

1902

Clemson Chronicle, 1902-1903

Clemson University

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CLEMSON
COLLEGE
CHRONICLE

Vol. VI

No. I

October

nineteen hundred and two



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Valeat Quantum Valere Potest

VOL. VI. CLEMSON COLLEGE, S. C., OCTOBER, 1902

No. 1

Literary



Department

W. E. G. BLACK, }
CHAS. DEW, }

EDITORS

Love's Philosophy

I.

The sinking sun cast a golden ray
Upon the embers of a dying day.
The mocker, from a tree near by,
Chirped as the day was about to die.

II.

Chirped to its mate, on the nest o'erhead,
A song of love; and each note said,
The day is done and we may rest,
In the cool sweet night that God has blest.

III.

I lay and listened to its tune,
Until the gentle, silvered moon
Rose from behind the moving trees,
Bowing in the gentle breeze.

IV.

And bade the whippoorwill to call
To wrap the world in a silent pall;
Lulling all nature in gentle sleep,
Giving each life in God's hands to keep.

V.

And as I lay, in fancy traced
On memory's page, a dear sweet face;
I see her smile, I hear her call—
She smiles at me, but that is all.

VI.

And then, as if by nature taught,
An argument on my mind was wrought—
To ask if in nature a mate must be,
Why not, sweetheart, I with thee?

VII.

To ask if the wind may kiss the tree.
Sweetheart, may I then kiss thee?
If the bird may have a mate near by,
Why not, dear one, you and I?

VIII.

If in all nature there are two
That travel all life's journey through;
The reasoning then for all must hold,
For man, and beast, of every fold.

IX.

The waves are wedded to the shore,
The stars and moon part nevermore;
Streams go laughing on their way,
Are joined by another, and together they stay.

X.

And if all this is God's decree,
Why not, dear one, you with me?

My hand I kissed in the fading light,
And was soon close held in the arms of night.
Azo.

A Man's a Man for a' That

Carlton D. Green, the millionaire grain merchant of the West, was sitting at his desk in the office of the firm of which he was the senior member. His evening mail had been opened, and after directing his secretary as to the disposition of it, he retreated to his favorite seat by the office window, where he might sit in peace, smoke his evening cigar and gaze below on the surging humanity that passed. Presently, there came to his ears the sound of footsteps—a faint knock was heard upon the office door. In a moment his secretary appeared and announced a caller. “Bring him in,” said the millionaire, as he knocked the ashes from his cigar and calmly resumed his seat.

Now appears upon the scene the hero of our story: Robert J. Hall, though reared in adversity, was not destitute of hopes. Sixteen years old—thirteen years an orphan—he not only had had revealed to him the hardships of, but also the pleasures that belong to poverty. He fully realized that though at times, all, even life itself, seemed dark and shadowy, he must strive to overcome the difficulties that confront one, and with a determined will, to convert at least some of his energies into the uplifting and bettering of his fellow-man.

Happening to hear that the millionaire grain merchant had advertised for a young man to whom would be given the task of sweeping the floors of the great grain elevators, he determined to apply for the position—though little thinking he would receive it. Accordingly, we find him waiting in the corridor near the office door until at the merchant's

command he appeared before him. With an air of composure, Robert introduced himself to and made known his mission to the millionaire's office. After having gone through a very thorough examination as to his character and also his fitness for the position, he impressed the millionaire as being deserving of it; consequently, he ordered him to report for duty the next morning. With a bow of thanks, Robert left the office.

* * * * *

Nearly a year had passed, though it seemed to Robert as if it were ten, when one morning, while cheerfully performing his daily task, he was approached by the office boy, who handed him a letter. Eagerly Robert grasped it, and stealing to his favorite little corner between the elevators, he opened it and began to devour its contents. Slowly he read: "Mr. Robert J. Hall, employee of Green & Carroll, grain brokers and merchants. Dear Sir: Please call on me at my residence, at 8.30 o'clock this P. M. A carriage will be at your disposal at my office this hour. Very truly, Carlton W. Green." Time and again did Robert read this over to himself—each time muttering: "Is it possible that this can be for me? Surely a mistake has been made. I to be asked to the home of the wealthiest man in all Chicago?" Slowly and gently he folded the little note and carefully slipping it away in his pocket, he came from his hiding place and commenced faithfully the task which a few minutes ago he had left unfinished.

At 7 o'clock that afternoon the doors of the large grain building were closed—the day's work was over—and Robert, with his coat on his shoulder and hat in hand, hurried away to his room to dress for his evening call. Promptly at 8.30 P. M., he arrived at the office and, sure enough, the carriage was waiting for him. In a few moments he was rapidly speeding on his way to the millionaire's home, which

to his relief he reached in a very short while. Alighting from the carriage, he went with quick and timorous step up to the door of the stately mansion. Giving the door bell a somewhat nervous turn, he marched two paces to the rear, removed his hat and began in a very excited manner to smooth down the little strands of hair that possibly might have strayed off from their natural lay. Presently the highly polished mahogany door swung open and there to welcome him was no other than Mr. Green. In order to make a long story short, I will say that Robert, despite his youth, was that night given the position of manager of the shipping department for the firm of Green & Carroll.

* * * * *

Two years passed swiftly by since Robert had taken up the responsibilities of his new position. During that time he had impressed upon his employers the fact that he had not proven himself unworthy of their confidence; also, during this time he had become quite a frequent visitor to the millionaire's mansion; must I tell you why? You wouldn't believe it—he had fallen in love with the millionaire's daughter. In fact, he couldn't understand it himself. He had often read and heard songs of love, but the only effect it had upon him was to make the music more beautiful. However, the thought that he loved her had deeply entwined itself within his very life, and needless to say he was a changed man.

Beatrice Green—for that was her name—was a lovely brunette of seventeen years. So beautiful, so young, so kind and so gentle, she had, since Robert met her—two years since—become the very soul of his existence.

Gradually, there had grown up between them that mutual confidence and esteem which always preceded true love, until now they exchanged their little troubles and joys, their sorrows and happiness, as if they were in common—only

those of one. However, Robert, until now, never told her that he loved her; possibly, he might have waited a little longer had not her summer vacation from college ended. It was the night before she was to leave. All day she had looked forward to Robert's coming with great delight, for especially during the past three months, he had been so good and kind to her that she could not help from feeling a great liking for him. Hardly a day passed but that she did not receive some little message or gift from him. Indeed, it seemed to her as if he could read her every little wants and wishes. It seemed to her that Robert was awfully late that evening. She had been dressed nearly an hour, during which time she cast many an anxious look down the long, broad avenue. At last she retreated to her little seat under the overhanging vines of the yellow jessamine that entangled themselves upon the lattice-work near the edge of the veranda. She had no idea how long it had been, for her thoughts of him, and also the fragrance of the perfumed atmosphere, had ushered her into what seemed to be a dream; but feeling a ruffle among the leaves near her, she raised her eyes only to gaze into those of her lover.

"Robert," she said, in an instant, "I do think you have treated me real mean. I've been almost worried to death for fear that you weren't coming."

"Beatrice, darling, come let's go into the conservatory, for I want to be alone with you a little while."

Softly they stole into their favorite seat, where they might tell each other of their happiness and love. Not until then did Beatrice notice the troubled look that clouded Robert's face.

"What's the matter, Robert? you do not seem yourself," she said, in a low, sweet voice.

"Does it really seem so to you, sweetheart?"

A blush that stole softly across her sweet face was the only answer he received.

Gently he took her little hand within his, and whispered: "Beatrice, I have something to tell you. May I trust you with it?"

"Yes, Rob.; what is it?"

"I love you, Beatrice—forgive me, for I can't help it."

All was silent. The beautiful girl sat as if she were enshrouded in a dream. Robert gazed out upon the lawn and saw the silver rays of the distant moon as gently they came stealing through the tree-tops. Their mellow light seemed to guard the roses and the yellow jessamines as they slept.

Ere very long this deep silence was broken by Beatrice—but her's was a changed voice. "Robert," she said, "how can I leave you?" The sound of bitter sobs was all that broke the profound silence that again followed.

Presently the great town clock wafted out upon the still night air the notes of the midnight hour. Robert touched the beautiful jewelled little hand. It was so cold.

"Beatrice, I must leave. Good night."

As he bent over to give her one last, sweet kiss, he heard in broken words: "Rob., I love you."

Then quietly they parted—he to go to his home, she to her room, only to lay and dream of him to whom that night she had given her heart.

A Graduating Speech

CLEMSON'S PLACE IN THE EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM OF THE STATE.

The history of the State Colleges of South Carolina shows that each came into existence as the result of some definite movement looking to the maintenance of the prestige and

honor of the State. They have not, then, sprung up by accident; neither have they been established in accordance with some precedent set by a sister State; but each, as I have stated, has been the outcome of some deliberate and definite policy, by which the State sought to conserve the public interest by the education of her citizens. Clemson College represents one of the last of these efforts on the part of the State; and to understand thoroughly the position and intention of this institution, perhaps it will be well to notice, first, briefly, the origin and purpose of each of those which preceded it.

The South Carolina College, the oldest in the State, was the natural outgrowth of the conditions existing during the early history of this republic. This country, of which South Carolina formed a part, was then struggling with the grave problems of government incident to its recent emancipation from England's tyranny. Our fathers had set up here a new form of government, and if it was to be maintained intact against the invading onslaughts of time, it was necessary that trained and skillful statesmen should stand ready to take the place of those master minds that had guided it through the dangerous stages of its inception.

It was, therefore, the feeling of a great responsibility on the part of the State that led to the establishment of the South Carolina College, whose primary purpose was to train the citizens of the State in the science of government; to assist in preserving the integrity of the Constitution, and to prepare the defenders of our political faith.

Passing now over a lapse of about forty years, we find ourselves in an ominous period in the history of South Carolina; in the midst of those stirring influences out of which two military institutions in this State sprang. One was short-lived, but the other, the South Carolina Military Academy, continues to this day. This period is famous as

being one of the most serious epochs through which South Carolina ever passed. It was the time immediately following the great debates which had recently occurred in the halls of Congress as to the rights of a State in the Union. The great Nullification question, which had brought South Carolina face to face with the proposition of maintaining, single-handed and alone, her rights against the strength of the entire country, had been but recently settled. As the State reflected upon the consequences which a different disposition of these questions might have entailed, and on the magnitude of the perplexing and still pending slavery question, another great need was revealed to her wisdom, and with characteristic promptness and generosity, we find her still further providing for the public safety by the establishment of a college for the purpose of training her youthful citizens in the science and art of war.

We next pass to a third distinct phase in the educational history of South Carolina, and we find that the influences that impressed their character upon the State during this period, after another lapse of forty years, were also peculiar to the trend and progress of the times. As the classes of influences already described stimulated educational movements respecting the moral and physical protection of the State, so the class to which we now come had for its object the promotion of her industrial welfare. Discoveries in science and achievements in art had given a new impulse to industry, and were directing the thoughts of men along more practical lines.

South Carolina was quickened by the incentives due to progress, but simultaneous with the stimulating influences of science came another that arose out of the life and history of the State and country. The Civil War had been fought, and as the Confederate soldier returned to his native land and found himself without a home, deprived of his former

comforts, destitute even of the conveniences of life, and dependent upon the work of his own hands for the means of subsistence, he began to take a tremendously practical view of life. Many of these old veteran soldiers were educated men, graduates of colleges; but during these seasons of extremity they found their education of little practical assistance, except as a foundation for future professional study. The necessity for useful knowledge was thus impressed deeply upon their minds, and it was during these desperate days that industrial education received a sanction from the people of the South.

But there were still other and impelling causes that led to the inauguration of Clemson College. It was felt that while the colleges already established were discharging a great public benefit, were fulfilling their obligation to the State, that still they were beyond the financial reach of a majority of South Carolina's sons. These institutions were established under the old conditions, when only the wealthy classes were regarded as eligible for educational advantages, and hence the cost of a course therein was not considered an important item. Under the new system of affairs, however, when education was becoming well nigh universal, it was desired that some college should be established on such an economical basis as would allow it to open its doors to the student of average means. Besides, it was recognized, as I have already hinted, that while these other colleges were discharging a great duty to the State, they were not providing the kind of education suited to the needs of the great mass of the people. The population of the State was largely agricultural, and they desired a college whose training should be of some direct benefit to the farming classes. It was admitted that these colleges could elevate, broaden and enlighten the intellect—that they could refine the sentiments and prepare for a professional career; but they could add little to the skill

of the laborer. It was because of this important defect that the great man, whose name this college bears, made the initial bequest for the endowment in this State of an agricultural and mechanical college.

It is to the combined effect of all these causes that Clemson College owes its existence. The State was deeply sensible of the needs of an enlightened industry, and Clemson College represents her determination to supply that demand. But in this undertaking the advantages of culture were also remembered, and its broadening features were likewise incorporated in the purpose of this institution. Clemson College, therefore, is designed to unite culture and utility—the two prime factors of progress. But besides the material advantages that flow from the benefits of industrial education, there is another that springs from the social conditions of country. History shows that society has ever been divided into two classes—those who think and those who work. The line of demarcation separating these two classes is clear and distinct, and the social and political privileges enjoyed by the one and denied to the other are often a source of trouble. Clemson College is also an effort to reconcile these conflicting elements, by endowing the working man with a capacity for thought.

In thus explaining the origin and purpose of Clemson, it has not been my object to give offence to any other college or to disparage its standing; for I recognize the fact that each of these institutions holds a distinct and permanent place in the educational system of the State, and that each is necessary to make that system complete. While the South Carolina College and the Citadel stand for the moral and physical safety of the State, Clemson stands for the development of her industrial resources; and the establishment of Winthrop College comes as a beautiful complement to Clemson in the promotion of that great work.

Now, there is one other consideration, of which on this occasion, I feel that I should not fail to speak. I refer to the obligation which each student owes his State as the recipient of her bounty and protection. The State, as I have intimated, in establishing and maintaining her institutions of learning, may be acting in a certain measure under the instincts of self-preservation; but she does so under such circumstances of generosity as to impose an everlasting obligation upon all who partake of her munificence. I, therefore, individually, and in behalf of the graduating class, wish to express the deep gratitude which each of us feel for the benefits received at the hands of our State.

M. E. ZEIGLER.

Reading Gives a Thought

In glancing hurriedly over old histories, of still older nations, and compacting the mere facts with those gathered by tradition, or books of fiction, which must necessarily have some truth for its basis, one can but notice how singularly has the mighty passed away, leaving in its stead but phantoms of its former self to be nursed into a clearer light by men of research.

And with this note of rise and fall must come some question as to cause; for, after all, everything tends to lead back to some fundamental mistake that creeps in, and as the weavel threads its way, leaving but a decaying substance in its path.

There can be no doubt as to the cause of this rise and fall; for, by a close examination, it is seen that as a nation grows and greeds, her pride and purity go, and soon God is cast aside for the mammon of gold or the molten calf.

And here I have tried to embed this thought in a poem:

FORGETTING GOD.

I.

It is with nations as with man,
To rise, to fall, to sink or stand;
To be tempted unto hell,
And so take note, for it is well.

II.

Egypt rose to glory in her day,
But now her people are laid away;
The valley of the Nile is now
A barren track for the farmer's plow.

III.

Gone is her pomp, and dead her fame,
While o'er her grave a slab is lain,
With this inscription written clear:
"God was forgotten, the end lies here."

IV.

Babylonia ranked among the great—
Her king and princes sat in state;
The finger of a hand, upon the wall,
Wrote the verdict of her fall.

V.

Greece passed from power to decay,
(The traveler looking on her ruins will say,)
The riches won by her honored brave
Are buried now in one vast grave.

VI.

Rome, once upon the topmost round,
Is buried now beneath the ground;
Her Cæsars and her Platos passed.
She forgot God—it was her last.

VII.

To-day we can on history call,
To mark the beginning of their fall;
And note that each one in her place,
Forgetting God, was laid to waste.

VIII.

Youth and purity, hand in hand,
Mark the making of a land;
Corruption creepeth in with age—
It's written so on History's page.

IX.

Religion, deepest in the heart,
Purest, like water, at its start—
Springing from patriotism and pride,
Winding through time its ringlets hide.

X.

So, as it travels on its way,
It gathers corruption every day;
But like a nation as a child,
Is not with riches sore beguiled.

XI.

But as it grows, it's tempted sore
To spread its bounds from shore to shore;
To forget its pride, its purity and care,
And forgetting God, is laid waste and bare.

XII.

A witness to the nation's march
Through fame and glories' beaming arch,
Must hear above its sweetest lays,
The funeral dirge to forgotten days.

XIII.

Oh, let us then by their follies read
The meaning of God's word decreed—
That when we grasp for earthly gains,
His anger on our kingdom rains.

XIV.

That when we turn to greed for gold,
We our birthrights there have sold;
And time upon our memory places,
A tablet bearing, "Thus God erases."

Azo.

The Cowboy's Prayer

A solitary horseman—a grim, hard-featured cowboy, with the inevitable brace of "Colts," and the slender lasso cord suspended from his thick leathern belt—reined in his jaded mustang and sat, for a space, staring listlessly into the muddy little prairie stream at his feet. He sighed once, deep and long; then, half-turning in his saddle and shading his eyes, after the manner of cowboys and sailor-men, he gazed intently westward. The sun had just sunk away into a low, dark cloud bank that hovered over the rim of the prairie, and gray dusk was settling over the earth.

"Hit's a good forty behine us—and a better thirty 'afore, Adri," he told his jetty little mare, as he stroked her mane with the suggestion of a caress; "a cursed *good* forty, too, eh, girl? So we'll just bunk here for the night—over there."

The "over there," toward which the horseman unconsciously nodded as he spoke, was a well known camping spot to wayfarers of his type and calling, a kind of natural, rustic wayside inn, as it were—a little island, or high ground, situated amid stream, not more than a dozen yards in length, by perhaps half that in width, thickly overgrown with small willows and stunted oaks and tall, coarse grass. Toward the centre of this bit of island, a cool, clear spring bubbled up and trickled down to join the little river. To this spring, more than to any other attraction, did the "Island" owe its popularity as camping ground, for springs were rare in that

quarter of the globe. So the tired horseman forded the shallow stream and tethered his mare on the "Island."

An hour later, as this hardy man of the plains sprawled his weary limbs out over the fresh sweet-smelling grass, and gave a contented grunt—in lieu of his prayers, no doubt—it was little he recked if his evening meal had been a trifle cold and hard, and if his bed were not of soft down; and 'twas scarcely a thought that he gave to that low, hoarse mutter far back toward the sunset—an ominous sound to the man who has never spent his nights out under the stars and has never felt the patter of cold rain-drops on his blanket. 'Twas slight heed that old Brigg gave to trifles like these. He had not breathed a dozen times before the stars swam and faded, the green leaves blurred, then spread out into a vast concave dome; the grating of the katy-dids came fainter and fainter; gradually the myriad burrs and whirrs of the night insects blended, and he slept—the deep, unbroken sleep of the laborer.

Long and sweetly he slept—until the east was lighting and the dark was turning to gray, and the earth, the hills and the trees were growing into shape again. Then his slumbers were interrupted. He dreamed a dream—a terrible dream. He lay, half-naked, in a wide open field, and a cold, pitiless rain fell in a flood, and the whole earth was reeking with icy water; and a bleak north wind howled, and harsh thunder muttered unceasingly. He ached in every limb, and the low, sullen roar of the thunder and of the wind dinned in his ears and confused him, making the whole seem strange and unreal, and it was intensely dark. Suddenly he half raised his numb body, to look about him for some shelter from the furious elements; and then he awoke. He sat up dreamily and stared about him.

Was he indeed awake? Was he not still dreaming? He was cold, numb, aching. *That* was no dream. And the

rain still fell in fearful torrents; and above all that low, sullen, churning roar still hissed in his ears. He rubbed his eyes and felt his limbs. They were soaked and half-frozen. He stood in water to his shoe-tops. He was in the midst of a foaming, plunging torrent. This much he was able to make out by the uncertain gray of the dawn. He was badly muddled. He could not at first understand how the cloud-bank that had hidden the sun twelve hours before, had risen up during the night and had poured out its water in floods over the prairie. Nor did he, for a time, see any reason in nature why the peaceful little river of the evening before should have so suddenly swollen into a torrent of black, booming water, completely inundating the little "Island," and rushing, dark and swift, half a hundred feet between him and the shore. He was dazed. He stood and stroked his forehead and stared. Then thought and recollection came.

"Well, I'm durned," he commented, and went on stroking his forehead.

He grew furious, only a blind, impotent fury at first, and he lifted up his voice and, there in the lonely dawn, with none to hear him but himself and God, he swore by everything that is in the earth and in the waters under the earth and in the firmament above the earth; and when he had exhausted his vocabulary, he deliberately began over again and swore through the whole. He swore at his mustang, which had broken her leash at the first danger and waded to shore, and he swore at the river for rising. Then, of a sudden he stopped swearing, short, and grew pale under his tan. He had made a discovery; while he was swearing, the river was *rising*—rising at a fearful rate. Gradually it had crept from his shoe-tops, almost to his knees. An alarming thought struck him: what if it rose to his waist—to his neck! It was already difficult to stand in the plunging current.

The prisoned man looked stupidly out at the torrent that separated him from the shore. Few swimmers would dare to tempt it; and Brigg was no strong swimmer. He was helpless. He stood there gazing, gazing, while the water crept up.

It went over his knees, and he had to hold to a slender willow for support. Up and up it crept, still the clouds showed little signs of breaking. Two miserable hours dragged by, and the water had passed half the distance between his thigh and knee. The clouds were breaking, but the plains were deep in water, and the river might go on rising for hours yet. Old Brigg well knew this, and he began to be sorry that he had sworn so much. A strange feeling possessed him. He thought back through his whole life, and he had never done much but swear—and herd cattle. This thought made him feel uncomfortable—a kind of vague discomfort that was a stranger to him. He thought of his mother. She was bent and gray-haired; but he knew that it was not time alone that had made them gray. He grew still more uncomfortable. Meantime the sullen water was creeping up, gradually, imperceptibly almost, but steadily. It reached his waist. Another hour he stayed there. Then he lifted his lusty voice in a loud hallo. The grim hum of the water caught the sound and throttled it. He called many times again, but in vain; the wide expanse of prairie showed no sign of life. Then despair seized upon him and he did a strange thing—a thing that he had not done before in many a year.

“Good Lord,” he said, and as he spoke, his voice softened with awe, and quivered; “Good Lord, I’m nothin’ but a rough old cuss, that ain’t never done no good much in my time—no I ain’t, Lord, and I know I ain’t much deservin’ of any mercy now; but I’m in a mighty tight place now, and if you’d just be easy on me in this scrape, and not treat me

accordin' to my just desarts. I'll try to stop cussin' so much and I'll try to do a little better in the world, Lord. Amen."

It was crude, but it was the best that he could do. He did not feel greatly comforted, though, for the water was rising steadily, and his faith was small.

Was old Brigg's prayer answered? Who knows? Who shall dare question the ways of the Lord? Was it merely a casual thing that the "Prince," the far-famed thoroughbred Jersey bull of Flennegan's Ranch, back over the hills, a mile away, should, on the evening before, have broken the herd and wandered out on the wet prairie? Was it? And was it simply in pursuance of its wayward desires that the fierce old animal should, with a whole prairie before him, pick his way down to that very part of the booming river where old Brigg was held prisoner? Was it a mere chance that the prisoner happened to have in his pocket at the time a great flaming red neck-cloth; and that the sun just then should pierce the breaking rain-clouds? Was it? Only God knows—God and the angels.

Be this as it may, there came the old "Prince," strolling leisurely up the river bank, opposite the spot where Brigg stood. The beleaguered cowboy saw his chance. He acted quickly. In a breath, the neck-cloth was out, fluttering blood-red in the morning sun. The bull, standing a hundred yards away, saw the challenge, and he accepted it. He seemed first to grow nervous, and advanced to the very brink of the torrent. Then he saw the blood-red thing was beyond his reach. He flew into a mighty rage. He gave a terrible bellow, like the roar of a wounded lion, and reared into the air, plunging and tossing his great black head and long, attenuated horns in a manner that was not good to see.

Brigg had not been idle, meantime. It was but the work of a moment to transfer the neck-cloth to his teeth, and loosen the noose from his belt. Another moment, and the

noose was coiled and ready. He was at his life's work now, as he poised his body in the current and measured the distance with his eye. His movements were rapid. He threw with all his strength. The noose shot curling through the air. It went straight to its mark. It had tightened over the great horns before the animal realized what was happening. Then he grew doubly furious, and began to rear and plunge backward. Brigg grasped that rope like grim fate, and sprang into the current. He was swept down like so much drift-wood, and the rope jerked taut as an anchor chain. Would it break? Brigg thought not, but the idea of the thing was sickening. He gripped it tighter. The infuriated brute drew him steadily shoreward. At last, maddened by the tugging on his head, he turned tail and dashed off at a run across the prairie, landing his captor high and—safe (by no means *dry*) on the bank.

Brigg dragged himself wearily to Flannegan's Ranch, where he could think out the situation more leisurely before a roaring fire.

He has almost stopped "cussin."

V. B. HALL.

Our New President

The following sketch of Dr. Mell is taken from one of the daily papers of Alabama, where most of his life has been spent. To say that all Clemson is pleased with Dr. Mell does not express it. We are all wishing him a long, happy and successful stay at Clemson. The account which we publish is from the *Birmingham News*, and is as follows:

"The many friends of Dr. P. H. Mell, who has accepted the presidency of Clemson College, and who has left his home in Auburn to assume the duties of his new position, will regret to learn of his departure from Alabama, where

he has been prominently identified with educational work for years. Dr. Mell did valuable service for education in this State, and his influence will be felt for many years to come. He will do much to build up Clemson, which has already taken a high stand as an institution of usefulness. The following is a sketch of Dr. Mell's career :

"Patrick Hues Mell, M. E., Ph. D., was born in Penfield, Ga., in 1850. His father, Dr. P. H. Mell, Chancellor of the University of Georgia, was a distinguished educator; for more than fifty years he was connected with the educational institutions of Georgia. Dr. Mell entered the University of Georgia in 1866, and after taking graduate and post-graduate courses, and after obtaining the degrees of B. A., C. E. and M. E., he began active life as consulting Mining Engineer for the Belle Green Mining Company, of Georgia, in 1873. From 1874 to 1877, he was State Chemist of Georgia in connection with the Agricultural Department established at that time. In 1877-78, he was employed by a New York company as consulting mining engineer, and traveled through the mountain regions from North Carolina to Alabama, examining and reporting upon mining properties.

"In 1878, Dr. Mell was elected to the chair of Natural History and Geology in the A. & M. College of Alabama, which position he has held with honor from the time of his election to the present day. He has received flattering offers from other institutions of learning, but has hitherto refused them, preferring the State of his adoption and the college with whose interests he has become so thoroughly identified.

"In 1880, the degree of Ph. D. was conferred upon him by the University of Georgia."

Dr. Mell has written a good many very valuable books and pamphlets on various scientific subjects. He was

elected President of Clemson on the 29th of August, 1902, and accepted. He has made a very fine impression at Clemson, and every one predicts a very successful administration for him.

Edgar Alexander Sirmyer

Lieutenant Edgar Alexander Sirmyer, our new Commandant, was born in Michigan, December 22d, 1875; attended Milton Academy, High School and Highland Military Academy. He entered West Point, June 13, 1893, and soon became distinguished as a student and an earnest worker, graduating June 11, 1897.

Upon graduation, Mr. Sirmyer was assigned as additional Second Lieutenant, Sixth Cavalry, on duty at Fort Myer, Va. In the early spring of 1898, was ordered to Chickamauga Park, and promoted Second Lieutenant, Third Cavalry, and embarked with his regiment for Cuba; he participated in the battle of San Juan and siege of Santiago.

After returning from Cuba, Lieutenant Sirmyer was taken ill with fever, contracted in the torrid zone, and for several months was unable to attend to military duty. He joined his regiment at Augusta, Ga., and moved to Fort Myer, Va., at which place he served until given commission of Captain of volunteers, and assigned to Thirty-third Infantry, then organizing at San Antonio, Tex.; and August 4th, 1899, was placed in command of the battalion and set sail for the Philippines, September 29th, 1899. Upon arrival in the Philippines, Lieutenant Sirmyer was detailed for General Wheaton's expedition to San Fabian. Landing at San Fabian, November 7, 1899, participated in the following battles and engagements: Engagements at Buntayan, at Magahelen, Luzon, and the battle of San Jacinto; after which battle he was promoted to Major.

Lieutenant Sirmyer served on the staff of Brigadier General G. W. Davis, U. S. A., as acting Assistant Adjutant General of first separate brigade until May 5, 1901, at which time he was sent to Southern Islands as acting Adjutant of expedition of Twelfth Cavalry; during which Lieutenant Sirmyer assumed command of Troop K, Third Cavalry, stationed at Laoag, Tlores Norte, P. I. Early in 1902, he was placed in command of Third Squadron, Third Cavalry, which position he held when ordered home. August 28th, 1902, he was detailed as Commandant of Cadets and Professor of Military Science and Tactics at Clemson.

Professor H. Metcalf

Professor H. Metcalf graduated from Brown University, Providence, R. I., 1896, with degree of A. B., and took post-graduate course at the same institute, receiving the degree of A. M., in 1897. Since that time he has studied at Harvard University, University of Nebraska and the Marine Biological Laboratory at Wood's Hole, Mass.

Professor Metcalf was Instructor in Botany at Brown University, 1896-99; Professor of Biology, Tabor College, 1899-01; Fellow in Botany, University of Nebraska, 1901-02; he was appointed Instructor in Bacteriology in the latter institution, but resigned to accept the chair of Professor of Botany at Clemson.

Professor Metcalf delivered many lectures on botany at Martha's Vineyard Summer Institute for Teachers, and he is also the author of many bacteriological and botanical monographs.

The Clemson College Chronicle

FOUNDED BY CLASS OF 1898

Published Monthly by the

**Calhoun, Columbian and Palmetto Literary Societies of Clemson
Agricultural College**

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T. S. PERRIN (Palmetto),	-	-	-	-	Business Manager
C. NORTON (Columbian),	-	-	-	-	Assistant Business Manager
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H. C. SAHLMAN (Calhoun),	-	-	-	-	Local Department
C. W. LEGERTON (Columbian),	-	-	-	-	Local Department

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All literary communications should be addressed to the Editor-in-Chief.

All business communications should be addressed to the Business Manager.

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Editorial Department

H. C. TILLMAN,	-	-	-	-	-	-	EDITOR
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Greeting

In taking charge of THE CHRONICLE, candor forces us to say that we do it with a timidity which any one would feel in assuming control of such a large undertaking. While it might be a small affair to the average man of the world, still to a college student it is not an undertaking easily managed.

We wish to thank our fellow-students for the honor con-

ferred upon us, and to say that we will do the best we can. As to criticism, we look for it—and, in fact, hope for it—for there is nothing so stimulating and instructive as to have one's shortcomings pointed out in a friendly way.

We hope that we will be able to sustain the good record already made by THE CHRONICLE, and when our work is done, to hear a few good things said about it. The interests of THE CHRONICLE, however, shall be constantly before us, and we hope when the end of next session comes, to turn over THE CHRONICLE to the incoming staff in as good condition financially and from a literary standpoint, as we have received it. To do this, however, we must have the co-operation of the entire corps of cadets, and we feel that we will get it.

Our New President

To say that we are pleased with the new President, Dr. Mell, is putting it mildly. He has made a fine impression here, and one cannot help but admire his gentle way in handling students. We wish him a long and successful administration.

To the New Students

In behalf of the old students, we wish to welcome you to Clemson College. Some of you, perhaps, will not like your treatment here as "rats," but if you will notice, you will find among your best friends of the future the very cadets who used the "paddle" on you most. Our advice to every new cadet is to study hard. If you follow this, you will have no cause for complaint, and in the end you will be respected more, to say nothing of the numerous other benefits you will derive from such a course. THE CHRONICLE asks for your help and co-operation, and extends the wish for a successful year to all of you. May you learn to love and honor Clemson as we love and honor her.

Support.

In our humble opinion, this one word, support, should be the watchword of every body of students. Nothing can live without support, and unless the students support a school, it is bound to succumb to this universal law of nature. Every student in Clemson College should come here determined to support the President and Faculty of Clemson College. If we do not support them, they are bound to fail; and if they fail, Clemson College will fail. But there are other things at Clemson to support besides the authorities. We have a college paper here which must have support. We have societies which must be supported. We have athletic teams which must be supported, and unless the cadets support them they will all be failures. Hence seeing the necessity of supporting these organizations, we wish to beg the students to support them, not in a half-hearted way, but in a way which will tell. We wish to see this sentiment grow and be ever present at Clemson, for without it, we would save time and expense by quitting now and letting some one come here who will support the various organizations of our college.

**Literary
Societies**

One of the most important adjuncts to college life is the literary society. A man of to-day who cannot express his thoughts clearly and concisely in public is simply "out of it." We hope that every one of the recruits will join one of our societies and get down to hard work, not only to help the society, but also to help himself.

Football

Our prospects for a good team this year are not as bright as they might be; but we have Mr. Heisman back with us, and that means that Clemson will have a winning team. We have two

games arranged to be played on the campus, and every cadet should go out and cheer the team to victory. As yet no one can tell who will make the team, but we will probably publish the personnel of it in the next issue. Our first game is with N. C. A. & M., on October 4, and we want everybody out yelling for Clemson.

Exchange Department

V. B. HALL, }
S. T. HILL, } - - - - - EDITORS

CLEMSON COLLEGE, October, 1902.

DEAR 'CHANGES: This being the opening month of nearly all of the colleges with whom we exchange, we, of course, have no magazines to say mean and disagreeable things about, and consequently we can't be exchanges, in the usual sense of the term. Since we cannot 'change *opinions* with our friends, we take this opportunity to 'change *greetings* with you. We hope that you have all come back this year with the usual amount of good resolutions, and with the determination to make this a profitable year in your college course, and also in your magazine work. It is our hope that the exchanges of this year will come up to their usual high standard of excellence, and, where it is possible, to go above it. But we did not start out to preach a sermon, so will close.

So, so-long. Yours truly,

V. B. HALL,
S. T. HILL.

Clippings from Smart Set

I have had my own carriage and ridden my fill,
I have gone to three balls in a night;
I have lit my cigar with a ten-dollar bill,
And all when my money was tight.

The carriage was back in my babyhood days,
The balls were my uncle's, it's true;
A board bill it was from which curled the blue haze—
Which shows what a poor man can do.

The band around his summer hat he lent her for a belt ;
So when she gave it back again he saw the little welt
Her buckle had inflicted, and he whispered, bending low,
"If I but look on this, dear one, your measure I shall know."

With just the least suspicion of annoyance in her pout,
"Is that the only way," she said, "you have of finding out?"

Local Department

H. C. SAHLMAN, }
C. W. LEGERTON, } - - - - - EDITORS

Clemson has opened with every promise of a most successful year. We have at present a larger number of students than at this time last year, and they continue to come in. The new college officers are well liked, and with their aid we hope to make Clemson a college second to none in the South. All of the societies, though not compulsory, are well filled, and give promise of a year of earnest work, and there is every reason to believe that the year 1902-03 will mark an era in the history of Clemson, and that after last year's trouble things will move along smoothly and harmoniously hereafter.

Our football prospects are not as bright as we anticipated; still, we hope to make ourselves heard from. Coach Heisman is back, and under his efficient training, the team will be made as near a winning one as practicable. Owing to the failure of Claude Douthit, Captain and Manager of this year's team, to return to college, it was found necessary to elect new officers. D. H. Sadler, of Rock Hill, S. C., has been elected Captain, and J. H. Wyse, of Columbia, S. C., Manager. The schedule for the season has not been completed yet, but the following are some of the games already arranged:

October 4th. Clemson vs. N. C. A. and M., at Clemson.

October 30th. Clemson vs. S. C. College, at Columbia.

November 8th. Clemson vs. University of Georgia, at Clemson.

November 15th. Clemson vs. University of North Carolina, at Charlotte, N. C.

November 22d. Clemson vs. Furman University, at Anderson.

November 27th. Clemson vs. University of Tennessee, at Knoxville, Tenn.

Old Boy: Say there, Rat! Give me some of those apples.

Rat: Yes, I'll give you all of them if you won't make me climb that "renovator" again.

It has been noticed that green chalk was used to indicate the Freshman Class upon the schedule board. Quite suitable!

B. H. Rawls, Class '00, is on the hill overseeing the work of beautifying the campus. "Jake" has also been elected as leader of the band.

H. T. Poe, Class '00, electrical course, has re-entered college, and is taking a "special" in Textile Industry.

S. C. Stewart, Class '02, holds a position in the Electrical Department at the college.

S. M. Robertson, Class '02, has been appointed as an assistant chemist.

T. R. Phillips, our Adjutant last year, has been seriously sick during the summer with typhoid fever. We are glad to know that he is much better.

D. H. Carpenter, Class '96, who graduated at West Point in the spring, paid the college a visit on September 14th. Carpenter is a Second Lieutenant in the army now, and is stationed at Washington, D. C.

H. G. Stokes, Class '02, is with a surveying party in Geor-

gia. C. L. Reid, of the same class, is also with a surveying party in Alabama.

T. O. Lawton, Class '00, who was for four years agent of the Regal shoes at the college, now holds an excellent position with that firm in Boston, Mass.

A. S. Shealy, Class '99, who was Assistant Veterinarian at the college, last year, has returned to Iowa State College to take his degree.

Professors C. B. Waller and D. W. Daniels, who have been off on a year's vacation, are back at their posts of duty this year.

Prof. R. : How is coal prepared?

Senior C. : By melting splinters off of pine knots.

Prof. Keitt's son, who has been seriously ill during the past summer with typhoid fever, is gradually regaining his strength.

Quite a pleasant dance was participated in by some of the students and their lady friends at Sloan's Hall, on the night of September 19th. It is understood that a German Club is in process of organization; this will be a great addition to social life at the college.

E. J. Larsen, Class '00, is at present working in the navy yard at Charleston.

J. H. Spencer holds a good position in a mill at Lancaster, S. C. "Chief" is a member of last year's class.

A Textile Junior, noticing the ammeter box to the motor in the Textile building, was heard to exclaim: "Why, this

gauge registers twenty pounds of steam!" Another remarked: "No, it's not. It's twenty horse-power." Could some of the electricals enlighten them on the subject?

Those boys attending the dance at Pendleton on the night of September 12th, report a very pleasant time, indeed.

The following appointments have been made in the corps of cadets for the session of 1902-03:

To be Cadet Captains—

W. E. G. Black.	C. B. Hagood.
T. S. Gandy.	J. P. Glenn.
C. W. Legerton.	T. M. Harvey.
W. H. Barnwell.	J. C. Wylie.

To be Cadet Lieutenants—

T. S. Perrin.	J. L. Bradford.
T. B. Young.	L. W. Fox.
N. D. Walker.	W. O. Cain.
G. F. Norris.	S. Ford.
J. P. Cummings.	J. T. Robertson.
V. Livingston.	M. A. Grace.
L. O. King.	F. K. Rhodes.
P. J. Quattlebaum.	E. D. Ellis.
C. Y. Reamer.	C. W. McSwain.
H. C. Tillman.	

To be 1st Sergeants—

A. M. Henry.	H. C. Hightower.
O. M. Roberts.	R. J. Coney.
J. G. Barnwell.	W. L. Templeton.
C. Norton.	Geo. T. McGregor.

To be Sergeants—

F. T. Hamlin.	V. B. Hall.
J. P. Tarbox.	J. A. Wier.
J. R. Connor.	W. P. Walker.

J. M. Monroe.
L. H. Bell.
J. Gelzer.
W. L. Mauldin.
R. H. Breese.
F. C. Wyse.
I. H. Morehead.
S. J. Felder.
W. O. Self.
H. E. Phillips.

W. B. Sparkman.
Charles Dew.
A. E. Holman.
R. E. Miller.
V. Baker.
E. H. Muller.
J. T. Davenport.
L. Lipscomb.
J. R. Siau, Jr.
P. L. Elias.

To be Corporals—

W. S. Beaty.
C. P. Ballinger.
A. M. Williams.
M. Bell.
C. Abell.
W. W. Dukes.
J. C. Goggans.
T. R. Ellison.
L. E. Boykin.
S. W. Cannon.
I. C. Cross.
W. F. Crowther.
S. C. Dean.
W. R. Earle.
F. G. Eason.
T. K. Elliott.

T. H. Fox.
R. B. Gandy.
G. B. Holland.
W. H. Irwin.
J. M. Jenkins.
E. H. Jones.
B. O. Kennedy.
A. L. Matthews.
C. R. Robinson.
J. W. Ruff.
L. P. Slattery.
A. J. Speer.
F. R. Sweeney.
R. M. Watson.
W. S. Weston.
A. Youmans.

Y. M. C. A. Notes

J. R. CONNOR, SECRETARY.

Those who are interested in the Y. M. C. A. work of Clemson College will be glad to learn that its work this

season was begun under the most favorable circumstances. The first meeting, commonly called the decision meeting, was conducted by Mr. E. D. Ellis, who made a very forcible appeal to the new students to begin their college career in the right manner. Messrs. Young, T. B., Epps, G. O., and Cain, W. O., made talks along this line.

After these talks a most favorable opportunity was given to the students to become members of the Association; sixty-six handed in their names as applicants for admission.

The next meeting was held on the following Sunday night, and was addressed by the President of the Association, Mr. W. O. Cain, and Mr. A. J. Speer. The truths in these talks were excellently put forth, and upon extending to the students a second opportunity to become members, fourteen joined. This encouragement is very gratifying to the old members, and it is hoped by them that we will have a most successful year.

The four students who were sent as delegates to the "Southern Students' Conference," in Asheville, are organizing their classes and will begin work next Sunday, September 28th. The prospects bid fair for us to have four large classes.

On the Saturday night of September 13th, a reception was given by the old students, assisted by the ladies of the "Hill," to the new students and the Faculty. The following programme was attentively listened to by an audience of about six hundred people:

PROGRAMME.

Presiding officer, Mr. Perrin.

Prayer.

Song—"My Country, 'Tis of Thee."

1st—"The Faculty" Prof. Brodie.

2d—Remarks Dr. Mell.

3d—"The Scientific Club"Dr. Nesom.

Song, by Prof. Riggs.

4th—"The Sabbath School"Prof. Daniel.

5th—"The Literary Societies"Mr. Wyse.

6th—"Athletics"Prof. Riggs.

Song, by Ladies.

7th—"The Y. M. C. A."Mr. Cain.

Reception and Refreshments.

After these exercises, refreshments were served on the lawn near the college building. The remainder of the evening was spent in introducing the timid "rats" to the ladies and the members of the Faculty.

This was a very enjoyable occasion, and it is hoped that when "rats" come to Clemson in the future, that they will be entertained in this same manner.

We wish to express our thanks to those members of the Board of Trustees who contributed so liberally to this reception. We wish, also, to express our thanks to the ladies of the "Hill" for their most valuable aid. The success of the reception was due mainly to the very efficient service rendered by them.

The Commencement Hop

The most enjoyable feature of last Commencement was the annual cadet hop given by the Class of '03, in honor of the Class of '02. It is the custom at Clemson for the Juniors to give a "Hop" in honor of the Seniors; but the one given by the Class of '03 excelled by far any dance that has ever been given at this college.

The third floor of the college building was used as the reception hall, and it was very handsomely and artistically decorated with ferns, flowers and flags. One of the large rooms on the second floor was used as the refreshment hall,

in which sixteen tables were neatly arranged, and a constant stream of beauty flowed in the hall throughout the night to partake of the most delicious refreshments.

In the minds of all who were present there lingers pleasant memories of the "Cadet Hop," and sweet strains of music furnished by the Clemson Orchestra falls softly on their ears, intermingled with the chatter of the ball room.

The chaperons consist of the following ladies: Mrs. R. E. Lee, Mrs. R. N. Brackett, Mrs. S. W. Reaves, Mrs. W. M. Riggs, Mrs. C. M. Furman, Mrs. J. P. Lewis, Mrs. A. M. Redfearn, Mrs. P. T. Hayne, Mrs. Merrick.

The young ladies present were: Misses Bessie Norris, Virgie Norris, Margaret Moore, Adele Hayne, Ermine St. Armand, Lizzie Waddell, Mary Mauldin, Mary Good, Mittie Hayne, Annie Marshall, Daisy Westmoreland, Willie Cherry, Will Barton, Annie Prevost, Sarah Furman, Leora Douthit, May Abel, Nell Poe, Maude Douthit, Minnie Wanner, Genny Garrett, Ella Read, Clare Livingston, Leberta Sayre, Griffie Dorah, Lay Smith, Floride Calhoun, Emma Clare Merrick, Eleanor Gignilliat, Daisy Orr, Lida Willhite, Alice Maxwell, Nina Borriss, Mary Orr, Harley Borriss, Eubanks Taylor, Louise Sloan, Lesesne Lewis, Annie Rogers, Sue Bostic, Lucy Barton, Nellie Barton, Lucile Montgomery, Francis Forte, Edith Forte, May Verner, Clara Ford, Mrs. G. E. Nelson, Mrs. J. H. M. Beaty, Mrs. Geo. Stackhouse, Mrs. F. S. Shiver, Mrs. Winslow Sloan, Mrs. J. P. Lewis, Mrs. Jno. E. Lewis, Mrs. J. N. Hook, Mrs. Jesse Stribling, Mrs. C. C. Newman, Mrs. Rodgers, Mrs. Connor, Mrs. Albert Barnes, Mrs. Albert Means, Mrs. Sylvester Bleckley.

The young men in attendance were: C. Douthit, A. P. Riggs, W. C. Forsythe, S. M. Ward, J. I. Slattery, D. S. Taylor, C. Y. Reamer, Van Livingston, C. E. Boineau, E. J. DaCosta, J. B. Whitney, N. D. Walker, J. N. Walker, R.

G. Williams, Major E. P. Earle, Prof. T. G. Poats, Prof. J. S. McLucas, D. H. Henry, G. F. Mitchell, J. E. Martin, F. K. Norris, S. M. Robertson, M. E. Zeigler, G. E. Bamberg, A. B. Carr, C. N. Gignilliat, F. M. Jordan, E. J. Larsen, J. D. Meador, G. T. McGregor, H. T. Poe, E. G. Campbell, D. A. J. Sullivan, F. M. Gunby, W. F. Cole, David Jennings, H. B. Jennings, D. Kohn, H. F. Little, F. E. Pearman, W. H. Barnwell, W. E. G. Black, J. L. Bradford, M. A. Grace, B. H. Gardner, J. E. Harrall, D. S. Lewis, J. T. Robertson, Jr., D. H. Sadler, H. C. Sahlmann, C. V. Sitton, H. C. Tillman, W. M. Wightman, J. C. Wylie, J. H. Wyse, B. F. Pegues, J. C. Cullum, F. A. Cunningham, J. C. Cunningham, L. W. Fox, J. P. Glenn, G. A. Larsen, C. W. Legerton, T. S. Perrin, V. McB. Williams, A. M. Henry, S. T. Hill, J. A. Wier, W. O. VanWyck, J. R. S. Siau, H. R. Sherard. A large number of visiting gentlemen were also present.

Coach Heisman is back with us this year; he has a large number of athletes at work. The candidates for the team are as follows: H. Green, D. H. Sadler, C. V. Sitton, L. O. King, D. S. Taylor, B. H. Lawrence, B. H. Kaigler, John Maxwell, J. A. Forsythe, H. C. Tillman, J. E. Harrall, G. W. McIver, C. Hanvey, W. E. G. Black, J. G. Barnwell, W. D. Connor, J. B. Fickling, W. D. Drew, A. McL. Shealy, Evans, S. B. Folk, M. Bell, W. D. Garrison.

First Rat: Do you ever read old King Bradys?

Rat Beaty: No; I prefer to read prose and poetry to anything I have ever read.

Dick L— wants to know if they have electrocuted the two anarchists who tried to kill the President with a trolley.

Joe W. : Rat, can't you give something for football?

Rat : I described a dollar for football the other night.

Rat Johnson was busily engaged a few nights ago trying to light his electric lamp with a match.

Mr. Pringle wants to know if the stone in front of the college building marks the place where Prof. Brodie found the North Pole.

Rat Riggs wants to know if a squirrel dog is a pointer.

Prof. Albert Barnes, who has occupied the chair of Assistant Professor of Mechanical Engineering since 1896, left here a few days ago for the A. and M. College of Mississippi. Prof. Barnes has been elected head of the mechanical department at that institution. We wish him much success.

Prof. C. C. Newman, the Horticulturist, is greatly improving the appearance of the campus, by keeping the lawns mowed, and planting flowers and shrubbery.

Clemson College Directory

CLEMSON AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

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T. S. Perrin, Business Manager.

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W. O. Cain, President.

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CLEMSON COLLEGE SCIENTIFIC ASSOCIATION.

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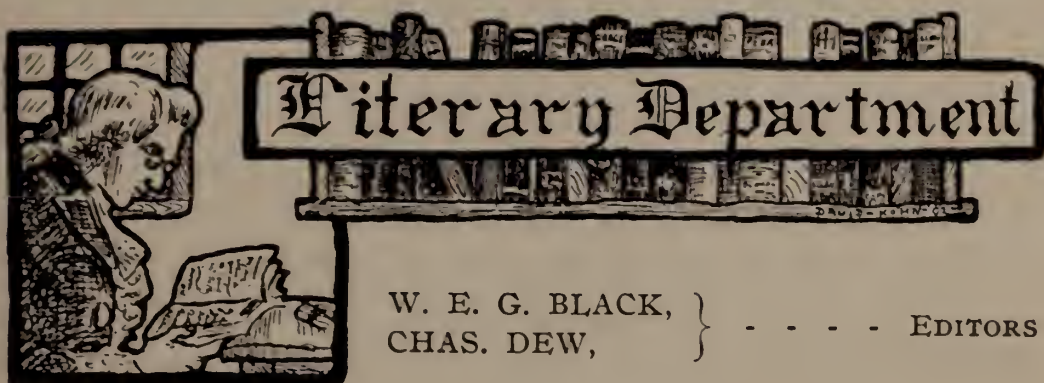
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W. E. G. BLACK, }
CHAS. DEW, } - - - - EDITORS

"Thanksgiving"

Another day of Thanks has come—
A day of thanks to God above;
And may we all be joyful still,
That He yet gives to us His love.

May He in mercy bear with us,
And help us follow in His way;
That we may bear our griefs alone
And be glad on Thanksgiving Day.

T.

Some Observations

To begin with: the object of this article is not to give the author's views on the subject of the relationship between the students and faculty, for such an article would be unnecessary as well as uncalled for. The object, however, is simply to state some observations made in a course at Clemson

College. There are defects at all places, and Clemson is not an exception to the general rule.

The money which South Carolina spends on Clemson is more of an investment on her part than anything else. She has built up different departments, and placed competent gentlemen to oversee these departments and see that the student gets all that is possible at every department. She also places here the new men each year, the green material, and she expects the instructors to turn out a finished product. In this way she hopes to improve her citizenship and get back all she has invested, with interest. That it should be the object of both student and faculty to help pay back the State for what she has done, no one can successfully deny, and it is with the view of impressing this idea upon the student body that this article is written at this time.

We are just beginning on a "new expedition," we may call it. We have a new administration over us, and we have many other features which are new, and hence it is "up to" the student body to assist these new managers of our affairs in making this year the most successful Clemson has ever seen. Clemson has been growing constantly ever since 1893, when she opened, but there is still a great work before her. She must continue growing, and to do this she must have the support of the entire State. Now there is only one way of getting this support, and that is by making ourselves worthy of it, and we can do this very easily if we will. There has been more improvement along this line this year than ever before, and if we continue at the rate we are going now, there will come a day when South Carolina will point to Clemson as one of the largest and best parts of her educational system.

Most boys get the idea that their instructors are simply placed over them to tyrannize and rule, whether justly or not. We should leave this idea behind us when we come to

college. If that were the idea in placing instructors over us, no doubt the Board of Trustees would get guards to watch instead of professors to teach. The Board evidently sees, or thinks it sees, something good in a man before it elects him to the responsible position of instructor, and it does not become a set of young and inexperienced men, such as every student body is composed, to pass judgment on a man who has been placed over them. Of course, if his unfitness is manifest, they should complain, but there should be no complaint against a man simply because he is our teacher and simply because he is trying to do his duty. But, as I have said before, the improvement in this respect has been very marked this year, and I hope that it will continue. It is a noble sentiment and should be firmly imbedded in every institution of learning.

So, in conclusion, we, the students of Clemson, should not forget our obligation to our State. We should work and improve ourselves to such an extent that she can turn to us and say, "This is a product of Clemson. Look and see what improvement has been made."

If we do this, our State will love Clemson more and more as the years roll by. And with this increasing love will come increasing interest and support; so if we wish to see our College grow and prosper, we must so conduct ourselves that our State shall be proud of us.

H. C. TILLMAN.

A Retrospect

The subject of brave deeds of men has been a study of profoundest interest since the days of yore. Men for their daring acts of bravery and heroic conduct have been crowned with glory by their fellow-citizens and march in

triumphant array as their names are lauded throughout the length and breadth of their native country. Those who have borne much toil; endured many hardships for their country's sake; won glorious achievements upon the battlefield, or stopped to help some poor unfortunate creature from the dearth and mire of ruin and degradation, and point to him the way of truth and happiness, that he may be animated to live a higher and nobler life, for all these deeds, and hundreds besides, men are designated as heroes. There are some erroneous conceptions, however, of the term *hero*; it does not only mean brave deeds executed upon the battlefield, or in rescuing women and children from burning buildings, or risking one's life in defense of his country—well do they deserve the appellation for such brilliant exploits; but the term *hero* has still a broader and more sublime meaning. It has reference to a man of distinguished valor and fortitude under whatever conditions they may exist. The world looks upon Alexander the Great as a valiant soldier. But is he a hero, in the true sense of the word? It is true, he conquered the whole civilized world, and caused his foes to bow to him as their victor and king. His name will ever remain upon the annals of time as one of the great conquerors of antiquity. Having subdued the entire world, history tells us that he could not control his own lusts, and that this great man died in remorseless anger and filled a drunkard's grave. Should his name, then, be remembered and cherished as a hero, in the truest sense of the term? Napoleon Bonaparte sounded the knell of his vengeance upon the plains of Austerlitz and brought all Europe at his feet. He was, perhaps, the greatest warrior the world has ever seen; his genius as a soldier will ever live as long as time itself endures. But is he worthy of the title hero? Did there throb in his breast that heart for love of humanity and patriotism for his country that should have been there? Were not his

conquests for a selfish and insatiable desire to be the supreme and acknowledged ruler of all Europe? When the lives of the heroes of history are studied, we find that in the majority of the cases, these men were wanting in one or more particulars, in that which tends to make a man and a hero.

