneath it all, appear unjust and arbitrary. As a natural consequence, the students do not care whether they observe these rules or not. So some neglect and despise as many of them as they can. I am sometimes inclined to believe that they are not entirely to blame. Our forefathers fought in the Revolutionary War because they objected to taxation without representation. It seems to me that it is nothing more than this same principle which our college students of to-day inherited from their ancestors that makes them feel that they ought to be represented when laws are to be enacted for them to obey. This may not be practicable, but the students should certainly be made to understand the motives which prompt the enactment of a rule the object of which is liable to be misunderstood.

Examinations often cause much dissatisfaction to both

students and professors. The professor who gives a hard examination is abused by the students, and the student who hands in a poor examination paper is often severely ridiculed; but the thing which does most to separate them on this point is unfair dealing with each other. I am far from endorsing cheating on examinations under any circumstances. It is wrong, it is forgery, and it should not be allowed. But I believe that a professor who wilfully and purposely gives an examination which is too hard, and thereby forces an average student to feel compelled to resort to unfair means in order that he may pass, is guilty of a crime as heinous as that of the student who cheats.

I would not have you to believe that the faculty is entirely to blame for this condition. The students must bear a considerable portion of the blame. In every student body there are some dissipating, idle, law-breaking, worthless students. These cause the most of the trouble. They are always in trouble, because they are forever neglecting to do something that they ought to do, or doing something that they ought not to do. They are very sensitive, so they become very highly insulted when they are reprimanded for their faults, and as soon as they get out where they can give vent to their feelings, they abuse the college authorities in the presence of their fellow-students in the most violent terms. These students by their falsehoods often cause the sentiment of the majority of the student body to be turned against an individual professor, and sometimes against the whole faculty. It is useless to say that this class of students should not be noticed by their fellow-students nor by the faculty.

One reason why the students have so little confidence in individual members or in the whole of the faculty, is that they believe too many false accusations, and that they do not see nor hear but one side of many problems which arise between individual students and the faculty. It very often

happens that a student is arraigned before the faculty for some offense. He makes his statements, and the faculty acts on his case according to what seems reasonable. This student then gets out and entirely misrepresents the case to the other students, and declares to them that he has been treated wrong. The students hear nothing about the case except what comes through the one who is involved, and on his statements they too frequently conclude that he has been unfairly treated, but they do not stop to think that there is another side to it, and that the faculty sees it from an entirely different standpoint. So the students in their endeavor to stand by their fellow-student sometimes act hastily and as dictated by the passion of the moment, thus doing what in their cooler consideration, and with a more correct knowledge of the case, they would not think of doing. It often happens that the students are enraged against the faculty for certain actions, when, if they understood what motives prompted such actions, they would be perfectly satisfied. Such hurried and inconsiderate actions on the part of the students weaken their influence with the faculty, and accounts to a great extent for the fact that they are looked upon by the faculty as a set of children.

One reason why the students and professors here are so widely separated from a social standpoint is that the students who have anything to do with the professors socially are accused by some classes of trying to incur some personal favors from them, and to get marks and distinctions in this way to which their work does not entitle them. So, rather than be accused of this, the majority of the students pursue the policy of absolute social separation. It is a pity that this is the case. For, no doubt, the social conditions would be far better than they are if the students could mingle with the professors and their families more freely. The fact is appreciated by a great many of our students, that some members of

our faculty have tried to improve the social conditions by arranging entertainments and inviting a number of the students out from time to time; though they have almost invariably failed to give evidence of their appreciation. The reason for this is that the popular sentiment which is kept alive by unfounded expressions from the lower classes will allow them to go so far but no farther. The professors are not to blame for this. The blame must rest upon the students.

Now, in conclusion, I wish to state that the right feeling does not exist between the student body and the faculty of our institutions of learning; and the object of this article has been to point out as best I could from the standpoint of a student some of the reasons why this is the case. I believe that a nearer approach to the desired condition can be secured only by a more free and open attitude toward each other, "and in a strife for more perfect unison between faculty and students."

E. B. BOYKIN.

Knotty Briarroot and Timothy Hay Visit Atlanta

Knotty Briarroot and Timothy Hay, two rustics from a rural district in North "Georgy," made it up between themselves to visit the great Inter-State Fair at Atlanta. Knotty and Tim lived in the same neighborhood on adjoining farms; they went to school together, fought each other's battles; and natural enough was it for them to make a trip to the Fair together.

They left home on Monday. Tim, a long, slim, tan-faced youth, wore his best, which was a suit of brown jeans; a negligee shirt, somewhat faded; celluloid collar, and a red neck-tie, that had a fringe around the edges for having been in use so long. Knotty was short and thick-set, reminding

one of an Atlanta policeman. He was better dressed than Tim; still you would not mistake him for a Wall street millionaire, nor did he look half so sprucy. Tim, with the grip which contained their extra clothes, called out to Knotty, that "the thing was a comin', and to git close so as to jump on when it slowed up." The train being crowded, they stood out on the platform with their arms around each other, dreaming, staring at everything that passed; perhaps an artist had them to pose thus, so he could paint his masterpiece.

The train pulled into Atlanta about eight o'clock that night, but before the depot was reached, Tim and Knotty thought they had landed at a new place, indeed. Tim said that "thar were more railroad tracks out thar than rows of cotton in Dad's ten acre field." Seeing electric lights displayed so lavishly, Knotty swore by the forty stacks of hay which stood in the barn yard, that the moon was up and shining bright enough to go 'possum huntin'. The train stopped and these two were off like a flash. They did not know where to go or what to do; so Tim, who was leader, said, "We'll do like the others or be found trying."

"Shine 'em up?" was the first cry that struck their ears. Seeing a gentleman having his patent leathers brushed up, Tim threw out his number ten brogans, with all the grace and dignity of a lord and said, "Thar 'tis." The expression on the bootblack's face before he was half through, reminded me of one who had struck a bad job. Tim paid the price, which was a nickel, and he and Knotty proceeded on their journey.

Before they had gone ten steps, some mischievous boys on the corner bawled out, "Reuben has come to town." Tim turned around and said: "Gentlemen, you are mistaken in the name; my name is Timothy Hay, and this 'un," pointing to Knotty, "is Knotty Briarroot." The city chaps roared, sure enough, at the frankness of "Reuben."

Seeing a large number of people boarding a street car, Tim and Knotty decided to try their luck, come what may. Surely, they could not see what on earth made the thing move. "Why," said Tim, "Beck and Mike, two of the best critters in Fulton County, ain't nothing to that ar' thing 'lecktristy' which can pull more than both put together." It happened that the car they were on ran out to the Fair grounds; but Knotty was unwilling to get off, because he said "he had paid his fare for all day, and intended to ride, too." Tim persuaded him to get off, so both started toward the entrance to the grounds. Knotty reached down in his jeans and pulled out half a dollar, which paid their way into the grounds. "Yes," said he, "I ain't so flush, but it's my set up, Tim."

"Right this side! Right this side!" yelled a man with brindle moustache.

Tim punched Knotty and said, "I 'spose we'll have to do as they say do," so both walked over to the stand.

"Here, my friend," said the fakir, "it costs only a dime, a tenth part of a dollar, to win a fortune, see!" Around went the wheel and it stopped at a pile of ten dollar gold pieces. Tim, who was all this time craning his neck to see how it worked, was so excited at what had happened, that in less than a second he had fished out ten cents. Around flew the wheel again and it stopped at a blank space. Tim's spirits dropped faster than a thermometer in an ice house. He wished now he had his money back; said he, "that would have bought Sal a pound of red stick candy."

After Tim's downfall, he and Knotty wandered around taking in the sights; they passed from one building to another, finally landing at the dog show. Here they saw dogs of all imaginable colors, shapes, sizes, ages and names. None suited their fancy except a long-eared hound, which Tim said looked like a good 'coon dog. A large mastiff, which

evidently did not like the appearance of Tim, took him by the trousers, and of all the screaming and yelling you ever heard, it was done by the ladies near by. Tim and Knotty soon left the dog show, for it seemed to them that the dumb beasts had very little use for them. They swore by all the potatoes that could be raised on an acre of land, that luck was against them, and it was time to go home.

However, these two passed on to the Midway, and remained longer than they at first intended. Bosco, the snake-eater, and "The Streets of Cairo" were sights that caused tall Tim and stout Knotty to reach down and bring up next to the last coin in their pockets.

"That Parisian Beauty," remarked Tim, "aint nothing compared with Sal; why, she's got paint smeared all over her face and then can't come up to Sal. Ain't that so, Knotty?"

"Let's go," said Tim, "for it is gettin' roostin' time, and then we have ter walk back to town, too."

Both ambled off at a good pace, yet it is a puzzle for me to know how Tim's feet glided so swiftly—a number ten and a ton of feet therein; I guess the theory "Descent of Feet" is much harder to understand than the "Descent of Man."

Coming down Marietta street, Tim noticed a sign, "Beer Saloon," and they went in.

"Will you have Budweiser?" asked the bar-tender.

Without noticing or understanding what was said, Knotty spoke up and called for "two persimmon beers."

"Where did you come from?" demanded the bar-tender.

"Well, if you want ter know, we 'uns come from Gooseberry Branch, up in North Georgy, and up thar they make the best persimmon beer you ever drank. By this number ten, I swear it!"

"Well," said the bar-tender, "we are out to-day; call another time."

Disappointment met these rustic youths at every turn; but they had a determination equal to the occasion. When they felt in their pockets and realized that a lonely ten cent piece awaited the clutch of a greedy hand, they decided it was high time to leave Atlanta. So down to the depot marched Tim and Knotty, to board the train for home. Whatever the future has in store for them is not known; but this is certain—Timothy Hay and Knotty Briarroot have seen Atlanta, the sights on the Midway, enough to talk about for the next ten years to come; and still some people will wonder why Reuben comes to town.

R. N. REEVES.

How a Yankee Soldier Dined With Jackson

Once while traveling through Pennsylvania, I, having discovered that the gentleman who sat next me on the car was an old Yankee soldier, asked him to tell me some of his experiences.

“Well,” he said, “I will just about have time, before reaching home, to tell you how I once happened to dine with General ‘Stone Wall’ Jackson and his staff.

“That was the only time that I ever really wished that I hadn’t been born. It was in the Shenandoah Valley. I had been sent out with a scouting party, and as we had seen nothing of the enemy, we were rather careless. So when I saw a big white house standing off from the road that we were following, I told my companions that I would ride by and see if I could discover anything from the inmates concerning the foe. However, my real purpose was to obtain something to eat, if possible,—for I knew that we were in a hostile territory and that I could get no information from the inhabitants. Well, as I drew near I could smell the bacon cooking for dinner. My! how my mouth watered.”

He stopped talking and sat gazing straight ahead, lost in thought. I watched him for a few seconds, then my desire to hear the rest of the story overcoming my reluctance to interrupt his thoughts, I touched him on the shoulder and asked what next happened.

"I had been in the army for a good bit of time and had scouted some before, so I approached the house carefully, and dismounting in a grove that happened to be on one side of it, began to reconnoiter. Everything being quiet, I slipped up to an open window and looked in. As I stood there looking, a negro woman brought in some smoking dishes that made me almost desperate, I was so hungry. Not wishing to have any trouble about getting some of the good things to eat, I waited until she left the room, then climbed in at the window and began to inspect the different dishes before making my choice. Before I finished the inspection, I heard the woman returning, and not caring to take the trouble of getting out and in the window, I stepped into the closet, the door of which stood open. As I settled down in the darkest corner and covered up with an old table cloth, I heard a body of horse approaching. I was in a closet, a woman I supposed unfriendly in the room through which I would have to pass to get out, and a body of horsemen—whether friend or foe I knew not—approaching. Now wasn't that a nice position to be placed in? But that was only the beginning of my trouble. When the woman left the room and I stepped over to the window, thinking to make my escape through it in double-quick time and see who were the other visitors, imagine my chagrin and terror when I saw a group of gray-coated soldiers standing near by. My next move was toward the door leading into the other portion of the house, to try my luck at escape there; but fate was against me. As I peered out into the hall to see if the coast was clear, a squad of officers, as I afterwards learned, Jack-

son and his staff, were approaching the room where I was penned. Snatching a piece of corn bread as I passed the table, I didn't lose any time in getting back into that closet and under that table cloth, and there I stayed for quite a while. Not in peace, however, for every time any one moved I thought my time had come. That is how I dined with 'Stone Wall' Jackson and his staff."

"Did you finally get away?" I asked.

"O, yes; the dinner at last came to an end as all things do, and when it was dark, I escaped easily." '03.

Mother and Wife

(DEDICATED TO MOTHER AND A FRIEND.)

Two pictures hung upon the wall of a small and ill-fitted room. The one was of a woman, the other of a girl. The dingy frames did not take one particle of their sweetness from them, but only showed the deep blue eyes of both by a higher contrast.

The room was that of an orphan and a cripple, and the pictures of his mother and the girl he loved. They were nothing alike to outward appearance, and yet he loved to think of them as closely bound together—not by fleshy ties, but by the tie of his love that made them dearer than his life and made them seem as one; and, indeed, they were as one. The same sweet disposition marked them both—both had that love so tender, so true and yet so strong, that to them he owed his all.

To mother he owed his life—the sweet memories of a past never marred by a rule of terror, but by a love that made a wish a command, and nourished in him a love too strong for this world—that at the parting of their ways it must leave him as a broken reed, which, thrown upon life's current,

must have almost no power of itself to lift its head to the cool sweet breeze of hope; but drift on, on, on, without a move, without a struggle, without a care—drifting, drifting, at the current's will; sometimes stayed by an overhanging bough of a friendly word, and yet only there to be held in such a half-hearted way as soon to fall back into the maddening torrent.

To the other he owed his strength, his character, his will; she had been one of these overhanging boughs, whose flowers, as he passed, reminded him of home and mother. A tiny twig, only a smile, a cheering word, lay in his grasp. He caught it and in his agony of despair he cried for help; and then how quickly did that bough seem to grow, it encircled him in its strong arms and held him by a love so true and strong that the current could not break the hold. The flowers, too, seemed thick around him, giving such a sweet savor to his life.

Years have rolled by since those pictures hung upon those walls. They gave him strength and courage then, and now his dreams are realized. The pictures still hang upon a wall, but now of a far sweeter home. A home built by man but made complete by a woman's touch. And as he sits before the large open fire-place, looking up upon those time-worn pictures, the memories of the past are crowding up. How they gave him hope. Surely they are not inanimate; they could speak—yes, and sometimes, when all hope seemed gone and a yearning almost akin to agony filled his heart—when the want of a loving hand seemed to burn like fire at his heart—it was then that the tender eyes seemed to grow still more tender; the lips, too, seemed almost to move; so surely could they talk. They knew his heart and loved him for his weakness.

And now he sees that girl's face near his side; he feels her gentle touch, and so he tells his wife his story—thinking all

the while that the flowers still are blooming all around her.
It is always spring when she is near. Azo.

His Victim

There he stood whetting his dirk. His teeth were set, his hair stood bristling upon his head, and a look of wicked defiance shone in his eye.

Backward and forward he was drawing his blade, glancing the while across his shoulder to be certain he was not observed. Presently, he felt the keen edge of his weapon and, seemingly satisfied, struck into space several times, as if at some imaginary foe.

Fondly nursing his blade, and whispering to it in undertones for a moment, there passed across his face a smile—one so hideous, so blood-curdling, as to make a cannibal ashamed. Suddenly, with a click, he sheathed his dirk, then drew on his mask, and quietly stepped out into the night.

I quickly moved away from the window at which I was watching, and crouched low behind a bush.

He walked rapidly down the path, muttering and cursing as he went.

On and on I followed, every nerve within me unstrung. At times I felt I must turn back; but, no, I might be some help to the enemy. Must I cry out for help? No, he would turn upon me before I could get aid. How much further will I have to go? He was moving cautiously now, and glancing from side to side. There! he wheeled suddenly to the left, and turned into a lane.

Fearing to lose sight of him, I hurriedly moved to the opening. There he was upon his knees, grasping his knife with his right hand, and crawling steadily up the lane, raising up now and then to listen.

Slowly he was going, straining his ears for a sound, and looking right and left.

He was nearing his foe, I knew. Must I rush upon him and wrestle the knife from him. I being unarmed, slowly followed, expecting the awful sight at any moment.

Quickly he stood erect, and peered through the fence. As if shot, he dropped to the ground and lay for a moment motionless. He had seen his foe, I was certain. I was rigid—it seemed as if I could not move: as if frozen to the spot, I watched him move softly, steadily up the lane.

Suddenly he stopped and was preparing to spring. With a bound, he cleared the fence and was upon his victim. Blow for blow they seemed to give. Shrieks and cries filled the air. With beastly strength he sent the blade to his heart. His victim lay before him, with the blood flowing from the wound.

I turned away, horrified and sickened at the awful sight—he had killed his neighbor's hog.

'04.

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Editorial



Department.

M. E. ZEIGLER,	-	-	-	-	-	EDITOR
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Christmas

When this issue is sent to the public the students of Clemson will be at home enjoying the pleasures that the holidays always bring.

Fresh from the visit to Charleston, which means a week of camp life, we venture to predict that their condition of mind

and body will be such as to render the few days at home extremely timely, as it ever is delightful.

It is a wise and generous provision of the Board of Trustees which allows the corps a home visit during the days of Christmas. In his *Sketch Book*, Irving describes how beautiful the custom is which makes Christmas a time for family gatherings; how much it harmonizes with the origin of the festival which was intended to commemorate a religion of peace and love. Brothers and sisters are scattered abroad over the land, remote from family joy and apart from its sorrow, but at this period all meet under the old parental roof to call back their childhood days of gayety, fun and frolic.

In comparing the Christmas customs of his times with those of a more ancient period of England's history, Irving deplores the loss of some of the most interesting festivals and ceremonials. But while, indeed, this gave him some cause of regret, he expressed his pleasure at seeing the family feeling still existing in all the warmth of ancient days. The people of our own country have reason to feel grateful that this feature of Christmas was transplanted by our English fathers to America, where it still flourishes to a noticeable degree.

It is interesting here to remember that Christmas, as we know it, was given originally by our light-haired ancestors of Northern Europe, and that our Santa Claus and Christmas tree grew out of their early superstitions.

Athletics Now that the season for football is drawing to a close, it might be well to consider the progress we have made and inquire where we are at. While Clemson's success this year has been neither so general nor so striking as it was last year, owing to the fact that we have gone up against harder teams, still her record is good and one of which every Clemson student has cause to

feel proud. In this connection, we are pleased to note a decline in the sentiment against football as an extreme and dangerous form of athletics. No other college game can stimulate the same enthusiasm and excite such ardent zeal among students generally. In this, football approaches more closely to the old Grecian contests than any other surviving sport. And who, in the light of history, will condemn the old Grecian games? Many of the excellent attainments of Greece have been traced either directly or indirectly to the courage, persistence and fearlessness inspired by her great national contests.

Perhaps we are inclined to commend the games of the ancients and condemn those of the moderns, because of hasty or undue consideration. Removed by thousands of years from the time of the Grecian games, we can readily discover their beneficent results; being contemporary with the games of to-day, we can see nothing good in them. It is the same old difference between the halo of history and the prosiness of every day events. As physical culture contributed in ancient times to the advancement of ancient civilization, so will it contribute in modern times to modern civilization.

Athletic exercises are important to the individual, because of the physical development they afford; they are important to the morale of the students, because of the college spirit they beget; they are important to the college itself, because of the fame and prestige they command. On account of these advantages, of both a personal and general character, we should be glad to see football engaged in by a greater number of students.

In that interesting and comprehensive paper, "*Public Opinion*," we notice an article on "The Ethics of Ancient and Modern Athletics," in which the author, by comparing the customs and practices of contesting athletes in ancient and modern times, reaches conclusions favorable to the latter.

There is now none of the selfish and unfair wrangling for prizes, whether deserved or not, that characterized the players of history. On the other hand, fairness is one of the marked features of our college games. Unfairness or foul work will not be tolerated by officials, and if a player is caught using such against his opponent, he is promptly ruled out of the game. Self-control is taught even in the face of disastrous circumstances.

Next to victory, the highest honor that can be won by a team arises from its ability to take defeat gracefully. In these days of fierce and stubborn rivalry, no team can invariably win, and the highest compliment that can be paid a defeated team is to say of them, they took defeat in a gentlemanly and sportsman-like way. Believing, as we do, in the value of physical exercise, we should not only be glad to see more joining in the support of our football and baseball teams, but we should also like to see a gymnasium established, so that exercise of a varied and suitable nature could be furnished to all.

**Library and
Reading Room**

In our last issue something was said along this line so this may seem to be a useless repetition; but inasmuch as this is a matter of great importance to college students, and since the opportunities offered by this department of a college are so liable to be neglected, we think that we cannot too forcibly impress the necessity of taking advantage of the opportunities which are here presented to us.

We have to-day one of the best libraries in the State. Of course, there are others that are larger, but in all of them there is a great deal of dead literature which is used merely for filling up the shelves. Ours is new, and it contains a splendid selection of books. It is especially valuable as a means of reference, and it also contains a considerable amount of

standard literature, both ancient and modern. The library is one of the principal sources of literary culture and general knowledge at Clemson; and since our literary training in the class room is so limited, we should make the very best possible use of these opportunities.

In very close connection with the library is the reading room. Our reading room contains publications of nearly every kind, from the county newspapers to the leading scientific and literary publications of this and other countries. The newspapers and magazines are very potent factors in the education of man to-day. It is through these that the rapid advances in science are brought to light, and it is through these that we come in contact with the great world around us. So let us, instead of idling away our time unprofitably, spend our spare moments in the library or reading room.

We wish to say a word in behalf of our advertisers. If it were not for the advertisements, the expenses of **THE CHRONICLE** could not be met. In fact, we get about half of our income from this source. In view of these facts, we should support our advertisers as far as possible. The business men who have been kind enough to advertise with us expect our support, and we should not disregard them. We desire to request the students, faculty and others connected with us to notice who advertise with us, and when they are in the advertiser's respective cities, to call and give them their preference.

At a recent meeting of the Board of Trustees, **The Exposition** the student body was granted permission to attend the Exposition, and ere this is in print we shall doubtless be there. It is useless to say that we are looking forward to this trip with very great pleasure. We have been taken off on a number of trips, and nothing has ever marred our pleasure on any of these occasions. We

hope that all of the students will go to the Exposition. The chances are that it will be a long time before we will have another opportunity of seeing and learning so much at such a small cost.

The various departments of the college are preparing for our exhibit, which we think will be a very creditable one.

It gives us pleasure to see that our football
The V. P. I. team was raised in the estimation of V. P. I. after our meeting at Columbia. In the issue of the "*Gray Jacket*" just before the game, we felt a little slighted to see, in a recount of the great battles pending, no mention made of Clemson. In the issue since the game, in a recital of great victories won, Clemson appears second on the list, and the result of the Columbia game is spoken of as "a victory indeed." We acknowledge we were beaten by clean and clever playing, still we cannot repress the feeling, that had none of the Tiger's fangs been suffering, her lacerations would have been more fatal. However, Clemson congratulates the V. P. I. on her enviable record.

It is hoped that the Court of Inquiry will soon
Admiral Schley render a decision favorable to Schley. This case furnishes one of the most striking examples of the evils of favoritism known to American history. Every man outside official circles in Washington believes Schley innocent of the charges brought against him, and he has the sympathy of the entire country in his effort to rebuke his slanderers. Every one is impressed with the conduct of Admiral Schley, not only during his trial, but throughout the whole period of persecution preceding it. The country is waiting impatiently for his formal acquittal.

The untimely death of this great Chinaman is
Li Hung Chang to be regretted, especially at this time, because of the strained relations existing between

China and the Christian nations. Li rises far above any of his countrymen in point of ability and diplomacy, and it is doubtful if his place can be filled.

**The Negro
Question**

The dining of Booker T. Washington by the President created a great sensation over the entire country. Of course, nobody can ascertain beyond doubt the object the President had in view by this radical departure from established social practices. He might have meant this act to imply his good will toward the negro race, or to set an example for the country in its treatment of the negro, to wipe out racial distinctions, or simply to honor Booker Washington. If he intended in a private way to honor a great negro, then the whole thing becomes a matter of individual taste, and we have nothing further to say. But if he intended to publicly rebuke the South for its treatment of the negro, then the matter becomes one which concerns the public very closely. It would be like President Roosevelt to show his disapproval in some unusual and peculiar way. It is entirely like him to form extreme opinions and express his disregard for opposite sentiments by gruff and shocking conduct. Still, it might have been expected that, as President of the United States, he would consider himself under obligations to the whole country, and bound, to a certain degree, to respect the genuine feelings—or prejudices, if you will—of every section. Certainly the President is free to entertain whatever ideas he may choose respecting the negro's social or political rights; still, so long as he remains President, there is an eternal fitness for things which demands that he, out of consideration for others, should express himself in an appropriate and inoffensive manner.

The dinner incident, also, brings forward certain criticisms on the conduct of Booker T. Washington, which has hitherto been well nigh irreproachable. It has given new

credence to the belief that education is a dangerous thing for the negro; that it fills his mind with ambitions which the dignity of the white race forbids him to gratify. For culture to beget aspiration is natural; it is what we always expect in white men. In Booker T. Washington, however, it seemed to fail, and so, we thought the negro race might constitute an exception to the rule. The recent dinner incident, however, proved the contrary; it shows that like causes produce like effects in even Booker T. Washington; and as we educate the brute nature out of the negro and human nature in, we change him from a creature contented and docile to one discontented and unmanageable.

Of course, the North can see nothing strange about the whole affair. It cannot understand why the South should be alarmed, in the least, lest evil results should follow. Instead of brooding over imaginary causes for fear, the North complaisantly points out to the South the reasons why it should rejoice, and then remarks upon the utter stupidity that prevented the South from seeing these reasons before. The negro question always has been extremely simple for our northern brothers. We cannot understand, however, why they should manifest such intense interest in the social and political rights of the negro, while actually destroying these same rights belonging to a people, said by some to stand much higher in the scale of civilization. Perhaps it is because they regard the negro as a product of their own marvellous genius. Having introduced, enslaved, freed and citizenized him, they look upon him as belonging peculiarly to them, and, therefore, constitute themselves at once his guide, philosopher and friend. That they have made the negro what he is politically and socially, we admit, and our respect for industry forbids a criticism of the job.

It is the Southern people, however, that the negro question interests most closely. It devolves upon them to guard

the rights of a people unfitted to enjoy the privileges and blessings of a government like ours. All the real progress made in solving the negro question has been made by the South. We know the negro thoroughly and give due credit to his worth. He must be better satisfied with southern than northern treatment, else he would leave the South and go North. It is said that one did try this plan in the early days of Freedom, and his experience will serve as an illustration. A Georgia negro, carried away by the glowing accounts of northern kindness, resolved to go to Boston, the kindest spot in all the kind North. Landing there, he soon spent what little money he had, thus preparing himself to live upon northern love. Finding, after a short experience, that he would have to resort to something more bracing, he set out, hungry and disappointed, and went from door to door, telling his tale of distress and asking for help. From each, he was turned away with the answer: "No, Mister, we are sorry, but we can do nothing for you." At last he approached the residence of a southern gentleman. Summoning the owner to the door, he began what he had repeated time and again without avail. But the Southerner, losing his temper and patience at seeing a negro at his front door, exclaimed: "You darned black rascal, what do you mean by knocking at my front door? Go round to the back steps and tell the cook to give you something to eat." The negro's face brightened with a look of joy as he exclaimed: "Bless de Lord, dis is one of my own white people." This incident serves to properly illustrate the relations sustained by the North and South to the negro. The North sympathizes with him and loses no opportunity to tell him so; but that is all. The South helps him in time of trouble, but keeps him in his place. She gives him bread when he is hungry, clothes when he is naked, and punishment when it is proper.

**Nicaragua
Canal**

It is gratifying to learn that the latest dispatches announce that England has agreed to annul the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, which has been the greatest obstacle standing in the way of the construction of the canal by the United States. Not only this, but it is said that England expects to derive considerable commercial advantages from the construction of the canal, a hope which seems very reasonable and natural.

The only remaining anxieties now comes from the Senate and Nicaragua. In regard to the Senate, it is hoped that the business interests of the country can demonstrate to that body the demand for the canal in such a way as to overcome all objections. When the country is undergoing such expense of money and men to advance our trade in the distant East, any plan looking to such additional advancement of commercial interests as that of the canal should appeal with especial force to Senators. As to Nicaragua, it is not believed in official circles in this country that her attitude is unfriendly to the canal. Though she has served notice upon the United States of her intention to terminate all existing treaties regarding the right of the United States to construct the canal, her motive, it is thought, arises from a desire to comply with the suggestions of Secretary Hay, that new treaties should be made before the actual work of digging the canal begins.

It is to be greatly desired that all existing differences be speedily reconciled and that the canal's construction be hastened in every possible way.

Nothing else will add so much to the industrial development of the South and indeed of the whole country.



GEO. D. LEVY, '03,
VANN LIVINGSTON, '03, }

EDITORS

In the *Hendrix College Mirror*, for November, the only article which attracts attention is a discussion of the "Problems in Higher Education." The author first shows from statistics the very large proportion of college-bred men in the whole number of influential public men. He then speaks in behalf of the small colleges, showing the very important part they play in the great work of education. He gives this quotation from President Hyde, of Bowdoin College: "For combining sound scholarship with solid character; for making men both intellectually and spiritually free; for uniting the pursuit of truth and reverence for duty, the small college, open to the worthy graduates of every good high school, presenting a course sufficiently rigid to give symmetrical development, and sufficiently elastic to encourage individuality along congenial lines, taught by professors who are men first and scholars afterwards, governed by kindly personal influence, and secluded from too frequent contact with social distractions, has a mission which no change of educational conditions can take away, and a policy which no sentiment of vanity or jealousy should be permitted to turn aside." The author then discusses the question of the right of the State to tax the people for the education of a few, and

the very interesting question as to conflict between State and denominational education.

It is with humble petitions for pardon that we are now to refer to the Washington Dinner, the *Roosevelt*-Washington Dinner, of course. The Editor-in-Chief of the *Wofford Journal* says that Roosevelt had a right to do as he pleased in his own house. No sane man will challenge this statement, provided that Roosevelt, of course, behaves himself and does not do anything unlawful or indecent. But Mr. Roosevelt does not at present live in his own house, and in some of his actions he must be guided by the sentiment of the owners of the house. Now we do not mean at all that Mr. Roosevelt must submit the question to popular vote whenever he wishes to have one of his friends around to dine. That would be too much trouble. The way to fix it would be to elect a President incapable of making such a dreadful mistake. The editor then says that such combinations at dinner are "not uncommon anyhow," and proves this sweeping statement by citing two instances of its occurrence: Booker Washington with Queen Victoria, and McKinley with Booker Washington at Tuskegee. He does not relate the circumstances of these dinners, and we plead ignorance as to the same; but if pardon may again be obtained, this time for a personal reference, the writer would be pleased to state that he had occasion to accept an invitation to dine in the house of a negro preacher during the past summer. The circumstances were these: The writer was the sole diner, and the negro preacher minded the flies and waited on the table. We do not know how Mr. Roosevelt would regard such presumption on the part of one of his Democratic fellow-citizens, but if it be treason, make the most of it.

The Messenger, for October, is an interesting number.

There is a very entertaining reminiscent sketch of "Lee as a College President," by Dr. Joynes, of South Carolina College. Such a subject, treated by such a scholar as is Dr. Joynes, makes good reading. Then there is a very carefully written article on "Limited Monarchy." "The Future of Richmond College" is the title of an article which contains about as much sense as is usual for a thing of its kind. You get on very well (though you do get somewhat mixed by such phrases as, "*glance down the vista of ages, inculcate a few of the idiopathic mysteries, one characteristic idiosyncrasy, several subsequent annals, differentiation ceases to predominate*"), till you come to where, "*as our fancy falls over the precipice of ages, we discover that time has wrought a powerful revolution in this department.*" Now just suppose your fancy should fall over the precipice of ages; do you not fancy that your fancy would then be in a pretty fancy fix? If you don't, you must have a mighty fancy fancy.

The Furman Echo contains two good articles. "What Cæsar did for Rome" is a clearly written and concise article, giving us an insight into that part of Roman history in which Cæsar played such a conspicuous part. The "Lessons our Failures Teach Us" is the other article referred to. The greater part of this essay is well written, and deserves praise, but we think that he departs from the subject when he mentions the incident of the provost guard of the French army.

We were much pleased to see such a great improvement in *The Student Record*. "By the River" is a well composed, descriptive poem, and "Forgetful, Unforgotten," is a catchy little article with a vein of humor running through it, which makes it very interesting reading. The editorials in this magazine are always good.

One of the best exchanges that we have received this

month is *The College of Charleston Magazine*. The first article, "A Buffalo Story," is very unique and interesting. "A Cypress Tree" is an excellent piece of description, but it is beyond our imagination to conceive of a jassamine vine climbing high enough to place a crown of gold upon the lofty brow of the ancient forest king." While reading "On a Tramping Trip" we felt like taking a rest. The Exchange Department is well edited.

The *Georgetown College Journal* deserves special mention, for it is an exceptionally good magazine. Every department is well gotten up. We note that, contrary to the rule among other college papers, the Literary Department contains many good poems, two of which we have placed at the end of our department under the head of Clippings.

CLIPPINGS

The Drones

Labor, man's noblest heritage on earth,
That makes him sharer in creation's end—
The seal that marks the creature as God's friend—
Thou hast a part in manhood's fairest hours,
And men, by deeds, are measured from their birth
As trees are valued by their fruit or flowers.

We are but factors in a great machine
That hourly weaves the woof of history;
No living eye the tapestry may see,
And none can know the work that has been done,
Till Time unfurl the many-colored scene
And tell posterity what each has spun.

And not the wealth that men have gained will show
When snaps the ever moving thread of life,
Nor yet dark scene of war and human strife;

But in the deeds, performed by brain or brawn,
With good intent—so shall the pattern grow
Until the coming of eternal dawn.

Pity the man who scorns the iron crown
Of honest labor carried by his sires,
And yields to foolish, fanciful desires
Of life unmarred by toilsome, weary work,
Who stands apart, abashed, his head cast down,
While others bear the burdens he would shirk.

To listen to the throb of Nature's heart,
To breathe the incense of her mighty fane,
'Mid sacrificial stories of golden grain,
Garnered to feed the city's favored throng—
In joys like those he has no place, no part,
Nor ear to hear the hum of Nature's song.

His fathers only feared the God on high;
They did their work, nor knew that they were brave
To struggle with the earth for what it gave,
In grudging barter, 'gainst their sinewy wealth,
They did their work, content to till and ply,
And earned their stores of happiness and health.

But in the dreary darkness of his soul
A worldling's flash of patronizing ruth
Seems brighter than the seaching sun of truth;
And so he seeks no place in Heaven's plan,
His wits too weak to win his cherished goal,
His hands too proud to labor like a man.

O, world-wise fools! Ye sowed the noxious seed
That in his mind took root and made him weak;
Pity his lot; wherever he may seek
Dishonor and despair shall greet his quest,
And misery will be the only need
To crown a life unworthy and unblest.

JOHN A. FOOTE, in *Georgetown College Journal*.

Corps and Squad

"Right face," "Left face,"
Be careful not to reel;
Keep your left foot in place
And execute on that heel.

Button your blouse tight as hide,
Draw your stomach in;
Keep your hands by the side
And slightly depress the chin.

"Forward march," don't gaze around.
Say "rat;" catch step,
Let your left foot hit the ground
Just as I say "hep."

Close up there, rat,
Lest a passing ball
Which should kill you dead,
Kill no one at all.

Now in order to pass those trees
"Right oblique, march." Pay attention, men;
March at an angle of forty-five degrees
Till I give "forward march" again.

"Squad, halt." I believe I heard the bugle blow.
Stand steady and keep still,
Or I will "stick" you; I have you to know
That I am, a cor—pril.

F. M. Y., in *The Gray Jacket*.

Vidi Hoc

They sat beneath a spreading oak,
The seat was made for two;
The plank was old and so it broke,
His arm proved strong and true.

Out flashed the maiden, rosy red,
"How dare you clasp my waist?
Good sir, you must have lost your head,
To show such horrid taste."

She tried her best to look abashed,
But, oh, 'twas all in vain;
He saw the love her brown eyes flashed
And clasped her once again.

He gently turned her head and kissed
Those rosebud pouting lips;
She did not in the least resist,
But squeezed his finger tips.

Now tell me would you call her bold,
Or would you call her coy?
For of these things I've ne'er been told,
You see, I'm just a boy.
B.-IKE, in *The Furman Echo*.

It was Sunday night,
And the moon shone bright,
As we sat in the shade of a tree,
While Kid Cupid played
Around in the shade,
And shot darts at "my love and me."

When suddenly she gasped,
And my arm she grasped,
(You may laugh, but it is no joke);
Then came a cry,
A scream and a sigh,
A thud—for the hammock broke. —*Ex.*

In childhood he clung to his bottle,
And his was the reddest of toes's;
In manhood he clung to his bottle,
And his was the reddest of noses. —*Ex.*

Ma's Thanksgiving Pie

Hev yer ever got to dreamin'
About heaven and sech things,
Where the light is jest a-beamin'
An' yer wear a pair o' wings?

Hev yer heard the soldiers trampin'
To ther music o' the ban',
When yer couldn't help f'om stampin',
'Cause they look so mighty gran'?

Hev yer ever heard ther stories
'Bout a little boy named Jack,
Thet climbed ther mornin' glories
An' brought a giant back?

Hev yer ever seen a big show,
With an elephant and clown,
An' ther dog-faced man called Jojo,
An' ther horses prancin' roun'?

Ef yer hev, yer know ther feelin'
Ez ther days go trottin' by,
An' ther time comes on a-stealin'
Fer ma's Thanksgiving pie.

D. '02, in *Georgetown College Journal*.

A street Arab stood on a weighing machine
In the light of a lingering day,
Then a counterfeit penny he dropped in the slot
And silently stole a-weigh. —*Ex.*



T. C. SHAW, '02,
B. H. GARDNER, '03, }

- - - - - EDITORS

A Christmas Toast

Here's to Clemson,—dear old Clemson!
The noble and the grand!
May her flags e'er float o'er victory,
May she hold a winning hand!

At half-past eight o'clock, on the night of November the 27th, Miss Annie Eloise Furman and the Rev. Eugene R. Pendleton were united in marriage in the college chapel. The Rev. Walter I. Herbert, of Newberry, brother-in-law of Miss Furman, performed the ceremony, assisted by Dr. Hartzog. The ushers were Dr. Davis Furman, Mr. A. G. Furman, Mr. Hugh C. Haynsworth, of Greenville, and Mr. Chas. M. Furman, Jr., of Philadelphia. Misses Eleanor Furman, Margaret Goldsmith, Annie Herbert and Master Clement Furman were lovely little flowerbearers. Mrs. Kate Watson, of Clemson, was the dame of honor, and Mr. R. H. Pendleton, of Atlanta, best man.

The college chapel was beautifully decorated with flowers and ribbons for the occasion, and a large number of friends, including the corps of cadets, were present.

The bride and groom left on the midnight train for Athens, Ga., thence they went to Macon, then to Atlanta,

and to Fayetteville, at all of which places receptions were given them. They will make their home in Fayetteville, Ga., where the Rev. Mr. Pendleton is pastor of the Baptist Church. The bride leaves many friends at the college, by whom she will be missed and who wish her every happiness in her new home.

Lectures

On the evening of November 14th, Dr. Hall gave an amusing as well as instructive lecture on "The Fool Killer." In beginning, he set the audience at ease by stating that he was not the individual who did the "deadly work." Dr. Hall's style is humorous and the boys always enjoy his visits. This was his third or fourth time at Clemson, and he gave us "The Fool Killer" during a previous visit. Notwithstanding, however, the audience was large and all seemed to be well pleased.

Dr. Hall's method is somewhat peculiar. He pictures himself as walking through a grave-yard, and reads in the inscription on the tomb-stones the characteristic of the "fool" destined for caricature.

The Quaker Quartette

On the evening of November 16th, we were treated to a delightful entertainment by "The Quaker Male Quartette." The singing was interspersed by recitations of a humorous and pleasing nature. The cadets were well satisfied, though somewhat disappointed at the non-appearance of any ladies, who, through some misunderstanding, were expected to take part in the entertainment. The renditions included pieces ludicrous, pathetic and serious. The basso, by his quaint

gesticulations, added much to the humorous effect of some of his songs.

Dr. Hartzog

We were also treated to an entertaining and instructive lecture on "Art," by Dr. Hartzog. The President gave this lecture with the view of arousing among the students an interest in art previous to their visit to the Exposition, where a large art exhibit is being displayed. He gave stereopticon views of some of the world's masterpieces, pointing out the reason of their great fame and excellence. He also gave a general talk on art. The corps seemed to be well pleased, and are grateful to the President for his pains and interest.

At the last regular election of officers, the following were elected from their respective societies to serve for the second quarter :

Calhoun Society.

President—F. K. Norris.

Vice-president—D. Jennings.

Recording Secretary—O. M. Roberts.

Corresponding Secretary—W. M. Wightman.

Literary Critic—H. C. Tillman.

Sergeant-at-Arms—S. Jeffries.

Assistant Sergeants-at-Arms—J. B. Tinsley, D. H. Sadler.

Columbian Society.

President—Thos. R. Phillips.

Vice-president—B. H. Barre.

Recording Secretary—Chas. Dew.

Corresponding Secretary—R. H. Witherspoon.

Literary Critic—C. Y. Reamer.

Treasurer—T. C. Shaw.

Prosecuting Critic—J. B. Watkins.

Reporting Critics—T. B. Young and C. Norton.

Sergeant-at-Arms—Geo. T. McGregor.

Palmetto Society.

President—S. M. Robertson.

Vice-president—W. G. Templeton.

Recording Secretary—A. M. Henry.

Literary Critic—H. G. Stokes.

Treasurer—J. T. Robertson, Jr.

Prosecuting Critic—W. E. G. Black.

Censor—W. T. Prescott.

Reporting Critics—N. H. Alford, T. E. Stanley, J. Gelzer, and S. T. Hill.

Sergeant-at-Arms—C. L. Reid.

Mr. Charles Furman, '97, accompanied by a friend from Philadelphia, came down to attend his sister's wedding.

Mr. Norman Walker, class of '00, was on the campus recently. Norman coached the Wofford College football team for the past season.

Prof. F. : What does husbandry mean?

Cadet W. : It means a woman that has lost her husband.

The new barracks is rapidly nearing completion and will be ready for occupancy about the first of the year, when a few more students will be taken.

Mr. and Mrs. John Simpson spent Thanksgiving Day on the campus with Major Martin.

Sen. Elect. Tom said: "There is a synchromus motor at the pump station."

It is a time-honored custom for the corps of cadets to serenade each professor after a victorious football game. Recently, on calling at the hotel, the professors have failed to respond. We are sorry that they have not enough athletic spirit to enable them to do without a little supper.

Col. and Mrs. Simpson, accompanied by their daughter, spent Thanksgiving with Professor Klugh.

Cadet P. (calling for medicine at guard-room) : Is there any medicine for "Payne?"

Prof. B. went North for his health recently, and on arriving there was advised by the doctor to drink beer.

Doctor (a day or two later) : "Well, Professor, how is beer agreeing with you?"

Prof. B. : "Not so well. It seems to nauseate me."

Doctor : "Probably you take too much."

Prof. B. : "Well, I don't know. I bought a bottle and am taking it 'consistently!' a teaspoonful three times a day."

Rat K. : Where is the "ac-commodants" office?

Miss Lucile Wright, formerly of this place, but now of Laurens, S. C., was a welcome visitor on the campus recently.

Bishop Capers held services at the Church of "Holy Trinity" on November 24th.

At a recent meeting, the "Elks" Tennis Club elected the following officers :

President—F. M. Gunby.

Manager—T. R. Phillips.

Secretary and Treasurer—C. W. Legerton.

Junior G. : "Say, I see that Tammany was defeated in the recent election."

Soph. C. : "What was he running for?"

Cadet W. (in society) : "Just think of a single woman going as a missionary into a foreign country and in one year bringing in 30,000 convicts."

Rat S. : Where are the "cops" around here? We always have "police" inspection, but I never see a sign of one.

The Freshman Class have elected the following officers :

President—C. Webb.

Vice-president—A. M. Williams.

Secretary—J. H. Rodger.

Treasurer—W. C. Wilbur.

Poet—M. E. Springs.

Historian—A. J. Speer.

Chaplain—L. E. Boykin.

Clemson vs. V. P. I.

On October 31, at Columbia, before 4,000 spectators, our football team met its first defeat in a long, long time. The Virginia Polytechnic Institute was the team to whom the good fortune of lowering the Clemson colors befell, and they were worthy of the glory that they gained thereby.

Clemson had hardly expected to win, for the team had suffered too many injuries to successfully withstand such a game as it was known V. P. I. would give us; and it was only after infinite care and patience that Coach Heisman succeeded in bolstering up the men—some of them after days and weeks of enforced laying-off—so that they could enter the game. At the same time, we knew that V. P. I. had the

strongest team in her history, having beaten Georgetown College by the astounding score of 32 to 6. When, too, it is remembered that they outweighed our team eight pounds to the man, it is not difficult to understand why we were beaten; the wonder is why we were not outclassed.

V. P. I. has probably the strongest team that was ever seen this far South, and Clemson cheerfully and heartily accords her all the credit of her great game and victory. They are a manly, sportsman-like set of players, who realized from their Clemson defeat of last year that they would have to play the best game of which they were capable, if they meant to win from the Palmetto Tigers.

Line up of the teams were as follows:

Clemson.	V. P. I.
Lynah..	R. E.Ware.
Sneed.....	R. T.....McCormick.
Forsythe, J.....	R. G.....Abbott.
Green.....	C.....Steele.
Breeden.....	L. G.....Willson.
DaCosta	L. T.....Miles.
Forsythe, W.....	L. E.....Rame.
Lewis.....	Q. B.....DeCamp (Captain).
Hunter.....	R. H.....Carpenter.
Pearman.....	L. H.....Hufford.
Douthit (Captain)....	F. B.....Counselman.

The toss fell to V. P. I., and Pearman for Clemson kicked off to Carpenter, who advances 25 yards. Hufford tries right end but is thrown back for 2 yards. Carpenter then tries to make gain over DaCosta but fails, and then he punts out of bounds. The ball is now in Clemson's possession. Hunter hits the line hard, but fumbles the ball, which is secured by V. P. I. Counselman gains 2 yards over Clemson's R. T., and McCormick gets 2 more through

L. T. Carpenter takes the ball and fails to advance, but Counselman then makes 2 yards through centre. Hufford goes over centre for 2 yards, and in an attempt to repeat lost 2 yards. Carpenter then tries a place kick for goal but misses by a few inches, and DaCosta touches ball behind goal—thus putting V. P. I. on side—but fails to secure it, and V. P. I. falls upon it. Carpenter kicks goal. Pearman again kicks off for Clemson to the 20 yard line, and Hufford brings it up the field for 15 yards. Hufford then carries the ball around right end for 1 yard, but the ball goes to Clemson on a foul play by one of V. P. I. line men. Clemson fails to make the required gain. Ball goes over, and V. P. I. by a series of small gains carries the ball down the field for 20 yards, and then loses ball on forward pass. On a beautiful trick play—a fake kick and a double pass—Hunter goes 25 yards around L. E. Time was taken out on account of Hunter being injured. It is now Clemson's ball on V. P. I.'s 20 yard line. DaCosta gains 1 yard through centre, but Lewis fumbles, and V. P. I. secures the ball and carries it to the middle of the field by a series of small gains. Here V. P. I. loses ball on downs. DaCosta and Forsythe, W., each carry the ball for two one-half yards—first down—then Clemson loses ball on downs. Hufford loses four yards around R. E. and Carpenter loses one yard at L. E. Carpenter punts for 40 yards, and Hunter, who receives the kick, is downed in his tracks. Pearman punts for 15 yards, and DeCamp, who attempts a free catch, is interfered with by Clemson. Referee allows V. P. I. a free kick and Carpenter put it between the goal posts. Score—V. P. I., 11; Clemson, 0. Time up first half.

Things looked dark for Clemson, and the spectators were questioning whether she would be utterly routed in the second half or whether she would brace up to the occasion and make a stand to show the stuff of which she is made.

Second Half—Carpenter kicks off for V. P. I. Hunter catches and brings up the field for 15 yards. Clemson then makes 3 yards on 2 downs and then kicks. V. P. I. gets ball. By a fake play and double pass, V. P. I. makes a touchdown. Carpenter kicks goal.

Nothing could have been more disheartening than a score of 17 to 0 staring the Clemson players in the face. They had battled hard and with courage, but fate seemed to be against them. The V. P. I. had scored six points on a luckless fluke after a 35 yards kick, five points on a goal from the 30 yard line, and six more points on a long run from a trick play, never except on these occasions getting nearer to Clemson's goal than the 30 yard line. Not that tricks aren't good football, but this record shows the general quality of Clemson's scientific and able defense in preventing V. P. I. from making a single point by straight, rushing football, or even getting dangerously close to the goal line by those means.

With only 8 1-2 minutes left to play, Clemson goes in to do or die, and gives the cleanest exhibition of grit ever seen in these parts.

Pearman kicks off for Clemson to 10 yard line. McCormick advances 40 yards. Hunter is hurt again, and shows grit by staying in the game.

V. P. I. loses ground the first two downs and then kicks. Clemson gets the ball and carries it up the field for 10 yards. Hunter carries it for 7 more. Clemson tries her triple pass, but fumbles, and V. P. I. gets the ball. Clemson again gets the ball on a foul play by V. P. I. Clemson gains 10 yards by a series of plays, and then Pearman kicks for 55 yards for a touch-back. DeCamp falls on the ball and V. P. I. punts from the 25 yard line to Pearman, who brings the ball back 10 yards. Pearman kicks on side to Lynah, who makes a dash of 15 yards. Hunter makes 2 yards at left end. By

a beautiful double pass and on side kick by Pearman to Lynah, Clemson makes a touch-down. Pearman fails to kick goal.

Carpenter kicks off to Lynah, who advances 10 yards. DaCosta bucks centre; and on a double pass Pearman makes 25 yards, Lynah makes 20 yards on a "on side" kick from Pearman. Hunter carries the ball around L. E. for 21 yards, and Pearman gains 3 yards around R. E. Hunter by a beautiful run around L. E. carries it over the goal line. Forsythe, W., kicked goal.

Carpenter kicks off to Lynah, who advances it to the 20 yard line. Hunter and DaCosta each make 10 yards, and Pearman makes 6 yards over left end. Forsythe and DaCosta each gain 4 yards. Then on next down Clemson fumbles and V. P. I. gets the ball in the middle of the field and gains 10 yards in 6 downs. V. P. I. gets 10 yards on Clemson's "off side" play. Miles bucks centre for 3 yards. Time is called with the ball on Clemson's 25 yard line.

Everybody agreed it was the greatest game ever played in South Carolina. With Clemson in good physical shape it is as much a matter of doubt as ever which team would win. Clemson should be and is satisfied that she conclusively proved herself right in the class of the very best teams of Virginia—a class second only to "the Big Four." Under the immense difficulties which have this year weighed us down—green men, light material, lack of playing time, innumerable accidents and injuries—such a score can only be regarded as a superb victory for Clemson. V. P. I. goes back with renewed respect for us and for our team, and carries with them to the Northern teams the news that there is one team at least, far down in Dixie, that plays some ball herself.

The officiating by Mr. Thompson, referee, of Georgetown College, and Mr. Tichenor, umpire, of Auburn, was all that

could be desired. The game itself was clean, hard and wholesome. Certainly, Clemson would have preferred to win, but we have no complaint to make and admit we were fairly beaten. The "Tigers" took their medicine like men.

Clemson vs. North Carolina

In a fast and fierce game, the Tar-heels went down in overwhelming defeat before the Clemson Tigers, by a score of 22 to 10. This game gives Clemson first place among the football teams of the Carolinas; and perhaps she has a right to claim the championship of the South. To a great extent the result of this game was due to the effective coaching of Mr. Heisman, and should we be so fortunate as to secure his training next year, we may well hope to eclipse even our past brilliant record.

The game was called at 3 o'clock. Captain Carr, of the "Tar-heel" team, won the toss, and chose to defend the north goal. Clemson kicks off to Carolina's 15 yard line, and Carr returns the ball 16 yards. Makely bucks for 4 yards, then for 2 more; Berkely tries an end run, but fumbles. Clemson falls on ball on Carolina's 40 yard line. Forsythe tries left-extra hit, fails to gain. Shealy bucks left and gains 2 yards. Pearman makes side kick to Forsythe, who advances ball 12 yards. Douthit bucks left side of line for 5 yards. Shealy gains 2 and Forsythe 4 yards. Sadler makes 5 yards over extra, and Douthit bucks left for 4 yards. Forsythe goes for 3, then Douthit is shoved over right side of line for a touch-down. Forsythe punts out to Lewis, who makes a fair catch. Forsythe misses goal. Score—Clemson, 5; N. C., 0.

Carr kicks off to Clemson's 10 yard line. Lewis advanced ball 17 yards. Sadler makes 4 yards over right extra. Hun-

ter gains 10 yards around left end. On a double pass, Sadler goes around left extra for 8 yards. Doughit bucks right for 4 yards. Pearman makes 4 yards around right end. Shealy fails to gain. Sadler makes 2 yards over right extra, and Pearman punts 60 yards to Carr, who brings it back 8. Makely gains 1 yard through line; Foust also won. Council bucks for 4 yards, and then for 2. Berkley makes 4, Makely 1, and Faust 2. Clemson is called off side, and Carolina gets 10 yards. Council bucks line for 8 yards, then 1, then 1 again. Foust gains 4, Carr fumbles, and Forsythe falls on ball. For Clemson, Sadler gains 4 yards, Douthit bucks for 3, Forsythe makes 1 and Doughit 2. Pearman kicks 15 yards to Carr, who is downed in his tracks on Carolina's 14 yard line. Berkley tries line for 2 yards, Makely loses 3 on end run, and Council goes back to kick, but fumbles. The ball rolls over the goal-line, and Sneece for Clemson falls on it, scoring a touch-down. Forsythe misses goal. Score—Clemson, 10; Carolina, 0.

Carr kicks off to Clemson's 12 yard line. Pearman advances ball 11 yards. Lewis fumbles, but falls on ball. Sadler makes 3 on double pass around end. Pearman kicks 30 yards to Carr, who is downed in his tracks. Gullick succeeds Berkely at half. Gullick bucks line for 2 yards; Council gains 6 at same place. Foust makes 3, and Berkely 5 yards. Council bucks for 4 yards, and again for 5. Foust gains 1 yard, and Gullick goes through line for 2 yards. Carr tries a drop kick, but Forsythe, J. A., blocks it, Carr falling on ball on 45 yard line. Council gains 4 yards, Gullick 3 more over left extra, Council bucks left for 4 yards, and again for 2. Clemson is called off side, and Carolina gets 10 yards. Foust gains 1 yard, Council 4, Makely 3, Council 3 and Gullick goes over for a touch-down. Carolina fails on punt out and forfeits try at goal. Score—Clemson, 10; N. C., 5.