But yet there is a class who became enthusiastic over this spirit of heroism, and to which the minds of the people should turn and make a critical study and careful examination—a class whose deeds will yet shine upon and illuminate history's fairest pages with their virtues—deeds which have been unparalleled in all the annals of history and unsurpassed in all the records of time for that love of country, fidelity to duty, affection for humanity, and trust in God; I refer to those noble women of our own Southland, who during the four long and weary years of those stormy days which swept throughout our country during the late Civil War, ever remained true to their trust, and were always ready and willing to do something for their country,—for that land which they loved so well. To us, surrounded by all the luxuries and comforts of life, it is difficult to realize what great self-sacrifices these women of the South endured for Southern rights, and for freedom's holy cause. They toiled from the rising of the sun until it had passed over its orbit and sunk behind the great western horizon, and even during the quiet hours of the night, watched and protected by the Invisible Ruler of the Universe, they labored for their country's sake. Their tasks were oppressive and of varied sorts; some were engaged in making uniforms for the soldiers, some in the manufacture of ammunition and equipments for successfully carrying on the war; some were employed in Government offices, filling positions as clerks while the men were in service; it would, indeed, be a difficult undertaking to recapitulate the numerous positions which they held. The farms were still cultivated, without which the Confederate

Army would never have been able to remain in service, for they would have starved to death. Others there were, who followed the army and devoted their time in nursing the sick and wounded, and in caring for the dead and dying. Indeed, they most assuredly deserve the appellation heroines, for the many deeds which they so nobly executed under most trying circumstances and conditions almost beyond realization. In recognition of these daring acts, what should we, the descendants of these Southern women, the noblest work of God's creation, what is our duty toward them? We should erect to them a monument that shall rise from its pedestal upwards to the skies in commemoration of their noble deeds and brilliant achievements, that generations yet unborn can, in the years which are to come, look upon it in pride and see how we held these illustrious women in adoration, and that they may rejoice that in their veins flows this same noble blood which actuated those women to such deeds that have won for them everlasting fame and eternal honor.

There is no work too onerous, no action too great, yea, no task too difficult, but that it is our duty to prepare a way that their exploits may ever live and perpetuate the records of our country. Let us see to it, that the deeds of these will forever live in the hearts and minds of Southern patriots, in order that the youth of our land may be inspired to live higher and nobler lives, and that the daughters may strive to keep well up that standard of virtue, zeal for country, and an unfaltering trust and faith in the Supreme Ruler of the Great Beyond, which has been so remarkably and forcibly set for them, by their illustrious ancestors, and that finally all this glorious land of ours may ever stand, the morals of whose citizens are above reproach, and whose vices are hidden behind that grand and elevating curtain of love for humanity. Ever remembering that though not victorious

with the sword, in defeat the Confederate soldiers acted as none but heroes could—knowing, too, that in all the annals of time *no nation* ever rose so fair nor fell so free from harm, and whose record we shall ever honor and cherish.

S. OLIVER O'BRYAN.

A Mistake That Helped

He had met and incidentally fell in love with her the summer before; but now that she had treated him so badly, he determined to make her regret her conduct in some way; and before my story is ended you will see that he tried to do so but failed, and you will also see how and why he failed. But first we had better go a little into details about our characters and their meeting before we come to the story itself. Ned Morton, a Clemson cadet and the crack Quarter-back on the Varsity eleven, had been having an awfully good time all summer, and so when Mary Lewis, one of the pretty girls from Columbia, came over to visit his sister, he naturally wanted to accompany her to everything, and did so. She was a very attractive girl, and Ned—though ugly himself—had splendid taste, and as a natural consequence, found himself head over heels in love with her, and she—well, she didn't seem to mind at all, and so they had a glorious time until she left for home; and when that event happened, he slowly recovered and at the end of his summer vacation we find him enjoying himself immensely, despite the fact that the object of his dreams a few weeks back was in Columbia, fifty miles away.

On his way back to Clemson, however, he stopped in Columbia to see her, and when he reached College, the poor boy was in a bad way again, and could do nothing but mope and yawn for fully a week. He resumed his practice, how-

ever, and soon was the same old Ned, jolly and full of fun. Of course, the first thing he did was to write to Mary, and after waiting patiently two weeks for an answer, he wrote again, with the same result; so he finally decided that he would give the girl up, and try to make something of himself, even without her help. He still felt very sore over the way he had been treated, however, and many times he would sit for hours trying to think up some way in which he could even up accounts with the girl who had given his vanity such a jar. Think as he would, no solution presented itself, and he found himself in something of a predicament. The State Fair was rapidly approaching, and he did not desire to go to Columbia where he would have to see *her*, and not be prepared to hold up his end of the line. He knew it would never do to let her see that it hurt him at all, and so he fully decided to hold his head high, at any rate, and to show Miss Mary Lewis that he could be as independent as she. But this method did not suit him, so he told Harry Graham, his room-mate and right-hand man, all about his troubles, and between them they hatched out this plan: Ned was to send Mary an assortment of stick candy in a Huyler's box, and when the opportunity presented itself in Columbia, he was to laugh in her face and be as rude as he could in every way. This was Harry's scheme, and Ned decided to carry it out. Now, if they had carried this plan out, they would, doubtless, have made Mary feel bad, if nothing more; but both of them were so awfully careless that they failed to accomplish anything but a happy settlement of the whole affair. It all happened in this way: Ned fixed up Mary's box of stick candy, and a pretty little Clemson flag for his sister, who was also going to attend the fair. He was in a hurry, and got Harry to address them for him; and Harry, careless boy, got them mixed, and sent Mary the prettiest flag at the

College, while Ned's sister got a box of red stick candy by express the next day.

* * * * *

It is now Thursday of Fair Week, and the Clemson-Carolina game is just about to begin. Ned Morton, who is playing Quarter for Clemson, has been looking all over the grand stand for the girl he still loves, but whom he fully intends to cut. At last, she comes in with a pretty Clemson flag that Ned has seen before, and when she sees him, she gives him one of her sweetest smiles, and he—forgetting all his resolves—smiles back. Just at this time, however, he hears the referee's whistle, and once more the Garnet and Black are battling for football honors with the Orange and Purple. Ned played the game of his life, and time after time he would set the crowd wild by some phenomenal play. When the game was over, he was raised on the shoulders of the Clemson contingent and carried from the field. As he passes near the grand stand, a card drops down from above, and he eagerly grabs it. On one side he read, "Miss Lewis," while on the other was "Congratulations." He knew then that there had been some mistake, and hence he determined to find out what it was and remedy it, if possible. When he saw his sister for the first time after dinner, she immediately proceeded to "lay him out" for sending her stick candy in a Huyler's box; and so Harry Graham had to give her a box of real Huyler's before she would be satisfied. Things began to clear up a little for Ned, however, and so he went around to see Mary at once. He found out that she had never received his letters; and when everything was cleared up, he told her the "old, old story," and she sang him the "old, old song"—the story and song of love. The next day after returning to Clemson, Harry Graham brought Ned two letters, and told him that he had forgotten to mail them. But, as I said before, they were both *very, very* careless, and

that is why they failed. But it's best to be careless sometimes, don't you think? . '03.

The King's Death

I.

The hand of death has drawn its blade,
And royal highness dumb, mute, is laid,
Where kings and princes come to view
The pallid cheeks and lips turned blue.

II.

They come in royal splendor grand,
With jewels sparkling on each hand;
Majestic gowns that sweep the floor,
Knights to ladies bowing low.

III.

The sentry pacing up and down,
Beneath his helm a heavy frown,
As if in death he finds a foe—
A curse to man, a friend of woe.

IV.

And thus it lasts from morn till eve,
The pressing throng their souls deceive,
And moaning made mockery so low,
That wealth and grandeur they must show.

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V.

The silver casket in the hearse they lay,
The band its funeral dirges play;
The grand procession moves along,
The streets are crowded by the throng.

VI.

Far down the street it winds its way,
Marking the end of life's short day;

Beneath the beaming arch it threads,
With banners drooping o'er people's heads.

VII.

And so it goes from street to street,
The throng at every bend they meet,
Roses on the hearse they fling—
A people moaning for their king.

* * * * *

VIII.

The air grows still in the grand old hall,
Seven candles burn beside the pall;
Only the sound of the sentries' pace
Breaks the silence of the place.

IX.

He thinks of life in its winding way,
Of all the words that the people say;
He thinks of his life, its ups and downs,
Its pleasant smiles, its bitter frowns.

X.

He wonders, is this the end of all—
If glory into the grave must fall?
If all man's labors count for naught,
As life in the hollow of God's hand is caught.

XI.

A weird, strange feeling fills his soul—
The lamps grow dim, the air seems cold;
Should God the mystery of death declare,
Find him standing alone by the bier.

XII.

Surely he heard a rustling sound,
But the King cannot rise, the lid is bound;
He draws his sword, by the corpse to pass,
To be sure of the face beneath the glass.

XIII.

Did he hear the door on its hinges creak?
 Why should fear thus leave him weak?
 Do spirits that have passed return,
 To show us lessons that we should learn.

XIV.

Halt! who by the flickering light is seen?
 Who's dark figure veiled? The Queen.
 He stands aside and bows his head—
 The Queen's communing with her dead.

XV.

He turns away and moves apart,
 To give her freedom for her heart;
 It is too holy a thing that he
 Should hear her prayers on bended knee.

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XVI.

Why should she fear the one she knows,
 Love wounds not love, but shields from foes;
 She strokes the hair from off his face.
 Oh, why are you here, in this cold, cold place?

XVII.

Oh, that those hands, so gentle, so strong—
 The hands so reluctant, yet ruling the throng,
 Should be clasped in cold lifelessness over the breast,
 And the spirit have flown like a dove to its nest.

XVIII.

Then besides the silent bier she kneels—
 Hot tears the agony of her soul reveals;
 Her voice in pleading accents rise
 To God's pure altar in the skies.

XIX.

Oh, God, that the heart so loving, so dear,
 Should be called from his body, leaving me here,

To languish with sorrow, too great and too deep
 To be borne in lamenting till death life shall reap

* * * * *

XX.

And so, as the sentinel saw her kneeling there,
 Her shoulders mantled with her golden hair;
 To the daylight slowly creeping in
 Finds another still where life has been.

END.

Azo.

A Pendleton-Born Naval Officer

In old Pendleton District, a few miles from the village, was born on the 22d September, 1796, Cornelius Kinchiloe Stribbling. In his early teens he ran away from home, walked to Charleston, and went to sea. *Appleton's Cyclo-pedia of American Biography* gives these facts of his life and service:

He entered the navy as a midshipman, 18th June, 1812, and served in the frigate "Mohawk," on Lake Ontario, in 1815, where he participated in the blockade of Kingston. He was commissioned Lieutenant, 1st April, 1818, cruised on the Brazil station in 1819-'20, and then in the West Indies, suppressing piracy. He commanded the sloop "Peacock" in the East Indies, in 1835-'37, and was on leave for two years after his return. He was commissioned Commander, 24th January, 1840, and in 1842-'44, had the sloop "Cyane" and frigate "United States" successively on the Pacific station. For the next two years he had command of the receiving-ship at Norfolk, and he then went out as Fleet Captain in command of the ship-of-the-line "Ohio," of the Pacific squadron, during the latter part of the Mexican War, returning to New York in April, 1850. He was

Superintendent of the Naval Academy at Annapolis in 1850-53; was commissioned Captain, 1st August, 1853, and commanded the steam sloop "San Jacinto" on special service in 1854-55. He was Commandant of the Pensacola Navy Yard, 1857-'59, and served as Flag Officer in command of the East Indian squadron, in 1859-61. When the Civil War opened, he returned home, and notwithstanding the secession of his native State, adhered to the Union. He served on the board to regulate the compensation of government officers in 1861, and on the Lighthouse Board in 1862. By operation of law, he was placed on the retired list in December, 1861, but he continued to render valuable service in command of the Navy Yard at Philadelphia in 1862-'64, and from February till July, 1865, as Commander-in-Chief of the Eastern Gulf blockading squadron; after which he was a member of the Lighthouse Board until 1872. He was commissioned Commodore on the retired list, 16th July, 1862, and Rear Admiral, 25th July, 1866.

His death occurred 17th January, 1880, at Martinsburg, West Virginia. W. S. M.

For the Philippine Policy

Resolved, That the United States should continue to pursue her present policy toward the Philippines.

One hundred and twenty-five years ago, when these United States were only thirteen thinly-settled colonies skirting the Atlantic coast, who thought that they would ever expand and occupy the entire breadth of the North American continent? By conquest after conquest, we at last drove the Indians westward to the Mississippi. We then purchased from France that large tract of land known as the Louisiana purchase, reaching from the Mississippi to

the Rocky Mountains. A few years later, we wrested from the hands of Mexico a large territory, which made our possessions reach to the Pacific Ocean. All this, sirs, was, indeed, expansion, the greater part of which was by conquest.

There were, in those days, men who objected to such a policy, and they argued against it on the same principles on which the anti-expansionist now argue. Think for a moment, and you will see that these arguments were better founded then than now. Take each argument now brought forward against the Philippines and apply it to that territory wrested from Mexico. These two possessions were acquired in exactly the same way—they were won by conquest and then bought. The Philippines are too far, argues the anti-expansionist; but we can go to Manila to-day in one-sixth the time it took to go to California when we acquired that territory. The Philippine policy is a bad business transaction, he argues; yet they promise to be invaluable to us on account of their fertile soil, undeveloped products, and advantageous position; while the Gadsden purchase was only a barren waste, which promised nothing in return. The Philippines cannot be protected in time of war, he argues again; had we any navy to protect California—could an army survive an overland march to the Pacific? Thus every argument the anti-expansionist may bring forward may be applied to our early acquisitions with much more force than to the Philippines. Sirs, I would not have you think that our past territory was acquired without opposition. There were thoughtful men in those days, who maintained that to cross the Mississippi meant the certain decline of our Republic. In vain they protested and predicted evil; in vain they prated about the Constitution, and abused Jefferson as to Louisiana, and Polk as to California; in vain they swore they would *never* submit. But the great mass of the American people went on in their acquisitions with sublime confi-

dence in their destiny—and now behold the glorious results. Sirs, the present policy of the United States in the Philippines is not a new policy. It is the policy our forefathers pursued; it is the policy under which we have expanded from the thirteen Atlantic States to our present borders—from 358,000 to 3,846,000 square miles; it is the policy under which we have grown from a weak and struggling nation to the most powerful nation of the world; it is the policy to which we owe our very existence. Shall we not continue this policy in the Philippines when it has thus far in our country's history proved so beneficial? Shall we not continue that policy and maintain our position as a leader of nations?

The recognition of the importance of colonial expansion has flashed upon all the great civilized nations of the world. Our country has become, whether her people wished it or not, the greatest producing country of the world; and has reached the stage where one of two things is absolutely necessary. We must either create new markets or we must cut down production. The value of what we produce over what we consume has already reached over \$600,000,000 per annum, and is steadily increasing. What must be done with this surplus production? Must we, by law, restrict production, or must we seek to create new markets? Which of the two is more practical? To these questions I can see but one answer. It would be impossible to restrict production, hence we *must* create new consuming markets. Now every part of the globe, except the East, has been developed by some one of the great commercial nations; and these Eastern markets are rapidly being assimilated. To these markets the Philippines are unquestionably the key; the nation that holds these islands, holds first place in the commerce of the East. Sirs, it seems to me that it is a provision of the all-wise Providence that these two incidents in our

country's history should come at the same time—that, just as we are greatly in need of consuming markets, the doors of the Orient should be thrown open to us. Dewey's victory first established American prestige along Asiatic coasts. It was then that 800,000,000 people in the Orient learned respect for the United States, and saluted us as the greatest of nations. Shall we, looking to the creation of foreign markets, the expansion of trade, and the upbuilding of a common country, take these islands, which Providence has cast into our lap, and make them American in their customs—American colonies, American friends, and American consumers? Or shall we allow them to become the prey of some other nation, to consume some other nation's produce, and to become the enemies of the United States?

When we thoroughly establish ourselves in the Philippines, China will undoubtedly be friendly to and trade with the United States. China, the greatest consuming nation of the world; the nation, the gaining of whose trade is the highest ambition of every civilized country, would become an American consumer. Only one-sixth of the cotton goods now imported by China comes from the United States; yet the most popular goods there are our own Southern goods; and of these, sirs, the most popular are those from South Carolina. Is it right, is it business-like, to let such an opportunity for our industrial development go by unheeded? What would become of a nation without commerce, and how can we have commerce without consuming markets?

Besides consuming our products, and opening all the Orient to our trade, and placing America ahead of all other nations in the commerce of the East, the Philippines furnish us with goods for which we should otherwise be dependent on other countries. Does my opponent claim that we have no use for the Philippines? Then, I ask, what use did we have for the land west of the Mississippi River? It prom-

ised no markets for our produce, it promised to yield us nothing in return for the millions we spent for it. But who now says we should not have acquired it, and who now says that the \$50,000,000 we paid for it was never repaid?

Besides all these many benefits, think for a moment of the value of such territory in time of war. Think how our merchant-marine would swarm there for protection. And then, too, our war ships must have supply and repair stations. Can we reflect upon these benefits and doubt, for a moment, that our present policy in the Philippines should be continued?

Let us study, for a moment, the history of Great Britain. What has made her what she is to-day? Could she, occupying a space only four times the size of South Carolina, ever have been the great nation she now is, if she had not pursued a colonial policy? America owes her existence to the colonial policy of Great Britain—one that was more brutal, more inhuman and more unjust than any ever pursued by any modern civilized nation. Yet the majority of England's colonies are so attached to the mother country that nothing could sever their relations. This was proved by the war in South Africa. While this single colony was revolting, the others voluntarily sent men and arms there to fight for the mother country. Yet there are some who say we cannot govern the Philippines peaceably. Are we not as efficient to govern as are the English? They have made a success of a colonial policy, and we can also succeed. Some people go even further. They claim that the Filipinos would never be prosperous under our rule. Sirs, these men place the efficiency of the Filipinos to govern above that of civilized Americans. They claim that the barbarous inhabitants are more capable of establishing and executing a good form of government than are the Americans. Let us not heed such absurd views, but carry our high forms of government,

along with our civilization and religion, to these islands, and in a few years there will spring up in the East a wonderful civilization which, in the hands of a mighty nation, shall be a mighty power for good.

"No man liveth unto himself,"—these words of the Bible have embodied in them a mighty principle. We cannot shut ourselves up, and live unto ourselves, and hold ourselves guiltless of the moral progress of the world. We have exerted an influence over nations, and especially over these islands, and for the maintenance of this influence for good, the King of Kings will hold us responsible. Let us not make Cain's mistake,—we *are* our brother's keeper. Repressive America, as advocated by the opposing side, means the ostracism of ourselves from the rest of the world; and the seclusion of ourselves within our borders, while the mighty wave of progress rushes over us, and leaves us a helpless isolated mass.

China, boasting of a civilization older than history, has in her circumscribing wall a monument of her supremest folly. Her wall—intended to shut out the rest of the world—really shut herself in, morally, physically and commercially. What has been the result? Her position and civilization of one thousand years ago was what it is to-day. She is the most populous, yet the least influential nation of the world. She has defied the moral law and has lived unto herself, and God, in his justice, has put upon her the curse of stagnation. Yet my opponent would have us build around these United States a Chinese wall—forgetting that the wall that *shuts the world out must shut us in!* He would have us bind the feet of commerce and no longer venture away from our home shores. No, ladies and gentlemen, Columbia has outgrown her swaddling clothes, and I am glad to do what I can to strip these ancient rags of babyhood from

her fair form, and clothe her with a robe of world-wide power and dignity.

“I chant the world on my western sea ;
I chant copious the islands beyond, thick as stars in the sky ;
I chant projected a thousand blooming cities, yet in time,
 On these groups of sea islands ;
I chant the new empire grander than any before, as in a
 vision it comes to me ;
I chant America, the mistress—I chant a greater suprem-
 acy.”

O. M. ROBERTS, '04.

The Clemson College Chronicle

FOUNDED BY CLASS OF 1898

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Agricultural College

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Editorial Department.

EDITOR :

H. C. TILLMAN



The Chronicle If the students wish to see the college magazine succeed, they must support it better in the future than they have in the past. It should

be a matter of personal pride to every student at Clemson to see that THE CHRONICLE not only succeeds in a financial way but also that it should become recognized as one of the leading college magazines in the South. Some may say that this is the business of the Board of Editors, and it may be said with a certain degree of truth; but the Board of Editors, no matter how smart and talented they may be, cannot do it all, and unless the student body supports them, they are bound to fail. The next question the student will ask is, "How can I help THE CHRONICLE?" This is very easily answered. Sit down and write something for it. You can if you will—and the trouble with the majority is that they do not feel the proper interest in THE CHRONICLE.

THE CHRONICLE Staff wish to ask the students to help them with this work and to impress upon them the necessity of giving aid. If they wish THE CHRONICLE to go down instead of up, they could find no more effective way of having their wish gratified than by refusing to support it. If, however, they want to see it going onward and upward in college journalism, they have got to support and work for it as if it were the personal property of every one of them.

The Staff intends to do its share, but it wants the students to help it, and not to feel any delicacy at all in giving suggestions about its management. It is as much yours as it is ours, and you should want it to succeed as much as we do. You can do this in two ways, namely: Subscribe for it, and work for it. We hope that all the students in College will do both, and we feel sure that if they will, success will crown our efforts.

**The Children
Of Our State**

"The present miner has had his day. He has been oppressed and ground down; but there is another generation coming up, a generation of little children prematurely doomed to the whirl of the mill

and the noise and the blackness of the breaker. It is for these little children we are fighting.”—*John Mitchell*.

Did any one ever fight for a nobler or better cause than this? We think not. The Pennsylvania miner was fighting to give his children an education, the benefits of which he never felt himself, and the need of which he feels every day of his life. Mr. Mitchell fought for a noble cause, and we wish he could have been entirely successful in his fight. The coal operators have shown themselves to be truly “heartless men of greed,” and it is this kind of man who is always causing the fights between organized labor and capital. As long as these men, who live for gold and gold alone, stay at the head of the corporations, there will be a ceaseless warfare carried on by the laboring people against their oppression and cruelty. We wish the laboring people could be successful every time they strike for a just cause. We have some little children in our own State, the children of the cotton mills, who need some champion like John Mitchell to fight their battles against the evils of child labor for them. We hope that South Carolina, at the next session of the Legislature, will once and for all stop this evil, and let the little children of the cotton mills get some of the sweets of boyhood, and not forever be penned up in a factory. Let them be educated so that the future citizens of our State shall be better able to manage her affairs with success and with honor.

The Lord in his goodness has given the majority of the world something to live for, and it is but human nature for the world to desire to return thanks to this giver of all things. Consequently, the President of the United States sets aside the last Thursday in each November as a day on which the people can meet at the various houses of worship and give vent to their feel-

ing of thankfulness. But we should not forget that there are some who have not as many reasons to be thankful as we, and we should let this day of Thanksgiving remind us that it is our duty to help the unfortunate and sorrowful. A word here and there could do worlds of good, and we should all be unselfish enough to give that word when it is needed.

So let us all, when Thanksgiving comes on November 27, remember that we must not be satisfied with returning thanks for our own privilege and luxuries of life, but that we must also try to make some one, not so happy or fortunate as ourselves, feel that he or she, too, has something to feel thankful for. If we can and will all do this, Thanksgiving will indeed be a day of thanks to the Lord, and love to our fellow-men.

Speaker	Perhaps the most important political happen-
Henderson's	ing in the last month or so is the withdrawal
Withdrawal	of Speaker Henderson from politics. The

reason given was that he did not agree with his party on certain measures, and hence could not become her candidate. Many conjectures have been made as to the result of this withdrawal, and not a few have even gone so far as to predict that it means a big split in, and hence the ultimate downfall of the Republican party. We do not agree with this view. While Mr. Henderson was and, for that matter, still is, a very influential man, we do not see how it is possible for the withdrawal of a man who was only a candidate for Congress to have such a wide-spread influence on the destinies of his party. Even if the Republicans should be defeated this year, we do not think that Mr. Henderson's withdrawal will have anything to do with it.

Clemson has grown wonderfully in the last few years, and now we venture to say is one of the best equipped institutions in the South. Every department of the College has been enlarged from time to time until we have a first class agricultural, mechanical and textile college here. There is one thing, however, which is greatly needed here yet, and we wish to call this fact to the attention of the Board of Trustees. We have not a gymnasium here, and we think that this is one of the greatest needs of the College at the present time. The point may be raised that we have exercise here in the military drills. This is very true, but the exercise given by military drill is not sufficient for the entire body. At West Point, where the drills are much harder and longer than here, they have one of the best gymnasiums in the country. This is merely given to show that the authorities there think it necessary despite the military drills. We hope that the next improvement at Clemson will be along this line, and feel sure that the Board will see the necessity of such an improvement.

We have played three games, so far, and have won them all. When we returned to College this year our prospects, it must be admitted, were far from bright. We had only two men of last year's team back, and nearly all of the material was green. True, some of the candidates had some experience before, but they had never played the game as it is played at Clemson, and hence it was to most of them an entirely new game. But the boys went to work in earnest, and now it looks as if Clemson will again have a victorious team. The team is playing in the "same old way;" and while we have no such individual players as we have had in the past, still the boys are playing good ball, and deserve the praise and help of

their fellow-students. It was very gratifying to us to see the interest displayed at the A. & M. game on October 4th, and we do not doubt at all that it helped the team to win that game. We hope the boys will keep this spirit of interest up, not only during football season but all during the year. Let us cheer our comrades on to victory, and I am sure they will do their part.



Exchange Department

V. B. HALL, }
S. T. HILL, }

EDITORS

We have now quite a goodly stock of 'changes, big and little, looming up on our sanctum table, and, generally speaking, they are good,—good, better or best. Under this latter head, in our humble opinion, comes the *Georgetown College Journal*. The poems are the best feature of the issue, both "Autumn" and "A Dream" deserving great praise.

Among the first of our exchanges to arrive this month, was *The University of Tennessee Magazine*—a pretty, well filled issue, too, for the first. In the opening article, "Story of a Lone Pine Tree"—the old pine surely does tell an awfully gruesome story—so much so, indeed, that we couldn't help feeling just a little glad that the poor old tree died when he had finished telling; because now he can't make us feel creepy any more.

With a heavy heart we turned from the old Pine's tale of woe, to the more promising title, "Wild Rose," when lo! again both hero and heroine were cruelly shot to death, and the story ended in ruin, death and desolation. So we didn't dare attempt another story. The poetry, however, was much better—some of it really was excellent. As a whole, the issue was very entertaining, but its tone was entirely too sad.

The Wofford College Journal editors are to be congratulated on the beginning they have made. Their literary department is well filled, and the stories are interesting. "How Kitty Outwitted Her Father" is an especially striking little story; though there is nothing new in the theme, the author has written in a style that attracts attention and reflects credit upon himself. Quite as interesting and well handled is "The Fate of the Best Man," while "Three Kinds of Monopolies" is an essay of the higher order, well conceived and well dealt with.

The Wake Forest Student ranks in contents among the best of our exchanges. The Literary Department is fine and contains some deep thought as well as some very interesting fiction. The essay on "Thomas Gray" is unusually good, and shows a great deal of study and preparation on the part of the author. We are glad to notice a Storiette Department in this journal. Very few college magazines have this department, and yet there is nothing that adds to the completeness and attractiveness more than a few short catchy stories.

One of the most interesting exchanges which found its way to our table this month is *The University Magazine*. We wish to compliment its editors on the splendid way in which they have divided their work—separating in a systematic way the literary half from the editorial half. The first article of interest, in the Literary half, is an address by President Polk, which we read with great interest, not because it is an address of a great man, but because it is an address of great seriousness and deep thoughtfulness seldom displayed by college men. This address shows Polk to have been, even at this early age, a man of deep thought and strong convictions. The fiction in this magazine is, to a

certain extent, good. The "Wreck" is a story above the average found in a college journal. The death of "Rube Norment" could be improved on.

On glancing at the binding of the *Central Collegian* one is led to believe that it had strayed from some rural district and by some manner or means had found its way to our exchange table; but upon opening and perusing its columns we find it to be a journal of many good qualities and one which its editors may well be proud. One of the most interesting articles is "Literature in Public Schools," which is both interesting and instructive. Other articles which deserve mention are "Help Up" and "John Milton."

The *Davidson Magazine* is up to its usual standard and contains several interesting and instructive articles.

If we only had the time and the space, we would like to say something about more of our friends; but we must simply mention them, and let a few of them speak for themselves. So far, we have received: *The Wofford College Journal*, *Crimson and Gold*, *Red and White*, *Crimson and White*, *The Student Record*, *The Central Collegian*, *The Lariat*, *Purple and Green*, *Pine and Thistle*, *University of North Carolina*, *The Wake Forest Student*, *The Baylor Literary*, *St. John's College Collegian*, and others, perhaps, which we have unintentionally misplaced.

CLIPPINGS

A DREAM.

Come, maiden, come, and go with me
Where love alone can find us;
We'll softly ride on the murmuring tide
And leave all care behind us.

The silver-smiling star of eve
Shall guide us down the river,
By fragrant banks where snowy ranks
Of lilies bloom forever.

The dove soft-cooing in the wood,
The cricket on the spray,
With tuneful song as we glide along
Shall charm the time away.

Till into some shell-girded grot
I row our little bark,
That we may rove throughout the grove
And in the dells—But hark!

What splashing noise within the gloom!
Low laughter greets the ear;
In the water green fair forms are seen
Of maidens sporting near.

'Tis a band of lovely water nymphs,
The dwellers of the cove,
Who late at eve the caverns leave
And in the woodland rove.

Some rest their rosy forms upon
The moss-grown rocks around,
Others the beach with ardor reach
And dance all flower-crowned.

But lo! in the liquid light they throng
About our little boat:
Their bright eyes peep from out the deep,
While on the waves they float.

Towards thee, my love, they stretch their hands,
And fresh from dewy bowers,
They name thee queen of all the green
And garland thee with flowers.

But now, alas! where are the nymphs,
The maid, the boat, the stream?

I straight arose, put on my clothes—

'Twas all a pleasant dream.

—J. B. F., '02, in *Georgetown College Journal*.

“THE WORLD’S NEED.”

The world don't need your theory,

However grand or great;

It needs no long diversions

On “irony of fate.”

The world needs men who do things

With zest, and power, and might,

Who place no price on virtue,

In the contest for the right.

TENNYSON.

Break, break, break! on thy cold grey stones, O sea!

For I'd like you to know

How it seems to be so

Broke, dead broke, as me.

—*The Wrinkle*—*Georgetown College Journal*.

THEN AND NOW.

(A Comedy.)

Across the aisle, bewitchingly,

A pretty maiden smiled at me;

Hope rose high in my heart's deep core,

Like the swelling sea as it floods the shore.

Across the aisle, so icily,

A lovely woman turned from me.

Hope crept out of my heart once more,

Like the sobbing sea as it ebbs from shore.

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When I plead my cause in the twilight gray,

I did not mind, when I heard her say,

“You were as mean as you could be;

You would not even look at me.”

—E. S. W., in *Red and White*.

Local Department.

EDITORS:

H. C. SAHLMAN

C. W. LEGERTON



On September 27th, there was organized the Clemson College German Club, with about thirty-five members. The Club will give a German every three weeks, and these dances will be a great addition to Clemson, socially. Arrangements for the use of the hall on the third floor of the college building have been made, and this, with the society halls, which will be at the disposal of the Club, will make an ideal place for a dance. All committees have been appointed, and the first dance given under the management of the new organization will be on the night of October 17th. The following is a list of the Club officers and members:

R. G. Williams, President.

W. B. Chisolm, Vice-President.

W. E. G. Black, Secretary.

D. G. Lewis, Treasurer.

Messrs. Williams and Chisolm, German leaders.

Honorary Members: Dr. P. H. Mell, Col. E. A. Sirmeyer, Profs. D. H. Henry, J. W. Gant, S. W. Reeves, R. E. Lee, W. M. Riggs, J. S. McLucas, T. G. Poats, C. M. Furman, A. B. Bryan, Mr. B. H. Rawls.

Chaperones: Mrs. Sloan, Lewis, Riggs, Lee, Reeves, Hunter, Brodie, Furman.

Cadets: Barnwell, W. H., Barnwell, J. G., Boineau, C. E., Bradford, J. L., Black, W. E. G., Chisolm, W. B., Craw-

ford, Coles, C., Cunningham, F. H., Cunningham, J. G., Cross, I. C., Gardner, B. H., Graham, R. D., Gelzer, Jno. J., Henry, A. M., Hill, S. T., Harrall, J. E., Hagood, C. B., Kaminer, E. M., Lewis, D. G., Legerton, C. W., Maxwell, J., Perrin, T. S., Simmon, C. F., Tillman, H. C., Taylor, D. S., Wightman, W. M., Weir, J. A., Williams, V. M., Williams, R. G., Watkins, F. E., Alford, N. H., Fort, S. L., DaCosta, E. J., Fox, L. W.

Col. S. : Give the arm signal for "To the rear, march!"

1st Sergeant H. : Raise the arm vertically and move in that direction.

Cadet C. (looking in a shoe box containing pears) : Why, I expected to find some shoes in here!

Cadet L. : Well, didn't you find a pair?

J. Norman Walker, class '00, was on the campus on September 27th. "Sky-rocket" is traveling now.

J. E. Harrell was recently elected poet of the Senior Class, to fill the vacancy caused by the failure of G. D. Levy to return to College.

The New Appointments

General Orders No. 19.

All appointments in the Corps of Cadets are hereby revoked.

Upon the approval of the President, the following appointments in the Corps of Cadets is announced :

Majors : Wylie, J. C., Legerton, C. W.

Captain and Adjutant : Perrin, T. S.

Captain and Quartermaster : Young, T. B.

Sergeant Major : Hamlin, F. T.

Quartermaster Sergeant : Tarbox, J. P.

Color Sergeant : Reamer, C. Y.

Captains : Black, W. E. G., Gandy, T. S., Barnwell, W. H., Glenn, J. P., Hagood, C. B., Harvey, T. M., Ellis, E. D., Quattlebaume, P. J.

Lieutenants and Adjutants : Tillman, H. C., Bradford, J. L.

Lieutenants : Robertson, J. T., Norris, G. F., Fox, L. W., McSwain, C. W., Livingston, V., Rhodes, F. K., Cain, W. O., Earle, D. E., Alford, N. H., Cummings, J. P., Gardner, B. H., Lawrence, B. H., Prioleau, J. F., Sahlmann, H. C., Wightman, W. M., and Freeman, B.

Battalion Sergeant Majors : Sparkman, W. B., Siau, J. R.

1st Sergeants : McGregor, G. T., Barnwell, J. G., Connor, J. R., Henry, A. M., Templeton, W. L., Gelzer, Jno. J., Norton, C., Dew, C.

Quartermaster Sergeants : Epps, G. O., Elias, P. L., Hall, V. B., Felder, S. I., Miller, R. E., Weir, J. A., Mauldin, W. F., Walker, W. P.

Sergeants : Morehead, I. H., Hill, S. T., Lachicotte, F. W., Manigault, H. W., Wyse, F. C., Muller, E. H., Baker, V., Schachte, J. E., Lipscomb, L., Phillips, H. E., Hunsucker, H. F., Farris, S. J., Bryan, S. G., O'Bryan, S. O., Crouch, H. W., McWhorter, W. M., Brown, E. F., Platt, V. C., Beaty, W. S., Speer, A. J., Bell, M. A., Abell, C. B., Boykin, L. E.

Corporals : Williams, A. M., Robinson, C. R., Caldwell, J. L., Dean, S. C., Ballenger, C. P., Ellison, T. R., Elliott, F. K., Matthews, A. L., Holland, G. B., Youmans, A., Gandy, R. B., Fox, T. H., Kennedy, B. O., Wilbur, W. C., Jones, E. H., Rodger, J. H., Davenport, W. K., Douley, W. H., Cannon, S. W., Ruff, J. W., Sweeney, F. R., Parks, J.

G., Watson, R. M., Weston, W. S., Josey, C. P., Erwin, W. G. Shuler, U. P., Wood, L. S., McIver, E. R., Drew, T. E., Gandy, A. A., Evans, R. P., Zeigler, C. P., Lee, B. F., Brazeale, F. K., Link, R. L., Jenkins, J. M., Bryan, H. G., Walker, W. P., Durant, J. E.

ASSIGNMENTS.

First Battalion.

Major : Wylie, J. C.

Adjutant : Bradford, J. L.

Sergeant Major : Sparkman, W. B.

Co. "A."

Captain : Ellis, E. D.

Lieutenants : Rhodes, F. K., Alford, N. H.

1st Sergeant : McGregor, G. T.

Quartermaster Sergeant : Miller, R. E.

Sergeants : Morehead, I. H., Bryan, S. G., Abell, C. B.

Corporals : Robinson, C. R., Caldwell, J. L., Davenport, W. K., Josey, C. P., Lee, B. F.

Co. "B."

Captain : Black, W. E. G.

Lieutenants : Norris, G. F., Fox, L. W.

1st Sergeant : Henry, A. M.

Quartermaster Sergeant : Hall, V. B.

Sergeants : Baker, V., Lipscomb, L., Beaty, W. L.

Corporals : Dean, S. C., Fox, T. H., Ruff, J. W., Shuler, U. P., Link, R. L.

Co. "C."

Captain : Hagood, C. B.

Lieutenants : Gardner, B. H., Wightman, W. M.

1st Sergeant : Gelzer, Jno. J.

Quartermaster Sergeant : Walker, W. P.

Sergeants : Farris, S. J., Platte, V. C., Bell, M. A.

Corporals : Ballenger, C. P., Kennedy, B. O., Parks, L. G., Wood, L. S., Jenkins, J. M.

Co. "D."

Captain : Barnwell, W. H.

Lieutenants : Robertson, J. T., Sahlman, H. C.

1st Sergeant : Barnwell, J. G.

Quartermaster Sergeant : Felder, S. I.

Sergeants : Hill, S. T., Lachicotte, F. W., Crouch, H. W.

Corporals : Gandy, R. B., Cannon, S. W., Weston, W. S., Erwin, W. G., Brazeale, F. K.

Second Battalion.

Major : Legerton, C. W.

Adjutant : Tillman, H. C.

Sergeant Major : Siau, J. R.

Co. "E."

Captain : Glenn, J. P.

Lieutenants : McSwain, C. W., Cummings, J. P.

1st Sergeant : Norton, C.

Quartermaster Sergeant : Mauldin, W. F.

Sergeants : Holman, A. E., Phillips, H. E., O'Bryan, S. O.

Corporals : Ellison, T. R., Wilbur, W. C., Drew, T. E., Bryan, H. G., Walker, L. W.

Co. "F."

Captain : Quattlebaum, P. J.

Lieutenants : Livingston, V., Cain, W. O.

1st Sergeant : Templeton, W. L.

Quartermaster Sergeant : Weir, J. A.

Sergeants : Wyse, F. C., Muller, E. H., Schachte, J. E.

Corporals : Holland, G. B., Jones, E. H., Sweeney, F. R., Evans, R. P., Douley, W. H.

Co. "G."

Captain : Harvey, T. M.

Lieutenants : Earle, D. E., Freeman, B.

1st Sergeant : Connor, J. R.

Quartermaster Sergeant : Elias, P. L.

Sergeants : McWhorter, W. M., Brown, E. F., Speer, A. J.

Corporals : Youmans, A., Rodger, J. H., McIver, E. R., Zeigler, C. P., Durant, J. E.

Co. "H."

Captain : Gandy, T. S.

Lieutenants : Lawrence, B. H., Prioleau, J. F.

1st Sergeant : Dew, C.

Quartermaster Sergeant : Epps, G. O.

Sergeants : Manigault, H. M., Hunsucker, A. H., Boykin, L. E.

Corporals : Williams, A. M., Elliott, T. K., Matthews, A. L., Watson, R. M., Gandy, A. A.

By order of

COL. SIRMAYER.

Signed :

T. S. PERRIN, Captain and Adjutant.

On the evening of October 17th, the Clemson College German Club gave its first dance since the organization some weeks ago. The earlier part of the evening was spent in a general dance, but at 11 o'clock the regular German began. Mr. Williams, assisted by Mr. Chisolm, leading. Splendid music was furnished by an orchestra from Seneca, S. C. At 1 o'clock, the happy couples dispersed with anticipations of another dance in the near future. Those present were :

Misses Margaret Moore, Clemson College; Laura Bowman, Autun, S. C.; Leora Douthit, Sue Crawford and Daisy

Lide, Pendleton, S. C.; May Cherry, Seneca, S. C.; Virginia and Bessie Norris, Central, S. C.; Benedict, Seneca, S. C.; Lesesne Lewis, Clemson College.

Messrs. Boineau, C. E., Bradford, J. L., Black, W. E. G., Chisolm, W. B., Crawford, Coles C., Cunningham, F. H., Cunningham, J. G., Gardner, B. H., Fox, L. W., Harrall, J. E., Graham, R. D., Henry, A. M., Hill, S. T., Hagood, C. B., Kanimer, E. M., Lewis, D. G., Perrin, T. S., Wightman, W. M., Weir, J. A., Williams, V. M., Williams, R. G., Watkins, Col. E. A. Sirmeyer, Rawls, B. H., Sitton, J., Sitton, Arthur, Pendleton; Benedict, Seneca, S. C.

Chaperones: Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Lee, Mrs. W. M. Riggs, Mr. and Mrs. P. T. Brodie, and Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Hunter, of Pendleton.

The Calhoun Literary Society extended an invitation to the other two societies to meet with it on the night of October tenth, to view a political campaign meeting. The exercises were much enjoyed, and some of the argument brought forth in the speeches was splendid, and from all outlooks the Clemson Cadets will be heard from on the State political field in future years.

1st Rat (pointing to a star): Isn't that the North star?

2d Rat: Yes.

1st Rat: Well, what is the name of that one?

2d Rat: I don't know. I have never studied "physiology and hygiene."

Scene: Settee in the shadow. Moonlight night.

Actors: Fair maiden and cadet.

Fair maiden to Cadet: A penny for your thoughts, dear?

Cadet: I was thinking of the river,

As it flows in its golden hue,
And how my heart's like the ocean,

In its deep, deep love for you ;
I was thinking how,
In this wide world of ours,
I love you best of any,
Tell me, darling, do you think,
My thoughts are worth a penny?
"Exit audience."

Miss Sue Sloan recently spent some time in Greenville. S. C., on a visit to relatives.

Col. S. to Cadet W.: How much does a hundred pounds of rations weigh?

Old Boy to Rat: Say, Rat, you look like a bird. Can't you sing?

Rat: Yes, sir!

Old Boy: Then sing "Forever."

Rat: Can't, sir, without stopping to get a drink of water.

Ere this comes from print our trip to the State Fair at Columbia will be a thing of the past. This is always a trip that the Cadets look forward to with a great deal of pleasure and this year is no exception to the rule. We expect to go down on the 29th, about four hundred strong, and as usual hope to make ourselves heard from, not only in football, but in other respects as well. It has been said by some one that the Clemson Cadets could not get along without the State Fair, and that the State Fair could not get along without the Clemson Cadets. The first part of this is about true, but as to the second part, we will let some one else judge that. Returning, we expect to leave Columbia late Friday night, arriving at the College Saturday morning. ,

On Saturday evening, October 11th, the Clemson College Dramatic Club presented in the Memorial Hall the melo-

drama, "His Brother's Keeper." The play is one of the day, and deals with the labor and capital questions; carrying a strong thread of romance along with it. The cast was much stronger now than it was last spring, and Mr. J. W. Heisman, who is stage director, has every character at its best.

Mr. Heisman played his favorite character, Reuben Warner, with his usual life and energy, and from time to time he succeeded in wringing tumults of applause from the audience. Prof. D. W. Daniels was seen as Mr. Knowlton. He handled himself with great ease and skill, and presented his role in a very creditable manner. Col. E. A. Sirmyer handled the character of Bob Appleton in great style, and dealt with the romance of the play in a manner that would do credit to many of the knights on the Southern stage.

Mrs. R. E. Lee was seen as Margaret Knowlton, and she played the part with her accustomed ease and grace, giving the true life to the play. Miss Lesesne Lewis, who has somewhat of a reputation as an amateur actress of exceptional ability, played the role of Polly Fletcher in great style, and often caused outbursts of applause from the audience.

The others who took part in the performance were Mrs. J. P. Lewis, Miss Sarah Furman, Messrs. J. C. Wylie, H. C. Tillman, H. C. Sahlmann, J. E. Harrall, W. H. Barnwell, W. B. Chisolm, W. M. Wightman and G. A. Larsen. Every one of these played his part to perfection, and deserve credit for their good work.

The Clemson College Dramatic Club was organized a short time ago, and the following officers were elected: President, E. A. Sirmyer; Vice-President, Mrs. P. H. Mell; Secretary, Mrs. R. E. Lee; Treasurer, Maj. J. C. Wylie; Stage Director and Instructor of Dramatic Arts, Mr. J. W. Heisman.

The objects of the organization are: The development of

the dramatic talent at Clemson, the study of dramatic literature and art, and social intercourse. Meetings will be held every Saturday evening, and two or more plays will be put on the stage each season.

The membership is limited to thirty—twelve coming from the undergraduates, and eighteen from the faculty and those intimately connected with the College.

The following are the Committees: Constitution and By-laws: Mr. J. W. Heisman, Prof. W. M. Riggs, Mr. J. E. Harrall, Mrs. Lewis and Mrs. Riggs.

Membership: Col. E. A. Sirmeyer, Miss Lesense Lewis, Miss Margaret Moore, Mr. J. W. Heisman and Mr. H. C. Tillman. Prof. R. E. Lee is manager and Mr. H. C. Sahlmann undergraduate manager.

There is much theatrical talent in the club, as was demonstrated by the recent performance of "His Brother's Keeper." Much good will be accomplished by the Club, since it is organized on the long term plan.

Senator B. R. Tillman and Maj. Smythe, of the Board of Trustees, were on the hill a few days on College business.

Mr. Richard Watson, a young lawyer from Anderson, spent a few days with his brother, Mr. O. M. Watson.

Mr. G. T. Mitchell, of the class of '02, has been in this section for some time for his health.

Mrs. Robertson, of Pickens, spent several days during October at the home of her son, Mr. B. F. Robertson.

Mr. Samuel B. Earle, of Greenville, was elected to fill the chair of Professor of Mechanical Engineering, to succeed Prof. Barnes. Mr. Earle is a young man of ability and a graduate of Cornell University with the degree of M. E.

We predict a most successful career for Mr. Earle in his vocation.

President Mell is making every effort to give us a fine lecture course this season; and doubtless we will have an opportunity to hear some of the best lectures and platform orators on the road. He has already arranged the following schedule:

Mr. H. W. Mabie, November 8th.

Dr. Alderman, November 15th.

Mr. Densmore, January 7th.

Katherine Ridgeway Co., February 21st.

Dr. Mell is particularly anxious to put several musical entertainments on the schedule.

Bill Nye says the photography of the country about Gaffney is well suited to the building of cotton mills in that section.

At a recent meeting of the Baseball Association, the following officers were elected:

President—W. M. Riggs.

Secretary, Treasurer and Manager—J. H. Wyse.

Captain of Team 1903—C. V. Sitton.

Executive Committee—A. Shilletter, J. H. Wyse, W. M. Riggs, W. B. Chisolm.

There is one member of the Faculty to be elected on this Executive Committee.

Messrs. Gantt and Sitton were elected to represent Baseball on Athletic Counsel.

George H. had just said his prayers, and rising from his bed-side, when his room-mate was heard to say: "Ditto, Lord! Amen."

Prof. "K.": Of what nationality were Ampere and Volta?

Junior "G.": They were electricians.

At a recent meeting of the Freshman Class, the following officers were elected:

I. C. Cross, President.

O. R. Brown, Vice-President.

C. R. Alexander, Secretary and Treasurer.

R. L. Riggs, Class Poet.

W. D. Drew, Chaplain.

J. W. Hickling, Lawyer.

Rat B. wanted to know why the fans didn't blow the electric lights out.

Lieut. Sahlmann recently astonished his company by giving the command, "Pee-rade rest."

Dr. G. E. Nesom has just returned from Indianapolis with a car containing thirty-three head of registered cattle. Dr. Nesom bought this cattle for persons in different parts of the State and he has brought them here to become acclimated under his care. The car contained eight Short-horn bulls, two Polled Durham bulls and two Hereford bulls, five Short-horn heifers, three Polled Durham heifers and thirteen grade Short-horn and Hereford heifers, and one Short-horn bull, "Nonesuch, 137027," four years old, weighing 2,600 pounds. "Nonesuch" has been shown this year and won five first in his class and five sweepstakes; it is very likely that he will be sent to the State Fair.

In view of the fact that beef cattle are going higher each year, it is thought advisable to raise larger and better stock for the market, and it was with this in view that Dr. Nesom made his trip West. The Polled Durhams are the first brought into the State

Clemson, 11; A. & M., 5

Clemson won the first game of the season, October 4th, at Clemson. On a muddy field, in a steady downpour of rain, over the A. and M. of North Carolina. In spite of the bad weather, a large crowd viewed the hard-fought game from the side lines.

First half—Capt. Gardner won the toss and decided to defend the South Goal. Maxwell opens the season for Clemson by kicking off to Tucker of the A. & M. Gully then makes one yard around right end. Tucker tries at left end; but with no better success. Robertson then kicked for A. & M. to Gantt. Sadler makes one yard at right end. DaCosta makes two yards around right end. Clemson kicks to Robertson, and Sitton makes a beautiful tackle. Darden bucks for four yards over left tackle. Shannonhouse goes over right tackle for eight yards. Robertson fails at centre. Neill did likewise at left tackle. Gully fails at left end. A. & M. fumbles and loses two yards. Robertson kicks for A. & M., the ball rolling back of goal line, and resulting in a touch back; Gantt falling on ball for Clemson. Clemson takes the ball to 25 yard line, and kicks to A. & M. The ball is called back, and Maxwell kicks the ball to Darden, who brings the ball up the field 10 yards. Robertson hits centre for 2 yards. Shannonhouse then bucks for 2 more yards. Gardner tries right tackle for 2 yards. A. & M. calls time.

Shannonhouse fails at right tackle. Gully goes around left end for 3 yards. Robertson bucks 1 yard at centre. Neil makes 2 yards. Gully goes around left for 8 yards, and is tackled by Maxwell. A. & M. hits the line for 1 yard. Darden makes 2 yards. A. & M. second down; goal to gain. Shannonhouse hits the line for touch-down. A. & M. fails to kick goal. Score: Clemson, 0; A. & M., 5.

Maxwell kicks. A. & M. fails to get the ball, and Sitton

falls on it. Hanvy hits the line for 4 yards. Sadler makes 1 yard at right end. A. & M. gets the ball on fumble. Robertson hits the line for 2 yards. A. & M. fumbles. A. & M. kicks. Gantt catches and brings the ball back for 10 yards. DaCosta hits right tackle for 5 yards. Lawrence goes around right end for 12 yards; then goes around left for 4 more. Sitton makes 6 yards around left end. Hanvey hits the line for 2 yards, Gantt does same thing, and Hanvey hits the line for touch-down. Clemson fails to kick goal. Time—first half up. Score: Clemson, 5; A. & M. 5.

Second half—A. & M. kicks to Clemson. Sutton catches and advances the pig skin 10 yards. Sadler goes around right end for 5 yards. Clemson fumbles. A. & M. falls on ball. A. & M. fails to gain and kicks to Maxwell, who advances ball 5 yards. Hanvey bucks for 2 yards. Garrison goes over tackle for 1 yard. Maxwell makes splendid kick of 65 yards. Shannonhouse goes around left for 2 yards. Tucker goes around right for 1 yard. A. & M. kicks. Clemson's ball. Sitton gains 5 yards at left end. Sadler 7 yards at right end. Sitton goes around left for 13 yards and touch-down. Maxwell kicks goal for Clemson. Score: Clemson, 11; A. & M., 5. A. & M. kicks off to Maxwell, who brings ball to centre of field. Captains call the game. Ball in Clemson's possession. Final score: Clemson, 11; A. & M., 5.

Line up of the two teams:

<i>A. & M.</i>	<i>Clemson</i>
Gaether.....	CentreGreen
Carpenter... ..	R. G.....Forsythe
Koon.....	L. G.....King
Neil	R. T.....Barnwell
Gardner (Capt.).....	L. T.....DaCosta, Garrison
Tucker.....	L. E.....Sitton
Gully.....	R. E.....Sadler (Capt.)

Asbury, Ross.....	Q	Maxwell
Shannonhouse	R. H	Lawrence
Robertson	F. B	Hanvey
Darden.....	L. H.....	Gantt

Subs.

Carraway	Kaigler
Isler	McIver, W. G.
Beebe	Black
Hadley	Taylor, Tillman

Maxwell, the new quarter back, is a jewel and played an excellent game; Forsythe played a star defensive game and his good plays came every down. Sitton, Sadler and Hanvey did fine work.

Clemson, 44; Tech, 5

The above score tells the story of an easy victory for Clemson over the Georgia School of Technology. The *Atlanta Constitution* says:

"If ever a football team showed perfect training, the Clemson eleven showed it on their first appearance in Atlanta. The Clemson boys were as lightning in executing their plays. They got off with a dash peculiarly their own, and when once in a clear field plainly showed their abilities as sprinters. Clemson's strongest point is the interference which her men put up. The Tech men were absolutely unable to get at the runner when the Clemson boys were protecting him. In weight the two teams were about equal, but in speed Clemson has the Techs far outdistanced. For Clemson, Sitton, Tillman, Sadler, and Hanvey did the star work. Sitton made some of the finest runs ever seen on the gridiron. He made three touch downs, one on an 85 yard run, one on an 80 yard run, and one on a 50 yard run. He

was in almost every play during the first half, but at its end he was so exhausted that he had to be taken from the game, though not hurt. Tillman, who took his place, proved himself full worthy to hold up the reputation established by Sitton. The very first time the ball was intrusted to him, he made a gain of 25 yards. He was in almost every play after this and showed both speed and nerve at every turn.

“Captain Sadler, at right end, did great work. He made two touch-downs and generaled the team like a veteran of many battles, despite the fact that this is his first year on the team. Hanvey did good work whenever given the ball. He made two of Clemson’s touch-downs and was instrumental in all of the others.

“For the Tech, McDaniel, Davies, Thrash and Wagner deserve especial mention. The Techs attribute their defeat to the fact that they were too slow, that they tackled too high, and that they failed to make running tackles.”

The following is a detail of the game :

First half—Captain Sadler, of Clemson, wins the toss and chooses to receive. Captain Young decides to defend the north goal.

Brinson kicks off. Ball is caught by Gantt on Clemson’s 20 yard line and advanced 5 yards. Sitton goes around right end behind perfect interference for 80 yards and a touch-down after 30 seconds of play. Sitton fails goal. Score: Clemson, 5; Tech, 0.

Brinson kicks off. Ball is caught by Gantt on Clemson’s 20 yard line and advanced 10 yards. Sadler gains 3 yards around left end, Sitton gains 10 yards, Gantt, 15, Barnwell 10, Gantt 5, Sadler 5, Sadler 2, Sitton 5, Hanvey 5, Lawrence 3. Sadler goes through centre for Clemson’s second touch-down, after 7 minutes of play. Forsythe kicks goal. Score: Clemson, 11; Tech, 0. Brinson kicks off for Tech. For the third time Gantt catches the kick off and gains 5

yards. Sitton goes around right end for 20 yards. By a succession of end plays Clemson forces the ball down the field. Hanvey makes 5 yards, Sadler around right for 5, Gantt makes 5, Hanvey 2, Sitton 10, Lawrence 10, and Sadler through right tackle for 5.