Lewis kicks 45 yards to Carr, who brings ball back 15 yards. Makely loses 3 yards on end run. Council bucks for 4. Gullick gains only 2 yards, and ball goes over. Forsythe makes 5 yards, Douthit bucks for 4 and Sadler gains 6. Douthit bucks for 7, and on next play is shoved over line for touch-down. Forsythe kicks goal. Score—Clemson, 16; N. C., 5.

Carr kicks to Lewis, who advances ball 15 yards. Pearman gains 4 yards on end run. Forsythe gets 3 over extra, and Pearman makes side kick to Forsythe, who catches ball and carries it 50 yards for a touch-down, but Referee calls him off side, and gives ball to Carolina. Council gains 4 yards, and Foust 2. Makely gains 3 and time is called with ball in Carolina's possession on Clemson's 40 yard line.

SECOND HALF.

N. C. kicks off to Clemson and ball is advanced 10 yards. DaCosta bucks for 4 yards and Hunter, on a long pass, makes 15 yards. Sadler gains 2 yards, and Pearman kicks to Carr, who advances 5 yards. Council gains 6 yards, then 3 more. Gullick gains 4 over extra. Council bucks for 5, then 4, then again for 6. Referee calls Clemson off side, and gives Carolina 10 yards. Gullick makes 4, Council 3, then 4, then 2, then goes for touch-down. Carr fails at goal. Score—Clemson, 16; N. C., 10.

Lewis kicks to Makely, who is downed in his tracks. Council makes 6 yards, and Gullick 45 around left end. Makely gains 4 yards, then 1. Gullick makes 2, Council fails to gain and ball goes over to Clemson. Forsythe gains 2 yards, and Sadler 1. Pearman kicks 35 yards. Carolina brings ball back by successive bucks to 20 yard line, where ball goes over to Clemson on downs. Hunter gains 25 yards around left end, Douthit bucks for 4, Pearman makes 6 around right end, Forsythe 4, Sadler gains 10 yards, Hun-

ter 12 around left end, Douthit bucks for 6, Forsythe for 5, and Douthit makes touch-down. Forsythe kicks goal. Score—Clemson, 22; N. C., 10.

Carolina kicks off to 15 yard line and ball is returned 15 yards. From then on, neither side was able to score, the ball remaining near the centre of the field, except towards the last, when Clemson made a grand effort, and, aided by Sadler's superb run of 20 yards, carried the ball to Carolina's 15 yard line, when whistle sounds to end the game.

The feature of the game was the splendid rallying of the Clemson team. Time and again, Douthit bucked the line, and often, when it appeared beyond his power to advance another inch, the team would pick him up bodily and shove him over Carolina's line for long gains.

Council, the 190 pound tackle, was the star of the Carolina team. His bucking was superb, and nearly all their gains were made by him. Carolina's coach says that Clemson held him better than any other team they had met this year, and this in itself is something to be proud of.

The line-up of the teams is as follows:

Carolina.	Clemson.
Jones, H.....	Center.....Sneed.
Hester.....	R. G.....Forsythe, J. A.
Jones-Brem.....	L. G.....Breedon.
Foust-Jones.....	R. T.....Shealy.
Council.....	L. T.....DaCosta.
Cox.....	R. E.....Sadler.
Williams.....	L. E.....Forsythe, W. C.
Carr, W.....	Q. B.....Lewis.
Berkeley-Gullick..	R. H. B.....Hunter.
Makely-Jackson...	L. H. B.....Pearman.
Carr (Captain).....	F. B.....Douthit (Captain).

Alumni Notes

In our last issue we gave the present occupation and address of the graduating class of 1896. At the same time we promised to give a similar list of the class of 1898, which is as follows:

Agricultural Course.

Brown, D. O., is book-keeping for Osburn & Pearson, Anderson, S. C.

Bryan, A. B., Assistant Professor of English, Clemson College, S. C.

Garris, J. S., is practicing law in Spartanburg, S. C.

Gentry, C. W., medical student, Baltimore, Md.

Hallum, R. T., is farming and teaching school near Liberty, S. C.

Hanvey, G. A., Jr., Assistant Chemist Virginia Chemical Company, Richmond, Va.

Henry, D. H., Assistant Chemist, Experiment Station, Clemson College, S. C.

McFadden, W. H., is farming near Rock Hill, S. C.

Minus, J. P., Jr., is with the Armour Packing Company. He is stationed at Birmingham, Ala.

Sarratt, W. J., is representing Armour Packing Company at Bennettsville, S. C.

Smith, J. B., is studying medicine in Richmond, Va.

Wiggins, G., is farming. His address is Rock Hill, S. C.

Mechanical Course.

Hanvey, J. T., electrician Norfolk Navy Yard, Norfolk, Va.

Hook, J. H., Assistant Professor of Wood Work, Clemson College, S. C.

McCrary, J. A., is employed as electrician in the Navy Yard at Washington, D. C.

Mahaffey, C. B., is with the General Electric Company of Schenectady, N. Y.

Maxwell, J. D., electrician, Rock Hill, S. C.

Rogers, D. F., is with the General Electric Company. He is stationed at Battle Creek, Pa.

Swygert, G. H., is employed as a mechanical draftsman in Washington, D. C.

Talbert, A. D., government clerk, Washington, D. C.

Vogel, T. R., mechanical draftsman, Port Royal, S. C.

Wise, J. T., government inspector, Dry Tortugas, Fla.

In the list which we published last month we made two errors, which we wish to correct:

Mr. A. M. Chreitzberg is employed in the Auditor's office of the Southern Railway in Washington, D. C., instead of being at Portsmouth, Va., as stated.

Mr. Cothran, T. W., is in Portsmouth, Va., but instead of being in the government employ is chief draftsman of the Engineering Department of the Seaboard Air Line Railway.

Southern Colleges

Nearly all of those, which issue handsomely engraved anniversary and commencement invitations, are having them done by a Southern firm who are doing very artistic work.

We refer to J. P. STEVENS, of ATLANTA, GA.

This house has a magnificently equipped plant for the production of high grade steel and copper plate engraving, and invitation committees would do well to obtain their prices and samples before placing their orders.

Clemson College Directory

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CLEMSON COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

M. E. Zeigler, Editor-in-Chief.

E. B. Boykin, Business Manager.

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F. K. Norris, President.

O. M. Roberts, Secretary.

COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

T. R. Phillips, President.

Charlie Dew, Secretary.

PALMETTO LITERARY SOCIETY.

S. M. Robertson, President.

A. M. Henry, Secretary.

CLEMSON COLLEGE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

J. V. Lewis, Superintendent.

H. G. Stokes, Secretary.

AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

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E. B. C. Watts, Secretary.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

E. B. Boykin, President.

W. O. Cain, Secretary.

CLEMSON COLLEGE SCIENTIFIC ASSOCIATION.

J. V. Lewis, President.

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ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

W. M. Riggs, President.

FOOTBALL ASSOCIATION.

W. M. Riggs, President.

E. M. Matthews, Manager.

C. Douthit, Captain Team '02.

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TENNIS CLUB.

T. S. Perrin, President.

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BASEBALL ASSOCIATION.

M. N. Hunter, Captain.

W. G. Hill, Manager.

CLEMSON COLLEGE TRACT TEAM.

J. C. Wylie, Captain.

C. Douthit, Manager.

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VOL. V. CLEMSON COLLEGE, S. C., JANUARY, 1902 No. 4



W. E. G. BLACK, }
V. B. HALL, }

- - - - - EDITORS

A New Year's Oath

(1)

Turn back the leaf! another year has sped,
Another page been added to the Document of Time,
Turn back the leaf, and on the clean new sheet
Record your vows to battle 'gainst last year's reckless
crime.

(2)

Swear that this page in life's record shall be
Full glory-marked with wholesome honest deeds,
Not smeared with vice, and foul with loathsome acts,
Turn back the leaf, and write your new year's creed.

(3)

Swear that for this one year your life shall show
An upward trend toward perfection's seat,
Mark down your aim, your route, your guide, your goal
And break last year's false idols at your feet.

(4)

Remember that 'tis only one year's page,
No more, no less; then make it all you should
So that when it is turned, the deeds will show
The effort of the year to do some good.

(5)

But swear to nought that cannot be performed,
Let judgment wait on choice, and what your swear,
Although it cost a sacrifice at times
Should be lived up to just for one short year.

(6)

And so, as year by year the pages turn
And each records advance and higher aim,
The end will be a book of precious worth
The joint inheritance of God and Fame.

W. L. MOISE.

Aedanus Burke. The Eccentric Irish Soldier, Law-maker, Jurist

Aedanus Burke was born at Galway, Ireland, June 16, 1743, and died at Charleston, South Carolina, March 30, 1802. He was educated in France with a view to entering the priesthood. He visited the West Indies, and from there came to Charleston about the outbreak of the Revolutionary War. He volunteered in the American army. In 1778 he was elected a Judge of the Supreme Court. When the State was overrun by the British he quit the bench and went back to the army. When the Courts were re-established he resumed his Judgeship.

In 1785, Judge Burke was one of three commissioners to form a digest of the State's laws. In the State Convention he was an outspoken opponent of the ratification of the Constitution of the United States, fearing consolidated power.

He was a delegate to the First Congress, serving from March 4, 1789, until 1791, when he resigned—the State Legislature having passed a law prohibiting any Judge from leaving the State without permission of the General Assembly.

He was several years a member of the Legislature, and a short time before his death was elected one of the Chancellors of the State.

Judge Burke was a ready writer as well as soldier, law-maker, jurist. He published a pamphlet against the Society of the Cincinnati, which it is said caused that organization to abolish some of the aristocratic provisions of its constitution. Mirabeau translated this pamphlet into French and used it in the National Assembly of France.

Judge Burke had a plentiful fund of Irish wit. Many stories were, and are, told of him. Eccentric as he was, the record is that he was an upright and honest republican.

The following anecdotes are taken from Governor Benjamin F. Perry's *Sketches*:

Aedanus Burke died an old bachelor, and in his will he left a maiden lady in Charleston six hundred pounds sterling, and gave as a reason for leaving this legacy, that he had courted the lady ten years, and "before his God he believed that, if he had persevered, she would have had him."

Whilst holding Court at Ninety-Six, just after the Revolutionary War, a man was tried before him for house-breaking, and acquitted under the treaty of peace between the United States and Great Britain, as to an amnesty for all past offences. He had been a noted tory, and plunderer and murderer. General Butler, with a party of friends, went into the court house, took him out and hung him to a tree in the court yard. The wife of the unfortunate man rushed into the presence of the Judge and besought him to save the life of her husband. He replied to her: "Good woman, be-

fore God, they will hang me too if I attempt to interfere." He ordered his horses and left the court.

Judge Burke was once the second of Colonel Aaron Burr in one of his duels, and in loading his pistol did not ram the bullet down on the powder. Colonel Burr saw this, and protested against it as the pistol was handed to him, but the Judge said: "Never mind, Colonel, the gentleman is waiting on you; and the next time I will grease the patching!"

Whilst in Congress he resented some expression of Alexander Hamilton about the cowardice of the militia at the battle of Camden. The Colonel replied by saying he did not particularly allude to the militia of South Carolina. Judge Burke replied that he did not particularly allude to Colonel Hamilton in pronouncing the charge to be false.

Judge Colcock, who was Solicitor at the time, told the following anecdote: He was prosecuting a man before Judge Burke, for hog stealing, who had been a member of the Legislature and captain of the militia. Judge Burke charged the jury to acquit the prisoner before leaving their box, which they did. At dinner, the Judge said to the Solicitor: "Before God, that fellow stole the pig." "Why, then?" said the Solicitor, "did you advise the jury to acquit him?" "For the honor of the State, sir. Would you have it go abroad, sir, that a member of your Parliament, and a captain of your trained band, was guilty of hog stealing?"

Riding the Circuit one day, with a number of lawyers, one of them was thrown from his horse and killed. Judge Burke came up, and after expressing deep sorrow at the unfortunate death of the lawyer, he said: "And think, too, that so clever a man should be killed by such a d—d tackey of a horse!"

Judge Burke was no temperate man, but prided himself on drinking good liquor. Whilst holding Court, at some place, there was nothing to drink but corn whiskey. The Judge

drank of it as he would have done of a bottle of claret, and got gloriously drunk. As they were carrying him from the table some wag slipped two or three silver spoons into his pocket. The next morning, in dressing, his Honor discovered the spoons, and inquired of his servant if he knew anything about them. The boy replied that he did not know how they came in his pocket; but he recognized them as belonging to the landlady. The Judge was a good deal disturbed, and exclaimed: "Before God, I thought I was an honest man. I do not remember ever to have stolen anything before when I was drunk. It must have been that vile stuff they call corn whiskey which prompted me to steal these spoons."

Some time afterwards, there was a case of larceny tried before him, and it appeared in evidence that the offender was drunk when he committed the theft. His Honor inquired if the witness could tell him what kind of liquor the fellow had been drinking. He was informed that it was corn whiskey. Thereupon he turned to the jury and said: "Before God, gentlemen of the jury, you ought to acquit the prisoner. I know, from my own experience, that corn whiskey does give a man a propensity to steal; and, his reason being dethroned, he should not be held responsible for his larceny."

Chief Justice O'Neill tells the following story of Judge Burke, who was very absent-minded: He was riding the circuit on horse-back, with a servant mounted on another horse behind him. The Judge was in a brown study, and his servant rode up pretty close behind him, whereupon the horse kicked the servant on the leg. Jumping off his horse, the boy picked up a stone and threw it at his master's horse, which struck his Honor on the back. Turning around he saw his servant in seeming great agony, and inquired what was the matter. The servant told him that his horse had kicked him on the leg. "And before God," replied the

Judge, "he kicked me, too, just between the shoulders."

In going to Court one morning, he mistook an old black silk dress of the landlady's for his judicial robe. As he mounted the Judge's seat he began to unfold the dress, and was for some time turning it about and trying in vain to get into it, to the great amusement of the bar and spectators. "Before God," he exclaimed, "some devil has sewed it up in front."

Just before he died his physician told him that it would be necessary to tap him for the dropsy. "Before God, then," said the Judge, "my days are numbered, for nothing was ever tapped in this house that lasted long." W. S. M.

January 4, 1902.

The Old and Forgotten Fiddle

I.

'Tis lying now, in the corner there,
With broken strings. The bow hangs near.
No more to answer to his touch,
To speak to those that loved him much,
The old and forgotten fiddle.

II.

With broken keys, and covered with dust,
'Tis left exposed to the dirt and rust.
Forgotten are its sweetest lays,
Forever gone its brightest days,
That old and forgotten fiddle.

III.

Once it swayed the mighty throng,
Once it led mankind along,
It brought a tear to the unwilling eye
But now those days have all gone by,
And 'tis an old and forgotten fiddle.

IV.

No more shall the head on it be bent,
The soul that to it once was lent
Has gone and has forever hushed
Its sweetest notes, the life is crushed
From that old and forgotten fiddle.

V.

Once to a master's touch it did respond;
To a master to whom it seemed so fond.
He seemed to breathe his very soul,
The soul o'er which the bells did toll,
Into that old and forgotten fiddle.

VI.

Its life is nought to any one,
No one loves it as he has done.
To no one could it draw so near,
There's no one now who is half so dear,
To that old and forgotten fiddle.

VII.

There's no one now to whom it speaks,
There's no one now that its music seeks.
No one holds it as a living thing,
Cold is the hand that bade it sing,
So hushed is that old and forgotten fiddle.

VIII.

Its master's dead. And in his grave,
Is buried its life—the life he gave;
And that is why its lying so,
Lying hushed forever more,
Is that old and forgotten fiddle.

Azo.

The Social Relation Between Professor and Student

An article in the December CHRONICLE on the subject of the relation between student and faculty argues that one of the various reasons for strife between these two bodies is the lack of social intercourse, and further adds that the students are to be blamed for such conditions. The purpose of this brief article is to justify the students in their desire to avoid social familiarity, as the writer firmly believes that it is a wise and healthy sentiment and should be encouraged rather than deprecated. I am, perhaps, in a better position to discuss this phase of college life than most ex-students, as during my term there I gave this matter very close study and soon came to the conclusion that the only safe line of conduct lay in keeping the demarcation distinct and clear. My argument is based on the ground of fair competition for success. The primary object of a student is to learn; of a professor to teach. Any course of conduct which will interfere with the student's learning or the professor's teaching should be avoided. It must be admitted in the preface that professors are human, and endowed with human idiosyncracies. Their elections to professorship dissolve none of their former traits. It must, therefore, follow, *per se*, that they bring with them their likes and dislikes, their favorite notions and their pet aversions. It must also be recognized that the greatest evil in college life is the presence of personal likes and aversions. There is no greater task set before a professor to perform than the exhibition of a strict impartiality, and I may say that there is no line of duty in which they more unanimously fail in accomplishment. It is as natural for a person to show his interest in his friends and his aversion to his enemies, as for water to flow down hill, and equally as difficult to overcome. But I hold that the work of the professor is hindered and frequently injured by the absence of the one desideratum—impartiality. There-

fore any step which will influence the recognition of fair competition is to be welcomed; any step which will injure it should be avoided. With these facts firmly established, we cannot but admit that a social familiarity between student and professor is a step in the wrong direction, as it increases the probability of partiality and thereby destroys fair competition. The student who visits the professor's home, accepts the hospitality of his family and in natural sequence returns the favors by attention to the professor's wife or children, places himself before the professor in the classroom in an advantageous position, and the professor would be far from human were he to fail in exhibiting a special preference for that student. This condition is not desired by the professor himself. I have had them to tell me personally that they showed greater interest in those students who have come under their special observation than in those whom they only see in the class-room, and it is, I say, perfectly natural for them to do so. I then advanced my argument to them that such would be an unfair competition, and on those grounds I excused myself from accepting the very courteous invitations extended me. Some sarcastic persons may comment that such a doctrine is placing the student conduct on rather a high level. Perhaps it is, but God knows the level needs raising. If a student has any self-respect, he must also have fellow-respect; a recognition that in rising he must not pull down a fellow-man. The only real stepping-stones to success are *our* dead selves, not *other people's* dead selves. We have to open the gates, clear the way and have a fair and square race, or the end will be a foul victory and a thorny crown. These are the reasons why social intercourse between students and faculty should be avoided, and in keeping such a line of conduct before him the student exhibits his grasp of the fitness of things. He directly aids the professor by refusing to give further evidence for impartial tactics.

He aids his fellow-students by giving them an equal showing, and he aids himself by establishing in his soul a conception of honesty and justice which will raise his standard of morality throughout all his life, and whose influence will be present in future problems which will require a precedent to decide.

Incidentally he aids the whole student body by diminishing the cause of those petty jealousies which lacerate a college body; and he thereby increases the unison and mutual respect which is the life and soul of all organizations. By all means seek some more desirable method of uniting student and faculty than by nourishing the distasteful growth of favoritism.

W. L. MOISE.

January, with all its charms,
Has rolled around again,
And with it begins another link
For *Time's* great lengthening chain.

With it are brought to each of us
In all our institutions,
Our past year's forgotten vows
And broken resolutions.

Still let us them now again renew
And during this—another year
Try both in body and in spirit
To keep and hold them dear.

January 3, '02.

Love, the Conqueror

Charles Raynor, the wealthy mill owner of L——, arrived home from his office on a blustering November afternoon in no enviable frame of mind. His business manager and con-

fidential clerk had suddenly been called home by the death of a maiden aunt, who had left him sole heir to her snug little fortune. To supply his place would be no easy matter. Why should fate treat him thus?

Years gone by had seen his fondest hopes dashed to earth when his young wife died, leaving to his care a little blue-eyed daughter, instead of the much-desired son, who should inherit not only the name, but the wealth of Charles Raynor. By frugality in youth, and close attention to business, Raynor had risen from being an employee in a mill to the ownership of a vast estate, and of one of the largest factories in the State of Massachusetts. As time rolled on, and little Marjory grew from childhood to girlhood, then to womanhood, he became reconciled to the disappointment of earlier years ago, and learned to love the winsome creature, who should grace his home as mistress. So dreaming, and planning for the years to come, he lavished on Marjory all that wealth and a stern sort of affection could bestow; looking askance at any young man whom he might suspect of seeking his daughter's love—for the man who won her hand should be his choosing, and well able to direct his business when the summons came which would call him "to that bourne whence no traveler returns."

The transition from the cold wind out of doors to the warmth of his glowing fireside seemed, in a measure, to soothe his ruffled temper. Entering the drawing-room, he was affectionately greeted by Marjory, who hastily left the piano where she had been playing selections from "the grand old masters," and imprinted on his forehead the customary evening kiss. Noting the frown on his brow, she twined her arm around his neck, drew him gently into the arm chair by the fire, and wanted to know at once the cause of his evident annoyance. After hearing all about it, with woman's ready logic, she exclaimed: "Don't let that worry you, papa dear;

some one can be found who will easily take his place."

"But my child," he began, "think of the years he has served me, served me well, too, so that, almost unknown to myself, I began to rely on his judgment, and now, at my time of life, to undertake to train a new man is perplexing indeed."

Marjory tried by every means at her command to comfort her father, and had just suggested that he should advertise in the leading papers for a clerk, when the butler announced that dinner was served, and so for a while the subject was dismissed.

During the next week many answers to the advertisement were received, but were scornfully rejected by the recipient. Finally one came that seemed to strike his fancy. The afternoon was growing late, and his horses were impatiently pawing the snow in front of his office, so hastily thrusting the letter into his pocket, he determined that Marjory should write his reply. He stepped into his carriage and gruffly told the coachman to "drive home." In accordance with her father's wish, Marjory wrote the letter which bade Richard Walton come at once to L—— to become business manager and confidential clerk of Charles Raynor.

A few days later Mr. Raynor informed his daughter that the new assistant had arrived, and was located at the best boarding house that the village afforded. Girl-like, she asked innumerable questions about the new comer, but received little information beyond the fact that Mr. Walton appeared to be a gentleman, and that Mr. Raynor had gleaned from their conversation that the elder Walton had been well-to-do, until made bankrupt by the failure of a friend, for whom he had indorsed for large amounts. More than this he knew not, except that Richard's mother, now a widow, resided in New York, and that her son was her sole support.

Nothing had been said about asking Richard to accept Mr. Raynor's hospitality, nor had Marjory succeeded in obtaining a glimpse of the stranger, although she had made frequent visits to the village recently, ostensibly "to do a little shopping;" in reality to try to gratify the ever-recurring question—what does he look like?

Stormy weather kept Marjory house-bound for several successive days. At last the sun struggled through the clouds, glimpses of blue sky appeared, and birds chirped on the trees, which were bare save for the light mantle of ermine thrown over them by loving mother nature. As the snow gradually disappeared beneath the sun's rays, tiny patches of green appeared in the garden, and Marjory could no longer repress the desire to breathe the fresh air. Ordering her horse to be saddled, she donned her riding habit, and, with a groom in attendance, was soon gayly cantering down the road to the village. The crisp air seemed to invigorate both horse and rider; the speed was rapidly increased, and all went well, until frightened by some children who were throwing snow balls, the horse shied, stumbled, and fell, throwing his rider violently to the ground. Just then a young man hastened from a neighboring gate, and offered his assistance. "Miss Raynor, allow me to assist you," he said. "I am Richard Walton." He gently raised her from the ground, and, with the groom's aid, led her over the snow into his boarding house. Hastily calling his landlady, he ascertained that Miss Raynor was unhurt; then hurried to the factory to inform Mr. Raynor of the accident, fearing that he would hear of it from others, and become unnecessarily alarmed.

Gratitude for Richard's timely help seemed to thaw Mr. Raynor's chilly nature, and, contrary to his usual custom, he invited him to his house.

The occasional visits became more frequent, until seldom

a week passed without finding Richard more than once a guest in his employer's house. Between Marjory and Richard, acquaintanceship soon ripened into friendship, while Mr. Raynor began to take an unusual interest in the manly young fellow, who relieved him of many business cares. Small wonder that both father and daughter learned to anticipate his visits with pleasure; the one ever greeting him with a smile of welcome; the other, with a grunt of satisfaction.

One never-to-be-forgotten evening after dinner, Marjory and Richard went into the conservatory. She dropped a flower that she had just plucked; Richard stooped to recover it, and in returning it, their hands touched, a glance was exchanged, and the scales dropped from their eyes. They knew that they could no longer delude themselves with the idea that only friendship existed between them. Richard uttered words he had long repressed, and which he had vainly tried to leave unspoken. The whispered answer told him that his heart's dearest wish was granted. Like the knights of old, he was "without fear and without reproach," so he delayed not in informing Mr. Raynor of his love for his daughter. The old man's face became livid with anger. My daughter wed a pauper! never! Leave my house at once, and if my wayward girl still deludes herself with the idea that she loves you, let her be gone, too—never to return!"

That night she went to the home of a friend; the next day she and Richard were quietly married. He received, the same day, a note containing his dismissal from Mr. Raynor's employ, enclosing a check for his salary up to the end of the year.

* * * * *

Four years have passed since Richard Walton became manager of the Phoenix Mills, and he and Marjory went to

live in Rosedale cottage. A veritable nest of love and peace it was! He left it every morning with a backward glance of affection at the dainty woman on the piazza, and threw a kiss to the sturdy little fellow who was riding a broom-stick horse on the pathway, proud in the possession of a paper hat and wooden sword. In the evening he hastened through the gloaming to be welcomed at the gate with a kiss and shout of glee from the two who were dearest to him in the world.

What of the old man left alone with his wealth and silent home? The few who crossed his threshold declared that he became harder and sterner with each succeeding year.

Once again the holidays had come to gladden the world. In Rosedale cottage all seemed warmth and light. In the mansion not far distant an old man, ill almost unto death, was tossing restlessly on his couch with no one near, except his physician and hired nurse. At fitful intervals, he would murmur "Marjory." So she was summoned. With timid footsteps she crossed the old familiar room, knelt by her father's side, and placed her hand in his. The weak fingers gently pressed her own, and the tears which coursed down both their cheeks seemed to obliterate from memory the events of the past few years. Through the stillness could he heard the happy chime of Christmas bells. Richard came in bearing baby Charles in his arms, and the smile that illumined the old man's face seemed a glad omen of the future.

Again the patter of childish feet resounds within the old home. A grand hobby-horse has replaced the noble broom-stick charger. Passers-by note with smiles an old man seated beneath a tree on the lawn, while a gayly dressed soldier of three summers shoulders a tiny gun, and shows grandpa how he will shoot "Injuns" when he is a man.

G. D. L., '03.

The Expressman

"Yonder is a woman who has played an important part in our lives, Fred. She is Miss Grace Hope, the little Grace of whom Jack Oquady used so much to talk. See her?"

"Yes," answered Fred Newry; "but how she has changed. Do you remember this?" and he held out his watch, where Will could see the smiling face of Grace at seventeen.

They both remembered her as the sweetheart of Jack Oquady their college chum. They remembered now that neat little bi-weekly blue envelope stuffed to its fill that Jack always found in his room on Wednesdays and Sundays; how, that when once two weeks had passed without his getting one of these letters, Jack had gone almost wild with anxiety, until one day there came a little blue letter saying she had been ever so sick; that the doctors had given her up to die, but that she couldn't have done anything like that and have left him all alone. Then they thought with bleeding hearts of what the world read on one bright October morning three years before. Jack Oquady had taken his own life just two weeks before the day set for his marriage. The same paper that published the wedding announcement and their plans for the future told of this awful tragedy. At first people thought—accident, but a pistol, a letter and a corpse made it too plain.

To-night Will and Fred were at church, and both saw Grace assisted from her father's carriage when it drew up before the door. To Will she looked more beautiful to-night with the lights from within playing on her face than she had three years before at the commencement ball, when he danced with her once, twice, then twice again, and as many times as Jack would let him.

Fred had never seen her before to-night, when she thus broke into their talk of the world what it gives and what it requires. A moment before they saw her, neither had real-

ized that they were in Boston, where Jack, their old roommate, intended living and where both had agreed to visit him and his wife when he and Grace should be married.

"You were telling an incident of your last campaign when I interrupted you."

"Yes," said Fred. "It was very— Say, isn't it strange there has been no truth brought to light concerning Jack's death?" And he inflected his voice just enough to make it a question, for he was curious to know what Jack had written to Will and why Will had never mentioned the letter.

"Well, Fred, I'll tell you what I've been wanting to mention for all these three years and have failed in doing for lack of courage to inquire into things that were being kept from me. You know I was at H——, when Jack shot himself, and I never heard of his death until a long while afterwards—after receiving that letter the papers said he left for me. Once I was about to answer the letter, but by some chance I was prevented, and soon heard of his death and that he had left a letter for me. That letter said only that he was disappointed and that I should get the 'particulars' from you. Now, I want you to tell me all you know about the affair."

"Nothing? Then something has gone wrong. From his letter to me one would infer that he had written you an important letter."

So were these two friends puzzled to-night over the turn that affairs had taken. They once thought, but now they both knew that surrounding the circumstances of their friend's death was a shroud of mystery that even time might not lift. A look of cloudy accusation from Will and a questioning appeal from Fred told where one had long since laid the blame of this tragedy. The eyes of Fred, before which many a crafty politician had wavered, looked the words that said, however bad Grace then was, she never did anything that would cause a suicide.

"You know," said Fred, "I would like best in the world to meet her. I want to see what it is about her that created such a lasting love in Oquady. She certainly must be above the ordinary or the boy would have wearied of loving before reaching Soph."

"Yes, there is something above the ordinary and I am sorry, Fred, that I made the discovery. Perhaps it will be easier for you to find out what it is about her that attracted such a number of admirers when she visited down South. Strange to say it pained me to make the discovery of her holding quality."

Grace had been down South, and of all the times of her life the one covering this visit to her old home was the best. Here she went again over the old playgrounds of her childhood, found the old playmates of her early school days, and it was these whom Will had seen with her when she boarded his train. It was the way she treated these old friends of her youth that caused Will to say of her that she was a flirt—a heartless flirt. He was for dropping her from the memories of both, but Fred, who had carried a likeness of her so long, and who had never known a flirt, felt easier now that he knew his old friend's sweetheart was yet unmarried. He felt that she was nearer to him now—even nearer than she was in those college days, when Jack would send her candy and get in return the sweetest of roses to shed their beauty and their sweetness in the old room.

The next afternoon he saw her in her home, the home where Jack went so often in quest of the love that she so freely gave. She met him at the door with the same ease that she would if they had been close friends. Like old friends they met, and when a few words were spoken all the ground of a trying beginning had been cleared. She talked first of his political fortunes, of his first speech in Congress, then of his friendship for her lost lover. At last she told

him of her life after her sorrow, of the visit South, where for a while she dwelt with the birds in their happiness, and heard again the low sweet sighing of the old pines as they sang their wordless songs to the breeze. She asked him where was Mr. Thorman, and then he remembered Will's estimate of this queenly beauty. A flirt! Would, thought he, that all the world of beauties were flirts. She asked lief to call him Fred—a wish he readily granted. Thus it became "Fred" and "Grace," after little more than an hour's chat, and when they parted she gave him back the little paper face he had so long possessed, but had parted with upon her asking for it.

They married one year from the day of their first meeting. Both were satisfied, and such an outcome could not be averted. Fred thought once that he loved a little companion of his school boy days, but just a look, one caress from Grace had blotted out the memory of this nursery love. He used to think of the sweetness of this wee little first love of his with a fever of passionate memory, but now, when he held this newly found treasure close to his heart and buried his face deep in a flood of golden locks, it seemed as if a voice in cadence with her love cooing was whispering to him how happy each was making the other and how enduring was the foundation of this union.

They wended their way to Italy, the land of lovers where the poets rest, and where are the sweetest flowers. They loved, and they wanted once to be among love rather than live off their happiness in a land of business.

Fred had never ventured to ask her why Jack had committed suicide, and he tried hard to forget that back of it all was a mystery which coming to light might destroy the dream he was living.

One day his wife threw him a letter bearing a foreign post-mark and addressed in a bold feminine hand. The post-

mark was that of F——, the home of Jack. Both he and Grace noticed this, and without the least warning Grace quitted the room. Once alone Fred proceeded to open this letter with the same coolness that had stood to him on so many occasions. The first thing to attract his attention was a letter, short and to the point, from Jack's sister, explaining why the enclosed letter had been kept from him.

Quick as lightning his conversation with Will Thorman flashed across his mind. Now he would have the particulars. But, no, he would not read anything that might cast a shadow on the name of his wife. Twice he held the letter over the grate where a slow fire was dying, and twice did he take it away. He finished reading the letter of explanation, then overcome by his masculine curiosity, read this letter that sounded to him there in the dull quiet of an Italian afternoon like a voice from the grave. It ran:

"Dear Fred: Twice in my life have I run down to B—— all unexpected and surprised Grace. On these occasions I would walk in the house where she was and have her in my arms before she knew it. On one occasion when I was visiting her we walked down town and while we were standing on the pavement at a crossing the express wagon passed, driven by a roughly clad Irishman who had the cheek to smile at Grace. I should not have noticed it if she had not blushed to such a crimson.

"To-night I traveled one hundred miles to see her and be with her once more as sweethearts, but she didn't want me this time. I walked in the library without being announced, and there, in the dim light of growing evening, I made out the form of that fluffy Irish expressman holding my Grace in his arms. You may tell Will this, but no other must know. OQUADY."

It was the time when spring was passing into summer that Fred awoke from unconsciousness. He had been ill for

months and months, was weak and weary now, while all else enjoyed so much life and sunshine. He had been given up to the grave by many of the best men of medicine and all said he never would recover his right mind. But they didn't know Fred, for he was soon able to be wheeled about in his invalid's chair and carried out in the cool of the morning among the singing birds. One dull May afternoon, while the nurses slept and the house was still, Grace weak and wan came to his bedside. There in the faint glow of parting day he was sleeping. She called his name, "Fred," as she leaned against his pillow, then as if waking from a happy dream he opened his eyes and beheld her to whom all his life was given.

"Oh, yes, I remember." And a faint smile came over his face as he waved her away. "Fred, wont you let me tell about it? It was one night while Norfolk was quarantined that brother Tom, who was going away to the Philippines the next morning, came home to bid us good-bye. He had to dress in the clothes of the expressman to pass the guards, and he, it was, whom Mr. Oquady saw with me."

In the dim shadow of the growing night Fred found his wife's hand and pressing it gently to his lips, asked her forgiveness, while she lay passively entwined in his weak arms. Here late in the night the nurse found them, sleeping like the babes in the wood.

They left Italy before the close of summer, bound for America—for the South—where now they live happy as children at play; for true both are children again when they watch their wee little Fred laugh and play about over the same old grounds where once his mamma was a child.

The Clemson College Chronicle

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Editorial Department

M. E. ZEIGLER,	-	-	-	-	-	-	EDITOR
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We shall be compelled to ask our readers to bear with us for the shortcomings of the January issue of THE CHRONICLE, both in point of the number of articles and the time of reaching the public. The holidays which extended to the 2d interfered seriously with our work. Ordinarily, we collect and prepare our manuscripts in time to have them ready for the press by, at least, the first of the month. As we explained, we were prevented by the holidays from following our usual practice this month. We were pleased, however, on our return to find several manuscripts on hand, and we hope by industrious effort to get the January issue to the public by the last of the month.

**A New Year's
Greeting**

THE CHRONICLE wishes to extend a New Year's greeting to its sisters in college journalism, and congratulate them on their work in the past and wish them success in that of the future. The custom in most colleges of publishing a magazine in addition to the regular college work is a useful and profitable one. It serves to give the students a taste for, and experience in that important and influential line of work known as journalism. Many editors of prominence can trace the first signs of the journalistic ability, which has won them positions, desirable, both for the work and reward, to the time of their school boy days. We should, therefore, endeavor to raise the standard of our college magazines, thereby making them still more profitable and useful.

In this connection, we should like to advise the students, and especially those belonging to the staff, to give all possible attention to our exchange magazines. It will help them in various ways. They can by the comparison thus afforded determine the place of their magazine in college journalism; they can thereby keep in touch with the progress made in this department of college work; and they can improve their own paper by introducing the new methods and ideas thus suggested. It may be argued that such reading is unnecessary in view of the fact that the staff and student body are represented by the exchange editors. But we should remember that the work of the exchange editor makes it necessary for him to read solely for the purposes of criticism, and that entails work sufficient upon him. It would be unfair to burden him with more.

We wish, also, to express our appreciation for the generous manner in which the students and faculty have responded to the call of THE CHRONICLE in the recent past. It is very gratifying to staff to have on hand a number of contributions, so that only the best may be selected and published.

It does much to elevate the standard of our paper, and we hope the support, so generously begun, will be continued.

**College
Education as a
Training
For Life**

The discussion current in the papers some time ago in regard to the value of a college education, brought forth expressions from several prominent men. Among them was the famous Charles M. Schwab, president of the great steel trust, who advised against a college education for those aspiring to business success. Opposed to his views, was the action of Andrew Carnegie in his liberal endowment of Scottish colleges.

Mr. Gilmer Speed, an American writer of note, viewing the matter from the college standpoint, prepared, after much study, an article under the title quoted above. This article appeared in June, 1901. Entering, first, the field of politics, the writer showed that of the eight members of President McKinley's Cabinet, six were college men. The President, himself, though not a college graduate, received a diploma from a law school. In the Supreme Court the eight Justices showed the same proportion of college men. Of the twenty-four men who had then reached the office of President, fifteen were college men. Of the eighty-six members of the Senate, forty-four were college men; and of the 360 in the House, 168 were college graduates.

This showing proves that even, in the field of politics, where men are afforded some chance of rising by reason of popularity, political affiliation, or for some cause other than down right merit, the college man has the advantage.

The writer goes on to express the opinion that, in the professions of medicine and law, the proportion of college men who reach distinction or rise to lucrative positions is higher than in politics. It was in journalism, however, that he found the proportion of college men greatest. Of the eight

leading New York dailies, seven of the editors-in-chief were college men; of the fifteen most important magazines, fourteen were graduates from some college. In the business world, however, the non-college men seemed to have the advantage. Of the eight great masters of business affairs: J. Pierpont Morgan, Andrew Carnegie, John D. Rockefeller, William Rockefeller, James J. Hill, James Stillman, Charles Schwab, and William C. Whitney, only the last mentioned is a college graduate.

The author concludes his valuable article by contrasting the cost of education with that of ignorance as exhibited by the peculiar conditions in the city of New York, and then observes: "When ignorance is so costly, higher education cannot be very dear at twice what is now paid for it."

The Value of An Ideal

For some time past we have been hearing considerable criticism on the Declaration of Independence in general, and more in particular on that part of it which refers to the rights of men. This is because of the obstacles presented by the Declaration to the spread of the doctrines of commercialism, now meeting with so much favor in this country.

The substance of the criticism is that the Declaration of Independence is largely a collection of idealistic fancies, which do not now exist, never existed when the document was written, and never can exist in the practical affairs of human government. Especial care is taken to censure the phrases, "All men are created equal," as void, meaningless, and inconsistent with the lives of the signers, because they then held their "fellowmen" in slavery.

It may be said that because of the inexactness of language as a medium of thought, because of the chances of ambiguity in even the most careful expressions, it is unfair to depend, alone, upon the wording of a sentence for its sole interpreta-

tion. Few statements are universally true; most are true within certain limits. The circumstances, the occasion, and the condition which give rise to a statement must be considered; and under the simplifying aid of these valuable hints the meaning generally becomes apparent enough.

Now, when Jefferson penned the Declaration of Independence, it is true, he was a slaveholder; still, a slave was not regarded by him as his "fellowman." The idea of applying the declaration to slaves was not conceived till a half century afterwards. Hence, we may conclude that Jefferson did not have the negro in mind when he wrote the famous phrase, did not regard him as he is now regarded, and intended the words to refer to white men only; so the purity of Jefferson's motives must remain unimpeached.

But let us admit that the Declaration of Independence is not to be reached in reality, does that lessen its value or destroy its purpose? It stands as the great ideal of republican government. The difference between it and the real government is simply the difference between the idea and its execution, between mind and matter. All noble acts, all worthy deeds must be preceded by still nobler conceptions; for the deed can never rise to the height of its parent idea. The higher the idea, however, the better the deed.

The value of the ideal, then, is to beget worthy action; lower the ideal, and you lower the attainment. The Declaration bears to our government the same relation which all theory bears to practice. Without the theory, there could be no practice. Then let us preserve intact the Declaration.

Local Department

T. C. SHAW, '02, }
 B. H. GARDNER, '03, } - - - - - EDITORS

The Charleston Trip

The Board of Trustees having allowed the week preceding the Xmas holidays for a visit to the Exposition, a number of the boys availed themselves of the opportunity, though, for various reasons, it was not deemed advisable for the corps to attend in a body. Two dances had been arranged to take place in Charleston during the week appointed, and this served to make those inclined to go more determined than ever. Most of the boys left for Charleston, Monday morning, December 16th; the remaining few went Tuesday.

Notwithstanding the reports that have been going the rounds for some time past, of Charleston's delightful climate, the Clemson boys experienced a cold, cold time in the "City by the Sea." If any expected to resort to the shirt-waist attire by way of comfort, that dream was sadly dispelled as he donned his overcoat and muffled his chapped face and hands. Indeed, it was said by some of the older citizens of Charleston to be the coldest spell that had occurred there, for that time of the year, in thirty-four years. But the inconvenience suffered by the coldness of the weather was more than requited by the warmth of Charleston hospitality.

The principal features of the trip were the hops given by Clemson and the Citadel, which came off at the German Artillery Hall on Wednesday and Friday nights, respectively. The managing committee for the Clemson hop were busy enough both Tuesday and Wednesday and they—especially Chairman Ward—deserve much credit for the excellent manner in which they brought off their most delightful dance.

The music furnished by the orchestra of the First Artillery Band was superb, the decorations were beautiful, the floor was perfect, the girls were pretty, the boys jolly. Oysters, various kinds of cake, coffee, chocolate, fruits and candy were served in the refreshment room, below the dancing hall, at twelve. Everything that could possibly add to the joy and festivity of the occasion was conspicuously present, and the pleasures of the evening will long linger in the memories of those who were there.

The Citadel hop, which came off on the Friday night following, was a duplicate of that given by Clemson and was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

The remainder of the week was spent by the boys in visiting the Exposition and looking over the city. It was unfortunate for us that the Exposition was no further advanced than we found it; notwithstanding, however, there were many interesting things to be seen. Most of the boys left Charleston Saturday or Sunday for their homes, where they spent the Xmas holidays.

Liquid Air

On the night of the eighth of January we had the third lecture of our regular course for the season of 1901-1902. This lecture was delivered by Prof. Eugene C. Foster, of Philadelphia, his subject being "Liquid Air." Prof. Foster is a noted scientist; is perfectly acquainted with his subject, and is an entertaining speaker. He had with him an expert assistant and a complete laboratory, and performed many experiments before the audience, illustrating the wonderful properties of air when in this very uncommon form. It might be expected that a lecture on such a scientific subject would be very dry. Such, however, was not the case, for Prof. Foster's experiments and witticisms kept the audience

interested and in good humor from beginning to end. We all came away with a much clearer notion of liquid air than we had before hearing Prof. Foster, and the general opinion among the students is that this is one of the best lectures to which we have ever listened.

Prof. F. : What is the meaning of augurer ?

Cadet G. : That is one of Plutarch's tales.

Miss Maud Miller has gone to Charleston to visit the Exposition.

Cadets N. D. Walker and W. H. Ritter have not returned to college on account of sickness. We hope to have both of them with us again soon.

Fakir W. I.'s (at Exposition, speaking to Jim Key's trainer) : "What college did he graduate from?"

Trainer : "From the college of horse sense."

Mr. B. H. Rawl, class '99, has accepted the position of fertilizer inspector for the State.

Cadet T. (at Exposition) : Did you go to see the dock?

Cadet C. : No, I took a dose antikamnia, though.

Mr. G. P. Lewis, class '00, has gone to Schenectady, N. Y., where he has a position with the General Electric Company. A number of the Clemson graduates are with this company, and we are proud that all of them are doing well.

Cadet L. : "What does a cadet do, when he first meets a young lady?"

Miss S. : "Presents arms and commands, fall in."

Cadet R. : "We are going to wear side arms to the hop to-night."

Miss M. : "Two is enough for me."

Dan S., at Exposition, dropped a nickel down the smoke stack of a peanut parcher and asked the tender to make it play "Home, Sweet Home."

Mr. J. S. Garriss married Miss Leila Smoak, of Colleton. We congratulate Mr. Garriss and wish him success.

Did you see Tom and Jerry at the Exposition?

Rat (returning from Liquid Air lecture) : "Say, 'Big Chief,' what's that stuff made of?"

Mrs. Ella B. Sullivan is visiting on the campus.

Miss Lesesne Lewis while in Charleston attended both the dances given by Clemson and the Citadel.

Fakir, showing a Charleston souvenir made of a brownie with a large aluminum ring : "Boys, it is nice—it has a very peculiar smell.

Cadet S. : Smelling it.

Fakir : "Don't you smell the cent?"

It is recommended that the bugler take liquid air in broken doses, so there will be a quorum at reveille.

On December 5th, at the bride's home in Chester, Prof. J. H. M. Beaty and Miss Louise McFadden were married.

Prof. F. D. Frissell and Miss Agnes Shirley were married, December 19, at the bride's home near Rock Hill.

Prof. S. C. Raiford wedded Miss Sadie Broomhead, at Boston, Mass., December 26.

Another wedding was solemnized, December 19; that of Mr. Samuel Pickett and Miss Bessie Schenck, of Atlanta.

We regret that we could not write these weddings up more fully, but THE CHRONICLE cannot undertake to give a full account of all the marriages that happen at Clemson.

Prof. J. W. Gantt spent the holidays with his family in Virginia.

Prof. McLucas, while away during Xmas, attended the Southern Educational Convention in Columbia.

Col. S. : "How far is the major's post in front of the battalion?"

Junior M. : "Twenty inches."

A certain Major in barracks sent a young lady a toy donkey for Xmas, intending it to express his notion of her slowness in some matters. He was surprised when she sent thanks, saying that she had always desired something to remind her of him.

Cadet F., reading an article signed Ex. : "Who is that?"

Come back, "Buster;" there is another "Possum" on "D" company hall.

Cadet J. : Tom, did you see any palmist in Charleston?

Cadet P. : No, I didn't go to the Isle of Palms.

Cadet P. (in opera house) : "Please give me a schedule of the play."

Cadet K : "Did you see Milo's Venus at the Exposition?"

Cadet G. : "No, I did not go in many of those ten cent shows."

Cadet S., who was a little happy (perhaps over his return to college), introduced himself to a young lady on the train as President McKinley's ghost, and she remarked: "Yes, you look as if you had been shot."

The college hopes soon to have a botanist.

Cadet W. P. Walker, while going home Xmas, jumped from the train before it stopped at his home (Blackville), and seriously injured himself. We hope that he will soon recover and return to college.

Cadet T., after writing to his Liberty girl with ordinary ink and failing to secure the desired results, is now using drawing ink.

Mr. W. A. Burgess, class '01, has gone to Charleston to take charge of the College exhibit, and Mr. R. G. Forsythe will resume his duties at the college.

Mr. Q. B. Newman, class '01, has been appointed second assistant engineer in the revenue cutter service. Mr. Newman won this appointment over a number of other candidates, who were graduates from colleges of much wider reputation than Clemson. All the students who know Mr. Newman rejoice at his success, and hope he will advance still further.

The new barracks is finished and will be ready for occupants at the beginning of the second term, and a number of new students can be taken then.

There were about a dozen new cadets that came in after Xmas, and now there are nearly 450 boys here.

Senior S. is contemplating giving lectures on liquid air,

and freezing Prof. Foster out; he has already purchased his dress suit case.

Dr. N. tells the following:

"A certain major received a box, Xmas, and believing that it contained presents for the inner man, invited Prof. B— to visit his room. Nearly an hour was spent whetting a pair of fine appetites, and then it was decided to open the box. The box was found to contain the bust of an Indian's head."

Prof. Carter Newman has purchased a tract of land in the mountains near here, and will soon set out 1,000 apple trees. The cadets will watch the farm with interest.

Who represented Clemson at the Exposition?

Some students always become tired of college life by the time of the Christmas holidays and do not return. This year has been no exception to the rule, and the usual per cent. of students have dropped out—the majority of them being new men. Quite a number of new students have entered since the new year commenced, however, and things are going on as merrily as ever.

Mr. W. R. Darlington, class of '01, was on the campus for several days after the re-opening of college. His many friends were glad to see him.

The Foot-ball Aid Society gave an oyster supper in the mess-hall on the night of January the 11th. We understand that about twenty-five dollars was cleared on the supper.

ATHLETIC NOTES

Class Games

On account of the long Xmas recess and its attendant excitement, no attention has been given to class contests in foot-ball.

These contests between the several classes, and the final championship game, form the most important part of a college's athletics.

Foot-ball is essentially a progressive game in that the best players of every team are higher class men, and are graduated just at the time when their best work is being done. The places of these men must be filled and so on down the scale. Foot-ball must have recruits, and the furnishing of these ambitious recruits is the object of class games.

We have seen, in our experience, many men whom we thought would do poorly at the game forge ahead and out-class many who promised to be capital players.

Foot-ball is almost exclusively a college sport, certainly it is there that it has reached its best development. This explains the condition in all our southern colleges. The majority of the freshmen have never played in any sort of foot-ball game, and in many cases, have not so much as seen a game.

These healthy, well developed young men come to college and we, looking at them, say, "There is going to be a half back," and "How's he for an end?" or "Wouldn't he rip a hole through centre?"

The trouble is, the finest lot of material in America won't do our athletics any good unless we can get them enthusiastic over the games.

We are anxious to make our class games a veritable foot-ball factory. We want to use the raw material and turn out enthusiastic cranks. As a result of these games, we want to turn over to Coach Heisman next September a fine lot of sturdy fellows, who shall be anxious to do their best for the glory of Clemson's athletics. We propose, now that exams. are over, to play three or four class games, the final championship game to be played on February 22, our field day. We desire to impress on all the students that our suc-

cess next year will largely depend on the material that we will get from these games. If you are not a 'varsity man, sub or scrub, come out and take part yourself, and if you cannot, combine your efforts with those of others and induce some promising fellow to help win laurels for his class now, and serve the college next year.

All of the old players will coach the class teams, and any one looking for a snappy game of interesting foot-ball can see it at any of these games. A small admission fee will be charged and those students who cannot play should attend and help with their presence, cheers, and dimes.

Base-Ball

In less than two months Coach Heisman will be back with us to get the base-ball team in shape for the season of 1902.

Clemson feels proud of last year's team and the reputation they made. Surely we should want to be satisfied with nothing less than the championship of the State and victory over the teams we play out of the State.

Let the base-ball team, the management and the coach have your enthusiastic support.

We have about half of last year's team back, and with the abundant material that we should have among so many students, the team of 1902 should be better than the average.

We hope that the managers will get as many good games for the campus as their financial policy will permit.

ALUMNI NOTES

In our last two issues we gave the occupation and present address of the members of the first two graduating classes. The next class of which we have to write is that of 1899. While this class was not as large as either of the two preceding classes, it had the reputation of having some of the

brightest men that ever graduated from Clemson. The following is a list of the members of this class:

Agricultural Course.

McLendon, R.

Shealey, A. S., assistant Professor of Veterinary Science, Clemson College, S. C. After graduating, Maj. Shealey took one year's post-graduate work at Clemson, and one year's work at the Iowa State College.

Smith, H. G., book-keeper of Liberty Mill, Liberty, S. C.

Taylor, I. B., is farming. His address is Taylor's, Greenwood Co., S. C.

Thompson, J. C., is Professor of Chemistry in the Florida Agricultural College, at Bartow, Fla.

Walker, W. F.

Mechanical Course.

Calhoun, J. S., is in the navy yard at Port Royal, S. C.

Chreitzberg, C. K., has a good position in the machine shop at Rock Hill, S. C.

Elder, M. L.

Hook, W. N., is machinist for a large lumber company at Alcolu, Darlington Co., S. C.

Jeffares, J. W., is taking a post-graduate course in the University of Nashville.

Lewis, J. C., is with the General Electric Company, of Schenectady, N. Y.

Mathis, A. J., is also with the General Electric Company.

Stribling, J. H., is employed by the Baltimore Street Railway Co. For some time he was instructor in the Miller School (Va.), but resigned that position to accept the one in Baltimore.

Turner, T. H., is with the General Electric Company.

Turnipseed, L. A., is taking a post-graduate course at the

University of Wisconsin. He was in the navy yard at Port Royal for about two years, but resigned his position last September to go to the University.

Aleri Morrison, son of Bishop Morrison, of Louisville, died at the residence of Dr. Kime, a relative, in Atlanta, Ga. He was a Senior in Wofford, and ran over to Atlanta to spend the holidays and see his father and mother, who met him there. A severe attack of pneumonia carried him off Wednesday, January 8. Prof. Gamewell and several of the students went to Atlanta to attend the funeral. He had a clear, strong mind, was a fine student and was the first orator of the college a year ago, when he was elected to represent the institution in the prize contest of Southern colleges. His Sunday school class of boys were devoted to him, and he had a wonderful influence over them. He never entered a home in a social way without making friends. Full of hope and promise and possibilities he was loved and admired by all who knew him.—*Spartan*.

The above news was received with great sorrow by those of us who knew Mr. Morrison. A number of us had the pleasure of meeting him at the oratorical contest at Chester, last year. As will be remembered, he won the first prize in this contest. As one of his competitors on that occasion, I wish to express my sorrow, and extend to the bereaved family my deepest sympathies.

E. B. BOYKIN.



GEO. D. LEVY, '03,
VANN LIVINGSTON, '03, }

EDITORS

The Christmas number of "*The Gray Jacket*" is an excellent example of a high standard college magazine. In this issue there is an unusual amount of poetry, and though we cannot say that it gives evidence of great talent, "*Virginia*" and "*Little Moonbeams*" are considerably above the verse found in the average college paper. "*The Industrial Department of the South*" enumerates in the most pleasing manner the natural advantages, resources and progress of the South. The writer proves to us in a most conclusive manner that water power is a very important commercial factor in the South, and shows us that the trained mechanic is rapidly taking the place of the country gentleman. We don't agree with the author when he says: "It is well to tell of the blue sky that adorns; and the gentle zephyrs that breathe music to our ears, but the true beauty of the South lies in the blackening clouds from her busy factories, etc." This may be all very good and well when viewed from a financial standpoint; but we trust that a true son of the South will never think that the beauty of his native land can be enhanced by black factory smoke. Nevertheless we consider this an article of high merit. "*The Story of the Scar*" is entirely too emotional and unnatural to be interesting.

Some of the statements in this article are woefully far-fetched, and a few of them are almost impossible.

When we opened the "*Carolinian*," we were agreeably greeted by a poem that showed genuine talent—"Cain." "The Course of True Love" is entirely too rapid to be practicable. We wish that the writer of "An Unlucky Opal" would continue his story in the next issue, as he ended rather abruptly, and we were very much interested in the hero's love affair. Two very interesting stories are "A Race for Life" and "The Carved Dagger;" the first is short, and has a decidedly unexpected ending, the other is written in an easy, graceful manner, and has a well defined plot.