With the ball on Techs 15 yard line, Clemson loses on fumble. Tech at once begins an aggressive play and does her best work of the game. McDaniel goes around right end for 5 yards, followed by a buck through centre for 5. Davies fumbles, McDaniel recovers. McDaniel plays star ball. He goes through centre for 3 yards, followed by a splendid run of 35 yards around right end. Davies goes around right end for 15 yards. Clemson is off side and loses 5 yards. Davies bucks for 3, then 4. McDaniel bucks centre for 4 yards and a touch-down after 15 minutes of play. Brinson fails at goal. Score: Clemson, 11; Tech, 5.

Forsythe kicks off for Clemson, ball rolling behind goal. Tech man runs out for 20 yards, and is downed by Clemson. Cannon gains 3 yards. McDaniel 5 yards. Cannon fails to gain. Davies goes around right end for 10 yards. Cannon gains 8 yards. Davies fumbles, Cannon recovers. McDaniel fails at centre. On Tech's 10 yard line ball goes to Clemson on downs. Hanvey bucks centre for touch-down. Forsythe fails at goal. Score: Clemson, 16; Tech, 5.

Brinson kicks off for Tech. Ball is caught by Sadler, who is downed on Clemson's 25 yard line. On clever pass work, Tech is completely deceived and Sitton skirts right end for 85 yards run and touch-down. Sitton kicks goal. Score: Clemson, 22; Tech, 5.

Brinson kicks off. Sitton catches and advances 30 yards. Sadler gains 10, Sitton 21-2. Lawrence fails to gain. Sadler bundles line for 5 yards. Sitton goes around right for 50 yards run and touch-down. Sitton kicks goal. Score: Clemson, 28; Tech, 5.

Brinson kicks off, ball is caught by Gantt, who makes small gain. Maxwell under faultless interference clears the whole, but is downed by Brinson in the back-field. Time called, with ball on Tech 15 yard line.

Second half—Second half opens with only one change in the line up of the two teams, Clemson substituting Tillman for Sitton at left end.

Forsythe kicks off for Clemson at 4:37. Ball is caught by McDaniel and returned 10 yards. Davies goes around right end for 8 yards. Clemson substitutes Pollitzer for Lawrence at right half. Cannon gains 3 yards. On second down Tech fails to gain. Cornwell punts for 20 yards. Ball strikes ground, and in scrimmage Cannon recovers it for the Techs. Clemson loses 5 yards on off side play. McDaniel goes through centre for 7 yards. Tech fails to gain in two downs and then Cornwell punts for 20 yards. Gantt catches on Clemson's 5 yard line and is downed in his tracks by Wagner.

For Clemson, Sadler goes through centre for 10 yards. Tillman in his first play wins his spurs by going through right tackle for 25 yards. Tillman with end run gaining 10 yards. DaCosta bucks centre for 3. On second down Clemson lost 1 yard. The ball is intrusted to Tillman and he makes good by bucking centre for 8 yards. Tech loses 5 yards on off side play. Hanvey goes through right guard and tackle for touch-down after ten minutes of play. Forsythe kicks goal. Score: Clemson, 34; Tech, 5.

Brinson kicks off. Ball is caught by Pollitzer and advanced 10 yards. Hanvey goes through centre for 2 yards. Gantt goes over right end for 15. Sadler gains 5 yards around right end. Hanvey goes through centre for 1 yard. Pollitzer makes 4 yards. Tillman goes through centre for 2 yards. Gantt skirts right end for 20 yards and touch-down after thirteen minutes of play. Gantt punts out for try at goal, but fails. Score: Clemson, 39; Tech, 5.

Brinson kicks off. Ball is caught by Pollitzer and advanced 30 yards. Sadler follows with end run for 30. Gantt loses 2 yards. Barnwell goes through centre for 8 yards. Sadler bundles the line for a touch-down. Forsythe fails for goal. Score: Clemson, 44; Tech, 5.

Brinson kicks off for Tech. Ball is caught by Sadler and advanced 10 yards. Tillman makes 10 yards. Sadler makes 10 through line. Pollitzer goes through for 15. Tillman makes 5, and Sadler 5. Tillman pitchforks the line for 7 yards. With one minute to play, Clemson substitutes Garrison for DaCosta at right tackle, and Tech substitutes Bell for McDaniel at full back. Clemson fails to gain in two downs, and time is called with ball in Clemson's possession on Tech 15 yard line. Final score: Clemson, 44; Tech, 5.

Line up of teams:

<i>Clemson</i>	<i>Position</i>	<i>Techs</i>
Sadler (Capt.)	R. E	Wagner
DaCosta, Garrison.. ..	R. T	Thrash
Forsythe.....	R. G	Cornwell
Green.....	C	Markert
Kaigler.....	L. G	Moore
Barnwell.....	L. T.....	Motz
Sitton, Tillman.....	L. E.....	Schackelford
Maxwell	Q.....	Brinson
Lawrence, Pollitzer. . .	R. H.....	Cannon
Gantt.....	L. H	Davis
Hanvey.....	F. B	McDaniel, Bell

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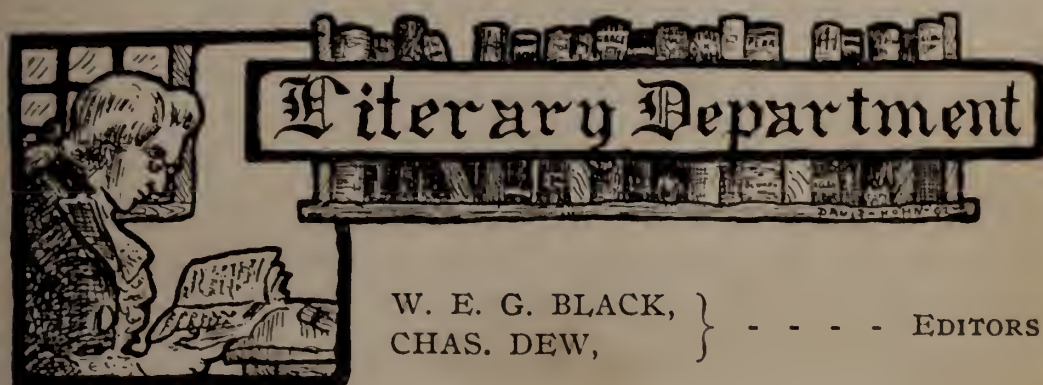
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Valeat Quantum Valere Potest

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The Winter Winds

The winds of winter howl around the gables bleak and cold;
The woods are bare, the birds are gone, except the partridge
bold;

The sun of summer has gone down in winter's icy night,
And the moon's pale face is setting free its faint and chilling
light.

Long, long ago those moaning winds were welcomed by us,
boys;

They ushered in the Christmas time, with all its childish
joys;

But, strange to say, they haunt us now with visions stern
and cold

Of how our youth is on the wane, and how we're growing
old.

Perhaps our dear ones love them still, and cherished mem-
ories roam

To times when sounds of wintry winds bring children
scampering home;

Perhaps they whisper in the ear of mother, boys, to-night,
And tell her of our coming home—and mother's heart is
light.

Ah, yes, these winter winds are bleak, but then they, too,
will wane,
And die when spring shall kiss the earth and the birds come
back again;
And the vernal beauty shall be lent, with all its wealth of
flowers,
To drive away the chilly blasts and thoughts of winter
hours. '04.

Undeveloped Powers

Do you ever realize the greatness of your many opportunities? Think of it—this is nothing more than a simple question; but it is, with a moment's meditation, one that is most inspiring and most suggestive. Not only is it one which involves the outleading of all the human powers that are attributed to man, but it is one which, when carefully studied, causes one to bow his head in thought and consider one by one those small opportunities that have presented themselves to him at some time or other and which, if they had been taken advantage of—though at the time they seemed insignificant—would have caused him not to regard his life's work, if he had any, as a merely accidental one.

God created man in His own image. He was given a power which it was intended he should develop both nobly and sublimely. It was one which would insure to him *success* in life, and would at any time, if taken advantage of, link him to the eternal past and to the immeasurable and unknown future. Do you not think that this is true? If you don't, only let me entreat you that you cast a glance out over the tide of human habitation. Standing out before you, in bold relief, you will with downcast eyes gaze upon the wrecked and, in many cases, the aged form of one whose very appearance will convey to you the melancholy feeling that his life's work has been a failure. Even the barest

possibilities have been stunted and also banished from his grasp. Indeed, it is a sad, sad thought to realize the contrast between what he is now and that which he might have been. This class of people were not wanting as to mental abilities—they were given brains, but would not use, nurture and develop them. Of course, in some cases those mental endowments were not as easily discerned as in others; nevertheless, each could and should have striven to accomplish all that his God and his fellow-man expected of him.

But let the *Past* forget its failures. It is into the depths of the unknown future that we, the rising generation of to-day, must turn our gaze. We are, as yet, in the *morning of life*. Yea, the glistening *dew* of *youth* has not faded from our brows. It is with these truths confronting me, that I, though acknowledging my utter inability, feel it nothing more than a duty to place before a *college student* views which he—if he only faces them as they exist—I am confident, will regard them as I do. But why should I say only college students? Why should not I appeal to all alike? There is no difference between the two classes, is there? Most assuredly, No, as concerning what the outcome of our life will be. I only mention *college students*, for they have been presented, as it were, with many and varied opportunities. On them I feel as if the responsibility rests greater than upon the common-place lad of our country. There is one thing, however, that none need deny—that each and every one shall be held accountable for the development when the opportunity presents itself, and the respecting of those powers with which they are endowed.

Fellow-students, you must acknowledge that in your hands is placed a sacred trust; do not defile nor contaminate it; but, on the other hand, nurse and cherish it. Those *powers* which an Infinite God has placed within your grasp, do not let them lay slumbering amidst the silence of your determi-

nation. Ah! no. Awake to yourself, and with the opportunities at your disposal, do not for a minute leave those powers undeveloped. *You have a destiny*—may it be crowned with glory *to yourself, your fellow-man and your God.*

A Bunch of Flowers

Jack Hendricks, of the class of '06, was sitting by his window looking out upon the field which to-morrow would be the scene of a desperate struggle. The annual game of football between Olivet and Brinson Colleges was to take place then, and, as both teams were pretty evenly matched, it promised to be a very hard game. For two successive years Olivet had been victorious. The Brinson boys had resolved that this must not happen again, and to that end they had practiced very hard. Olivet was as anxious to pile up another victory, and they, too, had been practicing hard. Hendricks was the only new man on the Brinson eleven, the others being members of last year's team. This was his first year at Brinson, but he had tried for the team, and his pluck and perseverance had been rewarded by the position of fullback on it.

The next day was clear and the air was just crisp enough for a good game of football. Long before the hour set for the game, people began to pour into the grand stand, and when the game was called, the grand stand was completely filled. On one of the lower seats, pretty Edith Monroe was sitting. She wore a small bouquet of flowers, fastened to which was a profusion of purple and gold ribbons, Brinson's colors.

Everybody was anxiously awaiting the coming of the teams, and while they waited the supporters of each team made the air resound with their songs and yells. Soon the

Brinson team came running on the field, and there was a great burst of applause from the grand stand. In a few minutes they were followed by the Olivet team. Both teams were put through a little signal practice, and then they lined up for the game. The referee's whistle blew and the struggle was on. Olivet kicked off to Brinson, and the ball was caught on her twenty yard line, but the man was downed in his tracks. Then the contest began in earnest. Fast and furious were the passes and tackles, but Brinson could not gain the required five yards, and the ball went over to Olivet. They tried *in vain* to take the ball over the goal line, for Brinson was determined to hold them back. Again the ball changed hands. Up and down they see-sawed, neither side able to score. Jack's face wore a determined look, and though the ball had not yet been intrusted to him, he resolved that if it should be, he would not be found not trying. From her seat, Edith had noticed the tall, manly figure, and she had wondered who it was.

When the first half ended, neither side had been able to score. Great excitement prevailed, and everybody was looking forward anxiously to the last half of the game. It seemed as if neither team was going to score, but no one would be able to tell until the game was ended. Just then the whistle blew for the second half, and again the two teams lined up. Brinson kicked to Olivet, but she was able to advance the ball only ten yards. It seemed as if the second half would be a repetition of the first. Tricks, end plays, and bucks were attempted time and again, but each time they failed. Brinson had the ball now, and they were going to make a final effort to take the ball over the goal line. A trick play was tried, and the ball was advanced five yards. Only ten more yards to gain, and the victory would be theirs. "Seven—nine—two—four," he heard the captain call. Now was Jack's chance. His heart was beating

wildly, but he knew those ten yards must be gained. "Haec," the quarterback yelled, and quick as a flash the ball was in Jack's hands. Summing up all his grit and strength, he made a magnificent buck through center and landed the ball safely over the line. The game was won, and Hendricks was the hero of the hour. They raised him on their shoulders and carried him past the grand stand, so that everybody could see who had won the game. As they passed in front of the place where Edith Monroe was sitting, she tossed the bouquet, which she had been wearing, to him. He caught it, but when he looked for her she was gone. He held the flowers lightly, for he did not wish to bruise their tender stems.

When he reached his room that night he sat down to think who it could have been. But he was unable to decide her identity. He had met a great many girls since he had come to Brinson, but he thought he remembered those. Who was it? He had only gotten a glimpse of her face, yet he felt sure that he would recognize her if he ever saw her again.

Two years rolled by and he had not yet found her. One day, as he was standing on the corner of a street waiting for a car, a runaway came dashing down the street. The carriage contained only a girl besides the driver. It needed not a second glance for him to know that this was the same girl who had given him the bouquet two years before. He *must* stop those horses. So, waiting for an opportune moment, he dashed across the street and grabbed the bridle of the horse nearest him. He was knocked from his feet, but swung to the bridle, and, thanks to his size and football grit, he brought the horses to a stop. She had recognized him, too, as the one who had played so well two years before, and to whom she had given her bouquet of flowers. She was profuse in her thanks to him, and handing him her card, she told him that she would be glad to have him call some time.

Of course, he gladly accepted, and the next night found him at the beautiful home of Col. Monroe. Edith was dressed becomingly, and as Jack looked at her he thought he had never seen such a beautiful angel. They chatted gaily for a long time, but the time did not seem so long to him. He had not mentioned the flowers nor she the runaway. The bell in the steeple chimed out eleven o'clock, and Jack rose to go.

"I have wanted for a long time to thank you for that pretty bouquet you gave me two years ago, but this is the first chance I have had," he said. He thought he saw her blush, but went on: "You see, I have cherished it very dearly," taking from his pocket a small memorandum, between the leaves of which were the faded flowers.

"You are a good treasurer," she answered softly.

He had loved her from the time when he first saw her at that football game two years before, but he had resolved not to tell her of his love so soon; yet when he saw her standing in the moonlight so beautiful and heard her speak so softly, he could keep back his feelings no longer, but burst out passionately, "I have looked, in vain until yesterday, for the face which I got just a glimpse of on that memorable day; and now that I have found it, will you not let me keep it?"

"Will you promise to keep it as well as you did the bunch of flowers?"

"With all my heart," he answered, and then all was bliss.

G. F. N., '03.

Letters From an Old Graduate to His Son, Henry, at Clemson College

(NUMBER I.)

FORT EXPERIENCE, S. C., December 1, '02.

Dear Henry: I am glad to read of your progress at Col-

lege, and I hope that by this time you will have settled down to hard work. Of course, for the first month or two a new boy has other things to learn besides his lessons. There are many other fields of discovery to be explored before a rat has really taken his bearings and settled down to master the books. But now that you have passed through the "trial" and you find by careful inventory that all of your ribs are unimpaired, and that your hands and feet return to the exercise of their normal functions, you can apply yourself to the paramount issue with a whole heart. You need not think that you were the especial butt of the devil and a few of his descendants during that initiatory period. I felt that way myself for a short time; but when I observed Bill Hill walking around with an abbreviated nose, and John Hicks with an ingrowing jaw, I felt very thankful that I escaped with nothing more unpleasant than a constant determination to eat my meals from the mantel-piece until I should feel more like sitting down.

There are so many things that I want to tell you about, that I hardly know where to begin. There is no more impressive way of learning a lesson of this kind than by experience, but I had so much of that sort of thing that I would like to save you such a slow way of making your collection. In the first place, I want you to remember that the boys at Clemson are all on one level. There is no aristocracy among college students. They have come from various spheres of life, and their former conditions were as varied as the ingredients of Schilleter's hash; but just as soon as they matriculate at Clemson College, they all become a democracy which admits of no high favorites, and the quicker you learn that, the better for you. It really makes no difference whether your father has the rocks, figuratively or literally. You have got to stand on your own record, and your record will stand by you. I simply mention this because I am reminded

of an incident which took place when I was a Freshman there. A boy whom we shall call Percival, because that was not his name, had condescended to enter Clemson, and he had his whole family along to witness the ceremony. The President showed them every courtesy, and carried them through every building to convince them that there were no Gila monsters to endanger their only begotten son, and they took their departure in the midst of many affectionate and affecting scenes; but they had not been gone more than three days before that son was moaning for their return. He had decided that the average boy was of a very inferior composition to his style of clay, and he was not going to associate with the country rabble; but in less than two nights he had changed his mind and his nature likewise. About one o'clock that night a dozen loyal members of the P. T. A. crept up to his room and wrapped his head in a crocus sack. After stripping him of what clothes he had on, they carried him to the rear of the barracks, where there usually stood a large barrel filled with "H₂O." After removing the sack and warning him against any outcry, he was ducked in the water about nine and a half times, and as the night was rather cold, the members present had a suspicion that the water was likewise. After he had been thoroughly soaked, and the starch was considered removed entirely, they tied him to a tree and told him that they would now leave him to dry. Well, you never saw a boy so scared in all your experience. He was shivering with cold, and in twelve seconds he was crying like a calf and begging to be let loose. Of course, the boys had no intention of leaving him there, but they wanted to reduce his dignity a few pegs. After he had expended his vocabulary in urgent pleadings, they agreed to let him go if he would swear to treat all the students with equal respect. This he hastened to promise, and I am free to admit that after that experience he never passed a boy

without a polite word or gesture. I believe that was the making of the boy, and I hope this recital will show you the wisdom of keeping on good terms with the body of students. You can't catch flies with vinegar, and fish don't bite when the bait is missing. You will always find it easier to drift with the tide than to row against it. Of course, you can't get to know all the boys at once. There are some that will meet you half way, and others that will make you come all the way. But you have noticed that a bee makes several trips before it fills the hive with honey, and you will eventually arrive at the conclusion that politeness costs nothing, but it buys everything. Now, of course, I don't want you to bluff your way through College. If there is anything I do hate it is a two-faced boy. A fellow that is always smiling is a dangerous fellow, because he can't always feel that good. I never could see the difference between a man who will speak a lie and a man who will seem one. There is no excuse, however, why you should not be polite to all, whether you like them all or not. Politeness is only an outward sign of inward grace, and its exercise shows just how much inwardness you have. Its absence reflects on you, and shows either a poor family raising or a torpid liver. Even the most truthful elevator men have to tell stories, and you need not think that a few white ones, for the sake of politeness, will endanger your reserved seat in the Ultimate Moreover. For goodness sake, don't try to be exclusive. The most exclusive men I know are in jail. Of course, I don't want you to make a chum out of every boy in College. It is common sense that among four hundred boys there must be some black sheep, but it don't follow that the majority of them are, or else the faculty would need a new supply of optics. I do mean, however, that you should keep yourself in touch with all. No matter how ignorant a boy may seem, he can always tell you some little thing you never knew before.

You should not try to become popular. There is no such thing as lasting popularity, either in or out of College. The only celebrities I know are all dead. Somehow I never could see the advantage of being popular. In the first place, no one with any individuality can be liked by all the students. He must have certain ideals and certain opinions that jar on the sensibilities of the lesser lights. It is only the deceitful who can become popular, and they don't live very long. If you want to be a sort of sponge, and transform yourself to each varying condition, you can achieve a sort of popularity for the time; but in doing so you have to sacrifice your convictions, your back bone, and, in fact, your individuality, and transform yourself into a slave and a liar. The game really isn't worth the candle. I hope you will try to remember this advice, because it is based on careful observation. I don't want you to go to the other extreme and be tough. Some boys think this is manly, but they soon find out that sowing wild oats naturally makes one seedy. A chicken is the only thing I know that can be tough and yet escape broils. The sooner you come to some decision as to just what you want to be, the sooner you can make a start. Even a phonograph has its own record, and you've got to make your own. The best way I know for a boy to discover what kind of a peg he is—whether square or round—is to get into a hole. If you come out safe, you'll travel all right.

As to your attitude to the faculty, I must let you discover their merits for yourself. There have been many changes since I was there. You will find that each one has some peculiarity that makes him distinct from his fellows. You will at first think that some of them could be improved on, but you will eventually discover that none of them were elected on their good looks or good shapes. They were tried first before they were accepted, and the sooner you learn that they are there on their merits, the sooner you will

fall into line. Most Freshman say that their teachers are all fools. The Sophs only think that they are, and the Juniors learn to their sorrow that they are not. It is only after you have reached your Senior year that you learn to appreciate them, and admit that some few of them have forgotten more than you ever hope to know. I'll advise you to make friends with them now, because you'll need them every hour. I hope you will get along nicely in all your studies, and your beginning has been very encouraging. Of course, I am not banking on the beginning, because budding genius don't always bear fruit. I prefer you to keep steady, and don't drop your colors. So many boys get ruined because they made a brilliant beginning, and they can't keep up the pace to the end of the race. I never did believe in "brilliant" racers. I would rather see you climb slow and sure, than shoot up all at once. A meteor is a mighty pretty thing, but it don't live long, and the light it gives is not very valuable. You can go up a mountain in a balloon as well as by the tow-path, but it's not so safe, and sometimes you come down prematurely. When you were a kid and used to climb trees, you never let go of one limb till you got a good hold on another. I always found that the horse that starts off the fastest gets winded the quickest; so you better set your pace from the start, because I expect you to keep it up all along the course.

I want you to write me all about your duties, and your associates. If you want any money I'll send it to you, but I expect you to spend it with respect for me and the money. I don't mind you having pleasures, if they are the right kind. Some people's capacity for pleasure is limited to the capacity of their stomachs, but I hope you will see a little farther and let your head be guided by your conscience. Don't think that a clear conscience can be gained by filtration. Just as sure as you eat too much you'll become hoggish, and when

you drink till you become loaded you'll naturally shoot off your mouth. I don't believe in total abstinence in drinking any more than in eating, but I believe that a man who can't control his appetite for either ought to buy a large Smith & Wesson and project his soul into the Ultimate Moreover. When you find that the furniture is beginning to dance a cake walk on the ceiling, it is time for you to sneak back to your room and put out the light. You'll see enough without it. Remember you are at College to learn a few things, and you better listen when any one is talking. Life is so short that even with every minute devoted to learning, old men die about as ignorant as babies. When you do talk, for Heaven's sake say something. So many boys jabber all day and never say anything worth remembering. Our old Professor used to tell us that "empty wagons made the most noise," and it's a condition that has not changed since asphalt has been substituted for brick.

I shall expect you home for Christmas, and we will try to make the occasion a Holy day as well as a holiday. Give my regards to those boys whom I know, and keep yourself in the straight and narrow path as well as the size of your feet will permit. Follow my advice for your own sake and for my sake, and for God's sake.

Your loving

FATHER.

(NOTE: This is the first of a series of letters contributed by ex-Cadet W. L. Moise, which will appear monthly.—EDITOR.)

"My Lady"

I met her on a summer's eve,
When all was calm and still,
Her snow-white hand, I clasped in mine,
Oh! how it made me thrill.

'Twas at a choir practice,
And as the organ played,
I thought I saw her smile at me,
You think I was dismayed?

No; to her house I went next day,
I climbed the steps so white,
And asked if I might see awhile,
"My Lady." Oh! that night.

We sat upon the moon-lit steps,
I tried to tell her all;
But just before the crisis came,
She turned, and that was all.

That "game eye" flashed, and then I knew
The jig was up, and so I flew;
But back again the following night,
"My Lady" said, now you're all right.

I laughed and cried, and nearly died,
For I was so surprised;
And when I said good-bye that night,
She made those "goo-goo" eyes.

That night I never slept a wink,
For through the hours I'd think and think,
Of words that came, not through the mail,
But from her lips at "Cherry Vale."

Ah! now she's gone quite far away,
For a long while, no doubt, she'll stay;
But her photo she sent to me,
While I was perched at C. A. C.

Now, if the trains run fast or slow,
And blue-grass there continues to grow,
I to my "Lady Love" will go,
And hope to part not any mo'.

Some Xmas Presents

It was Xmas eve, and the old Carolina homestead had been thrown open to all of Col. Leslie's children and grandchildren. Not that the doors were not always open, but at Xmas time all of the Leslie family came from far and near to spend the holidays with old Grand-father Leslie. He, himself, had started the custom thirty years before by giving a big house-party there, and his children had always kept it up, and as the old man's hair became grayer and his step feebler, he always looked forward to the Xmas times with a great deal of boyish joy. During all this time he had never failed to have a Xmas tree and, stranger still, no one was ever forgotten.

As I stated in the beginning, however, this tale begins with all of the Leslies gathered for the Xmas holidays. Among them the only one who figures in this story is Mary Leslie, the old man's favorite grand-daughter, who lived with him and his wife. She was of medium height, and was as straight as an arrow. Her features were very regular and her hair was a pretty brown. Perhaps the most striking thing about her were the beautiful brown eyes, which seemed to look through one. They had been admired more, perhaps, than any other pair of eyes in the county, and naturally her grand-father was very proud of them and of her.

He did not greet her with his usual warmth on that Xmas eve, however, and she noticed and felt it a great deal. She knew no reason why her grand-father should treat her coldly, and so when everybody had gone to bed that night, she tiptoed down to his room, and throwing her arms around his neck, begged him to tell her the cause of his indifference.

"Sit down, my child," he answered, "and I will tell you a story of love and war, and when I finish, you will see why I

am displeased with you. I had hoped you wouldn't notice it, but since you have, I may as well tell you all." He filled his pipe and began his narrative. "Long, long ago, there were two boys from this town who went away to the war. Joe Gunnell and myself were those two boys." Mary started at this, for only yesterday Frank Gunnell had told of his love for her, and she had promised to be his wife. The old man, however, did not notice her, and continued: "Joe and me had been the very best of friends until we both fell in love with your grand-mother, and then our friendship began to wane. It was about this time that the war broke out, and he and I decided we would bury all differences and go together. Well, everything went right until I was wounded at Gettysburg and sent home to recover. I, of course, expected your grand-mother to come and see me, but she did not even inquire as to my condition. Now, I am that kind that don't like for anybody to turn up their noses at me; so I sat down before I returned to the army and wrote and asked her what was the matter, and offered to beg pardon, if I had offended in any way. Her answer contained some startling news for me, for I found that while I had been sick, Joe had come to see her and had *lied* on me. I despised him from that day and still despise him, and while I can't afford to make an open enemy of him, I could never stand to see you marry his grand-son. I happened to see you yesterday, and my instinct told me that he was telling you of his love. That, my child, is why I am displeased with you."

Mary had been listening very intently, and when her grand-father finished, she burst out crying.

"Don't cry, Mary," he said, sternly.

"But I love him so," she answered; and then, if one had noticed closely, a tear would have been seen to trickle down the old man's cheek.

"Go to bed, my child," he whispered, and kissed her good night.

The next morning, the old man rose early and started for his usual morning walk, but he had not gone far when he heard voices through the bushes to his right, and turning he saw Frank and Mary sitting on a log talking in very confidential tones. He couldn't help but hear them, and this is what he heard Frank say :

"Mary, I would not ask you to break your grand-father's command, and hence I am going away, perhaps never to return. Good-bye and God bless you."

"Wait a minute," the old man cried, and came up to where they were.

"Mr. Gunnell," he began, "since hearing what you have said, I cannot and will not be so mean as to separate you from my grand-daughter, whom you love. I have my faults, but I will let nothing come between me and my child's happiness. Take her and care for her, for she is worthy of the best in the land."

And so, when all the Leslies saw the old man and his grand-daughter come back accompanied by Frank Gunnell, they began to wonder ; but no one found out until the distribution of presents began. One after one, everybody received some token, until all had been remembered except Frank. The old man took Mary by the hand and, turning to him, said, "Young man, accept this as a remembrance from your future grand-father." And then followed congratulations and many wishes for a "Happy Xmas."

* * * * *

Many years have rolled by, but as I passed the old Leslie house one Xmas morning, I was attracted by a fine-looking boy of four, playing in the yard. Going over to him, I asked him his name. Throwing back his little head and giving me a very earnest look out of his beautiful brown eyes, he said, "My name is Leslie Gunnell, and I am four years old today." And then, with a merry laugh, he ran to his old

great-grand-father, who was coming down the road. When the two reached me, the old man was all smiles. "How is this for a Xmas present?" he asked. And I agreed with him, that it was, indeed, a treasure. And that night when I left him, the last thing he told me was "All good things come at Xmas." And again I agreed with him.

T., '03.

The City of Emancipation

From out my garret window I can look
Down in the busy mart below, and see
Men toiling day by day, each in his rut
With fevered brain and anxious nervous eye,
With itching palm and grasping fingers long,
Each seeking what he can. And mixed with zeal
A fearful distrust of his fellow-man,
Lest some small prize escape his greedy eye,
And others fatten where he failed to feed.
And all for what? A little bag of gold,
A little pile of silver sand amassed,
For which he barter strength and hope and soul,
Yet knowing all the while that life is brief,
And knowing that some day he must meet Death,
And feeling in his heart a certain faith
That after life a resurrection comes
And each is judged before a Holy God.
Not by his worldly goods but by his soul!

Ah, God, I look beyond it all and see
Far off a city where Thy light doth shine,
And myriad martyrs labor day by day
For the salvation of their fellow-kind.
A Holy City truly! Love enthroned,
And served by minds of grosser thoughts bereft,
With clear bright eyes and steady, reverent hands,
Laboring all to elevate their kind
By setting up a standard men shall serve,

And grow in grace in serving.

'Tis a sight

For hungry eye! No jealous rivals here,
No groveling for Earth's baubles. All intent
Upon a higher aim, a broader sphere,
To fit the Soul for what the future holds,
And train the mind as servant of the soul
To thoughts above mere gain. And by a glimpse
Caught from these heights of immortality,
To so enlarge our vision that the goods
We used to prize o'er all shall wither up
And seem indeed mere dross!

And then the mind,

Emancipated from this awful weight,
Shall seek the Truth, and learn at last that life
Is made for purer deeds and higher aims.
That this probation ended, we shall meet
A recompense according to our deeds.

Ah, would that Man in every busy mart
Would set up such a God before the throng
That all might worship daily at His shrine.
Then would each mart a Holy City be,
And Heaven recruited, throng with gloried praise
Of Him who spake, and made from dust **THE MAN**.
And gave him all Earth's blessings to enjoy.

W. L. M.

Bernard E. Bee

How Jackson received at Bull Run, July 21, 1861, the name of "Stonewall," is well known. But little is known, even in his native State, of Bernard E. Bee, who gave the immortal Virginian the name by which he will always be best known.

Bee was born in Charleston, about 1823. He was killed very soon after the name-giving incident. The salient points of his life are as follows:

Graduated at West Point in 1845. Served as a Lieutenant in the military occupation of Texas and in the war with Mexico. Was wounded at Cerro Gordo, and brevetted Captain for gallant conduct at Chapultepec. Served on frontier duty in Minnesota, on the Utah expedition, and in Dakota until the 3d of March, 1861—the day before Lincoln's inauguration—when he resigned and entered the service of the Southern Confederacy, in which he attained the rank of Brigadier General.

Much of his early life was spent at Pendleton. There he attended school. Among his schoolmates was one who is now the kind-hearted, efficient and history-loving Treasurer of our College, Dr. P. H. E. Sloan.

Bee's grave, marked by a marble monument, is in the Episcopalian cemetery at Pendleton, very near the church, and on the right hand side as the visitor enters the front gate.

W. S. M.

“All's Well That Ends Well”

It all began in this way: in the fall of ———, a brother and his sister, after spending a pleasant vacation at home, returned to their respective colleges to resume their studies of another year. Of course, it is natural to suppose there was a mutual understanding between them—that they would correspond with each other. Accordingly, we find them a little while later fulfilling their promises.

In the fourth letter that Bruce Wellford—this was the boy's name—received, there was a short “P. S.” added, signed, “Your sister's roommate,” “Guess who?” Time and again did he read it over, each time becoming more desirous of knowing who this new friend (?) could be. So much enthused over it did he become, that he immediately answered his sister's letter, and with it on a separate sheet

could be found also an answer to the little "P. S.," which to him was the most important of the two. In it he asked her to reveal to him her name; this she refused to do, as was very evident from the next little note he was fortunate (?) enough to receive. Nevertheless, from then on there continued a somewhat familiar correspondence. He would always confer upon her the salutation: "My little sweetheart"—she upon him that of "My unknown friend." Bruce, as was natural, was dissatisfied with this state of affairs, even if it were all that he could expect under the circumstances. Time passed quickly, though, and almost before he knew it, he was speeding on his way home to enjoy his Xmas holiday. It was then that he hoped to find out the name of her with whom, during the last three months, he had exchanged so many little "*billet-doux*." Alas! it was all to no avail; for even his sister, on whom he had depended so much for this information, would not tell him. So Christmas came and went, and still he was as much in ignorance as before.

In one of her letters to him after their return to college after Christmas, his little sweetheart—as he still persisted in calling her—requested of him that they exchange photos. This was what Bruce for a long time had been praying might come to pass. Timidity on his part, however, constrained him from being the first to ask it. Any way, to his great delight, it was done; and, naturally, the next thing to follow was the passing of compliments upon each other. You must remember that Bruce was a Clemson cadet, and his appearance as a corporal—even if it were the third from the last—created the impression upon her that he was all right, indeed—as to his being handsome, I shall not express any opinions. Nevertheless, both seemed as if they knew each other better than heretofore, and Bruce, to tell you the truth, seemed anxious that it should be his privilege to bestow more

than mere compliments upon *her*. In other words, he had fallen in love. Consequently, from this on things would go on in a miserable and uncertain way until he might get to meet her. He did not have to be in this suspense for a very long while, though, for just before the end of the college year he received from her an invitation to be present at a "Reception" to be held at her Alma Mater during their commencement exercises. What a change came over him! Was it possible that his long cherished hopes were about to be fulfilled? Yes, that it was exactly, and though it seemed to him a great while, the time at last arrived when he, with bright hopes and sweet anticipations for the future, set out upon his journey. He was in such a high state of fevered excitement, that he couldn't tell whether it was a great while or not before he had reached his destination. He was fully aware of the fact that he had arrived, however; and after tastily rearranging his dress, he proceeded upon the mission which, it was very apparent, meant to him overwhelming happiness or bitter disappointment. Everything at the college was in a hurry and bustle. So brilliantly lighted was the reception room, that the scene within intermingled with the occasion was one of both beauty and splendor. Bravely, though it seemed as if his very heart would fail him, he ascended the wide, massive steps. Before him stood one ready to conform instantly to his most trifling wish; so giving his card to him he gave the instructions necessary for him to be able to see her whom he had already learned to adore. Almost breathlessly, he awaited her appearance; and to his surprise she appeared before he had time to realize the situation in which he was placed. They recognized each other instantly, though you may not believe it, and whispering in his ear, she bade Bruce follow her. Noiselessly, they ascended the old stairs of the college, and retired to a secluded nook in one of the vine-clad balconies. It was

there that they, watched over by the silvery light of a waning moon, expressed their feelings toward each other.

There was no telling how long they remained, but I feel no hesitancy in saying that it was nearly the midnight hour when Bruce, before he dare bid her "good night," took from his pocket a glittering diamond, which he placed upon her beautiful hand. This emblem to each of them was a sacred one indeed, for within its folds was enthroned the promise that they, ere their graduation day had faded into night, would be bound by the tie that Death alone doth sever.

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One inch, per year,	-	-	-	5 00

Editorial Department.

EDITOR :

H. C. TILLMAN



Christmas

No doubt, by the time this issue is ready for distribution, most of the corps will have gone home to enjoy the festivities and joys which

Xmas always brings to them. To our mind, Christmas should always be a time of reunion and gladness among all the people of the world, and for this reason we think our Board very wise and liberal in allowing us the privilege of a trip home during the holidays. Some of the happiest days of our lives are spent at this time, and when we all gather around the fireside and crack nuts and eat the "goodies" of life, I am sure that most of the world will agree with us in this statement. Christmas should indeed be a time of "peace and good will" towards our fellow-man, and we hope that every Clemson student will return with this spirit deeply imbedded in his nature.

Our Educational System

We have noticed with a great deal of pleasure the splendid attendance at the various colleges of the State this year. All of them seem to be doing a glorious work, but most of them are crowded even to such an extent that some applicants have to be turned away. Now, there must be a reason for this, and we could not spend our time more profitably than in trying to find out what the cause of this prosperity is, and then if we see fit, we can use it to further increase the popularity and healthfulness of our educational system. In our opinion, the cause for this increase of attendance is that the people over the State are becoming more and more interested in the education of their children. With the establishment of Clemson a great educational movement was started, and it has swept the State from the mountains to the sea. We find that Winthrop was established soon after, and then the people began to encourage the old colleges as well as foster the new. Clemson and Winthrop filled great needs in our State, and for that reason South Carolina is proud of them both.

Along with this development of the institutions for higher

education, we find that the common schools have been improved as well as increased, and we believe this to be even more important than the improvement of the colleges. Very few of the people get the advantages of college life, but every one can get a high school education from our public schools. Therefore, it is nothing but right that these schools should be the best possible.

In conclusion, we believe that South Carolina will in a few years have an educational system second to none in the Union. We hope the time will come when every one can get a high school education; and we believe that it is coming.

The elections for 1902 have come and gone and have been characterized only by the lack of public interest the country over. While the politicians have been extremely busy and active in behalf of their respective candidates and in most cases in behalf of themselves, still the public at large, the voters as it were, have not taken the ordinary interest in the result of the elections.

New York State as usual has gone Republican, but by greatly decreased majorities. In the city of New York, the Democrats have gained large majorities, whereas the Republicans carried it at the last election. Ohio and Pennsylvania have gone Republican by very large votes, and this in spite of the fact that very active campaigns were made in both. As to the other States, most of them show decided Democratic gains, but in spite of these the next House will be Republican by a small majority.

About the only race in which very great interest was taken by the country at large was that for Mr. Henderson's seat. After his sensational retirement from public life a few weeks before the election, and after so many predictions had been made as to its result upon the elections, the people began to

take an interest in the race in his district. The Republican candidate, Mr. Birdsall, was opposed by ex-Gov. Boise, a very able man, but succeeded in defeating him.

As a whole, the elections should be very satisfactory to the Democrats, for while they are still in a minority their hopes for 1904 should be raised considerably.

One of the most important questions to be brought up before the Legislature at the next meeting is the passage of a child labor law. This subject has been discussed on every stump in the State and it will continue to be discussed until a law is passed stopping this crime of letting the little children kill themselves, or rather the crime of letting their parents kill them. Long, long ago children were sacrificed to appease the anger of imaginary gods, while now they are sacrificed on the altar of greed and gold. Is it not time that we, as civilized Americans, should put a stop to this endless sacrifice of the little children of our country? The days of barbarism are supposed to have passed, but if child labor is not barbaric, then there is no such thing as barbarian.

Some give as a reason for opposing the child labor bill, the assertion that the State has no right to interfere with the home of an operative, and hence if he wishes to make his child work, it is none of the State's business. In our opinion, the State has a right to do anything which will insure the safety of her future citizenship, and it cannot be successfully denied that if we do not educate the children of our State, the future citizen will not be as useful as the citizen of to-day. Should it be our policy to go backwards? We are sure that no one will argue *that* point with us.

Another point in favor of this law is that it will prevent the poor white farmers from leaving their farms. As it is, the farmer now thinks that by working his children he can

make more at the factory than he can at the farm, and hence he rushes off to some factory and neglects his duty to his children by not giving them any educational advantages. Is this to be desired? We do not think any one will argue that it is. As soon as the white man leaves his farm the negro steps in and takes his place, and we have the "backbone of the country" composed of negroes, almost entirely.

But there are reasons other than these which we should consider, the chief among which is the duty we owe to our fellow-man. Is it right to allow the children to suffer all these things? The State should look after the physical as well as the political needs of her people. We should not allow our children to be degraded by a lack of education. We should not allow the parents of these children to commit this crime of negligence and shame.

There is but one way to prohibit it, and that is by law. For this reason we pray that the Legislature will see the need of such a law and pass it. The Democrats of the State have met and in convention condemned this wrong to the children, and we do not see how a Democratic Legislature can do otherwise than to pass a law righting this immense wrong.

As announced in last year's CHRONICLE, the
The Annual Class of 1903 has decided to get out an Annual. Editors have been selected from the class to carry on this work, but we hope that this will not keep the whole school from helping this worthy enterprise. True it is that most of the students cannot help it by sending in some literary or artistic production to be produced on its pages, but a large majority can help it in a financial way, and it is this that we wish to urge the students to do.

Now a few words as to the good this Annual will do the average student. Long, long after a man graduates from college, no matter what calling he is in or in what station of

life fate may have carried him, his mind cannot help but revert to his college days, and then his College Annual will be the most precious article he owns.

Again, every student who takes any interest in the College at all will enjoy looking over this Annual and letting his friend look over it. We hope that both Faculty and students will give this Annual their hearty support and show their support by subscribing for it.

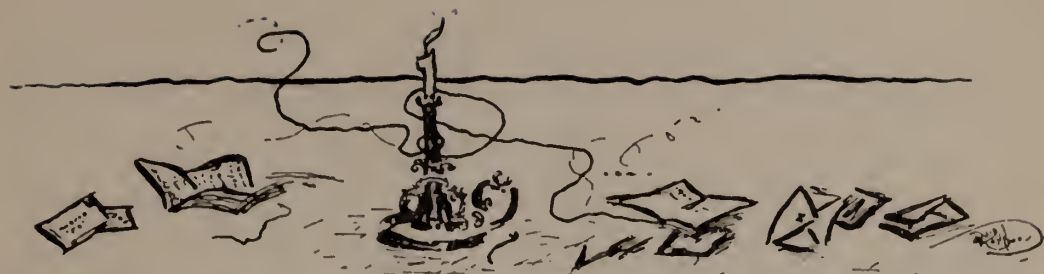
Library and
Reading Room We are afraid that the students are not taking advantage of all their opportunities and we wish to urge them to do so. One of the greatest opportunities at Clemson is that of getting all the late books and papers and reading them. It is an almost universal opinion among learned men that nothing is more beneficial to the mind than reading. Hence we, who have access to good reading matter, should not let the opportunity to use it slip from us. True most of us are kept pretty busy with our books, but we all have some time and we could not spend it more profitably than in reading either a standard book or the news of the day. We should all consider it our duty to keep up with public affairs and we cannot do this unless we read the newspapers.

We hope to see the library and reading room used more in the future than they have been in the past. There is nothing more beneficial and, while we have a good library to read from, we had better take advantage of it. The College has placed both the library and reading room at our disposal and we should take advantage of the opportunity thus offered.

Auburn We wish to take this means of thanking the Auburn boys for the excellent treatment which our football team received while there. The

entire Auburn corps met the team at the train, and on the night after the game, gave the boys a dance which was thoroughly enjoyed by all who participated. Clemson has always made an earnest endeavor to treat visitors kindly and with courtesy, and thus far we have heard no complaints. Since we always do this at home, we expect similar treatment from other colleges, but do not always get it, and when we are shown so much courtesy as at Auburn, we cannot help but remark upon it. Auburn clearly showed us that they are gentlemen as well as good football players, and took their defeat with the grace of true sportsmen. We hope that the relations between the two colleges shall always remain as friendly as they are now, and that we may play them many more games in the future.

A very good lecture schedule has been arranged by Dr. Mell and we would advise every student who has not purchased a ticket to do so at once. We know of no other adjunct of the regular college duties which will be of more help than the lectures which one hears at college. Not only are these lecturers men of learning and experience, but they are invariably men who have new ideas to advance and support, and in listening to their speeches on these subjects, we cannot help but be benefited by them. Again we advise every one to attend these lectures.



Exchange Department

V. B. HALL, }
S. T. HILL, }

- - - - - EDITORS

By ones and twos and threes our 'change friends have been coming in, until now there is the usual stack staring us in the face. We wish we could say something nice about you all—but really we can't—we haven't time, you see.

Just as we expected, our Winthrop sisters have done well. The issue is rife and rife with tales of "the times that tried men's souls;" and the stories are pretty well told, too. In "Uncle Amos" the authoress says of Sherman: "* * * he committed his worst crime, the burning of the capital." Now, is this statement just quite true? Was this, indeed, the worst of the countless crimes of this man, this criminal, who blazed his path through Carolina with smoking homes, with devastated, blighted farms, with the little groups, there and here, of homeless mothers and orphans, bereft of protection, of shelter, *bread*? Was it? The poems, too, are worthy of mention, and in the funny department there are some really funny sayings.

In the *Wofford College Journal* this month, many of the articles deserve special mention. "Chinese Exclusion" shows thought and ability; and so does "The School New South." The "BUS. MGR." must surely be "it."

We were glad to welcome a new visitor this month, *The*

Observer. "The Gridiron by the Styx," which it contains, is very amusing, and shows an extraordinary intimacy with mythology.

The Wake Forest Student is good throughout; but this is no more than we expected.

The Georgetown College Journal is up to its usual standard; so, also, is *The Davidson College Magazine*.

The November issue of *The Furman Echo* is filled with interesting and instructive articles, but the addition of one or two pieces of good poetry would make it a good and well proportioned journal. It seems that with the rare ability with which its editors handle prose, that they might, with credit to themselves, as well as to their journal, try their hands on a piece of poetry, now and then. We read the two inaugural addresses with great interest, because it is always with great pleasure and interest that we see or hear of men who take a leading part in their Literary Society work, this being as important a part of a college course as any other. These addresses show the authors to be men of ability in handling important subjects, as well as good society men. The argument in favor of "Compulsory Education" is dealt with handsomely, in our opinion, and we hope that before many years the author will see most, if not all, of his plans carried out, and South Carolina will have compulsory education. The two pieces of fiction could be improved on. "My Adventures with a Moonshiner" reminds us of an extract from a dime novel; while "An Incident of the Dark Corner" is not much better.

The Limestone Star deserves special mention for its treatment of the "Heroines of the South." There have been many articles written on this subject, but none have treated

it with such rare ability and with such fairness as was done in this case. Its author pictures to us the impossibility there would have been in carrying on the civil war, if it had not been for the helping hand of the woman. For "it was woman's hand and woman's heart that smoothed the pathway of thorny war." "Love Ripples" is a well written piece, in the usual style. "O Night in June" and "Two Stars" are two pieces of poetry which deserve mention.

On first glancing over the pages of *The Erskinian* we were favorably impressed with it as a publication, but upon examining it more closely we find that, after all its good appearance at first sight, that there was nothing in it of any great importance. No where in it is there one line of poetry to be found, except two articles which were clipped from some other publication. It seems that, with the reputation that Erskine has had in the past, of being a good Literary College, that the editors of *The Erskinian* should try to improve their journal, and in this way try to hold up the reputation that Erskine has had. The only article which deserves mention is "The Grasp for Gold."

CLIPPINGS

IT PAYS.

Johnny had a jumpup,
A hustler! 'Twas a sin
For John to place his setdown
Right on a horrid pin!
The teacher had a spasm,
Dismissed John from room,
While Latin went to thunder—
Now pins are on a boom!

—B. P., in *Emory and Henry Era*.

Some one sent Sammy to a city saloon—
“I want some ‘licker,’ ” spoke out the young coon.
“Can’t sell it to *minors*,” the keeper replied.
Then small saucy Sammy the stout speaker eyed—
“A *miner*—the dickens! I never saw one.
I’m an out-of-town farmer, you son-of-a-gun.”
—K. M. V.—*Exchange*.

SUPPOSE.

Suppose a pretty garden calm and sweet,
Suppose a certain little maiden fair,
Suppose the moon of summer shining soft,
And then suppose of course that you are there.

Suppose again that you two sat very close—
And then suppose you were in heavenly bliss,
Suppose your eyes and hers should meet just once,
Such lips, ah, then suppose a—hush—suppose.

Do you suppose ’twould end with one, just one?
Well, I suppose that “gracious only knows :”
Do you suppose the maid would wish one more?
What think you of it; well—we’ll just—suppose.
J. W., in *Winthrop College Journal*.

Local Department.

EDITORS:

H. C. SAHLMAN

C. W. LEGERTON



The annual trip to the State Fair at Columbia was made as expected. A special train carried down about four hundred boys and several members of the faculty and other people from the campus. The two days there were spent and enjoyed as only college boys could spend and enjoy them. The corps showed up well from a military standpoint; the two parades that the cadets gave testifying to this fact splendidly. Several of the cadets remained in Columbia, or stopped at their homes, and returned to college in time for classes on Monday. There is not one in the corps but what reports a pleasant time and we are all looking forward to the State Fair of 1903.

The friends of Mr. C. B. Mahaffey, who was among the first graduates of the college, will be pleased to learn of the success with which he is meeting in life. Upon graduation he took a position in the testing department of the General Electric Company. Two years later he was promoted to the engineering department. Recently he has been appointed to the position of engineer of the Denver, Col., office of the General Electric Company, and will have full charge of all the engineering work in the West.

Rat R. was heard to ask the following question while in

Columbia: Why does it rain in the street and not on the sidewalk?

Prof. Furman: What is an oracle? Is it a bicycle?

Cadet Roberts: No, sir; he's a constable.

Manager Sahlman is thinking of taking "His Brother's Keeper" to New York and placing it on the boards for one hundred nights.

Major Legerton, Captain Perrin and Adjutant Bradford graced (?) the back of a horse for the first time on the parade that the cadets gave in Columbia. Their horsemanship was superb (?).

Rev. Mr. Beard, of Pendleton, President Pell, of Converse College, Rev. Mr. Mitchell, of Greenville, and Mr. Thomas, of Greenville, have filled the pulpit at the college in the past month.

A rumor is going the rounds that Clemson is to have a camping trip in the spring. We all sincerely hope that this is true. It is also said that we will probably attend the St. Louis Exposition in 1904.

The Board of Visitors recently visited the college, and they have expressed themselves as very favorably impressed with the condition of things at Clemson. They reviewed the regiment and also made an inspection of barracks.

Cadet F. E. Thomas recently received a large doll through the mail. Why did Thomas receive the doll?

The ladies of the Presbyterian Church gave an oyster supper on the night of November 15th. Those of the Episcopal Church also gave one on the night of November

22d. Both were well patronized by the students and quite neat sums were realized.

It is reported that one of the Majors is thinking seriously of applying for the chair of Military Science and Tactics.

The Annual staff is getting the material together, and hope to have the publication finished some time in the early spring.

Lieut. Vann Livingston recently paid a flying visit to his home in Bennettsville, S. C.

Sergeant-Major W. B. Sparkman has been forced to leave college on account of his health. First Sergeant J. R. Connor has been promoted to fill the vacancy caused by his leaving, and Sergeant V. M. Williams has been made First Sergeant of Co. G, to fill Cadet Connor's place.

The officer of the day recently threatened to report the band for playing new music on guard mount.

Many unearthly yells have been heard on the campus in the last few days. The cadets are drilling as skirmishers, and shout to frighten the enemy (?) in their charges.

On November the 8th, Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie delivered our first lecture of the season. Mr. Mabie spoke on "Literature as a Personal Resource," and handled his subject splendidly, showing a deep research into the lives and habits of our standard authors.

Mr. H. B. Jennings, of last year's class, was on the campus recently. Harry is now working at Greenwood.

Miss Nell Hard, of Greenville, S. C., is visiting the family of Mr. W. H. Taylor.

Prof. L. Chas. Raiford has recently resigned his position as Instructor in Textile Chemistry and Dyeing, and has accepted a similar position at the Mississippi A. & M. College. Prof. Raiford's leaving will be greatly felt by the college, for he was thoroughly proficient in his subject. This is the second professor that Clemson has lost to Mississippi. The A. & M. is to be congratulated on getting the services of so able an instructor.

Mrs. R. E. Lee has recently returned from an extended visit to Winnsboro, S. C.

Miss Daisy Lide, of Pendleton, recently spent a few days on the campus with Mrs. G. E. Nesom.

Prof. F. D. Frissell paid a visit to his home at Rock Hill while the corps was at the Fair.

Capt. Barnwell (giving instructions) : To-morrow, the drill will be in platoons.

Rat Woodward (to next man) : Say, Bill, have you a platoon that you'll lend me to wear.

Cadets C. W. Legerton and T. B. Young have recently been elected to fill vacancies on the Annual staff. Cadet Legerton from the Textile Department, and Cadet Young from the Agricultural.

The following officers have been elected in the various societies to serve for the coming quarter :

Calhoun.

President—H. C. Sahlman.

Vice-President—F. G. DeSaussure.

Recording Secretary—S. I. Felder.

Corresponding Secretary—R. F. Gooding.

Critic—G. F. Norris.

Sergeants-at-Arms—H. M. Manigault, J. P. Glenn, L. Lipscomb.

Columbian.

President—V. Livingston.

Vice-President—F. K. Rhodes.

Recording Secretary—J. P. Tarbox.

Corresponding Secretary—E. F. Brown.

Literary Critic—J. M. Hill.

Prosecuting Critic—P. C. Cothran.

Reporting Critics—J. A. Drake and E. P. Alford.

Sergeant-at-Arms—J. A. Forsythe.

Palmetto.

President—T. S. Perrin.

Vice-President—John Gelzer.

Literary Critic—S. T. Hill.

Secretary—S. O. O'Bryan.

Censor—D. H. Hill.

Reporting Critics—J. B. Moseley, S. C. Dean, E. H. Jones, B. C. Hester.

Sergeant-at-Arms—W. S. Beaty.

Clemson's second lecture of the season occurred on the night of November the 15th, when Dr. Alderman, President of Tulane University, spoke on "The Southern Boy and His Opportunities." Dr. Alderman is a forceful speaker, and handled an interesting subject well.

Dr. Joseph H. James has recently arrived on the campus to take the chair of Organic Chemistry and Dyeing, made vacant by the resignation of Prof. L. Chas. Raiford. Dr. James is a native of Ohio, and attended Buchtel College, from which institution he graduated in 1894, with the

degree of B. S. After graduation he acted as Instructor in Physics and Assistant in Chemistry at his Alma Mater until 1897, when he took up post-graduate work at Columbia University and at the University of Pennsylvania. He took the degree of Ph. D. at Pennsylvania in 1899, after which he was made substitute professor of Chemistry and Physics at Buchtel. In January, 1900, Dr. James accepted a position as chief chemist for the Lake Superior Power Company at Sault St. Marie, Ontario, and remained with them until coming to Clemson.

Reward: One hundred dollars will be paid to any one who will find Cadet McIllwaine Henry at work.

The football team now has four coaches instead of one. Messrs. Green, Kaigler and Wyse are now assisting Mr. Heisman.

The Clemson College Dramatic Club presented their melodrama, "His Brother's Keeper," in Anderson, November 18th. The citizens of Anderson were pleased with the performance and say that the troupe is an exceptionally strong one. They were completely carried away with Mr. Heisman in the role of Reuben Warner, and, in fact, complimented every person in the cast.

The club has closed its active theatrical season, but it will begin in early spring and put on something new and up to its usual standard.

Schmidt: Writing to a friend about the Clemson-Furman game, spells (Furman) Fermon.

Mr. C. Y.: What are those wooden books for (referring to dummies used in cases at Charleston to represent theoretical and practical work)?

Librarian: They are for blockheads; don't you want to take one out?

Corp. Gandy (in extended order drill): Fire at will three volleys.

Private Woodward: Where is Will?

Sam. F—t wants to know if we were drilling at drop step yesterday.

Corp. Wes—n commanded his squad fire three volumes at will.

The Thanksgiving German

The German Club gave its first annual Thanksgiving German on the night of November the twenty-sixth. With the exception of the Commencement dances, this german by far excelled any previous dance given at the College, both in pleasure and in attendance. The third floor of the main building, together with the three society rooms, were used as the reception hall, and it presented a continual scene of life and gayety during the entire evening. The earlier part of the night was spent in general dancing, but at eleven o'clock, the regular german began, Mr. Harry Gray, a Clemson graduate, leading. The german was continued until three o'clock, when the happy couples dispersed. The music was furnished by the orchestra from Seneca, S. C. One of the evening's enjoyable features was the splendid luncheon furnished by Mr. A. Shillettee.

Those present were: Miss Adele Hayne, Greenville, with Harry Gray, Greenville; Miss Daisy Lide, Pendleton, with C. W. Legerton; Miss Erline St. Amand, Greenville, with Mr. Folger, Pickens; Miss Olive Plowman, Auburn, Ala., with T. S. Perrin; Miss Mary Orr, Anderson, with Prof.

T. G. Poats; Miss Marie DeCamp, Greenville, with George Falmstock, Greenville; Miss Annie Prevost, Anderson, with W. M. Wightman; Miss Eunice Calhoun, Abbeville, with J. L. Bradford; Miss Virginia Norris, Pendleton, with D. G. Lewis; Miss Sadie Wheeler, Greenville, with J. S. Slattery, Greenville; Miss Eliza Crawford, Pendleton, with Prof. D. H. Henry; Miss Margaret Moore, Clemson, with Col. E. A. Sirmyer; Miss Sarah Johnson, Union, with Irving Hayne, Greenville; Miss Pauline Jones, Atlanta, with R. G. Williams; Miss Fannie Davenport, Augusta, with W. D. Wall, Greenville; Miss Sue Sloan, Clemson, with J. A. Weir; Miss Griffie Doush, Greenville, with C. B. Hagood; Miss Lizzie Waddell, Greenville, with J. R. Siau; Miss Evelyn Blythe, Greenville, with F. H. Cunningham; Miss Lena Douthit, Pendleton, with W. B. Chisolm; Miss Lesesne Lewis, Clemson, with A. M. Henry; Miss Eubanks Taylor, Anderson, with J. G. Cunningham; Miss Sue Crawford, Pendleton, with H. R. Sherard; Miss Nell Poe, Greenville, with S. L. Fort; Miss Bessie Norris, Pendleton, with J. E. Harrall; Miss Floride Stone, Greenville, with Northern Miller, Greenville; Miss Maud Douthit, Pendleton, with James Sitton, Pendleton; Miss Emma Merricks, Walhalla, with Dr. B. Frank Sloan, Walhalla; Miss Laura Bowman, Autern, with W. H. Crawford; Miss Rhetta Sitton, Pendleton, with S. T. Hill; Miss Sarah Freeman, Clemson, with E. M. Kaminer; Miss Lila Folger, with V. M. Williams.

The chaperones were: Mrs. D. K. Norris, Pendleton; Mrs. W. M. Riggs, Mrs. R. E. Lee, Mrs. G. E. Nesom, Mrs. R. N. Brackett, Mrs. C. M. Freeman, Mrs. S. W. Reaves, and Mrs. H. Benton, Clemson College.

The visiting gentlemen present were Dr. W. W. Chisolm and S. R. Parker, of Anderson; Walter Gray and E. J. DaCosta, of Greenville; J. Alexander and ——— Jenkins, of

Pickens; M. A. Sitton, of Pendleton; R. E. Lee, R. N. Brackett, S. W. Reaves, H. Benton and J. S. McLucas, of Clemson College.

The other members of the Club present were: B. H. Gardner, W. E. G. Black, L. W. Fox, N. H. Alford, I. C. Cross, C. C. Bowman, R. D. Graham, C. Coles, H. T. Poe and C. F. Simmons.

Football

The season of 1892 is a thing of the past. We have won six out of seven of the games played, and with this record we are willing to quit. The season has, indeed, been a remarkable one for Clemson, and with the S. I. A. A. pennant flying proudly from her mast, the "Clemson football ship of State" is willing and ready to be viewed by the rest of the football world. Clemson's grit has won first place among the colleges, and every Clemsonian should be proud of it.

Our prospects at the beginning of the season were the poorest in the history of the College, and we can now point with pride to the season which has never been excelled in the history of Southern football. We merely mention the above fact to show the Southern football players that we have turned out the best team with the poorest material in the South. The reasons for this are many, and we will only take up a few of them. The first and greatest reason is that we have the best coach in the South. Mr. Heisman has been with us now three years, and during that time we have lost only two games, and we have scored on every team we have played against during that time. Only two teams have been able to hold us to one touch-down, and they have the utmost respect for our ability as football players.

The second reason for our success this year is the earnestness with which the boys have entered into and played the game. These two things combined have been instrumental in turning out the greatest football team Clemson has ever had, and we should all unite in bestowing praise and honor upon the men who are responsible for this state of affairs.

Another word and we are done. Aside from showing our opponents that we can play football, we have also shown them that we are gentlemen. As Coach Heisman has told us time and again: "It is a good thing to be a fine football player, but it is a better to be a fine gentleman." We have followed the example which he has set and have turned out a team without a stain on its conduct as gentlemen.

In conclusion, we think that all Clemson should unite in the following sentiment: "Hurrah for Coach Heisman, Captain Sadler, Manager Wyse and the team of 1902."

South Carolina, 12; Clemson, 6

The above score tells of the first defeat that Clemson has received at the hands of the above named team in six years. The game was splendidly played, but Clemson lost on the inability of her players to "get together," on the lightness of her team, and on the phenomenal way in which Carolina broke up her every play. Carolina has the best team in her history and gave a splendid exhibition of football. For Clemson, Sitton, Barnwell, Forsythe and Hanvey deserve especial mention. The following is a detailed account of the game:

Carolina wins the toss. Forsythe kicks 40 yards to Gunter, who advances 15 yards. Davis kicks for 3, Gunter 2, and then Gunter again through right tackle for 3 yards. Oliver successfully takes the ball through the line for 3, 2

and 5. Lee fumbles, but regains the ball. Gunter, Smith and Oliver now rush the line for respectively 3, 4 and 5 yard gains. Ball is on Clemson's 20-yard line when Oliver takes charge of it and makes good gains. Gunter bucks for 12 yards, and lands the first touch-down. Withers rushes goal. Time, 7 minutes. Score: Carolina, 6; Clemson, 0.

Carolina again receives kick. Smith receives and advances 15 yards. Oliver, Gunter and Smith, by successive bucking, carry the ball to Clemson's 25-yard line, where it is fumbled, and Sadler, for Clemson, falls on it. Clemson tries the line, but is tackled for loss. On a second trial, Clemson is again held down. Carolina is blocking Clemson's plays with exceptional skill. Clemson then attempts a kick, which is blocked by Freeman for Carolina. It is Carolina's ball. Oliver goes through line for 3, Gunter and Oliver for 5 and 4 yards respectively. Smith kicks line for good gain. Gunter drives through center for 3 yards and touch-down. Withers kicks goal. Score: Carolina, 12; Clemson, 0.

The play is resumed by Clemson kicking to Ehrich, who advances 10 yards. Withers goes around left end for 10 yards. Davis tries end, but is downed by Sitton. Gunter bucks 6 yards through tackle. Smith goes around right for 15 yards. Clemson takes a brace and piles up Carolina. Clemson gets ball on fumble and punts to new field. Carolina slowly moves back toward Clemson's goal by a series of bucks. Carolina again fumbles, Clemson gets ball and kicks it back to center of field. Carolina obtains ball, and first half is up. Score: Carolina, 12; Clemson, 0.

Second half: The second half begins by Clemson receiving the kick. Smith kicks for Carolina, Sitton catches for Clemson and advanced a few yards, when he is downed by Gunter. Harvey bucks for 1 yard. Sadler gets 4 yards on end buck, Clemson makes an "on side" kick, but ball

goes out of bounds and Foster falls on it for Carolina. Gunter and Oliver carry the ball down field by bucks until near Clemson's goal. Clemson braces and holds Carolina for downs. Tillman takes ball for good gain, he is playing splendidly. Harvey bucks for 15 yards. Ball is in center of field. Carolina holds for downs and ball goes over. Smith fails at center. Withers is forced to kick. Ball rolls out of bounds and Nicholson, for Carolina, falls on it. Clemson gets ball on fumble, and she immediately wakes up and begins to play football. Sitton takes the ball for good gain. Harvey becomes lively, as well as Barnwell, and some pretty gains are made by kicks and interference. Then Sitton makes the star run of the game, and behind perfect interference goes 55 yards for Clemson's first touch-down. Maxwell kicks goal. Score: Carolina, 12; Clemson, 6.

Eight and a half minutes more to play. Clemson is now playing her usual style of fast and furious football. Carolina is winded, and her men are falling out, two and three at every down. It looks as if nothing can prevent Clemson from tying the score. The play is started by Smith for Carolina kicking to Sitton, who advances 15 yards. Sadler turns right end for 15 yards. Carolina substitutes McGhee for Lee at quarter. Barnwell for Clemson goes 10 yards. Barnwell again for 15 yards, Harvey for 6, and Lawrence takes 8 yards. Clemson carries the ball by long gains toward Carolina's goal. Barnwell makes 6 yards, Tillman 6. Carolina's men continue to fall out for wind. Sitton gains 12 yards. Clemson fumbles on Carolina's 10-yard line. Carolina makes small gains and time is called with ball in Carolina's possession on her 20-yard line. Final score: Carolina, 12; Clemson, 6.

The line-up is as follows:

*Carolina**Clemson*

Foster.....	Left End..	Sitton
Oliver.....	Left Tackle...	Garrison
Elrich.....	Left Guard.....	Kaigler
Nicholson.....	Centre	Green
McCutchen.....	Right Guard	Forsythe
Smith.....	Right Tackle.....	Barnwell
Freeman.....	Right End.....	Sadler (Capt.)
Lee, McGhee.....	Quarter Back	Maxwell
Gunter.....	Full Back.....	Hanvey
Davis	Left Half Back..	Tillman, Lawrence
Withers.....	Right Half Back.....	Pollitzer

The officials were: Referee, Robt. Roler, V. M. I. Umpire, Louis J. Guoin, Captain of U. N. C., '94. Timekeepers, J. Fuller Brooker and Col. Sirmyer. Linesmen, Herbert and McIver.

Georgia Game

In spite of the warm weather, the Georgia-Clemson game, which was played on our campus, November 8th, was fast and fierce from start to finish, and at no time did either team show any desire to ease its work. Georgia had quite a number of supporters on the side line and often the Clemson cadets would cheer the Georgia boys on, and only the true sportlike spirit prevailed.

Capt. Sadler won the toss, and decided to receive the kick off at the south end of the field. By a series of bucks and short end runs Clemson steadily but slowly carried the ball down the field to Georgia's 5-yard line, and an attempt to kick was made, the ball going out of bounds; Georgia's ball. Georgia worked the ball back up to the center of the field, where Clemson held them for downs. Again Clemson at-

tempted her buck and end runs. Sitton and Hanvey making some pretty gains, about 15 yards from the goal line. Sitton slipped around left end for a touch-down. Maxwell kicked goal. Clemson made one more touch-down during the first half and kicked both goals. The score at the end of the first half being Clemson, 12; Georgia, 0.

In the second half Clemson scored four more touch-downs; Georgia's offence seemed to have weakened a wee-bit, while on the defensive she contested every foot of ground made by Clemson. Georgia never once lost spirit, but fought hard to the end. Beaver, Turner, McIntyre and Dickerson played a great game for Georgia. It was only with the greatest difficulty that Harmon and McIntyre were induced to stay out of the game after being hurt; both of them displayed much grit.

For Clemson, Sadler, Sitton, Forsythe, Maxwell and Gantt played ball of the first order, while Pollitzer's hurdling was quite a feature in the game. Barnwell, Garrison, Green and Kaigler also did excellent work in the line.

The game was clean and fast, and the best of feeling prevailed on the side line. The Clemson boys were anxious to entertain the Georgia team that evening, but Georgia was compelled to leave on the afternoon train.

Prof. Rigg, referee. Manager Scaife, of Furman, umpire. Time of halves, 25 and 18 minutes.

The line-up was as follows :

<i>Clemson</i>	<i>Position</i>	<i>Georgia</i>
Sadler (Capt.).....	R. E.....	Ridley (Capt.)
Barnwell	R. T.....	Smith
Forsythe.....	R. G.....	Willingham
Green	C.....	Ketron
Kaigler.....	L. G.....	Beaver
Garrison.....	L. T.	McIntyre
Sitton	L. E.....	Baxter

Pollitzer.....	L. H. B.....	Allen
Maxwell	Q. B.....	Harmon
Gantt.	R. H. B.....	Dickson
Hanvey.....	F. B.....	Turner

Furman Game

Clemson defeated the Furman team in Greenville, October 24, before a large crowd of college girls and citizens. The colors of both teams were in the hands of the fair maids, and many cheers went up from the side line for Clemson. The Furman team was a little the heavier of the two, and their defeat is attributed to their poor defensive work in the first half, high tackling and the rapid work of the Clemson team and their style of play, which was something new to Furman. Sitton and Sadler from time to time skirted around the ends for long gains, while Hanvey would drive the line in a manner to secure good gains and first downs. Maxwell's punting was of the highest order, while Forsythe's work in the line was of the star character, Barnwell and Garrison played veteran tackles, and Pollitzer's hurdling was a feature of the game.

For Furman, Holland at left half back, a star game; his tackling and line bucking was creditable. Sublett punted beautifully. Townes, McCall and Shirly played a strong game and showed that they were capable of playing their positions.

The fast, lightning way in which Clemson got her plays off in the first half, together with her strong interference, seemed to take Furman off their feet in the first half, and it was not until the second half that they played their strong game..

The line-up was as follows :

*Clemson**Furman*

Sitton.....	L. E.....	Lawrence
Garrison, King.....	L. T.....	McCall
Kaigler.....	L. G	King
Green.....	C.....	Webb
Forsythe.....	R. G.	Shirly
Barnwell.....	R. T.....	Liedell
Sadler (Capt.).....	R. E.....	LaBoon
Pollitzer	L. H.....	Holland
Lawrence ..	R. H.....	Townes
Maxwell	Q. B.	Sharp
Harvey.....	F. B.....	Sublett (Capt.)

Substitutes: Clemson—Furtick, Wood, McIver, Tillman, DaCosta, King. Furman—Sloan, Clinkscales, Duckett.

Referee, Coach Reynolds, of Georgia, and Umpire Fleming gave perfect satisfaction.

Auburn Game

Clemson met Auburn at Auburn, November 15th, in a hard, fierce battle, in which both teams showed the true spirit of sportsmen. For the first fifteen minutes the teams seemed to be evenly matched, and the ball just changed hands to go a few yards and to change once more. Both teams resorted to frequent punting.

In the first half, Clemson was playing her usual game and scored two touch-downs. In the second half, however, Auburn braced and the Tigers were only able to add another touch-down and goal to their credit. The final score being Clemson, 16; Auburn, 0.

Auburn was weak on offensive work, but strong on defensive. Sitton, for Clemson, was easily the star, and made two beautiful runs for 30 and 35 yards, resulting in a touch-

down. Sadler, Forsythe, Maxwell and Hanvey also did great work for Clemson.

The Alabama boys gave a banquet in honor of the Clemson Tigers, and entertained the boys royally, and the Tigers appreciate the hospitable treatment shown them.

The line-up was as follows :

<i>Auburn</i>	<i>Position</i>	<i>Clemson</i>
Markle	C.....	Green
Elmer.....	L. G.....	Kaigler
Lacey	L. T.....	Garrison
Patterson.....	L. E.	Tillman, Sitton
Pierce.....	R. G.....	Forsythe
Hill.....	R. T.	Barnwell
Haynie	R. E.....	Sadler (Capt.)
Law, Ward.....	R. H.....	Lawrence, Gantt
Allison (Capt.).....	F. B.....	Hanvey
Smith.....	Q. B.....	Maxwell

Umpire, Kyser, of Clemson. Referee, Tichenor, of Atlanta. Linesman, Coach Reynolds, of Georgia.

Substitutes : Clemson—Tillman, Lawrence, H. H. Barnwell. Auburn—Ward, Seal, Moon, McNery.

Clemson, 11; Knoxville, 0

In Knoxville, Tenn., on Thanksgiving day, the Clemson Football Team added one more victory to her glorious record by defeating the University of Tennessee by a score of 11 to 0.

The game was played on a muddy field in a light fall of snow, and this seemed to put speed into the boys. The game was fast and hard and at no time did Tennessee show any desire to ease up their heavy line charging, while the

fierceness of the Clemson Tigers increased as the play continued.

Captain Buckingham, of Tennessee, won the toss, and chose to receive the kick-off at the west end of the field. Forsythe kicked off for Clemson, Grim caught the ball on the 25-yard line, brought it up the field for 5 yards, and was downed. Tennessee, by a varied play of short bucks and end runs, managed to work the ball up to the center of the field; here Clemson secured the ball on downs, and with double passes and bucks carried the ball to Tennessee's 5-yard line. At this juncture, Tennessee braced up and held the Tigers for downs; Douglas at once kicked the ball, and with a strong west wind it sailed down the field to Clemson's 10-yard line. Maxwell picked it up and advanced it 5 yards; Clemson brought it back up the field to Tennessee's 30-yard line, and Pollitzer attempted to kick, but the strong west wind prevented the ball from going far up the field, and Tennessee secured the ball. Tennessee then carried the ball back to Clemson's 25-yard line and attempted to kick goal, but failed—Maxwell falling on the ball for Clemson, and making a touch-back; the ball was then brought out to the 25-yard line, and kicked off to Tennessee. Green caught the ball and advanced it 10 yards. Tennessee again carried the ball down the field to Clemson's 30-yard line, and attempted another goal from the field, but failed. Hanvey caught the ball for Clemson, and then by a very varied play Clemson brought the ball back up field and was on Tennessee's 40-yard line when the first half ended. Zero; zero.

Tennessee kicked off to Clemson and the boys got down to real hard work, and within four minutes of play Clemson had bucked Hanvey down the field for a touch-down; Forsythe kicked goal. Tennessee kicked off again and the Tiger fiercely fought her way down to Tennessee's

20-yard line. Tillman was given the ball, with instructions to skirt the end for a touch-down, and this he did. Forsythe failed to kick goal. Clemson again received the kick-off and bucked the ball down field to Tennessee's 2-yard line, where it was taken away on downs. Tennessee at once kicked, and regained the ball, working it to Clemson's 20-yard line, and again tried goal from field, but failed. Clemson secured the ball and it was brought out to the 25-yard line and kicked off to Tennessee. Aymett blocked the kick, and it bounded back to Clemson's 15-yard line—Green falling on the ball for Clemson. Clemson then carried the ball back up field to 30-yard line; at this point time was called, and the struggle came to an end with a score of Clemson, 11; Tennessee, 0.

Referee, Major Cooper D. Smith, University of Tennessee. Umpire, R. R. Manly, Georgia School of Technology. Time-keepers, Mr. Earle Harrison and Professor W. M. Riggs.

Length of halves 25 minutes each.

The line-up was as follows:

<i>Tenn.</i>	<i>Position.</i>	<i>Clemson.</i>
Little Beene.....	Left End.....	Tillman
Buckingham.....	Left Tackle	Garrison
Silcox, Caldwell.....	Left Guard.....	Forsythe
Simerly, Aymett.....	Center.....	Green
Caldwell	Right Guard.....	Kaigler
Green.....	Right Tackle.....	Barnwell
Grimm.....	Right End.....	Sadler
Crawford.....	Quarter Back.....	Maxwell
Big Beene	Right Half.....	Gantt
Douglas.....	Left Half	Pollitzer
Gettys.....	Full Back	Hanvey

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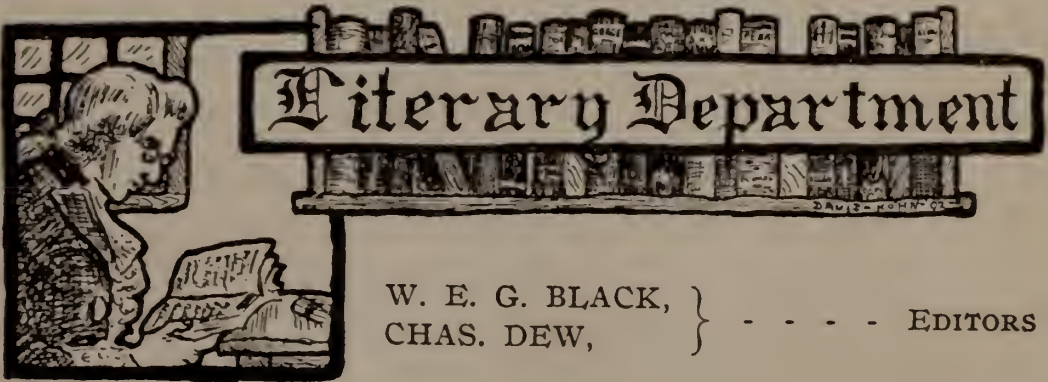
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W. E. G. BLACK, }
CHAS. DEW, } - - - - EDITORS

Some Thoughts

I turn to bid the year good-bye,
And mingled feelings fill my breast;
Some make me sad—I say they lie,
And pass to those I know are best.

For what's the use of being sad
And moaning o'er the *cloudy* days,
The rest of mankind is happy—glad—
The world is full of the sun's pure rays.

And when the time shall come for me
To bid the joyful world adieu,
I hope and trust that I may be
In the light of its golden hue. T. '03.

A Young Hero

“Say, there, Kid, what are you going to do now?” said the new editor, as he turned around from his desk and looked at

the office boy, who was warming himself by the stove which was used ostensibly to heat the room, but in reality to heat the loafers who could always be found in the *Star* office.

"Nothing, sir," came the answer, as the pair of little blue eyes looked over the top of the stove at him.

"Well, take this bundle round to Miss Blount's, and wait for the answer," and then he turned round and began writing again.

The editor was young and had some foolish theories, but with all that he was a kindly man, and the Kid fairly worshipped him. When the Kid had gone, he worked for about half an hour and then began wondering why the boy had not returned. He waited another half hour, and becoming more and more anxious, he got down his overcoat and decided to go and see what was wrong. As he opened the door the cold wind reminded him that he hadn't bought the Kid that new overcoat yet, and he knew how cold the little fellow must be. Going into a near-by clothing store, he made the purchase and then started on his search. He didn't go far, however, before he met the Kid coming back, and after putting the new overcoat on him, they returned to the office.

The editor had been so enthused over the new overcoat, that neither he nor the Kid thought about the answer which he was expecting, and it was way in the evening before the Kid brought him the note. He had only met Miss Blount, and as she was pretty, he had sent her some candy. Her note was very much the same as all the other notes of thanks had been, so he paid no particular attention to it, and that evening, when he shut the door, he and the Kid went down the street whistling together. When the Kid left him, he walked slower, and began to think of his old college days, and wondered where his old college-mates were. He had not heard from his old room-mate, Rob Blount, for over a year, and then a thought struck him that Miss Blount might

be some relation of Bob's, and he decided that he would call on her that night. He went just like he was, and, sure enough, to his great delight, he found that Miss Blount was Rob's cousin, and they talked about him until nearly eleven o'clock, when he left, after promising to call again. Now that he thought about it, he saw some resemblance to Bob, and that made Miss Blount more interesting to him. He called again the next night and again the next, and at the end of the week he found that he really liked Miss Blount—for Bob's sake. He wrote to Bob soon after and told him about meeting his cousin, and in the answer he got Bob said that she was a "trump," and he had almost formed the same opinion.

Another month found him half in love with her, and the Kid began to notice that he "dressed up" a little more now and seemed more cheerful than ever before. He even caught him humming "Annie Laurie" to himself one day, and as he was then fourteen, he began to wonder as only the American boy can.

One night, about a week before Xmas, the Kid decided that he would go down town and see what "the boys" were doing. On his way he met the editor, however, and decided to follow him and see where he was going, so dressed up. Of course, it was to Miss Blount's, and the whole truth flashed over the Kid in a moment, but he decided to keep it to himself. Going on down town, he heard some drunken men in one of the stores, and gathered with the rest of the crowd to enjoy their frivolities. Jim Gates, the biggest tough in town, however, stopped his laughing when he saw the Kid, and, pointing to him, said something about that being that "d—d editor's boy."

Now the Kid was not going to stand by and hear his hero abused without saying anything, so he very politely asked Jim what Mr. King had done to him.

"Why, writin' editorials about the drinking in this town. But we'll fix him, won't we, boys?"

"You bet," came the answer, and the Kid left.

The next day he told Mr. King about what he had heard, and Mr. King wrote another editorial. He had made lots of friends in town, but didn't intend to be bullied, and his editorials after that came hot and heavy. Some of the citizens agreed with him, while others thought he was carrying the thing too far.

About this time another paper started up in town, and as its editor kept quiet when it came to drinking, a good many people quit taking the "*Star*" and subscribed to the "*Gazette*."

Phil King was not a man to let this worry him, however, and he continued in the same old way. What bothered him more than anything else was that Dick Blount, his sweetheart's brother, was one of the leaders in starting this other paper. Miss Ruth—he called her that now—was just as nice as ever, and he continued his visits, and enjoyed them more and more.

On Xmas night he called to see her, and she met him in her usual pleasant way. The conversation was on the topics of the day for a while, but finally she broached the subject which seemed to be causing all the trouble, and he told her his position, and that he simply couldn't back down now if he wanted to. She told him that she thought more of him for it, and thus encouraged, he decided that he would tell her that he loved her.

He told her in his simple, unassuming way, and she told him that she loved him. They became engaged, and he went oftener and staid longer now. He loved her more and more every day, and thus things ran on till the spring. He felt that he was not able to marry just then, and she promised to wait for him; so things went on this way. The fight

against the bar rooms went on with renewed vigor, and finally he decided to call for a mass meeting of the citizens who thought as he did. They decided to put a ticket in the field, and he was nominated for Mayor. This was quite a surprise to him, but he determined to fight for all that was in him. The campaign was a bitter one, and the final meeting was to be held in Ward 4, the stronghold of the enemy. He had been warned that it would be dangerous for him to come, but he decided that he would go anyway; so on the night of the meeting he walked around to a store where the meeting was to be held. Much to his surprise, the first person he saw was the Kid, but he said nothing. When he began his speech, some one in the back of the hall yelled, "Sit down." But there was no sign of cowardice in Phil's make-up, and he told them so in short order. "Then we'll put you down," they yelled, and started for the platform. "No you won't," some one shouted; and Phil looked down to see who his friend was, and found the Kid standing on the box beside him. When the men were about ten feet from the box, the Kid coolly produced two pistols, and in a steady voice told the crowd that the first man that laid his hands on Mr. King would get both of them. Everything settled down, and Phil continued his speech. The Kid's brave act of love and defense seemed to give him new zeal, and he spoke as he never spoke before. He tore his opponent's arguments to pieces one by one, and the meeting ended with nine-tenths of those present in favor of "No Bar Rooms, and King for Mayor." Dick Blount, who had fought him hardest, was the first to admit his wrong, and congratulate the "next Mayor," as he called him.

His opponent withdrew from the race the next day, and Phil and Ruth were married on the day he was inaugurated into office. The whole town was out at the wedding, and as the last words were spoken, cheer after cheer went up for

the new Mayor. The editor thanked his friends and proposed three cheers for his "Youngest, best and bravest admirer." Every one waited to see who it was, when the Mayor pointed to the Kid. Three times three were given, and the Kid was indeed the "Hero of the hour."

* * * * *

The next scene is the Governor's mansion, and it takes only a glance to show that its occupant is "Governor" Phil King. He and Ruth are as "happy as the day is long," and the Kid—well, he's a Senior at Harvard now, and they have just received a letter from him which ended something like this: "I was elected class orator to-day, and will expect you both up to see me graduate and deliver my oration. Give my love to everybody and write soon to 'THE KID.' "

H. C. T.

Letters From an Old Graduate to His Son, Henry, at Clemson College

NUMBER II.

FORT EXPERIENCE, S. C., January 10, '03.

Dear Henry: I was glad to see by your letter of the third that you were once more hard at work, and that the Christmas holidays had not spoiled your ambition to learn a few things while you have the chance. I believe you had about as pleasant a vacation as any other cadet, and I liked to watch you enjoy it. I always believe in having as much fun as possible, provided you have it at the right time and at stated intervals; but fun, like mince-pie, is dangerous to the health, if not taken in reasonable doses. You now have the shortest half of the year before you, and I expect you to buckle down to hard work and make up for lost time. What with society contests, and final exams, and commencement

exercises, you will be surprised to find how swiftly the time will slide by. I am glad to hear that you are doing active work in the literary society. There is no better place for a boy to get a liberal education than right in his society hall. I remember when I first went into the old Palmetto Society Hall. The President came down and shook hands with me, and extended a cordial invitation to join. He gave me a lot of soft soap about his feeling sure that I would make a valuable member, and all that sort of taffy, and being green and easily tickled, I decided to join his society on the spot. Of course, I would just as willingly have joined the Calhoun or the Columbian, had the same sort of invitation been extended. But the three are about on the same footing, and it don't make any difference which one you join, just so you join one, and *get into the game*. When I was there the membership was compulsory, and we had, as a result, a lot of dead-heads, who came to the meetings to keep from paying the fine. But I am glad that this has been abolished now, as there is no way of making a man take an interest in literary work if he is not built that way. You can lead a horse to water, but you can't make him drink, and the result of our compulsory membership was that when we led the horse to the Fountain of Knowledge, he not only refused to drink, but kicked up such an un-godly racket that he scared away the timid animals by his braying. I never could understand the moral principles of the boy who will join some club in which he takes no interest. If I felt like playing tennis, I would join a tennis club, and if I were fool enough to be fond of golf, I would join a golf club; but after once joining, it becomes my moral duty to live up to my membership, and not shirk the duties assigned me. To do otherwise, he is not acting honestly to his club, and is not acting honestly toward his conscience. If you will just consider the ancient proverb, that "the proper study of mankind is

man," you will understand the full significance of the literary society. Your daily routine is purely book-learning, and your military drill is physical exercise, but your literary society is above all these in its eventual effect on your life work, because there you learn to study your fellow-man. Some of the most interesting and hotly-contested battles of a man's life are waged on that richly carpeted battle field known as the literary society. In debates, in oratorical contests, and in parliamentary practice, the mind is kept ever on the alert, and the result of these mental encounters with your fellow-students cannot be overestimated. After you have graduated and received your sheep-skin, and go forth to pull the wool over the eyes of the world, you will feel that to be successful you must know something about your fellow-men. You have to come in hourly contact with these persons who are engaged in the same enterprise. It is, therefore, important to know how you are to contend with them in order to gain ascendancy. You will then find that in this struggle you have little use for trigonometry or calculus. You will have forgotten most of the chemistry and all of the physics you ever learned, and the *pons asinorum* becomes a fading nightmare. But the experience you have gained in the society hall stands by you always. 'The wordy battles, the mental trials, have all fitted you for the contest in which a knowledge of human nature is a valuable asset. You have a feeling of assurance, a pertinacity, and ambitious stick-itiveness that serve as a body-guard and flaming sword to lead you to success. 'This is why I suggest that you attend your society meetings and get down low in the game. Remember that there is no more democratic spot in all democratic Clemson than your society hall. Here every tub stands on its own bottom, and if it has no bottom, it don't stand—it just sits on the back seat of the hall and moves to adjourn. 'The boy who usually sits in the seat next to the

door is one of two persons—either he is the one who moves to adjourn or he's the Sergeant-at-Arms, and both are to be pitied. You seem to be under the impression that the best members are the most talkative, but this is a great mistake. I remember we had a member in our society who was on the floor about ten times at every meeting, but nobody ever paid any attention to him. We just called him the "chronic kicker," and let him go at that. Whenever you get up to address the society you should be sure you have something to say, and say it quick and sit down. If people would sit down as readily as they get up, much time and patience would be saved. But so many boys want to talk just for the pleasure of having everybody looking at them, that many hours are wasted. I remember the first speech I ever made in our society. It was on the subject of who should preside at our public contest, the President of the College or one of our own members. I recollect vividly the nervous terror that swept over me upon rising to address the chair. I had a pretty long speech in mind, but when I got up I was so rattled that I condensed that whole speech into just one sentence. I said that the only way to decide that question was to decide whether our society was the Palmetto Society or the Craighead Society. Then I sat down. Well, do you know, the boys thought that was the best thing that had been said that night, and yet it took the shortest time to say it. We finally decided that ours was the Palmetto Society, so we got one of our own men to preside. I simply mention this to show you that long-winded speeches are no better than long-winded sermons. There is one other thing that I want to call to your attention before I close this subject, and that is to caution you never to try to control other people's votes by forming rings, or secret brotherhoods, or such cliques. Remember that all the boys are supposed to have think-tanks of their own, and if they are not full, that is no

concern of yours. The great trouble is that some are too lazy to think out these questions for themselves, and so wait for some "prominent member" to express his views and then vote in accordance with him. In this manner much valueless legislation is passed, and that which is valuable is defeated. Your remarks about being elected to some office are not very favorable to your common sense. You need not trouble to seek the office. If you do your work right the office will seek you. Real merit is quickly rewarded because of its scarcity. The Lord is reported to help those who help themselves, but he don't forget to help those who help others. The society man, like the college man and the thermometer, rises by degrees. You will find your place if you keep looking upward, but no man ever found his place by looking on the ground for it. You cannot blame your failure to succeed on your environment or heredity. The people who believe in heredity and environment are usually people who have some faults they want to excuse. You have to carve your own career, and if you have any individuality, the plea of heredity don't work.

I am glad to see you are going out occasionally to visit the families on the Hill. This is a good thing, if not carried too far. The only objection to this habit is that it grows on you like drink, unless you control it in the preface. And when it begins to prey on your mind, and you forget the college duties, it is time to call a halt. I was never much of a visitor myself, because I never felt like putting myself under obligations when I had no opportunity to return them, and besides I never had much taste for social chatter anyhow. The inane conversation of the average feminine gathering made me exceedingly weary, and I felt like going out in the back yard and shoveling snow so as to recover my interest in life. But all natures are not alike, and some enjoy what others find uninteresting. As Mark Twain says,

if it were not for the difference of opinion there would be no horse races. If you enjoy visiting the ladies, why by all means do so, and you will doubtless be improved by contact with the gentler sex. There are certain mannerisms extant, which while not a necessary portion of your make-up, prove pleasing at times, and if not indulged in too freely, can certainly do no harm. True, Lincoln, and Grant, and Jackson, and Cleveland are none of them noted for their suavity. But the absence of this characteristic in you does not necessarily make of you a Lincoln or a Grant, any more than my abominable handwriting makes me a Horace Greely.

Just keep before you the everlasting fact that all the social veneer in this world will not hide the real man within for any length of time, and that it does not matter what your ancestors were, but what you are, that counts. It's the home influences that form your character, not the airs of society. It's the breeding more than the pasture that makes a horse what he is. Some society folks are so accomplished that they can speak six different languages, and yet not be able to tell the truth in one. My advice is that you use good ordinary English, and always call a spade a spade. You will avoid a great deal of trouble by following this advice, especially in poker. You will find that while your remarks may sometimes be pointed, society will say they are blunt. Well, I must close now and get to work.

Remember, that a man that is clothed in his own righteousness is generally a pretty warm proposition, and that bad habits grow strongest on the weakest men.

Your loving

FATHER.

(NOTE: This is the second of a series of letters contributed by ex-Cadet W. L. Moise.—EDITOR.)

Love's Rhapsody

IT WAS NIGHT—yes, the evening of the last day of a fading year was fastly drawing to a close. In fact, one more hour would mark the dawn of another. No one realized this more fully than did Jack Donald, as, silently and seemingly as it were in deep meditation, he sat before the remains of a huge oaken fire. His face rested lightly in one hand, while in the other was held a dainty and richly colored meerschaum pipe.

Could there be—or, in other words—what burdensome thought was it which caused him to be so mute and composed. Was it possible that he, just entering upon the threshold of splendid manhood, might be enveloped by those thoughts and realizations which are mostly given to the minds of men more mature in years and also in experience with the ups and downs of life? We cannot say, but, nevertheless, there was one thought—yea, one fact—which confronted him as he sat musing over the glowing embers which were gently but fastly dying away. It was this, Xmas had just passed, and a few short days would find him back at his Alma Mater, once more to enter upon the arduous duties of another year. His holiday so far had been a most enjoyable one in his opinion; but there was one thing which, if it did not happen, would, nevertheless, cause it to be not entirely complete. It was this which weighed so heavily on his mind, as we find him on this particular evening.

* * * * *

IT WAS NIGHT—yes, the little moonbeams crept innocently through a network of entwining Marshal Neils, and smiled softly as they danced to and fro across the faces of two who I might say—well, they were only kids. All was still, and as they sat so calmly midst this most varied scene

of nature's own gift, it was evident that over both the fiery darts of Cupid held dominance. The boy's name I consider it unnecessary to mention; but, for sake of the *name* only, I will say that it was JACK DONALD. That of the girl was EVELYN.

Evelyn was only a visitor to the town in which Jack lived, and this was her first visit. As I have said before, they were only kids, so in accordance their first meeting had been made upon this principle. They became fast friends from this on; and, as is only the nature of one of his age, Jack began thinking that he regarded her even more. Evelyn was a girl of many promising accomplishments—of a sweet and lovable disposition. She had exerted over Jack an influence the effect of which was ever afterward felt by him. She had found in him a true and loving companion—one who conceded instantly to her most trivial wish; and Jack—well, he became assured that she, too, though not in so many words, did regard him even more than a friend. In this way, things went on during her short visit to Jack's town—he, in his boyish manner, ever ready to do or say something that would make her happy. It is only natural, therefore, that we should find them on this night we have spoken of so quiet and so melancholy. It was to be their last meeting, for she was to return to her home the next morning. She hated to think of not seeing Jack any more for a long, long time; he had been so nice and gentle to her. However, that they must part was inevitable; still she determined that their last meeting would be one which she would make as pleasant for him as possible. Jack arrived rather late that night. In fact, he did not care much for going at all, for he felt confident that he would experience more pain than pleasure. Their conversation was only as could be expected under the then existing circumstances. They, in childish innocence and glee, related their feelings toward each other. Each

became assured of the other's love. This was not to last forever though, for the evening was nearing its end. Jack, before leaving, returned to her the little ring of hers he had worn during her stay. They could not say "farewell," but could only gaze upon each other's countenance.

* * * * *

"Does she remember me? Seven long years have passed, and oh! if I could only be assured that Evelyn still retains one slight memory of the one who has during this long time ever been true to a feeling which crept into and captivated his heart, when he an innocent child bowed only to fancy's thoughts." So muttered Jack Donald, as we find him on this particular evening before the birth of a new year. This thought entered his mind, as calmly he sat and watched the little rings of smoke escape from his pipe and carelessly ascend until they were lost in the shadows overhead. *I must see her.* I cannot tell why the lurid scenes of youth recall themselves to me so vividly at this particular time; neither do I understand why they should appeal to me as they do. I have almost entirely forgotten her; still there are some feelings which I never have nor never shall forget. There is one thing, however, I must strive to accomplish—I must dare to call upon her. She, no doubt, will think it mere folly on my part, but how can I avoid it? No, I shall ask her permission this very night.

New Year's Day was one lovely to behold. Everywhere could be seen the little sparrows speeding to and fro from perch to perch—their tiny voices resounding the notes of the once again renewed resolutions of a new year. Jack Donald was up rather early, considering the fact that he was a college boy; still, before the morning had half past, he could be seen merrily on his way to the post office—his mission you are aware of. Yes, he had written and asked if he might call. That was all there was to it. Wasn't it sufficient? Suppose we see.

The following morning was dark and dreary. Jack could hear the patter, patter of the falling rain. 'Thought he to himself, am I destined to be sad and melancholy, too? Is this an evil omen? No, he did not feel so inclined; still, he would have been very much relieved if he could have only read the answer to his recent note. It was late in the day before the mail man came and left a letter for Jack. He did, however, and Jack—well, the postmark bore that of Evelyn's home. A feeling of dread crept over him as he began gently to unfold the contents of it; but no longer had he glanced inside than this uncertain feeling was superseded by one of happiness and also of sweet anticipation of the near future.

* * * * *

IT IS NIGHT—yes, the night of Old Christmas day. It is rather singular that we should find Jack fulfilling his long and coveted desire the evening of the day on which he had reached his twenty-first birthday. Nevertheless, it is true, and he and Evelyn are again relating over to each other those vivid scenes of youth which so deeply appeal to both of them. Evelyn has now developed into an almost perfect brunette. She is no longer the same innocent Evelyn with whom Jack once exchanged so willingly his innocent childish thoughts. No, some of her once apparently and desired accomplishments have become entirely extinct, while others are more characteristic than ever. Jack is to return to college to-morrow. All night he has striven hard to win again her confidence and love. She has struggled hard and is still struggling to not give vent to those feelings which are burning within her very heart. She loves Jack, but you know girls will be girls, so do not censure her.

The town clock is striking the midnight hour. A few more minutes and they will part for—well, none can tell. Everything is silent, not a word is muttered—the lamp is

burning low. It is now only eyes on eyes—will it, too, be lips on lips? The answer to this can never be revealed—so only another scene, patient reader, and for the present we shall not be so rude as to again pry into this little love affair, which I can say has been most artfully and successfully conducted.

Jack is now in his Junior year at Clemson College. It is his third year there, and during this time he has reached distinction after distinction, and now, though it may be blighted, a brilliant future is to be the recompense of his ever ready application to duty. Many are the times that he, when poring over the difficult problems of calculus or the type-written sheets on the treatment of applied electricity, takes a green shade from over his eyes, and throws himself down on a little lounge near his window. His thoughts are altogether removed from off the common-place scenes of college life, only to wander back to the night when last he and Evelyn met. You know they are corresponding now, and as he brings back to mind so many sweet memories, he augurs to himself what her NEXT LETTER will contain. It is only hoped that his prediction will be fulfilled. D. '04.

The Old Smoker's Dream

As I smoked my old pipe that chilly eve,
And saw the blue smoke as it curled and rose,
My mind's strange wanderings caus'd my breast to heave
And fall at the thought of life's many woes.

I remembered that day—long, long ago,
When she and I were lovers still;
I remembered the words *she* would speak no more,
And even then my heart would thrill.

Then, like moonbeams of the purest rays,

There comes a day of days, and my mind
Ceases its aimless wanderings and stays,
Wondering why they are not all this kind.

It was my wedding day, and I heard the bells—
All was joy, and I saw the preacher pray,
And say the words which to a lover tells
The tale of his happiest, brightest day.

I relit my pipe and dreamed once more,
And through the tears I saw the same old smoke.
I thought of the day when my happiness was o'er—
It was too much for me—I awoke.

And then with a sigh I laid my pipe down,
And my knees slowly crept to the floor;
My refuge in prayer at last had been found,
For my smoke and my dream were o'er.

T. '03.

John Ewing Calhoun

John Ewing Calhoun was born in 1749, and died in Pendleton District, South Carolina, November 26, 1802. He was educated by an uncle—having lost his father when quite young.

Senator Calhoun graduated at Princeton when about twenty-five years old, entered the law, began practice in Charleston in 1789—six years after the close of the Revolution, when he was about forty years of age—and became distinguished in his chosen profession. He was Commissioner of Confiscated Estates; was for many years a member of the State Legislature, and was United States Senator from South Carolina from December 11, 1801, until his death, on November 26, 1802.

His grave is in the family burying ground on Doyle's

Hill, near the Keowee River, which nearby takes the name of Seneca, about two miles from Clemson College.

John Ewing Calhoun was a first cousin of John Caldwell Calhoun—their fathers being brothers. Patrick Calhoun married a Caldwell; Ezekiel's wife was a Miss Ewing. Their son, John Ewing Calhoun (as he always wrote the name) wedded a low-country heiress of French extraction—Floride Bonneau. The Bonneaus lived at Bonneau's Ferry, on Cooper River, about twenty miles from Charleston. By this marriage John Ewing Calhoun came into possession of a rice plantation and of large tracts of land in the up-country. Three children survived the elder Senator Calhoun; Floride, born 1792, and who married her second cousin, John Caldwell Calhoun; John Ewing, Jr., and James Edward.

W. S. M.

The "Professions" and "Occupations" of College Graduates

"Bro. F. H. Barber, of Rock Hill, says our colleges are not educating men for the farm, but they mostly go to the professions who graduate. That's about the way the case stands, all averse to dirt and ditching and the farm. Most of the seniors of Wofford, Furman, and possibly Clemson, will likely carry out their present intentions of entering the law, medical, dental, or some other profession when the college days are ended. Very few graduates go to the farm, pull off the coat, and follow the plow, and enter upon that high calling. An objection to even a high school education of the negro is raised sometimes because the 'larning' will give him the 'big head' and unfit him for work on the farm. Maybe that objection is well raised on good ground, for often a lad from the farm, born and circumstantially a tiller of the soil, will be sent to Wofford or Furman and before he finishes his senior year there will be burning in him a great

ambition to fly above low, sordid things and shine in society as a professional man.”

This article, from the *Rock Hill Journal* was copied in the *Southern Christian Advocate*. Its views are, doubtless, those of both editors and of many other good people.

We have looked up this question, so far as the Alumni of two colleges—Erskine and Clemson—are concerned. The data of the other colleges of the State are not at hand.

Erskine, the oldest of our church colleges, has graduated fifty-three classes—six hundred and twenty-seven students. The percentage of their “professions” is as follows: Ministers, twenty-seven; teachers, fourteen; farmers, eleven; physicians, eleven; attorneys, ten; merchants, five, unclassified, six; miscellaneous, sixteen.

Clemson’s graduates—1896-1901—are in the following occupations: Teachers (including college professors, etc.), twenty; men who taught temporarily, twenty-two; farmers, nineteen; electricians, eighteen; cotton mill workers, fourteen; mechanics and mechanical engineers, twelve; clerks, book-keepers, etc., eleven; draftsmen, eleven; merchants, eight; millers, lumbermen, etc., eight; served in Spanish-American War, eight; chemists, six; medical students, six; Census Bureau clerks, three; physicians, two; U. S. Army officers, two; veterinary surgeons, two; commercial travelers, two; university students, two; football coaches, two; Clemson Trustees, two; telephone service, two; unclassified, two; engineer in U. S. Navy, one; minister, one; member Legislature one. These figures are from a pamphlet prepared by Mr. A. B. Bryan, an alumnus, and a member of the Faculty of Clemson.

These statements are respectfully referred to our editorial friends at Rock Hill and Orangeburg. A study therein will convince that Clemson’s graduates—having taking courses in agricultural, mechanics or textile industry—do not “mostly go to the professions.”

W. S. M.

She Fell

As he held that little hand so fair, so soft, and looked into those enchanting eyes of hers; although his throbbing heart within him seemed as if it could bear its imprisonment no longer, his mind was steady; and with pleasure he allowed it to wander back to the days when they were little children, and then to follow them up to the present time. He saw her as she was when a tiny little girl with whom he played; he saw her as she was the day she entered the country school; he saw her all during these long years as she toiled cheerfully to aid her widowed mother; he saw her as she sat before him, now, and he wondered how his once tiny little playmate and once lively, careless but truly lovely, tender-hearted school-mate, could now look so much changed, so sad, so care-worne, but yet still lovely.

He, poor fellow, knew from experience what had brought the change; for when only a very small boy, he was left the main support of an invalid mother and two younger brothers. He knew still more—he knew that he loved the girl by whom he sat, and he knew that that never-dying love was not prompted by her beauty alone, but by her innocent, loving manner; her fidelity to duty, and her upright, womanly bearing. That she knew he loved her, he did not doubt. But, alas, did she love him? Was the question that now weighed so heavily on Ollie's mind. He once thought that she loved him above all others, but of late he had been puzzled over her intimacy with Wilber Duncan. After thinking the situation over, he said, "That I love her, we both know; that Wilber loves her, we all know; but whom she loves, we none know; hence I must wait for time to reveal my fate."

Having come to this conclusion, Ollie let go the little hand he held, arose as if from a dream, and moved toward the rack on which his hat hung, saying, as he went, "It is getting late,

I must leave." As he turned from the rack, May stood between him and the door with those enchanting eyes fixed upon him. He caught her eye, held it for a minute and tried to speak, but a great lump seemed to arise in his throat; he became confused, and all he could do was play with his hat and wait for her to break the profound silence. She saw his embarrassment, and drew nearer as if to speak; he took courage and looked up; she drew nearer still, and clasping his large, rough hand in her tender little ones, looked into his manly eyes and said, in a sweet winsome way, "Ollie, you may think me a little bold, but I know that you leave for college to-morrow, and before you go I must thank you for the kindness you have shown us in our troubles, as well as at other times; you have been a true friend to us all, and we will miss you very, very much; but I am glad you are going. For these long years you have struggled to support your dear mother and educate your brothers, and now you are to receive your reward. May you be crowned with success, Ollie, is my earnest prayer." While she spoke, Ollie's eyes were cast downward; he raised them now and tried once more to speak, but this time his heart—not simply a lump—seemed to rise in his throat; so he just pressed the little hand that was in his—she understood—and he passed out into the still night air.

The early train took him to college the following morning. At first he received many discouragements, but the ever-present image of May and the memory of her parting words, as well as the memory of those of his beloved mother, spurred him on. His school-mates soon saw that he was there for business and began to lend him a helping hand, instead of the healthy paddle that they usually applied to the new boys to enter school.

Ollie did not go home Christmas, as most boys did; but when he did go in June, he carried May and his mother a re-

port which did them good, and on that portion of the report above which the word "Remarks" was written, a sentence, which read as follows, was seen: "Made highest average on all subjects studied in the Freshman Class." His mother's delight at this intelligence was more than she could bear without a few tears of joy.

May made him believe that he was a fellow worthy not only of the name of "man," but of the heart of any woman as well; and in his deceitfulness at this, his happiest moments so far in life, he came very near asking her not only for her heart—he now believed he had that already—but for her little self as well. But before he could get the big words, he wished to use in making the request, straightened out, she was rattling away on some other subject. He came to himself just in time to catch enough of her story to understand that in some way her uncle had recovered a large fortune lost by her grand-father, and that their share of the fortune was sufficient to give her a fairly good education, and support the family while she was away as well.

Ollie expressed his delight at the news, but soon dropped into an apparent melancholy mood, at which May was surprised to such an extent that she said: "Why, Ollie, are you not glad?" "Of course, I am, May; I was thinking of something else"—and he was. But he dropped into this mood again, and after thinking for a few minutes, said, "It will not do for me to tell her now, it may be me at present, but she is soon to be among the rich and gay—her heart may then change, and she may find that what she now thinks is love is something less, and I must remain only her '*friend*.' "

Ollie returned to college in September, and May went for the first time. Ollie, you remember, was in Soph. at his school, and to the surprise of every one, May, too, entered Soph. at one of the oldest female colleges in the State. Words cannot express Ollie's delight on hearing this news,

but all he said was, "If she is for me, I will not have to wait long; we will graduate the same month." But, alas! this was not to be, for two weeks after the opening of school, Ollie received a telegram which read thus: "Come at once; mother seriously ill." He went, and with his precious charge he stayed until the 1st day of December, 1896, when she passed away. Having been thus detained, he did not re-enter college until the following September; hence he was destined to graduate one year later than May.

During his last year he was under a constant dread. May was teaching in a graded school near her home. He had not mustered up courage enough to even ask her to correspond; but in some way he heard that the principal of the school in which she taught was a regular visitor of hers; that Wilber made his calls very frequently, and quite a sporty fellow came from a distance occasionally. Was it possible that one little woman would stand all this? Ollie thought not, and the poor fellow, that everybody knew was a man physically and mentally, had, by giving up the hope to which he had clung during long years, proved that he was at heart a mere weakling.

On graduating, he went back home, and assumed charge of the farm, in order that his youngest brother might go into business with the other. To the surprise of the entire neighborhood, he never put his foot in May's home, and at no time was he seen with her. They attributed the cause to May, and many said hard things about the poor girl turning Ollie aside for that pimpy little stuck-up school-master. None dreamed that their noble hero was to blame himself. May knew his condition, however, only too well, and while she would not help but feel provoked at his weakness, she longed for an opportunity to give him some encouragement without going beyond the limits of her womanly pride.

At last they met one lovely summer day at a picnic on the

grand banks of the Edisto, in lower South Carolina, and by mere girlish scheme, May succeeded in getting Ollie down to the spring where they were all alone. No sooner had she completed this feat then she said, rather slyly, "Ollie, I once thought you were my truest friend, but why have you treated me as you have? to-day twelve months ago you came home; I saw you as you drove by home, and was surprised that you did not stop to speak; but what is that when you come to remember that this is the first time you have as much as given me an opportunity to speak to you. I never dreamed you would treat me so coldly." Having finished her little speech, she turned her head away from him, cast her eyes upon the rippling waters of the beautiful river, and assumed a forsaken air. Ollie looked, and saw her, not as she used to be, but as a beautiful, grown, intelligent, loving woman; his mind lingered on her last words, while his eyes lingered on her perfect form and innocent features. All at once, as if by magic, his mouth opened and a voice said, "Did you really want to see me, May?" Something in the voice startled her, and she raised her eyes to his, but in an instant they caught a glimpse of the glow of love in them, and her dainty little head dropped on her throbbing breast. Ollie's heart beat like that of a frightened bird, but finally it became a little steady and he said to himself, "What does this mean? I have been blind all these years,—she loves me—is it possible." Then drawing near, with outstretched arms, he said, "May, actions speak louder than words; give your precious self to me." She raised her eyes to his; they soon fell, however; she fell, too—BUT NOT TO THE GROUND.

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New Years'
Greeting

Another year has come and the old, with all its lessons, has been buried with the days that are past. It will not take long for us to forget the

old year. We stop for a moment upon its threshold, and then with a pang of sorrow and solicitude, we bid it good-bye. Our minds and hearts wander on into the dreamland of the future. Some of us, perhaps, may look upon the outer darkness with "fear and trembling," but the majority have larger and better thoughts, and while we are still in our younger days, many air castles are built of hope and self-esteem. Many look into the dim future with a feeling of confidence, while all look forward to the next year with an anxiety which could only be born of hope and fear combined.