The little poem "Sunset and Dawn" made an attractive frontispiece to "*The Limestone Star*." In this issue we find two well written essays, which give evidence of preparation and thought, and to offset these were two very pleasing storiettes, "Three Eventful Christmas Eves" and "Two Vows," whose plots were well chosen and ably dealt with. The article entitled "Character and Public Sentiments of Senator Hayne" gives a clear insight into the public life of one of South Carolina's most celebrated and ablest statesmen. In it we are shown his nobility of character, love for his State, and his undying efforts in upholding the principles for which he lived. We should like to see more articles on the great men of South Carolina, as they inform the students who read them of many incidents and important facts in the lives of the men who have made the history of our native State.

We extend to the "*Emory Phoenix*" our most hearty congratulations on their very excellent December number. It is seldom our pleasure to see a college paper so replete with original stories; among them we take special pleasure in mentioning "Mathematics Applied," "That Soph. Scholar-

ship," and "The Alchemist's Philter." We consider the first named article as being the very best, without exception, of any story that has come beneath our observation this year. We were very much impressed with "The Face of a Woman"—as is the general failing of most Clemson Cadets. "A Typical Love Story" would have improved the magazine by its absence.

Although we have not had time to criticise as many magazines as we should like to have this month, we will have to content ourselves by acknowledging the receipt of the following: *The Messenger, Tennessee University Magazine, Monroe College Monthly, The Erskinian, Converse Concept, The St. John's Collegian, Wofford College Journal, The Sumtonian, The Georgetown College Journal, Crimson and Gold, The Spectrum, Clinton College Chronicle, The Criterion, The Boscobel Record, The Shamrock, The Bayler Literary, The Hesperian, The Howard Collegian, The X-Ray, The Victorian, Southern University Monthly, The Oxonian, Davidson College Journal, State Normal Magazine, Orange and Blue, Crimson-White, The Palmetto, The Stetson Collegiate, The Polytechnian*, and perhaps a few others which we may have overlooked.

CLIPPINGS

Tommy's Complaint

"I'm tired, so tired, of playin';
 I've been playin' here 'most all day,
 And the soldiers won't stand as I put 'em,
 And Johnny won't do as I say.

"When I told him to play Aguinaldo,
 And let me lick him—only in fun—
 He 'greed, and then when I hit him,
 He wouldn't cry, nor run."

* * * * *

And Tommy went straight to his mother.

Says he: "I want something to do;
I'm tired of playin' with Johnny;
Please give me *something* to do."

* * * * *

His mamma smoothed over his troubles.

Ten years rolled over his head,
And the curly-haired young soldier
Was "not Tommy, but Thomas," he said.

And Thomas, wise college student,

Now sings a new refrain,
And his mamma listens in wonder,
As the years roll back again:

"Exams," he writes home in a letter,

"Will start next Monday, at two;
I'm tired, so tired of studying;
Oh, mamma, I want *nothing* to do."

B. H. J., in Carolinian.

Wonderful "Attraction" of Love

When he first came to see her
He showed a timid heart,
And when the lights were low
They sat this far apart.
But as their love grew warmer
And they learned the joy of a kiss,
They knocked out all the spaces
And sat up close like this.

—*Ex.*

Ode to Trigonometry

O, Trig, hard Trig, to thee
Author of misery!
Of thee I write.

Class when our wits have flown
 And each hair stands alone,
 Thy mysteries may be known
 To minds more trite.

But O, 'Trig'nometry
 It is not yet for me,
 This wondrous feat.
 Too fast the form'las ply,
 And make the numbers fly
 As if they were *real* "pie"
 And good to eat.

C. Cain, in Boscobel Record.

Rejected

My excellent love did ask me once
 To trade with her my peepers;
 I knew she did not mean it though,
 And I knew I could not keep hers,
 For hers are two such merry eyes
 And mine such constant weepers;
 And then 'twould hardly do I ween
 To trade our peepers "sight unseen."

I tried full hard to strike a trade
 With these two hearts of ours;
 But somehow she would look away
 And speak of books and flowers,
 And when again came back those eyes,
 Those tender soulful powers,
 And in their depths a cool light shone,
 I felt most curiously alone.

L. S., in Gray Jacket.

That women run newspapers now,
 The public must confess;
 But pshaw; we people know something
 They always loved the press.
 Did you ever?

—*Ex.*

The Untruthful Daisy

She wandered where the daisies grew ;
Her lips were red, her eyes were blue.
She plucked a daisy from its bed,
And broke each petal as she said :

"He loves me, he loves me not ;
He loves me, he loves me not ;
He loves me—daisy, tell me so."
The final petal answers, "No."

She laughed, but one small tear-drop bold
Spread secrets of the heart untold.
"He loves me not ?" She tossed her head ;
"Why, daisy, you tell lies," she said.

Fred. G. Pollard, in The Messenger.

Full many a youth, with countenance serene,
A smile into the football game may bear ;
Full many a maid now weeps at having seen
Those smiles all wasted on the desert air.

Can boastful boys, now wallowed in the dust,
Back to the loser's call the fleeting game ?
Can honor's voice prevent a cuss being cussed,
Or flattery soothe the boy now walking lame ?

Nita Harby, in Sumtonian.

I met a maiden sweet and fair,
She sat upon my knee ;
Not hoping for the truth I asked
Just what her age might be.
Sweet sixteen and never kissed,
She said with twinkling eyes.
Maybe then 'twas so
But now I know,
If she tells you that, she lies.

Ex.

I look into
Her eyes so blue,
I loved her well,
And this she knew.
I tied her shoe
(A number two)
I didn't hurry much—
Would you?

Washington Jeffersonian.

Lovers in the hallway,
Papa on the stair;
Bull-dog on the front,
. . . Music in the air. *Tiger.*

Southern Colleges

Nearly all of those, which issue handsomely engraved anniversary and commencement invitations, are having them done by a Southern firm who are doing very artistic work.

We refer to J. P. STEVENS, of ATLANTA, GA.

This house has a magnificently equipped plant for the production of high grade steel and copper plate engraving, and invitation committees would do well to obtain their prices and samples before placing their orders.

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Valeat Quantum Valere Potest

VOL. V. CLEMSON COLLEGE, S. C., FEBRUARY, 1902 No. 5



W. E. G. BLACK, }
V. B. HALL, }

- - - - - EDITORS

Eve's Daughters

Scattered by legion
Over this region,
Bounded by mountains of deep azure hue;
Graces in dimity,
Bless the proximity
Lightened by pretty eyes, brown, black and blue.

Eyes, oh so flashing!
Bright glances catching,
Stealing your heart away ere you're aware.
Face of felicity;
Heart of simplicity;
Noble face crowned by bright, golden hair.

Can you resist it?
Say, have you missed it?
Does not your heart quake, jump, throb and shove?

Why all this clatter?
Nothing's the matter;
She's your divinity; yes, you're in love.

Why, it's our duty,
Where there's such beauty,
Ever to love, though she try to deceive.
Keep up the charity,
And it's a rarity,
If she don't change, like a daughter of Eve.

Man is a measure;
Woman a pleasure—
One is for work, and the other for ease.
Woman in wooing
Is man's undoing,
Servitude certain—uncertain release.

Eve was the madam
Who tempted Adam,
He, tempted, fell; with him fell the great host.
Hadn't we ought'er
Make her grand-daughter
Help us regain what her grand-mamma lost?

'04.

"The Cry of the Children"

Mr. President, Fellow Class Mates, Ladies and Gentlemen:

The days of child-sacrifice have not passed away! In ancient times was heard the cries of innocent children as they were sacrificed to appease the supposed anger of imaginary gods. To-day, we hear their sighs and groans as they are bound to the altars of the god of greed and gold. In the days of Christ the disciples stood by and forbade the blessing of the children by the Saviour. In some respects the times have not changed and we find men to-day strong and wealthy, who stand ready to deny to childhood its right

to freedom, health, happiness and education. This cruel tendency of man, made stronger by the thirst for gold and the birth of manufacturing enterprises in the Southland, has given rise to a new and far-reaching question in legislation.

The South, that is still suffering from the ravages of a great civil war, is confronted with a question that is more far-reaching than any that has been presented to her people since the days of slavery. She *must* consider whether or not, she can afford to sacrifice her future citizenship, and hence her honor and her greatness, for mere sordid wealth—for vast industrial development.

The question as to whether or not the child should be excluded by law from our mills confronts us. The people are awaiting with interest its solution. The humane societies are praying and petitioning our law-makers to liberate the children of the poor by excluding them from the factory. When we take hold of childhood we grasp the forces that control the future, therefore it is wise that we pause to-day and ask the question, "Should child labor be prohibited by law, and if so, why?" The children should be excluded from the factory for the welfare of the body politic. It *MUST* be admitted that the little children who are toiling in our factories to-day will constitute a large part of the future citizenship of our country—that it is upon them to large extent that the future safety and perpetuity of our democratic institutions depend. This question, then, is one that affects our citizenship and, therefore, our institutions. We should endeavor to solve it upon broad principles. Let us then search the pages of history and gather there principles to serve as guiding stars. What are some of the principles we find enshrined in history, that the rise and fall of empires and republics have proved and that stand to-day as silent monitors, teaching us what to avoid and how to legislate in order to preserve liberty and self-government? We find

that freedom and republican institutions like those under which we live and which we enjoy can only exist where there is a wise and intelligent citizenship.

"That the strength of republics is the strength of its citizenship," and that so long as laws are made to protect and educate the citizen, so long will the republic prosper. But when the Legislature begins to enact laws in the favor of the few at the expense of the many—when it begins to place a higher value upon gold than upon the citizen—then the republic will crumble and decay. The republic of Rome once attained to be mistress of the world because of her splendid citizenship, but when she forgot the citizen, the corner-stone of her greatness, in her mad rush for territory and greed, that day she went down forever. Nature meant Egypt to be the Eden of the world. She once was so. But her decayed citizenship—the result of greed and luxury—caused her overthrow. Her crumbling pyramids, her silent and majestic statues—monuments of her past greatness—together with her history, doth teach us the necessity of retaining an unimpaired citizenship. The citizens are the pillars upon which a republican form of government rest, and to make that government secure we must make laws that tend to protect and strengthen those pillars. When the law-maker allows those pillars to decay solely for the purpose of heaping up wealth—the end of the republic—of self-government, of which we delight to speak and poets sing—is at hand. These cannot exist where the dollar is made paramount to the citizen.

It is interesting to note in reviewing the pages of history that there is not one example recorded, showing that great wealth has made great nations or splendid and enduring forms of government. But on the other hand there are numerous examples recorded all pointing to the fact that wealth was the agency that brought about the premature

destruction of some of the most splendid nations of the mighty tide of time. We delude ourselves when we think wealth can make our country great.

"Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

Wealth cannot and does not make a State! The citizen makes the State and to make a great State the citizen must be moral and intelligent.

* * * "What constitutes a State?
Not high raised battlement or labored mound;
Thick wall or moated gate;
Not cities proud, with spires and turrets crowned;
Not bays and broad armed ports,
Where laughing at the storm rich navies ride;
Not starred and spangled courts,
Where low browed baseness wafts perfume to pride,
No, men—high-minded men—
With powers as far above dull brutes endured,
In forest brake or den,
As beast excel cold rocks and brambles rude;
Men who their duties know
But know their rights and knowing dare maintain."

If, then, we would retain a form of government that depends upon an enlightened citizenship, we MUST educate the youth of our country, and to do this we must exclude the children from the factory and gather them into our public schools to be educated and trained.

But it may be claimed that the State has not the right to exclude the children from the factory and gather them into the schools—that it is a blow at personal liberty. How it can be claimed that such legislation would be a thrust at liberty, is beyond understanding, for who is there that does not know that ignorance makes slaves of us all. Such legislation would only tend to further the progress of liberty, for it

is knowledge that sets us free and gives us power. But aside from that I wish to take issue with the claim. It is an admitted principle of American government that the property of all citizens must be taxed in order to provide the means of education for the common people. A great many wealthy citizens are taxed to provide these schools, yet they never patronize them. They submit to such taxation because in educating the common people they are remunerated in that it benefits their community, their State and their country. They do so to secure a better protection for their lives and property. If, then, the government has the right to tax the citizen to provide these schools, does it not follow that it is its duty to have the children attend the schools after they have been thus provided? Certainly the right of the government to tax the citizen for a purpose involves the right to enact laws to insure the carrying out of that purpose! But while it is true and highly important that the citizenship of our whole country should be educated and trained, it is particularly true and more important that this should be done in the South. And why? Because of the preponderance of the negro element. The South is torn and agitated because of the race problems. She must educate the white citizen in order to successfully grapple with those problems.

This is especially true of South Carolina. South Carolina has a larger per centage of negroes than any other State in the Union. She is said to be the most illiterate State. Yet to-day we see the white citizens abandoning their farms, rushing to the factory, neglecting the education of their children, all that they may earn a few pennies a day. While on the other hand we see the negro being left to reign supreme upon our farms—to become master of the industry that has made our Southland great. If this continues the negro will become the master while the poor white man must become

the slave! We indulge in an idle dream when we think that we can remain superior to the negro in social and political life when we allow the white children to work in the factory, neglect their education, and then permit the negro to remain upon our farms, enjoy all of their healthful and moral influences and make use of the public schools we are discarding. We can never do it! The white man is superior to the negro because of intellectual and moral training. It is that which differentiates man! It was that which made our race the foremost leaders of civilization and the champions of liberty; and if we do not exclude the child from the factory and educate it, we may be compelled to rue the day when the cotton spindle was first heard singing the hymns of progress upon the banks of our Southern streams, when first the black smoke of the factories dimmed the lustre of our sunny skies!

Again, the child should be excluded from the factory from an industrial point of view. We should not forget in our mad rush for industrial development that the success of our enterprises depend upon the intelligence and training of our laboring classes. We have lying dormant in our State great wealth and splendid resources. But they are as yet undeveloped. We need an intelligent manufacturing population. Our people are purely an agricultural people. They know practically nothing about manufacturing. It is impossible to estimate what we lose annually because of ignorance. Therefore the greater reason why we should exclude the child from the factory and train it along industrial lines. This, fellow class-mates, is why we see industrial institutions springing up all over our Southland, and we as beneficiaries of Clemson College, that was built and is fostered by the "horny handed sons of toil" for industrial education, should lend every aid to prevent thwarting of this great purpose, for it is in this education that lies the salvation of our State.

In the manufacturing States of the North and of the Orient they have no race problems to solve—no great amount of ignorance to contend with—yet they prohibit child labor in their factories. Why? Because they realized that if they would stand in the front rank in the civilized industrial world, they must educate the citizen—the unit upon which everything depends. Can we of the South, then, with race problems and ignorance to contend with, hope to compete with our brethren of the North? The time will come, if we continue to neglect the education of the infant laborers, when intelligent labor from other countries will come here to reap the rich harvest that we will have failed to gather because of ignorance and lack of training.

The State should prohibit child labor for humanitarian reasons. It is the duty of the State to attend to the physical well being of its citizens. No one will deny the right of the State to prevent, by law, one citizen from striking and injuring another citizen; to prevent the strong from oppressing the weak, that it is not the function of the government to prevent the father from mistreating the child. *No.* They will contend that, that is highest and most imperative function of a government. They will claim that it is the duty of the State to prevent the citizen from mistreating his domestic animals. If, then, the State has the right to interfere in those cases and does not usurp personal liberty, how can it be claimed that it would not be right and expedient to enact laws to prevent children of tender years from working in factories, when we know that they are injuring their health, dwarfing their minds and checking their physical development by so doing? Why discriminate against children? Is it not reasonable to suppose that they, too, love liberty—liberty to enjoy the fresh air, to play in the sunshine—to chase the butterfly across the green fields? Certainly if it be right to prevent the further injuring by

muscular force, it must be right to prevent him from forcing the child to do unhealthy work before it has attained the proper physical development.

The factory children are human beings possessed of hearts and souls. They are not machines for the production of worsted and calico.

But you say that it does not injure them? No sane man will dare question the fact that continuous toil by the young arrest both growth of body and development of mind. And without health, physical strength and mental force, one cannot look to the future with any great degree of hope. The resultant lack of refinement, culture and ambition, cannot but lower those high standards of conduct and impair those noble qualities of life which have made our country great.

These overworked children, says Lord Macaulay, "Will in time become a feeble and ignoble race of men and women, the parents of a more feeble and ignoble progeny." If we go to our factories to-day we see instead of the rosy cheeked and rounded limbed healthy youths—characteristics that stamp American children—glazed eyes, pale cheeks and dwarfed figures, early death—thereby making the divine purpose for which man was created subservient to Mammon's greed.

Has the time come when we must rest the burden of the industrial world upon the backs of little children? That the child must provide for the parents—a violation of the divine law that commands the parent to provide for the child?

Is it impossible to enact in South Carolina child labor laws that have proved a success in the North and in the Orient and when even the political economist tells us that the end justifies the means. Will there not be enough ignorance to let the child begin work at the age of twelve?

In the eloquent language of another I ask: "Is it possible

in these times of legislative interference when the shield of the State protects the dumb beast from the merciless blows of its driver, when the over-worked horse is remembered and released from his toil, that childhood's wants for rest of body and education should be denied them. Is it possible that upon this new battle-field of labor civilization struggles with uncertain results against greed and inhumanity? Upon a soil once bathed in the blood of our fathers before they knew whether we would inherit a land of freedom or of bondage, shall such a cruel, heartless system continue to impose upon childhood and bear them away to untimely graves? How long will the State continue regardless of consequences protecting the strong, forgetting the weak, all under the false plea of non-interference with the liberties of the people?"

May we not justly exclaim with that liberty-loving victim of the guillotine, Madam Roland, "Oh! Liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name." But thus it has ever been. The blackest crimes that stain the pages of history are those that have been enacted in the name of liberty, justice and religion.

It should stir the heart of every true South Carolinian to know that child labor is so rapidly increasing in his State. It is said that thirty per cent. of the mill labor of this State is performed by little children under twelve years of age. Six thousand little boys and girls are thus sacrificing the strength of their manhood and womanhood upon an altar of gold. What a spectacle to marshall us into the most splendid century the world has ever seen! What does it mean? Listen:

"Do you hear the children weeping, O, my brothers,
Ere the sorrow comes with years?
They are leaning their heads against their mothers,
And that cannot hush their tears.

The young lambs are bleating in the meadows ;
 The young birds are chirping in the nest ;
 The young fawns are playing with the shadows ;
 The young flowers are blowing towards the west ;
 But the young, young children, O, my brothers,
 They are weeping bitterly ;
 They are weeping in the playtime of the others
 In the country of the free !

* * * * *

They look up with their pale and sunken faces,
 And their look is dread to see ;
 For they mind you of their angels in high places,
 With eyes turned on Deity.
 "How long," they say, "how long, O, cruel nation,
 Will you stand to see the world moved upon a child's
 heart,
 While you stifle down with a mailed heel its palpitation,
 And tread onward to your throne amid the mart ?
 Our blood splashes upward, O gold heaper,
 And your purple shows your path,
 But the little child's sob in the silence
 Curses deeper than the strong man in his wrath !"

Ladies and gentlemen, we should not suffer this curse to be implanted in our State—a State whose people still boast of a true love for liberty ! We should not permit the youth of our State to be sacrificed upon an altar of gold ! But we should see to it that the law, "with flaming sword but kindly mien" excludes the little children of the poor from the portals of the factories, and let liberty with gentle hand lead them into the "ways of hope and happiness," and place upon their little heads the crown of a physical, intellectual and moral education !

E. T. HUGHES, '01.

A Sure 'Nough Story

"Joel, you dear, fine fellow, you have come just at the right time, and I am so glad to see you. My missionary society meets here this evening in about a half hour, and you will help me entertain it."

"But, Portia," I stammered out, "how can I help entertain a woman's missionary society? It's true, I've been at Clemson several years, but outside of that, you are the only heathen I have had much to do with."

"You old wooden-head, I didn't say women. They are just a dozen little girls; and, as for your last statement, you can entertain them with some of your own idolatry."

I promised to do my best. Anybody else would, she pressed my hand so affectionately for a second, and gave me such a sweet smile. I am only one of the many slaves to her smiles, for there are at least a dozen who would forswear their eternal happiness if they could find a spark of encouragement in the depths of her fascinating blue eyes.

Portia Sanders is one of those lovely characters that makes a lovely woman when the time comes to forget the playthings of girlhood. She is sincere, and, more than all else, she is a true woman. To be sure, she is as happy as the birds, and as free, and at other times her heart is so full of sympathy for the suffering, and those less fortunate and happy than she, that you would not suppose her sad face to be the home of sweetly innocent smiles and light-heartedness. Hers is a happy disposition. She enters into the joys of those who are happy, and her blue eyes grow dim with those who cannot smile and laugh, but her sympathy is given to them. If she were all this and nothing more, I would not love her as I do, but I said she is a true woman. There is the golden thread of goodness woven through every act, word, and thought. She does not smile with you but with the hope to make you better, nor does she suffer with

you without trying to lift you up, she does not dream but to point you to some master vision.

As with all true women, no matter how much they may love the innocent pleasures of life, Portia has a deep religious life. With an exalted sense of right and wrong that makes her seem a little old-fashioned to some, she couples a charitableness that covers a multitude of other peoples' sins. It was one of her chief pleasures to gather about her the twelve bright little girls. They met at her home twice a month and she must teach them the spirit of missions, bank their little contributions, and afford them whatever amusement she could devise for the occasion. Surely it was labor for love.

It was on one of these occasions that I dropped in, and, as you have seen, enlisted, none too readily, to help in the entertainment. Portia and I had scarcely finished arranging the Xmas tree with its dozen little gifts before the little missionaries began to arrive, their faces eager, and eyes bright with expectancy.

I hope I made an ideal Santa Claus. Certain it is that I entered into the spirit of the occasion and believe that I enjoyed it equally as much as did the young ladies. Much of my success was due to the fact that I was an almost entire stranger to the little girls, they having grown up since I left home, and having seen very little of me on my occasional visits. After playing Santa Claus so finely I thought that my share of the entertaining was over, and that all I should have to do further would be to attend to Portia's little whims, move things around, etc. But I was soon to play a part on which I had not reckoned, and the outcome of which, forms the most important event in my life.

It seems that the last thing on Portia's little programme was always a story, for the little girls began to climb all over her and to beg for a nice, true story. I saw Portia smile

and her eyes shone like diamonds. I knew that trouble was brewing for me.

"Ask Joel—Mr. Hayne—to tell you a story. He can tell big ones without trying a bit."

With this advice and recommendation they besieged me.

"Tell us a long story." "One that's true shure 'nough."

"One that hasn't any bears and ghosts in it." "One with just ordinary folks like you read about in the magazines."

With unspeakable heartlessness, Portia suggested, "Make him tell you a love story."

I hardly heard her last suggestion. I was raking my memory from the time that I could remember up to that night trying to scramble together enough information to pass off for a "sure 'nough story." I repented the fact that I had never read *Swiss Family Robinson*, *Arabian Nights*, *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, *Alice in Wonderland*, and many other improbable tales that childhood treasures in every generation. I had all but given up in despair, and looked up reproachfully at Portia to find her beaming with smiles, and in her eyes a tenderness that I had never discovered there before. I took it as encouragement, and at the instant a thought—a story—flashed into my mind.

With the gaze of twelve pairs of eager eyes fastened on my face, I began the story. Portia was looking into the fire. "There was once a little girl just about your size, and a little boy, that lived in the same town and they went to the same school. They grew up and left school, but were always good friends. When they were about sixteen years old, they used to go to parties and bicycle riding and picnics and remained good friends all the time."

"Just no more than good friends?" queried a wise little woman.

"You mustn't interrupt," said Portia; "he might forget the story."

"If it's true, he couldn't forget," replied the miniature lawyer.

"Just good friends," I continued. "Of course, each one had a sweetheart or two, but they didn't love each other that way. They went off to college after awhile, and did not see much of each other except at vacation and Xmas holidays. On these occasions they met real often and were just the same good friends that they were before.

"She grew to be a very pretty woman, and was very popular. You know it takes a very nice girl to have many girl friends. Of course, a lot of boys fell in love with her, but she treated all of them alike. She didn't seem to love anybody except to be just good friends with them, and she was so sweet that no one could stay vexed with her. You have seen girls like her. The kind that make every one they meet happy, and when you leave them you feel like doing something kind and noble.

"The boy was very fond of her as a good friend. He was never happier than when in her company, and they spent many pleasant hours together during vacation. Sometimes on the moonlit nights they would go in a party bicycle riding, and when they got tired riding, would sit down and talk about things that they liked in common. They read a great deal. Books and magazines always gave them subjects for happy little *tete tetes*."

A little restlessness and a growing desire to ask questions warned me that I was drawing the story out too long. Portia was looking at me as though she, too, were interested.

"It happened last year that they met at the State fair and traveled home together. His college had played a foot-ball game that day and he wore a pin—a tiny foot-ball with a bow of Clemson's colors. They had a very pleasant time in Columbia, and when they got aboard the home-bound train they were covered with confetti, their pockets were full, also their collars and hair.

"They had not met for several months, so had many things to tell and more questions to ask. They did not notice that every one else in the car was looking at them and smiling. They were perfectly oblivious to all except their conversation. They were sitting together picking the confetti off each other, and talking, occasionally laughing aloud.

"That ride home was the happiest and shortest hour that boy had ever lived. He had never felt that way towards her before. He had never trembled so when his hand touched hers. He had never cast his eyes down before when she turned hers to his face; he felt strangely backward, yet happy. Just before they reached home, he took the little foot-ball pin from his coat, and stuck it snugly in her jacket. Her blue eyes were looking straight forward, pretending that she did not know, when he raised his eyes to her face. It was a new feeling, he could not understand it, and could not trust himself to speak.

"He found out during the next few days that he loved her. He had loved other girls, but had not felt just that way. Ever since he had stuck the pin in her jacket he felt changed—his whole heart and soul went with the sticking of that pin."

"He loved her at last; I knew he would," spoke out that same little voice that knew so much.

Portia did not speak, but continued to look into the fire.

"What did he do next?" asked another.

"Wait," I continued.

"He was afraid that it would not last. It seemed all so strange; and then, too, he was afraid that she did not love him and would stop being even a good friend when he told her of his love.

"But a few months afterwards, when he had learned to love her very dearly, he could wait no longer, and what do you suppose he did? He told her the very same story that I am telling you."

"Did they get married right away?" persisted that young voice; and before I knew it I was fairly blushing.

"No," I stammered out; "but I'll tell you the rest some other time."

Portia rose and called to them that it was getting late and was time for them to go.

When she had gotten them all started off for home, she returned to me.

"What did you mean by telling those children that story?"

"I did not tell it to them, I was telling it to you."

"Why didn't you tell it to me before?"

"Because, Portia, you seemed so careless and indifferent that I was afraid, as I told you. You seemed so happy without my love, and, then, all that I could give you seemed so insignificant when compared to your love. I felt so utterly unworthy of you, that I could not ask you to look at the future."

"You were mistaken, Joel. I knew that you loved me, and that is what made me happy. I am sorry if I appeared indifferent, but I could not be satisfied with anything less than all your love. But I am happy now, and will tell them the rest of the story for you."

For once words stuck in my throat. I could only whisper, "Sweet Portia, my sweetheart."

Both her hands were in mine when that same little lady burst into the parlor.

"I came back. You didn't tell what became of that little foot-ball pin."

I looked at Portia, and her quick brown eyes followed to the same spot. The pin was sticking at Portia's throat.

EDGAR M. MATTHEWS.

A Reply

It has always been the policy of THE CHRONICLE to avoid controversies as far as possible, and I am especially averse to anything of this kind; but inasmuch as an article which I contributed to the December issue, entitled "The Relation Between Student Body and Faculty," has been partially replied to in an article published in the January issue, entitled "The Social Relation Between Professor and Student," in such a way as might cause some misunderstanding, I think that it would be no impropriety for me to make a few brief comments upon these two articles.

The article in the December issue was somewhat lengthy, dealing with matters of general interest to both students and professors; and in one of its briefest paragraphs reference was made to the social conditions between these two bodies at this place. I made mention of this matter in justice to the students and in answer to a number of inquiries made by various members of the faculty. Students have from time to time accepted invitations to be entertained by the professors, but they have almost invariably failed to pay a subsequent friendly call, which ordinary politeness demands. I have had professors to ask me if this was due to improper training, or was it merely gross impoliteness. I would hate to think that of our student body only the sad minority that have carried out the requirements of politeness, have been properly trained; and I would hate infinitely worse to believe that all others are wilfully impolite. So to avoid either, I simply stated only one cause, which I have had in mind for some time, and which has been stated to me over and over again by a number of our best students and most distinguished graduates. I do not pretend to say, however, that there are not other causes, nor did I intimate that this is the only cause for this social difference.

In the first sentence of the other article it is stated that my piece argues that one of the various reasons for strife between students and professors is the lack of social intercourse. I cannot understand how the writer got this idea, for there is absolutely no such argument made. I did not say that the social difference causes strife. I stated one cause of the social difference in a very simple, plain manner, as I see it; intimated that the social conditions would be better if the students could mingle with the professors and their families more freely, and, also, said that the students are to blame for this difference. This I still claim, as far as the cause which I gave has any influence, and if I could, I would add new emphasis to the statement. Since its publication I have received an abundance of evidence from students and others to satisfy me that my opinion is shared by others.

It was my desire to avoid any further discussion of the subject, but I cannot agree with the argument made against social intercourse between these two bodies. The argument is claimed to be based on the ground of fair competition for success. I think that this ground is too weak to bear a very strong argument, for college life is by no means a life of competition, but it is a period of general improvement along all lines, socially, morally and intellectually. No opportunity for improvement along any of these lines should be lost on account of petty school boy rivalry or other insignificant considerations. Many students come from good homes, but where on account of location or other considerations, the society is not exactly in accordance with the latest delineators. It seems to me that such a student could learn something about society which would save him of some future embarrassment by being entertained from time to time by the professors according to the latest rules of society.

The location and occupation of professors should enable

them to keep pace with the various rules of society a great deal better than the parents of a great majority of the students, who are mostly engaged in the busy affairs of life, which occupy their time and attention. If they are not safe models for students to follow in this respect, as well as in many other respects, they fall short of being prepared to meet the demands of their calling just in proportion as they fail to measure up to these requirements. So in this argument we assume that they can serve as models for students to pattern after, and with this assumption we can safely state that the students can learn a great deal about society by social intercourse with the faculty.

It was stated by the writer of the other article that he has had professors to tell him personally that they showed greater interest in those students who have come under their special observation than in those whom they only see in the class room. I know of no stronger argument in favor of social intercourse between these two bodies than his statement. If a professor takes greater interest in a few students because he knows them well, why can't he take an increased interest in every one by knowing every one well? I have observed that wherever a student is intimate with a professor he respects him more and takes a special interest in that professor's work. Then if he were intimate with all of them, why should he not respect them more and take more interest in all of his work. The cold, formal manner in which they meet in the class room is not calculated to develop any mutual interest, and it is not likely to disclose many of the better qualities of either to the other. All students do not possess the same qualities. The external characteristics of one disguises and flatters his inner qualities, while the external characteristics of another grossly misrepresents his nobler inner qualities. Now if college life is a life of competition, and the professors know the students mainly by their

external characteristics, which is all that they can judge them by if they meet only in a cold, formal manner in the class room, I ask if these two classes of students can be marked by the professors so as to show their relative merits? Why not let the professor associate with both of them and find out the real worth of both, and then allow them to compete with each other under similar circumstances? Where is the dishonesty in this? It has been argued in this connection that the only real stepping stones to success are our dead selves, not other people's dead selves. I very frankly admit this, but I cannot draw my distinctions fine enough to see how a student can use other people's dead selves as stepping stones to success by merely sustaining a proper friendly social relation toward the professors.

I also noticed in the argument the following remarkable idea: by avoiding social intercourse between students and faculty a student aids himself by establishing in his soul a conception of honesty and justice, which will raise his standard of morality throughout all his life. This may be true. If so, it is the very thing that ought to be, but I cannot see how in the world merely avoiding social intercourse with the professors can produce such a radical, uplifting and lasting result.

In conclusion, I wish to state that so far as there is any competition between students, and so long as only a few favored students are entertained by the professors in a social way, these few naturally have the advantage over the others. But this is not the kind of social intercourse that I am pleading for. I am pleading for that kind by which the students will be entertained as sections or as classes, without any special favors to any individuals. This would take in the poorest as well as the richest, the preps. as well as the seniors. This would do away with all dishonesty and all partiality, and college life would be made pleasanter and more profit-

able. I admit that this would be a great trouble to the entertainers, but I believe that the result would justify the trouble. It is not my purpose to discuss the methods by which such a condition could be brought about. I am only attempting to point out the necessity for and the results of it. The balance I leave for others to consider.

E. B. BOYKIN..

South Carolina's Representatives in the Senate of the United States

Thirty-five of her citizens have represented the Palmetto State in the Senate of the United States. Their names, in alphabetical order, are:

- Barnwell, Robert W., 1850-50.
- Butler, Andrew P., 1846-61.
- Butler, M. C., 1877-95.
- Butler, Pierce, 1789-99.
- Calhoun, John C., 1832-47, 1845-53.
- Chestnut, James, Jr., 1858-65.
- Calhoun, John Ewing, 1801-07.
- DeSaussure, Wm. F., 1852-52.
- Earle, Joseph H., 1897-1903.
- Elmore, Franklin H., 1850-50.
- Evans, Josiah J., 1853-59.
- Gaillard, John, 1804-31.
- Hammond, James H., 1857-61.
- Hampton, Wade, 1879-91.
- Harper, William, 1826-26.
- Hayne, Arthur P., 1858-58.
- Hayne, Robert Young, 1823-35.
- Huger, Daniel Elliott, 1842-47.
- Hunter, John, 1796-99.

Irby, J. L. M., 1891-97.
Izard, Ralph, 1789-95.
McDuffie, George, 1842-49.
McLaurin, John L., 1897-1903.
Miller, Stephen D., 1831-37.
Patterson, John J., 1873-79.
Pinckney, Charles, 1798-1805.
Preston, William C., 1833-43.
Read, Jacob, 1795-1801.
Rhett, R. Barnwell, 1850-53.
Robertson, Thomas J., 1868-77.
Sawyer, Frederick A., 1868-73.
Smith, William, 1816-23, 1826-31.
Sumpter, Thomas, 1801-11.
Taylor, John, 1810-17.
Tillman, B. R., 1895-1907.

The dates indicate commencement of service and expiration of term. The names are as they appear on the official records. Gen. Sumter's name should be written without the *p*. It is so recorded in the family Bible now in the possession of Maj. S. S. Sumter, Statesburg, S. C., grand-son of the General.

Seven Senators died in office: John Ewing Calhoun, November 3, 1802; John Gaillard, February 26, 1826; John C. Calhoun, March 31, 1850; Franklin H. Elmore, May 29, 1850; Andrew P. Butler, May 25, 1857; Josiah J. Evans, May 6, 1858; Joseph H. Earle, May 20, 1897.

Twelve Senators resigned, one resigned twice: Pierce Butler, 1796; John Hunter, 1798; Charles Pinckney, 1801; Pierce Butler, 1804; Thomas Sumter, 1810; John Taylor, 1816; Robert Y. Hayne, 1832; Stephen D. Miller, 1833; John C. Calhoun, 1842; William C. Preston, 1842; Daniel E. Huger, 1845; George McDuffie, 1846; R. Barnwell Rhett, 1852.

Two "retired from Senate:" James Chestnut, November 10, 1860, and James H. Hammond, November 11, 1860. From this time until June 25, 1868, the State was unrepresented.

Six of these Senators were appointed by Governor to fill vacancies: William Harper, 1826; Franklin H. Elmore, 1850; Robert W. Barnwell, 1850; William F. DeSaussure, 1852; Arthur P. Hayne, 1858; John L. McLaurin, 1897.

Two were elected by Legislature to fill vacancies: Thomas J. Robertson and Frederick A. Sawyer, latter for term expiring March 3, 1873, former March 3, 1877.

Of these thirty-five Senators, John Gaillard served the longest time, lacking five days of twenty-two years. M. C. Butler's service is next, eighteen years.

The two shortest services were Franklin H. Elmore's and Joseph H. Earle's, the former one month and eighteen days, the latter two months and sixteen days.

Three were Presidents *pro tempore* of the Senate: Ralph Izard, 3d Congress; Jacob Read, 5th Congress; John Gaillard, 11th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th and 19th Congresses.

December 18, 1901.

W. S. W.

The Doctor's Story

It was rather early for the doctor to come in on Sunday, but his ever faithful wife had his cup of coffee ready. As they sat in front of the bright coal fire, he sipping his coffee and she just wanting to be with him, she noticed that he looked worried. She rose and, standing behind his chair, laid her hands on his shoulder and asked what was wrong. This is what he told her:

"Ten years ago," he said, "in the little church over there, I

stood as best man for my best friend. The church was filled to overflow, the altar rail was covered with a mantle of green smilax, while just in front of the altar itself stood two rows of pure white lillies. Through the stained glass windows poured a pure clear light reflected from the snow.

“‘I pronounce you man and wife,’ the gray-haired minister said, and as the organ notes swelled forth in the recessional march, every one said, ‘a good husband and a good wife.’

“I often paid them visits and watched with interest my friend’s life until I saw him take to drink. I begged him, I implored him, to leave it alone, but it was of no use.

“Ten years rolled by, and, by the bedside of his dying wife stood that self-same man, dirty, ragged, a wild craze showing in his eyes.

“In one corner of the room crouched a small child—a girl, shivering with the cold. Beside the mother lay an infant, her baby boy just one year old. The woman looked up to him, the tear-stained eyes had lost the flash of youth, the rosy cheeks were now pale and wan. ‘Promise me,’ she begged, in a voice nearly hushed, ‘that you’ll drink no more. Oh, have pity! You have killed me, killed me, and now my children.’ He knelt beside her and promised, and rose to kiss the cold, dumb lips of a faithful wife, now dead.

“That was yesterday two weeks, and she was buried the next day; but scarcely had they filled the grave before that demon caught him again, and for two days in a drunken stupor he lay upon the floor of his room; and when he did awake, it was only to find his baby dead from starvation. Then he called for drink, and because his daughter would not give it to him, he struck her dead.

“He was put in jail; and there the time dragged on. I went to see him every day. How he raved and cursed. He wanted drink—just one drink. It seemed to have crazed

his mind and wrecked a life that once gave such a bright promise for the future.

"Well, 'twas last night, you remember how cold it was, that at just half-past seven the keeper carried him his supper of bread and water." The doctor put his cap down and sat gazing into the fire. "The man was crazy; he defied all law, all mankind, and even cursed God; but nature claimed him, and soon after he fell asleep.

"Even during his sleep he raved, and once when he awoke he paced the floor for a time; then seeming suddenly seized with a mad desire to be free, he threw himself upon the iron bars, again and again. He tore at the walls with his hands until bruised, cut, covered with blood and tired from exertion, he fell upon the floor and went to sleep. He slept soundly the rest of the night, but the church bells this morning woke him.

"I can imagine how he felt. The faint light of the sun just rising cast golden rays upon the earth wrapped in a pure white sheet of snow, which sparkled like diamonds. Most likely he glanced outside and lay still, while the memories of his past crowded in upon him.

"His wife?" It was just ten years ago to-day that he had led her to the altar of yonder church. It looked just the same now as it did then. Its tall spires covered with snow. Its grand old organ is playing now, perhaps to bind some other hearts in love. To-morrow will be his baby's birthday and how proud he was of his little man!

"That morning, when the warden carried him his breakfast, he found him dead, kneeling beside his iron cot. Repentant, forgiven still, hushed, and frozen to death. I went to see him this morning and this is what the warden told me."

The doctor leaned forward and rested his face between his hands. His wife wiped the tears from her eyes and then went forward and kissed him.

That kiss meant more than words, and he understood.

“Azo.”

In Memoriam—D. T. Redfearn, Trustee

David Townley Redfearn was born, of Scotch-Irish parentage, on November 7th, 1834, in Anson County, North Carolina.

He was a merchant and planter until 1862, when he moved his family to Chesterfield, South Carolina, and entered the artillery service of the Southern Confederacy. After the fall of Fort Fisher, he was transferred to the infantry and served his country faithfully therein until his surrender with the army of Joseph E. Johnston after the battle of Bentonville. After the war he resumed the business of a merchant and planter.

In 1874, the Conservatives made a great effort to throw off the yoke of the Radicals. Mr. Redfearn took an active part in that memorable campaign, and was elected one of the first Democratic Representatives from Chesterfield County. He was re-elected in 1876, and was a member of the famous “Wallace House.” His people sent him in the fall of 1878 for the third consecutive term to the House of Representatives. He was twice elected State Senator—in 1882 and again in 1890. In the last named year he was chosen by the General Assembly a Trustee of the Clemson Agricultural College, filling a vacancy caused by the death of Col. B. W. Edwards, of Darlington, who lived but a short time after the first Trustees were elected, attending only one meeting.

For nearly fifty years the subject of this brief sketch was an active, consistent, prominent member of the Baptist Church. For several years he was the Moderator of the Pee Dee and Welch Neck Associations. He was also Presi-

dent of the Board of Trustees of the Chesterfield Baptist High School.

For the last few years of his life his health was not good. He suffered from some form of heart disease.

On Saturday, January 11, 1902, he went as usual to Elizabeth Church, three miles from his home. On the church grounds, while talking with other deacons about some matters to be brought before the church conference, his summons came and he "slippit away."

His wife—whose maiden name was May—and their seven children—Dr. A. M., Messrs. R. A. and J. C. Redfearn, and Mrs. Ratliffe, two Mrs. Jacksons, and Mrs. Dr. Hart—survive him.

The writer knew Mr. Redfearn nine years. In talking with him, or thinking about him, the old Latin phrase would come to mind—*suaviter in modo fortiter in re*. His kind soul shone through his eye. His gentle voice showed friendly interest.

All seven Trustees selected by Mr. Clemson, and named in his will, are living. There have been six deaths in the six Trustees elected by the Legislature—Messrs. Edwards, Stackhouse, Jefferies, Ellerbe, Mauldin and Redfearn.

When Hon. D. T. Redfearn, of Chesterfield County, "crossed the bar," Clemson College lost a true friend and wise counsellor; South Carolina lost an upright and useful citizen; the church of Christ lost a loyal and devoted member.

"His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him, that nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, this was a man!"

W. S. M.

Clemson College, February 6, 1902.

Bob's Double Play

"Robert," said Mr. Moore, knocking the ashes out of his pipe and adjusting his spectacles upon the top of his rather sparsely covered head, "Robert, son, I've got a little job for you to do in the morning."

This was addressed to a ruddy-faced, bare-foot boy, about fourteen or fifteen years of age. At this doleful piece of intelligence the boy's face instantly clouded; for it was Friday afternoon, and he was just then engaged in very elaborate preparations for a grand Saturday fishing excursion; but these cruel words had crushed to earth all his blissful dreams of a long paddle down the river, and then of strings of fish such as had never before been drawn from water. It now seemed that all was over.

Mr. Moore, who was really a kind and indulgent father, was sorry to see the hurt expression in his son's face. He did not exactly understand it. "What's the matter, sonny?" he asked; "you look as if you were about to cry."

Robert then explained to his father how he and Sam and Buddie (Sam and Buddie were the sons of a near neighbor) had intended going fishing the following day, and concluded by asking that the job be postponed until another time.

"No," replied the old farmer; "the work must be done first thing in the morning. I'm sorry to disappoint you boys, but it can't be helped. The farther end of the pasture fence—the part down by the old 'Polly Allen' spring—must be moved back about thirty feet, in order to make room for the newcut road, and work on the road will begin early Monday morning. So you see the fence must be moved to-morrow."

"How long's the fence?" inquired Bob.

"Well, not more than a hundred yards, or thereabouts."

"How long you reckon it'll take to move it?"

"Oh, not more than three or four hours; if you work as you should you will be through by ten or eleven o'clock at most; perhaps before that time."

Down went hope again; the boys had planned to be at their destination long before that time. Bob felt a queer, choking sensation at his throat. He turned and stalked moodily off to the barn, climbed to the loft and threw himself down on a heap of sweet-smelling hay. To the disappointed boy, the future seemed gloomy indeed; but, having by nature a great deal of pluck and determination, he could not so easily give up this scheme, to which he had for weeks looked forward with such joy, and which promised so much genuine fun.

"If I could, I'd move that blessed fence to-night," thought he. Then, turning over and sitting upright: "Well, maybe I can! The moon'll be shining like daylight all night. If—" He sat for a moment buried in thought. Then his gloomy face broke into a smile. "I'll try it, anyhow," he muttered, rising and descending the ladder; whereupon he skipped around to the back of the barn and set out at a brisk pace through the woods towards Sam's and Buddie's house.

By the path that led through the woods, the distance was not more than a quarter of a mile. Accordingly, about five minutes later Bob emerged from a clump of chestnut bushes into the opening where stood the home of "Neighbor Brown."

Just as he came upon the scene, the Brown boys were engaged in their regular routine of evening chores. Both were just starting from the wood-house with their arms full of wood.

"Hullo there, you fellers!" shouted Robert. "Soon as you put that turn down, come back out here. Got somethin' to tell you."

Curiosity quickened the boys' steps, and they were back in a twinkling. As they returned, Bob seated himself on a

log of wood, while Sam and Buddie, impatient to hear the secret, took stations very near him. When thus disposed of Bob, dropping his voice almost to a whisper, began: "How'd you fellers like to have some fun to-night?"

The audience replied that they would like it very much.

"Well," Bob went on, "I'll tell you how you can have a fine time, if you'll promise not to 'cheap' it to a living soul!"

Both boys promised readily.

"Can you all get off for a while to-night?"

Yes, they guessed so.

"Well, then, meet me down by the old Polly Allen spring just after the moon rises; then I'll tell you what to do next."

This was agreed upon, and Robert, after a few remarks about the intended fishing tour, ran quickly home. As he came up into the yard the bell was just ringing for supper; but he was so excited that he could hardly force a mouthful down his throat; nevertheless, he went through the form as best he could.

That evening he went up to his room very early. He wanted to get a good night's rest, he said, as he had some hard work before him the next morning. It is needless to say that the boy did *not* go to bed. Instead, he raised the sash, opened the blinds, then took his station in the window, waiting for the time appointed for him to start out on his adventure.

After what seemed hours to the impatient boy, the clouds in the east began to assume a lighter hue; the moon at last was rising. Bob leaned out of the window and looked carefully around the yard. All was quiet there. With great caution he stepped out on the piazza roof and slowly worked his way down to the eaves. When dangerously near the edge of the roof he grasped the overhanging bough of an oak, swung out into the air, and dropped lightly to the ground.

"All right, so far," he said to himself, as he felt his feet planted firmly on the ground. The adventurer succeeded in leaving the yard without rousing any one of the ten or twelve watch-dogs—no easy thing to do—which done, he started at a brisk trot down through the fields towards the place of rendezvous—namely, the old Polly Allen spring.

When, a few minutes later, he brought up under the big tree by the spring, he found the Brown boys already there, impatiently awaiting his arrival. They proceeded at once to business.

"I'll tell you what I'm thinkin' about doin', fellers," began the leader. "See that fence?" pointing to the rail structure which served to keep Mr. Moore's cattle where they belonged.

The Brown boys nodded assent.

"Well, dad done me a mean trick the other day, and I mean to get it back on 'im, if you'll just help me a little. Say you'll do it, and we'll move that whole blame fence—take the whole thing down and carry it to some other place. That'll sure make dad rampant."

Bob's companions looked at each other rather dubiously. This was a little further than they cared to go. But Robert assured them that he would assume all the responsibility; then Sam and Buddie were not only willing, but eager to participate in the work.

The task which the boys thus set for themselves was no easy one. Far from it. Had they been called upon to perform the work in open daylight, and without compensation, it would have been hard enough; but in the still hours of night, and with no reward in view except an old man's displeasure—as they thought—the work was only child's play. Robert marked out a place where the new fence should be placed, and all three, with jackets off and sleeves rolled up, plunged into the work with a will.

Rail by rail the old fence shrunk, while rail by rail the new one grew. Hour succeeded hour, and the pale moon climbed higher and higher. Still the boys labored. Finally, about two hours before midnight, the last rail was laid on the new-made fence, and the tired, sleepy boys bade each other good night, and were soon at home and in bed.

The next morning, wonderful to say, Robert awoke early. He hastily dressed himself and ran out into the yard, whither his father had preceded him.

"Papa," said he, "it'll be half an hour till breakfast time. Let's go down to the pasture and see that fence you want me to move." Bob considered this about the best way to "break the news."

As Mr. Moore was glad of something to pass away the time that must necessarily elapse before the morning meal was ready for serving, he readily granted his son's request, and they set out together towards the scene of their last night's work.

Five or six minutes of brisk walking brought the couple to their destination. Mr. Moore, expecting no surprise, was busy looking about him at the cattle and the condition of the pasture, so was quite close upon the fence before he noted the change. When he did suddenly see it, he stood as one dumfounded, gazing first at the rails which had so mysteriously taken to themselves legs and walked into the desired place, then at his son.

Robert, unable longer to keep quiet, burst out laughing, and told his astonished parent all about how the wonder had been performed. The jolly old farmer enjoyed a good joke as much as any one, even if he were the butt of it; so he could not resist joining in the laugh, and, better still, now that the work was done, gave his son permission to carry out his own schemes.

After breakfast, Bob, with hooks and lines ready for

work, hastened down to the boat landing. Sam and Buddie were there before him, and had the boat bailed out and all ready for starting. As he came up, the boys assailed him with eager questions: "Does he know 'bout it?" "What did he say?"

Robert had at first intended to keep, even from the boys, the double part he had played. But he was a boy who could not keep anything long; so he soon broke into a laugh and confessed the whole thing. At first the boys were disposed to be angry. They had been sadly duped, and could not see that the joke was so funny after all; but their displeasure did not last long, for soon the woods about were ringing with their laughter. Then the three friends shoved off and the trim little craft went skimming down the river, her crew with hearts as light as summer clouds.

V. B. Hall, in Children's Visitor.

"For What I Prayed"

I, suppliant, knelt and prayed that all
The blessings of this life should fall
Unto her lot. "And let her be
More than could be asked by me.
Let her be as pure and sweet,
As the rose-buds at her feet.
Give her not this vain world's charms,
Keep her from all earthly harms.
Let her have not care or woe,
Keep her from each subtle foe.
I do not ask, oh God, for wealth,
Give her freedom, give her health.
Guide her feet where e'er she walks;
Aid her tongue when e'er she talks
To wish not, but to be content,
With all the good that Thou hast sent.

Guide her, God, while in thy light,
Make sweet her slumbers in the night.
Make her work an easy task;
Give her more than I can ask."
This is what I prayed for you,
Oh, have my earnest prayers come true?
For now I see you pale and white.
Life's day is done, and death's night
Has settled o'er you, and you lie
In certain proof that all must die.
In life I saw you as the lilly fair,
Heard your voice both sweet and clear.
And now. The last rays of a sinking sun,
Cast their lights o'er a life that's done.
Loved ones come with silent tread,
In honored presence of the dead.
They bow their heads for one last gaze;
The eyes are filled, and a haze
Has settled o'er each life she touched.
The lives of those who loved her much.
Flowers on the coffin lid are laid,
"Oh, God! is this for what I prayed?"

Azo.

The Clemson College Chronicle

FOUNDED BY CLASS OF 1898

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Agricultural College**

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Editorial Department

M. E. ZEIGLER,	-	-	-	-	-	EDITOR
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Examinations Another half year has rolled around, another ordeal of examinations passed. Anxiety and tension and seriousness have again given place to relaxation, and light-heartedness again marks the demeanor of the student. In our opinion, one of the most important results derived from examinations is that which reveals to a student the extent of his capabilities. During the period covered by examinations, the student devotes himself exclusively to his work and it is wonderful what some of them do accomplish during this short time. Instead of being a bugbear, therefore, examinations, by reason of show-

ing what can be accomplished, ought to be a source of encouragement and inspiration to students. While so much may be said in favor of examinations, it might be added that they are extremely disastrous to the student's extra work. Literary work, athletics, the society, all, are forgotten for the time being; the whole attention of every one being given entirely to preparation for examinations.

**A Growing
Sentiment**

In the Convention which framed the Constitution of the United States there was a great diversity of opinion; so much so, that the Constitution is said to be a series of compromises between those who favored a strong, and those who favored a popular government. By a popular government, we do not mean one in which the people hold complete control, but rather one of a liberal representative character. The tendency of government, however, during the life of the United States has been towards placing more power in the hands of the people. This idea of government has given commanding influence to the Initiative and Referendum system, and has even led to its adoption in several States, while the principle is largely applied in the government of American cities. We believe this system is likely to meet with more and more favor as the evolution in American government proceeds, and justly so. We saw its adoption accomplished only in the platform of the last National Democratic Convention.

The time is close at hand when some measures must be resorted to in order to check the encroaching power of wealth. We are now virtually controlled by the money power. It regulates the laws under which we live, and controls the price of the articles upon which we exist. It presides in royal dignity over the how and the what of human life. This should not be. The rich of no country have ever been famed for a devotion to justice. On all occasions of

national danger, the true source of succor lies in the hands of the people, and we believe the present condition of the United States constitutes no exception to the rule. We believe that the remedy for the money evil lies in the enlargement of the people's power over the government, and who can say that that power will not come in the form of the Initiative and Referendum system of government?

**Kipling's
New Poem**

The "Islanders," recently published by Mr. Kipling, constitutes somewhat of a departure from his former style of verse. The poem deals with the political condition of England, and is virtually an arraignment of her methods as exhibited in the prosecution of the Boer War. It is said that the poem is unpopular in England because of this fact. In point of literary excellence the poem is also variously criticised. Some critics commend it as being of a higher literary value than any of the author's later works, while others discover nothing to distinguish it as a composition of pre-eminent merit. All agree, however, that the author has broken away from the beaten tracks of the poets, that he has forsaken the rich fields of beauty for those more exciting, but, withal perhaps, less inviting—the fields of politics.

**The Hendrix
College Mirror's
View of the
Negro Question**

In *The Hendrix College Mirror*, we notice an article entitled "A Practical View of the Negro." In this article the author discusses the question in a conservative manner, pointing out the existence of "a great gulf fixed" between the white and black race, emphasizing the inferiority of the negro, and concluding by advocating a useful practical education for the negro by way of finding a solution for the much vexed race problem.

While we agree with the general tone of this discussion,

there is one or two points to which we cannot lend our entire sanction. For instance, in speaking of the gulf fixed between the races, *The Mirror*, after emphasizing its existence, says the negro does not wish to cross it. In our opinion, the contrary is true. Even so discreet and sensible a negro as Booker T. Washington has recently made a serious effort to cross that gulf, and if this is the example set by the Moses of the negro race, what have we to expect from the benighted children in the wilderness? The negro is by nature an imitator, his model is the white man, and the summit of his ambition is to approach as closely as possible to his ideal.

Again, we must confess to grave doubts regarding the wisdom of *The Mirror's* plea for an education for the negro as a means of settling the race question. We look upon negro education as being still in the experimental stage, and we believe that no definite results can be gathered therefrom. In our own experience, however, we have found that the most insolent, despicable and dangerous negroes are those possessing a small degree of education. History teaches that no two races of anything like equal intelligence can live peaceably and contented in the same country. The negro, in his present condition, is contented; educate him and he would not be, for education is aspiring. But any attempt on the part of the negro to change his condition, socially or politically—and such an attempt would be the logical outcome of education—will be resisted by the white race. Taking this view of the question, we cannot subscribe to the opinion that the education of the negro will tend to bring about better relations between the two races.

Class Games

We are glad to learn that each of the classes of the College has organized a foot-ball team for the purpose of playing a series of class games.

These class games should be encouraged for various reasons. They revive the waning interest in athletics so noticeable at this season of the year, when examinations seem to crowd out interest in every other subject. They discover many a player of promise and implant in him the germ of love for the sport, which bears rich fruitage in the succeeding years. Nor is the contribution to athletics the only advantage derived from these games. They, also, stimulate a healthy rivalry among the classes—a condition always to be desired. In view of these advantages to both student and College, we urge every one to join the team of his class and thereby add his little mite to the good work.

The Power Of Women

In the city of Chicago, we have had a recent demonstration of the healthful power of woman in public affairs. It became known that a reduction in the appropriation for schools was being made in this city, whereupon two women teachers set themselves to the work of inquiring the cause and supplying the remedy. They found that the schools were being thus imposed upon by the refusal of certain corporations to bear their just proportions of the city's expenses. Though their efforts were scorned and laughed at by some, especially by the combinations, still they accomplished their purpose and succeeded in bringing their victims to justice. This event serves to illustrate the efficacy of good and persistent influence in the political world. We hope those interested in the purification of politics will take courage from the example of the two women teachers of Chicago, and return to their work with added zeal and energy.

Exchange Department

GEO. D. LEVY, '03, } - - - - EDITORS
 VANN LIVINGSTON, '03, }

In the New Year's edition of *The Palmetto*, we find a number of well written and interesting articles. Among the storiettes, we take special pleasure in mentioning "Red Eagle's Ring," in which we are shown the undying gratitude of an Indian; and "The Ghost of Our Garden," which proved an entertaining ghost story. The only essay and best article that appears in this magazine is "'Mycerinus,' Matthew Arnold." We are sorry to see a total absence of verse.

We always expect good productions in *The Converse Concept*, and we were not disappointed in the January number. "The Mystery of an Italian Villa" is a weird and strange story, and it holds the interest of the reader until the very last. "Perfect Affinity" is one of those refreshing stories that adds so much to a college paper. We are of the opinion that the writer of "The Old Stone Church" has a very vivid imagination, and drew on it to its fullest extent. It has been our privilege to visit this historic place several times, and we are sure that we would not have recognized it from her description. The best article in the paper is "The Message of the President." It not only gives us an outline of Mr. Roosevelt's message to Congress; but, also, an insight into the character of the man himself.

We welcome *The Wake Forest Student* to our exchange table. There seems to be a number of worshippers of the muse among the students. Fortunate, indeed, is a college that has poets within its walls. Among the interesting

stories that are found in this magazine may be mentioned: "Percy Percival Pennington," "The Little Grand-father," and "In the Hands of the Klu Klux." The Editorial Department could be brightened and improved.

The Spectrum is a very good though rather small magazine. It contains some well written articles, but we notice that it contains no poems. This is unfortunate, for a few good poems add a great deal to a college paper. The January issue contains a well written and interesting story entitled "A Stolen Flag and a Kidnapped President." "Education and Life" shows some thought and clear reasoning on the part of the author. "Snow Bound" was read with much interest, though it is hard for a Southerner to realize some of the facts of the story.

The Aurora is a very creditable magazine. It represents good work both from a mechanical and from a literary standpoint. The January issue contains a large number of short articles, but no very long ones. We think that this is far better than to have only a few long ones. The literary department is well conducted, though the editorial department is not very full.

The Southern University Magazine presents a very attractive appearance. It contains two well written editorials.

The Emory Phoenix is a very excellent college magazine. It comes attractively attired, and its contents easily gives it a place among our best exchanges. The January issue contains a goodly number of excellent stories, and also a sufficient number of essays and poems to give a splendid variety. "A Commencement Avator" is a well written and very interesting story. We read "The Womanly Girl" with much interest. The author has certainly given the subject of girls

much consideration, and he seems to have them very well classified. "The Play and the Audience" shows much thought and intelligence on the part of the author. "Strength and Supremacy" is well worth reading.

CLIPPINGS

Lives of great men all remind us,
We may gain an honored place,
And, like Hobson, leave behind us
Lip-prints on some sweet girl's face.—*Ex.*

Our mess-hall meat nearly finished me,
But I soon had ceased to fret,
For the doctor was called and he wisely said
That I couldn't die—gest yet.—*Ex.*

If the farmer who tills
Makes his living by tillage,
Does the doctor who pills
Makes his living by pillage?—*Ex.*

There was a crowd and there were three—
The girl, the parlor lamp and he.
Two is company; so, no doubt,
That's why the parlor lamp went out.—*Ex.*

Lives there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said
As he aimed at the tack and
Missed the head,
—!—!!—!!!—?—*Ex.*

An old man was rallied by his friends on his marrying a young wife on the inequality of their ages. He replied: "She will be near me to close my eyes." "Well," replied a friend, "I've had two of them, and they *opened* my eyes."

He held the maiden's little hand
But never spoke a word of love,
The counter was between them and
He was fitting on her glove.—*Ex.*

When we dwell on the lips of the girl we adore,
What pleasure in nature is missing?
May his soul be in heav'n—he deserves it I'm sure—
Who was the first inventor of kissing.

Master Adam, I verily think, was the man,
Whose discovery can ne'er be surpassed;
Then since the sweet game with creation began,
To the end of the world may it last.—*Ex.*

“My daughter,” and his voice was stern,
“You must set this matter right;
What time did the Sophomore leave,
Who sent in his card to-night?”

“His work was pressing, father dear,
And his love for it was great;
He took his leave and went away
Before a quarter of eight.”

Then a twinkle came to her bright blue eye,
And her dimple deeper grew,
“It's surely no sin to tell him that,
For a quarter of eight is two.”—*Ex.*



Local Department

T. C. SHAW, '02, }
B. H. GARDNER, '03, }

EDITORS

The students of Clemson had the pleasure of hearing another fine lecture on the night of January 29, 1902. On that night Geo. R. Wendling, of Washington, D. C., delivered his lecture, "Stonewall Jackson." Mr. Wendling, although a Northern man, is a staunch admirer of Jackson, and his lecture was a magnificent tribute to the genius and patriotism of the South's invincible chieftain. He is a master of the English language, a finished orator, and has few equals upon the American platform to-day. It is useless to say that his subject struck a sympathetic chord in the hearts of his entire audience, and the students gave him an attention that is not rendered to every lecturer that visits us. If Mr. Wendling ever comes to Clemson again, he is sure to meet with an enthusiastic reception from the student body.

The Mendelssohn Quartette visited Clemson on the night of February 8th, 1902. Before this company arrived, we

heard that it was a good one, and our expectations were fully realized. Their selections were good and their singing was of the very best. With the company was Miss Marguerite Smith, the great child impersonator.

Major Edgar M. Matthews and Cadets W. O. Cain, T. B. Young, E. D. Ellis and Clarence Norton attended the recent Y. M. C. A. Convention held in Columbia. They were away for several days and report having had a very pleasant visit to the Capital City, as well as a pleasant meeting.

C—: "Chunk," don't you want a chance on a drum?

"Chunk:" No. What do I want with a drum?

C—: To beat your way to Columbia.

Greenwood to Have the Oratorical Contest

On Friday night, February 7, the representatives from Wofford, Furman, Newberry, Clinton, Erskin, and Clemson met at Due West, to decide upon the time and place for the next annual oratorical contest. Many places were anxious for this honor, and after carefully considering the advantages and inducements that the various cities offered, the committee, after no little discussion, decided in favor of Greenwood. The time set for the contest is April 18th. It is not considered expedient to make known the names of the judges, who were elected by the committee to act on that occasion.

The delegates were elegantly entertained by the President and students of Erskin College, and every minute of their stay was the source of the utmost enjoyment. We also owe very many thanks to the teachers and lovely students of the Due West Female College for the delightful reception tendered us on the following Saturday morning. This was

certainly a charming affair, and each delegate left resounding the praises of the Due West girls.

Mr. Ed. Hughes is now at Clemson taking some post graduate work.

Mr. Pat Calhoun has returned from Washington, where he has for some time been engaged as clerk in the Census Department of the government.

Mr. R. G. Forsythe, of the class '01, left Clemson a few days ago to accept a position with the Cramp's Navy Yard at Philadelphia.

Prof. M—: What is meant by *ex post facto*?

Cadet D—: It means that after a crime is committed, Congress can't pass a law preventing it.

Prof. P—: Give the three units of the C. G. S. system.

Cadet W—: Pennies, shillings and pounds.

Ask Senior N. about his mackintosh.

Cadet "Snooks" being reported for visiting, submitted the following explanation: "I respectfully state that the sentinel failed to do his duty; he neglected to tap on the door."

RECEIPT FOR MAKING KISSES.

To one pint of dark piazza add a little moonlight; take two persons for granted, press in two large hands a small soft one, sift in lightly two ounces of attraction, one of romance, and a large quantity of jolly; stir in a fleeting of ruffle and one or two whispers; dissolve a half dozen glances in a well of silence, dust in a small quantity of hesitation, one ounce of

resistance and two of yielding; place the kisses on a flushed cheek or on two lips and press well.

MISTOOK THE FLAVOR.

"Is this heaven's bliss that I taste?" cried the ecstatic lover, as he pressed his lips to her cheeks.

"No," said the innocent young girl; "that's sachet powder."

Col. S— has prohibited target practice on "D" Co. hall in the future.

Prof. F—: "Name the three Fates."

Junior M—: "Faith, hope and charity."

Prof. R— wants to know if a centimer was not equal to a gill.

Rat: "What is good for the tooth-ache?"

Cadet J—: "Creosote will cure it."

Rat: "Who is he?"

Mr. Inman H. Payne, the father-in-law of Col. Hardin, and his son, M. B. Payne, are visiting at the Colonel's residence.

Major S—(at general inspection): "That there pan is rather 'rocky,' and your glass looks like it's not been dusted in quite a while."

Cadet F. E. Pearman has been elected Secretary and Treasurer of the Senior Class.

Cadet M. made four failures. From a business standpoint, he might be considered to have made a fortune.

Prof. C—: "What is horse power?"

Cadet J—: "The striated muscles of a horse."

First Cadet: "What are they going to do here on the 22d?"

Second Cadet: "Unveil the new barracks."

History question on examination: "Give an account of Mohammed, Hegira, etc."

"Big Chief:" "Hegira was one of Martin Luther's associates."

Prof. F—(on examination): "Name Shakespere's predecessors."

Cadet S—: "His father and mother."

Cadet C—(mechanical): "What effect does the moon have on plants?"

Cadet T—: "None."

Cadet C—: "Then why do you always plant potatoes on dark nights?"

Cadet T—: "Moonlight hurts their eyes."

Prof. N—: "What plant do you plant out of season?"

Cadet Booze: "Cow peas."

Prof. N—: "No, sir, it's your best friend."

Cadet Booze: "Rye, then, sir."

CALHOUN SOCIETY.

President—F. E. Pearman.

Vice-President—J. E. Martin.

Recording Secretary—D. H. Sadler.

Corresponding Secretary—F. M. Jordan.

Literary Critic—D. Jennings.

Sergeants-at-arms—S. E. Dunbar, G. F. Mitchell and J. E. Harold.

PALMETTO SOCIETY.

President—J. H. Spencer.
Vice-President—W. E. G. Black.
Recording Secretary—W. L. Templeton.
Literary Critic—S. C. Stewart.
Censor—G. L. Morrison.
Sergeant-at-arms—J. V. Matthews.

COLUMBIAN SOCIETY.

President—G. T. McGregor.
Vice-President—D. Kohn.
Recording Secretary—J. H. Wise.
Corresponding Secretary—W. H. Barnwell.
Literary Critic—B. H. Barre.
Prosecuting Critic—T. B. Young.
Reporting Critics—W. O. Cain, J. J. Krentzlin.
Sergeant-at-arms—J. P. Tarbox.

The following officers have been elected to serve the Sunday School for the coming year :

Prof. J. V. Lewis—Superintendent.
Prof. A. B. Bryan—Assistant Superintendent.
Ellis—Secretary and Treasurer.

Y. M. C. A.

W. O. Cain—President.
T. B. Young—Vice-President.
J. R. Connor—Secretary.
C. Norton—Treasurer.

Base-Ball Schedule

University of N. C., at Charlotte, March 29.
Hobart College, at Clemson, April 1.
Cornell University, at Clemson, April 3.

Virginia Polytechnic Institute, at Charleston, April 5.

Citadel, at Charleston, April 7.

Georgia School of Technology, at Atlanta, April 12.

Mercer University, at Macon, April 14.

University of Georgia, at Clemson, April 19.

South Carolina College, at Charleston, April 25.

South Carolina College, at Columbia, April 26.

Furman University, at Greenville, May 3.

University of North Carolina, at Clemson, May 7.

Wofford College, at Clemson, May 13.

ALUMNI NOTES

CLASS OF '00—AGRICULTURALS.

All, J. E., farming and stock raising near Allendale, S. C.

Gray, H. K., clerk in postoffice at Greenville.

Kennedy, J. L., is teaching school and studying law at Barksdale, Laurens County, S. C.

Kinsler, J. H., has charge of grasses and forestry at Exposition for the government.

Lawton, F. A., is at Baltimore Medical College.

Norris, A. P., is with the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. We think he is in Alabama.

Rawl, B. H., is State Fertilizer Inspector.

Walker, J. N., assisting his father with farm at Appleton, S. C.

Wells, C. H., is farming at Wells, S. C.

TEXTILES.

Clinkscales, L. D., electrician for the Citizens' Telephone Company, of Spartanburg, S. C.

Pearman, S. D., Census Clerk at Washington.

Sloan, S. M., working for the Poe Manufacturing Co., at Greenville, S. C.

MECHANICALS.

Adams, W. G., is employed by W. C. Whitner (Civil Engineer) of Rock Hill and is now locating a site for a dam at High Falls, Ga.

Cannon, R. S., has charge of the Anderson Light and Power Company, at Anderson, S. C.

Dodd, H. B., is at Cincinnati with the Cincinnati Milling Machine Company.

Epps, H. G., and Mauldin, C. E., are running a saw mill in Alabama.

Fletcher, B. A., is farming at McCall, S. C.

Gray, J. J., Jr., cross-tie contractor for the Southern Railway.

George, W. D., electrician at the Olympia Cotton Mills, Columbia, S. C.

Lewis, G. P., is with the General Electric Company.

Liles, S. E., was President of the class, and was instructor the next year after graduating, but resigned to accept a position as book-keeper at McCall, S. C.

Southern Colleges

Nearly all of those, which issue handsomely engraved anniversary and commencement invitations, are having them done by a Southern firm who are doing very artistic work.

We refer to J. P. STEVENS, of ATLANTA, GA.

This house has a magnificently equipped plant for the production of high grade steel and copper plate engraving, and invitation committees would do well to obtain their prices and samples before placing their orders.

Clemson College Directory

CLEMSON AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

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

CLEMSON COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

M. E. Zeigler, Editor-in-Chief.

E. B. Boykin, Business Manager.

CALHOUN LITERARY SOCIETY.

F. E. Pearman, President.

D. H. Saddler, Secretary.

COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

G. T. McGregor, President.

J. H. Wise, Secretary.

PALMETTO LITERARY SOCIETY.

J. H. Spencer, President.

W. L. Templeton, Secretary.

CLEMSON COLLEGE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

L. V. Lewis, Superintendent.

E. D. Ellis, Secretary.

AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

M. E. Zeigler, President.

E. B. C. Watts, Secretary.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

W. O. Cain, President.

J. R. Connor, Secretary.

CLEMSON COLLEGE SCIENTIFIC ASSOCIATION.

W. M. Riggs, President.

Geo. E. Nesom, Secretary.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

W. M. Riggs, President.

FOOT-BALL ASSOCIATION.

W. M. Riggs, President.

C. Douthit, Captain Team '02.

CLEMSON COLLEGE GLEE CLUB.

W. M. Riggs, President.

R. G. Forsythe, Manager.

Q. B. Newman, Secretary.

TENNIS CLUB.

T. S. Perrin, President.

C. W. Legerton, Secretary.

BASE-BALL ASSOCIATION.

M. N. Hunter, Captain.

C. Douthit, Manager.

CLEMSON COLLEGE BAND.

D. Jennings, President.

D. Jennings, Leader.

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

J. S. Garris, President,

B. F. Robertson, Secretary,

Spartanburg S. C.

Clemson College, S. C.

YOUNG MEN WHO WISH TO DRESS WELL
ON A SMALL AMOUNT OF MONEY

WILL DO WELL, TO SEE OUR LINE OF

CLOTHING, SHOES, HATS AND FURNISHINGS

We carry the best of everything in Men's Wear, and our prices are as low as is consistent with good merchandise. Send us your orders, they will receive prompt attention, and anything that is not satisfactory, can be returned at our expense.

We sell the best \$3.50 Shoe that money can buy. One price. One quality. All Styles, \$3.50.

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 Usual Discount to Students

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APOTHECARY TO THE BOYS .

EVERYTHING YOU NEED—WRITE US
WHEN WE CAN SERVE YOU

Mansion House Drug Store
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The "Rex" Mattress

is sold by nearly all reliable furniture dealers in the South. In quality and comfort, it leads all; in price, moderate; the guarantee, absolute.

Your dealer will order one for your bed.

Three of the finest, best and most modern hotels that have been built in the South this year are fitted throughout with

"Dexter" Mattresses

The "Dexter" is almost as high in price as some that are not near so good.

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H. C. MARKLEY, Proprietor

THE GATES STEAM LAUNDRY

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Successors to the Mansion House Steam Laundry, the pioneer of the Laundry business in the Piedmont Belt.



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Send for Estimates and Prices.

SOUTHERN AGENT,
A. H. WASHBURN, CHARLOTTE, N. C.

The Clemson College Chronicle

Valeat Quantum Valere Potest

VOL. V. CLEMSON COLLEGE, S. C., MARCH, 1902

No. 6



W. E. G. BLACK, }
V. B. HALL, }

EDITORS

A Creed

Believe, and the world grows brighter ;
Doubt, and all seems gloom ;
Have faith in yourself and in others,
And you'll look for reward, not doom.

See beauty, not nature's errors,
Hear praises, not scandal's spleen ;
Sing songs of rejoicing and gladness,
And your heart must remain pure and clean.

Love the daylight, not night's fearful blackness,
Worship sunrise, not the pale lifeless moon ;
Feel the glory of living and loving,
For Death makes her claim all too soon.

Live in joy, not vainly regretting,
Be not a human impersonate sigh ;
Thrill with soulful delight of earth's blessing,
Be ALIVE, not existing to die.

W. LIONEL MOISE.

John C. Calhoun, Grand-father of Clemson College

[Calhoun was born in the month of March and died in the month of March; hence this sketch in our issue for March.]

“John Caldwell Calhoun was born, of Scotch-Irish parents, near Little River, then Ninety-Six District, now Abbeville County, South Carolina, on the 18th day of March, 1782, and died March 31, 1850, a Senator of the United States, in the city of Washington.

“He was for a while a pupil of the famous schoolmaster, Waddel, under whom he opened for the first time a Latin grammar. Long afterwards Mr. Calhoun spoke of his teacher in these words: ‘In that character [as a teacher] he stands almost unrivaled. He may be justly considered as the father of classical education in the upper country of South Carolina and Georgia. His excellence in that character depended not so much on extensive or profound learning, as a felicitous combination of qualities for the government of boys and communicating to them what he knew. He was particularly successful in exciting ambition among them, and in obtaining the good will of all except the worthless.’

“In 1802, the young Carolinian entered the Junior Class of Yale College, where, on the 12th day of September, 1804, he graduated a Bachelor of Arts. In 1805 and 1806, he studied law at Litchfield, Connecticut, and was admitted to the bar at Columbia, South Carolina, in 1807—the year in which his illustrious son-in-law, Thomas G. Clemson, was born in Philadelphia. In October of that year, Mr. Calhoun was elected to the State Legislature. Three years later he was chosen a member of Congress; and January 8th, 1811, he married his second cousin, Floride Calhoun, only daughter of Hon. John Ervin Calhoun.

“Mr. Calhoun was Secretary of War under President

Monroe, and Vice-President of the United States under John Quincy Adams and Andrew Jackson. In 1832—nullification times—he resigned the Vice-Presidency, and in a few months afterward was elected to fill out the unexpired term of General Hayne in the United States Senate. In 1843 and '44, he was a candidate for the Presidency, but withdrew in January of the latter year. President Tyler, in March of that year, appointed Mr. Calhoun Secretary of State, which office he filled a year with marked ability. In the fall of 1845, he was again elected to the Senate of the United States, this time to fill out the unexpired term of Judge Huger.

“Mr. Calhoun’s family are buried in the Episcopal church yard, Pendleton, South Carolina. The great statesman himself was interred in the old grave yard of St. Phillip’s Church, Charleston. During the war between the States, some of his friends in the community, fearing the desecration of his grave should the city fall into the hands of the enemy, removed and secreted the remains, which were afterwards put back, and still lie in their former resting place.

“The public career of Calhoun has been known only from the speeches and other papers in his published *Works*, from the *American State Papers*, and from the records of Congress. Calhoun, the man, apart from his public career, has remained virtually unknown. Calhoun is to many readers a mere abstraction—a purely political *eidolon*.”

The American Historical Association has recently (1900) published his *Correspondence*, edited by Dr. J. Franklin Jameson, of Brown University. A few sentences from the preface may be of interest :

“Not a single word has been omitted for the supposed benefit of Calhoun’s reputation. Indeed, it might be said of him, as of very few public men, that he had nothing to fear from the humus publication of his papers.

"Calhoun was neither gossipy nor spiteful, nor was he a man of active personal animosities, for his politics revolved around principles rather than personalities.

"The Clemson College collection embraces two thousand three hundred letters to Calhoun, nearly all written in the decade 1840-50, from about nine hundred writers, representing all classes of Southern society, and from many Northerners. It is interesting to see how uniform an opinion of Calhoun on the part of his supporters these letters reveal. No one expects anything of him but the most high-minded political conduct; and in this respect, alas, the letters that are not printed, though many of them are from office-seekers and second-rate politicians, tell the same story as those that are printed.

"Dr. Jameson tells us he 'Has included enough of the private family letters, without, he hopes, violating the sanctities of domestic life, to exhibit Calhoun as a human being and a member of a family, to show his constant devotion to his wife and her mother, his strong affection for his children, his anxious care for their well-being and improvement, his abiding interest in all kinsmen.'

"The writer of this sketch once saw—and copied—a few faded sheets of mourning paper in which Mrs. Calhoun had written some reflections on the death of her father. Read a few expressions therefrom: 'Shall I never again be welcomed by that sweet smile, and that extended hand? Shall I never again hear that voice utter words of affection or approval which filled my heart with gladness? You were the embodiment to my mind of the perfection of human virtue. Who like you combined the most unbending firmness where principle was concerned with the yielding softness of a woman where only your feelings were in question. The austerity of a cynic combined in you with the softest and gentlest affection. No one appreciated more music,

poetry or the beauties of nature. You never ridiculed a friend or abused an enemy. Best of masters, you are lamented by the honest unbought tears of your dependents. Oh! best of husbands, fathers, friends, where were the faults which proved your human origin? Who can recall a single word or action of your's they would wish changed?

"Daniel Webster, the contemporary and political enemy of Calhoun, said: 'No man was more respectful to others; no man carried himself with greater decorum; no man with superior dignity. He had the basis, the indispensable basis, of all high character; and that was unspotted integrity, unimpeached honor and character. There was nothing groveling or low, or meanly selfish that came near the head or heart of Mr. Calhoun. We shall delight to speak of him to those who are rising up to fill our places. And when the time shall come when we ourselves shall go, one after another, in succession to our graves, we shall carry with us a deep sense of his genius and character, his honor and integrity, his amiable deportment in private life, and the purity of his exalted patriotism.'"

WM. S. M., in *The Clemsonian*.

The Negro's Only Hope

In the beginning there was but one race. Now there are three: the Black, the Yellow and the White. Let us consider briefly the relations of two of these, the first and the last: the black and the white. Let us go back to the beginning and trace the course of each race separately.

History does not take us back to the period when there was but one race, but the Bible says, "God created man;" so we know that there was but one race, and from subsequent circumstances we know that this man and his race *was* white.

Let us now look at this race when the curtain rises on the nations way back in the dim morning of history. We find this (the white) race in Egypt well developed and civilized. They possessed many of the accomplishments which we of to-day prize so highly. They were architects, sculptors, scientists and scholars. Many of our so-called modern machines were known to them in a crude form. They were the first people to discover the power of steam and to build a steam engine. They were the people who built the pyramids, which to-day stand as an everlasting monument to their architectural ability. They were the first people to use an alphabet and to employ the art of writing, which we consider our most valued possession. And they were the people who first used mathematics and developed the science of astronomy, two things which are vitally essential to modern civilization.

This nation, through conquest, scattered the seeds of learning among their neighbors, and these neighbors passed the precious germs in a continuous line on down to the present generation, which stands at the summit of the mount of learning, and surveys the long highway which leads in an unbroken stretch from the deep and shadowy valley of ignorance up to the sun-crowned peak of modern enlightenment. And all along this highway we see the footprints of the white race alone, unaccompanied by those of the black. Nowhere do we find a single mark or impression made by a member of the darker race.

Let us now return to the beginning of history, back to the time when we catch the first glimpse of the white race, and follow the black or negro as we have done his superior, the white.

Wherever we have found the white man, there, also, do we find the negro, and always where we find him, we find him as the slave or savage. In the early history we find a quota-

tion which says: "The negro is the hewer of wood and the drawer of water," which means that he is the slave and inferior to whatever race with which he is associated.

We find the Egyptians using him to build the pyramids and for the manual labor of many of their other great undertakings. The Romans using him for slaves of the lowest order, and for all kinds of menial service. In no case do we find him as a ruler, except when there is no other nation present, and then we find him as the savage, cannibal and barbarian.

In this, his native state, we find him in Africa and Australia. Here we see him as he is, just as nature left him centuries ago. Here, before he has been touched by the civilizing hand of the white man, he is the "untutored savage," pure and simple. Here he is the cannibal, and here he is the heathen. After all these years, when all the white nations of the globe are highly cultivated and civilized, we find him now as he was in the beginning, the ignorant heathen. In point of brains he has not increased one jot.

Does this go to show that the negro is the equal of the white man? As intelligent and thinking men, your answer can only be, "No." Then, if this be the case, why try, as some people are doing, to make the negro the equal of the white man? Reason and common sense should teach such people that this object can never be accomplished. The negro was our inferior in the beginning, and when Gabriel blows his horn for the final reunion, he will still be our inferior. God placed him in that place, and there he will remain.

It was manifestly the purpose of the Almighty that the negro was to be governed by a race of stronger intellect; for when he made the negro, he made his physical conditions such that he could stand labor of the hand much better than he could labor of the head; for which, even when his brain

is properly trained, he is unfitted. Had he been intended for a leader of the world, he would have been given a head as well as a hand.

One of the greatest among the dangers to which the negro is liable is the lack of moral backbone. When under no moral strain, some of them appear to be capable of things of which a nation might be justly proud. But a chain is no stronger than its weakest link. Just so a man's character is no stronger than the weakest point in it. And in the negro, as soon as it comes to the pinch, to the place where manhood in its highest sense is needed, here he is found wanting, and here is the proverbial rock upon which his bark will split. Take, for instance, the negro who stands without a peer among his race—the man whom we all thought capable of leading his race out of their darkened and sordid sphere of life to higher and better ways of living, the man who preached the doctrine of non-equality of white and black—the man Booker T. Washington. What has he done? He has ruined the fine structure which he was rearing. He has done more. He has torn up the very bed rock on which the hopes of the negro race for future progress and power were founded. He has shown, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that the negro is incapable of being a man, that he cannot be depended on when he is most needed, and that the negro is in his proper place now, from which he can never rise until he firmly grasps the idea that there can be no equality, social or political, of the negro and the white man; for God made it so, and His laws are unchangeable. With this idea firmly in mind, obstacles which are now unsurmountable would melt away as so much fog; his horizon which now is limited by the high and impassable wall, "Racial equality," would broaden, and he would be enabled to see the plain and only road to success.

"A Dream"

I dreamed, and in my sleep I saw,
Breasting the waves, as each fitful flaw,
On the white-crested breakers, like a hurricane sweep,
My life as a boat on the dark stormy deep.

I saw the white-caps rolling high,
I heard each spar as it seemed to sigh;
I saw the steersman, like a ghost,
By each flash of lightning, at his post.

I heard the thunder and the hail,
The wind whistling through the threaded sail;
I saw each dripping rope and shroud,
I heard the captain cry aloud.

The watchman from aloft gave cry:
"A rock ahead! all will die!"
I heard the splintering of the mast,
As we swept along before the blast.

The lead was cast five fathoms deep,
"Pray God in heaven our souls to keep."
I saw her bury her prow in a wave,
I heard the cries for God to save.

I saw each lifeboat live and die,
The fearful breakers their foam flung high;
I saw the Petrel fly around,
I felt her sinking—she was aground.

I saw each sailor struggle to swim,
I heard the breakers' awful din;
I woke and knew it was a dream,
And yet how natural did it seem.

I lay and thought, it was God's own teaching,
To remind that in life's selfish reaching,
That as the ship did strike and sink,
Our lives are hurried o'er the brink.

Azo.

Good for Evī!

John Winston and Willis Burton had been room-mates ever since they entered college, and were the best of friends. Both of them were "hale fellows, well met," and since they were both on the 'varsity "eleven," the tie of friendship was stronger than it would have been otherwise.

This friendship continued until the commencement hop, which took place at the close of their Junior year. It was at this hop that they both met Madge Randolph, a reigning belle from a neighboring city. She had graduated from a sister college but a few days before, and like most girl graduates was somewhat coquettish. John and Willis both fell in love with her, and as is always the case when two boys and one girl play the game of love, the two boys, once great friends, become enemies.

Both made it convenient to be near her all summer, but as neither seemed to get the advantage, things were in a very uncertain way when they returned as Seniors in September. During their last year at college they had very little to do with each other, except in a formal way. Their friends often wondered at this apparent coolness, and many were the conjectures as to the cause. But if they had consulted Dick, the mail boy, he probably could have told them what they wanted to know, for he had noticed that a letter in the same feminine hand and bearing the same postmark came to each every week.

About a week before commencement, John in one of his letters to Madge asked if he could take her to the hop, and much to his surprise and delight, he received an affirmative reply. From then until the night of the hop, John was as happy as a lark, and this set his friends to wondering again.

The night of the hop came, and about nine o'clock John went for Madge, when, much to his surprise and chagrin,

he found that she had already gone with Willis. Not feeling very much like participating in the gaiety and seeing his rival dance in triumph with the woman he loved, John returned to his room and tried to go to sleep. He could faintly hear the music as it came floating across the valley from the dancing hall, and many were the emotions that thrilled him that night. It was long after the music had ceased, before he went to sleep, and the next morning it was with a heavy heart and a sad face that he left the old college that he loved so well.

A year passed, and we find John and Willis both working in the town where Madge lived. Willis was one of the leaders in the younger set, while John worked hard and had very little to do with society. His whole life seemed to be changed, and while he was rising rapidly in his chosen profession, any one could see that he was unhappy. Willis was dissipating a great deal, and while he was doing well, still he was not rising very rapidly.

One day, while John was sitting in the lobby of the hotel where he was boarding, he heard angry words in the rear of the hotel. Hastening back to discover the cause of trouble, he was just in time to see Willis with a pistol, still smoking, in his hand. On the floor not six feet away lay an acquaintance of his, dead. There was no doubt that Willis was the murderer and he was arrested and taken to jail. As a great crowd had gathered, John, not wishing to have anything to do with the trial, slipped away unnoticed.

When Willis was brought to trial the following summer, there was great interest shown in the proceedings. As luck would have it, John was one of the jurors, and so was placed in a very embarrassing position. He had a mighty struggle within himself, and finally decided that he would try to do justice to Willis and the woman he loved; for during all of this time John had loved Madge devotedly. The trial lasted

for several days and these were the facts brought out : Willis and a crowd of friends had been drinking, and finally the meeting had ended in a row, with the above result. Willis made a strong plea of self-defence, but as it had not been clearly proved, no one had any idea as to what the verdict would be. John, however, had made up his mind that Willis was innocent of any malice, and so, when the jury retired, he said : "Gentleman, this man is innocent. When you all come to this conclusion, we will return our verdict, but not before then." The other eleven argued with him for two days, but by his clear answers and logical argument he finally converted them to his belief and a verdict of "not guilty" was returned.

When John reached the hotel that evening, he was surprised to find Willis waiting for him. After they had reached John's room, Willis began : "John, I have come to make a confession. I did you a great wrong once, and I have come to tell you about it, and to make things right. You remember that you had an engagement to take Madge Randolph to our Senior hop. I heard you say that you were going for her about nine o'clock, and so, at a quarter to nine I went to her and told her that you were sick and had asked me to take her. Of course, she suspected nothing, and by obtaining the note which she wrote you next day, you nor she never knew any better. You would never have known, had it not been for you saving me to-day. I am going away to-day, never to return again. I told her all this evening, and she expects you to-night. Good-bye and may God bless you both."

Before John could say anything, Willis had gone out of his life forever.

That night, when he presented himself at the Randolph's lovely home, he was met at the door by the sweetest woman in the world, and midnight had long since come and gone before he went out into the street again.

And a year later, as I look at one of the invitations to the next commencement hop, I see at the very head of the list "Mr. and Mrs. John Winston." T., '03.

An Historic Society

THE OLDEST WORKING SOCIETY OF FARMERS IN AMERICA.

A Brief Sketch of Pendleton Farmers' Society—Some of the Pioneer Scientific Tillers of the Soil—Their Work Leads to Stock Raising and Superior Cultivation and Culminates in the Establishment of Clemson College.

In looking up the history of farmers' societies in this country, the first on record was the Philadelphia, which was organized before the present century, and the next on record was formed at Pendleton, S. C., in 1815.

Now, for a long time it was thought that the South Carolina Society, at Charleston, S. C., was the next oldest society to the one at Philadelphia, but we now find that the old *Southern Farmer*, published by John Skinner, in Baltimore, in 1818, that on the sixth of June that year (1718), the South Carolina Agricultural Society ratified its constitution and elected the following officers: President, Gen. William R. Davie; Vice-Presidents, Col. Francis K. Huger, Col. John Taylor, Col. John J. Chappel, Col. Wade Hampton; and three years before the South Carolina Society was formed in the year 1815, the Pendleton Farmers' Society was formed by electing James C. Griffin, President; Josiah D. Gaillard, Vice-President; Col. Robert Anderson, Secretary and Treasurer; Jos. V. Shanklin, Corresponding Secretary.

Honorary Members—Gen. Thomas Pinckney, St. James Santee; Hon. Will Lowndes, C. C. Pinckney, Jr., R. S. Izard, Esq., J. R. Pringle, Esq., Dr. J. Noble, Gen. Daniel

Huger, Charleston; Hon. J. C. Calhoun, Washington, D. C.; Col. J. Bon l'On, St. James Santee; Col. L. J. Alston, St. Stevens, Ala.; Rev. Dr. Waddell, Athens, Ga.; Gen. John Blassingame, Greenville; D. P. Hillhouse, Washington, Ga.; Dr. Isaac Auld, Edisto Island; Dr. C. M. Reese, Philadelphia.

Resident Members in 1815—Thomas Pinckney, Jr., John L. North, Andrew Pickens, Benjamin Smith, John Miller, Sr., Charles Gaillard, John E. Calhoun, J. Taliafero Lewis, Dr. Thomas L. Dart, Gen. J. B. Earle, William Hunter, Benjamin Dupre, Sr., Joseph Grisham, L. McGregor, Samuel Earle, Richard Harrison, Patrick Norris, J. C. Kilpatrick, Joseph Earle, T. W. Farrar, C. W. Millen, Samuel Cherry, John Taylor, James C. Griffin, Col. Robert Anderson, Thomas Stribling, John Green, Josiah D. Gaillard.

Resident Members in 1816—John Maxwell, B. F. Perry, William Hubbard, E. B. Benson, George Reese, Sr., George H. Liddell, J. B. Perry, John Martin, S. Farrar, Warren R. Davis, William Gaston, Joseph Reed, Elam Sharpe, D. Sloan, Jr., Samuel Warren, Leonard Simpson, Major Lewis, Samuel Taylor.

Resident Members in 1817—William Steel, James Lawrence, Francis Burt, John Hunter, H. S. Adair, William Taylor, William Anderson, Joseph Mitchell, Thomas Lorton, Rev. James Hillhouse, Benjamin Dickson, Richard Lewis, J. T. Whitefield, J. B. Hammond, John Holbert, Robert Lemon.

Resident Members in 1818—John Hall, David Cherry, Hon. John Gaillard, U. S. S., Charles Story, McKenize Collins, George Taylor, Theodore Gaillard, Samuel Gassaway, R. A. Maxwell, Jesse P. Lewis, Dr. F. W. Symmes, George Reese, Jr., Joseph Whitner, James Faris, James O. Lewis, Thomas M. Sloan, Henry McCreary, David K. Hamilton.

Among the noted members of this society, who have died

since the war, are Maj. George Seaborn, who was proprietor and editor of the old *Farmer and Planter*, published at Pendleton, and Maj. R. F. Simpson, member of Congress, and an able writer on subjects pertaining to agriculture, and father of Col. R. W. Simpson, the executor of the far-famed Clemson will—which was sustained in the Supreme Court of the United States, and a decision filed by that august body on the 7th April—also President of the Board of Trustees of Clemson College; and the farmers of the State are indebted to Col. Simpson for his shrewd skill in conducting the lawsuit against so many difficulties, and tact in planning and laying out the political fight for the establishment of the college.

Ex-Governor B. F. Perry, father of Congressman W. H. Perry, of Greenville, President O. A. Bowen and Hon. Thomas G. Clemson, Minister to Belgium under President Buchanan, a noted mineralogist and chemist for the Confederate government, soon after the war, while President of the Pendleton Farmers' Society, first began agitating the subject and feasibility of establishing a State Agricultural College, which culminated in the bequeathing at his death "Fort Hill" plantation (the historical home of his father-in-law, John C. Calhoun), and a large endowment in money to establish and maintain an agricultural college at this place, which will be commenced soon, and to-day the "Clemson Agricultural College" is a household word in every farm house in South Carolina; and rightly the honor and credit of having given more substantial aid towards promoting the interest of the farmer than any other citizen of this State is due to Mr. Clemson, through whose efforts and gifts, mainly, South Carolina will have an agricultural college second to none in the South; and the locating of this at Fort Hill, under the shadow of the old Farmers' Hall of Pendleton, a veritable mother in agricultural institutions and progressive agriculture, seems in every way very appropriate.

Col. L. J. Alston was the son-in-law of Aaron Burr, and subsequently Governor of the State. The name is a familiar one in Georgia. Rev. Dr. Waddell, as an educator of youth, attained a fame and made an impress that is felt to-day throughout the South. Col. Joseph Grisham was the father of Mrs. Senator Joseph E. Brown, and grand-father of Judge J. J. Norton. George Reese was the father of Dr. Milton Reese and Addison Reese, and the grand-father of Judge H. M. Reese, who has illustrated Georgia in high positions of honor and trust.

The fruits and workings of this society may be seen in the number of well tilled stock farms around it, which is said to contain more and a greater variety of fine stock than any other section of the State. On every side of the town may be seen rich meadows and pastures covered with fine stock that are increasing in value and average.

Truly the Pendleton Farmers' Society has been a mighty factor of good for the whole people. May it continue to labor and bless mankind.

Present Officers of the Society—D. K. Norris, President; J. C. Stribling, Vice-President; G. E. Taylor, Secretary and Treasurer; Executive Committee, J. B. Litten, J. D. Smith, Jas. Hunter, W. H. D. Gaillard, H. S. Trescot.

An Etching

A summer day, a pretty girl,
A lover sitting near;
Some trees, some grass, a rippling brook,
And all the world seemed fair.

A loving glance, a shy return,
A blush on girlish cheek;
A throbbing heart, a man's stray arm
A maid's small waist did seek.

A squeeze;—an oath, an angry man,
Apologies could not atone;
He'd scratched his hand on her pinned waist band
And he left the girl weeping—alone.

W. L. M.

“There's Many a Slip 'Twixt the Cup and the Lip”

Blount was fishing off the rocks near the Hotel Atlantic, when he saw Dolly. Without speaking to her he held out his hands, inviting her to let him assist her to mount the rock. This she failed to recognize, and to Blount's astonishment, before he drew another breath she had sprung upon the rock beside him, turned about and was gazing out to sea, when she saw a light, then exclaimed, “Look!”

“At what?” asked Blount.

Half facing and with a tender smile, she answered, “At me.”

Shyly, and partly amused (for he had already learned her nature), he began talking of the visit he had made to her the night before, and Dolly listened, looking at him with eyes so bright that Blount often imagined that she could read her name in his heart.

Blount told her of his intention of joining the navy; but she only laughed, and replied by looking at her foot, asking, “Why?”

“Well, in the first place, I am unfit for the infantry nor can I get in the cavalry; and secondly, my ‘Yankee’ brother tells me that I am needed in Cuba,” he answered, with a smile playing upon his face, expecting every moment for her to begin crying—which, however, he soon discovered to be a misapprehension.

“That would be grand, if you could really go to Cuba,—and you know, I think there would be but one place better

for a young man to go to other than Cuba," looking straight into his eyes.

"Where is that, to your home in J—?"

"No, you goose. I am not advertising J—; but think if I were a young man of your age, I would prefer getting—"

Blount started towards and tried to catch her in his arms, when she stepped to one side and began again: "Yes, if I were you, or of your age, I would rather get a first class diploma from a reputable college."

Blount was wounded to the heart, and ere he had made up his mind as to a reply, she had jumped from the rock and was skipping towards her cottage. Overtaking her, he made an engagement to take her out driving that afternoon.

Leaving her at her cottage steps, Blount walked on to his home. In walking around the house he ran into a post. This making him angry, he at once decided to tell Dolly all of his troubles, and if she would insist on his "waiting a while," he would tell her "good-bye" forever. The time soon came when he called to the butler to have the horse hitched to the buggy. This done, he began dressing. Walking over to the table, where his coat was lying, he saw a note on the sleeve. At once he grabbed it and began thinking when it had arrived. Tearing the note open, in the middle of one sheet was written:

"Sorry, but I am unable to go driving with you this P. M. D."

Instead of replacing the note, he quietly placed it in his pocket, and exclaimed, "D— such luck; no reasons, no apologies, no—tut, tut, so is life."

The buggy being ready, he jumped in and drove to the headquarters of the regular army, where he investigated as to how and when to enlist as a volunteer; but finding that all men needed had been already enlisted, he drove on and applied for a place in the naval reserves, meeting with the

same result. Determined to leave home, he telegraphed the President of Clemson, applying for admission. He received a favorable reply, and for two years Blount remained at college, not hearing a word of Dolly.

The college foot-ball team was playing a game in a little town not very far from the college. Blount and many of his colleagues were standing on the side-line, when his roommate tapped him on the back and told him that a beautiful girl wanted him.

"That's impossible, for I once thought so myself, but—"

Just at that instant he glanced around, and (to his utter amazement) beheld Dolly sitting among the Winthrop College girls. He tried to speak, but found that he was powerless to talk.

Dolly spoke for him, and after introducing him to her college friends, she invited him to take a seat. Blount broke the silence by asking her if she had just entered college that year.

"No," she replied, "I have been here for two years, and the night you ran off from home for Clemson I came to Winthrop—this being the reason I could not go driving with you that afternoon, having to make the necessary preparations for my departure. This is my last year, and—yes, I knew it was yours, also."

Thus the conversation ran for some time. Neither of them hearing or seeing any one around them.

The foot-ball game was soon over, and Clemson being victorious, the Winthrop girls obtained permission to have the cadets visit them that night.

Arriving at the stated hour, Blount was met by Dolly and escorted to a "settee," situated not far from the main building.

"Look here," began Dolly, "do you remember my saying to you that a college diploma was worth more than a trip to

Cuba? You do? Well, may I not ask if you still cling to this idea of going to Cuba rather than have anything on earth?"

Blount did not hesitate for a moment, and before she could get away, as she had done on the rock, he threw his arms around her and— Blount made her promise to marry him as soon as he had finished college.

Not only was this day a happy one for the team, but also for two that were not engaged in the foot-ball game, but were in another sort. He and Dolly chatted on for some time, when her room-mate came to bid her good night, and informed Blount of the hour. Spending an evening known only to those of his experience, he parted from her with a thankful and rejoicing heart.

For some months after, every Tuesday night's mail would bring a letter to Cadet Lieut. Blount. This continued until the latter part of his college year, when, through some mistake of his room-mate, Dolly received a letter not intended for her. Blount had written to a girl in another part of the world from Dolly the same evening he wrote to her. Asking his room-mate to send them, the mistake occurred—whether or not intentional, remains to be seen. Immediately Dolly replied—and in such a "sweet tone," that all Blount now says is:

"Must I think of her as dead,
And love her for the love she bore?
No, she never truly loved me—
Love is love, forever more."

J. E. M.

University of Wisconsin as a Supplementary School to Clemson College

The primary aim of this article is to give assistance to those who wish to supplement their Engineering course at

Clemson by some additional work at one of the large universities. If the article excites interest at all, it should naturally be greatest among the Engineering students, and especially with the Electricals; but I will endeavor to use no technical terms, because of the casual reader.

Here the question arises: is it best to take the regular course and graduate, or to take a special course receiving no degree? From my own observations, I will say to take the regular course, by all means. A diploma carries with it more respect for the recipient than could otherwise be gained; and as a rule the work is so laid out that any departure from the beaten track will lead the student to a broken schedule, irregular hours, and the necessity of taking studies not following in their natural sequence.

Now, the University of Wisconsin is not very well known in the South, but I can assure you that it is very prominent in educational circles. In a comparison of universities it will be found that Wisconsin, in Electrical Engineering, is second to none. Four schools which stand pre-eminent in the electrical field come up for consideration. They are Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Cornell, Michigan and Wisconsin. From a careful perusal of their catalogues, and from personal conversation with graduates of each one of these large universities, I can safely say that the University of Wisconsin is the only one which gives a pure course in Electrical Engineering of such acknowledged excellence.

As a first degree, Wisconsin gives B. S., which will be nothing new for a Clemson graduate; but this B. S. is now the rule throughout this country for a primary degree, and has but two exceptions, Cornell and Stevens. Both of the latter schools grant M. E. as a first degree, and as a consequence receive no end of unfavorable criticism.

So much for a choice of a university; and I beg the reader to remember that my remarks are made from the

standpoint of a student of Electrical Engineering. I do not regard the course in Civil Engineering as anything out of the ordinary, and I think the Mechanical course is strictly no good, when compared to that offered by some of the other great universities.

For Electricals I consider this an ideal school. The curriculum is about a year and a half ahead of Clemson. A Clemson alumnus is very much handicapped by his lack of modern languages. Two and a half years, with recitations five hours a week, are required; German being the favorite language, as Germany has the leading foreign technical magazines, and the State of Wisconsin is settled largely by Germans. After studying German for a long time, I can only say that I know little about the language, except that it is exceedingly difficult to master. To make up this German is no easy matter, and the intending student should start early on the subject.

The entrance, for myself, was very easy, because Professor Boehm was so kind as to interest the dean of the College of Engineering in my behalf. A good plan for future entering students would be to get a letter from Professor Boehm; but I have no doubt that one from Professor Riggs will be sufficient hereafter.

I will present a brief synopsis of Senior work as a guide to any one interested.

Steam Engineering.—A fairly good laboratory is owned by the university and an excellent course is offered. The course includes a twelve hour test of the boilers of the 'varsity, and a twenty-four hour complete test of the city electric lighting station. The course is well taught, but the teaching is on such lines that personal effort counts for everything.

Electro-Chemistry.—This school is a pioneer in this line and the laboratory is strictly a *pioneer*. A very good course

is offered and excellent opportunities afforded for original research work. This study, like the one just preceding, requires the *personal effort* factor in order to be a success. To-day, Electro-Chemistry is regarded as the "open door" of modern science, and nearly all future developments in Electrical Engineering must necessarily be along its lines. Next year this course promises to be much improved, and laboratory facilities materially bettered.

Electrical Engineering, etc.—These subjects, as may readily be conjectured, are extremely well covered, and the final exams. are well calculated to keep one awake nights. I know, for I have just passed through the ordeal for the half year. Here Professor Jackson is in his chosen field, and he is a remarkably talented man.

Of all the professors whom I have been under here, there is not one but that I like. Professor Jackson stands foremost, if not first, among the Electrical Engineering educators of to-day. Professor Burgess is probably the best known Electro-Chemist in the university field, and other professors deserve equal praise. But I could hardly pass by without a comment on the instruction given at Clemson. Although there are fine professors here, none can compare with Professor Boehm; for, in my opinion, he is the best instructor whose classes I have ever had the pleasure of attending.

The laboratories, on the whole, are very good; the alternating currents laboratory being especially good. The library is excellent, a full quota of technical works being kept. The Engineering building contains a duplicate technical library, and keeps all of the technical magazines on file, as well as the proceedings of the various scientific societies of the world.

The thesis work of the university is difficult, and every measure is taken to keep it so. Little help is given on theses,

but they are expected to be "gems" of engineering literature and research.

The custom of making inspection tours gives good results, and is much to be praised. Our tour consisted of a trip to the Pan-American, Niagara Falls and the Illinois Steel Works. I enjoyed the trip immensely, both from a personal as well as a professional standpoint, although I could hardly say that I enjoyed it from a pecuniary standpoint. The courtesies shown to us by the officials of the different power plants and factories that we visited were extremely flattering, and were well calculated to enhance my good opinion of the university.

Dear to the heart of every engineering student is the fond hope of ultimately commanding a good salary, and perhaps owning a home presided over by some one whom he more than likely already has in mind. I have left this vital point for the last—partly because it belongs there, partly because I feel a delicacy in expressing myself on a question still important to me. However, I can say that the graduate of Wisconsin has no fear of not obtaining employment in his chosen profession, but he will probably have to start in with a *light* salary.

LEWIS A. TERVEN, '99.

The Clemson College Chronicle

FOUNDED BY CLASS OF 1898

Published Monthly by the

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Agricultural College

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Editorial Department

M. E. ZEIGLER,	-	-	-	-	-	EDITOR
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It is gratifying to note that our Legislature is beginning to realize the necessity of liberally supporting our institutions of learning. A very liberal appropriation has been made for this purpose by the Legislature at its recent session. We think that this is a very wise step, for I am a strong believer in State institutions. We do not mean, however, that they should take the place of denominational or other institutions of learning, but only that they should supplement them. No criticism can be made of the work done by denominational institutions. They are doing good work, but their limited financial support is insufficient to enable

them to place the expenses of the students within the reach of our average people. Then, if the State is looking to its future welfare and to the enlightenment of its future citizens, is it not right and wise for it to come to the aid of those who cannot afford to meet their expenses in the denominational institutions, by establishing and supporting State institutions to the extent that the expenses of educational training will be within the reach of our poor boys and girls.

Nobody doubts that the North is to-day superior to the South from a commercial and industrial standpoint. I believe that this superiority is largely due to the superior intellectual development of the North. Only a few days ago I read some startling statistics showing the degree of illiteracy which prevails in the South. If our people would study their actual conditions and needs, and stop deluding themselves with fantastical dreams of our progress, they would be stimulated to put forth every effort with renewed energy, and as the only true and permanent progress comes through educated citizens, our institutions of learning would be exalted to their proper position.

The new barracks have been practically finished for several weeks, with the exception of the gangways. These are not yet built. This delay is due to the fact that, on account of strikes, material could not be had for their construction. However, some temporary gangways have been built, and ere this is in print the rooms will be occupied by a portion of the students. The building presents a very attractive appearance. It contains about eighty nicely finished rooms, thus making room for about one hundred and sixty students. It is something for the students to be proud of, and the people of the State should be proud of what she is doing to place an education within the reach of her young men.

Base-ball

It is now time to begin practicing for the incoming season. We think that it is possible for Clemson to have a winning team, and it is hoped that the students will interest themselves in base-ball. With the exception of foot-ball and base-ball, we have practically no athletics. Foot-ball furnishes our sport in the fall, while base-ball is all that we can look to for amusement in the spring; and, in order that it can be made interesting, the students as a body must lend their support. We have several of our old players to form the nucleus of the team of 1902, and, if we can interest our new men, no doubt we can get up a team which will not only hold up our past record, but win more and grander honors for Clemson.

The Winthrop Journal

We are always gratified to add new exchanges to our ever growing list; we are more gratified when those exchanges are bright and interesting; and we are most gratified when those exchanges hail from colleges to which we are warmly attached. The *Winthrop Journal*, which came to us last month, possesses all of these interesting features, and for that reason we are glad to number it among our exchanges. We had long wondered why our sister college failed to publish a magazine. Knowing that the students possessed the requisite ability, and believing that their business ingenuity could easily provide the necessary funds, we attributed their unwillingness to appear before the public to that reserved and maidenly modesty so characteristic of South Carolina's daughters. We would not have our sisters surrender one particle of this womanly virtue; still, we would not have them on that account to neglect so important a part of their education as the publishing of a magazine affords.

In regard to the *Journal* itself, we have nothing but words of praise. We have no desire here to encroach upon the

duties of the exchange editor; still, we cannot refrain from expressing our high opinion of the *Journal*. Its articles are well written, and the poems, essays, and stories are well proportioned, and varied sufficiently to drive away any feeling of monotony during their perusal. Though confessing to inexperience in their duties, the editors seem to understand thoroughly the nature of the work before them, and with the co-operation of the student body we feel assured that they will make the *Journal* a success.

As might naturally be expected from the close relationship existing between these two colleges, Clemson always feels especial interest in the enterprises of Winthrop. They were born of the same progressive movement, they are nurtured by the same generous benefactor, and it is not strange, therefore, that a close feeling of interest and kinship should exist between them. Our State had provided for the safety of her external interest by the establishment of the South Carolina College and the Citadel, but to develop her internal resources she needed men educated along industrial lines. It was to fulfil this requirement that Clemson was established. It was a wise provision, however, which decided that Clemson should not be alone in this work. To insure success in great enterprises, it is not enough to enlist the sympathies of men only, we must also have the interest and co-operation of women.

Standing thus closely united in origin and purpose, we should welcome every movement designed to bring the two institutions nearer together. The *Journal* is a step in this direction. We shall now be enabled to learn monthly of the work and progress of our sister college. We can wish for the *Journal* no greater success than to express the hope that all succeeding issues will measure up to the high standard set by the first.

Local Department

T. C. SHAW, '02, }
 B. H. GARDNER, '03, } - - - - - EDITORS

The new barracks have been opened at last and quite a large number of the rooms have been filled up. About one hundred and fifty students moved over, preferring the new quarters to the old. With this large addition to our barracks, we see no reason why Clemson cannot admit all applicants in the future. Her failure to do so heretofore was owing to the lack of room, and with this fault removed, we expect next year to have one of the largest enrollments in the history of the college.