At the first of each year every one wonders what it will bring him. Sometimes a fear seizes us, and we are nearly ready to give up hope. And then, like a little moonbeam of love, a hope enters our lives, and it grows and grows until we are almost on the point of shouting, "I will be first." When another fear seizes us, and we leave the words unsaid. And thus on through the years, the fears and hopes chase each other in and out of our lives, until we come to some climax, and one or the other becomes predominant and reigns forever.

The beginning of each year usually marks an epoch in every man's life. He either starts on the upward or downward path, and usually follows his nose throughout the entire year. This makes the necessity of starting right more important, and we should heed the example set us by the men who have gone before. Will we be the ones to start downward? If we are, the close of another year will find us worse in every way. Many years with a bad start will bring us down to the lowest ebb of manhood, and when we die there may be one or two to mourn our loss for what we had been, not for what we were.

On the other hand, let us follow the man who begins his year with the right spirit. We find him at the end of the year a man who is ready and anxious to start right again.

In a few years we hear him spoken of everywhere as a *man*. No higher compliment could be paid him. When his "day of death" comes, he not only is mourned by all who knew him, but his conscience is clear and he is numbered among the few who have helped their fellow-men.

Most of the readers of this are old enough to know right from wrong. Most of them know what a "right start" is and what a "wrong start" is? Which are they going to choose? We certainly hope that all the students will take the "right start," and some day, when their minds wander back to college days, they will bless the New Year's Day that was the beginning of their salvation. So let us all with one accord—

"Ring out the old,
Ring in the new;
Ring out the false,
Ring in the true."

**The
Venezuelan
Trouble**

A great stir has been created in the political world by the recent Venezuelan trouble. Venezuelan ships have been taken by England and Germany because of some unpaid claims, and it seemed at one time that war was imminent. A great variety of opinion has been expressed pro and con about the matter, but we cannot but condemn the action of these two great powers in pouncing upon a smaller adversary. That they had the right to demand payment no one can deny, but we do not think that they had the right to destroy Venezuela's battle-ships.

To make the case simpler, let us suppose that a man owed another. He has the right to demand payment, but has he any right to destroy the personal belongings of the debtor simply because he is powerful enough to do so? No man with the right principle will argue that he has. We believe

that any one who would do such a thing is a coward both morally and physically.

This affair has placed the United States in an embarrassing position, for on account of her colonial policy she has found the Monroe Doctrine works both ways. She cannot encroach upon foreign powers in Europe without expecting them to encroach upon American property, and this is exactly what has happened in this case. Those who have said that anti-expansion was foolish can now see the folly of their own remarks. Expansion will yet prove a curse to us, and we still hope that the people of this country will fight away from this god of greed and once more return to the God of righteousness and love for fellow-man.

“Laugh and the world laughs with you,
To the Faculty Weep and you weep alone.”

Never was there a truer thing written, and for this reason we would rather leave the weeping to some one else. But when we see anything happening which will in the end prove detrimental to Clemson's welfare we can hold our peace no longer.

There can be no doubt that a large number of the students are dissatisfied and it is this dissatisfaction which we wish to look into and if possible find a reason for. We know as well as any one that there are always a few who are not pleased with anything, but when so many are leaving College there must be a reason for it.

In our opinion the main reason is that we have too much work to do and too little time to do this work. As an evidence of this we would only remind the Faculty of the low marks which have been made this year. It is on record that the marks have been lower than ever before and we cannot believe that this is due to anything except too much work and too little time.

Our time has been cut down in many ways while our work has been increased if anything. We hope and believe that the Faculty will look into this dissatisfaction and if possible find the true cause and remedy at once. The opportunities here are too many to be lost and it is useless for any one to say that they can be taken advantage of in the proper way unless less work and more time is given. We hope for the good of the entire College that the Faculty will take these things into consideration and remedy them as soon as possible.

Education In nearly every one of our Southern contemporaries we have noticed editorials on the subject of "Education." Most of these editorials, however, deal with college education and do not take into consideration the preparatory period before entering college. In our opinion this is by far the most important period in an earnest boy's life. The schooling which he receives then does him much more good than his schooling at college, for in a large number of cases boys at this age start, as it were, on their life's journey. If a boy studies then he is likely to study at college. If he loafs away his time, this habit is likely to stick to him. If he succeeds, then he is likely to succeed, not only in college but in after life. This, however, only applies to an *earnest* boy, for other kinds usually do not have any distinct idea of life, and as a consequence do not care whether they succeed or not.

Our public schools have improved a great deal during late years, but there is still one thing lacking to make their usefulness more extended. What we need is more variety. The schools should all give the students a variety of studies in order that they may pick a course in college which is to their taste. Often boys do not feel that they have made a mistake in choosing a profession until they have nearly com-

pleted their college course, and then it is too late. If we could arrange the courses in our public schools so that a little of everything could be put before the student, our schools would be much more valuable to the country at large.

In a large majority of cases men never follow the profession which they think is best for them at an early age. Their minds change as they grow older, and no one will argue that a boy of twelve years is capable of choosing a life work for himself. He must be more mature and have more experience. As the mind matures he begins to see what he is best suited to do, and if he has made a mistake in choosing a college, he has lost just that much valuable time, and rather than lose it entirely he will follow a profession which is neither to his liking nor his capabilities. We often point to a man and say, "Oh, if he had only followed so and so." He had made a mistake because he had not been allowed the privilege of studying his natural profession before going to a college where that profession was not taught.

We hope that the time will come when the schools will have more variety, and we feel sure that when the time does come, there will be fewer mistakes made in the choice of a calling, and then the people will indeed feel like saying, "God bless the public schools."

College Journalism

We have been very much pleased within the last month at seeing so many new magazines arrive at our exchange table. Some of these are entirely new enterprises and most of them are improvements over former issues. This is particularly gratifying to us, mainly because we firmly believe that college journalism is one of the most commendable features of our colleges. Our reasons for this belief are many. At every college we find boys who have some literary talent, and were it not for his college magazine his productions would be left unnoted

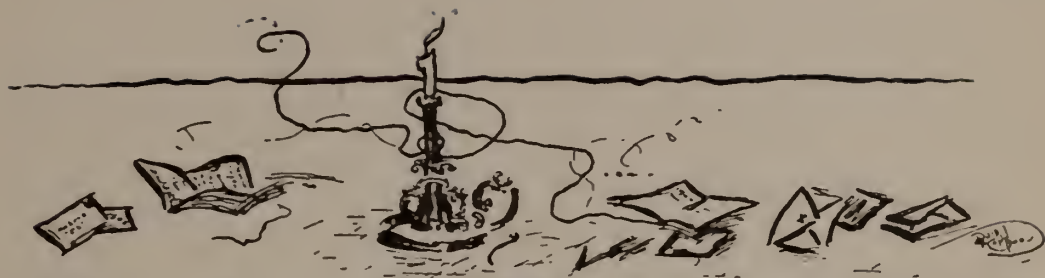
and unread. No one cares to write them for self-entertainment, and hence if there is no way in which his fellow-students may also read and commend his early efforts, he will soon tire and finally cease all efforts to improve the talent which the Lord has given him. If, on the other hand, his compositions are accepted and appreciated, he will continue to write for the college paper and improve his opportunities as well as his education. Aside from the above named reason we all derive a great deal of pleasure in reading the numerous stories, essays, jokes, etc., which appear in all of the college magazines. They interest college students and add zest and earnestness to the college man's work. We hope that every school in the South will establish these magazines, for they will bring our educational interests closer together. Our educational advantages will be bettered and the people at large will be more interested in the South's educational progress.

**The President
as an
Arbitrator**

For the first time in the history of the country, the President of the United States has been instrumental in settling a big strike by arbitration. For doing this he has been criticised by some, but the majority think that he acted right, and praise him accordingly. Those who do not agree with the President say that he has overstepped his constitutional rights, and perhaps they have good grounds for saying so, but we cannot agree with them.

We do not admire Mr. Roosevelt, nor do we think that he has made a very good President. He has done many things which were, to our mind, little short of foolish, and hence we could not approve of his course as a whole. In this matter, however, we heartily approve of the President's action. We think that he did the right thing at the right time, and even though we are not a supporter of Mr. Roose-

velt's, we cannot help but admire the way in which he stopped the strike. The *Springfield Republican* says: "The great mass of the people will see in the President's efforts only an honest and earnest desire to end an intolerable situation, and they will approve his course." This is the whole thing in a nut shell, and we believe that all fair-minded people will say that the President acted for the best interests of the country.



Exchange Department

V. B. HALL, }
S. T. HILL, }

EDITORS

For some reason or other, our December 'changes are rather slow coming in. As yet we have received only half a dozen; but we are not quite in a position to cry "poky," ourselves, for *THE CHRONICLE*, too, is fully a week behind already. So we'll just play quits and "do better next time."

Among the "half-dozen" December magazines that we have received, however, there is, scattered there and here, a goodly amount of interesting and instructive reading matter.

"Juanito: A Western Romance," in the *Winthrop College Journal*, while it may be ever so true to life, is still a disappointment. It begins well—with "languishing, dusky, beautiful eyes, set in dreamy, sunny California—tears, kisses, a little ring, and—* * * a stout, greasy Spanish woman emerged from the shadows within. Her face was so fat that her eyes could scarcely be seen, and her complexion, after the manner of Spanish dames, was coarse and swarthy." It is, indeed, hard to believe that this repulsive creature is our dear "little 'Nita" of twelve years ago. Our ideas of the romantic experience a terrible shock. "A Christmas Ghost" was a well conceived "ghost story," at once amusing and scary.

We consider the *Furman University Magazine* a little

above the average this month. "The Right Chance" is an interesting story, but it has a rather familiar ring to it. We do not mean to cry "plagiarism," however, as some of our friends are so ready to do. "There is nothing new under the sun," it has been said, and it cannot be expected that the base ideas of all the thousands of short stories published in our college magazines shall be entirely original. Nor is it necessary. Some of the greatest works in existence are but the developments and remodeling of borrowed thoughts. The athletic history of the college is cleverly told in "The Voyage of the Good Ship Tennessee;" and the issue contains two or three good poems, too.

The Georgian comes to us again dressed in an attractive cover, which, however, is not symbolic of its contents. The heavier material is rather good, but the fiction is below the average found in a college magazine. The most objectionable feature of this journal is the mixing of advertisements with the reading matter, which gives it the air of a professional, rather than a college publication.

One of the best (November) exchanges that we received was *The Randolph Macon Monthly*. All of the stories were good—probably the best being "A Divine Opportunity," which is a catchy piece of fiction. The "Night Operator's Story" deserves meritorious mention. The poetry was also good.

For the first time we welcome to our table *The Collegian*. Considering the fact that this is the first attempt on the part of the editors to publish a journal, it is exceptionally good, and promises to be a magazine of the highest order. We tender to our brethren our best wishes, and predict for them a year of prosperity in their work.

Among all the many "Departments" of the *Limestone Star*, we were, strange to say, perhaps, most deeply interested with the "Exchange;" for it is right along this line of magazine work that so many of us go wrong. The "Exchange Department" in a college journal is, essentially, one devoted to criticisms—to pointing out and emphasising the points of merit and demerit in our contemporaries' work. Now, simply to say such and such a magazine is "good this month," or "contained several entertaining stories and well-written poems," is not, in the true sense of the word, *criticising*. It is simply expressing an opinion; and how can *opinions*, be they good or bad, help our story-tellers and poets to the bettering of their next efforts. What we need is more specific and searching criticism. There is no use trying to review all our exchanges; it can't be done, and done properly. Much better to read only *one* story carefully and thoughtfully, and then go to the bottom of it, pointing out the faults, the grounds for improvement, the literary merits. This fault is, we think, general; we know that THE CHRONICLE is sadly, sadly, remiss—and there are others.

Local Department.

EDITORS:

H. C. SAHLMAN

C. W. LEGERTON



At a meeting of the Athletic Council held in December, the letter "C" was selected as the college athletic emblem. This "C" is to be worn only by those students who have acquired athletic honors. They shall have played in three inter-collegiate games of football or baseball, or have taken part in one track or tennis meet. All old students that have left the college whose athletic record fulfills the requirements are entitled to wear the "C." The council hopes to publish a list of those entitled to this distinction some time in the near future. The "C" may be of any shape, size or style, and we hope that no student not entitled to this honor will infringe upon the only method that the athletic men have of showing their ability.

Our third lecture of the course was held in the form of a musical by Fraulein Siemens, and the music-loving people of the college heard rare selections from the famous composers splendidly played. The programme was greatly added to by the singing of Mrs. Sheridan, of Rome, Ga. Mrs. Sheridan has a wonderful contralto voice that won a great deal of applause from the audience.

The Westminster League of the Presbyterian Church gave one of its delightful social receptions on the night of De-

cember 20th, at the home of Mrs. Mell. Several of the cadets were present and the evening was thoroughly enjoyed.

David Jennings, Class '02, who is chief designer for the Laurens Cotton Mills, was on the campus for a few days recently.

"Rat" Wellborn, who took a special course in Textile Industry at the college in '00, and who is now head-overseer for the Laurens and Darlington Mills, paid the college a short visit in December.

C. N. Gignilliatt, Class '02, was on the hill recently. "Gig." is working for the General Electric Company, Schenectady, N. Y., and came home for the Christmas holidays.

Rev. Mr. Beard, Dr. McBride and Rev. Mr. Finley filled the college pulpit during the month of December.

Ere this issue comes from press the Christmas holidays will be a thing of the past, and all of the cadets will be preparing themselves for the mid-term examinations. Our holidays begin on December 23d and extend until January 3d, thus allowing us to spend New Year's Day at home. We hope that none of the cadets will fail to return to college, and we wish that they all, both those who remain at the college and those who go home, may enjoy every pleasure and blessing that Christmas brings.

The Christmas Hop

Ranking among the first of the many enjoyable dances given at the college this year, comes the German Club's Christmas Hop on Friday night, December 19th. Twenty-

four merry couples "tripped the light fantastic toe" to splendid music furnished by the orchestra from Seneca, S. C. Many visiting young ladies from the near-by towns were in attendance, and the hall presented a scene of pretty maids and gay clad youths that staid old Clemson rarely sees. General dancing occupied the earlier hours of the evening, after which a delightful luncheon was served by the college caterer, Mr. A. Schilleter. At twelve o'clock, the regular german began and lasted until three, and then "in the wee sma' hours" of the morning the merry-makers wended their way home to peaceful slumber and pleasant dreams.

Those present were: Miss Erline St. Amand, Greenville, with J. E. Harrall; Miss Lucia Sloan, Greenville, with J. L. Bradford; Miss Leora Douthit, Pendleton, with D. H. Henry; Miss Eliza Crawford, Pendleton, with S. T. Hill; Miss Sue Crawford, Pendleton, with C. W. Legerton; Miss Pauline Jones, Atlanta, with A. M. Henry; Miss Edith Monroe, Washington, D. C., with H. C. Tillman; Miss Beulah Spears, Greenville, with J. G. Cunningham; Miss May Cherry, Seneca, with H. T. Poe; Miss Lesesne Lewis, Clemson, with C. E. Boineau; Miss Margaret Moore, Clemson, with W. B. Chisolm; Miss Lucy Brown, Anderson, with L. W. Fox; Miss Bessie Norris, Pendleton, with S. W. Fort; Miss Virginia Norris, Pendleton, with F. H. Cunningham; Miss Lila Folger, Central, with F. E. Watkins; Miss Jessie Simmons, Greenwood, with C. B. Hagood; Miss Mary Simmons, Greenwood, with R. G. Williams; Miss Eliza Gibson, Darlington, with H. H. Gray, Greenville; Miss Francis Arnold, Greenwood, with J. W. Gantt; Mrs. W. M. Riggs with E. A. Sirmyer; Miss Louise Hamilton, North Carolina, with W. E. G. Black; Miss Naomi Neil, Macon, Ga., with Wright Miller, Greenville; Mrs. R. E. Lee, Clemson, with D. H. Sadler; Miss Pearl Martin, Abbeville, with Van Livingston.

Among the visitors present were: Claude Garret, Green-

wood; Eugene Alexander, Pickens; George Townsend, Anderson; T. G. Poates, J. S. McLucas, A. B. Bryan, Dr. Foster, R. E. Lee, G. E. Nesom, J. P. Lewis, H. Benton, S. W. Reaves and A. Schilleter, of Clemson College.

The other members of the club present were: D. G. Lewis, W. H. Barnwell, W. H. Crawford, B. H. Gardner, R. D. Graham, E. M. Kaminer, J. Maxwell, T. S. Perrin, C. F. Simmons, D. S. Taylor, W. M. Wightman, J. A. Weir, V. M. Williams, N. H. Alford and J. R. Siau.

The chaperones were: Mrs. G. E. Nesom, Mrs. P. T. Brodie, Mrs. J. P. Lewis, Mrs. S. W. Reaves and Mrs. H. Benton.

Last Year's Graduates, and Where They Are

ELECTRICAL COURSE.

G. E. Bamberg is with the General Electric Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

B. H. Barre is professor of wood-work at Marion Graded School, Marion, S. C.

E. G. Campbell is with the General Electric Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

H. T. Cantey is with a surveying party in Alabama, as chief draftsman.

A. B. Carr is with the Gillespie Electric Company, Atlanta, Ga.

G. B. Clinkscales is with the Wilmington (N. C.) Light and Power Company.

W. W. Coleman has a government position at Dry Tortugas, Fla.

F. Crawford is a civil engineer at the navy yard, Charleston, S. C.

C. Douthit is superintendent of the Buckeye Cotton Seed Oil Company, at Birmingham, Ala.

J. C. Earle is an electrical mill engineer, and, at present, is at Honea Path, S. C. He expects to go with the General Electric Company soon.

C. N. Gignilliatt is with the General Electric Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

F. M. Gunby is with the Phoenix Mills, Columbus, Ga.

F. M. Jordan is connected with a mill at Seneca, S. C.

E. J. Larsen has just finished a contract with the government at the Charleston Navy Yard.

J. D. Meador is studying dentistry at Mobile, Ala., and is said to be growing sad and melancholy, as he is always looking down in the mouth.

T. H. Monroe is with the General Electric Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

Graeme T. McGregor has a position in the office of the Columbia Ducking Mill, Columbia, S. C.

H. T. Poe, Jr., is taking a "special" in Textile Industry at the College.

T. R. Phillips has just recovered from a severe spell of typhoid fever. He expects to take a position with an electrical house in New York soon.

C. L. Reid is chief draftsman for a surveying party at present in Arkansas.

J. M. Rodger is connected with an electrical house in St. Louis, Mo., and is doing well.

C. H. Seigler is assistant superintendent of South Carolina Electric Company, Graniteville, S. C.

M. A. Sitton is connected with an oil mill at Pendleton, S. C. It is a branch of the Anderson Fertilizer Works.

W. F. Sneed is an electrician for the Charleston Light and Power Company, Charleston, S. C.

S. C. Stewart is with the electrical department at the College.

H. G. Stokes has a position with the Birmingham Street Railway Company, Birmingham, Ala.

D. A. J. Sullivan is traveling for Fostoria Incandescent Lamp Company, Cincinnati, O.

S. M. Ward is with the General Electric Company.

J. B. Watkins is at his home, Ridge Springs, S. C.

H. A. Wilson has charge of a large farm at Bishopville, S. C.

TEXTILE COURSE.

A. R. Barrett is with Highland Park Manufacturing Company, Mill No. 2, Rock Hill, S. C.

J. H. Brown is engaged in the grocery business at Mountain Rest, S. C.

W. E. Chapman is teaching school at Lakeville, S. C.

W. F. Cole is superintendent of a large cotton mill in St. Louis, Mo. "Wat" is doing well.

W. B. Cothran is with the navy yard, Portsmouth, Va.

B. C. Cromer is teaching school at Honea Path, S. C.

J. E. Gettys is with Highland Park Manufacturing Company, Mill No. 2, Rock Hill, S. C.

David Jennings is a designer for the Laurens Cotton Mill, Laurens, S. C.

H. B. Jennings has recently been with Grendel Mills,

Greenwood, S. C., but has now accepted a position with a mill firm in Connecticut.

D. Kohn is with Olympia Mills, Columbia, S. C.

H. F. Little, with D. D. Little, Sanders, Swan & Co.'s cotton agent, Spartanburg, S. C.

F. E. Pearman is with the Pelzer Cotton Mills, Pelzer, S. C.

W. T. Prescott is with Edgefield Manufacturing Company, Edgefield, S. C.

T. C. Shaw is assistant superintendent of a cotton mill at McCall, S. C. "Cliff" has made a good start.

J. H. Spencer is under a year's contract with the Lancaster Cotton Mills, Lancaster, S. C.

T. B. Spencer is with the Manchester Cotton Mill, Rock Hill, S. C.

W. G. Templeton is traveling for the Draper Company, of Hopedale, Mass.

AGRICULTURAL COURSE.

E. B. Boykin is principal of Pine Grove Academy, McCall, S. C.

E. Brockman, Jr., is at work in Columbia, S. C.

J. M. Burgess is farming at his home in Clarendon County.

G. H. Hardin is taking post-graduate work at the College.

J. E. Martin, Jr., is with the Virginia-Carolina Chemical Company, Charleston, S. C.

G. F. Mitchell has been quite sick since graduation, and is now at his home, Mt. Pleasant, S. C.

L. H. McCullough is the only one of the class, so far as we

know, that has taken the matrimonial step. He is in the government work, and connected with Prof. Rolfs, a noted scientist, who was Professor of Botany at the College last year. McCullough is in Florida.

F. K. Norris is farming at his home, near Vances, S. C.

S. M. Robertson, who has recently been connected with the chemistry department at the College, is now with the Virginia-Carolina Chemical Company, at Richmond, Va.

D. H. Sally is farming at Sally's, S. C.

J. B. Tinsley is with the Union Oil Mill, Union, S. C.

M. E. Zeigler is teaching school at Rock Hill, S. C.

On the evening of Saturday, November 29th, Professor and Mrs. W. M. Riggs, with Miss Margaret Moore, entertained the football team. The early part of the evening was spent in a general football conversation and many pleasant scenes of the season were recalled. Later in the evening the doors of the dining room were opened and our eyes beheld a feast, in every sense of the word. The room was handsomely decorated with orange and purple, while palms and ferns lifted their heads proudly in the rose-scented air, to add to the glory and enchantment of the occasion. Two long tables, clad in the prettiest of linens, glistening with shining silver and adorned with vases of delicate ferns and sweet-scented flowers, was the first thing to captivate the eyes of the twenty football men. In a few moments they were all seated about the merry festive boards and the white-clad waiters moved about with noiseless tread administering to the wants of the guests. After this memorable repast every one returned to the parlors and spent the remainder of the evening in playing games. It may be said that the evening

was a memorable and an enjoyable one that will linger in the minds of those who were present.

On Saturday evening, December 13th, Mr. A. Schilleter, Clemson's efficient athletic trainer, entertained the football team and those professors and their wives who seemed to be most interested in the advancement of athletics in the College. The large mess hall on the lower floor of the barracks was partitioned off so as to provide for a spacious reception room and still leave place for a magnificent hall. At an early hour in the evening many of the couples had assembled in the reception room, which was tastily decorated with college colors, flags and palms, while a football peeped out here and there from under its canopy of colors and told its history—recalling to the minds of the football men many a hard-fought battle and glorious victory; and, indeed, this scene, as it blended with the merry chatter and laughter of the hall, led one to believe that he had departed from this small sphere of ours and that he was the guest of some great ruler of a planet where all is grandeur and merriment. Later in the evening when our noble host led the way into the dining hall, the scene was changed, but only for the eyes to behold a sight far surpassing in magnificence the beauty of the reception room. There arrayed in the prettiest of linens, decorated with the handsomest of glass and silverware, and adorned with the most fragrant of roses, were six great tables laden with all that could be desired to satisfy the taste. President Mell occupied the seat of honor, and before him in all splendor sat a roasted pig, with a dressing known only to Mr. Schilleter, while this little fellow held in his mouth a small football, which was the emblem of the occasion. At the other end of the table sat Col. Sirmyer, and before him lay a large opossum, with a dressing of sweet potatoes and with trimmings of ribbons and lettuce he looked

rather inviting. The waiters with easy tread moved about the table serving the dainty dishes:

Oyster Stew. Crackers.

Oyster Fry. Buttered Rolls.

Turkey, with Cranberry Sauce. Celery.

Roast Pig, with Irish Potato Dressing.

French Rolls.

Roast Opossum, with Potato Dressing.

Hamburg Twist. Steam Bread.

Blanc Mange, with Whipped Cream.

French Waffles.

Clemsonian Cream.

Coffee.

After this feast the party adjourned to the reception room and spent the remainder of the evening at Ping Pong, Pillow Deux and other amusing games.

Those in attendance were as follows: President and Mrs. P. H. Mell, Dr. and Mrs. A. M. Redfearn, Dr. and Mrs. Nesom, Professor and Mrs. R. E. Lee, Professor and Mrs. W. M. Riggs, Professor H. H. Kyse and Mrs. J. H. M. Beaty, Professor D. W. Daniels and Miss Wannamaker, Professor Wills Johnson, Professor John Gantt, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Lewis and Mrs. Wynne, Col. E. A. Sirmyer and Miss Margaret Moore, Mrs. A. Schilletter.

The first of the class games was played on Bowman field, Saturday, December 13th, between the Freshmen and Preps. The Freshmen defeating the Preps. by a score of 16 to 0. The Freshmen played an exceedingly strong game for novices, and their good work speaks well for the coaches, Messrs. Sadler and Kaigler. While the Preps. play a good game, they did not have the spirit or snap that characterized the work of the Freshmen. But it may be said that both teams did well for the short time that they had been in training, and we have no doubt but that some of the men that

participated in this game will be on the Clemson 'Varsity team in the years of the near future.

Coach Lawrence, of the Prep. team, deserves great credit for the hard and earnest work which he did for his team. For the Freshmen, Razor, J. W., played a star, making all three touch-downs for his team, while Dendy's kicking was quite a feature of the game and he stepped across the line many times for long gains. While Cogburn made some fine bucks for the Preps. Taylor also played a fine game, making many good bucks, while his tackling was sharp, and many times he threw his opponents for a loss.

The line-up was as follows :

<i>Fresh.</i>	<i>Position</i>	<i>Prep.</i>
.....	Coach.....	Lawrence
.....	Manager.....	Furtick
McKeoun.....	C.....	DuBose
Rauch	R. G.....	Duffie
Dwight.....	L. G.	Jones
Summers.....	R. T.	Taylor
Razor, W. M.....	L. T.....	Turner
Williams.....	R. E.	Boosa
Pollitzer.....	L. E.	Miller
Crawford	Q. B.....	
Razor, J. W.....	R. H. B.	Fraser
Dendy, Kaminer.....	F. B.	McDowell
Barksdale.....	L. H. B.	Cogburn

Senior D. : Professor, what makes a locomotive engine puff ?

Senior C. : Because it is drawing breath into its chest.

Mgr. W., while in Spartanburg, on his way to Knoxville, gave Right Tackle B. several dollars, with instructions to go and buy a box of fine candy for a young lady friend. B.,

after remaining out about half an hour, returned with ten pounds of variegated stick candy.

Left Tackle G. says B. bought a peck. We won't tell what Mgr. W. said.

"Top" and "Chise" were much perplexed a few nights ago. They could not decide to what part of the commutator the dead turns on an armature should be connected.

Mgr. Joe says he positively refuses to act as hostess at the football reception. "Sahl" says "quite proper." "Pig" says "ugh! ugh!"

Capt. S. (of F. B. T.) wants to know what part of North Carolina Knoxville is in.

Vet. says it is on the French Broad, fifty miles south of Charlotte.

Greasy informed us a few days ago that he made all of his free-hand drawings chemically.

Coach Green is going to use all of his athletical influence to have jokes stopped from going in THE CHRONICLE on him.

Sol.: I think people must be monomaniacs or crazy about seeing dress parades.

Major W.: No, they are kleptomaniacs.

Billy: What kind of surveying party was Professor Lewis with last summer?

H. Gre—: Theological survey.

Senior Gr—, after seeing a party of boys play Pillow Deux, said: "Didn't those boys have a fine time playing Billy Do."

Senior G. says he enjoyed the Sharlott Russ greatly (the young lady to whom he was writing wanted to know if he studied spelling at college).

Rat Winn: How much money does it cost to send a letter down to Charleston?

Rat Cromer: Six cents.

A number of the Senior Class recently organized a club for the purpose of giving occasional feasts. The club promises fair to become one of importance, and it is believed that their feasts will be great social events.

Mr. A. Schilletter has been elected to fill the office of *chef d'ouvre*, and we are glad to see that the club has been so fortunate in securing such a competent gentleman to this position. Mr. Schilletter is well known throughout the State as one of exceptional ability in preparing and serving of great suppers and banquets.

Mr. G. F. Norris was elected President; Mr. H. C. Sahlman, Treasurer; Mr. C. E. Boineau, Secretary. The members are as follows: J. E. Harrall, T. S. Perrin, W. M. Wightman, J. C. Cullum, L. W. Fox, J. T. Robertson, D. H. Sadler, W. E. G. Black, H. N. McCreary, J. C. Wylie, H. Green, H. C. Tillman, R. G. Williams, W. B. Chisolm, W. H. Barnwell, N. H. Alford.

Professor and Mrs. W. M. Riggs celebrated their wooden wedding a few nights ago.

At a recent meeting of the track team, Mr. H. C. Sahlman was elected Manager, Mr. C. Cole, Assistant Manager, and Mr. J. C. Wylie, Captain.

The prospects are bright for a successful season.

Professor and Mrs. R. E. Lee recently entertained the

football team at their hospitable home on Pendleton avenue. Professor and Mrs. Lee are two of Clemson's most enthusiastic supporters in athletics. In the early part of the evening the guests had the pleasure of listening to several well rendered musical selections by Col. Sirmyer and Miss Margaret Moore.

When the charming hostess led the way into the spacious dining room, all eyes were at once captivated by the true grandeur of this tastily decorated room; many palms and flowers were ingeniously placed so as to add their magnificence and beauty to the splendor of the occasion. In the centre of the room was placed one large table to seat the honored football men, with several smaller ones tastily arranged about it.

Never did festive boards display a more tasty arrangement of choice viands than that which greeted the eyes of the chosen guests, and in the minds of those present the memory of this occasion will long linger as one of the pleasantest in their college life.

Clemson College Directory

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T. S. Perrin, Business Manager.

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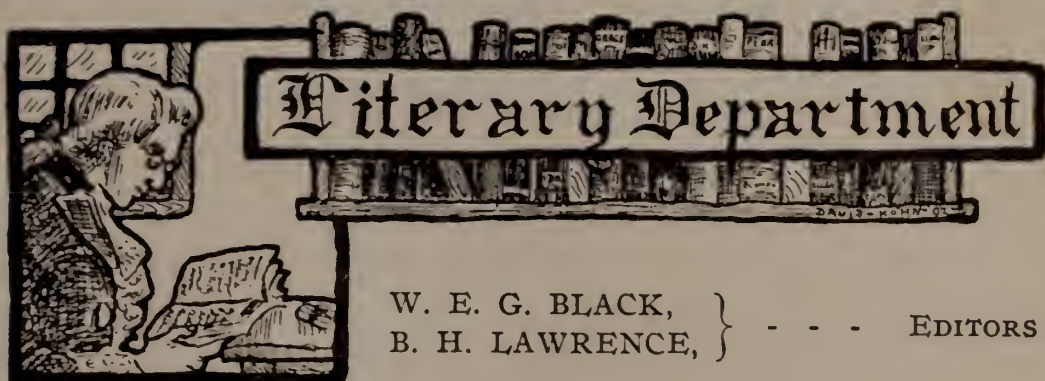
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LINES

Swiftly and silently slipping away
Out on a fathomless sea,
Races the years with their triumphs, their tears,
Burdening eternity!
Clothed in their robes which so beautifully blend—
Summer and Autumn and Spring;
Onward they wend, abruptly they end,
And leave us the gifts that they bring.

Joyfully saw we the time hasten by,
When, in the sweet long ago,
Children we were, unburdened with care,
Nor knew we the meaning of woe.
But slowly as seemed it passing us then,
It flashes by now on the wing;
While passing then, some pleasures they'd lend,
Now sorrow and sadness they bring.

* * * * *

Well, well, need we fret, or indulge in regret.

Or mourn for what might have been?

Or shall we take lief of such childish grief,

And bear our burdens like men?

Ease follows pain as sunshine the rain,

For God deals justice to men.

Let time bear us on to the mystic unknown,

And hope to be satisfied then.

R. E. M.

An Old Sailor's Story

In the door of one of the huts which crowd the edge of the sea near Borden, an old man was sitting. Evidently he had been a sailor, for as he sat there he kept his eyes fixed on the water. I had been walking along the beach and was not in a hurry; so, thinking the old man might have some story to relate, I approached him and began to talk with him. He did most of the talking, but I was content to listen, for he talked very entertainingly. He scarcely ever took his eyes from the sea, and I, noting this and hoping to draw him out, asked him if he had ever been on the sea during a great storm. His eyes filled with tears and I saw him choke back a sob. "Yes," he answered, "I have been in many storms and many times I thought that I would never see the sun rise again. But when the storm was over, the dangers were soon forgotten. Nevertheless, I was in one storm that I can never forget. It is a long story, and may tire you." "No," I replied, "you need not fear of tiring me," for somehow I felt that it was of this storm that he was thinking when I first saw him, and I wished to hear what it was about the sea that made him so sad. He filled his pipe, and after having lighted it from a coal at the hearth, came back to the door and sat down by me.

“When I was a lad of about eighteen years of age, an opera troupe in which was a beautiful Spanish senorita came to Borden. I was then an usher in the theatre and, though I had seen hundreds of pretty girls, I had never fallen in love with one. In fact, I began to consider myself invulnerable to Cupid’s darts. But in this I was mistaken, as you shall see. The troupe was a very fine one, and the little Spanish senorita, whose name, I learned afterwards, was Theresa Garcia, was the sweetest singer I had ever heard. Time after time her singing held the audience spell-bound. She was encored so heartily that she responded five or six times, and each time I thought she sang sweeter than before. Finally, she sang that beautiful song, ‘Way Down Upon the Suwanee River,’ and I remember distinctly how I drank, as it were, the song as it fell from her lips. My heart was full, and as I looked at her, I felt that I had become a victim at last of Cupid’s witchery. I resolved to meet her and tell her that very night of my love, and as I looked at her beautiful dark eyes I knew that I was bound forever.

“She told me of how she had run away from home when she was fifteen on account of her father’s brutality; of how she had wandered all over Spain and had been picked up in Madrid by the manager of her troupe, who had been attracted by her voice one day as she was singing on the street; of how they had come to America that same year and she had been so well received; that this was her last engagement and she would return to her home in Cadiz to care for her little sister, who had been left alone since her mother had died a month ago. And, then, I told her of how she had captured my heart that night. I pleaded my love to her, but she only shook her head sadly.

“‘You will at least let me write to you sometimes, will you not?’ I asked.

“‘But I can’t write in English,’ she answered.

“ ‘Then I’ll learn Spanish, and will correspond in that,’ I replied.

“She assented, and, as I told her ‘good bye,’ I heard her murmur, ‘*Dias me libre he hombre de un libro.*’ I did not know the meaning of those words then, but I have long since found out.

“The next day, I went with her to the ‘Bona,’ which was to sail that day from Borden for Cadiz. I went on board the ship with her and accompanied her out to the bar, intending to come back in the pilot’s tug. As we pulled off from the ‘Bona,’ she stood on the deck waving her handkerchief at me. As long as I could see her she was still standing there, and my eyes lingered in that direction long after the ship had been lost from view.

“I returned to the city and for several days I thought of scarcely anything except my little Theresa. I began at once the study of Spanish, and when at the end of one month’s hard work, I forwarded my first letter to her, I felt that I had succeeded very well. So eager was I, that I counted the days before I could begin to expect a letter from her. Those days passed slowly, but at last the time came when I began to look very expectantly through my mail for a letter post-marked ‘Cadiz.’ One day it came, and I remember how I sought the privacy of my room to read it. By the help of my dictionary, I read it in about an hour, though it was not very long. I read it over and over until I knew every word of it. When I went to bed that night, the imprint of a kiss might have been found stamped on that letter. The next day I wrote back—this time a little longer letter than before, because I had been studying steadily all the time, and knew more of the language than I had known before.

“We kept up our correspondence for about two years, and then the letters stopped coming. I waited several months, growing more and more impatient every day, but still no

letter came. I could not believe she had fallen sick and died, nor could I bear to think of her loving some one else. But why had she not written? I asked myself. I tried to suggest some plausible reason, but I could not find a suitable one. At length I resolved to go to Spain to seek her.

"Accordingly, without letting any of my friends know of my whereabouts, I shipped as a stevedore on a ship which was about to sail for Spain. The work was not hard, but the crew were very rough. I remember how they used to laugh and make fun of me on account of my soft hands, but I did not mind that, as I was going to seek her. Arriving at Cadiz, I sought lodging with some of the natives, because I thought that then I would have a better chance of finding her. With the help of the little Spanish I had learned, I was able to tell them what I wanted. They were reluctant to let me in, but finally a man named Rodriguez agreed to take me.

"I hardly knew how to begin my search for Theresa, but I resolved to go out on the streets and watch the passers-by, if, perchance, I might catch a glimpse of her. This I did, but she did not pass by, for I never took my eyes from the street. The family with whom I was staying never asked me what I was doing and I never mentioned the subject to them. One evening, as I was sitting in the shade near the door, a very pretty little Spanish senorita came to the house. Something about her reminded me of my lost Theresa, and as soon as I had a chance I asked the senora who the girl was. She told me that the girl's name was Garcia, but being an orphan, she had been adopted by a neighbor on account of her beauty. Seeing how interested I was, she talked on, and soon I had heard the whole story of how Theresa had come home to take care of her sister; of how hard she had worked; of how interested the neighbors became; of how one of them had adopted the younger, and

then Theresa had obtained passage on a ship for America.

"They had never heard from her since, though she had promised to write as soon as she got to America. I inquired the name of the ship from the senora, and, excusing myself on some pretext, soon after sought the custom officials, and here I was destined to hear what I had always feared. They told me that the 'Vista' had sailed for America on the twentieth of May, three months before, and that she had not been heard of since. Hoping against hope, I asked them if Theresa Garcia was one of the passengers. I was told that she was; and when I knew that she was lost to me forever, I almost swooned. With tottering steps I sought my lodging house and for seven long weeks lay tossing on a bed of typhoid fever.

"When I began to get better, my thoughts were more and more of the sea. There seemed to be some fascination about it, now that I knew that my little senorita rested in its dark bosom. So I decided to become a sailor, and accordingly shipped on the 'Grenada,' which plied between Cadiz and New York. I did not like the water at first, but after I had become accustomed to it, I would not give it up. For forty years I sailed across the Atlantic, and, as you may suppose, encountered many severe storms; but the one which I remember so distinctly happened nearly twenty years ago. We had left New York early on Monday morning, December 10, 1883, and when we had been out a day, it began to cloud and ominous sheets of lightning flashed from the clouds. It was clear that we were going to have a storm and we prepared as best we could for it. The clouds grew darker and the flashes of lightning became more frequent. By Wednesday morning a terrific storm was raging. The sea rolled and pitched and the deck of our schooner was continually swept by huge billows. All day Wednesday the storm raged, growing more fierce as night came on. We

knew that our ship would not be able to hold together during the night if the storm did not abate. As the night progressed we gathered on the deck, not wishing to be drowned like rats in a hole. As we were standing there, the ship gave a lurch forward, the prow went down, and a huge wave swept everything off the deck except the captain, one of the passengers and myself, who were standing close to the fore-castle.

"The next flash of lightning almost blinded me, but I thought I saw something in white standing not very far from us. Another flash, and I saw it was a woman, whom I instantly recognized as my long lost Theresa. I started towards her, for although sailors are very much afraid of spirits, I did not have the least fear now; but as I did so, I saw her lips open and heard her murmur those same words she uttered when I first told her of my love. Then she vanished, and, strange to say, the storm abated immediately. We got the ship back to New York after several days' hard work. I never went to sea again, but came here to live, where I can look on its face, for it holds the only woman that I ever loved. I often think of the vision I had during that storm, but I can assign no reason for it, except that God, in his mercy, to ease my longing, had permitted me, though only in a vision, to see my long lost Theresa again.

'03.

Letters From an Old Graduate to His Son, Henry, at Clemson College

NUMBER III.

FORT EXPERIENCE, S. C., February 9, '03.

Dear Henry: Your last report received this week was not as encouraging as former ones, and I'm afraid you are losing

your grip on the essentials which I want you to swing on to with Gibraltar-like strength. I don't see why you should not have made as good marks as the other fellows. Of course, there is always some excuse, but it is not always a valid one. I'm afraid you have been putting in too much time on your athletics and your society, and not quite enough in study. I don't mean to say that high marks are as important to me as the amount of knowledge you assimilate, but they are usually a pretty good thermometer. Somehow it's the fellow who doesn't amount to much who generally lets you know it. The successful man usually keeps his friends guessing. I am not going by comparative scores. Some men are great only by comparison, but it's much better to depend on your own strength than your fellow-man's weakness. Now, your report last month is not as good as I would like to see it, and if it keeps on declining at the same ratio, the Freshman Class will soon be minus one member, and the Preps will welcome you with a sickly smile. There are times when you may feel inclined to throw up the whole job, burn your books, and come home to mama; but even if you burn your books, the smoke will come up in volumes, and there is no telling how much the surrender will cost your self-respect. Don't get discouraged now that you are on the home stretch. Get down low in the line and buck centre till you can't see anything but centre. Then the surrounding scenery will not interest you so much, and it will be easier to stay down where you belong. Of course, I expect you to have a little legitimate fun now and then. You've got your physical and moral nature to develop as well as your intellect, and I think a little amusement is essential to success. But there are many boys who can't tell the difference between amusement and damphoolishness. I want you to realize that there are two kinds of pleasure—legitimate and illegitimate. One is wholesome

and the other is just plain sin. When I was at college, the boys thought that the greatest sort of fun was to break into the commissary, take away a supply of provisions, and hide it somewhere in the back woods. They actually seemed to effervesce with joy at the prospect, and when it was accomplished, they would pat each other on the back as if they had done a really slick thing. But the facts of the case were that these boys were engaged in plain stealing, and that was all there was to it. There is no more real fun in taking food from the commissary or supplies from the wood-shop, than there is in picking pockets or robbing a bank, although there is a certain class of humanity who enjoy both kinds of procedure. The actual results may not be as fatal to the student, as he is not legally responsible, but the ultimate effect on his conscience is terrible, and it is ten chances to one that he will wind up as bank robber or a sneak thief. It is rather a cowardly thing for a boy to take advantage of his being under age to do an illegal thing. The trouble is, that conscience is too often that within us which tells us when somebody else is doing wrong. Conscience don't trouble some people until after they are found out; but I hope you are not in that class. Just to show you the difference between this sort of "fun" and the other kind, I'll relate a little experience in my day in which I was the principal actor. I don't remember just what month it was, but I know the weather was mighty cold, and it was my turn to sit up in the guard-room on one of those nights, about the time when "church yards yawn." Some of the members of the "Pi Mu" had arranged to build an enormous bonfire in the rear of the chapel, and at the proper time I was to give the fire alarm and wake the neighborhood. Well, the boys got the fire started and rushed back to bed, and the first corporal came to wake me up. As I approached the guard-room, I saw through my half-closed eyes a tre-

mendous glare, and, being half asleep, I naturally presumed that the chapel was on fire, and rushing to the bell I began to ring it vigorously, in the meantime yelling "fire" at the top of my voice. The bugler was also in the game, and in about a minute he was blowing reveille all over barracks. Well, you never saw boys dress in such a hurry in all your life. They came swarming out from all sides, some with their pants on, others in their night-shirts, and a few with a sheet wrapped around them. But the funniest thing in the whole show was to see Major S— come running down stairs with one of his legs in his shirt sleeve and the other one remarkably *dishabille*, and his head in a nightcap. In the front of the north gangway I could see Co. A forming in ragged lines with "clothes that just did hang on," as "Skeet" afterwards described it. Shivering with cold, the officers huddled in a bunch and awaited the orders from the Major, who was busily engaged in getting himself right side up. It did not take them many minutes to discover that it was a false alarm, and soon all were back in bed, except the "Pi Mu," who held an impromptu reception in the guard room to celebrate the event. I tell you, the Major was mad. The boys all took it as a joke; but if any one else had been on duty, there would have been a faculty inquiry. I escaped, owing to the fact that my conduct had been exemplary up to that time, so I was not "suspicioned," although I had determined to confess my share in the plot had I been examined. There was no harm done, no one had stolen or lied, or acted immorally, and my conscience did not feel insulted. Now, don't you think that it is a good thing to try again, like some simpleton did a few weeks after, because you can easily choke a joke to death. Even a funny story becomes sad after it's newness has worn off. A little nonsense now and then is a sort of seasoning to the college pie, and if you don't over-season it, the pie tastes pretty good.

As to your going out to dances, I am perfectly willing and even anxious for you to do so. There is no more harm in dancing than there is in sleeping, and if you've got the right sort of conscience, you can do both without having to take any medicine. Besides, that will give you a chance to study the female character, and if there's anything that needs study it is a woman. You can study her all your life, and die pretty ignorant as to her real self. It's a study that puts calculus and philology in the shade. I sometimes think that there ought to be a post-graduate course in all colleges, in which young men can study the female character. If there was, the chances of unhappy marriages would be lessened fifty per cent. You know there is no fool like an old fool, unless it be a young fool. He feels that the whole world and all therein was created for his especial delectation, and while he doesn't always realize that no woman is perfect, he soon learns that she can manage to keep her imperfections pretty well hidden. Very few women have to take music lessons in order to sing their own praises. Whenever you get so interested in a girl that you can't think of anything else, you ought to go and pray to the Lord for forgiveness, because you know you are not making proper use of your time. Some people say that time is money, and if that's so, it is pretty hard to realize that it takes three whole months to make a quarter. When you go into society, remember these few axioms, because I'm speaking for your own good. Remember that you can't always judge a woman by her name or her sweetness. I knew a girl named Amy who was anything but amiable, and whenever I found a girl who used perfume too regularly, I always felt that she didn't use soap quite enough. Also note that the girl who can paint china can't always make the biscuits, and that even her teeth are sometimes fair but false. Remember that while you cannot flatter every girl in the same way, there

isn't one of them that can't be flattered in some way. A looking glass is the only thing that can be flat but never flatter. One of the most peculiar things about man is that when he arrives at the conclusion that there is nothing on earth good enough for a certain woman, he'll ask her to have him. And the most peculiar thing about the woman is that after she has pulled his leg she expects him to put his best foot forward, although she must realize that the longer his leg is pulled the shorter he gets. Few men who are accustomed to give the fair sex sugar-coated compliments can decline to eat their own words.

Well, I see by *THE CHRONICLE*, that you are still section-marcher. I am glad to see that, and I hope that you will hold your job. I'm not thinking so much about the military training you get as about the necessity of making such high marks as will keep you in that place. While we are on the subject of military training, I want to caution you against any false move in that line of work. There is nothing more popular than military ambition among college students, and there is nothing so dangerous to your success as a military ambition. To illustrate this fact, we had a boy in our class who was a slave to his ambition to become senior captain. He neglected his books, his society and his athletics to devote all his time to the study of tactics, and practicing giving orders. Some nights after taps we could hear him calling out, "Right forward, fours right—march," and "Companyyyy—halttt." In fact, he became a regular monomaniac, and the class just put him down as a good joke. Well, the graduating exercises found him wearing a second lieutenant's stripes. I simply quote this as an example of the usual result of too much military ambition. Just you remember that you were sent to college to be made an intellectual man, and not a war-machine. Three-fourths of the military appointments are made according to a boy's physi-

cal and vocal qualities. I have known captains who could not pass a creditable examination, and adjutants whose sole qualification was a voice well suited for calling hogs. Clemson College is not a preparatory school for the army. The military department was made an adjunct, merely as a means of keeping so large a body of boys under control. You may go through college and graduate as a private, yet accomplish all that you were sent there to accomplish. The great fault with most boys is that they are vain and pompous, and like the idea of feeling superior to the less fortunate, and like to strut around in fancy plumes and give orders. There are mighty few boys with discernment enough to be able to separate the essential from the non-essential in life. But if you will keep before you the everlasting fact that you are at college to cultivate your gray matter, and become an intellectual man, you will not let those side issues draw you away from the main path. Let me beg of you to keep your eye on the north star, and don't let the little fire-flies lure you to bogs and pit-falls. Well, I have to close now and feed the cows. Keep a climbing, and the higher you get on the ladder of success the more people you have to look down upon. And if you get up all the way, you will feel like the man who is getting bald—that he's coming out on top.

Yours as usual,

FATHER.

(NOTE: This is the third paper of the series contributed by ex-Cadet W. L. Moise.—EDITOR.)

Are Our Southern Women to Vote?

Our Southern women have been rocked in the cradle of the Confederacy. Tradition and lingering memories from

voices of the fading past whisper Southern chivalry and a beautiful rounded womanhood that cannot be surpassed, if equaled. Therefore, I claim for our Confederate women the highest sense of duty towards God and man. Candor compels the confession that "our Southern women" of to-day are fast departing from the high plane of loyalty upon which their mothers traveled.

Our homes are fuller of occupations than ever before, but our women prefer "the world." She is departing from the destiny that God has selected for her, "and the Lord said, It is not good that the man should be alone; I will make him an helpmate for him." It is a lamentable and undisputed fact that women go to-day where they dared not tread years ago. Why is this? I honor the woman that goes out into the world to battle for an honest living. But alas for the woman that wanders into this evil, outer world to seek selfish pleasure and for her who endeavors to put herself upon an equal footing with man by casting her vote at the ballot box. This great nation has been successfully ruled by the ballots of the sterner sex for more than a century and a quarter; then why soil the snow-white hands of our women? What are women to do?

As one of our Southern women has said, "Pray don't let us vote. To our country's grace and honor we now belong. We are in a position now to ask favors and have them granted, because we do not vote. If we voted, how truly it will be said of us by the men: once our superiors, now our equals." Is she not right? Yes, yes, indeed, for them to vote would break more home ties than anything in the world; woman would be against woman; wife against husband and sister against brother.

I ask that you think for one moment upon the subject to recall the women who are asking for female enfranchisement. I have yet to see one really representative American

woman clamoring for the blessed privilege of saving the country by the thorny path of politics.

Most of the leading lights of the "reform" movement have either failed in an earnest attempt to get married, or have been so unfortunate as to miss her affinity and get tied to some other fellow. Instead of being a thing of beauty and joy forever, the "strong-minded woman" is almost invariably a faded "wall-flower." Man does not know any too much himself; he aspires to be the head of his household. That is why he dodges women who want to take him to educate. He has no ambition to be the tender and climbing vine to some sturdy female oak. I have yet to see a maid in love, with a fair prospect of getting off; I have yet to see a beautiful woman after whom men gaze as though they wished to steal her; I have yet to see a woman with a kindly, sympathetic face, and a low, sweet voice that thrills the hearts of men with a fiercer joy than trumpets for war, clamoring for female enfranchisement. The woman who can with a glance of her eyes, set man's very soul on fire and bring him to her feet, who can transform an humble cottage into a happy home, and who can make a husband play the lover through a long lifetime, will never suspect that the world will be wrecked and that the bottom will drop out of the political bucket, if she does not rush down to the polls and express her preferences. She knows that every law that does her the least wrong is written upon the sand; that every government that fails to guard her as its chief glory is doomed to nameless death. Served by the world's wisdom and circled by its chivalry, she stands secure, an Empress Divine.

Give a woman youth and beauty and she asks not—needs not—political power. You may attend any woman suffrage convention and you will find more wrinkles than roses.

In States where full or partial female suffrage now pre-

vails, the home woman often goes to the polls as well as her progressive sister; but she goes simply because those she loves are pulling for the success of party, and have called upon her to offset the female vote of the opposition.

This home-woman—the woman we love, and whose slightest wish is our law—cares never a copper who is President so long as the lord of her life is well content.

She does not have to embark in bitter crusades to wring concessions from those who live to serve her; to whom wealth and power are as bitter ashes and the mural wreath a crown of thorns unless illuminated by her love.

The true woman—the woman who is really a help-meet unto man; the woman who is “first at the cradle and last at the grave;” the woman who meekly obeys us while ruling us with a golden rod—is really the woman that is the benefactor of mankind.

JNO. P. GLENN.

“Longing”

What is that silent, subtle thing

To these frames of ours belonging,
That makes us sigh for what is not?

’Tis longing.

What causes us to raise ideals

On plains too high for human thronging,
And spend a noble life in dreams?

’Tis longing.

Can longing win the envied prize

For which our compeers are eagerly trying?
To glory’s heights do heroes rise

By sighing?

Or will success our efforts crown,
If we, despondent, pensive, moping,
Are fain to wait fate's sweet smile or frown,
Still hoping?

Ah, longing, hoping, sighing, dreaming,
Has robed the world in melancholy;
Made pessimists, sowed virgin hearts
With folly.

A brighter day gleams in the sky,
But faith alone shall never view it;
It is for those who know the right,
Then do it. *

Clemson's Growth and Work

Ten years ago, this month, Clemson College threw open her doors to the youth of South Carolina. The State had established other colleges for the literary and military training of her future citizens, but she had not yet established one where the poor boys could obtain a practical education along mechanical and agricultural lines. Hence we infer that Clemson filled a great need in the educational system, and that Clemson and Winthrop together make our educational system one of the best in the Union.

At the South Carolina College a young man so inclined can obtain an excellent literary education. At the Citadel an excellent military education can be obtained. At Clemson the agricultural, mechanical and textile branches can be mastered. These, however, are all male institutions, and hence it is left for Winthrop to make the picture complete by educating the future mothers of our State. Thus, we see South Carolina with a well nigh complete system.

To return to my subject, however, let us look around us for a few moments and see how much has been done in fifteen years. At that time, if one had come to this place, the Calhoun mansion would have been about the only place which would have attracted more than ordinary interest. Now, when the same person alights here, many buildings greet his gaze and he wonders if it is the same place that looked so bare less than a score of years ago.

The main building, the barracks, all of the laboratories and nearly all of the outbuildings, have been built here within that time, and it is, indeed, wonderful to see how much has been done in such a short time.

True it is that the cost of this work has been great, but could the State have made a better investment? She puts in dollars and turns out men who take charge of her cotton mills, erect her bridges and buildings, run her electrical plants, and, last but not least, take her broken-down farms and in the course of a few years turn them into veritable garden spots. These men are capable, and the majority are honest. They improve the citizenship of the State and for this reason alone, I would dare make the assertion that money was never invested to a better purpose than the money invested in Clemson.