After the recent examinations, a Sophomore that had fallen by the wayside, walked out of the door of the President's office wearing a very crestfallen countenance. He remarked to his fellow-delinquents, who were standing around the door awaiting their dreaded interview, "Well, boys, they are trying to 're-Fresh' me, but I think I'll go home first."

Our thanks are due to Mr. G. D. Levy, who very kindly assisted us in getting out this department by writing up the recent class games.

The Junior Class is making extensive preparations for the hop they are to give the Seniors during Commencement week. At a meeting held some time ago, the various committees were elected by the class. They are now busy with their preparations, and it is safe to predict that the hop will be a grand success.

All of the societies are making preparations to hold their

annual contests sometime soon. They will probably come off about the middle of May, and from the present indications will be up to the high standard maintained heretofore.

It is said that the reason the Seniors failed to get up a class team, is because the members were all too busy with their theses (?).

Miss Mary Hardin and Prof. McDonald were married on the afternoon of February 26th. The wedding was a very quiet home affair, only a few friends being present.

Coach Heisman has arrived and base-ball practice is going merrily onward. We have a large number of games scheduled, as can be seen by a reference to the list published last month, and we have high hopes of putting out a winning team. Next month we hope to publish some more definite information in regard to the line-up of the team and the result of some of the games.

Mr. D. D. Little, Superintendent of the Pacolet Manufacturing Co., spent awhile on the campus recently. He made a thorough inspection of the textile building, and expressed himself as very much pleased with all that he saw. Mr. Little is the father of Mr. Hugh Little, of the Senior Class.

The many friends of Mr. J. W. McMakin, Clemson's old ball-twirler, will be interested to know that he has signed up with the Brooklyn base-ball team for the coming season. We are sorry that he did not see fit to return to college this year, for his position on the team will be hard to fill. His many friends will watch with interest his career as a professional ball-player.

"Prep." B.: Say, "Big One," what is a café any way? Isn't it a kind of horse-show?

Speed her up to the last Notch.

Prof. Barnes has had his automobile on the campus several times lately. It created quite a sensation for the first few times that it made its appearance, but the boys have become quite used to seeing it flying around.

Prof. F. : What is the most marked difference between the writings of Shakespeare and those of Milton?

Junior D. : Shakespeare wrote tragedies, but Milton wrote literature.

Mr. J. P. Smith, President of the Liberty Cotton Mill, was on the campus a few days ago.

At a recent meeting of the Senior Class, elections were held for the class orators, and also for the ushers to serve during Commencement. Mr. M. E. Zeigler and Mr. W. G. Templeton were elected orators. The ushers elected were: T. S. Perrin, chief; W. E. G. Black, W. H. Barnwell, E. J. DaCosta and C. W. Legerton, assistants.

The Fresh-Sub-Fresh Game

This was the first of the series of foot-ball games played for the honor of class championship. While both teams were composed of men entirely new to the game, it was hotly contested and proved very interesting to those on the side lines.

The Sub-Fresh team was somewhat disabled, as several of their best players were unable to go in the game; but in spite of the fact, they played a good game, but were outclassed by the Freshmen. The Freshmen played fast and snappy ball. Slattery, the Freshman quarter-back, showed up a star,

while Webb and Jones also played a brilliant game. When the referee's whistle blew, the score stood 28 to 0 in Freshman's favor.

The coaches of both teams deserve great praise for the hard and earnest work which they did for their team.

The Soph-Fresh Game

This was undoubtedly one of the most interesting games ever played on the Bowman field, and it has been the means of bringing some very good material, which we are confident in time to come will do credit to our college team.

The game was called at 4 o'clock, and Maxwell kicked off for the Sophs to Slattery, who advances the ball five yards, and is down by Breese; Walker takes the ball for one yard, Jones now makes one over right tackle, Bell goes around left end for three yards, Walker tries center, but fails, Ruth makes one yard at right end, Wood goes over left tackle for one yard, Webb fails to gain at right end, ball goes to Soph on downs.

Weir fails to gain at right end, Templeton makes one yard around left end, Maxwell kicks thirty yards and Soph regains the ball, Fulmer goes through center for three yards, Weir makes three yards over left tackle, Lipscomb makes a thrilling run for forty yards and a touch down, Maxwell fails to kick goal; first half ends. Score, 5 to 0.

SECOND HALF.

Bell kicks off for Fresh to Weir, who advances the ball ten yards, Weir now takes the ball around right end for twenty yards, Templeton is thrown for a loss, Breese smashes through center for three yards, Fulmer fumbles and Bell falls on ball. The ball is now in the Freshman's hands; Folk goes through center for three yards, Webb fails to gain

at right end, Slattery calls time, Folk goes over right tackle for ten yards, Walker fails to gain at center, Bell kicks twenty yards to Fulmer, who brings the ball up fifteen yards, Breese goes around right end for five yards, and Slattery makes a beautiful tackle, Cothran gains two yards around left end, Weir makes two yards over right tackle, Soph lose ten yards on off side play; Lipscomb fails to gain, Maxwell kicks thirty yards to Slattery, but Fresh being off side, the ball goes back to Soph; Fulmer drives through center for one yard, Roberts makes one yard around right end, Breese fails to gain at right tackle, ball goes to Fresh; Folk fails to gain, Slattery loses two yards on fumble, Fresh kicks to Fulmer, who brings the ball up for five yards, Weir fails to gain over right tackle, Breese is thrown for a loss, Maxwell kicks twenty yards, Walker catches the ball and is downed in his tracks, Fresh fails to gain through center, Webb makes two yards around right end. Bell now attempts to kick, but Barnwell by a brilliant play, blocks, and Templeton falls on ball; the referee blows his whistle, telling that the time is up and the struggle for victory at an end.

Slattery played the star for Fresh, and showed much grit, while Webb and Jones deserve much credit; the whole Sophomore team played an excellent game, with Weir as their star. This game was a display of the earnest work done by Mr. W. C. Forsythe, the trainer of the Sophomore team, and Major Shealy and Mr. Bill Sneed for the Freshman.

The line-up was as follows:

<i>Soph.</i>	<i>Positions.</i>	<i>Fresh.</i>
Barnwell	Center	Fickling.
Matthews	R. G	Algood.
Sawyer	L. G.....	Folk.
Lipscomb.....	R. T.....	Wood.
Breese	L. T.....	Routh.
Corthran	R. E.....	Bell.

Roberts	L. E.....
Maxwell.....	Q. B.....	Slattery.
Templeton	R. H. B.	Jones.
Weir	L. H. B.....	Webb.
Fulmer	F. B.....	Walker.

Referee, Professor Riggs. Umpire, C. Douthit.

The halves were fifteen and ten minutes respectively.

Junior-Soph Game

Of all the class games ever played on the Bowman field, the last Junior-Soph game commands first place, both from a point of brilliancy of play and from the stubborn manner in which the game was played. It was, indeed, a battle royal, for both teams had gone on the field with a determination to win, and the enthusiastic throng of "rooters" on the side lines were continually urging its favorite team on to success.

Captain Weir of the Sophs wins the toss-up, and chooses the north goal. Maxwell kicks to Junior's fifteen yard line, Chisolm catches and advances the ball five yards. Both teams appear a little nervous. Juniors fumble ball, and Sophs get possession of it. Moorehead takes one yard through center, Hamilton gets five yards around end, Breese fails to make gain, Templeton advances the ball three yards by a splendid buck, Weir takes the ball through left tackle for one yard; the ball goes over, the Sophs failing to make the required gain.

Gardner gets two yards over right guard, Harall follows his interference well and succeeds in pushing the ball five yards towards the Soph's goal, Barksdale fails to gain, Politzer fumbles and Sophs get possession of the ball.

Templeton goes through center for one-half yard, Roberts

gains one yard on end run, Maxwell attempts kick, but fails; ball goes over to Juniors.

The ball is now dangerously near the Junior's goal, so Pollitzer kicks; ball goes twenty-five yards and rolls out of bounds.

Soph's ball. Weir tries an end run, but is thrown for a loss of three yards; Weir is again tried, and advances ball four yards, Juniors lose ten yards for being off side, Morehead makes a nice gain of three yards, Sophs lose ten yards on off side play, Roberts gets one yard around right end, Maxwell attempts a kick, which is blocked, and in the general mix-up that followed, the Sophs again get the ball. Weir fails to gain around right end, Templeton fumbles, Juniors get the ball.

Tillman takes ball four yards through right tackle, Black goes around left end for three more, Harall four yards around right end, Gardner bucks through center for one yard, Barksdale skirts right end for nine yards, Black by splendid head work and assisted by Pollitzer, takes the ball for three successive gains of seven, eight and twelve yards through right tackle, and around right end, Chisolm bucks center for four yards, Gardner tries the same place and gets two more yards, Barnwell catches Pollitzer behind the line and throws him for a loss, Gardner bucks line for two yards. On the next down the Juniors fail to gain, and the ball goes over.

Maxwell kicks twenty-five yards to Chisolm, who advances ball ten yards before he is downed, Tillman makes a splendid gain of eleven yards around right end, Black takes three more around left end, Chisolm bucks center for one-half yard, Tillman goes behind a splendid interference for a touch-down, Pollitzer kicks goal. Score: Junior, 6; Sophs, 0.

Maxwell kicks to fifteen yard line, Pollitzer catches and

advances ball twelve yards, Pollitzer fumbles ball twice, attempts kick, which is blocked by Breese. Time is called out for first half, the score remaining the same.

It is now raining hard. The horrible condition of the field accounts for so many fumbles on both sides.

SECOND HALF.

Pollitzer kicks to fifteen yard line, Hamilton catches and advances ball five yards, Templeton takes four yards around left end, Morehead fails to gain through center, Hamilton goes through left tackle for four and a half yards, Templeton hits line for two and a half yards; the ball is fumbled, and Robertson, of the Junior team, falls on ball.

The ball is again given to the Sophs on account of Barksdale's holding a man. Weir gets one-half yard through center, Hamilton fumbles, Juniors obtain possession of the ball.

Tillman carries the ball three yards around end, Chisolm skirts left end for the splendid gain of twenty yards, Tillman again makes a gain of three yards through right tackle; the ball is given to the Sophs on a forward pass.

Maxwell kicks twenty-five yards, Pollitzer advances ball two yards, Black rounds left end for five yards, Tillman follows with a three yard gain around right end, then for one yard more; ball goes over to Sophs on account of holding.

Maxwell kicks to Pollitzer, who advances ball ten yards before he is downed; Black tries end, but is thrown for one yard loss; Tillman advances ball one yard through right tackle, Pollitzer kicks, the Sophs fumble, and the Juniors again obtain possession of the ball. Black, Chisolm and Harall get respectively, seven, eleven and twelve yards. Sophs obtain ball, which is fumbled. Maxwell's kick is blocked by Morrison, the ball rolls to Soph's five yard line, Barksdale falls on it.

Junior's ball and goal to gain. The ball is given to Gardener, who jumps the Soph's line, and rolls behind the goal posts for the second touch-down, Pollitzer fails goal. Score: Juniors, 11; Sophs, 0.

There now remains but fifty seconds of play, in which time neither side succeeds in scoring, the final score being 11 to 0.

LINE UP.

Juniors.

Sophs.

W. H. Barnwell.....	C.....	J. G. Barnwell.
G. L. Morrison.....	R. G.....	H. W. Matthews.
J. T. Robertson.....	L. G.....	R. V. Sawyer.
G. A. Larsen.....	R. T.....	L. Lipscomb.
J. E. Harall... ..	L. T.....	R. H. Breese.
W. E. G. Black.....	R. E.....	P. P. Hamilton.
H. C. Tillman.....	L. E.....	O. M. Roberts.
H. R. Pollitzer.....	Q. B.....	J. Maxwell.
B. H. Gardner.....	F. B.....	I. H. Morehead.
W. B. Chisolm.....	R. H.....	W. L. Templeton.
G. R. Barksdale.....	L. H.....	J. A. Wier.

Substitutes.

For Juniors: T. S. Perrin, F. K. Rhodes, J. C. Wylie.

For Sophs: R. B. Hartzog, G. T. McGregor, J. R. Sian.

ALUMNI NOTES

All, P. H., is the proprietor of a pressing club at Savannah, Ga.

Anderson, J. W., has charge of a saw mill plant in Chester County.

Blease, J. W., is electrician for the Olympia Mills at Columbia, S. C.

Burgess, W. A., is taking a post-graduate course in Civil Engineering at Clemson.

Cannon, H. L., is employed by the Hartsville Cotton Mill, Hartsville, S. C.

Darlington, W. R., is designer for the Darlington Cotton Mill, Darlington, S. C.

Duckworth, J. C., is merchandising at Williamston, S. C.

Forsythe, R. G., is draughtsman for Cramp's Navy Yard, Philadelphia, Penn.

Glenn, T. K., is with the Portman Shoals Power Company.

Hill, W. G., has a government position in the electrical department of the Port Royal Navy Yard.

Hughes, E. T., is reading law at Orangeburg, S. C.

Kaigler, J. G., is draughtsman for the Southern shops, Columbia, S. C.

Klugh, G. F., is teaching school near his home in Greenwood County.

Lawton, T. O., has a position with the Regal Shoe Co., Boston, Mass.

Lewis, J. B., is chief electrician for the Port Royal Navy Yard.

Mathis, H. M., is dairy farming at Blackville, S. C.

Matthews, E. M., is Assistant Instructor in Drawing at Clemson College.

McLendon, W. E., is taking a post-graduate course.

Newell, W. H., is with the General Electric Company, New York.

Newman, Q. B., is an Assistant Engineer in the United States government revenue cutter service.

Pickett, E. H., is employed in the Liberty Cotton Mill, Liberty, S. C.

Ramsay, H. L., is with the Pacolet Cotton Mills, Pacolet, S. C.

Reeves, R. N., is taking a business course in Atlanta.

Roddey, J. H., is with the General Electric Company.

Salley, J. E., has charge of the electric light plant and the water works system of Orangeburg, S. C.

Sanders, W. A., has a position in the Pelzer Cotton Mills, Pelzer, S. C.

Scott, W. H., is employed by the Darlington Cotton Mills, at Darlington, S. C.

Tison, H. R., is a student at Medical College in Augusta, Ga.

Exchange Department

GEO. D. LEVY, '03, } - - - - EDITORS
 VANN LIVINGSTON, '03, }

For the first time, we have had the pleasure of criticising the *Vanderbilt Observer*, and we are very glad to welcome such a high standard magazine to our table. "Alfred as a Writer and Educator" is an article of high merit; it is well written, instructive and entertaining. "In Days of Old" is a very pleasingly told Indian story; the plot is novel, and well worked out. We notice that the writer pays special attention to sentence structure, which adds materially to the attractiveness of the story. "Desiderious Erasmus, Humanist," is good. "A Stiff Proposition" is most assuredly stiff. It is such an uncanny story that we wonder if the author is in the habit of indulging like Poe.

The Monroe College Monthly is a neat little publication, containing two articles which we would like to mention: "The Mythical King Arthur" and "Her Woman's Way." The style of the latter paper is smooth and easy; the plot is a novel one, and is worked out very gracefully. "America in Invention and Discovery" is, by no means, up to the other two articles referred to in literary merit. It is simply a narrative of facts with which every American child of twelve years should be perfectly familiar.

Another new friend whom we are pleased to greet is *The College Message*. "The Literary Awakening in New England" gives evidence of much preparation, deep thought and careful writing. "Shifting Scenes from Real Life" is a clever little story, very pleasantly told. "An Adventure with a Watermelon" is quite amusing, and refreshes a weary critic after reading over a number of heavy articles.

The Polytechnian is a rather small paper, but contains an unusual amount of verse. If the prose was in proportion to the verse, the publication would be greatly improved.

We congratulate *The Limestone Star* on its February issue. The stories are of a high type; the essays have well-chosen subjects, which are wisely treated. "All's Well That Ends Well" is an amusing little poem.

CLIPPINGS

A Widow's "Mite"

A widow in a somber suit
Of mourning for the dead,
Appeared to me quite grave and mute
Until she raised her head.

Her black veil falling o'er her ear
Revealed two twinkling eyes,
That smoke not of the awful bier,
And not of parting sighs.

I stood alone with her one eve
Beneath the moon and stars;
The time had come for me to leave,
She leaned against the bars.

I took her hand, was this amiss?
I asked her for the right;
I pleaded for one single kiss,
Just for a "widow's mite."

She looked at me, I looked at her;
"Dear, many think it right."
She said to me quite calmly, "Sir,
'Tis true some widows might."

"O, then won't you," insisting meek,
 "While no one is in sight?"
 She raised her hand and smote my cheek
 With all a widow's might.

I turned me round and strode away,
 And soon was "out of sight,"
 But ne'er again unto this day
 Have sought a widow's "mite."
A. D. P., in Polytechnian.

She—He said he'd like to kiss me.

He—Yes?

She—And I was up in arms against his cheek directly.

A student received the following from his father a few days since:

"Dear Son: No dough. Don't blow. Go slow. Dad."
 —*Ex.*

For Men Only

We're willing to bet dollars to doughnuts
 That this poem (?) she's already read,
 We know she'd get at it somehow,
 If she had to stand on her head.
 There's nothing a girl would like to find out
 Better than that which she ought not to know,
 And we bet she'll find it out somehow,
 If given a shade of a show.
 —*The Krishno.*

"You are a brick!" I did aver,
 To Daphne, by my side.
 "A sort of pressed brick, as it were,"
 She roguishly replied.—*Puck.*

Said a whiskered med. to a fair co-ed.,
"I'm like a ship at sea;
Exams. are near and much I fear,
That I shall busted be."

"Oh, no," said she, "a shore I'll be,
Come rest your journey o'er."
Then darkness fell and all was well,
For the ship that hugged the shore.—*Ex.*

School Day Latin

The following selection is respectfully recommended to our young people—especially those inclined to Latin—for a careful reading. How true to life:

Boyabus kissibus sweet girlorum,
Girlibus likibus, want some morum,
Fatherbus hearabus kissibus morum,
Bootabus kickabus out of the doorum,
Darkabus nightibus no lightorum,
Climbibus gate post, breechibus torum.—*Ex.*

Southern Colleges

Nearly all of those, which issue handsomely engraved anniversary and commencement invitations, are having them done by a Southern firm who are doing very artistic work.

We refer to J. P. STEVENS, of ATLANTA, GA.

This house has a magnificently equipped plant for the production of high grade steel and copper plate engraving, and invitation committees would do well to obtain their prices and samples before placing their orders.

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VOL. V.

CLEMSON COLLEGE, S. C., APRIL, 1902

No. 7



W. E. G. BLACK, }
V. B. HALL, }

EDITORS

April

Through the trees the April breeze
 Is roaming;
O'er the plain the April rain
 Is foaming.
Over the earth steals a tenderness,
 Dreamy, nameless, and sweet,
Leaving its sheen on the forest green,
 On the violets under our feet.

To the skies sweet incense rise,
 Light April!
On the earth you gave it birth,
 Bright April!
Nature, our mother, caresses us;
 Sweetly she breathes, and so low!
Bidding us sup from the ecstatic cup,
 April has made overflow.

April dies ; her wondrous skies
Have perished.
On her tomb the flowers bloom
She cherished.
Silently, softly she left us—
Left us, yes, happy and gay.
Call we in vain for April again?
Or yield to the beauties of May? '04.

Thomas G. Clemson

The 6th day of April, 1902, will be the fourteenth anniversary of the death of Mr. Clemson. A few pages of THE CHRONICLE for April may well be set apart to republish a biographical sketch of our benefactor, written by Hon. R. W. Simpson, Chairman of our Board of Trustees, and published in the catalogue of 1897-98. Every generation of Clemson cadets should be given an opportunity to read and study this sketch.

Thomas G. Clemson was born in the city of Philadelphia, July, 1807, died at Fort Hill, April 6, 1888, and was buried in the Episcopal church-yard at Pendleton, S. C.

Mr. Clemson was six feet six inches tall, his features were handsome, and his appearance commanding; his deportment and manners were dignified and polished. His intellect was of a high order, and he was gifted with fine conversational powers. His views and opinions were broad and liberal, and there was nothing narrow or contracted about him; withal he was firm and tenacious in adhering to his conclusions. He was remarkably quick to discover and comprehend the character of his associates, and in forming his opinion of them he was almost always correct.

Mr. Clemson no doubt may have had his faults, and in some things he was peculiar, but during the long time the

writer was intimately associated with him, he was never known to do a mean thing or heard to back-bite or speak disrespectfully of any one. While possessed of ample means, he had no disposition to spend more money upon himself than was actually necessary. His greatest desire was to take care of his property and increase it, that he might the better carry out his promise to his wife, which was to found an agricultural college upon Fort Hill, upon the very spot she herself had selected for the location of the main college building. How faithfully he redeemed his promise to his dear wife, let Clemson College as it stands to-day in all its magnificence speak. Mr. Clemson well knew that the property donated for the purpose would not be sufficient to build and maintain such a college as he conceived of, but having a firm reliance upon the liberality of the State of South Carolina, he felt assured that when the necessities of the people, growing out of their changed conditions resulting from the effects of the war, were properly understood and appreciated, his efforts to benefit the farmers would be recognized; and that the State would supplement his donations by whatever amount might be necessary to establish the dream of his life. He reasoned wisely and correctly.

Very early in life Mr. Clemson developed a great taste for the study of the sciences, especially chemistry, mineralogy and geology. In 1823, when hardly sixteen years old, he ran off from his home, not on account of any disagreement with his parents, but simply for adventure and to see the world. At that time he, though so young, was six feet tall and exceedingly handsome, both in form and features. He first went to England, but remained there only a short time, and then visited Paris. At this time France was particularly friendly towards the United States, and this handsome young American very soon attracted the attention of the

young nobility of that great city. Through these young men he became acquainted with some of the leading officials of the city. During his stay in Paris he shouldered a musket and joined his young friends in several of the revolutions or outbreaks for which that city has been famous. His gallantry displayed on these occasions earned for him the respect and esteem of the officials, who rewarded him with a position in the celebrated School of Mines. He remained at the school for four years and graduated with high honors. During his stay in Paris he also found time to indulge his taste for painting, and had as his teachers some of the celebrated artists of that time. By these means he became acquainted with many painters both in France and Germany, which enabled him in after years to collect the many rare and beautiful paintings which now adorn the walls of John C. Calhoun's old homestead at Fort Hill.

During his stay in Europe his father died, and the large estate was divided in such way as to leave him no part of it, and just at the age of manhood he found himself penniless; but he cheerfully set to work in the practice of his profession, and very soon earned an enviable reputation. His services as a mine expert were particularly valuable, and though established at Washington, his labors were not confined to this country alone, but extended to Cuba and South America also. His fees were large and he very soon amassed a comfortable fortune. At Washington he was a conspicuous and prominent person, and he had the entry into the most exclusive families. Miss Floride, the eldest daughter of John C. Calhoun, was in Washington on a visit to her father, and there Mr. Clemson met her, and subsequently they were married at Fort Hill. Mrs. Clemson was among women what her distinguished father was among men. Her love for her home and country was superb, and to this noble, generous and yet gentle woman, South Caro-

lina is as much indebted for Clemson College as to the distinguished husband, Thomas G. Clemson. Mr. Clemson was a great admirer of John C. Calhoun, and earnestly supported his political views and opinions. He was once appointed Minister to Belgium, but having very little taste for politics, at the expiration of his term he returned to his home in Washington, and resumed the work of his profession.

At the beginning of the War between the States, Mr. Clemson was residing at his home in Washington City with his family, which consisted of his wife, his son, John C. Clemson, and daughter, Floride Clemson—the son and daughter about grown.

It was well known to the authorities that the sympathies of Mr. Clemson were with the South, and for this reason his movements were closely watched, and some time in 1862 his arrest was ordered; but being warned by a friend that he would be arrested the next day, he and his son escaped during the night and crossed the Potomac in a row-boat. Landed on Virginia soil, they did not stop until they reached Richmond, having walked the entire distance. Upon arriving in Richmond, they both tendered their services to President Davis. John C. was at once appointed a lieutenant in the army and assigned to duty. Mr. Clemson was assigned to the mining department of the trans-Mississippi. Here he remained in the service until the close of the war.

At this time Mrs. John C. Calhoun resided at Pendleton, and here Mr. Clemson was reunited with his family, and here they resided until the death of Mrs. Calhoun, in the latter part of 1866.

Previous to the war, Mrs. Calhoun had sold their old home, Fort Hill, and all her property thereon, to her son, Col. Andrew P. Calhoun, taking his bond and mortgage for the purchase money. Of this bond and mortgage Mrs. Calhoun willed three-fourths to her daughter, Mrs. Thomas G. Clem-

son, and one-fourth to Mrs. Clemson's daughter, Miss Floride, who subsequently married Mr. Gideon Lee, of New York. The mortgage of Col. A. P. Calhoun was foreclosed and Mrs. Clemson bought in Fort Hill, and divided it with her daughter, Mrs. Lee, in proportion to the interest of each under Mrs. Calhoun's will. In 1871, Mrs. Floride Lee died, leaving one child, a daughter. Only seventeen days after Mrs. Lee's death, John C. Clemson was killed near Seneca by a collision of two trains on the Blue Ridge Railroad. The loss of their only two children was a terrible shock to Mr. and Mrs. Clemson. Desolate, they mourned the loss of all the brightness out of their lives; but unsearchable are the providences of God, for it was then that these two stricken, sorrowing parents determined to unite in so disposing of all they had left of their property as to bring to their fellow-men as much happiness and prosperity as they could have wished for themselves. They agreed to make wills to each other, and promised that the survivor would make a will devoting all their joint property to erect an agricultural college at Fort Hill.

In 1875, Mrs. Clemson died suddenly of heart disease, while Mr. Clemson was absent from home. Many persons in Pendleton remember the grief of this old and now desolate man at the grave when the remains of the devoted partner of his life were being laid to rest.

The remaining years of his life Mr. Clemson spent desolate and alone, at Fort Hill. After a while he began to take more interest in affairs. He was fond of reading, and kept around him the leading newspapers and standard magazines, by which he was enabled to keep in touch with his fellow-men; otherwise he lived the life of a hermit, at least for several years after the death of Mrs. Clemson.

Eventually, however, his mind became fixed upon the one purpose of fulfilling the promise to his wife and erecting

the college they had planned. Then he began again to visit his friends, and many were the efforts he and his friends made to interest others in this great work.

During this time he looked carefully after his finances, and tried to save all he could for the college. But still he provided generously for the faithful helps who remained with him, and wished very much to help other poor friends in distress, and did so.

It was the privilege of the writer to visit him frequently during the last two years of his life, and during this time he talked freely of his life and experiences. He portrayed, in a manner never to be forgotten, the condition the South was sure to be plunged into, if something was not done to arrest the destructive tendencies of the times. Education such as we had before our conditions were changed by the war, was all right, but not enough. To become successful, the Southern people had to become practical, and a practical education was necessary to meet the people's necessities.

During the latter part of his life he talked a great deal about religious matters and became very much concerned about the salvation of his soul. He requested the ministers to visit him. One good man who was with him to the last, said that, beyond a doubt, he had made his peace with his God, and his last words were in behalf of the poor and suffering. Can the people of South Carolina ever forget Thomas G. Clemson and the great work he helped to accomplish for them? If this be possible, visit Fort Hill and look around you.

W. S. M.

A Freak of Fate

About the year of our Lord 1621, just fourteen years after that courageous little band of settlers first set foot in this

strange land and began to build their rude log huts, the baby settlement suddenly found itself in a very grave, and at the same time, a very unique dilemma. The cause of the trouble was a great dearth of women in the colony. There were at that time several thousand men, but not more than three-score women in all Virginia. No colony could live and flourish under such circumstances; still, the fairs of the Old World did not like to brave the hardships and dangers of America. Men began to tremble for the life of the colony. Just when the situation was darkest, there came an unlooked for ray of hope. One Edwyn Sandys, a British merchant, sailed from England with near a hundred adventurous girls, willing to come to America in search of husbands and better fortunes. The arrival of these maids at Jamestown in the summer of 1621, gave a new impetus to the prosperity of the little colony.

CHAPTER I.

It was summer time in England. The sun, pelting down without mercy, seemed to burn the energy out of everything and everybody. Honey-bees and bumble-bees hummed lazily from one drooping flower to another; the breeze, when it came at all, was drowsy and but half awake; even the little brook, which usually leaped and scurried along so eagerly toward the great Thames, now seemed to feel the spell, and gurgle by quite leisurely. All in nature seemed to sleep. There was not a sound, except the tinkle of cow-bells in the meadow.

Two little play-mates, a girl and a boy, were digging tiny wells and making "toad-houses" in the sand by the side of the lazy little brook. She was a dimpled little maid, with lips like red cherries, great blue eyes, and a wild tangle of sunny hair; he a slender, lithe-figured lad, with a thin, white face and two starry black eyes, above which straggled locks of raven hair.

"Oh, Laurie," the little girl was saying, "I'm *so* sorry you've got to go to the city. I 'most cry when I think about it. Maybe I never will see you any more, then I won't have anybody to play with, and talk to, and tell when papa comes home drunk and whips me and locks me up in the dark old closet. O, dear me, I wish I could go to Lunnun with you, or go to Heaven, where mamma is, or somethin', for I'm so tired of stayin' here. An' when you're gone away—" her voice failed. She began to cry.

The boy was standing over her in an instant. "Now, don't cry, Nettie—please don't," urged he. "It'll be all right soon. We simply *must* go to London to get work, but we won't be gone so *very* long. I'm 'leven now, an' I'll soon be a man, an' then I'm comin' back after you, an' we'll get married, an' buil' us a big fine house an' live in it, an' then your papa won't whip you any more an' lock you up—no, sir," and two black eyes flashed and a small fist clenched tightly. So the children went on building great castles in the air and laying great plans for the future, until the little girl's tears were all dried up, and the well digging went on as before.

Next day betimes, Laurie and his father were on their way toward the English metropolis. Twelve months later the black-eyed boy was a slave in a distant land—a bond-servant in America, bound for seven years. He had fallen an innocent victim to one of the barbarous customs of those semi-barbarous times. On the very streets of London he had been accused of theft, arrested, and, without even the mockery of a trial, had been sentenced to seven years of bondage in the colonies. It was not an unfrequent occurrence for the sons of noblemen, and even of the royal family, to be stolen from the street or arrested for some pretended crime and shipped, along with real trespassers of the law, to some one of Great Britain's colonies, there to serve their term

of punishment. Some of these criminals were fortunate in securing masters; others were unfortunate. Laurie was fortunate. There was not, in the parlance of those who knew him, a "better-hearted man in the settlement, 'an old Squire Cullum." The big-hearted old bachelor soon learned to love his young bond-servant almost as his son. But even this could not greatly lighten the boy's sorrow. A *master*, no matter how gentle, is not a father; a land of bondage, be it ever so pleasant a land, is not *home*; bondage, even of the lightest kind, is not *liberty*. The boy's heart was heavy. He could see before him seven long, dark years of penal service—punishment for a crime that he would have scorned. Time after time he came to his master, and with tears protested his innocence. More than once the old squire was on the point of believing the stories that the boy told, and of relenting toward him. But how could he? "The boy has got good in him somewhere," the squire would say to himself, "and by Jove, I'm half a mind to believe he's not guilty at all, but I reckon he's lyin' to me. He *must* be lyin'." So Laurie worked on. He often thought of his distracted father, and the blue-eyed little girl that he had promised to "come back after when he was a man." "And I'll keep that promise yet," he determined, and the determination grew more fixed as the years dragged by.

CHAPTER II.

Jamestown was all astir this morning. Something very much out of the ordinary run of affairs was on foot in the little village. All was bustle in the streets. For the past day or two the river had been lined with all kinds of craft, little and big. Sail-boats, row-boats, canoes, dugouts, rafts—indeed, almost everything that floats might be found on the James at sunrise. And still they came. Barges with their little white sails, bringing in planters from "up-river;"

canoes and dugouts filled with redskin braves from the surrounding forests—they came singly and in squadrons. The little town, usually so quiet, was now a perfect bedlam, a veritable pandemonium of hubbub. Only one man in the colony seemed unconcerned. That man was Squire Cullum. He sat on his front door steps, demurely smoking his after-breakfast pipe, and dealing out “good morrows” to friends and neighbors in the throng of passers-by.

“’Morrow, friend Sitgraves,” he called out to a long-limbed youth, who was shuffling by at a great rate; “whither in such mighty haste, neighbour, and why so bravely decked this bright morning? Has his majesty—God bless him—come to pay us a visit, and art going to receive him, man? One would think so, truly,” and the squire shook his sides good-naturedly.

Master Sitgraves reluctantly slowed his pace.

“Lord, neighbour, and where have ye been these many days,” he called back. “Oons, but have ye not heard the news? The maids, man—the maids are here, nigh four-score of them, fair as lilies and rosy-cheeked as ripe peaches. ’Tis high time I were in the church-yard now, an’ I would not be counted a sluggard.” He waved adieu and went his way.

The squire sat for a long time, making the fragrant blue smoke wreath about his head. The pipe burned out. He refilled it and smoked on thoughtfully. An hour later his meditations were interrupted. From far down the street came the noise of a great commotion. The squire removed his pipe and listened.

“S life,” said he, with a little laugh that was half jolly, half grim, “and, I believe I’ll take me down and—well, and see the business done. Queer business, that, any how. And I might—ha I’m not but forty-nine—quite a lad, I, to be sure.”

"Boy!" (he always called Laurie "his boy") "Boy!—Laurie!—Lawrance Mar!" the squire called lustily. There was no answer. He chuckled to himself. "So," said he, "my very bondsman hath caught the fever and hath gone, no doubt, to blink and gaze at the shameless maids."

The old man got up and walked to the gate. He turned to the right and wound his way through the narrow, squalid streets. Ere long he found himself at the scene of the commotion.

The squire was late. Already the business of wife-buying was far advanced.

To a large and level meadow opposite the city meeting house the company of damsels had been marched and there left to be picked and chosen from by such bachelors of the colony as cared to hazard the attempt.

And the bachelor army was laying siege in dreadful earnest. Here was one blushing girl, close pressed by a clamorous would-be husband; there, a maid of more than ordinary beauty surrounded by half a score eager suitors for her hand. When the squire arrived, many dies had been cast "for better or for worse." Not a few of the maids had made their choices, the knots had been tied—a happy yokel had stalked away, leading by the hand his new-found bride. Others of the damsels, more choice, more wary in their husband-choosing, still hesitated.

The squire felt strangely out of place. He looked about him uneasily. Over across the meadow he spied a tall cedar growing in a thick clump of willows and coarse grass. The quiet shade was inviting. He crossed over and took up his position near the cedar. Leaning on his stout walking-cane, he watched with interest the strange bartering on the meadow.

A man in top-boots crossed over to the opposite side. He lead by the hand a maid of rare beauty. Both her beauty

and her mien were singularly striking. The squire's eyes opened. He drew in his breath.

"Ralph Percy, by the Lord!" the squire cried, in open astonishment. "Ralph Percy, soldier, veteran, son of a hundred battles,—fallen at last. Well, may all the demons of darkness take me, an' I didn't think better of my old friend and comrade. May the Lord have mercy—" from out a little nest-like cover, formed by the coarse rushes and interlacing willow boughs, there came to the ears of the squire a sound mightily like a little half suppressed moan. The old man jumped. He turned about in a twinkling. The sound came again. He tip-toed cautiously toward the little tangle of grass and willow, whence the sound seemed to come. In a most gingerly manner he parted the grass with his cane. He peered in, and saw something that caused him to start back. Then he looked again and drew nearer. A mite of a girl, with long golden hair thrown back over her shoulders, was huddled down in a heap on the grass. Her face was buried in her hands, and she sobbed so that her whole slight frame trembled.

"Heigh ho! my little girl," called out the squire, "and what be ye doing here?"

She sprang to her feet, startled, and recoiled from the intruder. As she turned her teary face and big blue eyes fully on the squire, the old fellow's eyes grew wide. He could think of nothing to say. He simply stood and "blinked and gazed at the shameless maid." At last, though, he found his voice.

"Oons!" cried he, "but thou 'rt a young looking lass to be come in search of a husband, and, by Jove, thou 'rt a bonny one to be coming so far after him. Of a surety, the English lads must be getting either very scarce, or very choice in their match-making of late. Dost really wish to wed, my lass? Did'st really cross the broad Atlantic to get thee an help-mate? Do'st, for true—"

"Oh, no, no, no, I don't—I'm sure I don't know what I want. I was so wretched—I wanted to get away from father, everybody, everything," she broke in on the squire's harangue. "I don't want to marry—I don't—"

"Tut, tut, child—there now, don't do that," the old fellow said in his kindest voice. "What's all this I hear about being wretched, and wanting to get away from father and everything else? Out with it, lass. Tell me what's the trouble, for troubled you verily seem to be. Wast a bad girl and ran away from thy home and father? Now, now, I wouldn't cry any more. Dost not know that it ill becomes a young woman to be weeping in public? Confide in me, little one. Mayhaps I can lighten thy burden."

These fatherly words of the squire were oil poured on troubled water. The poor, half-frightened girl feared him no longer. She came closer to him. He again urged her to make known the secret of her trouble. At last, between fits of passionate crying, she told him a story of wo, wo, wo—a story of a drunken and brutal father, a blighted childhood, a story of misery, suffering, despair, desperation. She told him how she had been driven half mad with trouble, and how, in a moment of frenzy, she had fled the country in company with the husband-seeking maids. Then she fell to weeping again.

"Ha!" cried the squire; "come with me, little one, and cry no more. I have a plan for soothing thy trouble." He took her little white hand in his large brown one and started off briskly. Whither they went, she neither knew nor cared. She clung to that great rough hand as her only earthly support, and followed without a word. Everybody else was too busy with his own affairs to notice this strangely assorted pair as they crossed the meadow. They halted before the cape merchant's desk, and the squire nodded significantly.

"Thy name, lass?" demanded he behind the desk, taking up his pen to strike off the name she should give.

The girl started. "Oh," said she, "Nettie—Nettie Quest."

"My God!" came a hoarse voice from behind them, but they did not hear. The tall, black-eyed boy who had spoken, turned pale as death. He was Laurie. A moment he stood there, staring vacantly, pallid, trembling as one who had received the death-blow. He staggered, as if about to faint. Something seemed to choke him. He put his hand convulsively to his throat. "Heaven help me," he groaned, as he made a great effort to recover control of himself; "heaven help me." He turned away. "Seven months more, and I'd have been free—free—free," he went on, passionately; "seven more months! Heaven! I was going back for her as I had promised, but—God—here she is—another's. Too hard—too hard!"

There, indeed, was the blue-eyed little girl that, nearly eight years ago, he had left making play wells in the sand that sunny June day in England. She was a bud then. Now she was a rose, full blown and beautiful. He had found her at last, *his master's wife*. Heaven had blessed and blighted him at one fell stroke.

The heart-broken boy did not—could not—stand there long. He turned and staggered homeward. Hope was dead within him; life loomed up black before him. But he was a boy of strong and well-schooled will, that even this blow could not break or bend. He tossed the night through in bitter thought. When the sun peeped through his window next morning, his mind was fully made up. He would not make himself known. "Why should I?" he asked himself. "It's too late now—too late. Why should I blab my troubles, and perhaps make her life miserable. She—the girl I love. I won't do it. I'll die first!"

He went about his work silently, doggedly, grimly. He made no complaint to any one, but his love was not forgot.

His thin face grew thinner still as the days crept by. He saw her often—from a distance,—sometimes alone, sad, dreamy; sometimes with his master. She seemed always thoughtful and attentive to the old squire. Was she really beginning to love him? Undoubtedly he loved her; his every action showed that. Poor Laurie! His heart was strong, indeed, but not strong enough to stand this constant strain. Slowly it was giving away. His will was bending before this awful pressure, as time dragged on. This seven months of standing with the prize almost within his grasp, still forever beyond his reach, were seven months of maddening torture. But they passed. His day of emancipation came at last. This day—this beacon toward which he had strained his eyes throughout seven long years of storm and darkness, at last shined down upon his very decks. But no glad cry of the rescued was heard. The boy seemed utterly unconcerned. Both the squire and his bonny little mistress seemed more interested than Laurie. Nettie knew him only as “the boy,” but she pitied this poor “slave boy” from the bottom of her heart. She had never seen him face to face, thanks to him. On Laurie’s face showed no trace of joy. The squire noticed this, and was puzzled sorely.

In honor of the occasion and to make the ceremony more impressive, the bit of paper (the receipt of seven years of service), which was to make Laurie a free man again, was to be formally delivered by Lady Cullum. So, at least, the squire told Laurie, who only set his teeth more grimly, and paled a shade.

The hour arrived. Laurie and the squire sat by a roaring log fire in the little parlor. The boy was very quiet, and paler than usual. He was now to meet her face to face, to look into her very eyes, to almost touch her hand again, and he dreaded the moment. His lips were closed tight. The squire was watching him.

The girl, flushed rosy red with excitement, came in sometimes. There was the same sweet, almost childish face that had beamed from under the blue sun-bonnet when she was the little girl in pinafores, digging play wells, and gathering violets down by the meadow. Eight years had made its lines slightly firmer. That was all. Laurie's heart gave one great bound as she entered, but he restrained himself. By no word or move did he betray his feelings.

The squire cleared his throat four times. Then he cleared it again. At last, though, he did get started, and made a very pretty little speech, dwelling at length upon Laurie's good behavior and fidelity to duty, and at last ending with an expression of heart-felt joy that the term of service was so nearly at an end. He hoped that the erring boy would profit by this, and do better in the future. Laurie did not speak. Then the certificate of freedom was presented, accepted—Lawrance Mar was a free man.

For one moment the boy stood there, erect, white, with the paper trembling between his fingers. Then, with one convulsive movement, he crushed it into a tiny ball in his hand. Then he spoke:

"Sir," he said, and his voice was strange and hard; "sir, I, an innocent boy, have served you for seven long, long years, and I have served you well, God wot. I did not blame you. But now I am free. I am going away. You will never see me again, sir, this side of eternity. I have something that I want to tell you—that I *must* tell you, before I go. Eight years ago—just one year before I was stolen in the streets of London—I left a little girl in England, promising to come back to her when I was a man. I am a man, now, sir, and I would be the happiest man in America, if I could but keep my promise; but I can't—it is impossible—that little girl is a little girl no longer; she is now grown—a lovely woman . . . your wife." The sentences came in gasps.

"Gods-above," snorted the squire, but got no further. There came a little startled, half ecstatic cry—"Laurie!"—and a girlish form sprang almost into his arms. There was no corresponding emotion in Laurie. He put her off almost roughly; she fell back, hurt and surprised. "Don't you know me, Laurie?" she asked, almost wistfully; "I'm Nettie."

"Nettie, yes," echoed Laurie, "Nettie Cullum. Mistress Cullum. Ha!" Then the squire got in a word.

"What mean ye, man, by 'your wife?' I have no wife, the Lord in heaven knows!"

Laurie forgot to breathe. "What are telling me?" he gasped. "Don't trifle with me, man. I'm in no condition for joking. I'm a desperate man. You say you have no wife—"

"And, as God hears me, I speak the truth."

Laurie stared foolishly, first at the squire, then at the girl, then at the squire again. The expression on his face was droll. The squire returned his gaze first in amazement, then with a foolish smile; then, as the situation and the boy's meaning dawned suddenly upon him, with a loud guffaw.

"Ha, ha, ha! boy, did ye think she was my wife? Ha, ha! well, that's a good one on me. By the Lord, it is. My wife—" he went off into another fit of laughter.

A look on Laurie's face checked his hilarity. "You don't see yet," he asked. "Not my wife, fellow,—my daughter—my own sweet, loving little girl, bought, paid for, adopted."

.....
"Nettie!"

"Laurie!"

A little flutter like the rustling of a bird's wings, . . . then, the squire suddenly bethought him of some urgent business in yard. He was gone half an hour. Perhaps the little birds know what happened in the parlor during that time, but certain it is they have never told any one.

Ere many months, Laurie was again in bondage, but with such a master! 'Twas better a thousand times, than freedom.

Squire Cullum had made a good *master*, but as a *father* he was incomparable.

V. B. HALL.

Violets

She gave me a bunch of violets rare,
Entwined with strands of golden hair;
There 're thousands of violets just as fair,
Thousands of heads gold ringlets wear.

Just a handful of violets blue,
Bound with the strands of golden hue;
There 're thousands of blossoms just as new,
Thousands of heads as golden, too.

Sweet little flowers so demure,
With golden fetters so secure;
There 're thousands of violets just as pure,
And thousands of shackles just as sure.

And like the spell of sunset glow
Is not all in the golden show,
That makes the heart full sadder grow
With sunset thoughts when life's soon o'er;

As the grandeur of mountain peaks
Is not the awe of nature's freaks,
But something else in silence speaks,
The charm our human heartache seeks;

Like the gloom of some nation's undoing
Is not all history, crumbled ruin;
But something beside fate's sad strewing,
Touches the heart like sorrow's wooing.

So these violets were incomplete,
With their wrapping of gold so neat;
And while in themselves a floral treat,
Without associations sweet.

Than these no lovelier flowers bloom;
There's nothing compares with their perfume;
Royal purple, gold, such gifts will soon
For love full welcome find and room.

Those petals her queenly livery wear,
And the signet is her golden hair;
The love of a queen those tokens bear,
Whose allegiance, for happiness, I swear.

But these violets are faded—dead—
All tangled, hid the golden thread;
The ghost of perfume hangs o'er head,
Where the loyal hearts suffered and bled.

My heart hovers 'round those violets blue,
Recalling the days we both once knew;
Old letters, withered flowers, too,
Bring memories too sad to renew.

There come moments almost sublime,
When, like incense at love's old shrine,
Their delicate perfume, gift divine,
Ascends to heaven as love's sweet sign.

* * * * *

Old harps rich melodies can start,
But only sacrilegious fingers
Stir the strings of a broken heart
While the scent of violet lingers.

The hand of time cannot dispel,
The sophistry of life cannot break
The mysterious charm of their spell
That keeps her memory awake.

I pluck the sweet blossoms, and seem,
As their sweetness fills my whole soul,
To hold her hand, and kiss, in dream,
Lips whose sweetness the violets stole.

EDGAR M. MATTHEWS.

The Eleventh Hour

Harry Hayne was standing in the hall waiting for Dick Howard to come down stairs.

That morning Dick was to marry Louise De Lane and Harry was to be best man. Hearing some one call him, Harry looked around and saw Louise, standing in the parlor door way.

"Harry," she said, "this is the last time that I shall be able to talk to you as a single girl, so you must make love to me until the carriage is ready."

"Very well," he said; "come and sit by me on the lounge."

"Once there lived in this town," he began, "a little girl named Louise, who always took a delight in teasing a little boy named Harry. This boy adored the little girl; but whenever he tried to kiss her, she would slap his face, run off and then laugh at him.

"At last the time came for them to go to college. At college, Harry met a very handsome boy, whose name was Dick Howard. The two were room-mates, and consequently became very good friends.

"The following summer Dick spent his vacation with Harry, and while there, he met Louise, with whom he fell in love.

"One night at a dance Harry told Louise that he loved her. 'Oh! you silly boy,' she laughingly replied, 'can't you see that I am in love with your handsome room-mate.'

"The summer passed away very pleasantly for them all. But Harry never mentioned love again to Louise.

"During the succeeding summers, Dick spent part of the time with Harry, and carried Louise to innumerable dances and picnics.

"At last, their graduating day came, and while they sat upon the rostrum waiting for their diplomas, they saw, sitting in the audience, a very beautiful girl, who would give each a smile, whenever he looked at her.

"That afternoon, as they sat in their room, discussing what they would now do, since they had graduated, Dick said, 'To-night I am going to try and win the consent of the sweetest girl in the world, to be my wife. You know who she is, so I need not mention her name. It has been a mystery to me why you never loved her; because I loved her the first time I met her.'

" 'Old boy,' Harry replied, 'I wish you luck, for you two are the best friends I have. In my old bachelor days, I can go and spend part of my time with you, where I can smoke my pipe in comfort, and all of us can talk of old times.'

"Although Harry spoke lightly, his heart was nearly breaking, for his old love for her had, instead of decreasing, waxed stronger as the years had gone by."

Louise was now looking at him with startled eyes; she half rose from her seat and her breath came in quick gasps from her half-parted lips. He did not notice her face, because he could not bear to look into her eyes and see in them the love, that was for another.

"That night," he continued, "Dick ran into the room, slapped Harry on the back, and exclaimed, 'Congratulate me, old fellow, for I have won her consent. The wedding is to take place next winter, and you are to be best man.' "

Louise laid her hand on his arm, and said, "Harry, why—did not you—tell me all of—this before? Do you think it was fair to me?"

Some one was coming down the steps, and she whispered,

"Harry, it would have all been changed if you had only told me in—"

Dick walked up to them and said, "Sweetheart, the carriage is ready."
W. M. W., '03.

Love Reigns

There is a demon in my soul!
A thoughtful, fearless spirit dares,
A spirit dauntless, filled with cares,
Bounds as the madd'ning billows roll—
A monster casts my thoughts asunder,
And I sadly sit and wonder
What it is.

A voice breathes a word of peace—
A listening, mocking elf replies,
"Thy love is lost! from earth it flies,
'Tis borne away in vain surcease!"
An arrow cleaves my heart asunder,
And I sadly sit and wonder
What the archer gains.

A message on the wind is borne
From out the desert, dark and drear,
A message on the wings of care
Comes to my heart while yet I mourn,
But still my soul is rent asunder,
And I sadly sit and wonder
Why it is.

As long as hearts do beat in twain,
As long as love and heart-aches yield
To throbbing blows the heart-strokes wield,
We live to love, and lovers reign.
No more my thoughts are cast asunder,
While I sadly sit and wonder,
Love supremely reigns!

GILBERT W. EPPS.

Stonewall Jackson's Valley Campaign

To the person that studies the life and character of Stonewall Jackson, his campaign in the Valley of Virginia must always be the most attractive of his many great achievements; for it was here that his genius as a commander first appeared. In his other campaigns he only carried out the plans of Gen. Lee, but in the valley he was the commander-in-chief of his forces—he planned and fought his battles alone. The object of this article is to give a brief outline of this campaign and its results, a subject which we trust shall meet with the sympathy of our readers.

In the beginning it will be well to glance for a moment at the plans of the Federal authorities, and also at the difficulties which faced Jackson at the beginning of his campaign. The authorities at Washington had outlined an elaborate plan of campaign for the summer of 1862. Its general outline was as follows: Gen. McClellan with a large army was to advance upon Richmond up the peninsula between the James and York rivers; McDowell with 40,000 troops was to march on the Confederate capital from Fredericksburg, while Fremont and Banks, whose armies were in the northwestern part of Virginia, were to unite, drive Jackson out of the valley and descend upon Richmond from the west. Banks and Fremont had together about 50,000 men. To meet this Jackson had only about 4,000 men, and besides the smallness of his army he had another great difficulty to perplex him. The terms of enlistment of most of his men had expired, and they had now to re-enlist, and the reorganization of his army caused no small amount of confusion. During the winter months Jackson had been in quarters at Winchester, and it was around this place that many of the engagements now about to take place occurred.

Gen. Banks started the campaign on the 3d of March, 1862, when he commenced his march on the town of Win-

chester, where, as already stated, Jackson was quartered. Gen. Banks had about 40,000 men, while Jackson still had only his small force of 4,000. In spite of the great odds against him, he determined not to retreat without a fight; but just before the forces of Banks reached the town, Jackson received orders from Richmond to evacuate Winchester and retire before Banks. It is said that this was a great disappointment to him, but he proceeded at once to carry out his orders. For a time Banks followed on the heels of the retreating army, but arriving at the conclusion that Jackson had neither the necessary force nor the desire to engage him in a pitched battle, he gave up the chase and retired to Winchester. Thinking that Jackson had been permanently disposed of, he sent the greater part of his force to McDowell at Fredericksburg, and surrendering the command of the rest of his army to Gen. Shields, he returned to Washington.

Jackson saw at once that it was imperative that he should engage the force remaining in the valley, so as to check the re-enforcements being sent to McDowell, and also to keep that general from beginning his advance on Richmond. Moreover, he was informed that the Federal force in his rear, weakened by the loss of the troops sent to McDowell, amounted to no more than 4,000 men. He acted with his characteristic promptness. Turning, he began by forced marches his advance on Winchester. At noon on the next day, March 23d, he came upon the enemy's force at Kernstown, a small village about three miles south of Winchester. Jackson's troops were thoroughly exhausted, having marched over forty miles in less than thirty-six hours, but in spite of this the attack was made on the enemy as soon as dispositions for the battle could be made. The battle which began about 4 P. M. was an exceedingly fierce one. As soon as Jackson made his first attack, he perceived that the reports he had received as to the size of the army before him were

erroneous. Indeed, Shields had under his command an army of about 11,000 men, while Jackson had only 2,700 troops engaged, according to his official report. The battle raged all the afternoon, and when the shades of night descended on the scene of turmoil and bloodshed, Jackson had met his first and last defeat, but the victory had been dearly bought by the Federals. While he was defeated, he had, nevertheless, accomplished his purpose. The troops that had been sent off were hastily recalled, and the Federal plan for the advance on Richmond was temporarily frustrated. After the battle of Kernstown, Jackson slowly retreated, the Federals following in his rear. Jackson continued to retreat until he came near Harrisonburg, but here he entrenched himself in a position so strong that Banks, who had resumed command of the Federal forces, would not attack him. At this time Banks telegraphed President Lincoln: "The rebel Jackson has abandoned the Valley of Virginia permanently." He was soon to see where he was mistaken.

Jackson was now threatened from another quarter, for an army under Gen. Milroy was rapidly advancing from the west to unite with Gen. Banks and join in the attempt to crush the Confederate forces in the valley. Jackson decided at once to attack these armies separately. He had been reinforced by Gen. Ewell, who had brought up a considerable force, and Gen. Edward Johnson had also arrived with two brigades of troops. Jackson decided to leave Gen. Ewell to face Banks, while with his own troops and those of Gen. Johnson, he would make a forced march to the west, meet Milroy and defeat him. Then uniting again with Gen. Ewell, he would attack Banks and drive him out of the valley. This plan he instantly put into execution.

Marching rapidly to the west, Jackson encountered the forces of the enemy on the morning of the 7th of May. The Confederates drove the skirmishers before them, capturing a

considerable quantity of arms and ammunition. The Federals retreated before Jackson's forces, and when night came no decisive engagement had taken place. On the next morning, however, the fight began in earnest near the little town of McDowell, from which the battle took its name. Lack of space forbids that I should give a detailed account of any of Jackson's battles. It is enough to say that the battle of McDowell was a complete victory for the Southern arms and Gen. Milroy's army was routed and driven to the west out of striking distance of Jackson. After allowing his army one or two days' rest, Jackson began his movement against Gen. Banks. That commander did not wait for his arrival, however, but retreated towards Washington as soon as he heard of Milroy's defeat. Jackson followed him, trying by forced marches to overtake his rear. On the 23d of May, Jackson's troops, now amounting to about 20,000 men, reached Front Royal. So rapid had been his march that he took the Federal army, which had now reached this point, completely by surprise and routed them with ease. The attack had been made late in the afternoon and was renewed early the next morning. The entire army of Banks was defeated and it retreated towards the Potomac, the line of retreat being marked by the wildest confusion. The Confederate forces continued to press the retreating army until Banks had succeeded in crossing the Potomac River; capturing in the meantime a large number of prisoners and stores which are estimated to have been worth two millions of dollars.