Aside from the many benefits already mentioned, there is another and important use to which these buildings are put. This is the education of the farmers of South Carolina. Every summer the farmers from all over the State assemble at this place and discuss among themselves and with experts the ways and means by which their farms can be made better. Sometimes I think that these farmers appreciate their few days' stay here more than some boys appreciate their long stay, consisting of four years of nine months each.

Many of the visitors who come here are greatly impressed at the hugeness of the place, and if the grumblers all over

the State who are continually asking, "Where does the money go?" will ask some one who has been to Clemson, I believe that he would be answered by the simple statement, "Go to Clemson and see." I wish that every man, woman and child in the State could come to Clemson, and forever dispel any false ideas which they may have had concerning it. If this could be done, Clemson's future would be as bright and clear as the mountain brook as it flows along its rugged path.

In conclusion, Clemson's growth has been remarkable, and her work is, indeed, a noble and paying one. She is at last beginning to be recognized as a school of importance, not only in the State, but in the South. The earnest prayer of the writer is that she may continue to grow and prosper until her attendance may be in the thousands instead of the hundreds. I wish that every boy in the State could receive the benefits of her magnificent equipment and management, and then Clemson would, indeed, be a synonym of success and honor.

H. C. TILLMAN.

In the Blue Ridge

Up in the Blue Ridge Mountains of North Carolina, near Mt. A—y, is a small white vine-covered cottage, at the side a small sparkling brook that flows gurgling and singing its never-ending song, on its way to the ocean. Two tall water oaks, one on each side of the house, spread their giant branches over it as if to protect it from some unknown foe. In front is a wilderness of flowers of all descriptions that permeate the air with their sweet perfume, and in both directions from the piazza, up and down the mountain, the red, dusty road can be seen winding its tortuous way.

It was in the afternoon of a hot day in the early spring.

In a hammock on the porch a young girl gracefully reclined. With one hand thrown carelessly behind her head, the other grasping a book which lay in the hammock beside her, she was a perfect picture of sweet repose. As she lay there peacefully sleeping, a young man riding a large gray horse was seen approaching from the foot of the mountain. He looked to be about twenty-three years of age, six feet and some inches in height, and well proportioned, with laughing blue eyes that seemed to be the very soul of good fellowship. From underneath his broad-brimmed mountain hat could be seen his close-cropped curly hair, that seemed to be vainly trying to catch and reflect the sunbeams. The way he gracefully sat the fine animal which he was riding, showed that he was not unused to the saddle. He soon arrived in front of the house, and dismounting threw his bridle-rein over the nearest hitching post, and sauntered leisurely toward the house. When he reached the steps, the vines no longer protecting our heroine from his view, he stopped and gazed at her long and earnestly. "No, I can't discover what it is about her that attracts me. I don't admire auburn hair, her nose is a little too short, and—yes, her mouth is almost perfect, but it is not that." Suddenly, as he stood on the steps talking thus to himself, Nell Wheeler opened her eyes. There was no longer any doubt in his mind what the attraction was, for in their dark brown depths lay the answer.

Jack sprang laughingly forward, and told her that she owed him a kiss. She did not deign to notice this remark, but simply told him that she was glad he had come, and hoped that he was going to stay for tea.

"Jack," she said, "I was just wishing that some one would come out from town. Let me call Zeke and have your horse put up, mother has gone off for the day and, of course, father is off fishing, so I have been holding the fort alone—I suppose they will all be back in a little while."

"No, I have only a few minutes to stay; I brought some papers for your father; as soon as he comes, I will have to go. Of course, you know war has been declared with Mexico? Well, it has. I have come to tell you all good-bye, for the militia company to which I belong have volunteered to a man, and we leave to-morrow. I'll just leave these papers on the table here in the hall, and we'll stroll down to the brook, if you like."

They walked slowly down the path that wound along the bank of the stream; both were thoughtful and silent. After a while they reached a natural bench formed against a small cliff. There they sat and began to talk about the war, who was going, how long it was likely to last, and other such topics. As the shadows of evening began to chase away the sunshine, Jack told her the often told old, old story.

"Jack, I'm so sorry," she said, as she gently released her hand from his passionate grasp. "I hate to give you pain; though I like you very much, I don't love you, and it would be wrong for me to say I do. No, I don't love any one else (seeing the question in his eyes); I like you far better than any one else I know, but it is impossible for me to say I love you."

They returned to the house both silent, for they each felt pangs of remorse and despair. Nell sat a few minutes watching him as he prepared for his long ride back. As he placed his foot in the stirrup, and she realized that he was going, possibly never to return, she made a movement as if to call him; but too late, for a cloud of dust showed how rapidly he was riding. Nell, woman-like, covered her face with her hands and sat crying until one of the children came and called her.

* * * * *

It was in a camp near the capital of Mexico, on the evening of the storming of that city. A group of officers were

standing around the fire in an old abandoned fort, and among them, with his arm in a sling, was Captain Knowlman, recently brevetted Major for conspicuous bravery.

While talking of the events of the last few days, an orderly rode up and distributed several letters among the group, saying that the long delayed mail had just arrived. Captain Knowlman was somewhat surprised to see a small letter addressed in a flowing feminine hand directed to him. Opening it, he read:

“MT. A—Y, N. C.

“My dear Jack: I found out I was mistaken. Come home as soon as possible, for I do love you. Nell.”

For the Clemson Chronicle.

Industrial Education as a Cure for Crime

A writer in the *North American Review* asserts that manual training is almost as good a preventative of crime as vaccination is of smallpox.

“What per cent. of prisoners under your care have received any manual training?” a Northern man asked the warden of a Southern penitentiary.

“Not one per cent.,” replied the warden.

“Have you no mechanics in prison?”

“Only one mechanic—a house painter.”

“Have you any shoemakers?”

“Never had a shoemaker.”

“Have you any tailors?”

“Never had a tailor.”

“Any carpenters?”

“Never had a man that could draw a straight line.”

—*Michigan Christian Advocate.*

Manual training means hand training; the training of the hand to do some skilled productive labor.—*Our Monthly*.

Note, kind reader, that this opinion was expressed in one of our leading magazines. That it was endorsed by a church paper in Michigan. We clip it from *Our Monthly*, published at the Thornwell Orphanage, Clinton, S. C. We infer the editors of the last named periodical approve the sentiments expressed. For this inference we have two reasons:

1st. The article is copied without dissenting comment.

2d. Manual training is, and has always been, an important feature of the education given at the Orphanage.

Such testimony confirms Clemson's faith that she is working along right lines.

W. S. M.

Only an Error

Marion Rutledge was a member of the Senior Class at Clemson. He had just returned to college after the holidays, his face beaming in radiance of delight. He had had an excellent time during the brief vacation of ten days, and, above all, he had seen Ethel McLeod, for whom he felt he could die if necessary to prove how dearly he loved her. She had promised to correspond with him, and this thought alone filled his young heart with an unspeakable joy, and indescribable delight. The evening before he left home, he went to bid her good-bye. As she placed her dainty little hand in his, he drew it up and gently pressed it to his lips, and as their eyes met, his heart became so full that he could scarcely speak.

"O, Ethel, it will break my heart to leave you," he exclaimed.

"Don't talk that way, Marion, you know it is best that

you finish college while you have the opportunity. It will not be long before vacation, when we shall meet again."

"That is true, sweetheart," said he; "and I shall return to school hoping soon to see you again, and I assure you that you shall be constantly upon my mind, and your name will be ever upon my lips," and with that he left.

On the second day after his return to college, Marion wrote Ethel a most loving letter, telling her that his heart was wholly hers, and hers alone. In a few days he received a reply equal to the letter which he had sent.

The correspondence continued, constantly growing in that realm of bliss and joy which none but lovers dare to enter, until about the first of March, when no letter came to relieve Marion's anxious mind. Every night he watched for the mail to be delivered, and just as often he retired in utter disappointment.

April came, and flowers bloomed by the wayside, and filled the air with their fragrance, but in Marion Rutledge's disappointed heart there bloomed no flower of hope—no ray of joy entered that melancholy and depressed mind. June swiftly came—graduation day was at hand; Marion was among the number to receive his diploma—a reward for the faithful performance of the duties imposed upon him during his college career. The Secretary of the Faculty read the honor roll, and it was shown that Marion was distinguished on all subjects. This thought, however, had no pleasure for him—because he had hoped that Ethel would be there to see him graduate; but on account of the sudden interruption in their correspondence, he had not sent her an invitation to be present. Feeling that he could not bear the idea of seeing her whom he still loved, but dare not face under the existing circumstances, he did not go home. Having been offered a position by one of the leading firms in a distant city noted as a health resort, he immediately accepted the place.

Marion determined to do his best, and made up his mind that he was going to make a *man* of himself, and win glory and renown for the time-honored name he bore. With that determination and end in view, we consequently see him rise round by round upon the ladder of success.

* * * * *

Three years had passed; we see Marion general superintendent of the firm by which he was employed after his graduation. During that time he had, by the faithful discharge of all his duties, won the confidence and respect of his employees, and by his kind and gentle manner, those whom were utter strangers to him three years before, were now his warmest friends and companions.

One day, after work was over, Marion was strolling about in one of the parks of the city. As he gazed upon the setting sun in all its brilliancy, and looking up into the azure sky as it intermingled in tints of varied colors of beauty, he thought how pleasant it would be if he could only see her whom he still loved with that pure and unchangeable devotion which he cherished for Ethel. He had not seen nor heard one word from her since leaving college. As his mind was diverted to her this lovely summer evening, he pictured to himself how happy he would be if he could but see her charming face, and sit out under the evening sky and watch the countless stars as they emerged from their hiding places, and observe the moon as it casts its golden rays out into the unexplored regions of space. Such thoughts as these were lingering in his mind when he heard some one exclaim, "Runaway!" "Catch it," shouted another. Looking up, he saw a horse harnessed to a buggy coming down the street at a terrific speed; glancing into the buggy, he saw that it contained only one person, and that was a young lady. This was enough to stimulate his brave young heart. He darted out into the street, facing the frightened animal, and as it

neared him, he recognized the person in the buggy to be his much-loved and long-wished for—Ethel. He grasped the horse by the bridle; but the animal, though nearly exhausted by its long run, was not entirely stopped, and Marion was thrown down and hurled under the horse's feet. Bystanders rushed up and stopped the horse, and the life of the young lady was spared from what appeared certain death. But where was her brave rescuer? A few feet away, lay poor Marion, his face covered with blood, and he in an unconscious condition. Ethel quickly ran to him and with her handkerchief wiped the blood from his bruised face, and then it was that she recognized whom it was who had risked his life to save her own.

Physicians were immediately summoned, and Marion was carried to the hospital. Ethel begged permission to be allowed to go and watch beside him. Large numbers of his friends gathered around the building, hoping to hear some favorable news of their noble companion.

After all the excitement was over, and Ethel was alone with him, she stooped over the bed and fervently kissed his brow. She looked into his pallid face, and then the thought of the past rushed into her mind as if it were a dream.

"Wonder if he still loves me?" she asked herself. She then bowed in reverential prayer to God and asked Him, in His mercy, to spare the life of him who had done so noble a deed in peril of losing his own life.

That night Marion lay as one asleep in death. All of the stimulants which were applied were without avail. The next morning there was no apparent change in his condition. Ethel was bathing his face, when suddenly he moved and began to rally a little. Hope, like an arrow, darted in Ethel's sad heart; she felt, oh, how much she would give if he would only speak to her. For several hours he remained in this stupid condition. Toward evening, while she alone

was with him, he opened his eyes, and looking up into her calm but sweet face, his countenance brightened and wore a look of animation and joy. "My darling," he feebly said. She told him not to attempt to talk at this time, but wait until the next day when he became stronger, and she would tell him all. He made another effort to say something, but she prevented him from speaking.

The following morning he was much stronger. After the physician had left the room, and only Ethel was with him, he said, "O, Ethel, why have you caused me so much pain? Why did you not answer my letter when I was at Clemson?"

"Dearest Marion, forgive me, but I wrote you as I regularly did, and waited for you to write; but, alas, no letter came! Last winter, while looking over some old clothes, I found the letter I had written you in the inner pocket of my little brother's overcoat. I had given it to him to mail, but to our sorrow he had forgotten to do so. I tried to find you, but it was all in vain. I was in great distress for fear that, wherever you were, you might think that I had not been true, and that perhaps you would never forgive me for what appeared my carelessness in writing to you. My health failed me last year; the doctors advised me to come to this place, thinking perhaps that my health would be restored, and for that reason I am in the city now. But how pleasant it is to find you again, with that same noble heart which you always possessed."

"Ethel," said he, "we will understand each other better now; it is only an error which has caused both of us so much sorrow—we were mistaken. I thought you had become tired of me, and until recently you were under the impression that I had forgotten you—my love."

"Yes, Marion, it was only an error; but how much pain it has caused both of us; but now all is clear."

"We will 'Let the dead past bury its dead,' and look to the

future for a long and happy life, my own sweet Ethel."

And with this he embraced her, imprinting upon her blushing cheeks a kiss that time can never obliterate, nor age erase from the "Book of Memory." All was well—Cupid had conquered.

S. OLIVER O'BRYAN, '04.

The Clemson College Chronicle

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Editorial Department.

EDITOR :

H. C. TILLMAN



This Issue

We would like to beg the public's pardon for the lateness of this issue. The principal reason for this is that examinations were coming on

while it was in preparation, and as a consequence we had a pretty hard time getting up anything at all. We are very grateful to those who did help us this time, and to those who should have and didn't, we only express the hope that they will do better next time.

The Chronicle Medals

According to the usual custom, THE CHRONICLE staff desires to award three medals to the student body this year. They are as follows:

low s :

- (1) One to the student who writes the best essay.
- (2) One to the student who writes the best story.
- (3) One to the student who writes the best poem.

These medals are offered with the hope that more of the students will take an active interest in CHRONICLE work. We sincerely hope that all of the students will try for these medals.

A Gymnasium

At this season of the year there are no outdoor sports for the cadets to indulge in. Football is gone and baseball has not yet started. It is at this season of the year that we need a gymnasium most. During this lapse of time, when there are no outdoor sports, there should be some means by which every student can take plenty of indoor exercise. That exercise is a necessity, no one can or will deny. It is one of the most essential features of a healthy man's life.

We hope that before another year can come and go, our Trustees will have a gymnasium at Clemson. We feel sure that it is needed and would prove very beneficial to every one.

Southern People

The industrial development of the South has been wonderful. From a section with practically no manufactures thirty years ago, she has turned into a veritable "land of wheels and spindles." Cot-

ton factories have sprung up in all parts of the country and other enterprises are as numerous now as they were scarce before. Now, there must be a reason for all this, and aside from the reason that the factories should naturally come to the supplies, we think that the other most important reason is the way the people of the South treat strangers. They are known as the nicest, most hospitable people in the world, and it is said that even in the '60's, when the Yankees came down in such great numbers, a warm welcome was extended to them. Strangers coming to the South like the people and become desirous of living with such people. Hence we have numerous capitalists who come South to live simply because they like the people of the South. We hope that Southern people will never cease to instill into their children the same traits of character which have made them and their ancestors famous as gentlemen and Christians.

By the time this is read, the students will have been through another examination period. **Examinations** Some will have distinguished themselves while others will not have done so well. To those who have done well, THE CHRONICLE extends congratulations; to the rest we extend the hope that *all* may do better next time.

Examinations are always dreaded by college men, for, as a rule, the examination period is one of increased study and anxiety. We believe in them to a certain extent, but their usefulness is sometimes impaired by making them too important a factor. Their motive should be to make the students review the work sufficiently well to impress the important part of it upon them. If this is accomplished examinations will prove a helper to both student and professor. If they are merely used, on the other hand, to find out whether a student knows a certain per cent. of the subject, they are mere farces, and should be abolished. It

would be a hard matter for any one to pick out any reasonable number of questions which would find out what a man knew about a subject. He could possibly come within ten per cent. of the student's true knowledge, but since ten per cent. below the required average is the same as fifty per cent., we do not think that examinations are true measures of knowledge.

**Chief Justice
McIver**

In the death of Chief Justice McIver, South Carolina has lost one of her most distinguished citizens. The entire State honored and loved him, and now that his light has been forever extinguished, it mourns his loss as only South Carolina can.

Chief Justice McIver has held many positions of trust and honor. He was a signer of the Ordinance of Secession; and when the war broke out he became a Captain of cavalry under that peerless leader, Gen. Wade Hampton. As soon as the negroes ceased to rule the State, he was elected a Justice of the Supreme Court. In '79, he was elected Chief Justice, and he held this office until his death. He was assiduous in his duties, and it is said that he has written more opinions than any other Judge in this country.

South Carolina is fast losing her "Old Romans," but she never lost a nobler one than Henry McIver, Chief Justice.

**To the
Alumni**

Since we took charge of these columns, we have been very anxious that the graduates of Clemson should feel perfectly free in using THE CHRONICLE. We need their help and encouragement as much as we need help and encouragement from the student body. Thus far, we have failed to get it, and with a few exceptions the alumni seem to have lost interest in THE CHRONICLE, and we cannot help but deplore this condition, and hope to see it remedied in the near future.

We understand perfectly well that when a man starts out in life he hasn't much time to fool away. He is busy and enthused in his chosen work, and naturally doesn't want to bother with his old college paper. But is this the right feeling? We think not. If every alumnus of Clemson would write one article a year, it would help wonderfully. THE CHRONICLE would soon be recognized and appreciated by her sisters, and would in a few years prove a source of pride and pleasure to every graduate of the college.



Exchange Department

V. B. HALL, }
S. T. HILL, }

EDITORS

We are glad to note an improvement in the last issue of *The Georgian*. We say improvement, but we do not mean that it has yet reached the top round of college publications. "Christmas Greetings" is a very pr  tty little poem, but why so many quotations? It is to be hoped that its author could supply the thought desired, instead of going elsewhere to find it. We could say that "Love and War" is a well written story, if we cared to draw upon our imagination to such an extent; but since we do not wish to let our imagination get the better of us, we will have to admit that it could be improved greatly by a little study. Is it customary for young men to jump from the branches of tall magnolia trees, grasp the neck of an enemy, and place a pistol to his temple before his adversary can raise a hand in his own defence? We say not.

We always look forward with interest to the arrival of *The Carolinian*, for seldom does it come to our table when it is not well filled with interesting and instructive matter. The December issue is up to its usual standing. We would suggest, however, that its editors be more careful in the future, for we notice that instead of one page of history "seeming to have dropped into it, that several pages of his-

tory, by some means, has found its way into its columns." "The Colonel's Body Guard" is a very good story of its kind, though it has a poor ending. The editorials are good, but we beg to differ with their editor when he says that a college magazine should deal exclusively with college affairs. A college magazine that can deal with questions of the day as well as with college affairs, has made a long stride toward success.

The editors of *The Winthrop Journal* seem lately to have a very decided propensity for tales of slavery days. "How Old Hannah Saved the Meat"—the latest of this series—is not a bad story; true, Chandler Harris or Thos. Nelson Page might possibly have handled the negro dialect a little more naturally, but perhaps they have both had more experience than the authoress of this little story. Seriously, the article was very gracefully written, and the plot, while not quite so abstruse as—well, "*Les Miserables*"—is still of sufficient interest to be entertaining.

When I began reading "The Nest of Nightingales," my wonder was aroused greatly. My wonder grew as I read. "Wonderful," I said—"strange," "mysterious," "wierd," "supernatural"—then a little note at the end caught my eye. "*Translated from the French*," it said, and "Oh, the Dickens?" I said.

We must congratulate the *University of Tennessee Magazine* upon their poets. Scarcely ever does an issue of that magazine arrive that does not contain several good poems. "The Editor's Dream," this month, is, we think, the best. The poem is cleverly conceived and cleverly worked up. Strange, the author would not own his work. The stories, too, might be worse, to say the least of it.

As usual, *The Limestone Star* is in the front rank of college exchanges. They, too, are well filled with poems.

From Our Exchanges

DECEMBER.

December's sky is clear to-night,
Her air is bracing cold;
Her sunset glow is ruddy right,
Her wind is rushing bold.

There's vigor in her atmosphere,
There's life-blood in her wind;
It rustles in the woodland sere,
The branches sigh and bend.

The hearts of men grow strong again,
From battling with the blast;
The hearts of men new life attain,
Though hope was ebbing fast.

Blow on, ye cold December winds,
O'er fallen leaves and snow;
Blow o'er the hearts of men, ye winds,
Breathe hope and vanish woe.

BANNA PARSONS, '02.

THE EDITOR'S DREAM.

"I had a dream that was not all a dream."

I wandered far within a gloomy wood
Of manuscript, in which was scarce a gleam
Of brightness—scarce a single thought was good.

I sought there food to feed the hungry presses,
Which clamored loud to me both night and morn;
A few good things I found; but most were messes
Which the hungry presses viewed with open scorn.

At length, they turned on me in sullen anger,
And eyed me as mad presses only can;
I lost my wonted, soft, poetic languor,
And must I write it boldly here?—I *ran*.

Fast though I ran, the presses ran still faster;
And “thumping, banging, clattering in my rear,”
They slowly did my swiftness overmaster,
And ever drew their clanking still more near.

At length I felt them seize me by my trousers,
And run me their hugh rollers swiftly through;
I tell you, but my yells were surely rousers,
As the whirring wheels about my cranium flew.

But when I issued forth, I felt elated—
I had not felt a single twinge of pain;
While my form, before somewhat attenuated,
Was now drawn out full twice as long again.

If I before was long, I now was longer—
I covered full ten pages of fine print;
The presses now had satisfied their hunger—
Their eyes now lost their eager, famished glint.

What mattered it, that I was thin and flat,
And most unint'esting to reader's eye;
What mattered it, that I was full of plat-
Itudes and also most extremely dry?

The magazine was filled and issued forth,
To spread abroad its burden of great thought;

'Tis true, between the critics South and North,
A fierce and fiery battle then was fought.

Some held the piece too deep for mortal mind,
And filled with superhuman wisdom, wit;
While others said they ne'er a thought could find,
Although they well had searched, inside of it.

"A change came o'er the spirit of my dream"—
Indeed, I dreamed no longer—I awoke;
My ears received strong language in a stream—
My ribs received a most ungodly poke.

The printer's devil stood beside my couch,
And while he clamored for more stuff to print,
He poked my ribs. I cried, "Enough! Hold! Ouch!"
(I thought, forsooth, my ribs would need a splint.)

And when I'd gotten him to stop at last,
I rose and took my dull and lazy pen;
Upon the paper, I my dream swift cast,
To make more happy, souls of weary men.

The thing I wrote, it was a wondrous compound,
Of grave philosophy and humor—nit;
Its meter could ten critics straightway dumbfound—
But why describe it further?—This is it.

—*Exchange.*

Lorin Oscar King.

WHEREAS, it has pleased our Heavenly Father to remove from our midst LORIN OSCAR KING, a much beloved classmate. We do humbly submit to the will of the Divine Creator. Therefore, be it resolved:

1st. That the Senior Class do extend its sympathy to his family in this their great bereavement.

2d. That a page in the Annual of 1903 be dedicated to the memory of his life.

3d. That a copy of these resolutions be sent his parents; also that a copy be published in THE CHRONICLE, and in the Anderson county papers.

(Signed)

H. C. SAHLMAN,

J. H. WYSE,

W. H. BARNWELL,

Committee.

Local Department.

EDITORS:

H. C. SAHLMAN

C. W. LEGERTON



Ere this magazine comes from print, those horrors of all college students—examinations—will have come and gone. We sincerely hope that all of the frowning faces and thoughtfully knit brows that we see now will by then be turned into smiles of pleasure, and that to the roll-call we can all answer, "Here."

A hook and ladder outfit has been added to the fire protecting equipment of the college, and the cadets are receiving instructions in the fire drill.

G. F. Mitchell, of last year's class, who has for a short while held a position in the agricultural department of the college, has resigned and will go to the Florida A. & M. College, where he will be connected with Prof. Connor, who was associated with this college last year.

Mr. B. H. Lawrence, of the Senior Class, has been elected to fill the place on THE CHRONICLE staff made vacant by Mr. Dew's retirement from college.

At a recent meeting of the Senior Class, Mr. B. F. Pegues was elected Prophet, and Mr. G. F. Norris, Treasurer. The class is lucky in having such men as these to fill these places.

The lecture of Dr. Thomas H. Dinsmore, on the night of January the ninth, was a distinct popular success, and was heard by nearly the entire student body. He has the unusual ability of being amusing, entertaining and instructive at the same time. His handling of the subject, "The Wonderful Structure," was excellent, and his chemical experiments and illustrations were very interesting. His delivery was splendid, and his tribute to man was exceptionally eloquent. We hope to hear Prof. Dinsmore again next year.

A sample of Limburger cheese for the Junior Dairying Class came by express recently, and was placed in the Treasurer's office. President Mell had the janitor hunting for a dead rat!

The following officers have been elected in the three societies for the third quarter:

Calhoun.

President—H. C. Tillman.

Vice-President—W. M. Wightman.

Critic—B. F. Pegues.

Recording Secretary—S. G. Bryan.

Corresponding Secretary—F. T. Hamlin.

Sergeant-at-Arms—V. Baker.

Assistants—R. F. Gooding, D. J. Dunlop.

Columbian.

President—W. H. Barnwell.

Vice-President—H. Green.

Literary Critic—J. H. Wyse.

Recording Secretary—J. M. Hill.

Corresponding Secretary—P. L. Elias.

Prosecuting Critic—L. E. Boykin.

Recording Critics—C. W. Mack and C. H. Newman.

Sergeant-at-Arms—V. Livingston.

Palmetto.

President—W. E. G. Black.

Vice-President—G. L. Morrison.

Secretary—A. J. Spear.

Literary Critic—A. M. Henry.

Prosecuting Critic—S. O. O'Bryan.

Censor—B. F. Lee.

Sergeant-at-Arms—W. M. Raysor.

Reporting Critics—J. Brodie, O. L. Derrick, R. L. Link and N. Wakefield.

Professor U. (lecturing) : Rice has been known in history ever since the book of Exodus was written.

Cadet J—: Professor, is that book in the library?

According to Major L.'s assertion, there is a new organization in the army—*the calvary!*

Prof. B. (to class) : Why have the bells been ringing so lightly to-day?

Cadet Weir : The clock in the guard room has run down, sir!

Mrs. Dr. James has recently joined her husband, who is Professor of Textile Chemistry and Dyeing at the college.

Mr. J. E. Harrall was recently elected an editor on *The Oconeean* staff.

One of the late issues of the *Outing* gives a list of the football teams of the United States, according to their relative rank. We are glad to note that Clemson ranks twenty-third. This is not at all bad, considering the large number of good teams in America.

Ask the Captain and Adjutant about his namesake! He should be justly proud of "it!"

Cadet M— says he is not going to be "vaccillinated" any more.

The Barbecue

Mr. Schilletter never does things by halves! The supper that he tendered the Senior Class on the night of January the sixth goes far to prove the above assertion. About sixty members of the class were present and enjoyed to the fullest the bountiful repast set before them. Mr. Chisolm, a member of the class, furnished the deer for the barbecue, having shot them on his father's reserves near Charleston. They were barbecued as only "Shorty" can barbecue them, and were served to the boys in the dining hall, together with other substantial foods. Toasts were made to the class, to Mr. Schilletter and to Mr. Chisolm, after which three rousing cheers and a tiger were given for "Shorty" and "Billy." The members of the class then returned to their rooms with pleasant memories, which will always linger with them, of "Shorty" and his barbecue.

Cadet Weir, J. A., is now First Sergeant of Co. D. Cadet Norton, C., holds a similar place in the military make-up of Co. H.

Mr. A. Schilletter recently entertained at his hospitable home on the Boulevard, THE CHRONICLE and *The Oconeean* staff.

In the early evening when the host led the guests into the large dining room, the eyes of the young editors were at once captivated by the splendor of the scene. The guests

were soon seated about the great festive boards, which were laden with the choicest of viands, hot breads and other delicacies.

After this sumptuous repast every one returned to the parlor, and several of the young men rendered vocal selections.

Later in the evening the host again led his young guests into the dining room, and this time the scene that the eyes beheld equaled that of the early evening. The tables were now supplied with a variety of cake, cream puffs and French waffles with cocoa.

The parlor was again the scene of much enjoyment and merriment when the party returned from the dining room. Those who were lucky enough to be present will long remember the pleasant evening spent at Mr. Schilleter's.

Wants

Joe—A collar for Trilby.

Turk—A cure for a desperate case of love.

Slattery—A trap to catch three mice a night.

Wylie—To write to his Yankee.

Billy W.—To open up a fish market.

Riggs—To hunt rabbits on the river when it freezes over this winter.

Cad Coles—To give each of his friends a photo of the Assistant Manager.

Fox—The bugler to stop blowing reveille these winter mornings when the mercury hangs about 25°.

Greasy—The air ships and winged men of the twenty-first century.

Percy Wilbur—To meet a sperm whale in the road sometime when he's out hunting.

Bradford—to tell you something about nothing he saw in Jacksonville.

Senior Class—To find out the location of the Clemson Female Academy.

Vet—To know what Pig's wife will do for clothes after they are married thirty days.

Reid 1—To find out what is worn on undress parade.

Cullum—A place to sleep.

It is a pleasure to announce that ex-Cadet M. E. Zeigler, of Class '02, has been recently appointed by Congressman Lever as his private secretary. We wish to further say, in this connection, that Congressman Lever has always shown especial interest in Clemson College. It was he who, while a member of the South Carolina Legislature, nominated Mr. L. A. Sease as Trustee for this institution—the first Clemson alumnus whose name was ever mentioned for a position on the Board. He now gives further evidence of his regard for Clemson by selecting his private secretary from among the ranks of her alumni. Clemson feels grateful for the favors of this young Congressman, and desires to hereby express her gratitude. We congratulate our old college chum upon his appointment, and predict much success for him in his new vocation. Mr. Zeigler was one of the brightest students in the Class '02, and represented the college last year in the State oratorical contest, winning second gold medal.

On Tuesday evening, January 13th, Miss Mamie Harrison, the well known soprano singer, and Mr. Shepherd Webb, accompanist, assisted by the Clemson Orchestra, gave a most delightful and pleasing entertainment. Miss Harrison has one of the sweetest voices that has ever been heard in the Memorial Hall this season, and she was compelled to deliver several numbers not on the programme by the scores

of encores from a large and appreciative audience. Mr. Webb rendered several selections on the piano, which spoke only in the highest terms of the performer. The music furnished by the orchestra finished up the rest of the evening's entertainment.

J. T. Rob: Was not Gaston and Alphonso two of the leading characters in "The Leopard's Spots?"

Billy Drew: I saw some of the finest golf ponies when I was home Xmas, you ever laid eyes on.

Top: I am going to India and marry some nice looking prince and come back home a princess.

Abel (admiring Major's epaulettes): I think those architects you wear are very neat.

Prof. of Chem.: What effect did heat have on the substance that I gave you?

Rat: It vocalized, sir.

Joe: Professor, the Bible says the earth was made in six days, and were those days of the same length as our days?

Professor: The day spoken of in that part of the Bible is an age.

Joe: Well, then, did the Lord rest an age on the seventh day?

There are many rumors of love and marriage afloat on the Hill; perhaps we may be able to confirm these rumors in a later issue.

The Senior Class seems to be bent on traveling. Many of the number expect to leave for India during the latter part

of the summer, while still a goodly number go West, and others to South America. May prosperity be with them all on their long trips.

Joe Wyse and Vet Sitton are greatly puzzled to know just what kind of material their roommate is made of. Some time ago, "Pig" was suffering from consumption in its worst and most dangerous form. No sooner had he fully recovered from this malady than he was stricken with diabetes. Before they thought he had time to fully recover from this sore affliction, he made the startling announcement that he was a victim of appendicitis. His strong constitution had no sooner discarded this harvester of life than he was attacked by that most dreaded affliction, peritonitis. He displayed valor and heroism in this great struggle for existence like a Napoleon, but it seems that poor Pig is doomed; for before his physicians could report the results of their consultations, he found himself within the deadly grasp of meningitis; but grit and determination won life once again. And a few days ago room 80 was thrown into the greatest excitement by the announcement that Pig had contracted a severe case of Bright's disease. Wyse and Sitton are waiting in breathless expectation for the next report to be bubonic plague.

Junior Breese (introduced this figure in a recent society debate): See the beautiful "*sunset*" "*rising*" peacefully over the snow-flaked ocean waves.

Mr. Chas. Dew recently left college to accept a position with an engineering party under Major Lee, of Greenwood. The party is now in Alabama on some important work for the Seaboard Air Line. Mr. Dew was one of the literary editors on THE CHRONICLE staff, and we realize that the loss of Mr. Dew from the staff and from the college was a

great one. We wish our friend much success in his work.

Pig Pegues says he doesn't care whether he marries a rich woman or not; but his wife *must* have clothes enough to last her thirty days after they are married.

Cadet J. T. Beaty was called home a few days ago on account of the death of his father. The entire corps sympathizes with Cadet Beaty in his great bereavement.

Prof.: What was the platform of the Democrats in '86?"

Dwight: A wooden one, on which the candidate spoke to the voter.

The Clemson College Science Club held its regular meeting Friday night, January 16th. The meeting was well attended and the students turned out in great number. Professor Haven Metcalf's talk on "Bacteriology of Milk," was interesting, as well as instructing, and illustrated with many excellent slides. Professor C. O. Upton followed with an interesting lecture on "Prescription Milk."

Professor D. W. Daniel was recently married to Miss Eva Jones, of Batesburg. Miss Jones is a charming and amiable young lady and the daughter of Mayor Jones.

"Quiet reigns supreme and all is still on the Seneca." Yet all of his majesty Col. Sirmyer's troops wear an expression of fear, while conversation is carried on in hushed tones. Even the "big brawny full-back" has lost that serenity of countenance; his mouth is puckered and drawn; the "fleet footed end" has ceased to sleep the sleep of the just; the penchy little quarter sits alone by his table with "weeping and gnashing of teeth;" the merry Captain refused to answer

"*we* are ready;" while the big "center rush" is deaf to the word, "hike;" and the once enthusiastic Manager has lost confidence in himself at last. The manager of the "cinder" lovers wipes big briny tears from his dreamy eyes—he will not be comforted; the tennis players have laid their rackets aside; and the merry "ping-pong" sound no longer charms Clemson cadets. The Editor-in-Chief has laid his pen in its stand; the poet no longer dreams of love; and the sentinel's steady tread has ceased to soothe the weary to sleep, for in a very short time all will be thrown in the deadly whirlpool of examinations.

Senior Bill Nye recently asked professor of geology, "whether he had ever heard tell of an animal that could stand with its hind feet in the chapel, front feet in the hotel and drink water out of the standpipe?"

Clemson College Directory

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CLEMSON COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

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T. S. Perrin, Business Manager.

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S. G. Bryan, Secretary.

COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

W. H. Barnwell, President.

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PALMETTO LITERARY SOCIETY.

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J. R. Connor, Secretary.

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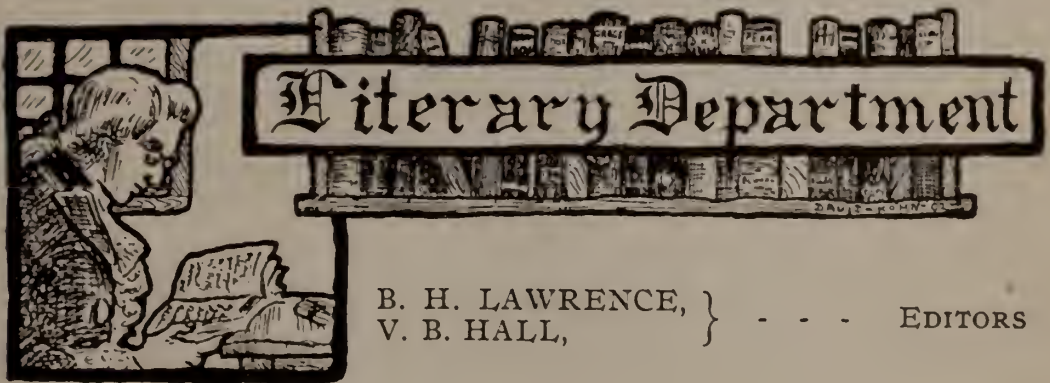
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No. 6



B. H. LAWRENCE, }
V. B. HALL, } - - - EDITORS

Spring

And now the sun begins to send
His warmth to earth again.
It comes on the wings of vernal winds;
It falls with the April rain.
The staid old earth takes on new life;
Spring sunshine falls around;
The woods grow green, and violets rife
Blot out the sober brown.

The sky has packed away its gray
And melancholy hue;
And, while the earth regales in green,
It turns a deeper blue.
Ah, then, we feel such pent up joy
That, like the birds, we sing;
And in our own bright Southern home
We welcome back the Spring.

Let March's sweeping winds blow on,
Their howlings now are vain;
They smite the land, and life springs forth
From whence it long has lain.
Soon shall we hear both far and near
The voice of Nature ring;
And birds and bees in whisp'ring trees
Proclaim the new-born Spring. R. E. M.

Letters From an Old Graduate to His Son, Henry, at Clemson College

FORT EXPERIENCE, S. C., March 9, 1903.

Dear Henry: If there is one thing in this world upon which humanity puts a premium, it is originality. Your last letter gave me the impression that you were trying for the blue ribbon sure, for you not only wrote in such a hurried way, that your words seemed to stagger and fall, but you spelled half of them abominably, and I am afraid you were trying to be different from others. Now, if there's one thing that admits of no originality, it is your spelling. Shakespeare has never received his full meed of praise on account of his unique spelling. But in these latter days of realism it will not do for you to follow in his footsteps, as you will soon find that you will fall short in the count. So, while I am a high favorite of originality, I suggest that you do not practice it in your spelling. The way old man Webster spelled is good enough for me. It is the "kind you have always had." While I am on this subject of originality, I will try to impress upon your verdant brain the value of being one's-self, and nobody else. If you will just consider that there is being born one person every second, you will see at a glance, the enormous number of people on this one planet, not to

mention several other planets equally as populous. Now, when there are so many people and each one is relatively a grain of sand, it makes considerable difference to one whether he is exactly like the other grains of sand around him, or just a little different. Each man has a brain of his own, and no two brains are alike. If each were to follow his own ideas, instead of some other person's ideas, how different would be all the events of this life. But unfortunately we are all influenced by environment, to a certain extent, and when custom dictates, we all fall over each other in our scramble to follow in her footsteps. If there is one thing that is proof positive of man's descent from the monkey, it is his natural inclination to ape somebody else. We all are copyists, imitators, and, like the monkey, we sometimes do very ludicrous things on this account. One of the principal reasons why the negro race will never reach an intellectual ascendancy, is because they are by nature imitators, rather than originators. Now, if you will recognize the universal tendency to copy after others, you must allow that where one man is so constituted that he refuses to follow in other people's tracks, but has sufficient amount of individuality to blaze out a path for himself, then that is the man who becomes a leader among men, and humanity accepts him as a gift from God. Each man can make of himself a human beacon, if he will first realize his inherent nature, his individuality, his own special uniqueness, and then thrust aside all customs, all accepted methods, and branch out for himself in new paths, and explore for himself new regions. We can each do this if we want to, but many are very willing to follow some one else. We are too lazy, most of us, to undertake such a task, and a large majority have never realized their own abilities, because they have been brought up in an atmosphere. It begins at home, where the child apes the parent, the younger sister apes the older, and it is carried

on at school, and finds a fertile field at college. The herding together of four hundred boys under one roof, like a flock of sheep or cows; the marching in squads and companies and sections; the numbering of each individual like a piece of machinery—all this tends to make one forget his own individuality and merely think of himself as “number 16,” or the third man from the corporal. You are treated as a composite whole, and the individual unit is lost in the shuffle. Now, to overcome this lost identity which life at college accentuates, I want you to do a little side work on your own account, and for your own salvation. I want you to start off with the realization that you are entirely different from every other boy in college. You have thoughts that no other boy has; you see things that no other boy sees; you are an individual, not a part of your section or company, and you are responsible to your God for your life-effort and your death-reward. With this feeling in your heart, put it into practice in everything you do. It is not an abstract theory which reads well, but cannot be practiced. It is vital to your salvation, and can be executed in all the ramifications of your college life. Get out of the notion that you are dependent on any other boy for assistance in your daily work. Determine to do all your work without suggestions from any one, and if the old way is long and tedious, then make a new one and go that way. See where short cuts can be made, and make them without regard to precedent. If there is one curse in this life, it is the worship of “Precedent.” Make your own precedents, and you will make your own name. Thrill with the knowledge of your God-given power to see for yourself, and don’t try to see through some one else. Brains were made to use, not to lie dormant. Use yours in every act, and execute its dictates, as you would a command from your Maker. Don’t pay any attention to popularity, or prejudice. Stand alone, firm in the faith of your own possibilities, and

let the trucklers "crook the pregnant hinges of the knee." Now, all this may sound theoretical, but it isn't. I want to tell you that you can exercise this gospel in all that you do. Stand on the gangway and watch that group of boys just going down to the postoffice. Do you notice that one of them is in the middle? You see how the two on his side are hanging on him, one with his arm around his waist, and the other with his arm around his neck? The one in the middle is the real man. The other two are hangers-on, dependents, trucklers, and possessed of no individuality. The boy in the middle is a leader, because he has a mind of his own and always exercises it. He hangs on no one—he lets them hang on him. There used to be a boy in our class who never went out on the campus alone. He was always with some other, on whom he hung his arm and looked up to for guidance. Now, that boy was not physically weak—he had a splendid physique; but his mind was inactive. You can always judge a boy by his appearance. If he is proverbially hugging some other boy, he is mentally dormant—he has no backbone—he is a parasite. Go up to your society hall, and note the boy who has the floor in some debate. He is speaking strongly, and all are listening to his words; he shows that his mind is active. Then the next one gets up and reads some platitudes, and sits down without having impressed one of his audience; he is the ape, the imitator, the weakling. A little later the business session begins, and one boy rises to suggest some action. Immediately the ape is heard: "I second the motion." Yes, he seconds everything. Why didn't he make the motion? Because he was not using his powers of observation. He is a chronic second-fiddle; he is a living echo—he is a shadow of some one else. And so I might take you into the class-room and into the laboratory and into all the various fields of action, and you will see the man of individuality standing forth like a Titan among the Lillipu-

tians, and around him a group of gaping boys, who grin when he grins, and frown when he frowns. It is all an example of the lack of backbone among human beings. Suppose every boy were to exercise his own mind in all affairs, don't you think there would be more progress made and more success attained? This slow world would move forward in bounds and leaps, and instead of being an age of electricity, it would have passed that stage long ago, and would now be delving in the science of things unimagined at this date. It is only because there are so few real men in each century that we have made so little progress. Had each man used his powers as he should have done, aeons of success would be our reward.

I am afraid I have fallen into a sort of sermon, and I did not intend to do that. I do not think boys are influenced by precept so much as by example, but I have had this thing on my mind so long that I just had to get rid of it, or I'd become top-heavy. I don't want you to start out in your college life with the idea that you are only one ordinary grain of sand, and go through life with the feeling of "what's the difference," that has sent so many people to the gallows and the head-block. I want you to put a value on yourself. It is just as sinful to undervalue your own worth as to overvalue it. The first is not so common, but it is a very great mistake. Just you keep before you the belief that there is no one made of any better clay than you are, and the only way to test it is to get under the weather. Then we can soon see whether your name is MUD or not. But don't go to the other extreme and be egotistical. Egotism is too often mistaken for genius. If you recognize your capabilities, you must at the same time appreciate your defects, and no man who values himself correctly can be anything but humble. Far-sightedness is responsible for humility. You see what a little thing you are after all, and *per se*, you try to make that little thing of some value.

I am glad to see that you are taking all the various branches, and not becoming a specialist so early in the game. Time enough when you have laid a firm foundation of general knowledge to specialize. But a boy who starts out in life to specialize without a solid foundation of "General Knowledge," is in as bad a fix as the house that was built on the quick-sands. It soon caved in, and all that was visible was an eloquent hole. It is not necessary for you to be an expert in any one line to be a successful man in that special line. All you have to have is a good general knowledge of that branch, and the expert business will grow on you by your own investigations. You don't have to be a Rockefeller to be a good judge of oil paintings; and while I don't think I ever laid an egg in my life, I believe I am a better judge of eggs than any hen in the country. I am often reminded of a little incident that happened to me when I was at Clemson. The rules of the college do not permit the organization of secret societies; so we, of course, out of pure contrariness, decided to organize one. I had about five of my friends to meet me in my room one Saturday night, and we organized what was known as the "Pi Mu" Society, though what "Pi Mu" meant, not one of us was scholar enough to tell. But, anyhow, we elected our officers, and we had some mighty high sounding titles, as it didn't cost anything extra. We had a Grand Sachem, and a Keeper of Records and Seals, and a Keeper of the Outer Door, and a Keeper of the Inner Door, and all the other necessary personages to make it a high-toned society. Of course, we each had to hold an office of some kind, so as to avoid jealousy. Well, we then proceeded to invite five more close friends to join our conclave, so that we could have the extreme pleasure of initiating them. None of us had ever been inside of a secret society, but we had pretty strong ideas as to the importance of initiating a new member frequently, so as not to let the

interest of the old members lag. We did get five more boys to join, one by one, and the time we had initiating them was a thing never to be forgotten by us, and especially by them. One by one, we had them crawl in under a table in front of the door, and then one of the officers would roll off the table on top of the incoming member. Then he would be made to bow to the Sachem, with his eyes blindfolded, and when he bowed, the basin of cold water was there for him to dip his nose into. Then he had to take a long whiff of the bottle of hartshorn, and one boy was so full of faith that he took too big a whiff and he was sick for some succeeding seconds. After going through several similar events too private to mention here, his eyes were unclosed, and he was duly initiated a member. He was then given the consolation of initiating the next member, and the degree of enthusiasm he exhibited in doing his part to the next man, was sufficient evidence that the revengeful feelings had not entirely passed away from the mortal in this age of higher education. But the fact that we had none of us ever seen the interior of a secret society did not debar us from inventing the best series of initiatory exercises extant; and since I have joined one of the leading secret societies in the country, I must admit that we had a pretty good idea of what constituted the programme.

Well, I believe I have written about all I have on my massive brain at this time, and I do not want to weary you too much, for fear my fatherly advice will become wearisome. Keep pegging away at your work and you will have to succeed. Write me often and tell all that you have observed. Remember the best study you have at college is the study of human nature. Keep on the lookout for a real man among the parodies you have around you, and whenever you find one, hang to him like grim death, without sacrificing your own individuality. Be a positive factor in life, not a negative one. If you can't do a good thing all the time, do

something not so good, but do something. Lots of people who are not acrobats should learn to take a tumble to themselves. It is better to allow your enthusiasm to run away with you than to be anchored to a wet blanket. Don't be a silly butterfly, without any serious ideas. Even a burglar has to take life seriously. Remember that the only time you really get bouquets thrown at you in dead earnest is at your funeral. Don't start out on the road to success by buying a return ticket. Resolve that there will be no return.

Your loving

FATHER.

[NOTE.—This is the fourth of the letters contributed by Mr. W. L. MOISE.—EDITOR.]

“Marse Billy”

“A story, honey? Well, well. De ole man's gittin' mighty feeble en he can't 'member very well. Er pipeful would help 'im 'long consider'ble.”

The youngster fished out of his pocket a small sack of tobacco. “Father sent it to you, Uncle Eph. Now tell me a story about before the war—tell me about grand-pa,” said the boy, as he threw a pine knot on the fire and settled himself comfortably on the cracker box which served as a chair. The old darkey smoked his pipe in silence for a few seconds.

“Your grand-pa wuz a mighty venturesome man, honey. He wan't 'fraid er nothin'. I wuz give ter him when he wuz a baby, en we growed up tergether. We rid the colts tergether en we went fishin' tergether, en when he went ter school on his black pony, I come behin' him on 'er mule wid his dinner. Once when de niggers down ter the 'quarters' wuz gwine coon huntin', Ole Marse 'lowed Marse Billy wan't gwine, en Marse Billy 'lowed ter me he *wuz*, en tole me ter wait down ter de cow lot. Dat night, when de boys begin

blowin' their horns, Marse Billy crawled out'n his winder en drapped ter the groun', en we went on de hunt. Law, de fun we did have! Marse Billy come in late dat night, an' de nex' mawnin' after breakfas' he walk out in de hall ter whar Ole Marse wuz gittin' ready ter ride ter town.

" 'Father, I went huntin' las' night,' said he, lookin' Ole Marse squar' in de eye.

" 'Ole Marse wuz pullin' on his gloves en holdin' his ridin' whip under his arm.

" 'Ef I 'member kereckly, I tole you not ter go, sah,' says he.

" 'Yes, sah.'

" 'En you wilfully disobeyed me, sah?'

" 'Yes, sah.'

" 'Der is but one thing fer me ter do,' says Ole Marse, es he raised his whip.

" 'Marse Billy never budge, but his face turn kinder white—jes' then Ole Missus step in de hall en saw de whip en her boy en all. Der wuz a 'swish' of her dress en de nex' I know she had Ole Marse's whip in one han' en de other arm 'round Marse Billy.

" 'William, William, what are you doin'?' she axed, sort er scared en sort er mad.

" 'He wilfully disobeyed me en went huntin' las' night, en he mus' be punished,' said Ole Marse.

" 'He come by it hones', William.'

" 'Now, Ole Marse wuz the bull-headedest man in de county, en he knowed it; en besides, Ole Missus looked mighty temptin' wid her blue eyes en her soft shiny hair. Ole Marse looked at her fer er minite, den he leaned over en kissed her gently, den picked up his whip whar Ole Missus had drappd it, en walked out'n de house. Den Ole Missus en Marse Billy had er long talk, en der nex' mawnin' Marse Billy ax Ole Marse's pardon fer disobeyin' 'im. After dat

Marse Billy quit all his triflin', en his jaw begin ter git squar' like Ole Marse's. Den dey sent him off ter college. Lordy how lonesome hit wuz. Ever week Ole Missus 'ud call me in en read his letter. Long in June, when de niggers wuz sidin' cotton en hoein' cawn, Marse Billy come home. He shook han's wid ever nigger on de place, en everybody wuz happy. Fer three months we rid up en down the road ter dances en straw-rides en parties en picnics. Dem sho' wuz lively times. Dey wuz too good ter las', though, en Marse Billy had ter go off ergin. Dis kept up fer three years fore he come home fer good. He sho' wuz good ter look at, wid his laughin' blue eyes en curly brown hair like Ole Missus, en his tall, straight body en squar' jaw like Ole Marse fer de world. I wuz dat proud er him! One mawnin' at break-fas', Ole Marse 'lowed he wuz too good lookin' ter stay free long; some gal 'ud git 'im soon; en I 'greed wid 'im, fer de ladies thought monstrous lot o' him. Not long after dis Marse Billy say ter me:

“ ‘Eph, I don't believe I'll ever fall in love—des natcherly not built dat way.’

“Den Miss Jessie came. Her pa wuz a doctor from Washington, who bought de plantation jinin' ours, en started ter farmin' fer his health. De first night after Marse Billy had seen her he said ter me:

“ ‘Eph, I'm 'gwine ter marry that girl,' en I beliveed 'im.

“Well, sir, he went at it like he wuz fightin' fire, en before de summer wuz over hit wuz a settled fact. 'Twuz long in July o' dis summer dat Marse Billy cowed Sam Guilford, a piece er po' white trash, fer sassin' ole Marse. In August, Marse Billy went ter speakin' fer the Legislater 'gainst young Marse Evans. They wuz both powerful hot-headed, en everybody 'lowed there'd be a duel 'fore de 'lection wuz over, 'specially since Marse Evans wuz one of them what had got lef' when Miss Jessie took Marse Billy. The mawnin'

of the speakin' at the cote house, me en Marse Billy went by ter see Miss Jessie. I stood in de yard en held de hosses while he went in. After while dey come out on de piazza, en he try ter kiss her good-bye. She laugh en push him off; den all of er sudden de smiles lef' her face, en she walk close up ter him en ketchin' hold of his cote with one han' on one side er his collar en one on der other, she looked up in his face with her soft brown eyes shinin' wet like en her lips tremblin, en said:

“ ‘Billy, you'll be careful, won't you? For my sake, Billy. Promis' me you will.’

“Ez she stood dar wid de sunshine fallin' on her face I saw fer de fust time what make Marse Billy love her so. He slipped his arms 'round her, leaned his head down en whispered somethin' in er ear. She hid her face in his cote, en he, laughin' like, kissed her once, twice, on de hair, den run down de steps, jumped on his hoss en galloped off. De speakin' come off mighty pleasant fer everbody, en dat evenin' we started home er little ahead er Miss Jessie's pa en er friend er his what wuz visitin' him. I wuz listenin' ter the pines groanin' en thinkin' of er little gal at home, when jist es we crossed Stony Branch, er little milky lookin' puff er smoke shot out'n de bushes er head en one er them mountain rifles cracked spiteful like, same es er waggin whip. Marse Billy staggered in 'is saddle en den cotched 'imself, holdin' one han' ter his breas'.

“ ‘Eph, I'm shot,’ he said, sort er whisperry like, en fell inter my arms. I wuz plum crazy.

“ ‘Marse Billy! Marse Billy! Oh Gawd! Marse Billy!’

“Miss Jessie's pa en his friend came galloppin' up, axin' what wuz de matter. I couldn't open my mouth; I des sot on my hoss holdin' Marse Billy in my arms, wid de blood runnin' all over my han's. De nex' thing I 'member I wuz in de hall at Miss Jessie's, en everbody wuz movin' round

quiet en de lamps wuz burnin' low. Dey had brought Marse Billy there, en both Miss Jessie's pa en his friend, who wuz a doctor, too, wuz wid him. Ole Marse en Ole Missus wuz in de room, en long 'bout sunrise, Miss Jessie, lookin' mighty pale en ghost-like, knocked on de do' an dey let her in. 'Bought eight er clock de ole Methodis' preacher rid up en es he come up de steps, Ole Marse steps out'n de room en saw him.

" 'Wuz jist goin' ter send fer you, sah. He's gettin' on very well, tho' he's very weak.' Dey went in tergether en den Ole Marse looked out en called, 'Ephraim.'

" 'I crep' in en shut de do' easy. Miss Jessie wuz on her knees by de bed, holdin' Marse Billy's han', Ole Missus by her side, en de ole preacher standin' over dem wid de prayer book in his han'. At first I didn't understand what dey wuz doin', den all of er sudden it come ter me dat dey wuz bein' married. De preacher wuz readin' out'n de book, en Marse Billy en Miss Jessie wuz sayin' de words after him. When dey come ter de las', 'Till death us do part,' Miss Jessie drapped her head down on his han' en sobbed like her heart wuz broke. Den my eyes got blurred en I huddled down in de corner en prayed ter Gawd ter let me die en save Marse Billy. After while de doctors make us all leave 'cept Miss Jessie, en den come de days er waitin' en prayin'. Lord, how I prayed fer Marse Billy. Den he begin ter git better 'n better, en finally wuz out er danger. De doctor from Washington tell me one day:

" 'Ephraim, 'twuz love en nothin' but love dat saved your marster's life;' en I knowed 'twuz so.