Let us look for a moment at the result of Jackson's campaign. As previously stated, part of the Federal plan of campaign was for Gen. McDowell to advance overland from Fredericksburg to Richmond, and joining his force of 40,000 with the army under Gen. McClellan, to capture Richmond. When Jackson began his campaign against Milroy and Banks, McDowell was almost ready to commence his ad-

vance. When the news of the defeat of Milroy and Banks reached Washington it spread consternation everywhere. Gen. McDowell was ordered not to begin his advance, but on the contrary, to keep his troops in such a position that he could march to the defense of Washington if Jackson should threaten that city. McClellan with his great army was in his camp on the James River calling for re-enforcements, and refused to advance on Richmond without them; it was impossible for McDowell to move to his assistance, and Milroy and Banks had been defeated and their forces were in confusion. Thus we see that the entire plan of the Federal authorities had been paralyzed, and the Confederate capital probably saved from capture, by the genius and daring of Jackson.

Jackson was now in a position of great danger. He was almost to the Potomac River, he had a large number of prisoners and immense quantities of captured stores; and so rapid had been his advance that a great many of his soldiers had been unable to keep up, and as a result he now had only about 15,000 men under his command. It seems that the Federal authorities were now bent upon capturing Jackson or destroying his army. A force of 20,000 men under Shields was moving from Fredericksburg to intercept his retreat, while another force under Fremont was advancing from the west to co-operate with Shields. The Southern troops began at once to retreat, bringing with them, however, their prisoners and captured stores. The Federal plan was for Shields and Fremont to unite at Strasburg, a small town in Jackson's rear, and cut off his retreat. The Confederate leader saw at once that the safety of his command depended on his arriving at Strasburg before his opponents could do so. This he did, his forces making one of the most rapid marches on record—nearly fifty miles from the afternoon of the 30th of May to the night of the 31st. Jackson passed

between the two forces of his enemies, carrying with him all of his immense spoils. The Federal commanders did not give up the chase, however; instead of uniting at Strasburg, they continued to follow the Southern troops by separate routes. Jackson was on the west side of the Shenandoah River and Fremont's force was also on that side; Shields, however, did not cross the river, but continued to advance down the east side. There was an almost continual fight between the Confederate rear-guard and the Federal advance-guard during the entire retreat, but Fremont's force did not succeed in checking the Southern troops.

Continuing the retreat, Jackson reached the town of Port Republic on the 7th of June. This town lies on the east side of the main branch of the Shenandoah, and Jackson crossed the river and entered the town, leaving Gen. Ewell with a part of his force about four miles in his rear to face Fremont. Jackson was now on the side of the river with Shields, leaving Fremont and Ewell on the other side. Let us glance for a moment at the relative positions of the contending forces. "Port Republic, occupied by Jackson; Conrad's store, occupied by Shields, and Harrisonburg, occupied by Fremont, formed very nearly the angles of an equilateral triangle, the sides fifteen miles in length." Fremont had about 20,000 men, Shields about 12,000, and Jackson less than 15,000. On the 8th of June, both Federal forces advanced towards Port Republic. During the morning a small body of cavalry made an attack on Jackson at Port Republic, but it was repulsed. Ewell had taken up a strong position at Cross Keys, about five miles west of Port Republic, and here Fremont made a number of attacks on the Confederates, but did not succeed in driving them from their position. When night descended, Ewell and Fremont were still facing each other.

During the night of the 8th, Jackson ordered Ewell to withdraw his force across the river to unite with his own

command. This Gen. Ewell did, destroying the bridges in his rear as he crossed over. The force that had made the attack on Jackson the day before was only the advance guard of Shields' army. His entire force had now arrived and had taken up a strong position about two miles north of Port Republic. At day-light on the morning of the 9th of June, Jackson moved his forces to the attack on Gen. Shields. This battle was probably the fiercest of all the battles of the campaign, the Confederate losing over a thousand in killed and wounded; but after several hours of fighting, Gen. Shields was defeated and his army retreated before that of Jackson. While the army of Shields was in full retreat, Fremont arrived on the west bank of the Shenandoah; but owing to the fact that the bridges were destroyed and the river was swollen, he could not get to the aid of his comrades.

This battle ended the campaign in the valley. Shields was defeated, and Fremont, not caring to fight Jackson alone, began his retreat at once towards Washington, leaving Jackson in possession of the entire valley. Jackson did not follow Fremont, but after resting his army for a few days, moved it by rail to Richmond, where it took a leading part in the final defeat of McClellan. John Esten Cooke in his "Life of Stonewall Jackson" gives the following summary of the campaign: "In three months Jackson had marched 600 miles, fought four pitched battles, seven minor engagements, and daily skirmishes; had defeated four armies; captured seven pieces of artillery, 10,000 stands of arms, 4,000 prisoners, and a very great amount of stores—inflicting upon his adversaries a known loss of 2,000 men; with a loss upon his own part comparatively small, and amounting in arms to but one piece of artillery abandoned for want of horses, and a small number of muskets."

B. H. GARDNER, '03.

The Question of Social Intercourse Between Professor and Student

THE CHRONICLE should not be made a medium for controversies, and I am personally as much opposed to such as any student, but THE CHRONICLE is *always* a medium for discussions relative to such a pertinent subject to the student-body as their social life, and it is in such a spirit that I make use of its columns to present my views, and try to show the erroneous conceptions of my friend who has presented the case from his particular view-point.

By a careful reading of his reply in the February issue, I have concluded that he has mistaken "argument" for "controversy." He has avoided the main points advanced in my recent note, and instead has devoted his reply to an analytical criticism of my language, phraseology and literary shortcomings. He has mistaken matter for manner, and instead of discussing the *ideas* advanced by me, he has proceeded to pick to pieces the rhetorical construction of my phrases,—he has, in the language of the legal fraternity, resorted to mere technicalities. Had I the time and the inclination, it would be an easy matter for me to reply in like manner, and by dissecting his constructive phraseology *verbatim et literatim*, show about as many errors as he discovered in mine. But this would be mere controversy, not argument, and I value the privilege of its columns too much to waste it in that way. Let us look at the matter on a broader basis,—let's get down to the meat of the subject.

It will be my endeavor to discuss just three points relative to this phase of college life.

1st. Is social intercourse between professor and student desirable?

2d. If it is desirable, is it feasible?

3d. If desirable and feasible, is it beneficial?

It will be my endeavor to prove that it is not desirable; that even were it desirable, it is not feasible; and that even were it desirable and feasible, it would not be beneficial. These three points fully discussed will, I think, be comprehensive.

Ist. The extension of social intercourse between faculty and student is apparently not desirable, from the very conditions now existing. The fact that few students are invited out, and that, according to my friend's statement, they do not respond with alacrity, shows that up to the present writing it is neither desirable to the student nor to the professor. The reason for this is very plain. The established sentiment against social familiarity at Clemson makes it an unpleasant occurrence for a student to go "avisiting on the Hill,"—so much so that the appellation, "honey-funk," is as much a term of reproach in the student vocabulary as the epithet "cheat," I must admit that the students err in many cases by applying this term to those who merely exercise common politeness; and do not seek special favors of the professors, but it is better to err in this extreme than in the other. It seems to be the *esprit de corps* that blames the cadet who shows unusual attention to a professor, and thereby places himself advantageously before that professor in the class-room. On the other hand, it is only natural that the professor should invite those whom he would take special interest in, to his home, as this social compliment extended the student is intended to be mutually beneficial, not a hand stretched out in charity to the whole student body. Society and its customs always seek reciprocity; to conceive society as merely a one-sided affair, would be confusing it with charity, and society and charity are the two extremes. We cannot get away from the fact that this social intercourse produces unequal chances in the class-room—not that the professor will necessarily give a student better marks because of his social acquaintance, but

by numerous minor favors, and an exhibition of greater interest in the progress of that student, the professor unintentionally reflects on the other students present; and, just as certain as fate, there grows in the hearts of those other students a concerted jealousy and antagonism toward that favored student or students; and a feeling of unrest and discontent with their own selves and a reckless manner of conducting their college duties follows. Let any student deny this if he can, and he will exhibit a lack of observation woeful to behold. I again repeat, that the *primary* object of a student is to learn; of a professor, to teach; and when this primary vocation is thwarted by such social intercourse productive of partiality, I say it is time to draw the line, and return to the "cold and formal manner," which my friend deprecates, but which is a sure safeguard against favoritism, jealousy and eventual disgust. But my friend says that he pleads for a social intercourse, which would permit *all* students to taste of the joys of society; he wants the professor to invite *classes* of students at a time, instead of a favored few—a sort of wholesale dispensation of social sweets! This brings us to the second point in our argument.

2d. Is it feasible?

Let us suppose, for the sake of argument, that it is desired by the students and faculty. Does it appear within the bounds of common sense that there is any possibility of its execution? In the first place, does the professor invite a student to his home for the purpose of educating him in the usages of society, or because he wants to pass a pleasant evening in mutual intercourse? Presumably the latter. Then, would not the professor object to a wholesale invitation to a section or class, without discrimination? Would it not be, in truth, a sort of missionary work rather than a social invitation? And apart from the fact that the average professor would not naturally care to extend such an invitation, is there

any cottage on the "Hill" that could comfortably receive them? My friend says that it is not his purpose to discuss the method by which such a condition could be brought about. In other words, he suggests a reform but not how to go about it. He presents a theory, and admits that it can never be anything but a theory. He dreams of Paradise, yet knows that it is only a dream, and labels it "impracticable." But let us now go to the third point, which, after all, is the most important one. We will admit that all the foregoing argument is ruled out, that the judges have come back and rendered their decision in favor of the desirability *and* the feasibility of "social faculty—student intercourse." I now fall back upon the third argument.

3d. Is it beneficial?

Suppose the sentiment of the student body was in favor of accepting invitations; and suppose the professor in question had suddenly become inspired with the missionary spirit necessary to a proper self-sacrifice in order to do good unto others; and suppose that by some Aladdin-like miracle, the walls of the typical "cottage on the Hill" were to bulge out to such dimensions that even the sub-freshmen class could enter therein *en masse*, would there be a beneficial result? I think not.

In the first place, the danger of favoritism would be just as great and even greater. There would be in each class certain gifted youths who, by their training or natural instincts, would forge to the front. They would delight the host with their social abilities; they would entertain instead of being entertained; they would shine even more brilliantly by contrast with the less gifted majority, and they would be welcomed to the inner circle; while the *bourgeois* kept in the back ground and smiled a jealous smile. And the next day the professor in his class-room would have even greater temptation to show his personal interest in these few gifted

boys, than he would, had the contrast not been so vivid. The light from a candle is not very evident in a room full of electric lights; but put that candle in a dark room, and its radiance is manifolded. So a student, or a few students, may shed their embryo rays upon the presence of a professor's family with but fair success; but when the house is filled with students whose lights burn but dimly, the gifted student appears a lustrous beacon by contrast. And let me add, that it is not the brilliant socially who are the best students. On the contrary, experience and observation have taught me that the best students, the really brainy men among a college body, are those who talk the least, and who appear to greater disadvantage in what is called "society." Not only this, but my friend has stated that the customs of society change with the years—this is true. Then what advantage would it be to learn the present usages, when you will have to learn them all over again by the time your diploma comes as an *entre* to the world? You, no doubt, remember that only two years ago "society" decreed that one who wished to greet another with a hand-shake, should elevate his hand on a level with the chin before grasping the outstretched hand of the friend. To-day you are instructed to keep your hand on a level with your waist, and instead of a "shake," you must gently draw the hand to you and then away from you. Perhaps next year, in order to be in style, you must stand back to back and shake hands over the right shoulder. You better wait till next year, my friend! This year for brain-work, for moral and intellectual development, and let the social amenities wait. There is too much to be accomplished in the four short years at college to devote much time to learning the exact angle of the elbow in a hand-shake, or with just how many fingers should a cup of tea be held.

After all, there is a great difference between *manners* and *mannerisms*. You cannot teach manners to a monkey; but

you can teach him many mannerisms. And so there are some men who are not born to have manners. The instinct of politeness, the nobility of soul, the chivalric deference to a woman, these are *born* in you, and must ever guide your actions. Your manners are but an outward evidence of inward grace, and are not premeditated; they are spontaneous! But sometimes "society" dresses up a boor in velvet garments called "mannerisms," and tries to make it pass for a gentleman. But you cannot make a silken purse of a sow's ear, and all the education society furnishes is but a thin veneer, and cannot disguise the natural man within, for any length of time.

In conclusion, therefore, let me say that I hope there are some suggestions herein which may be of value, and they are offered in the best of spirit, fully admitting that the question has many sides. I have presented only one.

In summary, I have tried to prove: 1st. That social intercourse between professor and student is not desirable, because it fosters partiality and hinders fair competition; that it causes jealousy in the corps, sometimes creates a false rivalry, and frequently produces disgust among the less favored ones, thereby affecting their ambition to succeed. 2d. That it is not feasible, because of the intrinsic nature of social invitations, the attitude of the professor, and also the physical impossibility of receiving so many in one house. 3d. That the results are not beneficial except in a limited sense.

I once knew a man of shady reputation for veracity, who did not return a borrowed cooking pot, for three reasons. He said: "1st. I never borrowed the pot. 2d. I returned it long ago; and 3d. It was a rusty old thing and not worth returning." So I say: "1st. It's not desirable. 2d. It's not feasible, and 3d. It's not beneficial." As to my reputation for veracity, I leave others to decide.

W. L. MOISE.

A Bashful Youth

Have you ever traveled that slippery, weather-beaten path where so many of us fall headlong into the abyss of love ere we start? Fred had not gone far before his feet slipped from under him and down he came with the velocity of a falling meteor—dead, dead in love.

With whom? Beatrice, of course, an angel-like creature, with the blush of sixteen summers upon her beaming face, bright blue eyes, and dark, wavy hair, a model of beauty. Angel-like in appearance; but when she smiled, one could discern from the twinkle of her eye that fun and mischief lurked deep down in her heart.

She is passing down the street. How bewitching she looks to one whose eyes are blinded by love.

There goes Fred. Will she escape his notice? No. He stops and looks across, as if watching a star shoot through the expanse of heaven. She slightly turns her head, smiles and passes on.

Fred was held as if clamped to the post against which he was leaning. "This is the fifth morning I have passed that girl, and I cannot stand it any longer. I am bewitched, I am moon-struck or something. That smile sets me wild, I am intoxicated; she haunts me like the vision of a murdered man; I cannot work for thinking of her. Why does she smile, and what makes me look that way?" He could not understand the mysterious threads that Cupid was winding about his heart.

Another morning passed, and they met and exchanged smiles. Fred had now become desperate and more determined. Though he had never sailed the sea of courtship, being of a timid, backward nature, still he possessed a venturesome spirit, which was made bold by the acquisition of this new feeling, of which he knew nothing, only that it caused him sleeplessness.

Beatrice was aware of Fred's timidity, and decided to help him out. As she passed the next morning, she dropped a flower, which was eagerly picked up by Fred after she had passed on. This flower was like the magician's wand; and as soon as he touched it he was completely overwhelmed by a feeling which filled his whole being with ecstasy. Love is a disease that attacks the heart of every one at some stage of life. Fred had this disease, and seemed to be held fast in its mighty grasp. "I will meet that girl—I must, I will." This he repeated with emphasis.

Beatrice, seeing that Fred was backward, invented this plan. As she passed by she let her gloves fall, pretending as if done by accident. Fred, of course, hastened to pick them up; but he could not speak a word on presenting them to her, so charmed was he. The touch of her delicate finger was even more effective than the touch of the flower the day before. Fred was outdone; the opportunity for meeting her had passed. He wanted to put an end to his life. Fate seemed against him.

"Will there be another chance?" he kept repeating to himself. No barriers are strong enough to resist the power of love; and there is always a path blazed out in the dense forest which leads to the light. Beatrice's horse became unmanageable and dashed down the street at a terrific rate. Quick as a flash Fred sprang forward and seized the reins of the runaway horse. Excitement prevailed. Beatrice soon regained her composure, and asked Fred to accompany her on her journey. Fred, even more charmed than ever before, was unable to utter a word, but he sprang into the carriage, his heart beating wildly with excitement, and took a seat beside her. The opportunity had come to say a word to the girl who had bewitched him with her smiles, her beauty; but his lips seemed sealed and he had lost his voice—he sat as mute as the statue of Apollo.

They soon returned to her home, and Fred found himself in an elegantly furnished parlor. Beatrice sought the sofa, but Fred laid claim to a chair in the far distant corner. Perhaps at such a distance he could collect his thoughts and say a word or two. Even if he had not spoken half a dozen words during the evening's ride, still they were the happiest moments of his life.

An hour elapsed, but Fred did not estimate time. Beatrice, with a coquettish smile, picked up an album and asked Fred to come over and look at the pictures. Fred was more than willing to do this but, "I will be dumb-founded and can't speak a word," he said to himself. He went over, though, and was once more seated by the girl whose smiles had penetrated his heart. Somehow they became more conversant and began to talk of love themes. Whether accidental or intentional, Beatrice leaned her head on Fred's shoulder and looked up into his face with a longing smile that had a depth of meaning; and even more tempting than the fruit Eve plucked from the tree in the Garden of Eden were those ruby lips, not so far distant. The laws of gravitation cannot be overcome, so Fred enfolded this flower in his arms and said in a quivering voice, "Beatrice, I love you. Will you be my own?" She replied, "Yes." After this Fred, the bashful youth, called several times, but they always sat on the sofa.

Educational Efforts Among Railroad Employees

It is probable that railway labor, as an occupation, affects the interests of more persons in the United States than any other single branch of employment except agriculture. There are over one million employees of all classes engaged in transportation. This gives an average of over five hundred employees per hundred miles of track.

Many roads furnish directly technical education for their employees. More is done in this direction on European than on American lines. Most roads, in the transportation department, have equipped instruction cars with the necessary apparatus and charts, and these are moved about from place to place and the men required to familiarize themselves with their operations in order to pass examinations on the books of rules for promotion in the service. One company employing thirty-two thousand men states that in its transportation and machinery department apprentices to the trades of machinist, blacksmith, boiler maker, tinsmith, carpenter, and painter, are taken at the principal shops of the company and serve a term of apprenticeship therein of from three to four years, according to age, being released on attaining their majority. Some of the machinists' apprentices are given special instructions in mechanical drawing as a part of their apprentice course.

One road employing over ten thousand men states that "in train service the technical education furnished by the company consists of special instruction to trainmen in regard to use of air brakes and air signals, for which purpose a car has been fitted up to be used especially in connection therewith. In reference to apprentices in shops, if special ability is shown they are promoted to our drawing offices, where they receive technical experience in mechanical engineering."

Another company employing nearly fifteen thousand men encourages its employees to take tuition in the correspondence schools.

Several companies furnish documents from time to time to their firemen and engineers, with a view to encourage them to study for promotion in the service.

Several roads furnish free reading rooms, and a few have traveling libraries for the general improvement of their employees.

In recent years the railroad department of the Young Men's Christian Association has effected an organization on the more important roads, with headquarters at which reading rooms, libraries, and club house features are provided, and also a few elementary educational courses, some of them especially devised to meet the needs of railroad men. The first railroad branch of the Young Men's Christian Association was established at Cleveland in 1872—thirty years ago. Now there are sixty-eight of these associations, with organizations at over one hundred and fifty division points, and with a total membership of thirty-seven thousand employees. To this work the railroad corporations now contribute annually over one hundred and eighty thousand dollars. Of these associations, forty-five occupy entire buildings owned by the association, and twenty-three have buildings set apart by railroad companies or officials for the use of the association. Thirty-five of these associations reported in the year 1900 that they had educational classes in which one hundred and twelve branches were being taught. In addition to the common school branches, frequently represented in the educational programmes of these associations, the following programme of one of the largest associations, located on the Pennsylvania system, may serve to indicate the extent to which such courses sometimes meet the particular needs of railway employment:

Air brake: Plant in operation, and demonstrations on alternate Monday and Friday afternoons and evenings during October, and on Friday afternoons and evenings during the remainder of the season.

Steam heating: Model and cut sections provided; demonstrations given on alternate Monday and Friday afternoons and evenings during October.

Valve motion: Demonstrations with special models Monday afternoons and evenings during November.

Lubrication: Lectures on valve, engine and machine lubrication Monday afternoons and evenings during December.

Injectors: Lectures, with models of Sellers and Monitor injectors, Monday afternoons and evenings during January.

Signals and switches: Illustrated lectures Monday afternoons and evenings during February.

Coal and locomotive firing: Lectures Monday afternoons and evenings during March.

First aid to the injured: Lectures Monday afternoons and evenings during April.

The instructors will be experts on these subjects.

The models, cut sections, charts and other appliances will be at the service of all employees of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company for inspection daily, except Sunday, from 9 a. m. to 10 p. m. No fee charged for instruction or use of appliances.

These items are taken from a ninety-page article on *Railway Employees in the United States* in Bulletin No. 37—November, 1901—of the Department of Labor. Some of the other topics treated therein are requirements and rewards of railway employment, number and classification of railway employees, qualifications demanded, wages and working hours, Sunday work and rest, compensation for overtime, railway labor as a life work, discharges, promotions, discipline, blacklisting, pensioning, relief departments, accident insurance and labor organizations.

The entire article is well worth the careful study of all students of schools like Clemson, and of all readers interested in any phase of the labor and capital question.

The young man trained in our common schools who enters the railroad division of our mighty industrial army, has a great advantage over his fellow who is without such training. He who enlists after a course in the common school and at Clemson, or some like institution, has opportunities denied to thousands.

W. S. M.

The Clemson College Chronicle

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Circulating Libraries

Under the name of "Andrew Carnegie Free Traveling Libraries," a system of circulating libraries has been organized in Georgia for the purpose of enlarging the educational advantages of the South, especially of its small towns and stations. All such efforts are to be encouraged, and we hope this beneficent enterprise will be pushed till its results can be seen throughout the country. It is said that this particular undertaking is backed by such support as that which comes from the

interest of Carnegie himself, and the Southern Railway and Seaboard Air Line, which allow the books free transportation. This looks encouraging, and we hope the people will co-operate enthusiastically with the promoters of this system, and thereby add all possible encouragement to the effort to stimulate a greater interest for literature in the South.

Examinations are not only the chief source of **Examinations** terror to students, but they are also the principal cause of annoyance and trouble to professors. Unless, therefore, they can be shown to be an institution of wonderful merit, wisdom and consideration for all concerned, should call for their discontinuance and for the substitution of some better system as a test of proficiency.

The object of examinations is to make a general test of the student's knowledge of a particular subject before allowing him to discontinue it. But the question is, does the method operate fairly and with entire satisfaction? Does it not induce the student to undervalue the importance of regular, daily study, and overestimate that of examination? It is admitted by both teacher and pupil that regular study is more desirable than periodical cramming for examinations. The teacher finds more satisfaction in teaching when the student learns the principles covered from day to day; and the student knows from experience that more can be accomplished by that method. Then why not adopt some system that will tend to encourage daily study, and disabuse the student's mind of the idea that examination day is the most important in the college year. It seems that were a certain average percentage for the year made the criterion instead of a certain percentage on examination, much more desirable results could be obtained. This system is in operation at some colleges, and is said to give entire success.

Even here, where it has been practiced to only a limited extent, the results have proved gratifying.

Cramming for examinations is a kind of art which can be acquired by practice. Successful cramming is made possible by several conditions well known to students. In the first place, the student knows that when the professor is confined to ten questions, or thereabouts, he is apt to select those dealing with the main principles of the subject. This, we believe, is the proper course for the professor to take under the circumstances. Within the limited time at his and the student's disposal, it is impossible for him to give a thorough examination on the entire subject. Hence the only reasonable plan left is to pick out the leading principles and test the student's knowledge on them. Since the student must know something of a subject, the professor is anxious that he understand the fundamental principles.

Realizing the true state of affairs, therefore, the student concerns himself very little with the details that make up the daily recitations. He knows that when the final test comes, they will not be taken into account. He reasons that it is useless for him to study hard from day to day if he can by cramming pass the examination without. He knows that if he cannot "spot" the professor, some fellow who had studied can. He believes that by mastering a dozen or two propositions when the examination approaches, he can answer questions enough to make the required per cent. We all know that a student who has made moderately good recitations from day to day is reasonably sure to pass the examination, while one who has neglected his daily lessons may make as good an examination as the first student.

Taking this view of the question, it seems obvious that as an inducement to regular, daily study, or as a test of thoroughness, examinations fail, and the average percentage made on daily recitations is the better system.

One of the most interesting lectures we have ever had at Clemson was delivered here on the 26th of March, by Judge Crosby, who took for his subject, "Tolstoy, and His Philosophic Life." He gave, in a simple and interesting manner, the views of the great Russian on such important subjects as religion, war, labor, capital punishment and education, relating the dramatic events which served to impress these questions upon the mind of Tolstoy. Mr. Crosby also made passing comments upon these questions, as he talked, and endeavored to picture the conditions that would exist were Tolstoy's principles applied in reality.

The lecturer gave it as his opinion that while Tolstoy's ideas are correct in theory and founded upon solid reason, they are as yet too far in advance of the times to be applied in practice. Although not an orator, Judge Crosby has an attractive, forceful delivery, and he succeeded in arousing the interest of his listeners. His lecture is nothing, if not up to date. It deals with the vital, unsolved problems of the present, and leaves in the minds of his hearers thoughts that must continue to grow with the progress of events.

Perhaps it will be interesting here to note that Judge Crosby is the author of a book entitled, "Captain Jinks, Hero"—a protest against militarism in this country. In a short review which we read of this book, we found that it relates the story of the career of a great soldier, who as an innocent farm youth was fired with the military spirit by his association with toy-soldiers.

The author takes occasion to inveigh against the growing military spirit now noticeable in this country. Beginning with the hazing at West Point, he criticises the military practices of this country as exhibited in our pension laws and in our relations with the Philippines and China. The

book is intended to show militarism to be a great national danger. Mr. Crosby had a good subject, and if we are to believe his critics, he handled it with telling effect.

The Boer Victory

The recent victory of the Boers in their struggle for liberty has brought out the fact that there exists in this country a strong current of sympathy for the patriots of the South African Republic. In view of the fact that it was generally believed that the resources of the Boers were so nearly exhausted, both in arms and men, as to render them unable to offer any further serious resistance, their success was somewhat a surprise. When it is realized, however, that they are still capable of winning victories, and can still offer stubborn resistance to the force of conquest, a feeling akin to hope thrills the heart of every lover of freedom, though his reason may seek to point out the insurmountable obstacles that stand in the way of their final triumph.

It is gratifying, however, to find that the sympathies of the American people, whose fathers fought long and earnestly for liberty, are with the Boers, and not their oppressors. Although our government has refused to recognize them, has refused to give even the cold countenance of moral support to a struggle like that which caused its own existence, we see on every hand evidence of the fact that the heart of the American people beats in sympathy with the Boers.

The persistence and courage evinced by the Boers cannot fail to stimulate a feeling of admiration. It is a striking reminder of the dark days of Valley Forge. The Boer soldiers have furnished undeniable proof of the fact that the spirit of liberty has lost nothing in force and fascination as the centuries have come and gone.

Of course, no sane man believes that success will ulti-

mately crown the efforts of the Boers ; still, it is certain that Kruger uttered a prophetic truth when he declared that British success would be at a price that would stagger humanity.

It is said in newspaper circles that very little importance is attached to Gen. Miles' plan of quelling without further bloodshed the resistance of the Philippinos to American rule. Gen. Miles proposes to take a delegation of Cubans and Porto Ricans to the Philippines in order to teach the natives by peaceful methods the humane intentions of the American government.

Though the press of the country may deride the General's plan, and the administration at Washington ridicule it, the incontrovertible fact stands that the General's proposition is much more in harmony with the avowed intentions of this country than the methods now pursued by the government. We ask, in the name of reason and common sense, which policy is most likely to convince the Philippinos that the government of this country is in earnest when it promises them freedom and happiness—a policy of kindness, or one of harshness? Are the Philippinos likely to put any faith in our professions of friendship while we sustain to them the relation of an enemy?

The government, however, shows no disposition to entrust Gen. Miles with the power to carry into effect his humane idea. Perhaps it dislikes the General. And perhaps it is not so anxious after all that the Philippinos should show themselves heedful to words of wisdom. Should the Philippinos exhibit an aptitude for discerning the course of wisdom and for acting upon the same, they might prove themselves to be too nearly capable of self-government to justify the claims of Uncle Sam. He would rather they wait a while.

At any event, it seems that this country is determined to

make the best of its little spree of military glory. It has tasted of the sweets of conquest and seems to relish the flavor. It is so thoroughly imbued with the principles of liberty that it will propagate them, though it has to be done with the implements of war. Though the great trend of worldly events may point toward the settlement of national difficulties by peaceful methods, the idea of force, in one form or other, seems, at this particular period, to enjoy especial favor. Not only in the government of nations can we trace its influence, but we can see its effects throughout the institutions both great and small of the entire country. In many places, even in America, it is coming to be a serious offence to speak disapprovingly of those in power.

We believe, however, that better times are approaching. This age of devotion to greed and power cannot long endure. Its policies are based upon false principles and they must in time give way to those of truth and justice.

Local Department

T. C. SHAW, '02, }
B. H. GARDNER, '03, } - - - - - EDITORS

Saturday, March 29th, the ladies on the Hill presented a new version of the "Spinsters' Convention."

The success of this comic tragedy shows what the ladies can accomplish even when not a single man is allowed around. The costumes worn by the members of the Single Blessedness Fraternity deserve special mention. They showed a wealth of invention and indicated the thoroughness of the work of preparation.

The remnant of bachelor professors and the majors were worked for some good jokes. The cadets seemed to be immune, but enjoyed the jokes on the teachers. The programme included several selections of vocal and instrumental music, which were enjoyed very much.

The entertainment was thoroughly enjoyed by all, and the ladies are to be congratulated on their success. All were sorry when the train left for Klondike.

Prof. F.: Mr. B., where is Edinburgh?

Junior B.: It is in the southwestern part of England.

The gangways connecting the new barracks with the old arrived recently, and have been put into position. They were delayed for several months owing to a strike in the North, but finally have arrived.

Have you assimilated all of the new regulations yet?

The time for the graduating exercises is fast approaching, and naturally the Seniors are anxiously awaiting the time when they shall receive their diplomas. Before ordering

the diplomas, the President recently had up some of the Seniors. He gave each member a slip of paper with the request that he would write down his full name. Senior P. took his slip, and after thinking for some time, gave it back to the President with the remark, "I know that I've got a middle name, but I can't remember what it is. You will have to wait until I can write home and find out about it."

Base-ball is all the go now. It furnishes the one theme of conversation from morning to night. We give an account of some of the games played so far, and by this it will be seen that we have made a good start towards upholding the record made by last year's team.

Junior D., during tactics recitation recently, invented this new command, "D-row swords. March."

Judge Ernest Crosby, of New York, recently delivered a very interesting lecture on the life and character of Tolstoy. A more extended account will be found elsewhere in this issue.

Election of Society Officers

The societies recently elected officers to serve for the last term of this scholastic year. The following were elected :

Calhoun Society.

President—J. E. Martin.

Vice-President—F. M. Jordan.

Literary Critic—W. C. Forsythe.

Recording Secretary—J. P. Cummings.

Sergeant-at-arms—F. T. Hamlin.

Assistant—D. A. J. Sullivan.

Columbian Society.

President—E. B. Boykin.

Vice-President—F. M. Gunby.

Recording Secretary—T. B. Young.

Corresponding Secretary—H. N. McCreary.

Literary Critic—C. W. Legerton.

Reporting Critics—W. H. Barnwell and A. E. Holman.

Prosecuting Critic—H. Green.

Sergeant-at-arms—T. R. Phillips.

Palmetto Society.

President—W. W. Coleman.

Vice-President—W. J. Prescott.

Recording Secretary—J. R. Cothran.

Literary Critic—W. G. Templeton.

Reporting Critic—A. J. Speer.

Sergeant-at-arms—L. H. Bell.

Clemson vs. North Carolina

The base-ball team went to Charlotte on Saturday, March 29, to cross bats with the team from Chapel Hill. It had been raining steadily for two days, and at the hour of starting early Saturday morning, the skies were still pouring it down in buckets-full. It gradually cleared off, however, and by the time of the game all was bright and clear as a day in June. The grounds, however, had not had time to recover and were in the very worst condition imaginable.

The game started with Carolina at the bat. Carr hit to Gantt, who fielded the ball, but threw wild to first, allowing Carr to get second. While the next two men were being put out, Gantt pitched wild twice, allowing Carr to make third and then home.

With one run to her credit, Carolina did not score again

till the fifth. Gantt had settled down to business and was pitching a splendid game, allowing not a single hit till the fifth inning, when by bunching two doubles and a single, Carolina, assisted by several errors by Clemson, scored three runs more.

Clemson now struck a batting streak and aided by several errors of the North Carolinians tallied up four runs, evening the score.

Excitement was at fever heat, and Clemson's fine showing thus far developed the fact that she possessed many friends in the grand stand.

The next inning Carolina scored two and Clemson one, leaving the score 6 to 5 at the end of the sixth. Had the game ended here, it would have been full of glory for Clemson. The team—mere boys alongside the matured men of North Carolina—had been playing like veterans; Rodgers at second base, and Maxwell behind the bat, both in the first game, playing superbly, and almost nobody was striking out.

At this point, however, Gantt having injured his shoulder sliding home, was forced to retire from the pitcher's box and take Sitton's place in center field, where he was not so fortunate in his work. Whitney, too, who had made a number of good plays in the earlier part of the game, began to have troubles of his own, and this, with heavier hitting by Carolina, allowed them to score ten runs in the last three innings, notwithstanding the steady work of the other seven men on Clemson's team, and Clemson failing to score again, the game ended 16 to 5 in North Carolina's favor.

Clemson's showing was on the whole a very satisfactory one, despite the score. She had five new players on the team, and it was her first game of the season. They had been compelled to get up at 3:30 in the morning, wait two hours in a cold depot for a late train, ride five hours without

any breakfast, play on a field ankle deep in mud, and against a veteran team, eight of whose members had been on the team last year, and who were playing their fourth game of the season; they had also had the advantage of a good night's rest and regular meals. Clemson's game was far ahead of the showing she made against Carolina last year, a week later in the season than the game this year. Clemson's team work was the best she has ever exhibited, and saved her a number of runs. Besides Maxwell and Rodgers, Barksdale, Cole and Chisolm did exceptionally well.

For North Carolina, Carr at short, Donelly in left field, and Smathers at third, played splendid ball; their team is, they consider, the best they have ever had, and is without doubt the peer of any college team in the country.

The umpiring of Mr. George Stevens, of North Carolina, gave perfect satisfaction.

The summary is: Hits: North Carolina, 10; Clemson, 7. Errors—Carolina, 5; Clemson, 10. Strike outs—Carolina, 5; Clemson, 5.

Hobart vs. Clemson

The first game played on the college diamond resulted in a complete victory for Clemson. The boys from New York found Sitton's curves a puzzle which few of them were able to solve, getting only a few scattered hits during the entire game.

Clemson took the lead early in the game and kept it, and there wasn't any time at which there was any doubt as to the final result. Barksdale and Pearman each knocked a home run.

LINE UP FOR CLEMSON.

Sitton	P.
Maxwell	C.

Shaw	1st B.
Chisolm	2d B.
Rodgers	S. S.
Pearman	3d B.
Gantt	R. F.
Barksdale	C. F.
Cole	L. F.

Score: 10 to 2 in favor of Clemson.

Umpire, Prof. Riggs.

Clemson Defeats Cornell

Cornell again goes down in defeat before the Clemson Tigers, but not without offering persistent resistance, for never was a game more hotly contested. Every one was kept in a state of suspense and uneasiness until the last man was put out, giving Clemson the victory by a score of 6 to 2. This was a game abounding in pretty plays, the most prominent of which was a line drive that was caught by Gantt for Clemson. Cole, as usual, pitched a brilliant game, yielding only five hits.

Cornell had a splendid battery, and a catch made by their third baseman was a feature.

We are very proud of our victory over Cornell, as we are the only team in the South that beat them this year.

The Base-Ball Team's Trip to Charleston

On Friday morning, the 4th of April, our base-ball team left for Charleston and arrived there about 8 p. m. All went to bed early, in order to get a good night's rest, because we wanted to put up the best game possible against the V. P. I. team the next day.

The game was called at 10:30 o'clock next morning, at

the race track in the Exposition grounds. Clemson took the bat, but failed to score the first inning, and then the V. P. I. boys came in, and it looked as if there were going to be something doing. Three men got on bases with only one out, but the next man at bat hit to third, and the man that was on third was put out at home base. At this time excitement was running high, but Johnnie Gantt struck out the next man up, and quieted the V. P. I. rooters for a spell. Clemson came in and made two or three runs and then retired to the field. Johnnie Gantt struck out the first three men up, and then Clemson came in, and very shortly the fire works began and didn't stop until the game was called by the umpire. The V. P. I. boys tried hard to stop the heavy hitting by putting three pitchers in the box, but it seemed to be of no avail. Sitton relieved Gantt in the box for Clemson in the sixth inning, and during the seventh inning hit one of the V. P. I. batters accidentally with the ball. It was thought at first that he was seriously hurt, but we are glad to say that he was not. At this time the game was called; the score was Clemson 25, V. P. I. 0; but as the nine innings were not played, the umpire called the game 9 to 0 in favor of Clemson.

As soon as possible after the game we began to take in the Exposition, and it came up to our expectations.

Next morning, Mr. W. B. Chisolm carried us up the Ashley River for about twenty-five miles to his country home, where we spent the day very pleasantly, returning to Charleston about 6 o'clock.

Monday morning we went to the ball park about 10 o'clock, and practiced for two hours, and that afternoon, promptly at 4 o'clock, the Clemson *vs.* Citadel game began. It was a quick and snappy game of ball from start to finish, and it was not until the last man was put out on the Citadel team in the ninth inning that we were certain of victory.

Each pitcher struck out eleven men, and yielded about five hits, and there were very few errors made on either team. Score: Clemson, 4; Citadel, 2.

We left Charleston Tuesday (8th) morning, at 7 o'clock, and arrived at Clemson at 6. Every one on the team thinks that was the most enjoyable trip that he ever took.

We feel very much under obligations to the good people of Charleston for their many courtesies, and we assure them that we are very grateful and appreciate their kindness very much. Among those that we especially remember are Messrs. Chisolm, McIver, Martin and Jennings and the Citadel boys.

The Annual

The duty of publishing the next Annual devolves upon the class of 1903. The editorial staff has been elected and the work has already begun to make the second Clemsonian such a success that the wisest will marvel. The staff elected is as follows:

Editor-in-chief: W. E. G. Black.

Business Manager: J. T. Robertson.

Assistant Business Manager: J. H. Wyse.

Associate Literary Editors.

Electricals: H. C. Tillman, B. H. Gardner.

Textile: T. S. Perrin, Geo. D. Levy.

Civils: H. C. Sahlman, E. R. Finger.

Agriculturals: B. F. Pegues, E. B. C. Watts.

Athletic Editors: E. J. DaCosta, D. H. Sadler.

Art Editors: F. H. Cunningham, W. H. Barnwell, J. L. Bradford, N. H. Alford, W. B. Chisolm.

Military Orders

The following appointments, transfers and assignments were announced on the 9th of April:

To be Lieutenants—Cromer, Bamberg and Templeton, W. G.

To be Color Sergeant—N. D. Walker.

To be Sergeants—Rhodes, Earle, D. E., Lawrence and Ellis.

To be Corporals—Sparkman, W. B., Dew, Holman and Miller, R. E.

Assignments and transfers—To artillery detachment: Lieut. Reid, Lieut. Cromer, 1st Sergeant Barnwell, Sergeant Livingston, Sergeant Lawrence.

To Company "A"—Lieut. Bamberg, Sergeant Ellis, Corporal Miller.

To Company "B"—Lieut. Templeton.

To Company "C"—Corporals Walker, W. P., and Dew.

To Company "D"—Lieut. Kohn, 1st Sergeant Candy, Sergeants Wyse and Earle.

To Company "E"—Lieut. Spencer, Corporal Sparkman.

To Company "F"—Sergeants Sitton and Rhodes, Corporals Wyse and Holman.

To Company "G"—Sergeant Sadler.

Exchange Department

GEO. D. LEVY, '03, } - - - - EDITORS
 VANN LIVINGSTON, '03, }

As we open the neatly covered *Shamrock*, we are most pleasantly greeted by the picture of its pretty editor-in-chief, Miss Laurie Burt. This, in itself, would be all sufficient to make the magazine attractive; but to further add to the merit of this little paper, is a splendidly written editorial on corn planting month, which is so artistically and beautifully portrayed that it involuntarily reminds us of the opening chapter in "The Reign of Law" on hemp growing. "Doctor Faustus" is an essay of unquestionable merit. The continued story, "Miss Ponsonby," proves more and more interesting with each succeeding issue.

The March number of *The Wesleyan* contains some remarkable poems (?) and some stories of most marvellous literary merit!! "The Quality of Mercy" has a poor plot, is badly told, and to make matters worse, it is drawn out to the fullest extent. We are exceedingly sorry that this story contains no more sentences, for it was interesting to note how many paragraphs could be written on one page. We next find the poem "Hope"—yes, well may we hope; hope for better articles in the next issue, although we may "die in despair." "The Woman Teacher," a continued story, is very interesting, so far; we will anticipate the remainder of it with pleasure. It is really amusing to note the way in which the Exchange Department is edited; it is purely a case of you tickle me, and I'll tickle you. This should not be the case. Exchange editors should not allow their criticisms to be influenced pro or con by flattering or adverse criticism of their respective magazines.

Although our sister college, Winthrop, has issued only two copies of its *Journal*, it has already attained a high standard, and may be counted as one of the very best exchanges that we have the pleasure of reviewing. Too much praise cannot be attributed to "Dixie," for both the little poem, "Homesickness," and the remarkably well written story, "Two Aristocrats." "Our Privilege" is by no means behind the other two articles referred to in a point of literary merit.

We most heartily congratulate the editor-in-chief of *The Southern University Monthly* on the noble manner in which he refutes the infamous charges of J. R. Cooke, of Grant University, in regard to our Southern women and the Confederacy. The principles on which the Confederacy was founded will always remain as a beacon light to free-minded and liberty-loving Americans; and to-day, more than ever before in the history of this grand republic, is the doctrine of "States' Rights" acknowledged by both North and South. May the "Daughters of the Confederacy" always remain the same great organization to sing the praises of the grandest heroes, the noblest martyrs that the world has ever seen.

The Messenger, from Richmond College, is an ideal college journal. In the March number, poetry, essays and fiction all have their place, and each department has the appearance of being completed. To all of our exchanges that desire to raise their standard we invite them to pattern after *The Messenger*, and to note the order of arrangement, the number and quality of the pieces that it contains.

The little *Hesperian*, although making slow progress, is gradually pushing to the front. We were glad to see a little improvement in the last issue. The editorial staff seems to

be very energetic, and if they continue to persevere, a golden future will await their magazine.

CLIPPINGS

“Our last month’s gas bill was just frightful,”
Said Mary to her beau;
The young man rose with smile delightful,
And turned the gas down low.—*Ex.*

Impertinent Fresh—“Say, Mister, how much do you get for your job as Marshal?”

Marshal (loftily)—“Oh, nothing much; about \$125 per month.”

Fresh—“You do? Well, can you tell me the difference between you and a man who dyes the wool on a sheep’s back?”

Marshal—“Give it up.”

Fresh—“Well, the man who dyes the wool on a sheep’s back is a lamb dyer, and you are a——; I mean, you don’t get \$125 a month for being Marshal.”—*Ex.*

“Your dancin’ is entrancin’,”
Said I, askance a-glancin’;
And pray, what else was there that I could say?
Her dancin’ was entrancin’—
On my foot she was a prancin’
Until I thought I’d have to faint away.—*Ex.*

When Mary tried to milk a cow
O’er which the flies were scattered,
The bovine waved her agile tail
Till Mary’s nerves were shattered.
“I wish that tail would turn to stone,”
I heard poor Mary mutter;
This seemed to vex the docile beast
And she straightway turned to butt her.

University of Arizona Monthly.

It was at a dinner party. The bright young man found himself privileged to sit next to the young woman with beautiful arms and neck. He thought himself the most favored personage in the room. Suddenly his fair companion exhibited signs of nervousness. Two of his very best jokes, saved for a special occasion, passed by unnoticed. Her face wore a look of alarm. Apprehensively, the young man gazed at her, and meeting the look, she said:

"I am in misery."

"In misery?" echoed the man.

"Yes," she replied, "I was vaccinated the other day, and it has taken so beautifully. I could almost scream, it hurts so."

The young man looked at the beautiful arms, and seeing no mark there, said:

"Why, where were you vaccinated?"

"*In Boston*," she replied, a smile chasing away the look of pain.—*Ex.*

She frowned and called him Mr.

Because, in fun he merely kr.

And then in spite

The following night,

This naughty Mr. kr. sr.—*Ex.*

"Say!" asked a lad of ten, who had

A most inquiring mind,

"Who is it loses all the fault

That other people find?"—*Ex.*

Thoughts at Sea

The first day called up fears that made me nervous-hearted,

The next day called up memories of friends from whom
I'd parted,

The third day called up thoughts of land, where one is safely
carted,

The fourth day called up everything I'd eaten since I
started.—*Ex.*

The Heart's Transformation

"O," quoth the maid, "I'm not afraid
For Cupid sly at me to fly

His magic dart."

"Indeed," said she right haughtily,

"No onslaught fierce could ever pierce
A marble heart."

Then Cupid, dared, a shaft prepared

Within his bow; the string let go

Exultantly.

"All hearts of stone have undergone,

Within my range, material change,

Fair maid," said he.

—*W. B. Parks, in Emory Phoenix.*

Southern Colleges

Nearly all of those, which issue handsomely engraved anniversary and commencement invitations, are having them done by a Southern firm who are doing very artistic work.

We refer to J. P. STEVENS, of ATLANTA, GA.

This house has a magnificently equipped plant for the production of high grade steel and copper plate engraving, and invitation committees would do well to obtain their prices and samples before placing their orders.

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The Clemson College Chronicle

Valeat Quantum Valere Potest

VOL. V.

CLEMSON COLLEGE, S. C., MAY, 1902

No. 8



W. E. G. BLACK, }
V. B. HALL, }

EDITORS

Gentleman Jim

For three years Jim Gregory had worked in a diamond mine near Kimberly. In that time he had won the love and respect of the inhabitants of the town in which he lived. The simple folks with whom he came in contact made no efforts to pry into his past; they only knew his name—Jim Gregory, and that when the Sea Gull dropped anchor in a near-by port, three summers before, he had been among her passengers. A few days later he had sought and obtained employment in the Excelsior Mines.

Although he wore the rough garb of his co-laborers, there was much in his manner and appearance that even to their rude gaze was indicative of better times; so much so that they gained for him the nick-name of "Gentleman Jim." His earnings were ever at the disposal of the widow and the orphan; children loved him devotedly, and his greatest pleas-

ure seemed to be in teaching them when his day's work was over. When sickness desolated the village, Jim was the gentle nurse, who went from home to home, soothing the sick, comforting the dying, and caring for those whose dear ones or main-stay had been summoned to the great beyond.

During the last rainy season, fears were entertained for the safety of the mines. Late one afternoon as the men were nearing the opening of the "Baby" mine, a crash was heard that struck terror to the hearts of those on whose ears it fell. All the miners had emerged to the light of day, except Bill McKormick, a widow's only son, and Jim. Realizing their impending fate as they neared the opening, Jim caught the boy with a giant grasp, and hurled him clear of danger. Then, with deafening noise, the shaft fell in.

When the rocks and timbers were cleared away, they bore Jim's body to the light. Rough miners gently laid him on the turf; with tear-dimmed vision, they opened his shirt to see the wounds that had killed him. On his blood-stained bosom they found a small case, containing the picture of a fair young girl, and a card on which was pinned a withered rose; beneath it had been written "all perished, except the thorn." They laid him to rest near the beach, where he had loved to wander. The waves of the restless ocean sound his requiem and the rays of the setting sun seem to linger caressingly on the wooden slab that toil-stained but loving hands erected to the memory of one who had died for his fellow-man.

* * * * *

£100 reward for information that will lead to the whereabouts of Sir James Gordon, second son of Sir William Gordon, Bart., of L—shire, England; was thought to have sailed on the Sea Gull, when she left England nearly four years ago. Communicate with Bailey & Brooks, solicitors, London, Eng.

This advertisement met the gaze of Henry Robertson, manager of the Excelsior Mines, as he hastily glanced over some papers that had just come from Southampton. By the same mail, he had received unexpected summons to return to England on important business, when the boat sailed for home. As the deepening twilight rendered reading impossible, and as he did not wish to have the lamps lighted early, he drew his chair by an open window to enjoy the evening breeze. Musing, his thoughts reverted to the notice he had just read; one idea suggested another, until finally having, seemingly, arrived at some definite conclusion, he said half aloud, "It's worth the trouble; I'll try it."

Arriving in England, and having transacted the business for which he had been called home, Henry thought again of the possible reward in store for him. The following afternoon, he presented himself at the office of Bailey & Brooks. On presenting his card, he was ushered into the presence of Mr. Bailey, the senior member of the firm.

Having stated his mission, he drew from his pocket the photograph that for years had lain on the heart of "Gentleman Jim." The old solicitor adjusted his glasses, moved nearer to the light, and gazed intently at the picture before him.

"Yes, yes," he said, half to himself, "that is surely the face of Alice Mordaunt as she looked before she cast love from her, broke a good man's heart, and sold herself into gilded misery—well, I suppose 'the jingle of the guinea helps the hurt that honor feels.'"

Then turning to Henry, he thus began: "Young man, you have earned the reward offered for knowledge of Sir James Gordon. I deeply regret the tidings that you bear; they can but bring sorrow to those who loved that noble boy. It is only just that I should tell you something of his history:

"Sir James was the second son of Sir William Gordon, and was a general favorite with all who knew him. For years he had been engaged to Alice Mordaunt, whose father owned property that joined Sir William's lands. Though James possessed only the meagre income of a second son, all of his friends predicted much happiness for the fair girl he had won. Shortly before the marriage was to have taken place, the eldest son, Sir Cecil, returned from his travels on the Continent. It was soon evident that the course of true love no longer ran smooth, and few were astonished to hear that Miss Alice had broken the engagement, and would soon wed Sir Cecil. James lingered in England until after the marriage was celebrated. Some say that he was in church during the ceremony, though not among the wedding guests. Shortly after he disappeared, and none have heard tidings of him until this day. The reason for this advertisement was that Sir Cecil had been suddenly killed while on a fox hunt, and dying without heirs, it was necessary to seek his only brother. Fate did not reward Alice for her perfidy; she could not purchase the happiness she had denied another. It is but just that she should suffer even as she made that youth whose

'Glorious, chivalric deed
Shall not perish as long as men hold this creed—
That the hero whose blood for his kind is shed
Wins a deathless fame and an honored bed;
A monument grander than sculptor e'er gave,
In the glory that hallows the martyr's grave.' "

G. D. L., '03.

Another Reply

In spite of a natural dislike for controversy, I feel that I

cannot do less than sustain the position which I have previously taken in regard to social intercourse between students and faculty. This is a subject which well deserves consideration, and I am truly glad that the opposing views are being presented, because it will only serve to assist me in exposing the absurdity of the objections raised to social relations between student body and faculty.

It was with a view of bringing this phase of college life to the attention of the students and faculty, and with the hope of making the environments more pleasant and profitable for both, that I first mentioned it; and it is in this same spirit that I answer erroneous and misleading views that may be presented on the opposite side. I do not pose as an unquestionable authority on this subject, though I have given some special thought to it from the standpoint of a disinterested observer. I say disinterested, because, in common with nearly all of the students, I have received none of the sweets of society by *visiting* the professors, and I do not hope to receive any. I claim to possess no unusual insight into matters of this kind, but I believe that I can modestly claim for myself the ability to draw as correct conclusions after five years experience as others can from three years experience. I regret to notice that my friend is laboring under a wrong impression. He has charged me with overlooking the argument in his February article, and analyzing his phraseology and exposing his literary short-comings. I am exceedingly sorry that he has so misconstrued my reply, for I am sure I was only after the argument: I did not intend to point out any defects in his phraseology, because I think that he uses fairly good English. If, however, there was some room for this construction of my reply, it might be accounted for to some extent by the fact that his note contained more elegant language and rhetorical flights than convincing argument.

Coming to the arguments advanced in the April issue, my

friend takes the position that social intercourse is not desirable, because but few invitations are extended to the cadets by the professors, and that the cadets do not respond to these with alacrity. Now before this doctrine is accepted we must find out if the students and faculty are pleased with this condition. I know of no better way of finding out than to let them answer for themselves. I have recently gotten the sentiment of enough professors to assure me that the faculty is by no means pleased with the conditions; and this discussion has caused numbers of students to speak to me about it, and nearly all that have expressed themselves to me regret that the conditions are as we have them. This shows that action is not a criterion of inward desires in this case. We may with safety charge this condition in part to hurtful and undesirable influences, which operated in the early history of the college and established a sentiment against social intercourse, which has been handed down to the present generation of students. Speaking in broad, general terms and granting a few exceptions, I feel perfectly safe in asserting that a better social condition is very much desired by both students and professors.

The plea that social intercourse engenders partiality, and causes unfairness is entirely unwarranted. I take the ground that social intercourse does not in any way interfere with fair competition among the students. I admit, however, that it is absolutely impossible for a professor to meet a class of students very long without having his favorites among them. Professors are human beings, possessing human instincts, and subject to human errors. So it is with students. Students have their favorites among the professors just from what they see of them in the class room, and the professors have their favorites among the students from what they see of them in the class room, whether or not they ever see or speak to them at any other place. These

favoritisms are inevitable, they are bound to exist so long as students and professors possess human idiosyncracies. But I make the positive statement without qualification and without the fear of successful contradiction, that at this place they are not the outcome of social intercourse. The limited social intercourse has resulted from them. I have been here five years and I have yet to learn of a single instance where a student has been invited out by a professor unless that student has previously become a favorite of the professor. Under our present conditions the professors form their likes and dislikes for the students in the class room, and then if it is desirable they invite those students out whom they like best. When an invitation is extended to a student, this is only the external evidence of the internal regard which the professor has for that student, and incidentally it is evidence that this student has become a favorite of that professor. He was then a favorite before any social relation ever existed between them. Let any one fail to recognize that these favoritisms precede social intercourse, and he will "*exhibit a lack of observation woeful to behold.*"

So we can eliminate the erroneous conception that favoritisms are caused by social intercourse.