" 'Now, dat po' buckrah, Sam Guilford, what Marse Billy had cowed, hadn't been seen since Marse Billy wuz shot; en one day when Ole Marse wuz sittin' on de piazza, one er de han's brung him Sam's powder-horn, en said he had found it down in de bushes near Stony Branch. Den everybody

wuz sho' dat Sam Guilford had done de shootin'. Ole Marse had a warrant swore out, but dey never could find dat skunk."

The wind was sighing and moaning softly around the corners of the log cabin. The old negro sat staring for a few moments at the fire, which had burned down to a bank of red embers. Presently he looked up.

"You'd better go home now, honey. It's gittin' powerful late. Your ma 'll git worried."

The boy walked softly to the door and raised the latch. "Good night, Uncle Eph."

"Good night, honey."

LAWRENCE, '03.

"Life's Sunset Sea"

The stream of life is full of dread,
Rough shoals its course bestrew;
Its shores with shattered crafts are spread,
Its faithful pilots few.

We are oft beset with storms without,
With skies as black as night;
Hoarse billows roar, and gloomy doubt
Snuffs the last lingering light.

But the broadening stream more slowly moves,
And the shoals are farther apart;
As each one nears the scene he loves,
With eager, yearning heart.

Have you ever stood on the shores of time,
Gazing out on the sunset sea;
And longed to sail o'er the waves sublime,
When life from its care is free?

Such joy it is to the faithful few,
Who the sturdy craft yet man;
As out they glide on the ebbing blue,
Coursed to a fairer land.

All earthly cares are soon forgot.
All worldly pleasures flee;
Entranced they stand, and, lost in thought,
Gaze on the sunset sea.

Ten thousand wave-crests tipped with flame
Sweep by with the ebbing tide;
A halo, dreamy, without a name,
Envelopes on every side.

The sea, the sky, they seem to blend,
And lose themselves in space;
While all their beauty tries to lend
Light to each eager face.

Ah, the fitting close of a noble life—
A taste of immortality;
Is to silently slip from the shores of strife
For a cruise on the sunset sea. R. E. M.

Pure Democracy

Since the beginning of the human race, the forms of government have been becoming more and more democratic. The earlier governments, as we learn from history, were chiefly of the monarchical form. In Adam we find the first king, when God placed him over the Garden of Eden. He was king because he had absolute and undisputed control in the government of man. But instead of an absolute monarchy, the first form of government may be considered a

pure democracy—and the only pure democracy—for every man had an equal share in the management of the government. But when the inhabitants of the earth began to increase, it became necessary to choose between these two forms of government. Naturally, father governed son, the elder brother the younger, and in this way father was made king, with the elder son next in succession. With the increase of population the people separated themselves into families, then into tribes, and finally into nations, each having over it a ruler or king. Then government became a more complicated institution, and disputes, wars and revolutions began to occur. People became dissatisfied with their rulers, and all through the pages of history we find contests between king and people which almost invariably resulted in the transferring of some power from king to people. Roman history is filled with revolts and revolutions, the results of each adding to the power of the masses of the people. The revolutions of the French government are other examples of the ever-increasing power of the people. But the most striking example of the steady and almost unconscious growth of democracy is to be found in the changes of the English Constitution. The American Constitution grew directly out of that of England, and its adoption marked the greatest step toward democracy ever known in history. With these historical facts and the present tendency of governments before us, is it unreasonable to predict that all governments will eventually be founded on the principles of pure democracy?

Why has this mighty change taken place, and why is the present tendency of governments toward pure democracy? The objects for which governments exist, and the conditions they must satisfy, must first be considered before these questions can be answered; and then the question becomes, What form of government can best accomplish these ends and

satisfy these conditions? Though each government may have its own particular aim, yet all have the same general purpose for which they strive. To secure national dignity and greatness, and to perpetuate national existence, are the highest ambitions of all governments. And their domestic duties are to compel obedience to laws, and what is still more important, to enact laws that will suit the conditions of the people—laws that will themselves command respect and obedience; laws that will protect the weak as well as the strong; laws that will secure justice to the ignorant as well as to the intelligent; laws that will give the same rights to the poor and to the rich; laws that will foster the honorable industries of the country and crush those that are dishonorable; laws under which the country shall be peaceful and its people prosperous.

Each government has its own peculiar conditions to satisfy, its own problems to solve, its own high purpose to accomplish, its own destiny to work out. The natures, habits, desires and opinions of the people; the natural facilities and physical conditions of the country, are never the same for different nations. Now, we may answer the question, why governments tend toward democracy, by saying that democracy best fulfills the conditions and objects of governments. But this brings up a still deeper question, and that is, Why does a democracy meet these requirements best?

Any form of government, whether kingdom, aristocracy or empire, that places the power in any other hands than those of the people themselves, fails in carrying out the objects of government. It is human nature that one man, if stronger than another, will take from him whatever that other possesses and he desires. To assume this to be untrue, is to affirm that government is unnecessary, for are not governments formed to protect the weak against the

strong—to uphold the equal rights of all? If this be true, where is the philosophy of putting all power into the hands of a few? If the stronger will oppress the weaker, will the name “King” or “Ruler” change his nature? No man is by birth or virtue of his position presumably wise, and the rightful ruler and guide of the whole people. He may be honest and a man of great ability, but he has interests which are not always coincident with those of the whole country. In working for his own interest, he is obliged to infringe on the rights of others, and thus the very object of government is defeated. What is true of an individual is true of several; hence a government which places the power in the hands of a group of men likewise fails in accomplishing the very object for which it was established. But in a democracy, the power is given to no one person or group of persons. There the power is placed in the hands of those for whose benefit the government was instituted. It is placed in the hands of the people themselves, and when used in their own interest is used for the betterment of the whole nation.

No government has ever been established that maintained for any great length of time exactly its original form. Customs of the people have changed and governments have been modified to suit these customs. In other cases the power has been transferred from one person to another or from one group of persons to another group, thus making changes in the management of affairs. In many cases, and, indeed, the majority of cases, these modifications have not been for the interest of the masses of the people. But in a democracy there is one supreme power which wields the sceptre, and is at the head of all institutions, which may sway and transform them at pleasure to suit the conditions to which they are subjected, and this power is the power of the people themselves.

A century and a half ago, to have advocated and predicted

a form of government like that of the United States, would have been considered the *iridescent dream* of an idealist. And at the present time pure democracy is considered impractical. But the true democratic form is by no means impossible or inconsistent.

The chief objection in the minds of many to the rule of its people lies in the fact that all men having equal rights, the individual power of each will be infinitesimally small, and there being no law whereby these parts shall be put together, erroneous results will be obtained; and also, that all having equal rights, the country will soon come to a state of social and financial equality. But taking the other view, each man's power, though infinitesimally small, will naturally be used for his own interest, and it being equal to that of every other man, will have its proportionate weight in the decision of all matters. These small parts when brought together will constitute the ideal whole—a whole that when used in its own interest will be used in the interest of the whole nation. If giving each man equal rights, should bring the country to a state of absolute equality in all respects, the progress of the country would indeed come to a standstill. But this will never be as long as man maintains his ambitions, desires and talents. Equality of rights does not mean equality of conditions. It does not imply that every one shall command, or that every one shall be commanded; that all shall be masters, or that all shall be servants. But that commander and commanded, master and servant, shall be equal. Not equal in wealth, influence, genius and talents, but equal in rights as citizens, and having equal rights to have government suit his own peculiar conditions.

In every country there are three classes into which the people are divided—the wealthy money holders, the well-to-do middle classes, and the poor, uneducated people. The government that tends to separate these classes tends to divide

the country ; the government that tends to bring these classes together tends to unite the country. To place the power in the hands of any one class would separate it from the others ; but to place the power in the hands of all, would bring them all together in one common cause, and the result would be a united country. This bringing the classes together, and the tendency to equalize, would keep the one from degenerating into a careless, unprincipled class, and the other from forgetting national affairs and thinking only of pleasure and money making. Thus not only the evils of jealousy, but the corruption of luxury is eliminated. If pleasure is the first duty of a people, then their minds turn toward their own particular interest. They forget their own reputation and their country's glory ; and, their souls depraved by luxury, they become enemies to the laws which confine them.

In a democracy there is no hereditary positions. When a man obtains a position of trust, it is through merit only that he obtained it. Every man works, or is born of parents who have worked ; thus the conception of labor is presented to the mind on every side as the necessary, natural and honest condition of human existence. Labor is not dishonorable, but is held in honor, and every honest occupation is honorable.

In upholding democracy, I am not eliminating from it the features of representative government. Democracy does not imply that there shall be no delegated power, but that this delegated power shall still be the power of the people and be controlled by their will. I do not oppose representation, but I do oppose representation which is not at all times subject to, and does not represent the will of, the whole people. Though every man in the nation may have a vote and an equal right to cast that vote as he chooses, it does not follow that the representatives thus chosen represent the will of the people, for then the minority, which may be almost as large as the majority, is never represented, and even those chosen

by the vote of the majority do not necessarily represent the will of the majority. Any form of government that deserves the name of democratic must provide some process whereby the people can form and utter their will and judgment. They must have more than the mere opportunity of periodically depositing in a box a list of names, given them by some office-seeker, thereby turning out one set of professional politicians and enthroning another. "Democracy must be something more than a great election mill," with its two great mill-stones, even if the people have the great political privilege once every four years of making these mill-stones change places.

In any form of government, where the power is vested in the hands of one person or a group of persons, the people have absolutely no voice in their own destiny; their opinion if advanced is of no avail; they exercise no will in respect to their own interest; all is decided for them by a will not their own, and which it is legally a crime to disobey. The result of this is that the people cease to think of national affairs and their country's glory; they no longer have that love of country which every true patriot has. They cease to respect the laws of the country, and finally resort to insurrection and rebellion. If the king is victorious, he then begins a rule of cruel despotism, and the subdued people degenerate into a careless, unthinking people, who know little and care less about the national affairs.

Democratic government is especially adapted to a civilized people. When a nation has reached that stage of political growth when its citizens know and understand their interest, then it is that the democratic form is particularly suited to their conditions. The nations now that are most civilized are most democratic, and in proportion as civilization advances, the people's power and rights shall be increased. Let the great tide of democracy flow on with the tide of civiliza-

tion, until every man shall be considered a politician with his proportionate share in all government management.

I believe in the democratic form of government, not because of any vague faith in sounding or glittering generalities or fascinating theories; but because of a firm conviction that democracy is founded on the broad principles of giving justice and equal rights to all men. Because I believe the hand of the people to be a mightier hand, the will of the people a stronger will, the judgment of the people a wiser judgment, than the hand, or the will, or the judgment of any one man or group of men.

O. M. ROBERTS, '04.

A Senior's Reverie

It was after taps, the night before February examinations, and as I sat before the now fast cooling heater, with a text book of geology, trying to pry into the deep mysteries of nature's grand works, my mind continually wandered toward the bright side of life, where there is no continual fear of examinations. After vainly trying to collect my thoughts and place them on the work before me, I was at last compelled to give in and let my imagination hold sway for a brief period.

The first vision that greeted my mind and tended to soothe my care-worn brain was that of summer. No longer did I seem to be tied up in the stuffy military uniform; instead, the thin summer clothes that enveloped my body seemed to let enough ventilation in to cool and clear my brain of all thoughts of geology, electricity and other almost unknown sciences. Instead of the always too small cap, a beautiful Panama fit perfectly on my head, and as I walked up and down the paved avenues, listening to the chattering of passers-by or watching the cordon of beautiful girls that

graced every ice cream parlor, it seemed to me as if nature had put on her most becoming robe.

It is evening now, and the dark red moon rising in the eastern skies tips the towering spires with gold, and throws fantastic shadows over the paved streets; but with the evening comes pleasure, for no more do I have to study mechanics or dread the electrical lab. for the morrow. Instead, I return home, change my toilet and start out on an errand of love; it is to my beloved that I now wend my eager footsteps. She meets me at the door and leads me into a brilliantly lighted parlor; there we sit and discuss all subjects except those pertaining to college life.

After discussing many subjects, I at last brought up the subject next to my heart, and told her that oft-told tale of love, adding that to-morrow I left for India for three long years, and would she only wait for me.

I expectantly awaited my answer, and receiving none, I arose and saw tears on her cheeks: but they were not tears of sorrow, but of happiness. In those tears lay my answer, but oh! what horror filled my breast when I clasp her in my arms and attempt to kiss her, to find that I was vainly trying to find a suitable place on the now cold heater to kiss.

A. T. BEAVER.

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EDITOR :

H. C. TILLMAN



**Oratorical
Contest**

The State Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Association will hold its annual contest this year in Greenwood, on the 24th of April. Governor

Heyward, General Bonham and Rev. J. B. Shelton have been chosen as judges. Every one is looking forward to a very pleasant and beneficial meeting.

Clemson's representative has not yet been chosen, but no matter who it may be, we should all try and cheer him along. Our record in athletics has already won a high place for us among the colleges, but we should endeavor to be first in oratory, as well as in football and baseball. Although this is not a literary college in any sense, we should all take a pride in our literary efforts. We have always stood near the top in this contest, and we earnestly hope that our representative will in every way prove himself worthy of the college from which he is sent.

The President and the Negro

President Roosevelt, or "*His Accidency*," as he has been called, is making himself very unpopular by his action in trying to put the negro on the same social basis as the white man. This unpopularity prevails not only throughout the South, but the North, also, has become disgusted with this man's apparent desire to consider the negro his equal. A great many Northern papers have severely criticised Mr. Roosevelt, and some of them have been very bitter in their denunciations.

Never before in the history of our country have we had to stand such insults as have been heaped upon us by Roosevelt. Some may differ, but we hold that no public officer has the right or power to put the African on the same social ground with the Anglo-Saxon. The Anglo-Saxon is naturally the ruler, and any man who attempts to lower him to the level of the negro, is simply degrading himself just that much.

The race question is perhaps the greatest problem which confronts the man of to-day. "What shall we do with the negro?" is the question heard on every side. They have

been practically disfranchised in all the Southern States, and nothing under the sun can ever win their votes back for them. They are of a race entirely alien to ours and no one can deny the fact that the Anglo-Saxons have generally succeeded in ruling other races. The pages of history are full of encounters between Anglo-Saxons and other races, and it is our prediction that the Anglo-Saxon, true to the traditions of his fathers, will continue to rule the Africans as long as they remain on the same continent.

Some people say that we should educate the negro. What does education do for him? Does it make his heart any whiter or his mind any better? Does he become a better citizen than before? We think not. It has been the observation of some one that "When you educate a negro, you ruin a good farm hand," and in this opinion we heartily concur.

If it were practicable, we think the best plan would be to get rid of the negro altogether. If we do not, a race war is inevitable, and the loss of life will be great, despite the fact that the negro is a natural coward. Up to the present no practical plan has been found, but we hope that our statesmen will find some way in which this menace to our homes and our country shall be removed forever from our midst.

Child Labor Law

At last the Legislature of South Carolina has passed a child labor law. The crime which has been left unnoticed in our State so long, has finally become the victim of public opinion, and like many other crimes has passed forevermore. We were in favor of this law all the time, and, in our opinion, the only mistake that has been made yet has been in taking *so* long in finding out that our children were being buried alive in these great structures known as cotton mills. Ella Wheeler Wilcox has couched her opinion of this crime in the following:

"They no longer shout and gambol in the blossom-laden fields,

And their laughter does not echo down the street ;
They have gone across the hills, they are working in the
mills—

Oh, the tired little hands and aching feet ;
And the weary, dreamy life that stunts and kills,
Oh ! the roaring of the mills, of the mills.”

We are sincerely glad that the proud hand of South Carolina has risen in all its might and told the world that no longer within *her* borders would the future citizens of our State grow up in ignorance and misery.

Advertisers Perhaps we are a little late in mentioning it, but we want to impress upon the students the necessity of patronizing our advertisers. Owing to a change in the policy of the college, THE CHRONICLE has been thrown more on its own resources this year than ever before. Without the help derived from our advertisers, we could not have carried on THE CHRONICLE work at all. As it is, our treasury is not “filled to overflowing,” but by the help of our friends we have been able to carry out the work assigned to us by our fellow-students. Naturally we are grateful to our friends for this support, and we wish to beg the students to trade with those who advertise in THE CHRONICLE. Their support is a necessity, and in order to get support, they must first feel that they have ours.

Campus We have noted a great many improvements on the campus in the last few months. Dr. Mell has been beautifying and improving it in many ways, and we are glad to say that the corps has given its entire and hearty co-operation in this work. Every one has a sense of the beautiful and, therefore, can appreciate just what is being done along the line of improvement. Plants and grasses are being carefully placed in various parts of

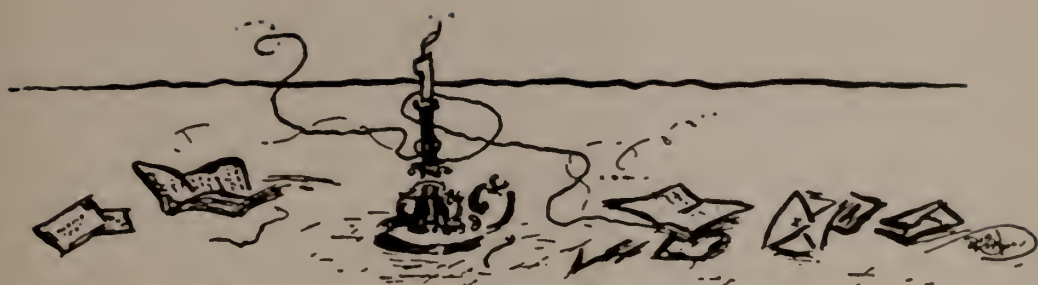
the campus, and many other changes are being executed with an idea of beautifying the entire place.

The corps appreciates this work in their behalf, and have wisely taken precautions to further it. We all have pride in our campus, and it is with a great deal of pleasure that we see this work go on. We hope it will continue, and we predict that in the near future, Clemson will have the most beautiful campus in the South.

Baseball

Our season of athletic inactivity is at an end, and even as we pick up our pen to write this, the merry laughter and yells which come to us from Bowman field tell us that the baseball season has opened in all its glory. Our prospects this year are very good, and we believe that Clemson will turn out her usual good team.

In order that we may have a good team, it cannot be too strongly impressed on our minds that as much depends on the student body as on the team itself. The players need encouragement, and the only way to give them *this* requisite is to go out and show our appreciation of their efforts to uphold the college record. We have Mr. Heisman with us again, and with the aid of Capt. Sitton, we expect him to turn out a winning team. He always does, and we feel sure that he will not fail us this spring.



Exchange Department

W. E. G. BLACK, }
S. T. HILL, }

EDITORS

From the small number of 'changes which have reached our exchange table this month, there seems to be a want of interest manifested by the editors of the magazines of the various colleges with which we exchange. The editors of a college publication should not wait until the end of the month to issue their magazine, but should get it out by the middle of the month, thus showing to the students who have honored them with positions on the staff, that their confidence has not been thrown to the winds. Students, as well as the others, of this "up-to-date" age, like to be up with the times, and, therefore, do not read a magazine with as much interest which is dated for one month, when in reality the date of the following would be more appropriate. So, friends, you should look at this matter in the right light, and try to come up to the standard set for energetic and faithful editors.

We wish to congratulate the editors of *The Tennessee University Magazine* for the handsome style and instructiveness of their publication for this month. With one or two exceptions, all of the matter contained in its pages is good. "The Brother-in-law of a Goddess," is a well written story,

but the plot is old and uninteresting. The essay on Byron is very clever, and contains some deep thought. We would suggest, however, that this essay be put in as the opening piece, as it is deeper and more lasting than the weak production that adorns the opening pages. "Man's Inhumanity to Man," is a neatly worked out oration. "Confessions of a Camera Fiend," is a story which would reflect no honor on any college publication. We are surprised that it was not thrown out by the staff as "no good." Is it in the usual order of things "for a corpse of many years," to smash through the glass on its coffin, and then fall "face downward on the ground?" We say not. The pieces of poetry, "Sunset," "Life" and "The Flower," will *do*; but their meter could be improved greatly by a little thought on the part of their authors. We fail to see the point in "Who Won?"

The Georgetown College Journal, for last month, is a "giant" among college publications. It is by far the best magazine which has reached our exchange table. It is well proportioned, and all in all, the neatest and best which comes to us. It opens with a beautiful little poem, "So Our Lady Conceived Without Sin," in which the author handles his meter, as well as his thought, well. The next, an essay, "Milton's Great Elegy," is a strong and well expressed piece. We cannot praise the poem, "The Blue Flower," too highly, for it is, in our minds, the best poem of the month. The next piece, "The Golden Bracelet," could be omitted without detracting in the least from the general make-up of the journal. Other well written and entertaining pieces of poetry and prose are "Psyche," "My Lady of the White Fan," and "Wisdom's Fountain Source"—"Psyche" being the best piece of poetry and "My Lady of the White Fan" the best piece of prose. The editorial and exchange departments are well edited.

We are disappointed in *The William and Mary Monthly* for this month, for it fails to come up to our idea of a college journal. Why open it with the weak and unexpressive poem, "My Valentine," a more appropriate selection could have been easily made. "In the Land of Dreams," is poorly written, contains very little thought, and is filled with badly constructed sentences. "Hero Worship," is, to a certain extent, a good piece of fiction, but could be improved. The editorials are not of the length nor of the kind to satisfy the desires of a student body. The only redeeming feature of this magazine is its binding.

The Hendrix College Monthly, for February, is a creditable publication. It contains several strong and practical articles. The author of "The Financier of the Revolution," gives evidence of quite a degree of literary talent. The piece of poetry, "Power of Song," reflects honor upon its author. "Heinrich Heine," is well gotten up. Both the editorial and exchange departments are well conducted. It seems from the number of men on the staff that men are plentiful at Hendrix College.

In looking over *The Winthrop College Journal*, for February, we cannot but admit that we were disappointed. The first piece was a poem, entitled "The Serenade," and displayed no unusual thought or brilliancy. The only story in the magazine, "An Unhonored Hero," is another one of those war tales that the Winthrop writers seem so fond of. We would suggest that the editors get some other subjects for stories, besides those relating to the war. The "entrees" are short and sweet—mostly short. Perhaps the best edited department of the *Journal* is the exchange department. These editors have the proper idea of what an exchange department should be—that is, a department of criticism. We hope that our sisters will get out better issues in the future.

TWO PROFESSIONS.

FOCUS EDITOR.

You ne'er can object to my arm 'round your waist,
And the reason you'll readily guess:
I'm an editor, dear, and I always insist
On the "Liberty of the Press."

SHE.

I'm a minister's daughter, believing in texts,
And I think all the newspapers bad;
And I'd make you remove your arm were it not
You were making "waist places glad."—*Ex.*

THE BLUE FLOWER.

'Twas a long-forgotten volume,
Gray with dust and stained with age,
With its quaint, old fashioned binding
And its queerly printed page,
Giving forth an odor musty
From its brittle leaves and rusty
As of sage.

And I sought it in its corner,
Hidden pages to explore
For old tales and ancient legends,
Fragments of forgotten lore;
Song of princess, knight or vassal,
Dragon, ogre, haunted castle,
As of yore.

Then I oped its charmed pages,
Peeped within its sacred realm,
And beheld my pictured dream-knight,
Two-edged sword and plumed helm,

Laid aside he rests at leisure,
While his charger waits his pleasure
 'Neath an elm.

Even while I gazed enraptured,
 As a damsel from her bower,
Lo! there fell from out the volume
 Just a fragile faded flower,
Sear it was, and crushed and broken,
The forgotten tiny token
 Of an hour.

Tenderly I stooped and raised it
 Reverently from the floor,
Gathered each poor little leaflet,
 Softly smoothed its petals o'er,
To my lips I gently pressed it,
As once other lips caressed it
 Long before.

Then within the book I laid it,
 Sanctuary long forgot,
While the ghost of long lost fragrance
 Lingered round the hallowed spot;
'Twas the prayer of some dead lover
Resting 'neath that sombre cover,
Just love's own, blue, starlike blossom,
 Just a sweet forget-me-not.

G. C. REID, '05, in *Georgetown College Journal*.

Local Department.

EDITORS:

H. C. SAHLMANN

C. W. LEGERTON



The last lecture of this season's Lyceum course was delivered on the night of February 21st, when the Katharine Ridgeway Concert Company played to a large and appreciative audience. Seldom has an entertainment been more enjoyed, and this fact is largely due to Miss Ridgeway herself. Her recitations far excel any that have been heard at the college. She has a wonderful control of expression and gesture that is rarely seen, and completely captivated the cadets and people of the hill, as was shown by their round upon round of applause. The other members of the company also deserve worthy comment. Mr. Hunt has a powerful bass voice and controlled it well. Mr. Jenkins, the tenor, and Miss Paradis, the pianist, were good. We sincerely hope that Miss Ridgeway will be numbered among the attractions next year.

At a meeting of the Athletic Association, the several sub-organizations were combined under one head as a General Athletic Association. Prof. W. M. Riggs was elected President of this Association, Cadet J. H. Wyse, Vice-President, and Prof. Kyser, Secretary and Treasurer.

A Sumter County rat sent his best girl a comic valentine; but unluckily his room-mate, "just-for-fun," slipped the rat's

card in the envelope while he had gone out to borrow a stamp. Well,—er, the rat simply caught the dickens, that's all!

The members of the three tennis clubs met during the past month and combined themselves into one club. This was done because a large number of last year's players have left college, and as there seems to be a scarcity of new ones this year, it was found expedient to combine into one large club of twenty-four members. G. W. McIver, '04, was elected Captain of the new club, and J. A. Weir, '04, Manager.

Rev. Mr. Beard, Rev. Mr. Finley, Dr. Thomas and Dr. J. D. Mell, of Athens, Ga., filled the pulpit at the college during the past month.

The Westminster League of the Presbyterian Church gave a delightful valentine party at the home of Mrs. Brackett, on the night of February the 13th. Quite a number of cadets were out.

Senior Whitney is said to have asked the following question in mechanical laboratory: Professor, where does the steam come from that runs the gas engine?

Professor John Mell and bride, of Athens, Ga., recently spent a few days on the campus with our President, on their way home from their bridal tour to Northern cities.

Mrs. G. E. Taylor and daughter, Miss Winnie, have returned from a lengthy visit to friends and relatives in Charleston.

It is said that Senior P. was recently found in mechanical

laboratory trying to weigh a fifty pound weight on a steam gauge.

Misses Lois Smith and Floride Calhoun, of Chicora College, Greenville, recently spent a few days on the campus with the parents of the latter.

J. H. Kinsler, Class '99, who has for the last few years been in the Department of Agriculture at Washington, and connected with Dr. Shepherd's tea farm at Summerville, S. C., has now been sent to Texas as chief of the experimental tea stations in that State. Mr. G. F. Mitchell, Class '02, Assistant Professor of Agriculture at the Florida A. & M. College, has been elected to fill the place made vacant by Mr. Kinsler at Summerville. Nothing pleases us more than to see the Clemson graduates forging to the front.

Dr. and Mrs. Thomas, of Greenville, were on the campus recently, guests of Dr. Mell. Their son is a student in college.

The cadets have been out serenading so seldom of late that when a party went out recently, one of the professors, mistaking their identity, offered to remunerate them. The boys think that serenading would be quite a profitable business!

The young people of the "Hill" were entertained by Prof. and Mrs. P. T. Brodie at a "Salamagundi Party," on Tuesday evening, February 17th, given in honor of Miss Helen Bradford.

The games of the evening consisted of "Flinch," "Logomochy," "Carroms," "Button Sewing," "Dominoes" and "Tiddlewinks." The guests being supplied with daintily hand-painted score-cards—the gentlemen's in the shape of

four-leaf clover, artistically decorated with pink ribbons, and the ladies' were heart-shaped, with green ribbons.

After a warm contest over the progressive games, which were enjoyed immensely by all present, it was found that Miss Bessie Norris had won the first ladies' prize, which was a dainty little pocket-book, with silver trimmings. For the first gentlemen's prize, Mr. Wills Johnson and Mr. Wright had to draw—Mr. Johnson being the successful contestant; the prize was a box of delicious bonbons. The ladies' consolation prize, a little golden slipper with the inscription, "To help bear de feet," went to Miss Lucas; and the gentlemen's to Colonel Sirmyer—this being a silver match stand.

After the games, refreshments were served, and then came the exciting game of "Up Jinks," which lasted till the "we sma' hours of the morning."

The guests present were: Misses Carrie and Julia Taylor, Susie Lucas, Bessie Norris, Lesesne Lewis, Margaret Moore, Sue Sloan, Minnie Wannamaker and Julia Hook. Messrs. Poats, McLucas, Johnson, Earle, Wright, Henry, Waller, Colonel Sirmyer, Hunter, Rawl, Gantt and Bryan.

Y. M. C. A. Notes

The officers of the Association recently elected for the ensuing year are as follows:

A. J. Speer, President.

J. G. Parks, Vice-President.

L. E. Boykin, Secretary.

J. E. Johnson, Corresponding Secretary.

J. M. Jenkins, Treasurer.

The delegates to the State Convention at Greenville were prevented from attending owing to the prevalence of small-pox throughout the neighboring country.

As this month's issue goes to press, Mr. O. B. Van Horn, General Secretary of the Asheville, N. C., Young Men's Christian Association, is conducting a series of meetings at the college, which will extend over about ten days. Mr. Van Horn has been connected with student life for some time and is a forceful speaker. His meetings give promise of much good.

Manager Jos. H. Wyse, of the baseball team, speaks encouragingly of the prospects for the coming season. He has gone about his work with his usual energy and has succeeded in arranging a very complete schedule:

March 25th—Erskine at Clemson.

April 4th—Davidson at Clemson.

April 10th—University of Georgia at Clemson.

April 11th—Georgia Tech at Atlanta.

April 13th—Auburn at Auburn.

April 14th—Mercer at Macon.

April 21st—Wake Forest at Clemson.

May 1st—Wofford at Spartanburg.

May 9th—Furman at Greenville.

May 14th—Furman at Clemson.

In the very near future, Captain Sitton will have his men out on the Bowman field and down to hard training. Ex-Cadet John W. McMakin, who was with Brooklyn last season, will arrive on March 2d, to go in training with the boys, as well as to give them some few points on the game, until the arrival of Coach Heisman.

The corps is much elated over the idea of having John Mc. to come and work with them.

Manager H. C. Sahlmann, of the track team, is working

diligently to get things in shape for an active season on the athletic field. And it is likely that meets will be arranged with several of the larger colleges in the neighboring States. Capt. J. C. Wylie speaks well for the material which he will have on the field with him this season, and he is extremely anxious to enter several of his men in S. I. A. A. meet, which will be held in Atlanta.

On Friday evening, February 20, the Calhoun Literary Society held its annual contest in the Memorial Hall. The exercises were much above the average, and spoke well for the work that is being done by that society. Mr. B. H. Gardiner won the declaimer's medal, and Mr. F. G. DeSausure the orator's medal.

At a recent meeting of the Clemson Glee and Minstrel Club, Prof. W. M. Riggs was re-elected President; Mr. H. C. Tillman, Secretary and Treasurer; Mr. B. F. Pegues, Business Manager; Mr. H. C. Sahlmann, Minstrel Director; Prof. W. M. Riggs, Vocal Director.

Professor Riggs intends to put his songsters to work early this spring, and expects to have them in great shape by commencement. Mr. Sahlmann has some fine characters and many new features, which he expects to add to the minstrel. It is believed that the Glee and Minstrel Club entertainment this year will surpass those of former years.

Manager J. T. Robertson, of *The Oconeian*, is getting his work up in great shape, and he states that he is more than pleased to see how diligently the staff is working, and is greatly gratified by the co-operation and the support given the Senior Class by the entire corps and Alumni.

"And I am confident," said he, "that this annual will be one that every cadet may be proud of, and serve well in the

years of the future to carry our minds back to our college days and friends."

Mr. E. T. Hughes, of the Class of '01, has recently been promoted to the Department of Soils, which is a new division of the United States Department of Agriculture.

On the evening of Saturday, February 10th, the Clemson College Dramatic Club met at the home of Dr. and Mrs. P. H. Mell. After the meeting, the members of the club spent the remainder of the evening playing progressive Flinch. Mrs. R. E. Lee won the prize for the lady winning the greatest number of games during the evening. Miss Lide, the ladies' booby prize. Cadet Siau, the prize for the gentleman winning the greatest number of games. Prof. W. M. Riggs, the booby prize for the gentlemen.

Profesor of Mathematics: How did you work that problem you have, Mr. De Lorme?

Cadet De.: I first sympathized it and then instituted it in *formula* six.

Adjutant Bradford (publishing order in mess hall): Cadets going to Greenville to attend Y. M. C. A. Convention, shall on their return report at once to the hospital to be fungated, and leave their clothing and return to barracks.

Fresh Dwight, after working out the binomial theorem, turned to his classmate and said: "This is worked as good as old man Binomial himself could have done."

Professor in machine shop: "Mr. Bradford, see if that motor's box is getting hot?"

The Senior walked over to the motor, feels of the wood work around it and replied, "No, sir, it's not hot."

Prof. Mor—: "What is said of the king's life after the death of his son?"

Cadet B—: "It is said that he was never seen to smole (smile) after his death."

ASK.

Billy W.—Why he likes to drink water with Lyp.

Bobbie—What he knows about the mange.

Top—Why is it he likes to call on her so late in the evening.

Shrimp—What he thinks of Pig?

Buck C.—What he thinks of George Eliot.

Sol—Who sent him flowers at the contest?

Bill Nye—If he can treat a severe case of hollow horn?

Chauncey—Why he uses a lantern?

Gay Lewis—Why he likes to lay on a log?

Vann—If "she" needs a few (?) lessons in orthography?

Slattery—About his red head girl.

Tom—If he likes her any more.

Mc.—Who is "it" in the artillery?

Chauncey—About the monopoly he tried to create?

Bill D.—Why he called "Pig" out of his room the other evening?

Leg—What girls often make of him?

A battery of artillery has recently been organized by the commandant. The Senior privates have been placed in this division, and it is believed that this movement will create much satisfaction in the corps at large. The officers are as follows:

W. E. G. Black, Captain.

B. H. Gardner, First Lieutenant.

W. M. Wightman, Second Lieutenant.

H. N. McCrary, First Sergeant.

E. R. Finger, Second Sergeant.
D. H. Sadler, Third Sergeant.
W. D. Garrison, Fourth Sergeant.
J. C. Cullum, First Corporal.
H. R. Pollitzer, Second Corporal.
D. G. Lewis, Third Corporal.
F. W. Marvin, Fourth Corporal.

Rev. S. A. Steel recently delivered, in the Memorial Hall, his famous lecture on "Life in Dixie Land During the War." This lecture was interesting and instructive, and most highly appreciated by a large audience.

Constitution of Clemson College Athletic Association

ARTICLE I.—NAME.

The name of this organization shall be the Clemson College Athletic Association.

ARTICLE II.—OBJECT.

The object of the Association shall be the promotion and regulation of athletics at Clemson College.

ARTICLE III.—SUB-ORGANIZATIONS.

SEC. 1. For the present there shall be four organized departments of sport, viz: Baseball, Football, Track and Tennis. Each of these organizations, hereafter called sub-organizations, must be complete with constitution and duly elected officers, with whom the Executive Committee hereinafter provided, shall be able to transact business.

SEC. 2. Each sub-organization shall have a Captain and Manager, and in case of Football, Baseball and Track organizations, an Assistant Manager, who shall belong to a class

not higher than the Junior. Election of Football officers shall be held the first week in December, and the election of officers of the other Associations shall be held the first week in June. Terms of office shall be for one year. The Captains shall be elected by the players and substitutes of the preceding season. In case of a vacancy in office between regular elections, the sub-organization may, upon notification to the Executive Committee of the General Association, hold an election at any time.

SEC. 3. *Duties of Officers.* The Captain shall have control of the players, subject to the direction of the Coach.

The Manager shall conduct all correspondence in his sub-organization, arrange all games sanctioned by the Executive Committee, make purchases authorized by the Executive Committee, and assist the Secretary-Treasurer of the General Association in collecting funds from students. He shall be custodian of the property of the Association during the season of play, giving his receipt for all goods received from the Secretary-Treasurer, and at the end of the season turning in or accounting for same to the Secretary-Treasurer, and taking his receipt. He shall, as hereinafter provided, be subject to the Executive Committee, of which he shall be a member by virtue of his office. He shall keep a record of all correspondence relating to games and affairs of the Association, and his records shall be open at all times to inspection by members of the Executive Committee. He shall keep an itemized account of receipts and expenditures of each game, and at the end of each trip shall turn over same, together with any cash balance, to the Secretary-Treasurer. No orders for material shall be made and no financial risk of any kind incurred, without the consent of the Executive Committee. The Manager may, however, incur the routine expenses incidental to arranging games, expenses that come out of the gate receipts. He shall allow no person to participate

either in a practice or in an inter-collegiate game, or use the property of the Association, unless he is assured that the applicants' annual dues to the General Association have been paid, and he shall allow no one to participate in an inter-collegiate contest whose eligibility has not been passed upon by the Executive Committee. He shall make no contract that does not contain a clause requiring that the game be played under the rules of the Southern Inter-Collegiate Athletic Association.

The Assistant Managers shall in general assist their respective Managers as the latter may direct.

ARTICLE IV.—THE GENERAL ASSOCIATION.

SEC. 1. Any student or member of the Faculty or other person connected with the college may become a member of the Association by payment of dues, and no one not a member of the Association shall be permitted to enter any sub-organization of sport, or represent the college in any inter-collegiate event.

SEC. 2. No sub-organization shall receive to membership any one who does not present a receipt from the Secretary-Treasurer of the Association, showing that he has paid the admission fee of the Association. No sub-organization shall, however, charge an entrance fee.

SEC. 3. Honorary members may be elected by the Association. These shall have power to vote and participate in the affairs of the Association without payment of dues. Members of the Executive Committee shall be honorary members of the Association by virtue of their office.

ARTICLE V.—OFFICERS.

The officers of the Association shall be a President and a Secretary-Treasurer, elected from the Faculty by the members of the Association, and a student Vice-President, elected by the Association from the student members of the Execu-

tive Committee. These officers shall be elected in September, and shall serve for one year. A vacancy in office may be filled by immediate election.

ARTICLE VI.—DUTIES OF OFFICERS.

SEC. 1. The President of the Association shall preside at all meetings of the Association and of the Executive Committee. He shall call meetings of the Association whenever he deems necessary, or upon request of ten members, and of the Executive Committee, whenever he deems necessary, or upon the request of two members. He shall receive and answer all correspondence from the S. I. A. A. In case any of these matters are of general interest or importance, he shall convene the Executive Committee to consider same. If not possible or practical to do this, he shall act without their advice, reporting the matter at the first Committee meeting thereafter. He shall keep copies of all correspondence, and these may be called for at any meeting by the Executive Committee.

SEC. 2. The Secretary-Treasurer shall keep the minutes of the meetings of the Association and of the Executive Committee. He shall collect and hold in trust all money paid in, and shall give receipts for same. He shall pay out money only as directed so to do by the Executive Committee. The ordinary running expenses of the Association, such as stationery, dues to S. I. A. A., etc., may, however, be paid out by him, and shall be reported to the Executive Committee at the first meeting thereafter. It shall be his duty to have properly advertised the meetings of the Association, and he shall notify each member of the Executive Committee of the meetings of that body. He shall require each sub-organization to furnish him with its membership roll, in order that he may know that each is eligible to membership by virtue of payment of dues to the Association.

ARTICLE VII.—EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

SEC. 1. The work of the Association shall be carried on through the Executive Committee. The Committee shall be made up as follows: Of the Managers of the Football, Baseball, Tennis and Track Sub-organizations; of the President and Secretary-Treasurer of the General Association; and of three members of the Faculty elected annually in a quorum for the transaction of any business. A majority vote shall carry any measure. No vote shall be cast by proxy.

ARTICLE VIII.—DUTIES OF EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

SEC. 1. The Executive Committee shall have general charge and supervision of the athletic interests of the College, and when necessary shall represent these interests to the Faculty and Trustees.

SEC. 2. The Executive Committee alone shall have power to collect and expend money, and no sub-organization, acting through its officers or as a whole, shall incur financial risk of any kind, or enter into any financial obligation, without the consent of the Committee, as shown by its minutes.

All contracts with Coaches must be approved by the Committee, and be signed by the Secretary-Treasurer and Chairman of the Executive Committee, as well as the Manager of the sub-organization concerned. The Committee shall pass upon all requisitions from Managers for equipment and supplies, and if these are approved, the Manager concerned shall order them, but all bills shall be turned over to the Secretary-Treasurer for payment.

SEC. 3. The Managers must submit to the Executive Committee their proposed schedule of games, together with proposed terms upon which games are to be played, and these must be approved by the Committee before contracts are entered into—provided, however, that if in a particular case it is not possible or practical to call the Executive Com-

mittee together, the President of the Association shall act in its stead, reporting his action to the Committee at its next meeting.

SEC. 4. The Executive Committee may require a Manager or the Secretary-Treasurer to make within a week's notice a financial report, and his records must be open at all times to inspection by the Executive Committee.

SEC. 5. The Executive Committee shall have power to remove any officer upon proof of dishonesty in the matter of finances, or in carrying out the rulings of the Committee as regards eligibility of players, or for violation of the provisions of this Constitution, or the Constitution of the S. I. A. A.

SEC. 6. The Executive Committee shall see that the rules of the S. I. A. A. are enforced by every sub-organization of sport. To this end it shall require each sub-organization before its first inter-collegiate contest to furnish the Committee with a list of names from which the contestants will be selected. The Committee shall review the list thus sent in, see that each member has paid the initiation fee, and require each candidate to sign the list of questions prescribed by the S. I. A. A. Any player may be challenged on the score of ineligibility by any member of the Committee. If the charges be sustained the said player shall be debarred from the participation in inter-collegiate contests. The Secretary-Treasurer shall furnish to the sub-organization and to the Faculty a list of the players passed up as eligible, and no others shall be allowed to participate in inter-collegiate contests. Individual names may likewise be submitted to the Committee for approval. The Secretary-Treasurer shall keep a list of all players entitled to participate in inter-collegiate contests, and it shall be the duty of each member of the Executive Committee to see that no others play in the inter-collegiate games except those duly passed upon by the Committee.

SEC. 7. The Executive Committee shall have power to dispose of any accruing funds as it may see fit.

SEC. 8. The Executive Committee shall have sole power in granting the Varsity "C" to those who have played upon the Varsity teams, or who have otherwise distinguished themselves in athletics. At the end of each season, the Committee shall be furnished with a list of those playing in match games, and from this list the Committee shall select those who are entitled to wear the Varsity "C."

Any Baseball or Football player having actively participated in three inter-collegiate contests, or a Tennis or Track representative who has actively participated in one inter-collegiate event, shall be entitled to the Varsity "C."

SEC. 9. The Executive Committee shall have no power to modify or alter any provision of this Constitution, but shall be charged with the strict enforcement of its provisions.

ARTICLE IX.—DUES.

The fee for membership in the Association shall be \$1.00 per session. A student or member of the Faculty may join at any time during the session, the membership fee providing, however, for that session only. No one not a member of the Association shall take part in an inter-collegiate event, or use any of the property of the Association.

ARTICLE X.—THE S. I. A. A.

Clemson College shall be a member of the S. I. A. A.

ARTICLE XI.—VACANCIES.

Vacancies in office occurring during the session shall be filled by vote of the Association.

ARTICLE XII.—QUORUM.

One-half of the membership of the Association shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of any business coming before that body.

ARTICLE XIII.—AMENDMENTS.

Amendments to this Constitution shall be made only by majority vote of the Association.

Clemson College Directory

CLEMSON AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

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T. S. Perrin, Business Manager.

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S. G. Bryan, Secretary.

COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

W. H. Barnwell, President.

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FOOTBALL ASSOCIATION.

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J. H. Wyse, Manager.

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TENNIS ASSOCIATION.

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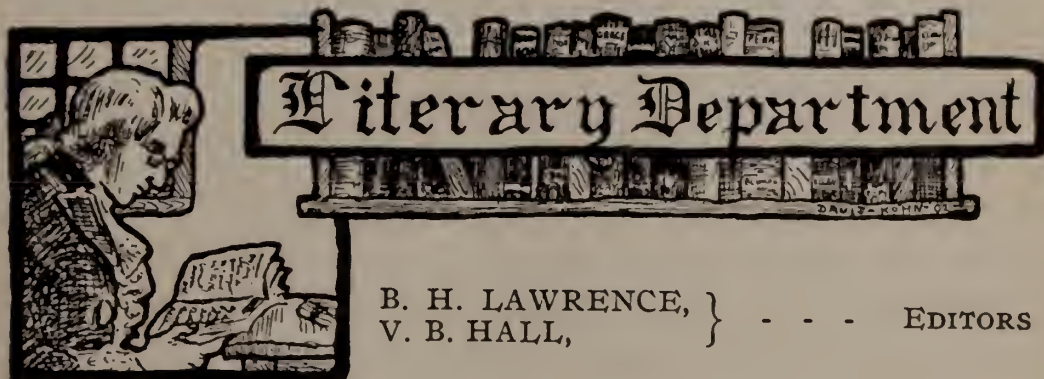
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Valeat Quantum Valere Potest

VOL. VI. CLEMSON COLLEGE, S. C., APRIL, 1903

No. 7



The Poet's Reward

One asked of Fate this precious gift:
That he might have the power of song
To sing unhappiness and wrong
From out the world; to lift

By song the lives of all mankind
From sorrow, care, and pains of earth
To love and joy and beauty's worth,
And leave all hate behind.

Said Fate to him: "The gift shall be,
Of joy and gladness thou shalt sing;
But every note of thine shall bring
Deep anguish unto thee."

Said he: "But give me that which may
My fellow's care alleviate,
And though my life be desolate,
I'll sing the livelong day."

And—lo!—each note of his sweet strains,
Sung in the service of his race,
Brought solace to his heart apace,
Though Fate had promised pains.

Letters From an Old Graduate to His Son, Henry, at Clemson College

FORT EXPERIENCE, S. C., April 10, '03.

Dear Henry: The season for outdoor sports having arrived, I presume you will proceed to take an active part in such competitions. At least, I hope that you will, and from my knowledge of your natural inclinations I think you will be glad of the opportunity to put a little less time on your books. I will say in advance that I do not want your studies to be the sufferer because the spring season is on. It is not the fault of the books and they should not be made to feel responsible. I have always held that sports are as necessary to a boy's education as any branch of learning, and I have educated you in the belief that a sound mind is necessarily in a sound body, and that the two work mutually for the upbuilding of the perfect man. The old belief that students have no time to devote to athletics is as much out-of-date as the theory that hand work is superior to machine work. The only objection to the present day opinion is that it seems to go to the other extreme, and admits too much body-development, and not enough mind-development. The real golden mean is hard to obtain, and so I am cautioning you in the preface, so that you can at least make an effort to keep the two balanced. Try to allow so much time to your books every day, whether it be a pretty day or a rainy day, and then you will not have to be excusing yourself for absence from the practice games so often. The real trouble

is that you allow your mind to dwell on one branch of duty while you are trying to exercise the other. When you are studying, don't let anything interrupt you, and if a boy wants to talk baseball or track subjects, just tell him politely that you cannot discuss that matter now. There is no use in letting your inclinations control your mind. You should be master of yourself or you cannot hope to be master of any one else as long as you live. I have heard boys say that they cannot stop smoking or cannot stop drinking, and I have mentally added that it was because they did not want to. If you want to stop doing these things, you can stop, and if you do not want to, you blame the habit on heredity or fate or some such abstruse object that cannot be expected to kick back. That seems to relieve your conscience, and you go ahead firm in the conviction that you are not to blame. But you are to blame just the same, and you will soon discover that the Lord holds every man responsible for his acts in this world, and when you feel the punishment of nature, you wish you had evidenced a little more backbone and not tried to bridge it over with the excuse that you could not help it. There is a State institution for all people who cannot help doing things, and if you confess that you are not responsible, then you ought to be willing to go to the asylum for the insane. This applies to all those habits that a boy learns at college, and without mentioning them in detail, you can perceive what I am referring to. This is said in order to show you the advantage of avoiding such pitfalls, instead of my trying to pull you out after you have fallen into one of them. It is always better to take time by the fore-lock than by the coat-tails. The man who always means well doesn't always do well. He is a human alarm clock that never goes off. If you can remember these things, it will save you a lot of trouble. A good memory is your most valuable possession, so you had better exercise it to keep it from rusting.

A good memory is essential to success, because it enables you to remember what to forget. I am getting old, and my advice may be a little seedy, but even with one foot in the grave I am able to do a lot of kicking with the other one. You know I never could see the advantage of letting things slide without entering my protest. I believe in kickers. I think they are responsible for the success of this world and will receive the reward in the hereafter for their efforts to set things right. Some people say that there is no use in kicking, all will come right in the end, and that "whatever is, is right;" and all that sort of stuff, but they are dead wrong. Whatever is, may be right and may be wrong, and it is your duty to see that it is right. I do not think these people would be willing to sit on the railroad track and let the train come on without moving out of its reach, although they will have to admit that the train is right in coming. Theory is awfully shallow when it butts up against stern reality. If you have to choose between the two, you better take the latter every time. It may not be very pretty, but it is awfully consoling. Don't be egotistical, and claim that you know all about it, but just proceed in a quiet way to register your protest. Egotism is too often mistaken for genius. Some people who say they are standing on their own merits look awfully stilted. You should not allow your sympathy to outweigh your judgment in these matters. If you feel that the matter is wrong, try to set it right, regardless of public sentiment or your own sympathy. First be right, then sympathetic. We say we have considerable sympathy for the under-dog, but I have never noticed anybody betting on him. I am glad to read that you are not letting the college customs avert you from your original ideas of honesty and manliness. I don't know why it is that so many boys get the idea that they are not responsible for their deeds because they are at college. Some seem to think

that a student is exempt from conscience, and that he can lie or steal without having any blame attached. I want you to feel that your actions are not to be governed by their effect on the other man, but by their effect on you. If your conscience approves, then go ahead and do it without any fear; but if you know that it is wrong, you should not do it just because you do not think you will be found out. What does it amount to what other people think, if you feel that it is not right? You are building your own character, and not any one's else.

I notice in one of your recent letters that you seem to have a very poor opinion of your new room-mate, and you speak of him in a sneering way that does little credit to your sense of politeness, or your common sense either. Now, if there is one thing that you have to learn pretty soon, it is the fact that you are not a bit higher up the scale of humanity than your fellow-man. You may be a little different, and you may possess some qualities that appear to elevate you above a certain class of men, but in the long run, taking all the various qualifications into consideration, the average man is composed of the same quality of clay as the next fellow. It depends on yourself whether you will so mould that clay as to make it serve a higher purpose. I don't want you to get into the habit of sneering at any one. That shows a narrow mind and a limited perception. Remember that people who cast reflections are not always brilliant, and also that the finger of scorn is too often a part of the hand of fate. Your room-mate may be inferior to you in some respects (and I hope he is not too much so or you should change your location), but even if he is, I have no doubt that in some other way he can teach you a few things you never knew before. No man is wholly bad or wholly good. Each has some shortcomings. The broad mind will make allowances for the faults and encourage the good, instead of assuming a

super-critical attitude. It doesn't take a brainy man to be a critic. Most anybody can find fault. But if you possess any degree of humility, you must have a corresponding amount of charity. If you assume that you are not the whole show yourself, you will naturally admit that no one else is. You must make allowances for the human part of the fellow. Don't follow the universal custom of waiting for a man to die before you say anything good about him. We are too apt to throw bouquets at the dead and mud at the living. If there is one custom of hypocrisy, it is the custom of speaking of the dead as if they were saints on earth, and yet we all know that they were no better than the average. I hope you will determine to give the living all due respect and the same charity that you will give the dead. And this can only be done by admitting that perfection in all things is an impossibility, and that "who does the best that circumstances allow, does well, acts nobly, angels can no more." Try to so judge others that when you are passed into the great majority, you will have an epitaph as expressive as the one I saw over a farmer's grave the other day, more expressive than grammatical, "He done his derndest." That was all there was on his tombstone, but it meant a lot.

Well, I notice that you are still talking about the oratorical contest in May, and I hope you will be the winner of the medal. There is nothing like public speaking to develop the assurance in a boy that he needs to carry him through this world of trouble. The sense of independence and the feeling of conflict will make him develop in greater degree those characteristics which evidence the thinking man, and the man who has a way of his own. So I am anxious for you to go into all the contests you can, not so much for the value of the medal, or the glory which appears so beautiful to the boyish sense, but in order that you may become easy in your manners, and independent in your actions. There is a little

advice I would like to extend, however, about the best way to succeed in this matter. I was very fond of public speaking in my time, and had such success as few boys attain in the same length of time, but it was mostly due to inheritance rather than any innate ability. Of course, I give some credit to myself for constant application in the matter, and perseverance in the face of discouraging local conditions; but, on the whole, my success was mostly due to an inherited ability to speak in public, and this is one case where inheritance does count a little. However, I was going to say, that in your contests for these medals, I want you to remember that public speaking is the coming characteristic of this country, even more than it is to-day. The demand for speakers is growing with the demand for writers, and if you would be on the band wagon, you should be one or the other. It is, of course, easier to be the former than the latter. It is much easier to speak than to write, because the one appeals to the temporary attention of the audience, while the other is subject to analyzation and criticism that eventually leaves very little real merit acknowledged. Now, in making a speech, you should first of all be sure that you have a subject that you are greatly interested in, and feel in your inmost soul that it is a part of yourself. To be able to interest an audience, you have to first interest yourself. Unless you are on fire with the matter you are discussing, you will find great difficulty in inflaming your hearers. Now, if you have such a subject and you have carefully prepared your thoughts systematically, so that you can speak them out in regular order, and not all jumbled up like a bag of odds and ends, then the next requisite is to speak your speech with some life and enthusiasm, and try to convert your audience to your way of thinking. Oratory is said to be logic on fire, and there is no real speech which does not possess some degree of logic. The trouble with many young speakers is that they do not

recognize the importance of the argument, and seem to think that a lot of fancy expressions and mixed metaphors, constitute a real speech. The result is that their sentences are so well rounded that they have no point. You can take a dictionary and a few old Greek orations, and make a speech of high sounding phrases that will astonish the multitude. But the real speech must have something in it besides words. It must have thought, argument, and common sense. Don't think that if you succeed in making a hit with the multitude by your fancy expressions, that you have made a speech. Not at all. It doesn't take very much to tickle the average audience. And it doesn't require a very heavy brain to make a lot of noise. You have noticed that the bass drum in your college band is about the loudest instrument you have, but it doesn't come in as "lead" instrument at any time. It is more of a "second," just to fill in the empty periods. Now, a speech should be more than a lot of noise. It should be the "lead" instrument, and it should have sense as well as sound. I know that you will say that it is easy to please a lot of boys by just talking a jumble of high-sounding phrases, and winding up with a hurrah for "Old Glory" or an "*E Pluribus Unum*," but you should remember that there are a few critical men among your audience, and they will censure you rather severely for making such a speech. Read Hamlet's advice to the players, and try to recognize the logic in his saying, that while a lot of red fire may tickle the multitude, it will disappoint the few critics; the good opinion of one of these critics being worth the whole applause of the unthinking masses. I remember the time we had a contest in our society, and the two orators were striving for the medal. One made a speech full of high-sounding phrases that meant absolutely nothing, and he had the whole audience with him. They cheered and cheered, and he bowed many times and felt that the medal

was surely his. Then the other man had his say, and his few admirers cheered him, but it was easy to see that the audience was in favor of the first speaker. Somehow, the judges came in and handed the medal to the second speaker, and the audience was indignant: "How could the judges be so unjust?" they asked. But the fact was that those judges were just exactly right, and the audience just exactly wrong. The judges were the judicious few, that Shakespeare spoke of, as being far more important than the applause of the many. And I think you will find that in most cases the audience and the judges are on opposite sides. But you will eventually conclude that the judges were selected for their ability to separate the wheat from the chaff, the sense from the sound, and the matter from the mush. So, in your efforts to achieve success in the oratorical fields, you should remember that the essentials are first a live subject, second a live object, and third and last a live delivery.