As stated above these favoritisms are bound to exist regardless of social conditions. The social conditions will never reach the stage where none of these favorites will be invited out, and under our present conditions whenever a student accepts these favors, he creates a certain amount of jealousy on the part of his fellow-students. It was with a view of eliminating this particular objection that I advocated the entertainment of the students as sections or as classes, and thereby eradicating all manifestations of the personal likes or dislikes which the professors may have for the individual students. But my friend argues that this ought not to be done, because some of the students are more entertaining and

interesting in society than others. That they are more polished and better informed as to the usages of society, and that this would enable them to shine as a lustrous beacon in contrast with their less brilliant friends, and consequently cause them to receive the most attention from the professors and their families. This may all be true, but we can say with equal sagacity that some students shine better in the class room than others, some shine better in literary societies than others, and some shine better on the athletic field than others. One man shines best in one place, and another in still another place. Possibly no one shines very bright in more than one place, so if the man that shines so brightly in society has no opportunity to shine there, he cannot shine at all. I simply ask, is it common sense to deny the entire student body a privilege simply because some have greater abilities to use it than others? This is an absurdity, a ridiculous idea. You had just as well say that we will have no literary societies and no athletics because some are more fluent speakers or more active athletes than others and will consequently win more laurels for themselves. You had just as well go still farther and say that we will have no colleges because some students will out shine others.

I do not claim that such a radical improvement can be accomplished as would be necessary to "convert a sow's ear into a silken purse," but I do claim that it would help the students to some extent to feel that ease and freedom and dignity which is expected to characterize college bred men, and which can hardly be attained except by the enobling and uplifting influence of feminine association. Besides this the time could be more pleasantly spent visiting the home of a professor than in a dungeon. And our barracks are no more than a dungeon, so far as its social advantages are concerned. I am not yet ready to intimate that the Clemson students are so uninteresting that their presence cannot in



CHIEF OF THE ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES

some measure remunerate the professors for their sacrifice in entertaining them. My friend has admitted that the professors can do for the students what can be done for a monkey—teach them mannerisms. If this can be done, we can ask for nothing more. We cannot hope to change a man's whole motives and inward being by such a simple process, but if we can give them mannerisms, the result would be worth the trouble, for these mannerisms are exceedingly important in order that our inward graces may be made manifest. I am aware of the fact that it makes very little difference whether or not we know just how many fingers to use in holding a cup of tea, or at what angle we should hold our elbows when it becomes necessary to shake the hand of another. These fine points need never worry us. In fact they are so insignificant that they should not be mentioned. Practical business people cannot hope to keep up with all of the changing rules of society, but there are some unchangeable accomplishments, which will serve you well on all occasions—notably common politeness, and a free and easy air in the presence of ladies and strangers or in social gatherings. These things come to us very largely through practice, and association with people where we are placed upon our dignity. It seems to me that this phase of a student's development would decline considerably in four long years while excluded from all these helpful influences, while the benefit of them would serve a very desirable purpose. So we may with safety claim that social intercourse will not only serve to improve the rough and unpolished students, but also to prevent social retrogression on the part of those students who have had the very best social advantages before entering college. I cannot refrain from believing that, in every congenial home or family circle, there are certain restraining, enobling and elevating influences which can never be felt in the presence of the most select company of cadets.

I wish to say in reply to one of my friend's suggestions that if there is any professor on our faculty who cannot entertain a party of students in his home without showing partiality and thereby embarrassing the unfortunate students, he is not worthy of his title, and should be kicked out of the college. If I felt that our professors and their families were made of such material as that, I would leave here to-morrow and refuse to accept a diploma bearing their signatures.

My friend sees another insurmountable difficulty in the fact that the average cottage on the "Hill" is small and cannot comfortably receive a section or a class. I admit that this is a disadvantage; but I recall the fact that in the Bible there is a passage which beautifully illustrates the fact that each person is only expected to give an account of his individual abilities, and it makes no difference whether he possesses one, three, or five talents. So each professor is only expected to do what he can in this matter. If he cannot entertain a section or a class, let him take five, ten, fifteen or such number of students as will correspond with his individual circumstances.

I would like to write more on this subject, but lack of space prevents it; so I will close by saying and emphasizing that social intercourse between students and faculty is desirable, feasible, and beneficial. E. B. BOYKIN.

Richard O'Bryan—Schoolmaster

He was an austere man, this country school-master, and his motto was, "Spare the rod and spoil the child." He taught in a small, two-room lop-sided building which faced the public road, was bounded on the east by a dense swamp through which flowed Peg branch. On the north and west was a dense forest in which the bare-footed urchins, with

unkempt hair, corduroy trousers and cotton "gallowses" used to chase the freckled-faced milk-maids, who were chosen for the wily fox, the boys gallantly volunteering as hounds.

This old school-master bore a striking resemblance to Washington Irving's "Ichabod Crane." He was long rather than tall, for from the ground to the crown of his head was less than six feet, but by the circuitous route of his spinal column, it must have been several inches more. His knees were slightly sprung, doubtless caused by constantly dangling them from a high, three-legged stool. His beady black eyes were entrenched behind a huge pair of spectacles, the gutta percha frame work of which rose like an arch to a cathedral entrance, to a level with his bald pate. His teeth could almost be counted through his thin, hollow cheeks; and his pointed chin, poorly screened by a scattering growth of tobacco-stained grey hairs, came in close proximity to his hawk-billed nose. His long, lanky arms lay idly across his lap except when wielding a stout birch rod, which composed the gymnasium of himself and pupils.

This old school-master lived some three miles from his school house, but be it said to the honor of his flea-bitten grey charger, he was never known to be more than two hours late. He always brought his lunch to school, swung over his right arm in a tin bucket; on his left he carried a homespun sack into which was stuffed a "Blue-back Speller," copy book, arithmetic and diverse other implements of mental torture. Behind his raw-hide saddle was strapped the provender of his faithful "Locomotive," as the boys were fond of calling his antiquated grey.

Between the hours of nine and twelve, the school-master's monk-like chant resounded through the quiet room, broken occasionally by a resounding whack on the devoted head of some luckless bumpkin.

At twelve, the signal for recess was given by ringing an ancient dinner bell, and ere the echo had died away, the school-room was empty. Each pupil betook himself to some friendly shade tree, and there with his tin bucket between his knees, made short work of his noonday meal. The school-master, by virtue of his position, remained indoors and dined as became one of his dignity. Perched on his elevated tripod with his tin bucket firmly clasped between his knees, he searched the inmost recesses of his food receptacle with his long, bony fingers.

Now this old school-master's only joy was his rum bottle, to which he made rather constant visits on those days when the weather was especially inclement. When in one of his semi-intoxicated conditions, he became very gay and witty, but if he chanced to overestimate his capacity for strong drink, he became contumacious and actually cruel in his treatment of his pupils. It was in one of these savage spells that the old man last parted with his pupils. On a bitter cold day of December, '93, after school had been disbanded for the day, the old school-master stood in the door-way of his school-room and looked out upon the snow-covered earth, shivering at the thought of his three mile ride. To "keep out the cold" he frequently resorted to his gin bottle ere he departed on his homeward way. Now on this particular occasion he so greatly overestimated his capacity for cheap gin, that his reason was completely dethroned. He staggered out into the blinding snow and by chance found his faithful "Locomotive." After many futile attempts, he succeeded in getting astride his charger's back. He reined into the first opening which presented itself to view, which chanced to be a bridle path leading into the woods. The old man with whip and spur urged his horse to its top speed. After about a mile of this mad gallop, they came to a large oak, whose lowest branches spread fan-shaped over the path,

at about the height of a man's head. Regardless of the impending danger, the drunken old pedagogue rushed beneath the over-hanging branches. The horse emerged on the other side but the rider was nowhere visible. His head had slipped between two forking limbs, his support had passed from beneath him, leaving him drunken, half-frozen, half-stunned; hanged by the hand of fate. Three days later the body was found hanging from the tree. The eyes were protruded, tongue hanging out, with his bony hands firmly grasping the fatal limbs. The public was cordially invited, by the student body, to attend the burial on the following forenoon. At the appointed hour, a vast concourse of rustics were assembled, foremost among which were the students of Peg branch school. Some were equal to the occasion and shed tears of genuine sympathy, but others could only assume a grieved look, and with hands stuffed deep in their pockets, a straw in their mouths and head cocked to one side, they viewed the ceremony with silent unconcern.

To-day, in the northeast corner of Tabernacle churchyard, stands a small marble slab bearing this inscription:

"Richard O'Bryan,
Born—God knows when.
Died—From drinking one X gin."
D. H. S., '02.

Speech on the Philippine Question

(*Resolved*, That the United States should continue to pursue its present policy in reference to the Philippines.)

The past three years have been momentous ones in the annals of our country. During that time, history, rapid and unusual, has been made. The surges of events have beaten upon the olden shores. War, waged upon abnormal and

exceptional issues; has broken in upon the even tenor of our way and disturbed the usual serenity of our reflections.

When the treaty with Spain was signed on December 10, 1898, and the Philippine Islands were ceded to us, it became necessary for the United States to formulate some policy toward the islands. Upon the question of what that policy should be, the two great parties of the United States held opposite views. Democrats advocated the granting of independence upon the ground that it was the *only* consistent policy, since we had been their allies in their late war with Spain; Republicans, I know not why, advocated the governing of the islands as a colony of the United States. The Republicans being in the majority in Congress, obtained the adoption of their policy. Accordingly, the President published a proclamation to the Filipinos asserting the sovereignty of the United States over them. It is true that the advocates of this colonial policy did not then admit that it was the intention of the government to hold the islands in perpetuity, but there is not a single advocate of that policy to-day who will deny that such is its intention. The bills introduced in Congress which have reference to the Philippines are as permanent measures as any ever enacted in our legislative halls.

As soon as the Filipinos perceived that it was not our intention to grant them independence, which they had just won from Spain, they took up their muskets against us. The President, alarmed at the position they had taken, issued a call to a liberty-loving people for seventy-five thousand volunteers to crush the spirit of liberty in the hearts of those people of the far away islands. Thus was begun a war which will leave a black spot upon our country's hitherto stainless character. Volunteers many in number were called for, and now after three years of hard fighting the Filipinos have been almost overpowered. The Administra-

tion is congratulating itself for the success which has crowned its efforts and is hoping that the time is not far hence "when every knee shall bow" in submission to the United States.

I desire to call your attention to a few facts which, I think, should furnish not a reason for congratulations but *rather* a reason for profoundest thought on the part of our citizens. The first is: that the policy which we are pursuing is morally wrong. At the time of the Revolutionary War there was practically but one form of government in existence. It recognized that all powers of government were vested in one man, and that he could grant such privileges to his subjects as he deemed proper. Such a government was called a monarchy. It was in the early years of our colonial history that the people along the Atlantic shore began to reason why one man should have power to rule another. Their reasoning ere long was crystallized in the principles of the Declaration of Independence, the grandest writing ever penned by man. Among other things this document declares that "man is entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," and to attain these ends, "governments are instituted among men, deriving their just power from the consent of the governed." These principles are declared to be self-evident truths. They form the basis of the moral law. Any violation of these truths is a violation of the moral law itself. I know that some will say that the Filipinos are ignorant and incapable of self-government and therefore we should govern them that they might attain "life, liberty, and the pursuits of happiness." It is the doctrine of thrones that man is too ignorant to govern himself. In our colonial days, George III. spoke of us as "ignorant backwoods men," and incapable of governing ourselves. There may be degrees of proficiency in self-government, but it is a reflection on the Creator himself to say that he denied to any people the capacity for self-government.

The second is: that the policy of conquest is entailing an immense debt upon the people of the United States. The statistics put the cost last year as eighty million dollars, making a total cost since the war began of over three hundred million dollars. Although real war has practically ceased, a war of conquest is bound to leave its legacy of hatred ranking in the breast of the conquered. Experienced officers tell us that it will take an army of thirty thousand men to garrison the islands for thirty years. The average cost per annum for a soldier is fifteen-hundred dollars; hence to keep such an army as is needed there, requires the expenditure of one billion four hundred and fifty million dollars. Besides this enormous loss in dollars and cents, we have the many thousand lives sacrificed on the battlefield and in the hospitals. We have already sent one hundred and twenty thousand men to those islands; how many we have left there and how many have returned to fill early graves God only knows.

There are some who would justify this sacrifice of life and money upon the ground that it offers a field for increased commercial possibilities. Against the sordid doctrine of those who would put a price upon the head of an American soldier and justify a war of conquest upon the ground that it will pay, I desire to place the philosophy of Franklin, who said, "To me, it seems that neither the obtaining nor retaining of trade is an object for which men may justly spill each others blood."

Then, there is the further fact that our commerce in those islands has not increased, although we have owned them for three years. We exported to them last year goods to the amount of a little over two million dollars, most of which was for our army, while Great Britain exported over twice as much. Ladies and gentlemen, it is not necessary to own a people before we can trade with them.

The idea that we can control the Oriental trade through

Manila is fanciful. That port is not on the route of ships from our Pacific coast ; in fact, it is a thousand miles from the line of travel of those steamships, that line passing by and within two hundred miles of the Aleutian Islands. If we want the trade of China we must seek it at the great seaboard cities of the empire. The American consul at Canton says that for two hundred and fifty thousand dollars we can obtain a concession across the river from that place. Such a concession would be ample enough for all our trade and manufacturing purposes.

The third is : that the colonial system of government has proved in nearly every instance a miserable failure. The business of governing the world has largely for the last century devolved upon Great Britain, and I call your attention to the fact that Ireland, one of her oldest colonies, presents the only example of a civilized nation of the world declining in population, that the government in India is a government of tyranny and robbery from beginning to end. Look, if you please, at the miserable condition of Cuba and the Philippines, themselves, under the Spanish rule. The cruelties and atrocities perpetrated in those islands under the name of government are unparalleled in the history of the world. I do not believe that under American rule such crimes would be permitted. I believe that of all nations of the world the United States would exercise the most lenient form of colonial government. But history teaches us that a "long distance" government has always been a detriment to the people so governed.

The fourth is : That a policy of colonization is a departure from our former practice. We, as a nation, have stood heretofore as a brilliant example to every people struggling for national independence. For seven long years we waged a war against Great Britain for liberty. For one hundred and twenty-five years we have posed as the guardians of that

sacred right. It was in behalf of this right that Patrick Henry declared, "Give me liberty, or give me death." When Monroe said to the European governments in 1803, "You shall not colonize any more of the territory of the Western Hemisphere," he said it in behalf of the American people. Alas! how different our ideas are from what they were a hundred years ago! Then we protected liberty, Now we are endeavoring to crush it.

"The love of liberty, the aspirations for freedom, are natural passions of the human heart. In all ages of the world, in all lands and climes, these passions have lived. They have defied the edict of kings. They have paid the last full measure of devotion at the stake. They have shed undying lustre upon countless fields of battle in all the dark and gloomy past." They are pouring out the life-blood of an unfortunate people upon the thirsty ground of the Philippine Islands. How long shall this be allowed to continue? How long will the people of the United States permit the subjugation of those islanders? The shades of our forefathers, of Patrick Henry, of George Washington, say, "Stop it now!"

I am not alarmed by the statements of any one who says that we are bound in honor to remain in the Philippines. Listen to him as he appeals to the nation's pride: "Would you pull down our honored flag from the ramparts of Manila after it has been placed there by our brave soldiers?" "Would you flee from the face of the enemy? The American soldier has never before run from an enemy, though ever so formidable; would you have us flee from a small body of Filipinos?" I can conceive of no greater service done in behalf of my country than to pull down its flag from where it has ceased to represent the sentiments of its first defenders. Better a thousand times that our flag in the Philippines give way to a flag representing self-government than that it should become the emblem of an empire.

The fifth and last fact to which I wish to call your attention is this: That a colonial system of government will produce an empire at home. I take it that there is not a man or woman in this house who would say, "Let us make the Filipino citizens." They are a people, alien to us in blood, traditions, religion, race and character, and we cannot hope to make them an integral part of our citizenship. Then we must treat them as subjects and govern them as possessions. This is imperialism. The advocates of the colonial policy, conscious of the weakness of their cause, seek to confuse expansion with imperialism. The forcible annexation of territory to be governed by an arbitrary power differs as much from the acquisition of territory to be built up into States as a monarchy differs from democracy. "The acquisition of Louisiana, Florida, Texas, and other tracts which have been secured from time to time, enlarged the republic and the Constitution followed the flag into the new territory. It is now proposed to seize upon distant territory and to force upon the inhabitants a form of government for which there is no warrant either in our Constitution or in our laws.

A continual violation by a nation of the fundamental principles of its government cannot but soon result in a radical change in its government. We cannot have a republican government for ourselves and an imperialistic government for our colonies. Sooner or later republican government must extend over the colonies or imperialistic government over the States. Why? Because there must of necessity arise two schools of politics—the one claiming the equality of all men and the other advocating the power of some to rule others. The first will contain the humble citizens. The second, the Imperial school, will contain the people of wealth and their dependents. These two schools will battle not only for a recognition of their principles, but for an extension of the same; and it is one of the saddest lessons in the history

of the old republics that whenever these two schools have met the Imperialistic school by its dazzling influence of wealth has always won.

Let us hope that our admiration for the patriots of '76 and our love for those inalienable rights of men embodied in the Declaration of Independence will prevent such a calamity from befalling our country.

Our forefathers founded the most benign government ever established by man. Its example has done more for down-trodden humanity than all the acts of charity since time began. Its principles of liberty have produced a civilization more splendid than could ever have been imagined. To jeopardize those principles would, in my opinion, be the most fatal error ever committed by the American people.

Let us, then, have done with this un-American policy of colonization. In the name of the great American Republic, the only great republic ever founded upon the principles of liberty, let us turn away from the tint and tinsel, pomp and splendor of the "God of Imperialism and return once more to the God of our fathers to worship at the more congenial shrine of freedom and liberty.

G. F. N., '03.

John's First Trip to College

We shall call the "Rat," whose story we are about to tell, John. He lived in the country not many miles from D—. His father had lived on the farm from early childhood, and, as the war came on during his boyhood days, he had but little chance to go to school. This did not make him as narrow, however, as some of his neighbors, who held that they were getting on very well without any "schooling," and that they did not see the use of letting any young fellow lose so much time at school. As stated before, John's father did not look

upon the matter of education in such a light, and, as soon as John had reached his sixth year he was sent to a small country school, presided over by a lady of some years, who having given up all hope of finding a protector, had resorted to spectacles and school teaching as a means of taking care of herself. She was naturally cross, and of course there was nothing left for John and the other small boys of school to do but to become very obedient because of the love which most small boys entertain for their teachers. Her being strict was the cause of John's learning his lessons from day to day, and the reader will not be surprised to learn that he was prepared to enter the first grade at the town school, after only two sessions under his able instructor.

When John's father was informed that he was prepared to enter the village school, he made arrangements to send him. He learned very readily under his new teachers and soon became a favorite with them. He rose grade after grade, and, when he was fifteen years of age, left the village school with the praise of his teachers, a certificate of his accomplishments, and a notion in his head that he was a pretty smart young fellow. His father was very proud of him and thought next of sending him to college. Many catalogues were sent him, but the one from Clemson suited him best of all, and it was decided to send John to Clemson. An application was filed and soon a letter came informing John that a place would be held for him, and that he might report for duty on September twelfth.

Preparations were immediately begun for John's first trip. John longed for the day to come. He thought of what a figure the boy who had come out first at school in D— should cut when he reached college and presented his certificate. He longed for the time to come when he could walk up to the head of the college, tell him that he was John —, of D—, and be offered a seat near the first in college. He thought

that his certificate would admit him into almost any class that he chose, and had made up his mind to enter Soph. so that he would be a source of wonder to the other "Rats," who could only enter "Fresh and Prep." At last the longed-for day came. John was up early, but somehow he did not feel so happy over the thought of his departure. Walking about the farm, he thought that it would be quite fine just to stay there all the time. He was not left long to his thoughts, however, for soon he was called to do some final minor tasks regarding his departure. He tied his trunk securely, helped his mother tie up his lunch boxes and then the family sat down to eat breakfast together for the last time for many months. John thought of this and was very quiet all the while. As soon as breakfast was over he put his trunk in the wagon, told all good-bye, received the last cautions from his mother about being a good boy, and then got into the buggy with his father to go to the depot.

Arriving there, he found that the train was due in a very few minutes, so he bought his ticket, checked his trunk and began to tell his comrades good-bye. He felt very uncomfortable all the while, but especially so when the boys began to tell him about what would happen to him when he got to Clemson.

The train came just at this time, and as John turned to say good-bye to his father, a boy with a uniform on called to him from the window, "Say, 'Rat,' hurry up and get on, I want my shoes shined." John heard the command, but tried to appear not to notice it. He stepped boldly on the train, but had hardly gotten on the platform, when a crowd met him. He heard: "Hello, Rat!" "What's your name?" "What have you in that box?" "Why can't you take off your hat when you talk to us?" and a great many other questions, which so dazed him that he hardly knew what he was doing, until one of the boys took his hat off for him, when he meekly said,

"thank you." Soon one of the boys noticed John's lunch boxes, and with a wink, ordered the others to let the "rat" alone. John thought that he understood the wink, but was too glad to be left alone to say anything. When the train reached the next station, the attention of the boys was taken up by two "rats" who took the train at that point, and John was left alone for some time. When he was spoken to after that it was in a very friendly manner and soon John began to think that his troubles were all over. To make sure that all were his friends, he opened up all his lunch and called up all to eat with him. All of the old boys came and for a few minutes John was the best "rat" in the lot. He was very happy and was congratulating himself on making so many friends, when he thought that he noticed a change in the attitude of the boys toward him. This thought was verified, when he heard one of the boys remark, as he wiped his mouth: "that rat will wish that he had his grub before night." Just about that time John began to feel that he was not quite such a knowing young man after all.

Every boy that joined the ever-increasing crowd, came with a great many questions and jeers, and the remainder of John's journey was spent in thinking of many things and wishing that he was at home. He had no more lunch to buy a few happy moments with and he felt like crying.

After a while, however, the crowd left him, with a promise of a visit as soon as they got to the college. When left alone, John ran his hand into his pocket to see if his certificate was safe. Then he thought of how he could astound the whole crowd by showing it, but decided not to do so until he got to college. John asked a sick looking "rat," sitting near him, what class he was going to try for, and when told that he thought that he could get into Fresh. or "Prep," spoke up quickly and said that he knew that he could enter Soph.

After what seemed an age John heard one of the boys say that the next stop was at Cherry's, so gathering up what he had left he made ready to get off. When the train stopped he looked out of the window to find out what all the boys were running for, and soon he found that all the buggies and hacks were filled and that he must walk about two miles to get to the college. He got in with a crowd of "rats" and they all walked over together, each telling of what he thought would be his fate when he got there. Soon they came in front of the barracks, and now we'll follow John. He came up to the top of the hill and stopped; for he saw on either side of the gang-way that leads into barracks, a long row of paddles and straps. John made up his mind to wait awhile before going in, but soon one of the boys came up, shook hands with him and told him to follow him through and he would take care of him. Then John thought that at least one man in the crowd had seen that he was no ordinary "rat," and following his leader, he approached the line of paddles. As they came very near the row, his guide suddenly stepped aside and gave John a push that sent him well in between the rows of paddles, which now began to fall on him at a great rate. He could not turn back, so he wisely decided to go ahead. Ducking his head, he ran for the door at the other end of the row—and, when he reached this, found himself in a long hall with doors on either side. John ran into the first door and asked a boy, whom he found there, where he could find the President. He was shown the way and soon he walked into the President's office, and found himself face to face with that official. He drew his certificate out and presented it; but was rather surprised when the President merely glanced at it and handed it back to him, telling him to come back to-morrow, prepared to stand his entrance examinations. John wondered why the President did not pay more attention to a paper signed by the most



SENIOR ATHLETICS

learned man in his country, but comforted himself by thinking that the President did not notice the name on the certificate, as he was very busy. John took the card that the President gave him and returned to barracks where he was assigned to a room. He went out to find his trunk and after carrying in a number of them for the older boys, dragged his own to his room and sat on it as most "rats" do when they first get to Clemson. He had not been in his room long before he heard a great noise in the hall; and suddenly his door was burst open and a great many boys came in with all kinds of "persuaders" to make him speak and sing. John got up on the table and made his speech, sang his song, and was wondering what he was to do next, when suddenly the table was no longer under him and he fell to the floor amid many licks from the paddles, etc. He got up and found the room empty, so he locked his door and made up his bed to sleep for the night. He was not troubled any more during the night except to climb the ventilator pipe for another crowd singing as he climbed: "I am coming, Lord." When he had done this and the crowd had gone out, he crawled into bed and was soon asleep. He had not been asleep very long, however, before he awoke to find that he was on the floor, with bed, mattress and everything else on top of him. John got up and made up his bed again, putting the mattress on the floor this time to prevent being "turned" again. He knew now what the boys meant by being "turned," but he failed to see the fun in it. After the "turning" he was not troubled any more, so he slept until he was waked by the bugle next morning. He got up and followed the crowd down to breakfast and after having his coffee and milk salted several times, gave up the hope of eating anything and came out. He thought of going home, but remembered how the boys there would guy him, consequently, he determined to stay a few days longer.

He next went to the President with his certificate, and although he was not busy at the time, still he did not appreciate John's certificate with the great name signed. John thought of telling him about it, but was not given a chance; for he was soon shown to a room on the door of which a sign read: "Examination in Mathematics for Sophomore Class." John walked in. He was seated along with the others, and told to answer the questions on the board. Somehow John did not recognize the symbols used in the problems. He asked the professor in charge what they meant, and, as a result, was shown to a room across the hall, the sign of which read: "Examination in Mathematics for Freshman Class." John entered and read over the questions, but only found one at the first that he knew anything at all about, consequently he walked out and went into another door, where he passed an examination for Sub-Freshman Class. John was much taken down and, when alone in his room again, decided that the name on his certificate was not so big after all. He slowly tore the paper into fine pieces and threw them out of the window. Then he found that after all John was a very small man. He sat down and told the whole story to his parents, and then began to work to become a larger man. He finishes next year, but even now he does not feel so large as the John who left his home in D— armed with a certificate which would take him anywhere.

G., '03.

A Protest Against Child Labor in Cotton Mills

South Carolina holds to-day the second place in the Union in cotton manufacture. She controls one-third of the spindles, and forty per cent. of the looms of the South. This necessitates a large mill population. It can be easily seen

that this enormous mill population will furnish a large percentage of our future citizens, and that upon them will depend to a large extent the future safety and perpetuity of our democratic institutions. History teaches us that freedom and republican institutions can only exist where there is a wise and intelligent citizenship. The question, therefore, which confronts us is: "Can we allow child labor in our mills and still retain an unimpaired citizenship, and consequently the honor and greatness of our State?" This is a question which deserves our most earnest and patriotic consideration. And in this discussion I do not wish to stir you up or arouse your sympathies by making exaggerated statements, and picturing to you scenes of suffering and sorrow that do not exist. Nor am I even going to show you the true picture of the helpless and unwilling children as they are driven with silent sobs and tearful eyes from their homes to the mills. I invite you to consider this question not from a sentimental, but from a practical and patriotic point of view.

One of the foremost points for us to consider is: "Is it good for the children themselves to work in cotton mills?" The experience of other manufacturing countries leads me to answer *no*. In England it has been shown that four to six hours a day in mills for children between the ages of 11 and 13 stunts their growth six inches, and diminishes their weight by 22 pounds, below the average English child who is a full day scholar up to 13. The affect must be a great deal worse with us where the climate is warm, and the children are required to work 12 hours a day. Besides this, we have the positive admission of mill authorities that the labor of little children in mills is injurious to them physically and mentally; and this goes without argument. There can be no perfect system of ventilating a cotton mill. The atmosphere is filled with flying lint, which often brings on throat and lung troubles, while the sudden change from the hot factory

to the early morning and late evening mist frequently causes pneumonia. These conditions, ladies and gentlemen, tell far more frequently and fatally on the unformed constitutions of children than on the grown workers. An eminent authority has recently said: "I am familiar with the slums of two continents, but I can say I have never seen a more pitiful sight than the mill children, nor known little ones for whom the outlook was more hopeless. It is not only that they are pale, shrunk and bowed—they look as if their brains were hypnotized and their souls paralyzed." This man only gave expression to the conviction of thousands of others who are in a position to know the true conditions. I wish to call your special attention to the intellectual depravity which accompanies child labor. Intellectual development is acquired only by a long course of training. Now, when these children get old enough to go to school, if, instead of sending them to school, they are sent into the cotton mills to work 10 or 12 hours a day for the entire year, there is no time left for mental training; and under these conditions it is absolutely impossible for these children to become intelligent citizens, and be prepared to meet the responsibilities of American citizenship. The most conclusive argument that child labor injures children mentally is the fact that it consumes the time which should be spent in school.

I grant that mill men are kind and loving to their operatives. They have been generous in furnishing them comfortable homes. They have built school houses and churches, but none of these can atone for the permanent injury done to the children by holding them in a condition of servitude which is diametrically opposed to their physical and mental development. A child who is forced to continually work in a cotton mill is denied the opportunity for physical development, which was granted to the negro children in the days of slavery. It is denied the opportunity for mental de-

velopment, branded as an ignoramus, and doomed to a life of mere tread-mill service.

Now, ladies and gentlemen, can we, a people who still boast of a true love for liberty, permit the childhood of our State to be sacrificed upon an altar of gold? Have we the right to turn the fresh current of our helpless children into canals to move factory wheels? We must not rest the burden of our industries upon their shoulders, and we must not "crucify them upon a cross of gold."

In the majority of cases, the condition which keeps our children in the factories is not one which grows out of necessity, but it is the ultimate outcome of an insatiated greed for wealth. There may be a few cases where child labor would seem justifiable, but such cases are very rare and are often misrepresented. I believe that the pathetic picture of a poor widow, who is dependent upon her little children, is too often held up before us. We are all sorry for the poor widows, we have anxieties for them; but we should be no less anxious about the poor little children upon whose baby shoulders rest the responsibility of supporting them. I believe that it is better for the State to support the helpless widows than for them to be supported by the meager earnings of their little children, who, as a natural consequence, will go out into the world mental dwarfs and physical wrecks to increase the paupers of future generations. And then our sympathy for the poor widow does not weigh so heavily when we learn that she contributes only two per cent. of the baby laborers. Go to the factory towns and I dare say that you will find more strong and healthy dead-beats, living on the earnings of their children, than poor helpless widows. There may be a few other scattering cases where individual hardship would be caused by the passage of this bill. Suppose it does press down hard upon a few. Can we afford to sacrifice the entire childhood of our mill population in order to meet a

necessity which is felt by only a few? It has always been the policy of American government to legislate so as to give the greatest good to the greatest number. Surely South Carolina can stand by this policy—in the consideration of a question which has such a far-reaching effect upon her institutions and future citizenship.

I would not advocate the prohibition of child labor if it would result in inculcating a spirit of idleness and indolence. No doubt if the children were released from the mills and allowed to loaf on the streets of the factory towns, they would form vicious habits and grow up as vagrants; but when we pass the child labor bill we must also pass a compulsory education bill, and keep the children in school until they are twelve years of age, after which they can go into the factories and work more intelligently and with but slight injury to themselves physically.

It is sometimes argued that parents have the right through personal liberty to say what their children shall do, and that the State has no right to interfere. I refute this argument. "The parent is the guardian of its child, not its owner. The child is the ward of its parent, not its slave." It is the sacred duty of parents to see that their children are supplied with the necessities of life and the proper conditions for symmetrical development. It is their right to require such work of them as will not interfere with this development or with their efficiency as future citizens, but I wish to say to you with all possible emphasis that it is not the right of parents to circumscribe the future possibilities of their children simply to gratify their own avaricious greed, or to lighten the burden of their own responsibilities. Can our State afford to allow this in the name of liberty? Is it not better for the State to restrain one parent than for that parent to enslave six children? Which is the greatest promoter of personal liberty? We must remember that personal liberty does not give to

parents freedom to injure children and deliberately dwarf their development; and that "American liberty includes the liberty of the State to protect the weak from ignorance and avarice, as well as the liberty to open to its own future citizens a free path to manhood and intelligent citizenship."

It may be urged by some that if we leave the matter alone, the mill men and operatives will eventually adjust it themselves by voluntary action. But we have no assurance of this. The mill authorities of our State have never organized with a view of affecting such voluntary action, but on the other hand they have given unmistakable evidence of their opposition to the passage of such a bill. Whenever the matter comes up before our Legislature, an array of mill presidents invariably appears before them and seeks to make the State resign its function as the guardian of the interest of its little children and promoter of its own future enlightenment and well-being. This is not a matter which can be left entirely to voluntary action, for self-interest and the temptations to sacrifice the future welfare of society to present necessities are strong and sometimes overwhelming.

If any still have scruples as to the right of the State to interfere with parents relation to their children and wish to stake the issue upon this point, I urge that we can leave the parents and children entirely out of consideration, and prohibit the engagement of child labor by mill authorities. You say that it looks hard to close the doors of the mills in their faces. Yes! it looks hard, but it is done in a spirit of love and mercy, and in this same spirit we must enlarge our public schools and gather in these little children. I can conceive of no more prophetic token of South Carolina's future prosperity than for this vast army of mill children to be excluded from the factories and marshalled into the school houses.

Some opponents of this bill persist in designating it class legislation, which brands mill authorities as inhuman, and

protects children from their parents when they move to the factories, but allows them to do as they please so long as they remain on the farm. This seems a little unfair at first thought, but we must remember that the conditions are entirely different. The mill children work 10 or 12 hours a day under unhealthy conditions for the entire year. They have no freedom and no opportunity for mental training. The object of this bill is to give them freedom so that they will have time to attend school.

The country children on the other hand are required to do but little work under healthy conditions for only a few months in the year, and during this time the schools are not in session. They have freedom. Their work does not keep them from school. All that they need is compulsory education, so we can afford to discriminate against country children in considering the child labor bill.

Many of the operatives came from country homes, which surely were miserable enough. So far as food, clothes, and the comfort of their homes are concerned, they are far better off in the factories than they were in their rural homes; but can this be argued as a reason why this bill should not be passed? Who would dare claim that this improved condition is due to the few paltry dollars earned by children under 12 years of age? It is due to the increased earnings of older children and grown workers. The growth of industries gives to the laboring class a better means of support, thereby making it possible for the parents and older children to earn an adequate livelihood for the entire family, without the aid of little children. This is the main reason why a country should be proud of its industries, and encourage their development. But we must remember that along with their advantages, they also bring disadvantages. One of the disadvantages of the cotton factories is the fact that they offer employment to little children. Now if we allow parents to

work their children in these factories, they will be injured by the very industry which should be their greatest blessing.

The experience of other manufacturing countries shows that we can afford to pass this bill without materially injuring our industries. Our brother manufacturing States of the North have followed the example of France, Germany, Italy, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, Denmark, Sweden, and Russian; all of which have passed laws prohibiting child labor in factories under a minimum age, and only Italy has placed this below 12 years. The South is the only civilized country in the world which does not by enlightened legislation protect the children of its working people from the inevitable consequence of unregulated industrial development.

I look upon this question as having a very wider significance. I hope that I have firmly established the fact that child labor is injurious to children, so they will necessarily grow up weak, physically and mentally. This will have a far-reaching effect upon our society and public institutions. It will give to the State an increased number of lunatics and non-progressive men, give to families parents who are physical wrecks, and then not only the prosperity of these families is affected, but that of the following generations as well; for saith Almighty God: "I will visit the iniquities of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generations." Like parent, like child. If we would be prosperous, we must have strong men and women, and we can only have them by guarding the physical condition of the children. Child labor is a monster which is claiming and devouring them. We must stop it.

There is no more humiliating fact that an intelligent Southern man has to face than this: Listen. The last census shows that among the white people of the South we have as many illiterate white men over 21 years of age as we had fifty-two years ago. And for us to say that we have not had

an opportunity to improve our educational status is to claim an excuse, which ignores facts and outrages common sense. We must go down to the bed rock in this matter and erase from the rolls of our white citizenship the stigma of abnormal illiteracy which now degrades it. But this can never be done so long as we make slaves instead of scholars of the mill children. This aspect of the question alone is sufficient to lift it from the plane of mere business consideration and place it upon a platform of the highest public concern.

I believe that the industries of a country should be fostered and protected by its government, but they should not be exalted at the expense of the citizen. What will it profit the State if the stockholders, North or South, gain the whole dividend and she lose her children? If our State is animated by no nobler sentiment than mere material ambitions, its glories are as transient as the golden tint of sunset. We must not associate the words "our country" solely with the signs and prophecies of material wealth. These do not constitute a country any more than fretted ceiling, frescoed walls, and rarest furnishings constitute a home. The true test of a country's civilization is not the census, not factories nor cities, but it is the kind of men it turns out. The sons and daughters of any State are the fairest jewels that it can exhibit to the world. Now, ladies and gentlemen, in deciding this question we are deciding to a great extent whether we shall turn our children out as well-rounded men and women or as subjects of shameless demagoguery and base deceit!

South Carolina has taken the initial step in many important events in our country's history, and she would add one more laurel to her glorious record if she would step forth as the pioneer of the Southern States to liberate the poor white children and open to them a free path to manhood and intelligent citizenship.

E. B. BOYKIN.

The Child Labor Question

Shall we, or shall we not legislate upon some men's rights to employ their children? Shall we say that because this man works on the farm, or in the mine, or in the shop, his children may labor with him, while because some other man works in the cotton mill his children may not labor with him. Thus is a question which we of to-day must decide for posterity, so let us view it fairly.

To pass this law is to strike a hard blow at the liberty of the family. To say that a man, because his occupation is that of a mill operative, shall not allow his children to aid in supplying food and raiment, while another, because his occupation is that of a farmer, or may be an operative in any other kind of manufacturing establishment, may allow his children to labor by his side, would be a hard blow indeed! And one which the liberty-loving people of South Carolina would not stand. The highest type of the Anglo-Saxon citizen is found here in our beautiful Southland, and some of our best blood earns an honorable living in the cotton mill. These men know their rights, and in the light of that terrible struggle of the sixties, can you doubt that they will protect them? Do you think they will stand calmly by and allow it to be said: "Because you work in a cotton mill, your children shall not labor with you," while the children of their neighbors, the farmer, the carpenter, and even the operatives in other branches of the manufacturing industry, labor by the side of their parents? No! such treatment would be unjust, and they would resent it.

Is it just to legislate for people by classes? You must acknowledge that it is not. Then, if a man who works in a cotton field can allow his children to work with him, so can one who works in a cotton mill. If we pass a law which effects the operatives in one branch of industry, in justice it should effect those in all.

Should this law be passed, many children, all of them just at the age when habits and character are being formed, would be taken from under the influence of their parents and put in the streets, where they cannot be cared for. The mill officials are unwilling to do this, so they oppose this bill.

They know human nature as they have it around them, and they know that the mere passage of a law cannot put an immediate stop to child labor. They are the people to regulate this question, for they know and appreciate the conditions. Nearly all of them object to child labor because it is not profitable to them. The idea that child labor is used on account of its cheapness is wrong. Col. Orr says that child labor is of the most expensive kind. It cannot be stopped immediately, however, for many of the families have to allow the children to work in order to live. But by a gradual change it is being stopped without opposition.

The operatives of the mills of the North where some of the States have child labor laws, are largely foreigners, who are not accustomed to personal liberty. On the other hand, the Southern operatives are mostly native born, accustomed to personal liberty from childhood, and determined to resent any encroachment on their liberty. The well informed know this, and so oppose this bill. Take, for example, the legislative vote. As a rule, the men from the up-country, who know the conditions, opposed, while the men from the low country, where mills are few, and so opportunity for observation limited, favored this bill, saying that it should be passed for the reason that it will cause the children to be educated. This bill would only drive the children into the streets, where they will be no nearer getting an education than they were before.

But even now the per cent. of illiteracy among the mill children is far below that of the country children of the South. At present, the mill owners furnish schools, libra-

ries and churches free. Take, for example, the Piedmont Mills. Here the schools are open ten and a half months a year, with competent teachers paid by the owners of the mill. The library has 3,700 volumes, and the records show that 8,000 volumes were read in a single year. Now take the average public school which the farmer's children attend. It is open perhaps five months a year, with an inefficient and transient teacher. It has no library at all, and but few pupils. Which of these schools do you suppose offers the better educational facilities?

Again: In the country many do not go to Sunday school, for there are none in reach. In the mill town, all have an opportunity to go, and many do go. In a mill Sunday school in this State, there are 500 pupils, 41 of whom had never been to Sunday school before coming to the mill district.

Some will doubtless say that the mill child does not have the same opportunity of development as the country child—that he is confined in rooms where the air is impure and filled with lint and dust. This is not true! All modern mills are provided with special machinery for ventilation, which keeps the air pure and fresh. They have appliances which moisten the air and keeps down the dust. All the buildings are well heated, and the operatives never suffer from cold. On the other hand, the country children often have to go out into the bitterest weather with clothing not at all suited to that temperature. In addition to this, while the mill child always has plenty of good nourishing food, that which some of the country children get, contains nothing like the requisite amount of nourishment to insure their proper development. From lack of proper food, clothing and shelter, the physical condition of the poor country child is no better than that of the average mill child, who has a good house, good clothes, and above all, good food. Some would

picture the latter as a puny, sallow waif, with the stamp of early death on his brow. I challenge you to make a fair comparison of the average mill and country child of this State! Can a child without proper nourishment thrive as well as one with these necessities of life? Good food is just as essential as good air, and proper clothing and shelter are absolutely essential to the proper development of the young. Taking into consideration the superior educational facilities of the mill child, you must acknowledge that his condition is to be preferred. Then let us legislate where it is most needed.

The conditions are now ripe for a compulsory education law. This law would affect all alike. Hence it would be just, and therefore obeyed. It would have all the good effects of the child labor bill with none of its many defects. It would stop child labor, but instead of driving the children into the streets it would put them to school. It would cause the children to be educated not only in the mill districts but all over the State.

Then if this one law has all the effects of both, and effects the results in a better manner, why pass two laws? Surely the passage of the useless law not only would do no good, but by being unjust would work positive harm by causing the law passed in connection with it to become unpopular, and hence harder to enforce.

The compulsory educational law can be enforced more easily than the child labor bill, and when it is the results will be so much better. And as the goal enlarges, it becomes more worth striving for. Let us, then, strive for the nobler and grander object, and pass, not the child labor bill, but one for compulsory education. Let us not trample under foot those principles which our forefathers held so dear, but let us rather strive with them, to give this country liberty, justice, and education.

F. M. GUNBY, '02.

"The Country School as an Aid to Our Agricultural Course"

It is very noticeable that the number of boys who study agriculture here has rapidly declined in the last year or two.

In the classes that have graduated the number of agriculturals and mechanicals were about the same, but in the present classes only about one-third of the boys are studying agriculture. Why is this? Is it because the course is not as good as it was, or is it because there is less to learn about agriculture than there was?

No; the course is better than it was and there is more to learn about agriculture than there ever was, and also more need that we do study what there is to learn.

It would seem from the natural course of events that more boys from the farms would study agriculture. Being raised on the farm we would expect them to know of its pleasures and joys and, therefore, that they would want to go back to them when they had finished at College; but this is not the case. I believe this lack of interest in the agricultural course is because the average person or farmer over the State does not know or understand what is being taught here.

Ask the average farmer what bacteria cause disease or which species are beneficial, and he will most probably tell you that he has never heard of such things. Ask him how his cotton or corn are reproduced, and he will fail to tell you. Ask him why he should prune his peach trees differently from his apples or his apples differently from his pears, and his answer will be that he never prunes any of them. But this very farmer will be one of those who say that there is nothing to learn about agriculture.

This is, I believe, the reason why so few boys take the Agricultural Course. They think that agriculture can be learned at home and at any time and that there is no use spending money learning how to farm, when their father can teach it to them just as well at home. They do not know

that farming is only one of the few subjects that is taught here. Nearly every farmer has read or heard something about electricity or has seen a surveyor at work, or has seen a cotton factory, and he at once determines that when his boy goes to college he shall study "Electrical Engineering" or "Civil Engineering" or "Textile Engineering." He does not know that agriculture is just as much a science as either of these. This lack of interest in agriculture could, I believe, be remedied by going back to the country school and beginning the study of agriculture there. A step in this direction was taken when the course called "Nature Study" was introduced into our schools.

In this course it is proposed to teach the elements of agriculture, as simple lessons in, "How Plants Grow," talks about the most common insects, and the care of flowers, etc. By this course a new interest will be taken in the common things around him, by the country boy. He will see more in living on the farm than the simple growing of cotton and corn. The school house grounds should be improved. Look at the grounds of the average country school house. They are less cared for and look worse than those in the towns or cities, when they should be much better than either of these. The grounds are generally grown up in weeds or the native wild grasses. A part of each day or each week should be given by the teacher for the improvement of the grounds, flowers should be planted, the yard should be well laid out and good grasses planted. The children should be made to do these things, and then taught how to keep them in order. This might seem to some people a very hard thing to do, but just let the teacher begin the work right and show the proper interest in the work, and he will have no trouble in getting the children to do their share of the work. In the school room regular lectures, or better, talks, should be made about the soil. They should be told of what the soil is com-



posed, and what parts of it are used by the plants for food, and why some plants require certain foods in order that they may reach their proper development.

The children should bring in any strange insects or flowers that they may find, and be told by the teacher how to study them, so that they might find out if they were harmful or beneficial. A collection of these insects and plants could be made so that they could be referred to at any time and by any one of the community that cared to look at them. These talks would not stop with the children that they were given to, but would be told by them to the younger children of the school, and also to their parents at home. This, then, would not only help the children but a new interest would be taken by the grown people in the study of subjects that they had never thought of before, and they would there find out that there was something to be learned about agriculture after all.

By studying these things the country boy would be taught to see the beauty of the country. His ambition now is to go to the city and there handle some delicate piece of machinery, while he never thinks of how the delicate little plants around him grow. He wants to make or invent some piece of machinery that will cause people to make money more easily and more quickly. He does not know that but for the science of agriculture oranges and figs could not be grown with any profit in California. The growing of these fruits was only made possible by the introduction of two species of our smallest insects. At this time our government is trying to repay the debt that we owe to Australia for one species of these insects by sending them a species of insects from over here. The teacher should strive to call attention to these things and thus make the boy more satisfied with his home.

Agriculture cannot be learned in a few years, and this is the reason why the study of it should begin early. If it were taught in the schools the children would see what a great and

interesting study agriculture is, and the consequence would be that more boys would decide to make the study of agriculture their life work. To teach agriculture in the schools would require teachers that knew something about the subject of agriculture and all of its branches. This would give an opening for the graduates of the Agricultural Colleges who wanted to go to teaching. The result of this teaching would be that we would have better farms and better farmers over the State than we now have. J. M. BURGESS.

Class History—Class of 1902

OFFICERS.

President—Claud Douthit.

Vice-President—M. Eugene Zeigler.

Secretary and Treasurer—Fred E. Pearman.

Historian—Hugh G. Stokes.

Poet—Henry A. Wilson.

Prophet—Frank M. Gunby.

GREATON EUGENE BAMBERG, otherwise known as "Ducky." He has the honor of being first man of the class—on the roll. Born January 17, 1881, at Bamberg, S. C., a land of flats, frogs and fracas, therefore low—5 ft. 7 1-2 in. Entered the Freshman Class in September, 1898.

After a weight of 136 1-2 pounds he graduates from the Electrical Course, a member of the Calhoun Society, and a Lieut. of Co. "A."

Prophesy—The first shall be last, and the last first.

BERTRUM HEBER BARRE.—On a lonely sand hill in Lexington County he was born, January 27, 1879. In September, 1898, "Rube" came to College, and although the Freshman Class was large we could not Barre him out—.

He was an active member of the Columbia Society, in which he has held the offices of Secretary, Literary Critic, and Vice-President. He won orator's medal in the contest of 1902.

He was second on the roll, stood second in its Freshman class, and graduated second Captain, "Co. A." Electrical Course.

Prophesy—He is an orator, hence will be a farmer.

ANDREW REMBERT BARRETT.—"Major" was born at the hysterical town of Camden, March 16, 1880. Removed to Rock Hill when quite a lad. He entered "High Prep." September, 1897, and during that year made a specialty of Physical Geography. Member of Calhoun Society. Textile Course.

Prophesy—Will be an insurance agent.

E. B. BOYKIN.—"Senator" was born October 28, 1878, at Cypress, Darlington County, S. C. Entered "High Prep." in 1897. Is a member of the Columbian Society and has had the honor of serving as President, Treasurer and Literary Critic. "Senator" took the Agricultural Course.

Now comes his distinctions: President of Y. M. C. A.; Delegate to Convention at Asheville, Spartanburg and Sumter; won orator's medal in 1901; represented College in State oratorical contest; won debater's medal in 1902; Captain of "E" Company; Assistant Business Manager of CHRONICLE 1900-'01, and Business Manager of same journal for 1901-'92. He has been a most promising man in the history of Clemson.

"Senator's" high forehead is a fair index to his brain. Some people think that he is bald, but his tender years would belie such an absurd statement.

"Senator" believes firmly in the eleventh commandment—"Thou shalt not rubber and twist thy neck."

Prophecy—Will break his neck at the first false step.

ERNST BROCKMAN, JR.—“Brock,” born May 20th, 1881, at Marion, S. C., and afterwards moved to Columbia, S. C., where his parents now live. “Brock” entered Freshman Class September, 1898. He took the Agricultural Course and distinguished himself in grass cutting, which is the greenest work done in the entire course. He joined the Columbian Society and has distinguished himself by making one speech in his four years membership.

“Brock” claims to be the chemist of his class, having discovered the supernatural method of telling exactly how many atoms of CO_2 escape from a mule at every exhalation by looking at the mucus membrane of the eye. “Brock” is the only musician in his section, being a member of the Band.

Prophecy—“Brock” will some day become a great composer. “The Bird in the College” will be his greatest piece.

JOHN H. BROWN.—“Old John” is by birth a “Georgia Cracker.” Was born at Raburn Gap, Ga.; at an early age he moved to Mountain Rest, S. C. (Oconee County). This mountain boy was here to greet most of us when we entered College, having entered “High Prep.” in February, 1896. He was a member of Columbian Society, Keeper of Cadet Exchange and a graduate of the Textile Course.

“John” is a mountaineer of high standing (5 ft. 11 in.), and is usually found with his mountain “Dew.”

Prophecy—Dealer in patent medicines.

JUNIUS MILTON BURGESS.—Born April 24, 1881, at Summerton, S. C. “June” entered the Freshman Class in January, 1899. He had not been in College two hours before the degree of D. D. C. was conferred upon him. Quite energetic, but a trifle too fond of the girls. “June” is an expert in plowing, having had quite a *little* experience in this line. Is very fond of Chemistry, especially so when he has gas, air-bath, gas-lamp and match. It does not take him long to see which molecule will light first.

Prophecy—"June" will have a long life, a neat little wife, four or five *smutty-nose* children and a fistula horse.

EUGENE GORDON CAMPBELL.—Another one of the poets of our class, was born September 21, 1881, at Charleston. His poetic tendencies probably accounts for his removal to Summerville, where the sighing of the pines inspires all the poetry in one's nature. He left these surroundings in September, 1898, and became a Freshman at Clemson. Joined the Calhoun Society, where he claims to have once been speaker, orator, and essayist. Is an Electrical Student and a *light* Artilleryman—weighs only 130 pounds.

Prophecy—In his life shall be exemplified the traditions of his birth place.

HENRY THOMAS CANTY.—Born Summerton, Clarendon County, January 1, 1879. Entered College September, 1899. Was an active member of the Palmetto Society and is one of the two "Civils" of the class. Being a "D. D. C.," though, he has missed all the pleasures of barrack life.

Prophecy—Some day he will build a foot path.

ALBERT BLANCHARD CARR.—"Me Boy" was born in Columbia, S. C., on March 31, 1880; he came to Clemson in 1898, entering "High Prep.;" he was a member of good standing (5 ft. 8 3-4 inches) in the Columbian Literary Society. "Albert" claims direct descent from Job, and being a descendant from so law-abiding a personage, he was naturally a good fellow, so the Military Department gave him a Captain and barrack electrician.

Prophecy—He will be a railroad man.

WILLIAM ENNIS CHAPMAN.—Born at Lickville, near Pelzer, S. C., September 12, 1877. He is now an old College veteran, having entered "Low Prep" in August, 1896. Rather lazy, but always made the required five yards in three down. Member of Columbian Society and always paid his share towards its upbuilding—in dues. Textile Course; "Lieut." "Co. E."

Prophecy—School teacher.

GEORGE BROWNLEE CLINKSCALES.—The home of Prof. J. G. Clinkscales was enlivened on March 16, 1882, by the addition of "Dodger;" this young animal early developed a marvelous power of keeping out of the way at critical periods. He entered College in 1898, where he might exercise his dodging propensities in keeping out of the way of numerous military reformatations, but apparently he was not so successful here as at home, for on Saturday he often adorned the campus. In 1899 he left Clemson and went to Wofford, but soon returned. He joined the Calhoun Society, and as a pastime he took the Electrical Course, and finds it quite satisfying to his cravings for work.

Prophecy—Teacher of English.

WALTER FRANCIS COLES.—"Walt" is one of the proudest sons of the "Tar Heel" State, born at Rockingham, N. C., January 29, 1880. He was also a survivor of the early stages, having entered "High Prep." in September, 1897. "Walt" was a member of the Columbian Society, and with his usual wit and humor he often entertained its members. He is one of Clemson's renowned ball twirlers, and has always done good work for our team, also a famous back in our class games. He was one of the Factory "yaps."

Prophecy—Will be a mill President.

WILLIAM WARTON COLEMAN.—Born at Earle, Aiken County, March 17, 1882. The swamps of the Savannah River could not hold "Rabbit," so he joined us in September, 1899, having spent the year preceding as a Freshman at South Carolina College. For three years was a member of the Palmetto Society, in which he held the office of President.

"Rabbit" is an Electrical, and can climb a pole to perfection—if it is hollow.

Prophecy—If he does not hustle he will be caught.

WILLIAM BENJAMIN COTHRAN.—"Balls" was born at

Mill Way, S. C., April 13, 1881, and now lives at Greenwood, S. C. Like most of us he entered the Freshman Class in September, 1898. He was a hard worker in the "Craighead" Society and often made the halls resound with his eloquence (?), finally becoming Vice-President (?). The only reason we can attribute for "Old Balls" taking the Textile Course is that he was born at "Mill Way." He is by trade an automobilist and some day in the near future we expect to see him "burning the wind." He graduated a Lieut. in Co. B.

Prophesy—Will take "Caps" place.

FRANK CRAWFORD.—Frank was born on September 4, 1879, at the historic old town of Pendleton, S. C. He entered "Low Prep" in 1896, here he was an inert member of the Craighead Society. In addition to this he took the Electrical Course, he prospered in this course, growing to the height of (5 ft. 7 in.), and a weight of 130 pounds. In 1902, he was assigned to duty with the artillery. Was a D. D. C. to the last.

Prophesy—He will narrowly escape fame.

BERA CLARK CROMER.—"B. C." was born at Townville, S. C., October 9, 1880, where he still lives. Entered College as a Freshman in September, 1898. Always a hard worker while in College and displayed his oratorical powers in the Palmetto Hall. Textile Course, Lieut. in the Artillery. Very modest. Good enemy of *Cremastogaster-lineolata*. Couldn't get away from his feet if he tried.

Prophesy—Many children; successful floor walker.

CLAUD DOUTHIT.—Clemson is not co-educational, but still it has a "Peggy" for a student and has had her since February, 1897. He was a member of the Varsity Foot Ball Team, Class President, and a member of the Calhoun Society, where he held the distinguished office of Sergeant-at-Arms. In 1900, he was made full back for the All South-

ern Foot Ball Team. He took the Electrical Course and was a member of the band.

Prophesy—He will take a post graduate course in foot ball.

JULIUS CLARENCE EARLE.—On Friday, hangman's day, December 13, 1879, this specie of "Bird" was born. He admits of being a "country cracker" for the first part of his life, but has fully outgrown that, having spent two years at Patrick's Military Institute. Entered College September, 1898, has taken the Electrical Course, was a member of the Calhoun Society. He is six feet tall and weighs 165 pounds. "Good physique."

Prophesy—Judging from the date of his birth, he will be hanged.

WILLIAM CRAIG FORSYTHE.—"Big 'un" is a "Tar Heel" from Brevard. Owing to his being bigger than "Little 'un," he was called "Big 'un." Being one of those "illiterate Tar Heels," he entered "Low Prep." in 1895. He became a member of the Foot Ball Eleven in his "Soph" year. Last year he played star ball at end. He weighs 178 pounds and is 5 feet 9 1-2 inches tall. President of Clemson Tennis Club, and a member of Calhoun Society. "Big 'un" was Captain of D Company, but ended up in the artillery.

Prophesy—Tool grinder.

JOHN EBENEZER GETTYS.—"Rube" was born at Roddy, S. C., September 25, 1881, entered the Freshman Class September, 1898. He was greatly afflicted with rheumatism in his Freshman and Senior years, but being a hard worker, he kept the faith and was ready to receive his crown from the Textile Department. Member of the Palmetto Society, and a Lieutenant of Co. "F."

Prophesy—Owing to his name and sterling qualities, we predict that he will be a minister of the Gospel.

CHARLES NUTTING GIGNILLIAT.—What's in a name?

apparently there is much in this one, it is almost as long as it's owner, who is 6 feet with attenuated tips; immediately after he joined us his name was shortened to "Gig." He early showed signs of a partiality to the fair sex, his Soph year is only one in which we did not find him writing odes to "My Lady," and in that year he made his best marks. "Lamb" graduated Lieutenant of Co. "A" and a member of the Calhoun Society.

Prophecy—He will be a telephone lineman, and will have to ask "ma" shortly.

FRANK MCCLELLAN GUNBY.—Better known as "Johnnie," was born at Charleston on June 27, 1882. He reminds you strikingly of a "Bantam," and judging from his disposition we are not surprised to hear that he tried life for a year in Texas; but fortunately (for himself) he came back to this State and now registers from Orangeburg County. He entered Clemson in September, 1897, became a member of the Columbian Society, in which he has held the offices of Secretary and Vice-President, and in 1901 won the declaimer's medal given by that society. "Rat" has taken the Electrical Course and graduates as Lieutenant of Co. F. and President of Elk Tennis Club. "Kid" is Class Prophet.

Prophecy—He will, some day, be able to "crow."

GEORGE HOUSON HARDIN.—George was born June 7, 1882, at Lexington, Va. Moved to Clemson College with his father, M. B. Hardin, who is Professor of Chemistry at this institution. George is a D. D. C., a member of the Calhoun Society, and a diligent student of agriculture. He has not yet chosen his vocation in life, considering himself too young to wrestle with so serious a question. Notwithstanding his tender years he has turned out a blooming mustache. George is a staunch advocate of "Women's Rights."

Prophecy—An idle brain is the devil's workshop.

DAVID JENNINGS.—David was born at Charleston, S. C.,

March 1, 1882. One of the "old stages," having entered "Low Prep" in August, 1896. He was a member of the Calhoun Society in which organization he was Vice-President. In February, 1898, he cast his lot with the "Factory Yaps." Sergeant, Leader and President of Band '02. A good chap, but rather fond of "blowing." Very dignified.

Prophesy—Organizer of Factory Bands.

HENRY BURRITT JENNINGS, JR.—"Little Harry" was born at Charleston, S. C., August 1, 1883. When most of us came to College in 1898, he was here to greet us, having entered "High Prep." in September, 1897. Although one of the babies in years and size, he always stood well in his classes. Very mischievous and a born draftsman. Member of Calhoun Society. Honorary member of Band. Textile Course. Noted for his neatness in textile designing and carelessness in textile dyeing.

Prophesy—Music teacher.

FRANK MARSHALL JORDAN.—"Jacob" is the kid of our class. He was born October 16, 1883, at Seneca, Oconee County. Being so near such a great institution we are not at all surprised that his fondness for College life came so early. He entered College in September, 1898, became a member of the Calhoun Society, and has held the office of Vice-President. "Rattle" was "Lieut." on the staff, but has been waiting for a job until lately. His name will serve him in his new employment.

Prophesy—He will amuse the children.

DAVID KOHN.—"Shy" was born at Orangeburg, S. C., July 16, 1880, entered the Freshman Class in September, 1898. "Old Shy" was a member of the Columbian Society, and has often made its hall resound with his eloquence. He held various minor offices and in his Senior year was made Vice-President. Lieut. of Co. "D." "Shy" was very fond of pen sketching and made many sketches for the College

journals. He is very "cute," and, therefore, takes well with the fair sex. Having a very level head, he took the Textile Course. How like a river—largest at the mouth.

Prophesy—A great rival of Christie and Gibson.

EDWARD JENSEN LARSEN.—"Dutchman ze Porter," as his name implies, is of foreign descent, but was born at Cordesville, Berkeley County, on March 26, 1882. He couldn't stand the "low" country, so moved to Adam's Run, Colleton County. Entered College September, 1898, is of the Electrical Course, a member of Calhoun Society, and one of the famous "Hooligan Gang."

Prophesy—Being terribly smitten in his Senior year, he is destined to be "chilled."

HUGH FRANK LITTLE.—"Corporal" was born at Clinton, S. C., August 24, 1882, moved to Pacolet, S. C., in 1894. This (Little) had entered "High Prep." in September, 1897. He was one of the stars (?) of the Calhoun Society. Cast his lot with the Textile "Yaps." He was keen, raw-boned and fastidious, parts his hair in the middle and ornaments the campus on Saturday only, while in the week his garments are always "holy." He had high military aspirations but alas! his light did not shine very bright.

Prophesy—Defeated candidate in matrimonial race.

JOHN ELMORE MARTIN, JR.—Born September 7, 1882, in Charleston, S. C., where his parents are still living. "Muggy" entered College September 12, 1898, making the examination for the Freshman Class by the skin of his teeth, as he has made every examination since, not that Muggy is lacking in intellectual capacity, for verily he is a bright boy, but he is constitutionally averse to studying any branch longer than he required to assure the pass mark of 60. If the criterion was 150 "Muggy" would make the pass mark and that is all. "Muggy" entered the Calhoun Society and began his official career in that society as Assistant Sergeant-

at-Arms, the duties of which he discharged with so much zeal and loyalty that he has since been called to the chair of Vice-President and President. "Muggy" has taken the Agricultural Course and his training therein has developed the tendency to go to the root of all things, so much so, until recently asked the name of his most prominent ancestors, he answered after some deliberation "Adam." For any additional information concerning "Muggy" personality we are referred by him to the World's Almanac.

Prophesy—A life of ease so far as he is concerned.

LAURENCE HUGH MCCOLLOUGH.—"Polonius" was born November 3, 1881, at Benson, Williamsburg County, S. C. He entered College September, 1898, and soon afterwards joined the Columbian Society. Polonius took the Agricultural Course and under the inspiring reign of Prof. Rolf, the Botanist, made himself famous (at College) as a student of Vegetable Pathology, which branch he has chosen as his life's vocation. The secret of his success is a remarkable ability for remembering technical names.

Prophesy—Will discover a new disease on the magnolia.

GRAEME TAYLOR MCGREGOR.—"Mac" is the left-handed twirler of the 3 and 4 E Seniors. He is also Senior Captain. This strange combination was born in Columbia on November 4, 1880. He entered the Columbian Society, and joined the Freshman Class. He was President and Sergeant-at-arms in the former, and marcher and private in the latter. Is 5 feet 9 inches tall, and weighs 140 pounds. Has a light head of hair, and has a tendency toward militaryism and electricity.

Prophesy—He will be a dentist.

JOHN DANIEL MEADOR.—One of the most polished, primpy, prissy and pretty members of our Senior Class is "Chip." Had it not been for the influence of "Dog" and "Shy" he would undoubtedly have been quite courtly, cour-

teous and kind. As it is, he was born on October 11, 1883, at Union, S. C. He entered Fresh. with us in 1898. Was a member of the Calhoun Society, where he has made one bum oration. He is of the Electrical persuasion. He is also a silent partner of the firm Dog, Shy and Co., Gent's furnishers. He is extremely dignified.

Prophecy—He will be quite an organizer of large dry goods houses.

GEORGE FREDERICK MITCHELL.—“Mitch” was born December 13, 1881, at Mount Pleasant, Charleston County, S. C. Entered College in September, 1898, and distinguished himself on Algebra during his Freshman year. He was a member of the Calhoun Society and Vice-President of the Agricultural Society, which organization has long since ceased to exist. George intends studying medicine. He claims to be a descendant of Noah. For further information see “G. F. Mitchell’s will,” written when he was supposed to be dying.

Prophecy—Will yet develop into a preacher (of grass.)

THEODORE HAMILTON MUNRO.—“Hamp” was born at Union, March 25, 1883. Graduated at the graded school of his native town in 1898, and in September following joined us in the Freshman Class. He is a member of the Calhoun Society and has taken the Electrical Course, and finally became “powder monkey” in the artillery.

Prophecy—He will soon become a “Law monkey.”

FREDERIC KEATING NORRIS.—“Doctor” was born October 5, 1881, at Vance, Orangeburg County, S. C. Entered College in September, 1898, and became a member of the Calhoun Society, in which organization he has held the offices of Corresponding Secretary, Treasurer and President. He took the Agricultural Course, and intends following that line of industry after leaving College. “Doc” is a great swell and takes well with the “women.” He is Quartermaster

Lieutenant. "Doc" has a very short memory and is often looking up a forgotten overcoat.

Prophesy—An early marriage.

FRED EUGENE PEARMAN.—"Tub" was born at Anderson, S. C., July 31, 1882. He entered High Prep. in February, 1897, and being greatly endowed by nature, did not have to study very hard, so he could devote some of his time to athletics. He was 3d baseman on the base-ball team, and left half back on the foot-ball team during his last two years in College. President of the Calhoun Society, member of Glee Club, Lieutenant of Company "C," and class Secretary and Treasurer. Is extremely dignified, and in all respects a model "Senior" (!). Also, very fond of "Dogs." "Tub" was very popular with the ladies.

Prophesy—Coach for Class foot-ball teams.

THOMAS RUTHERFORD PHILLIPS.—We all know "Tom," at least, we think we do. At any rate, he was born at Springfield, Orangeburg County, on June 24, 1881. Obtained a diploma from Orangeburg graded school in June, 1898, and entered College in September following. He has taken the Electrical Course, and was a member of the Columbian Society, in which organization he has held the offices of Secretary, Vice-President and President. He won the Society's debater's medal in 1900, and Declaimer's medal in 1902. He was manager of the Elk Tennis Club, and of the Glee Club of '02.

Prophesy—He will be the first of the class to get married.

HARRY TINKER POE.—His parents were evidently prophets for they named their small boy "Tinker." Since that time others have tried to improve by calling him "Doc" and "Monk," but none suited quite so well as just plain "Tinker." "Doc" was born in Greenville, S. C., on November 15, 1882. His literary aspirations led him to enter "Fresh" in 1898. His quaint speeches, which were often mistaken for wit,

soon earned him the name of "Monk." To live up to his reputation, he commenced writing poetry, his masterpiece being the "Alphabet of C. A. C." He joined the Calhoun Society and took the Electrical Course with the intention of ultimately becoming a lineman for Marconi's Wireless Telegraphy.

Prophesy—He will be a poet second only to J. Gordon Coogler.

WALLACE THOMAS PRESCOTT.—The "Old Lady" was born at Prescott, S. C., September 21, 1879, and at the age of 12 moved to Edgefield. He is the only member of our class that entered Junior, having graduated at Furman. He was an earnest member of the Palmetto Society, and held the distinguished office of Vice-President. The "Old Lady" was always a sturdy fellow, believing that "Whatever is worth doing, is worth doing well."

Prophesy—Being a graduate of the Textile Course, we expect great things of him.

CECIL LATTA REID.—Another rocky representative of York. He was born in Rock Hill, on December 15, 1882. He entered Soph. in 1899, and since then has been agitating the Civil section. Reid is a member of the Palmetto Literary Society. By reason of his having had much experience in managing men in the Civil Course, he was fitted for the place of Commander of the Artillery, to which duty he was assigned when that august mob was organized.

Prophesy—He will make an excellent pull on life's "(years)."

SAMUEL MCGOWAN ROBERTSON.—"Sam," born November 7, 1879, in Pickens County. He entered College September, 1898, beginning in the Freshman Class. He very soon won his way to College prominence and has ever since been in constant evidence with the military authorities. "Sam" joined the Palmetto Society and has been a constant

worker, filling office of President, Vice-President and Treasurer. Although some denounce his platform and criticise his views, "Sam" persists that he was made after the pattern of a politician, and a politician he intends to be. Although he took the Agricultural Course, he is a natural born mechanic, having thus early acquired the art of splitting a match into sixteen pieces, leaving head enough on each piece to light a pipe. It is said that "Sam" is very fond of nature, as he is often seen sitting in his window listening to the singing of "the bird" and afterwards confined to his room for talking to the "bird."

Prophesy—Will be a teacher of Military Science.

JOHN MANLY RODGER.—"Dog" was born at Union, S. C., on the 7th of August, 1881. He is a very manly fellow, with soft cheeks and a pink complexion. Altogether he is a very fair specimen of the "canine" race. He has never done any particular harm since he entered Fresh. in '98, except exert refining influence on "Chip" and "Shy." He was Sergeant-at-Arms of the Calhoun Society, in which organization he broke the record for inactivity. "Dog" is an electrical student and intends to climb poles.

Prophesy—This dog will be very fast.

DEMPSIE HAMMOND SALLY.—Born August 15, 1880, at Salley's, Orangeburg County. "Sue" entered "High Prep." in September, 1898, remaining in that class one week when he was promoted to Fresh. During his course at College "Sue" acquired quite a military devotion, after reminding "the boys" of having a "duck" under the bed. He is a typical agricultural student—5 ft. 9 1-2 inches tall, 3 ft. broad, his weight varying with climatic conditions. "Sue" has always kept in touch with the Female Colleges in this State, and is often seen going to the phone to answer messages.

Prophesy—While fondly plowing in the old corn field an inspiration will decide for him the faith he wishes to preach.



BASE-BALL TEAM '02

CECIL HODGES SEIGLER.—“Old Lady,” who is a grandson of W. H. Timmerman, was born near Eureka, Aiken County, on October 19, 1878. Entered College as a Freshman in February, 1894, and after three years of College life became tired and quit off for three years; but decided to try it again and joined us as a Junior in January, 1901. He was a member of the Columbian Society, has taken the Electrical Course, and lacks only half an inch of being six feet high. Was an active member of the College Y. M. C. A., and has been President of that organization for a year.

Prophesy—Will make a fine “view” agent.

THOMAS CLIFTON SHAW.—Born March 16, 1879, at Honea Path, S. C., “Cliff” entered High Prep. in February, 1896. After learning the names of all the Professors of the Agricultural Course, he changed from a Junior Agricultural to a Soph. Mechanical. He is not only gifted as a base-ball player, but also a comedian, since he always has a good joke to tell. Though “Cliff” is an old stand-by, he has a level head. Member of Columbian Society, Captain of base-ball team '99 and '02. Assistant Editor of CHRONICLE for '02.

Prophesy—Drummer or Professional base-ball player.

MILES ARTHUR SITTON.—This “Rat” was born in Pendleton, S. C., on May 3, 1882. As soon as he could walk well, he assumed charge of his father's steam engine. He left this to come to Clemson in 1898. Here he took quite naturally to the Electrical Course, as in it he would have two engines to operate. He joined the Calhoun Society, where he rose to the position of Sergeant-at-Arms, and the height of 6 feet. He is very fond of machinery, so he is an artilleryman.

Prophesy—“Rat” will some day realize his highest ambition and own a steam engine.

WILLIAM FRANCIS SNEED.—“Billy,” the “Irishman,” was born at Florence on March 3, 1882. He says that

Adam was his (Great)10's Grand-Pa. By reason of his mathematical tendencies we are afraid to "doubt his veracity." "Billy" entered Fresh. in 1898, and branched off to the Electrical Course. He joined the Palmetto Society, but possibly his largest accomplishments are along the athletic line. He is 5 ft. 11 inches tall, and weighs 175 pounds, plays a good centre, and is quite a base-ball player (?).

Prophesy—Will become a great base-ball pitcher.

JOHN HARVEY SPENCER.—"Big Chief" was born at Roddey, S. C., September 5, 1879. Entering College in February, '97, was admitted to the Freshman Class. "Big Chief" took the Agricultural Course in his "Soph." year, but seeing his inability to make a solution of "Paris-green," he changed to that course, where he could easily stain cloth to a "deamine-green." While in the "Soph." Class "Big Chief" began studying evolution, but fearing a discovery in his ancestry and having his form marred, he joined the "Yaps." He was Capt. of Co. "F," and President of the Palmetto Society.

Prophesy—Being an exact copy of old Ichabod Crane, we look for him to teach the young the idea to shoot. (?)

THOMAS BIGHAM SPENCER.—"Little Chief" was born at Roddey, S. C., February 23, 1882. He entered the Freshman Class in September, 1898. Was a member of the Palmetto Society until beginning of Junior year, when he resigned to become the leading factor in the "Craighead" Society. Born under the romantic star and a lover of "the weed." Textile Course. Lieut. Co. "G." An advocate of "Easy school." "Lad" is "cute" and takes with the ladies.

Prophesy—A circuit rider.

SAMUEL CONVERSE STEWART.—Samuel discovered this land of the free at Liberty, S. C., on March 21, 1881. But not liking the kind of Liberty he had, he decided, in 1898, to try the style manufactured at Clemson. Here he made a

climb for the top, coming up second in the Soph. Class, and first in the Junior. He is a member of the Palmetto Society, and takes an Electrical Course. While he has a climbing disposition, we imagine that he could not climb poles well. He apparently does not like fresh air.

Prophecy—He will look well at the summit of a high pole.

HUGH GREGORIE STOKES.—“Pete” was born on July 25, 1879, at Early Branch, S. C. This Early Branch bird came to Clemson in 1897, entering High Prep. Owing to his bright head—he says that it is auburn—he was soon appointed section marcher. He joined the Palmetto Society, where he was a consistent worker, and among the honors given him by his society was that of President. He took the Electrical Course, making a good stand. Worked in Birmingham during his Junior vacation, where he accumulated a thorough knowledge of things. He is Class Historian, and graduates as the red-headed Captain of Company “D.” He is quite dignified, and can be counted on for good work.

Prophecy—Some day he will be a historian worthy to sit with “Barnes.”

DANIEL AUGUSTUS JOSEPH SULLIVAN.—Daniel Augustus Joseph Sullivan! Awampus! “Wampus” is undignified despite the fact that he was born in Charleston. But perhaps the solemn influences of his birth place were counteracted by the gay and giddy influences of New York, where he now lives. “Happy” was born July 31, 1881, and entered “Low Prep.” in 1896. He was a member of the Calhoun Society. “Hooligan” is not a literary character, but appears to have gained great affinity for trouble. He took the Electrical Course, so some day he will doubtless be electrocuted. He claims to weigh 176 pounds per square inch of floor space, making his total weight ten tons.

Prophecy—He will follow the trade of his namesake.

WILLIAM GILES TEMPLETON.—Templeton was born at Abbeville, S. C., July 22, 1879. He entered the Freshman Class in September, 1898. A very earnest worker in, and finally Vice-President of Palmetto Society. Lieut. Co. E. Textile Course. Winner of Declaimer's medal '02, and was elected class orator. Noted for his neatness in dyeing. (?) Very dignified.

Prophecy—Behold! Another Demosthenes.

JAMES BENJAMIN TINSLEY.—“Hobo” was born August 31, 1882, at Union, S. C. He entered College in September, 1898, became a member of the Calhoun Society, in which organization he has held the offices of Sergeant-at-Arms, Assistant Sergeant-at-Arms, and Literary Critics. “Hobo” is a typical farmer and intends following that occupation. He has also made the study of class rings a specialty; is an adept in the art of printing and a good judge of smoking tobacco. His most marked characteristic is the fear of the honey bee.

Prophecy—Will always be “Hobo.”

SAMUEL MORTIMER WARD.—Born in the swamps of Georgetown, December 23, 1881. Here he was associated with the culicidae so much that he naturally looks like one. After attending some of the largest institutions of the State he consented to join us in “Soph.” Becoming a member of the Columbian Society, he soon broke the record for minimum of attendance. He took the Electrical Course, so in a few years we expect to see him chief engineer of some large company.

Prophecy—If he is not “it” now, he soon will be.

JAMES BENJAMIN WATKINS.—“Pat,” or “Flanagan,” entered life at Ridge Spring, S. C., on November 27, 1877. He moved to Greenville for awhile, but now registers from his birth place. He joined us in Fresh. Became a member of the Columbian Society, where he did some good work, and

made a special study of the office of Prosecuting Critic. He claims direct descent from Noah, and we agree with him about the descent part, for he is only 5 feet 6 1-2 inches tall. He is an electrical student, and devoted to mechanics.

Prophesy—Will be a dynamo tender.

HENRY ALSTON WILSON.—“Q,” as he is generally known, does not stand for quality or quantity, but is merely a contraction which is allowed him as a poet’s license. He was born at Bishopville, Sumter County, on March 16, 1880. Entered High Prep. February, 1897, was a member of the Columbian Society, Class Poet, Lieut. of Co. B., and an Electrical student. He claims to be unmarried, but is quite a ladies man.

Prophesy—“Q” will quit writing poetry and write——.

MARION EUGENE ZEIGLER.—“Jake” was born December 28, 1877, at “Frog Level,” Orangeburg County, S. C. Entered College March, 1897, and became a member of the Columbian Society, in which organization he held the offices of President, Vice-President, Treasurer, Literary Critic, Corresponding Secretary and Reporting Critic. “Jake” took the Agricultural Course, but intends to become a preacher (?). He has won numerous honors, among which may be mentioned: a medal for second best orator at South Carolina Oratorical Contest for 1902. “Jake” is the lawyer of the student body and many a heart rending petition has been the production of his pen. His cool judgment and fatherly manner makes him a great favorite among the boys. “Jake’s” military honors ended when he resigned a Sergeant’s position, but he has since been an honored private in the Artillery. He is Editor in Chief of THE CHRONICLE for 1902, and has held other positions of honor too numerous to mention. His most marked characteristic is his love for politics.

Prophesy—Coroner.

The Class Historian and Class Prophet are indebted to the following Committee for their aid in getting up the above combined history and prophesy of the class: M. E. Zeigler, D. Kohn, T. B. Spencer, H. F. Little and J. E. Martin.

The Golden Rule in Government

The opposing armies of the North and South, encamped on opposite sides of the Rappahannock River, were resting towards the close of day, after a hard-fought battle. The swelling notes of "Yankee Doodle" bursting from the band in the Union camp were hailed with cheers from the boys in blue, and with jeers from those in gray. The Southern band replied with the strains of "Dixie," and the cheers and jeers were reversed.

At length, one band began timidly and softly the refrain of "Home, Sweet Home," and lo! the cheers were silenced, the jeers were hushed, and the anger and passion of the moment before was changed into emotions, tender and pathetic, aroused by thoughts of loved ones left in the cottage on the distant hill and the cabin on the far off prairie.

At the close of the present day in this epoch of history, we can see as we look the armies of hostile nations encamped upon the sides of the river of strife. As the band of one strikes up an inspiring air, it is met with the jeers of the other. What are the strains that can silence these jeers, and convert these passions into one grand emotion, great enough and strong enough to combine the sympathies and energies of all?

As we behold this warlike preparation, as we see the threatening of cannon and hear the rattle of musketry, and the heavy tramp, tramp of drilling soldiers, we are moved to ask why this martial spirit? Why in the twentieth century are

the nations studying the art of human slaughter, instead of the things that make for peace? We find the answer to our question in the necessity which each nation feels for self-protection—a necessity arising from the want of trust between nation and nation. Each feels, instinctively, that the other would exult in its downfall, that the destruction of one would exalt the other. It is a response, therefore, to the law of self-preservation that requires each nation to provide for its safety by fortifying itself with all the equipments of modern warfare. This state of things should not be. The conditions which make life dependent upon strength, belong to the dark ages of brute force, and are unworthy of a place in this enlightened age. Never can nations reach the highest development until they feel that every step made in the march of progress is controlled by some underlying moral principle.

Christ recognized the importance of a ruling principle in life, and accordingly, in the "Sermon on the Mount," we hear the marvellous words of that divine law, so simple that the fool understands, so beautiful that the poet listens, and so just that the philosopher wonders—"Do unto others as you would have them do to you."

Thus does he usher the Golden Rule into the world; thus does he deliver a law that, though thrones may tumble and principalities perish, will continue to measure out exact justice to every man; thus does he announce the law upon which every question of society must finally be settled; thus does the greatest Master of government that the world has ever known formulate a law that, for the decision of all questions involving the principle of human relationship, either as individuals or as nations, gathers the wisdom from all times and from all subjects, and compresses it into one short, simple sentence; and the burden of that sentence is—love.

Then why has not the Golden Rule been adopted as the

principle of government and the blessings secured which an adherence to its teaching insures?

It is because of the extension of the powers of force throughout the intricate system of government. In the early dawn of history, force gained the ascendancy in government, and as the star of empire has traveled westward, has maintained its supremacy throughout a long and stubborn warfare. For the history of the advancement of human progress, from the foundation of the world down to the present hour, is but the history of a continued struggle between the evils of force on the one hand, and the blessings of love on the other. Some of its pages are saddened with the murmurs of the oppressed under the tyranny of force, and some are joyous with the stories of love and the songs of liberty. So, throughout the whole extent of civilization, the rise of the one marks the decline of the other, and devotion to the one, antipathy to the other.

In Europe, where the power of force has been longest worshipped, the giant of militarism marches defiantly throughout the length and breadth of the continent, leaving devastation and wretchedness in his path. England alone is excepted from his blighting course, and it is said that her doors are now opening to his approach. Under the terrible lash of conscription, every citizen becomes a soldier and offers himself up a living sacrifice upon the altar of the God of War. Aggregations of men, who become depraved even under the most elevating circumstances, are tenfold so, under the conditions of camp life, where the refining influence of women is denied and the restraining voice of religion is hushed. The significance of the evil of the conscript system begins to dawn upon us when we consider that it not only brings every man in Europe within the meshes of its ensnaring toils, but also leads him into vice in its most hideous and destructive forms. The result is, that the majority, aye the

majority, fall victims to the prostituting influences of army life and the ex-conscrip returns from his service a moral and physical wreck, no longer fitted to contribute in time of peace to the glory and greatness of the country that has sacrificed his manhood to the art of war. "Betrayed manhood! Degenerate country!" cries the voice of an insulted Nemesis, "the years of thy existence are numbered!"

In our own country, the fairest flower in the garden of civilization, we behold a government that revolted against the ideals set up by the civilization of Europe. The youthful Republic of the West, though possessed of every advantage that a conquering nation might wish, turned in horror and disgust from the mournful scenes of bloodshed and carnage. The wisdom of the ages had taught the error of basing the foundation of national existence upon the power of force to hold in subjection a conquered people; and therefore, for the first time in history do we hear a nation solemnly proclaim that its safety shall rest not upon its soldiers, but upon its citizens; that it shall depend for preservation not upon the sword, but upon the foundation stones of eternal justice. Thus do we behold the advent of a nation whose principle of government is love; a nation that has shattered the thrones of tyranny and crystallized into a living principle the thrilling lines of Burns's "A man's a man for a' that;" a nation whose shining example has lighted distant people to a land of the free, thereby dotting this whole globe with republics having as the basic principle of their constitutions the self-evident fact, "All governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed," and the Golden Rule for their motto.

But this country was not to escape from the influences of the European evil without a severe and trying struggle, and into this political paradise the tempter of nations came. His avarice exceeded all bounds as he beheld this beautiful Re-

public, "Beyond the ocean's brine," uncontaminated by the evil of the world. He saw a land which stood as the redemption of the past, the salvation of the future. He saw a country from which the gospel of political truth was preached, and he saw nations hanging upon the precious words. He saw a country that had refused to worship at the shrine of force and was teaching the lessons of love. "Such was the state of Eden when the serpent entered its bowers."

The glories of militarism was the first temptation offered. But we have reason to thank God that America has thus far resisted the direct encroachments of force. The guardian angel of Liberty, aware of the terrors of the European giant and conscious of his powers, has opposed his approach with such vigilance and success, that he has not yet been permitted to plant his iron heel upon America's lovely shores. Still, we must continue in our vigilance; for America is but the child of Europe, and the natural law declares that the offspring may revert to the type of its ancestor.

Evil assumes many forms, and when America refused to listen to the pleadings of Force in the hideous guise of militarism, he appeared again in the gorgeous plumage of wealth. Under the beguiling inducements of Mammon, America has encouraged thrift and industry; she has given to gold a princely sway; she has erected huge and magnificent temples of wealth throughout the borders of her wide domain. And now her tempter is urging that she protect her treasurers from the ravages of foreign foes. Coming to this republic, he says, "Behold this great land teeming with industry, dotted over with busy towns, and made lordly with many cities,—its wealth is colossal; its prosperity unbounded. But beware! The greatest riches must be protected by the greatest power. Fleets and armies or you perish! perish! 'Every man to his tent, O Israel!'"

Thus the nation designed to teach the doctrine of brotherly love to the world is standing upon the mountain of temptation, and the Satan of national glory is pointing out the splendors that are hers if she will only cast herself down. But America must not and will not yield. She has promised to lead the human race from the darkness of the past to the glories of a grander day. The genius of American liberty has gone out into the uttermost ends of the earth, and carried words of cheer and inspiration to those who sit in darkness. This republic stands as the supreme moral factor that is shaping the destiny of the world—a beacon light, towards which the liberty-loving of every land have cast their eyes in hope and prayer. It is not the future, therefore, of the American Republic alone that is involved, but that of the entire globe. Should we fail, the human race might be retarded a thousand years in its hard onward struggle for liberty.

But it is my belief that America will never yield to the influence of greed and power. Other nations have accomplished their missions, and I believe that America will accomplish hers. In ancient times, Lycurgus declared that Sparta should become a land of soldiers, and every Spartan become a soldier. If Sparta could accomplish her ignoble purpose, shall we,

“The heir of all the ages
In the foremost files of time,”

fail in the grander and more glorious mission of carrying political salvation to the world?

I believe that the destiny of America is in higher than human hands. I believe that the God of love hath ordained human government shall ultimately reach that goal of perfect happiness when each man will indeed love his neighbor as himself.

“Yet I doubt not thro’ the ages
One increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widen’d
With the process of the suns.”

As the idea of government underwent the evolution from force to love in the mind of Napoleon, on the lonely isle of St. Helena, so the wide sweep of national events indicates the same process in the history of time. For as the nations of the earth have risen and fallen, on their ruins have been erected nobler and grander structures, each approaching nearer and still nearer to the perfection of the exalted ideal of love, until at the end of the long list of great nations, America stands the greatest and grandest of them all. I believe that the course of this country is directed by the God of our fathers, who led them safely through the dark and gloomy wilderness of the Revolution; who made them by the regeneration wrought of the blood and carnage of the Civil War to spring forth in newness of life; and who, in the fullness of time, has bestowed upon them harmony and happiness, not that America alone may flourish, but that through her, the nations of the world might be redeemed.

M. E. ZEIGLER.

The Clemson College Chronicle

FOUNDED BY CLASS OF 1898

Published Monthly by the

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Agricultural College

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Editorial Department

M. E. ZEIGLER,	-	-	-	-	-	EDITOR
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With this issue, the present staff consigns the publication of THE CHRONICLE to other hands and bows itself off the stage of action. During the progress of our work, which we have tried to perform to the satisfaction of those who placed upon us the responsibility, we have kept the interest of THE CHRONICLE steadily in view. Our labors have been alternately cheered and criticised by both our comrades and our exchange friends. We were thankful for their words of approval and sought to profit by their friendly criticism, and

in this, the performance of our last obligations, we can say with sincerity that we feel that we have been treated with fairness and consideration by all.

In our successors, we wish to express our faith and confidence. We believe *THE CHRONICLE* has fallen into worthy hands and we earnestly hope and expect to see it continue to prosper. What the incoming staff lack in experience can be made up by skill and a diligent application to the work before them. Their task will be perhaps harder in some respects than has been the case with any of their preceding incumbents. Owing to a change in the policy of the College, *THE CHRONICLE* will no longer derive its support as a matter of course, but will be dependent primarily upon the interest of the student body. Voluntary subscription will now take the place of compulsory subscription, and this change will entail upon the editors the necessity of keeping the interest of *THE CHRONICLE* constantly before the attention of the student body as well as others who may be interested in the welfare of the College and its various enterprises.

The relations of the present staff has been pleasant and cordial with both students and exchanges, and to them all we bid an affectionate farewell.

Hampton, the soldier and the statesman, the **Wade Hampton** man who always *led* his troops in battle, the man whose courage and wisdom served his State in both war and peace, the man who South Carolina idolized, is no more. On the morning of April 11th this grand old man breathed his last. He was born in Charleston on the 28th day of March, 1818. We know very little of his boyhood or of his educational advantages, but he graduated at the South Carolina College in 1836 with honors. When the war broke out, he enlisted as a private but was soon in command of the Hampton Legion, and by rapid

riser was a Lieut. General when the war ended. He is thought by some to have been the finest cavalry leader that the world has ever seen. From Manassas to Appomattox he was one of the leading Southern leaders, noted for his courage and daring. To attempt to tell anything of the many battles in which he participated would be folly, for such an account would fill volumes. After the war he returned home and took up his farm life again, but he was not destined to lead such a quiet life long. In '76 the white people determined to rid the State of the Radicals, and turned once more to Gen. Hampton to lead them. After a heated campaign he was elected Governor over Chamberlain and took charge of affairs on March 11th, just 26 years to the day, before he died. After his term as Governor he was elected Senator. The last few years of his life were spent at his home in Columbia.

His last words were: "All my people, black and white—God bless them all." These words are very characteristic of the man, as he loved every one, and was loved by all who knew him. As Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, his old comrade in arms, has said of him: "He was a magnificent specimen of the Southern gentleman."

Exchange Department

GEO. D. LEVY, '03, } - - - - EDITORS
 VANN LIVINGSTON, '03, }

Commencement is nearly upon us. For the last time, we take up the critic's pen; but, now with no intentions of lauding the splendid poems, essays, and stories, contained in great numbers, in our exchanges, or of taking the liberty of expressing our opinion—and sometimes this opinion is far from being pleasant—on articles which we review. We can assure our fellow critics that whatever we may have said concerning their respective magazines, whether the remarks were favorable or unfavorable, was done with the sole purpose of the advancement of his journal. If any of our criticisms have given offense, we take this opportunity to apologise; and we trust that when next year rolls around, *THE CHRONICLE* will still be on the same good terms with her fifty-eight *exchanges*.

The duties of an exchange editor are peculiar, trying, and tedious. The critic reminds of a cotton buyer receiving samples of cotton, grading them, and then determining their worth, and reckoning their value. A cotton buyer has to grade the samples according to their quality. Thus with the exchange editor; the magazines come, and then there is the difficult task of grading. We say difficult, because in grading we are obliged to couch our language so as not to give offense; and then, too, we have to avoid the stereotyped expressions which one is so apt to make use of.

Let us look for a moment at the critic's reward. A smile from some gracious lady, whose essay has met out approval; a frown and perhaps an ugly adjective bestowed by one of

the sterner sex, whose literary effort has not won from us the reward of merit that he so confidently expected. By way of an amende, we can but say, perhaps, our literary taste is at fault, and we may not be able to appreciate the true value of the articles before us. Tastes differ; "Many men of many minds" compose the world; thus no article is ever really *trash*, for in its circulation it will be sure to find appreciation somewhere.

The year's pleasant association with our *exchanges* is ended. We say farewell in the truest acceptance of the word. Though others may fill the place we have occupied for the year that has fled, still among our happiest recollections of the past will be the reminiscences of our pleasant association.

Local Department

T. C. SHAW, '02, }
B. H. GARDNER, '03, } - - - - - EDITORS

The Mechanical Laboratory has just installed a 10-horse power cross compound, condensing, heavy duty Harris-Corliss engine. This engine was designed especially for Clemson College, to be used in experimental class work. It is probably the smallest compound Corliss engine unit ever constructed.

Why was Major M— “cracked” to sleep?

Cadet J. R. Cothran of the Sophomore Class has secured a position as Levelman for the Seaboard Air Line Railway with one of the engineering parties between Charleston and Augusta.

Ottumwa Quartette

The last attraction of the lecture course for this year was on the night of April 23d. On that night the Ottumwa Quartette of Chicago gave a concert in the chapel. This is the second time the Ottumwas have been here in the last two years. They made a very favorable impression on the student body two years ago and consequently we were expecting great things from them on this occasion, and it is safe to say that no one was disappointed with the program. Almost every selection was encored, and the performers were very good-natured in responding to the encores. Miss Julia E. Van Deusen, reciter, accompanied the Ottumwas.

The Clemson College Dramatic Club, assisted by Mr. J.

W. Heisman and several of the ladies on the hill, on Saturday night, May 3d, presented to the public the play "His Brother's Keeper." The play, which was in three acts, was a very interesting and exciting one, and was very creditably presented by the Club. The proceeds went to the Athletic Association and we understand that quite a nice sum was realized.

On the morning of May 14th we had an inspection of arms and other government property by a United States Army officer. The inspecting officer was Capt. Curtis, who is stationed at Fort Sumter.

THE CHRONICLE staff elected to serve for next year is as follows:

Editor-in-Chief—H. C. Tillman.

Business Manager—T. S. Perrin.

Assistant Business Manager—Clarence Norton.

Editors from Calhoun Society—V. B. Hall and H. C. Sahlmann.

From Columbian Society—C. W. Legerton and Chas. Dew.

From Palmetto Society—W. E. G. Black and S. T. Hill.

The delegates elected from the Clemson Y. M. C. A. to attend the convention to be held this summer at Asheville, N. C., are W. O. Cain, E. D. Ellis, F. K. Rhodes, T. B. Young and A. J. Speer.

Society Contests

The Columbian Literary Society held its seventh annual contest in the chapel on the night of April 11th. The declaimers were Messrs. T. R. Phillips and Chas. Dew. The orators were Messrs. B. H. Barre and D. Kohn. Mr. Barre's

subject was "Immigration," and that of Mr. Kohn "The Confederate Soldier." For the debate the query was: "Resolved, That the Legislature of South Carolina should pass a child labor bill." The affirmative was represented by Mr. E. B. Boykin and the negative by Mr. F. M. Gunby. The contest was an exceptionally good one and all of the speakers did credit to themselves and their society. The judges awarded the medals to Messrs. Phillips, Barre and Boykin.

On the night of May 2d, the Palmetto Society held its contest in the chapel. There were only three speakers in the contest, owing to the fact that Mr. S. T. Hill, one of the orators, had left College. The contestants for the declaimer's medal were Messrs. W. E. G. Black and W. G. Templeton. Mr. E. D. Ellis was the only contestant for the orator's medal. The judges awarded the medal to Messrs. Templeton and Ellis.

Owing to the fact that two of the members which were to take part in the Calhoun contest, were members of the Sophomore Class and were not in College at the time set for the contest, the Calhoun Society abandoned its contest for this year.

Miss Mary Martin, of Easley, S. C., is visiting at Mr. B F Robertson's.

Society Officers

Calhoun Society.

President—B. F. Pegues.

Vice-President—H. C. Tillman.

Recording Secretary—J. R. Conner.

Literary Critic—H. C. Sahlmann.

Treasurer—G. F. Norris.

Corresponding Secretary—V. B. Hall.

Sergeant-at-Arms—S. G. Bryan.

Columbian Society.

President—J. H. Wyse.

Vice-President—W. H. Barnwell.

Recording Secretary—Geo. T. McGregor.

Literary Critic—C. W. Legerton.

Treasurer—T. B. Young.

Corresponding Secretary—Chas. Dew.

Sergeant-at-Arms—T. N. Lide.

Reporting Critics—C. P. Ballenger and L. E. Boykin.

Palmetto Society.

President—J. T. Robertson.

Vice-President—E. D. Ellis.

Recording Secretary—J. Gelzer.

Treasurer—W. L. Templeton.

Literary Critic—A. J. Spear.

Prosecuting Critic—G. L. Morrison.

Censor—S. C. Dean.

Sergeant-at-Arms—W. S. Beaty.

The second annual Hop given by the privates of the Artillery was held at Sloan's Hall, Friday night, May 16th.

There were thirty couples gliding gracefully across the floor of the hall from the time the first strain of music was heard from the Clemson Orchestra, until way into the wee small hours of the morning. The german commenced at eleven o'clock and was lead by Mr. W. B. Chisolm and Miss Leora Douthit, most ably assisted by Mr. Claude Douthit and Miss Margret Moore.

Many of the ladies were from the neighboring towns, but if one would judge from their costumes, and their beauty, he would be lead to believe that they were visitors from some planet in the airy space and near relatives of Venus.

To say that the occasion was very enjoyable one, would be expressing it mildly; and the pleasant memories of the Artillery hop will long linger in the minds of those present.

An Appeal for an Endowment Fund for the Perpetual Care of the Old Stone Church Cemetery

CLEMSON COLLEGE, S. C., March 5, 1902.

I am sending you herewith a copy of the resolutions adopted by the Old Stone Church Association at the annual meeting, October 4, 1901. It is the purpose of the Committee, appointed in pursuance of these resolutions, to formulate an appeal to be sent to the newspapers and religious papers and to all we think may be in any way interested in the care of the Old Stone Church Cemetery, hoping thereby to obtain contributions to the endowment fund. A copy of this appeal will be sent you. Do not delay your contribution until then, as we wish to raise as much of the fund as possible and embody in the appeal a statement of the amount already raised.

Yours truly,

R. N. BRACKETT,
Chairman Com. End. Fund.

Resolutions adopted by the Old Stone Church Association—annual meeting, October 4, 1901. In consideration of the interest which we as patriotic citizens of South Carolina and as members of this Association have in the care and preservation of the historic memorials to the illustrious dead, who found their last resting place in the Old Stone Church Cemetery; and in view of our own interest in the proper keep of these grounds, by reason of those dear to us through ties of blood or friendship whose remains repose here:

Be it resolved, First, that it is the sense of this Association that an endowment fund shall be raised to be known as *The Old Stone Church Perpetual Endowment Fund*, and

that every effort be made to raise at least one thousand dollars for this purpose.

Be it resolved, Second, that a committee of six be appointed to draw up an appeal for this purpose, that they be authorized to have said appeal printed and distributed to all members of this Association; and, in view of the historic interest of this Cemetery, in order to afford an opportunity to the patriotic citizens of South Carolina of contributing to this cause, to send copies of this appeal to the chief daily papers of the State and to the religious papers also for publication.

Be it resolved, Third, that this committee be designated as *Trustees* of said endowment fund, that they be required to give bond to the amount of the fund, that they be required to invest said fund in government stock or other safe securities, that they be empowered to spend the interest in the care and improvement of the Cemetery grounds, which shall always be kept clean and free of weeds and undergrowth, and as opportunity and means offer be improved by being carefully laid off into lots and walks and planted with trees, shrubbery and grass.

Be it resolved, Fourth, that these Trustees shall be self-perpetuating; that they shall make an annual report in writing to be filed with the Secretary of this Association, said report to contain a detailed statement of the administration of the endowment fund, stating the nature of the investments and giving an itemized account of the expenditure of the interest, accompanied by vouchers.

In accordance with these resolutions the following committee was appointed :

Chairman, R. N. Brackett, Clemson College, S. C.; J. J. Lewis, Pickens, S. C.; Whitner Symmes, Greenville, S. C.; H. P. Sitton, Pendleton, S. C.; Dr. E. C. Doyle, Seneca, S. C.; J. C. Stribling, Pendleton, S. C.

As an auxiliary committee, or advisory committee, the following ladies were appointed :

Mrs. B. Frank Sloan, Seneca, S. C.; Mrs. Chas. Davant, Pendleton, S. C.; Mrs. R. N. Brackett, Clemson College, S. C.; R. N. Brackett, Chairman Committee.

Remittances should be sent to H. P. Sitton, Pendleton, S. C.

March 4, 1902.

The following tables show the grades made by each contestant and the average grade made by each College since the establishment of the State Intercollegiate Oratorical Association. It will no doubt be gratifying to the cadets and friends of Clemson to note the creditable position which she holds :

WOFFORD COLLEGE.

		<i>Composition</i>	<i>Delivery.</i>	<i>Average.</i>
1899	Garris	84 $\frac{2}{3}$	86 $\frac{2}{3}$	85 $\frac{2}{3}$
1900	Koger	82.3	86.5	84.4
1901	Morrison.....	92.	95.	93.5
1902	Not represented.			

FURMAN.

1899	Watson.....	87 $\frac{2}{3}$	91 $\frac{1}{3}$	89.
1900	Daniel.....	82 $\frac{2}{3}$	89.	85.3
1901	Hickson.....	81.3	81.7	81.5
1902	Cunningham ...	73.44	93.	83.22

CLEMSON.

1899	Moise	91 $\frac{2}{3}$	95.	93 $\frac{1}{3}$
1900	Hill.....	86.6	83.5	85.
1901	Boykin	88 $\frac{1}{3}$	74 $\frac{2}{3}$	81.5
1902	Zeigler.....	78.22	84 $\frac{2}{3}$	81.44

CLINTON.

1899	Edge.....	86.	90 $\frac{1}{2}$	88.
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		<i>Composition.</i>	<i>Delivery.</i>	<i>Average.</i>
1900	Ligon	79.	78.6	78.8
1901	Johnson	81 $\frac{2}{3}$	64.	72.83
1902	Alexander	68.77	87.	77.88

NEWBERRY.

1899	Had not entered.			
1900	Derrick.....	73.3	79.9	76.6
1901	Wicker.....	87.	53 $\frac{2}{3}$	70.
1902	Aull ..	76.22	84 $\frac{1}{3}$	80.27

DUE WEST.

1899	Presley.....	81 $\frac{1}{3}$	93.	87 $\frac{1}{6}$
1900	Boyd.....	87.6	85.5	86.5
1901	Simpson.....	86 $\frac{2}{3}$	55.	70.83
1902	McDaniel	70.44	83 $\frac{1}{3}$	76.88

Average made during the past four years:

Wofford	87.85
Furman	84.75
Clemson	85.31
Clinton	79.38
Newberry	75.62
Due West.....	80.34

Tribute of Respect

Whereas it has pleased our Heavenly Father to take from us one of our class-mates, Junius T. McNeill, who departed from this life April 21st, 1902, at Florence, South Carolina;

Be it resolved, 1st. That we, the members of the Junior Class of Clemson College, do hereby express our deepest sympathy with his parents in this their great loss.

2d. That although we sincerely regret his death we humbly submit to the will of an Allwise Providence.

3d. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the be-

reaved family and that they be published in the Sumter papers and in THE CLEMSON COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

H. C. SAHLMANN,
E. R. FINGER,
S. J. CHANDLER,
Committee.

ATHLETICS

As our base-ball team has closed we shall give the scores of all the games played by us this season, but owing to lack of space will not attempt to write up any of the games, but will make a few remarks about those games that we didn't publish in our last issue.

Clemson Ball Team's Trip to Georgia

Owing to a misunderstanding between the managers of the Clemson and the Mercer teams as to when the game was to be played we had to leave Clemson at 12 o'clock on the night of the 10th of April and drive through the country nine miles to Seneca, where we boarded the Vestibule. We arrived at Macon about 10 A. M., and promptly at 3.30 the Mercer vs. Clemson game began. Clemson took the field and was not confident of winning the game as the Mercer boys had put up such a pretty practice game, but Clemson got the lead early in the game and had the Mercer boys at their mercy throughout the game. Clemson, hits, 12; runs, 11; Mercer, hits, 9; runs, 3.

The Clemson boys took the 7 P. M. train for Atlanta, where they were to play the Georgia Techs the next day.

Clemson lost by a score of 12 to 4, and we haven't any excuse to make, the Techs just outplayed us. It seemed to be an off day for Clemson and was decidedly the worst game that we played this season. It looked as if we were trying

to make up some of that sleep we had lost going to Macon. Hits, Clemson, 12; hits, Techs, 17.

Clemson vs. Georgia

One of the prettiest games ever played on our campus was the Clemson vs. Georgia game. The game was exciting from start to finish and it was not until the last man was put out that the Georgians knew that they had the game. Clemson, hits, 7; score, 1; Georgia, hits, 8; score, 2.

Team's Trip to Newberry and Columbia

Our team arrived at Newberry Friday, the 25th of April, and was met by the manager of the Newberry team and was escorted to the hotel.

At 4.30 the game began and both teams tried hard to score for nine innings, but couldn't do it; however, in the tenth, Martin being first at bat got a single and Pearman put it against the fence, bringing Martin in. Clemson, hits, 9; runs, 1; Newberry, hits, 6; runs, 0.

The Clemson boys were met after supper by several members of the Newberry team and were carried around to a dancing school, where they were heartily received and enjoyed themselves until a summons was given that it was nearly time for the train going to Columbia. They caught the train and was on hand the next day when the Clemson vs. Carolina game was called. It was a beautiful game. Sitton pitched the game of his life for Clemson, only allowing the Carolinians one hit. It looked as if Carolina was going to get the best of it until the beginning of the 8th inning, as the score was 1 to 0 in their favor up to that time, but Clemson got on to Ruehr in the 8th inning. "Tub" Pearman started the ball to rolling by hitting a two-bagger, bringing in the first run for Clemson, and then Clemson kept up the good work until she made two more runs.

Carolina didn't score in the 9th and Clemson didn't take her inning at bat. Clemson, hits, 5; runs, 3; Carolina, hits, 1; runs, 1.

We appreciate very much the kind and gentlemanly treatment that we received by both the Carolina and Newberry boys.

Clemson vs. Furman

Friday, May 9, Clemson played Furman at Greenville. Clemson got the lead early in the game and kept it. There wasn't anything exciting about the game, but was interesting enough to hold the crowd until the game was over. Wright did the "star" work for Furman, and Barksdale for Clemson. Clemson, hits, 12; runs, 11; Furman, hits, 5; runs, 3.

Clemson vs. Wofford

Wofford played us on campus Tuesday eve., May 13, and was beaten 6 to 3.

The Wofford boys came to Clemson confident of winning, but they felt that they must do something in order to do it. There were many visitors from the surrounding country and towns, and they were about equally divided in their opinion as to who would win the game, all of which added much to the interest of the game.

Clemson took the bat and scored one run in the first inning by a three bagger from Barksdale. Wofford came in and was shut out. Clemson scored two more runs before Wofford crossed the home plate, and Clemson kept the lead throughout the game. Both Sitton and DuPree pitched a good game, but the Clemson team made 10 hits while the Wofford boys only got 5.

The Clemson Base-ball season closed with the Wofford game.

Clemson has made another good year's record in base-ball, only losing three games out of twelve. Clemson holds the

championship of South Carolina, having won all games played against the College teams of the State.

The following is the personnel of the team :

T. C. Shaw, Captain.

W. B. Chisolm.

F. E. Pearman.

J. H. Rodger.

J. W. Gantt.

W. F. Cole.

C. V. Sitton.

J. Maxwell.

G. R. Barksdale.

Substitutes : J. Wier, O. R. Brown, G. W. McIver and J. E. Martin.

Leaders in batting : Barksdale, Maxwell, Shaw and Pearman.

Claude Douthit, Manager.

J. W. Heisman, Coach.

Following is the record of games :

March 19, Clemson, 5 ; University of N. C., 16.

April 1, Clemson, 10 ; Hobart, 2.

April 3, Clemson, 6 ; Cornell University, 2.

April 5, Clemson, 25 ; V. P. I., 0.

April 7, Clemson 4 ; S. C. M. A., 2.

April 11, Clemson, 11 ; Mercer University, 3.

April 12, Clemson, 4 ; Georgia Techs, 12.

April 17, Clemson, 1 ; University of Georgia, 2.

April 23, Clemson 1 ; Newberry College, 0.

April 26, Clemson, 3 ; S. C. College, 1.

May 9, Clemson, 11 ; Furman University, 3.

May 13, Clemson, 6 ; Wofford College, 3.

We regret very much that "Coach" Heisman was called away before the end of the season. His coaching was in

every way satisfactory and we hope that he will come back next year to coach the Clemson Base-Ball Team. He is going to coach our Foot-Ball Team again next season and we know that means a good team for Clemson.

Southern Colleges

Nearly all of those, which issue handsomely engraved anniversary and commencement invitations, are having them done by a Southern firm who are doing very artistic work.

We refer to J. P. STEVENS, of ATLANTA, GA.

This house has a magnificently equipped plant for the production of high grade steel and copper plate engraving, and invitation committees would do well to obtain their prices and samples before placing their orders.

Clemson College Directory

CLEMSON AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

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

CLEMSON COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

M. E. Zeigler, Editor-in-Chief.

E. B. Boykin, Business Manager.

CALHOUN LITERARY SOCIETY.

J. E. Martin, President.

J. P. Cummings, Secretary.

COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

E. B. Boykin, President.

T. B. Young, Secretary.

PALMETTO LITERARY SOCIETY.

W. W. Coleman, President.

J. R. Cothran, Secretary.

CLEMSON COLLEGE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

L. V. Lewis, Superintendent.

E. D. Ellis, Secretary.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

W. O. Cain, President.

J. R. Connor, Secretary.

CLEMSON COLLEGE SCIENTIFIC CLUB.

W. M. Riggs, President.

Geo. E. Nesom, Secretary.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

W. M. Riggs, President.

FOOT-BALL ASSOCIATION.

W. M. Riggs, President.

C. Douthit, Captain Team '02.

CLEMSON COLLEGE GLEE CLUB.

W. M. Riggs, President.

T. R. Phillips, Manager.

D. Jennings, Secretary.

TENNIS CLUB.

T. S. Perrin, President.

C. W. Legerton, Secretary.

BASE-BALL ASSOCIATION.

T. C. Shaw, Captain.

C. Douthit, Manager.

CLEMSON COLLEGE TRACK TEAM.

J. C. Wylie, Captain.

J. H. Wyse, Manager.

CLEMSON COLLEGE BAND.

D. Jennings, President.

D. Jennings, Leader.

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

J. S. Garris, President,
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B. F. Robertson, Secretary,
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