Yours fondly,

FATHER.

(Note: This is the fifth of the series from ex-Cadet W. L. Moise.—EDITOR.)

A High Priest of Nature

Students at a scientific school do not study poetry to any great extent, and there are not too great a number who read as much poetry as they should. But I have thought that if I might, in this paper, turn aside from the sciences to say a word that would possibly lead students to a better appreciation of the poetic, or at least to a desire to read for themselves, I should best serve to comply with the editor's request that I write a paper for THE CHRONICLE.

So much is heard nowadays of the return to nature, not

only in poetry, but in all phases of life and its expressions, that I have chosen to set down here in a modified form some results of a study of nature poetry and its chiefest exponent, set forth originally in a paper on William Wordsworth. The poet who, perhaps, did most to bring about a return to Nature, to inspire a love and an appreciation of Nature and natural beauty, to mediate between man and Nature, is William Wordsworth. Born and reared in that celebrated "Lake Country," in the North of England, where Nature has been so prodigal of her beauties and serenities and solemnities, his early environment did of necessity instill into his early life a love and reverence for Nature, and an awe of her, which never left him.

His daily teachers were woods and rills, starry skies and shadowy vales and—the voice of God that speaks in the silence of the lonely hills. The lessons which they taught him deeply influenced his whole life, and manifested themselves later in a wholesome, thoughtful, and inspiring poetry, which tells us of the beauties and joys offered us by Nature, and which pleads with us in accents sweet to hearken unto the voice of God speaking to us through Nature.

Wordsworth attained to early manhood in the hopeful days of the French Revolution. Indeed, he had grown up with the spirit of "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," which was animating the hopes of men at that period; and he was most ardent and sanguine for the redemption of man from the iron hand of despotism. In his enthusiasm, he went to the continent, but the terrible excesses of the Reign of Terror, which caused a recoil and bitter disappointment in the hearts of so many of the most ardent, seems almost to have destroyed his faith in the goodness of mankind, or rather, in the success ultimately of his efforts toward the victory of good over evil.

Feeling the unprofitableness of all the fretful stir and

fever that engaged men then, he turned from France, and from what he himself called "the heavy and weary weight of the unintelligible world," to dwell with his sister among the "untrodden ways" of his native lake country, where, "far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife," he might turn his back on men and roam at large "the unpeopled glens," and where, in short, he might live and die in the eye of Nature.

Perhaps it may not be an exhibition of the strongest faith, the greatest optimism, that what survives the fire is gold, when one turns his back upon the world-fire, and, rather than face its heat, seeks solace among the retirements of Nature. But life often succeeds in that in which it *seems* to fail; and who knows but that our poet could better prove the use of his gifts by leaving the bitter world in order to add to its purer life by his teachings.

It was his simple, quiet, frugal life that developed in him simplicity, manliness, rugged honesty, self-reliance, and self-sufficiency—virtues which must have been inherent in his nature. It was his passionate love for outdoor life, that engendered in him a spirit of deep meditateness, and produced in him a feeling of "healing serenity" which made him to say, "Me hath Nature tamed." With these words upon the influences brought to bear in the life of the poet, we can better understand and appreciate, I hope, his view of Nature, and his teachings from Nature,—to which we now proceed.

We have said that Wordsworth was a poet of Nature. Thomson wrote about "the Seasons;" Gray composed "an Elegy in a Country Churchyard;" Burns pictured to us the simple life of the Scotch cotter; Shelley painted for us the clouds. Much more that they did, shows them to be men of Nature. But there is a distinctive note in Wordsworth's poetry of Nature, that cannot but be heard. To him Nature is a "Mighty Being," and no other poet lays such stress upon

the moral influence of the teachings of this "Mighty Being." He has brought out for us in their fullness, the meanings of Nature, thus enabling us to catch glimpses of the splendor left by the smile of God upon his creations. Holding daily communion with Nature's invisible God through her visible forms, living simply and habitually beneath her sway, he was enabled to make her meanings flash upon our inward eye with all "the glory and the freshness of a dream."

By interpreting these teachings of Nature to man, Wordsworth undertakes to assist Nature in becoming man's teacher; and, indeed, in his most inspired moments, the lessons seem no longer dictated to him by Nature, but as Matthew Arnold so well says, "she seems to take the pen out of his hand, and write for him with her own bare, sheer, penetrating power." The great lessons which he has for us from Nature's dictation are: the nobility of the simple, honest, unworldly life of affections and duties; that we,

"By adding love to peace,
Might live on earth a life of happiness;"

that it is only by constant communion and comradeship with Nature that we can live the complete life.

And so he bids us,

"Come forth in the light of things,
Let nature be our teacher.

* * * * *

She has a world of ready wealth,
Our minds and hearts to bless;
Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,
Truth breathed by cheerfulness.
One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach us more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can."

The import of the truths which he gathers from the common things on every side—from the pansy at his feet; from the joyous song of the linnet “perched in ecstasies” above his head; from “waters on a starry night;” from the glorious birth of a sunshine; from a rainbow in the sky; from clouds that gather around a setting sun; from the vernal woods—the import of the truths which he gathers from these is such as to make “our noisy years seem moments,” and to breed in us perpetual benedictions. To him, even

“ . . . the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.”

The poetry that embodies these truths in such clear notes that he who runs may read, is made sweet and mellow by the purity and nobility of his own thoughts and feelings. Ruskin says that Wordsworth is the keenest-eyed of all the modern poets for what is deep and essential in Nature. It is to this keenness of vision, we would add, that is due the fidelity of his descriptions, and to which we owe such faithful and beautiful portrayals of Nature scenes, such suggestive, connotative, and impressive passages as are to be found anywhere—everywhere in his poetry,—passages that add sunshine to daylight, and give life and animation to forms and images.

In his “Lines Composed Above Tintern Abbey” is to be found an epitome of his view of Nature. In his youth Nature had been to him a passion, an appetite, “a glad animal movement,” which did not need to be augmented by thought, but was sufficient unto itself. But to his maturer thought and feeling, Nature had brought “the still sad music of humanity,” with its subduing, chastening influence upon him and upon his

“Little nameless unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love,”

and that all his purer thoughts had rest in her.

His philosophy of the connection between the world without and the world within is that the one is, or should be, fitted to the other, and that their blended power may accomplish much in feeding the soul. The "Intimations of Immortality" sets forth how inseparably connected are Nature and man—the one as teacher, the other as student of the art of life. The poem supports a belief in immortality from intimations of earliest life, the elements of perfect life being inherent. It is the office of Nature to develop these instincts, and the duty of man to follow her teachings; and it is from man's proneness to disregard them that life's evils and unhappiness arise.

But our earlier instincts, though suppressed by our "homely muse," the earth, are

"Truths that wake to perish never,"

and, therefore, we are to hold fast to the faith that looks through death; for, after all, this clay, our material body, is but, as Browning says, to serve to project our soul on its lone way.

So we seem to see this high priest, in his function as mediator between man and Nature, directing the way through Nature to Nature's God. The pure and ennobling emotions and thoughts which he arouses in us, can be excited only by a pure and nobler nature like his. His poetry is the poetry of life, the thought of which is animated by feeling, and, therefore, it delights and consoles and cheers us, and teaches us to think

"On man, on Nature, and on human life."

In the beautiful words of Shelley, we write for him this epitaph:

“ a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing songs unbidden
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not.”

A. B. B., '98.

Clemson's Mission

The war between the States was just over. Confederate soldiers were returning to their homes, not to find the welcome they had justly earned—full payment for four years sacrifice—but instead, to find their slaves free, their money worthless, their barns empty, their farms devastated, their homes in ruins, their social system, feudal in its magnificence, swept away, leaving their people without law and without government. What a condition was this Southland of ours then in?

But, ladies and gentlemen, undismayed by the devastation of their homes and the discouragements of their surroundings, these men of the South brought the same brave hearts to encounter these difficulties, which had so often nerved their arms against heavy odds on the battlefield. The soldier stepped from the trenches into the furrow; horses that had charged Federal guns were marched before the plow; and fields that ran red with human blood in April were green with harvests in June.

From those very first days after the war, began another struggle—a grappling with poverty, new problems, and changed conditions; and it was during those early days of this new struggle that Thomas G. Clemson resolved to do what he could to help the people of this State to solve some of these problems, and adapt themselves to these changed conditions.

Mr. Clemson was born in the city of Philadelphia, in 1807. In his early life he ran away from home, and went to Europe. Whilst there he visited Paris, and soon found friends among the young men of that city, with whom, in those troublesome times, he would often join to quell disturbances. They all held him in the highest admiration and esteem, and before long he had won for himself a position in the celebrated School of the Mines. During his stay in Paris, his father died, and the paternal estate was divided in such a way as to leave him no part of it; so that just in the beginning of manhood he found himself penniless. But such a spirit as his was not to be thus checked. With a silent determination he set to work at his profession, and soon found an enviable position with the government at Washington. It was there that he met Miss Floride Calhoun, who subsequently became his wife.

At the beginning of the Civil War, Mr. Clemson was residing with his family in Washington; but hearing that the Federals were about to arrest him, on account of his sympathy for the South, he crossed the Potomac, and tendered his services to President Davis.

In 1871, both of Mrs. Clemson's children died. Desolate they mourned their loss. But unsearchable is the purpose 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 so as to improve the conditions of their fellow-men. They agreed to make wills to each other, and promised that the survivor should make a will devoting all the joint property to erect an agricultural college at Fort Hill. In 1875, Mrs. Clemson died. Great was the grief of this old man, and for several years he led a lonely and desolate life. Eventually, however, his mind became fixed upon the one central thought—that of fulfilling his promise. He foresaw the condition the South was to be plunged in if

something were not done to arrest the destructive tendencies. Such education as the schools of the South offered before the war suited the conditions then existing, but was incapable of fitting for the changed environment. To become successful, the Southern people had to become practical. Mr. Clemson was painfully conscious of the many kinds of waste that have been allowed to go on in all sections of our State, waste in our forestry, waste in our fields, waste in our powers, waste in every path of life. The problem was, How could the people redeem the losses that have come from waste, and how utilize the tremendous resources of our State?

One solution of that question is Clemson College, standing here to-day, the very embodiment of the new spirit and the renewed energy of the South, and sowing the seed that is to spring into the citizenship of South Carolina. It embodies a course of instruction the purpose of which is to train the boy's hand, or rather to develop his mental powers by means of his hands. Modern psychologists, who have given a great deal of time to the study of the brain, have reached the conclusion that a large part of the brain can be developed only by the training that comes through the hand.

It is a matter of common experience that a great many boys that have gone through our schools, have found themselves, at the end of their course of study, in a condition of helplessness. Their appeals for situations were answered by the stereotyped phrase, "not wanted." It is the purpose of Clemson College to modernize that old system of education, and send into the world men who can make intelligent use of their trained intellects and their trained hands. The skilled manual labor that will have to be applied in the development of our great industrial resources ought to be produced here at home. We should not be driven to the necessity of importing the kind of labor that South Carolina will want on her farms, in her manufactories, in her machine

shops and elsewhere. The potential citizen of the future will be the citizen whose brain and hands have been trained to do things that the world wants done, and that the world is willing to pay for. This training, so necessary to our present situation, must be provided for boys here at home, and while they are at school. Heretofore, the thought that has been instilled into the minds of the boys of this State has been that if they could get an education, they could escape hard work. The thought that Clemson College emphasizes is that we need an education that will enable us to work intelligently and profitably the industries of the State.

As to what Clemson College has done in the past and is doing at the present, we await with confidence the verdict of our State.

Trip to Clemson

"Say, Cassidy, ye've heard iv th' strynuous life, haven't ye? Ye know that's th' life Teddy, th' naygers' friend, is always spaking of."

"What about this strenuous life?" asked Mr. Cassidy.

"Well," said Mr. O'Hagan, "I've found a community where they live th' strynuous life in the most strynuous forrum."

"An' where's that?" asked Mr. Cassidy.

"Way down in South Car'lina," replied Mr. O'Hagan. "Sum paepel call it Climpson Colladge, but I think a more appropriate name would be 'Th' Malytery Emporum.' Them fellers lade a Malytery life, I can tell ye. I wint down ther' 'bout two wakes ago for me health, an' hearring iv th' place, I dayturmuned to vaysit it. Whin I light'd frum th' thrain th' only thing that met me gaise wus a grate big, blue, sign tacked betwane two pine trays bearing th' inscription 'Climpson Colladge—One mile south.' I looked f'r a hack,

but if there was anny thir, it must have been hid in the bushes. Well, Cassidy, I picked up me two valayses and started south. After walking stidy for about an hour, I rounded a curve and came in sight iv th' buldhings. I walked on up to where the most comotion was, and jist as I got to th' top iv th' hill, on' iv thim fellows blowed a hor-rn, and you should have seen thim fellows run. They for-rumed into line and thin after they had called over a lot of names, ivry man took a stip backarrds wid his right foot. Thin th' same feller blew another pace of music on his horn. Whin he got through his pace, a feller standin' by his side hollered out something, and thin he rhead out what he called a dalynkancy rephort. This contained th' nayme of almost eviry craeture in the State, an' most iv them were charged with chrimes that would bate th' rechords of the New Yor-rk polace courts. Whin those fellows had marched off, a man wid a swbord marched up and asked me who I was. 'I'm ye frind, Mr. O'Hagan,' says I. 'What,' says he, 'the sure-enurf Mr. O'Hagan? And where's Cassidy?' I explained ye absence to him, and he asked me to go down and ate supper with him. We walked into a place he called the barrucks, but which I thought looked suspaciously like a jail. We went on down in th' cellar and sat down to supphur. I took me surveys iv th' place, Cassidy, and 'twas a wunderful sight. While we were in there the same feller who read th' daylynkancy rayport got up and rid some more. This time 'twas Orders, and he read til th' perspuration stud out on his forud like bubbles on a beer barrel. I felt rayl sorry fer th' feller, but I didn't say enny way to raylave the situwation, so I just sat there. After this feller got through, I thried ter ate some supper, more fur th' sake iv manners than anything else; but, Cassidy, I couldn't go that supper. I've seen suppers and suppers, but that bate them all, for th' principal characteristic in th' supper was that it wasn't there.

"After supper the officer iv th' day took me up to his room and told me to make meself at home. He said he was sorry to have to lave me, but that he had to stay in th' guard house. After he left I tried ter talk to his roommate, but that young man was deeply ingrossed in his studies, and every time I asked him a sinsible question he would murmur something about 'Terkieny' mammals an' go on studying. My, how that chap did wurruk that night. After while I heard him mutter a deep oath and he seized another book. Looking over his shoulder I saw that it was 'Alternating Currents.' Cassidy, I didn't know that there was such things, for I'd always heard that water flowed down stream. I picked up all his books, but I couldn't read enny of them, so I finally gave it up.

"Bout twelve o'clock, I heard the clanking of a sword, and me frind, th' officer of th' day, came in and asked me if I was ready to go to bed, I told him yis, and looked round to find the beds, but all that I saw was two little cots, each of thim about as wide as a plank. I didn't see where I was to sleep. Me frind, th' officer of th' day, said he'd give me his bed and that he'd slape with his frind. I thanked him and prepared to retire. At first I felt sorry for those two buys having both to slape in that one little bed, but in a few minutes I was sorrier for meself than I was for thim. Cassidy, I didn't slape a wink that night, for eviry time I'd turn over I'd make th' acquaintance of about six new corn cobs that I hadn't imagined were there.

"Th' next morning, 'bout two hours before daylight, some one began blowing a pace on a horn out in the halls, an' I said to meself, 'O'Hagan, ye' time is come, there's Gabriel.' But about that time me two young frinds began groaning and grumblin' 'bout having to get up so early, an' I began to take hope agin. Well, Cassidy, I was glad to lave that couch of horrors, and I commined to dress. That man

tooted on his horn agin, and all the boys began to run down th' hall. It sounded like a stampade in a wild animal show, and I commenced to grow worried agin. I asked me young frind, th' officer of th' day, what it meant, and he said it was only reveille. I didn't know exactly what that was, but still I felt considerable easier.

"In a few minutes afterwards we wint down to breakfast, and I tried to ate a little, but I couldn't do it. 'Thin I asked me frind, th' officer of th' day, what time th' first train left, and he said at nine o'clock. 'Bout two hours 'fore train time I picked up me two valayses and struck out f'r th' depot. Me young frind, th' officer of th' day, asked me to come to see thim agin, and I thanked him, but, Cassidy, I didn't make any rash promises.

"I stood that place f'r twelve hours, and was glad to get away alive. I can't help but admire th' spunk iv a young man that can stay there f'r a whole year, an' as f'r one that can stay there f'r four whole years and graduate, he deserves a monument in th' Hall of Fame."

The Clemson College Chronicle

FOUNDED BY CLASS OF 1898

Published Monthly by the

**Calhoun, Columbian and Palmetto Literary Societies of Clemson
Agricultural College**

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Editorial Department.

EDITOR :

H. C. TILLMAN



Spring

While all the rest of the world is donning its new spring suit and making itself as cool as possible, Clemson is plodding wearily on in

the same old way. The only difference that we see is that the weather is a little warmer and that we are lazier. Despite this, however, we are glad that the spring has come. Everything will be clothed in green again and Nature will be more beautiful than ever before. That lazy feeling will not materially injure our progress, and when the bud of spring shall blossom into the flower of summer, we hope that all of us may feel that our spring-time has been spent in a manner profitable to ourselves and pleasant to our friends. We have all heard often about the "Spring time of life," and it would not be amiss for us to stop and realize that we are passing through that period now. Our lives are green—untouched by trouble and experience—that our earnest prayer should be that these buds of life may blossom into flowers of usefulness. We should pray that when the rains of trouble and the sin of experience shall have moulded our lives, that these lives may be filled with the fragrance of love and the beauty of manhood.

Easter This day is the anniversary of the resurrection of our Lord, and to our mind it is one of the most beautiful anniversaries that we have. Its commemoration goes to show that we are not ungrateful to the Saviour for what he did for us. It stands forth as a memorial to testify that the Lord's death was not in vain.

To some, Easter is merely a day on which to wear a new hat or an old dress made over, but we believe that these are in a vast minority. We are sorry that there are any, for it shows a pride and vanity which is a disgrace to a civilized Christian nation. The majority of our people are sincere in their manifestations of love and respect, and as long as these manifestations *are* sincere, we hope that Easter will be made a day of days in showing our love and respect for our Lord.

Social Life We are glad to say that the boys seem to be taking more interest in the social life of "the hill." This is a good sign, and its continuance cannot result in anything but good. Some people seem to think that a student should be a social recluse, but we have always contended that a student cannot get the best results out of his college course if he allows himself to give up everything for books. His social life should be as fully developed as any other, and we hope that this will be done in the future at Clemson.

Track Athletics Now that the Board of Trustees has set aside May 1st as "Field Day," the track men should be up and doing. There is plenty of good material in school, and Clemson should be able to put out a splendid team. We would like to be represented in Atlanta at the S. I. A. A. meet, and we feel sure that if we are, our colors will again be waved in glory and triumph. Let us all join hands and help the managers make May 1st a successful and long-to-be-remembered field day.

The Meeting of the Board The Board of Trustees, which met here in March, made some very wise provisions for the students' benefit. Among these might be mentioned :

(1) The encouragement of the literary societies by offering a gold medal to the best orator in the three societies.

(2) The encouragement of athletics by the establishment of a field day.

(3) The establishment of a lounging room for the students.

A gymnasium was also taken into consideration, and we still hope that the Board will build one. In behalf of the students, we wish to thank the Trustees for their generosity,

and to assure them that the corps will sustain these sub-institutions.

**Literary
Societies**

We have noted with interest the action of the Board in offering a medal to the best orator *within* the societies. We believe that this will

give them the recognition they have needed so long, and also that it will stimulate the work. The members of the societies should take more interest in their work now, and each society should try to win the "Trustees' Medal." It certainly is an honor, and we hope that all of the societies will endeavor to land the medal within its own ranks.



W. E. G. BLACK, }
S. T. HILL, }

EDITORS

Thus far, very few of our exchanges have reached us; however, the few that have found their way to our table are creditable.

The Charleston College Magazine is neat and well written, but could be improved greatly by the addition of one or two pieces of poetry and a pin sketch here and there.

It seems from the appearance of subject-matter in *The Palmetto*, that its staff is not doing its duty. Most of the material in this magazine seems to have been collected from the English class-room. This should not be done, for we know that the staff is fully competent to get up their own material.

The interesting articles in *The Collegian* gave us great pleasure. This magazine is one of our most promising exchanges—this being its second issue. We see no reason why, if its editors continue to do their duty, it cannot in a short while be one of the leading college journals of the South. We predict a great future for this magazine. The poem, "Light is Creditable." "The Gravity Ball" is a good piece of fiction, though its author draws on his imagi-

nation a little too much for the good of his story. "A Layman's Faith" is also good. The exchange department is well conducted.

Several interesting articles appear in *The Wofford College Journal* for February; among them being "Fillippo's Choice," "Cause and Effect," "The Parting of the Way." "Fillippo's Choice" is a well-told little story, regardless of the fact that it has a familiar ring. The other two deserve mention because of the fact that they are a little out of the ordinary, and are well written. One or two pieces of well written poetry would add greatly to this magazine. We would like to suggest, that the author of the little poem, "To a Cape Jessamine," try his hand again. We see no reason why, with one or two more trials, he could not write a good poem. Both the editorial and exchange departments are well conducted; the editorial department deserving special mention because of the beautiful way in which its editor handles subjects of interest.

We note with sorrow the backward state of *The Erskian*; for, above everything else, a literary college should take most interest in her magazine. Now, this is something that the students of Erskine are not doing, and we know of no other plan that can remedy this matter, except a new student body. We would suggest that the authorities of the college try by some means to import a new set of students. The last issue of this magazine contained nothing which goes to make up a good college journal. We would like to ask the editors of this magazine, if "A Dog's Tail" is the best subject for an essay that they can find? If it is—well. Young men, do try to do a little better in the future.

The Wake Forest Student is among our most interesting

exchanges. The last copy which we received is well up to its usual standard, being neat in appearance, well arranged according to subject matter, and above the average magazines in excellency of material. "Moonlight on the Hills" is among the best poems of the year, both meter and thought being good. "The Life Pestalozzi" is a well written essay, though we do not like its ending. "De Projical Sun—A Negro Sermon," is a fair sample of one of our black brother's talks to his people. In the fiction, "A Tale of the Klondike," is good, but has a sad ending. The plot in "Greater Love Hath no Man," is a little contrary to human nature; however, the story is well gotten up. The exchange department is far above the average of the magazines that reaches our exchange table. The editor of this department has the correct idea of his duties.

From Our Exchanges

DEDICATORIAL DISSERTATIONS OF THE DICTATOR (WITH
SPECIAL REFERENCE TO EXAMS).

The melancholy days are come,
The saddest of the year,
Of wailing boys and growling girls,
Of cuss words and the tear;
Heaped in the piles of paper waste
The student's hopes lie dead,
All hedged around with question-marks
And covered o'er with red;
The donkey stands within his stall,
The beast has naught to say,
While "sonny" sits and bites his lips
Throughout the gloomy day.

THE EDITOR'S HOWL.

The zephyr bloweth,
The farmer soweth,
The subscriber oweth,
The editor knoweth
We need our dues.

We're not a-funnin',
So come a-runnin'
Or we'll go gunnin';
This thing of dunnin'
Gives us the blues.

There ain't a room in all the house
Interestin' to me
Ez is the kitchen, that's the place
A feller mustn't be.

There ain't a day in all the week,
A hull one when a kid
Could play, like Sunday, that's the day
He'd ketch it if he did.

And hev yer noticed how, I ask,
How things is never half
So roarin' splittin' funny ez when
Yer where yer dassn't laugh?

And did yer ever hear 'em tell
They'd had so big a blow,
Sech all unheard of larking' ez
The time yer didn't go?

ONLY A DROP.

Said one Senior to another,
As the two strolled down the hall:
“When we’re gone how will this college
Ever get along at all?”

A MATCHLESS MAID.

A maid was she, eighteen years old;
Her cheeks were flushed, her tresses gold
Of finest shade.
She was the toast of all the boys,
Who pledged her, with tumultuous noise,
“A matchless maid.”

But ten years hence her charms had failed;
Her hair was thin, her cheeks had paled
To palid shade.
And when she had no lover more,
Her father groaned “She is,” he swore,
“A matchless maid.”—*Ex.*

She sat in his lap in a cable car
And her language I won’t repeat;
She blushed and arose, and he said:
“Beg pardon; pray do keep your seat.”—*Ex.*

At a table in a hotel
A youth and maiden sat;

They didn't know each other,
But what of that?
The youth picked up the sugar
With a smile you seldom meet,
And passed it to the girl, saying,
"Sweets to the sweet."

She picked up the crackers,
And scorn was not lacked
As she passed them to him saying,
"Crackers to the cracked."—*Ex.*

Local Department.

EDITORS:

H. C. SAHLMANN

C. W. LEGERTON



The campus is beginning to assume a look of spring now. The shrubbery that has been recently planted is growing well, and young trees have been planted along the various walks. Continued improvements are being made, and with this work kept up, Clemson bids fair, in future years, to have a campus that will be equal to any in the South.

Our Annual, *The Oconeean*, has at last been sent to the printer, and the business manager is "taking life easy" for a while. He hopes to get the proof sheets back in a short while, and to have the finished book out by the middle of May.

Clemson boys are distinguishing themselves in various ways. This year we have two inventors with us. Cadet Weston, of the Sophomore Class, has invented and obtained a patent on a new hay press. Cadet Lee, of the same class, has invented an improvement for the Draper loom, and has sold the right to patent to the Draper Company, of Hopedale, Mass.

Miss Smith, of Knoxville, Tennessee, is on the campus, visiting the family of Professor Chambliss.

It is understood that some of the younger members of the faculty recently laid aside their dignity, and attempted to ride logs over at the saw-mill. Two of them,—well, got

caught in the rain, you might say, although the sun was shining brightly!

The quarantine against small-pox has at length been raised, and now the cadets who have been "good," will be allowed to visit the near-by towns. Alas, how few they be!

Under the efficient care of Professor C. C. Newman, the horticultural grounds are looking like the tropics now. Flowers of every description are blooming. Orange blossoms, Marshal Niels, and violets are out in profusion. To the lover of flowers, it is a beautiful spot to visit!

The members of the German Club are beginning to look more pleasant now. The Lenten season will soon be over, when they can again partake of the pleasures of dancing.

W. G. Hill, Class '01, who is now holding a government position at Port Royal, S. C., paid his Alma Mater a flying visit during the first week of March. "Bill" is looking the same.

Cadet M—, out walking on the campus recently, asked his companions why Prof. Newman planted the shrubbery with the roots up. Cadet M— does not drink!

We would suggest to those cadets who have not yet been to the new saw-mill on the Seneca River, and who have not yet seen saw-mill machinery, to avail themselves of the first opportunity. The plant is a strictly up-to-date one, and a visit to it is both interesting and instructive.

Several of the boys expect to attend the oratorical contest at Greenwood. Our representative, Cadet F. G. DeSausure, has already been elected.

The artillery had a hot discussion last week with regard to the following proposition: If a rope of equal length were

placed over a pulley, a weight of twenty pounds placed on one end, and a monkey weighing twenty pounds on the other, what would happen if the monkey climbed the rope?

Prof. Earle (explaining mechanics): An engine is any device for converting one form of energy into another. Mr. Green, what is a hot air engine?

Cadet Green: I reckon it is a wind-mill on a hot August day, sir!

Prof. M.: What does the lesson say about electricity?

Cadet Milling: It was *invented* by Benjamin Franklin, sir.

The Fun Club

A great addition to the social life of the campus has been the "Fun" Club, recently organized by the young ladies of the hill. As we understand it, the club meets every two weeks, and is for the purpose of creating a greater intimacy between the young people. We cannot commend the organization of this club too highly, for nothing adds more to the pleasures of a college course than such gatherings. Miss Carrie Taylor is president of the club, and Miss Sue Sloan, secretary and treasurer. The club colors are pink and white. The first meeting was held at Mrs. Calhoun's, and it must be gratifying to the young ladies to know that it was a complete success. As was the custom of the club, each young lady had invited one young man, through a committee, and much fun was derived from making the men guess who had invited them. The game of the evening was Progressive Flinch, the prize, a college souvenir spoon, being won by Miss Thatch, of Converse College. After the game substantial refreshments were served. The remainder of the evening was devoted to music, both vocal and instrumental. At twelve o'clock the happy group dispersed with

many expressions of a most pleasant evening spent. The young ladies that compose the club are: Miss Carrie Taylor, Miss Sue Sloan, Miss Ida Calhoun, Miss Minnie Wannamaker, Miss Julie Taylor, Miss Lucas, Miss Rosa Calhoun, Miss Sayre, Miss Winnie Taylor, Miss Lesesne Lewis, Miss Sloan, Miss Morrison, Miss Collins, Miss Smith, of Knoxville, Tenn., Miss Helen Bradford, of Lexington, S. C.

Snooks: They say that the average life of a musician is thirty-three and a third years.

Chunk: O, don't tell me that I am to die so young.

The College Dramatic Club has already started work on the usual spring play, which will be entitled "Because She Loved Him So."

Mr. J. W. Heisman, the Dramatic Club instructor, has given out the parts, and will, as heretofore, direct the rehearsals, which insures a thoroughly adequate production.

Those who will take part, besides Mr. Heisman, are Mrs. J. P. Lewis, Mrs. R. E. Lee, Miss Lesesne Lewis, Mrs. Sirmyer, Col. E. A. Sirmyer, Prof. Daniels, and of the students, Messrs. Perrin, Wightman, Sahlman and Siou.

The play has had a long and most successful metropolitan run, and we are assured by Mr. Heisman it will, taken altogether, be the best thing the club has yet done. Indeed, we do not doubt this, for every performance grows better than the last, and the club now stands as one of the most capable of its kind in the South.

The presentation of the play is to take place some time in April, and, as usual, most of the proceeds will find its way to the treasury of the Athletic Association. Much pleasurable anticipation has already been excited by the prospects of seeing William Gillett's greatest play, and it is sure to be greeted with a packed house.

Coach J. W. Heisman is now working with his usual energy with the baseball squad; he has his men on the field every afternoon at practice. Mr. John McMakin, Clemson's great pitcher of a few seasons past, is here assisting Coach Heisman. Capt. Sitton will be in the box again this season, and Maxwell will take his position behind the bat. There are several new pitchers out this year and they are showing up in great style, and before the end of the season, it is expected that they will render Sitton great assistance.

The squad has been cut down considerably, and now only the best of material is seen on the diamond. On account of the number of candidates competing for positions in the field, there is some uncertainty as to who will make these places. Chisolm, who played second base last year, is back, also Rodger, who played such a quick short last season; Crawford, Goggens, McIver, Caldwell are candidates for the in field, and their work has been very good. Nat Cole, one of the pitchers of last season, is not on the diamond this year.

The candidates are as follows:

Sitton, C. V., captain. Pitchers—Dendy, Ellison, Gantt, Maxwell. Catchers—Sorentrue, Woods, L. A. In fielders—Chisolm, Caldwell, Rodger, Crawford, Goggens, McIver, Walker, Brown. Out fielders—Reeves, Wier, Moseley, Phelps, Cogburn.

On Friday evening, March 6th, the Columbian Literary Society held its annual contest in the Memorial Hall. The exercises were excellent, and the speaker convinced a large audience that much good is being accomplished in the society hall.

Mr. W. H. Barnwell, presiding officer, made some appropriate remarks at the close of the evening programme.

The orators were Jos. F. Wyse and P. L. Ellias; Mr. Wyse reflected great credit upon himself and won over his

colleague only by a few points. The debate was extremely interesting, and both of the debators brought out many interesting points.

The query: Resolved, That the Trust law is beneficial to the United States. L. E. Boykin representing the affirmative and C. W. Mack the negative. Mr. Mack's argument was very strong, and he not only won the medal for style and argument and composition, but also his side of the query.

The contest between the orators from the Calhoun and Columbian Lit. Societies for the one to represent the College in the State oratorical contest was held in the Memorial Hall Friday evening, March 13th. Jos. W. Wyse represented the Columbian Society, and delivered an eloquent eulogy on Wade Hampton. Fred. G. DeSaussure, from the Calhoun Society, delivered an excellent oration on "The South"—his subject being "Furled but not Dishonored." Both young men deserve great credit; their delivery was graceful, and the composition of their speeches far above the ordinary. Mr. DeSaussure won the contest and will represent the College at Greenwood, and will carry with him the best wishes for success from the entire corps.

Riggs—noticing St. Patrick's Day on the calendar, and being asked, by Senior Robertson who St. Patrick was, replied: "Why, he was Patrick Henry, of Virginia."

Prof. L.: What is said of the shape of the Rocky Mountains?

Prep. K.: Judging from the globe I would imagine that they were round.

Paul J. Steele

WHEREAS, it has pleased our Heavenly Father to remove from our midst our beloved classmate, PAUL J. STEELE. Be it resolved:

1st. That Freshman Class extend to his parents their sincere and heartfelt sympathy in their great bereavement.

2d. That a copy of these resolutions be published in THE CLEMSON CHRONICLE and in the Chester County paper.

3d. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to his parents.

R. L RIGGS,
W. H. CRAWFORD,
R. D. GRAHAM,
Committee.

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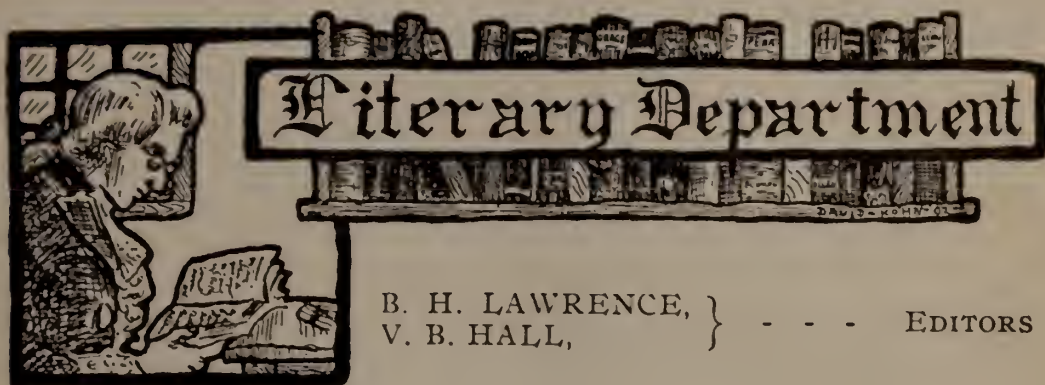
Clemson's Representative in the South Carolina Inter-Collegiate
Oratorical Contest.

The Clemson College Chronicle

Valeat Quantum Valere Potest

VOL. VI. CLEMSON COLLEGE, S. C., MAY, 1903

No. 8



B. H. LAWRENCE, }
V. B. HALL, } - - - EDITORS

Legend of the Isundiga

Iskagua was an Indian maiden fair—
A chieftain's daughter and a Cherokee
Of purest blood. Upon her father's knee
She often sat, and while he stroked her hair,
He told her wondrous tales of his success
With bow and arrow and deadly hunting knife,
Whose notched blade—each notch stood for a life
Of some great foe he'd slain—would never rest
Until it drank the blood of Connastee,
The mighty chief upon the Tennessee.

Iskagua's name itself was sweet as she—
In her own tongue it signified "*Clear sky*"—
Her face bore well the symbol—her clear eye
Dispensed its sunshine—made the shadows flee.
Her home was in a grassy mountain dell,

By art arranged and nature's hand endowed,
And with such taste as she had been allowed
By female instinct—did she 'dorn it well
With rugs of skins and shells and pebbles round,
And glinting sand heaped here and there a mound.

Upon this spot of quietude and peace
Her father's hated foe, grim Connastee,
Crept, with his horde of braves, from tree to tree,
Like ancient Argonauts, when the golden fleece
Lay on the weird, enchanted Colchian shores,
So down upon the peaceful dell they stole
With silent footsteps, for they feared the bold
And crafty Gohoma, whose war cry roars
Like thunder; clouds before his face would flee
And brooks run trembling off to find the sea.

Iskagua and her father sat beside
Their wigwam in the sunshine by the stream,
Whose crystal water limpid with the gleam
Of myriad sunbeams, helped to swell the tide
Of Kuwaha. Old Gohoma had told
His story of the notches and the slain
Whose bones now bleached on many a distant plain;
And now he sat in silence, save the lull
Of murmuring waters in their endless race
To Kuwaha, their transient resting place.

At length he slept, and in his dreams he saw
Strange faces, and a voice unknown
Kept calling sweet Iskagua; she, his own
Fair mountain flower, deadly pale with awe,
Stood by his side and shielded him from harm,
While in her breast the fatal arrows sank,
And mother earth her warm red lifeblood drank;

His breath came quick—he sprang up in alarm,
Iskagua woke him, urging him to flee,
For down the mountain side came Connastee.

Gohoma's eye lit up with savage wrath,
His bow he seized—and leapt his foes to face.
But all too late—an arrow flashed through space
From foes unseen; Iskagua, in its path,
Was smitten down, and Gohoma made haste
To bear her to some lone sequestered spot,
And there defend her or to share her lot;
For what was life to him without her face?
But from old Connastee an arrow came
And laid him down beside her in the stream.

The warriors came and silently surveyed
Their victims. Connastee drew forth the dart
Embedded in Iskagua's pulseless heart,
And walked away unmindful of the murdered maid.
Great gory drops escaping from the wound,
Diffused a crimson down the sparkling brook—
Dying the eddies in each lonely nook—
Its brightness gone; its once sweet voice attuned
To sadder lays than mortal tongue can frame;
Such plaintive wails—such chords without a name.

To Kuwaha at length the streamlet bore
Its direful burden. Down its channel wide
A muddy stream, by mountain brooks supplied,
Flowed onward, swelling ever more and more;
But wonderful to tell, when from the dell
The little brook poured forth its bloody stream,
The muddy waters lost their hue—began to gleam
Like star-lit dew; their guttural murmurs fell,
And onward moved with scintillations rare,
But still the plaintive notes fell on the ear.

Each stream inflowing sought to quench the light,
But vainly. From the place of conflict sprang
A band of warriors, whose wild war cry rang,
As back they dash'd, Chief Connastee to fight.
And ere the east gleam'd with another day,
He fell, and round him did his warriors die,
With not a wound, but from somewhere on high
A bolt of lightning came and marked its way
In livid lines across each startled face,
And dying warriors marked its murderous trace.

The great man from the distant Tellico,
The silent Rona, muchly loved and feared,
Upon the scene mysteriously appeared,
And heard the thunder blast, and saw the glow
Of jagged lightning on the battle field.
And when he heard the story of the death
Of Iskagua, his quicken'd, burning breath
Hissed through his teeth and forth there pealed
These terse and somber words in tones intense,
As one whose soul breathes hatred in suspense,
"Isundiga—uy-gila-gi; Isundiga"—
"Her blood did it—it cleans'd the stream: her blood did
it."

From that day forth no Cherokee was known
To touch the waters of the Kuwaha;
But when they saw them gleaming they would say,
"Isundiga, Isundiga," and with a groan
Would flee beyond the sound its torrent made.
In later years, when first the white man came,
He witnessed this, and changed the river's name;
Isagua's name he knew not, nor her shade
Which 'habited the streams. "It is," said he,
"Isundiga,"—now known as Keowee. R. E. M.

A Debate

Query: *Resolved*, That the United States should adopt the Anti-Trust Law.

AFFIRMATIVE.

It is a divine law, that every man should be free to employ his own hands and his own brain for the advancement of his own welfare. And, when there is industrial independence, each citizen is stimulated to earnest effort by the hope of being able to profit by his own genius, his own energy, and his own industry. But when private monopoly reaches its full development each branch of industry will be controlled by one man, or by a few men, and the fruits of monopoly, like the divine right to rule, will be kept within the possession of a few from generation to generation, while the real producers of wealth will be condemned to perpetual servitude. When private monopoly reaches its full development, you will buy the finished product at the price which it fixes; you will sell raw material at the price which it fixes; and if you work for wages, you will work for such compensation and upon such conditions as it may determine.

That trusts are an evil, no one will dispute. And, even the advantages claimed for them by their most ardent advocates, finally prove to be more an evil than an advantage.

For, they claim, as an advantage, that raw material bought in large quantities is secured at lower prices. When, for instance, one man buys all of any one article of raw material, the price of that article is lowered, and all who produce it will have to sell at the price fixed by the trust. I confess that this is an advantage to the trust, but it is at the expense of the great mass of our people, because a large proportion of our population is engaged in the production of various kinds of raw material, and are thus placed at the mercy of the trusts.

They claim, secondly, that those plants which are best equipped and most advantageously situated can be operated continuously and in preference to those less favored. This is equivalent to saying that factories can be closed in the smaller towns and business concentrated in the large centers. It means, also, that whenever there is a surplus on hand, part of the factories can be closed, and the burden of maintaining prices thrown upon the wage earners. But I would call your attention to the fact, that there are already scattered throughout the land idle factories which stand as silent monuments to the evils of the trust system.

They claim, as another advantage, that in case of local strikes or fires, the work can be carried on elsewhere, and serious loss can thus be prevented.

What does this mean? It means that a trust can absolutely control the workingmen, for, if a strike occurs in a factory in one State, the factory can be closed down indefinitely while the employees are starved into submission, and as the trust can do the work in some other factory without serious loss, it is quite independent of the employees, and can absolutely prescribe the conditions upon which they shall live.

Another advantage claimed is that there is no increase in the means of distribution and a better force of salesmen will take the place of a large number.

Is this an advantage? I say no! It means that under the trust system the traveling salesman will not be needed. When every retail merchant must buy all goods of one class from a single company, the work can be done with samples and no traveling salesmen will be needed. There will be no competition between different factories, because they are all under the same management. The first man to feel this will be the traveling salesman, who will lose his occupation. The next man to feel it will be the hotel keeper, who will lose the trade of the traveling salesman. The railroads will lose

the mileage paid by the traveling salesmen; the liverymen will lose their best patrons; and the newspapers will lose their advertising, because it will not be necessary to advertise when there is no competition. All this might be tolerable if the savings thus made would go to the consumer, but as a matter of fact it goes to the trust.

Thus far I have only tried to point out some of the so called typical advantages of trusts, so, let us, now, briefly note the effects of trusts upon the various classes. The evils of trusts extend to all classes except those who are immediately connected with them.

The lawyers are finding that with the growth of trusts the business is gravitating towards the offices of the big corporation attorneys, while the less fortunate practitioners are becoming law clerks.

The small manufacturer is constantly menaced by the trusts. He does not know at what moment some corporation will attempt to monopolize the business in which he is engaged and give him his choice between bankruptcy and a conspiracy against the rest of the country. Many have been driven into the trust organizations by the larger corporations engaged in the same business, or by trusts formed to control some other product used as a basis for farther manufacture.

In what business can you safely invest a small amount of capital to-day? If you start into any independent business, you will find it difficult, if not impossible, to compete with a large organization if it attempts to undersell you in your own territory, because it can sustain itself by collecting high prices in other parts of the country. And if you suppress your moral objections and take stock in a trust, you don't know how soon those in charge may attempt to "freeze out" the smaller stockholders.

The trusts are, also, robbing the merchant of his independence. They fix the terms upon which he may sell and

often bind him by contract not to sell a single competing article. And when the trust is complete credit will be shortened and the merchant will be compelled to bear all the risks of trade, for, when the trust raises prices, he usually has to divide the advance with his customers, so far as his stock on hand is concerned, and when the trust overstocks the market and then lets the price fall, he must bear the loss on accumulated stock.

The farmer, too, has his share of the burden to bear. When he attempts to use his income in the purchase of the necessities of life, he finds that the trusts have raised prices. Let him calculate how long it will take him to become independent under the reign of trusts; let him contrast his lot with that of the man, who profits by governmental favoritism and grows rich by the exploitation of his countrymen through the instrumentality of trusts, and then let him answer the question, "Will the passage of the anti-trust bill be beneficial to the farming class of people?"

But there is still another evil of the trust system, and one which is more serious and far reaching in its effects than any of those previously mentioned, I mean its influence upon the political affairs of our country.

To-day, in some parts of our country, it is almost impossible to have an absolutely fair and honest election. If the operators of the great trusts desire that an election shall go a certain way, and they are unable to carry it their way by honest means, all the influences and agencies of concentrated wealth, and the despotic power of employers in tyrannous control over the employed, are brought into play. The man whose daily toil and its reward furnishes daily subsistence for himself and family is told that he must face discharge and beggary if he does not vote as his employers dictate. And, thus urged by threats, and impelled by the boundless love of a man for his family, and having no other prospects

opened to him, thousands, aye hundreds of thousands, of toilers from the work shops of the trusts march to the polls and vote the ticket which the trust has forced them to support. These agencies, ladies and gentlemen, have a mighty influence for evil in the elections of the present day, and unless something is done to curb the mighty and ever increasing power of trusts, they will eventually absorb and absolutely destroy the political freedom which our Constitution guarantees to every citizen.

It may be claimed that the passage of the anti-trust bill will restrict the industrial progress of our country, and thus menace its future prosperity and mar the prospects of its citizens. But, ladies and gentlemen, let me ask just here: what greater restriction can be placed upon our industrial progress than for a few men to so control the helm of affairs, that they can say "halt," and the great wheel of progress will come to a standstill? What can be a greater menace to the prosperity of our country, or what can shed a darker cloud upon the future prospects of its citizens?

I admit that the bill carries with it restrictions. But, what will it restrict? It will not restrict industry itself, but it will restrict the extortionate practices of the trusts. It will restrict vice. It will restrict the evil and give the virtuous and righteous efforts of man the right of way. And, let me ask, is it not infinitely better for the nation to restrict the few, who own and control these trusts, than to allow them to restrict and barter the political and industrial freedom of thousands of its citizens? Which is the greatest promoter of the welfare of the American people?

I look upon this question as having a very broad significance. I hope that I have firmly established the fact that trusts are detrimental to the interests of the American people, and, if I have, I have also established the fact that the passage of the anti-trust bill will be beneficial to the interests

of the American people. For, what evil is there which exists that it will not be beneficial to suppress? And, in this case, you will not only suppress an evil, but you will, also, restore political and industrial freedom to thousands of your fellow-citizens.

This nation has been a liberator. It first secured the freedom of its own people, and from that day on has furnished the example which has led to the overthrow of monarchical rule in many nations. It will add another laurel to its glorious crown if it will overthrow the monarchical rule of trusts in this country, and thus liberate the laboring classes, and allow them to pursue the even tenor of their way and enjoy the full benefits of their labors.

L. E. BOYKIN.

NEGATIVE.

Business is a leading and a legitimate phase of life, for it has to deal with the satisfaction of the material wants of a people. Whatever trusts are or ever may be, they have to deal with a lawful form of life. Then comes the question, "Is the trust a lawful form of business life?" This question is not to be covered up in an avalanche of abuse by the harping politician, but it is to be and will be settled only by business men on purely business principles.

The rapid changes in the industrial conditions have caused the evolution of progressive industry from the individual producer to the company and from the company to the corporation. The transition from the corporation to the large organization—trust—has been just as material and necessary a step in the industrial development as the forward move from the individual producer to the company. Who doubts that the possibilities of to-day are an hundred-fold greater than they were several decades ago? Electric currents gird the globe. The locomotive plies its way over mountains and through valleys. The monster steamship plows

her way around the world in less than fifty days. The vast expanse of the universe has become the market place for the factory. To meet these colossal demands, colossal organizations—trusts—are necessary and inevitable. Hand in hand with the extensive development of trade has come the repeated demand for lower prices and better goods.

The competitors of a few years ago tried to meet these demands. The goods they sold were of an inferior quality, lasted only a short time, and the consumer was the loser. There wasn't the slightest adjustment of the public needs. Finally, the supply became so much more than the demand, that there was, somewhere, a large amount of surplus goods that couldn't be sold at the normal price. Then cuts began. Prices became so low until this competition could no longer be endured; then followed a commercial panic, which, like a western cyclone, swept a majority of the would-be competitors from the face of the commercial globe. Then the business man's life was at stake. For the protection of life and self he had to invent an industrial institution that would meet the needs of the time and not result in cut throat prices. This was done in the same way that it has always been done—that is, by further combinations. For in the days of little things, we had little combinations; so in the days of great things, great combinations. The modern trust is a combination of individuals or firms into a large organization, bringing a large capital under one head, for the purpose of establishing a permanent business. It is an organization grown out of a business need; founded by business men; to promote business interest; to beat down competition; and last but not least, to promote and benefit the government.

The purpose of business men to-day, whether they are individually, in a firm or in a trust, is to secure maximum efficiency; for only by maximum efficiency can a successful business be established. Trusts come nearest maximum effi-

ciency because they render maximum production, which is always cheapest. Then these two laws working in conjunction with the fact that the trusts are a union of former competitors make the economic productivity of the trust almost perfect.

By forming into a trust, surplus workmen are gotten rid of; real ability is brought to the front, rendering the labor of each man productive according to his quality in workmanship; a keen supervision is kept over the market, thus bringing supply in touch with demand, thereby avoiding shop-wear, and saving great amounts of storage and insurance fees. Great numbers of unproductive drummers and middle-agents are dispensed with or may be employed at some productive work. Vast amounts of cross country freights are saved.

All that is thus saved does not go into the pockets of the producer. Profits are not all ill gotten gains filched from the pockets of the people, but are the hard earned wages of brains, muscle, and a more economic organization of business. The laborers of New York to-day have more money in the savings banks of that State than the great steel and security trusts together are worth.

The wages of all men, from the railroad president to the hod-carrier in our slowly-climbing sky-scrappers, have steadily increased since the formation of trusts.

If trusts robbed the people without returning actual value, Congress should abolish them. But this is not so. Congress has men in every branch of industry to inspect the quality of goods and to report same to that bureau of the government having supervision of such production. It is difficult to sell inferior goods and to charge extravagant prices.

The American government, constitutionally, has no right to prevent her people from inventing, acting or combining to

benefit the public. Just as the successful preacher, teacher, or statesman does receive his just reward in his line of business, so will the hard-working business man receive the highest reward, through the most efficient service.

Intelligent men are turning their attention to industries of various kinds. They see that there are better, safer, and more openings created by trusts than there has ever been. Trusts have provided a safe place for society to invest her money. Partnerships gave us small concerns and dangerous investments; trusts have created an organization in which every man with the slightest amount of capital can find a perfectly safe investment for his money.

It is a mistaken idea that the trusts are owned by a few multi-millionaires who bar the rest of the world from their gains. The sugar trust to-day is owned by about 11,000 stockholders, and not by Mr. Havemeyer, as is the general idea. Before the sugar trust was formed there wasn't more than fifty great sugar refineries in America. The steel trust has about 60,000 shares. Whereas before the great steel trust there wasn't more than 100 great steel foundries in America. To-day we are sending steel to every part of the world. English capitalists are buying it from us to erect the bridges in their great African railway project. Twenty years ago we were buying steel from England. Twelve years ago our imports were about \$90,000,000 more than our manufactures and exports. In 1900 we exported \$1,500,000,000, whereas in 1890 we only sent away \$600,000,000 worth of goods. Twelve years ago we stood fourth in the world of exports, to-day we stand first. Gentlemen, if we fail to interpret this, our enemies do not. An English lord recently said: "The Channel may save England from a military enemy, but she can never save her from the encroachments of the concentrated capital of America."

A German paper recently printed this statement: "The multiplication of the syndicated interest of America is an example of what Germany should do for self-protection."

The statements of unbiased foreigners prove the value of our trusts, every nation looks upon our form of industry with admiration.

There was a time when we could have lived a prosperous isolated people, but that day is past. We now produce twice as much as we can possibly consume. To get rid of this surplus products we must hunt foreign markets and compete with foreign firms or close half of the factories in America, and in so doing cast thousands of hands upon the world and other professions, thereby decreasing the wages in everything. But success has rendered unparalleled prosperity already, which will continue as long as trusts are allowed to stand.

The bounties of the comforts of a people is a test of true wealth.

At 2 o'clock this evening we were able to sit in our rooms and read to-day's paper printed in Charleston. At 8.30 this evening, the postmaster in Greenville, Central, Seneca, or any of the towns on this branch of the Southern Railway, is able to read to-day's *World*, printed in New York. Since Mr. Morgan consolidated the six great steamship companies into one giant concern, we are able to travel around the world with one ticket, in a shorter space of time and at a much cheaper rate. Gentlemen, if those improvements are not true wealth they are some of the many comforts rendered by trusts.

When Massachusetts was the great manufacturing State; when Pennsylvania was the great coal State; when New York was the great steel and grain State, nothing was said about trusts. Now, when South Carolina has snatched the banner from Massachusetts in manufacturing; when Alabama is

known to contain about as much coal as Pennsylvania; when steel has been found in North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama and Tennessee in greater quantities than it is in New York; when the Panama Canal is about to be opened, and industries are springing up all over the South, the Northern States have begun to talk about abolishing trusts. They know that the concentrated capital of the New England and the Middle Atlantic States have made them the centre of commerce of the world, and they fear the commercial supremacy of the South. Southern statesmen, fight as you will, but if trusts are abolished or prevented from running or being formed in the South, our section will never be able to compete with the Northern States.

The government might abolish, prevent the formation of, or place restrictions upon trusts, but when she does, the glory of a few short years will pass away, and the products of Germany, France, and England will go to the front. The United States will lose as she has gained, at a triple ratio; and other nations of the world will rejoice in the unwise acts of the now grandest nation on the globe.

There is nothing strange or mechanical in the growth of trusts; destiny has chosen the path of great developments, manufacturing, economic inventions, and industrial combinations as the guiding star of America. Greece chose beauty; Rome, law; Judea, religion; while America has solved a problem far superior to all ages. Trusts have come, forced upon us by the laws of progress and success, and as such they mark the turning point in the nation's history, and have ushered us into a new era—an era that is as lasting as the Golden days of Pericles or the Brilliant days of Constantine.

By harmonizing the thoughts of our intellectual giants they have given us the accumulated thoughts of ages, the long-needed momentum of properly directed wealth; which

has reanimated and transformed us into new civilization—a civilization so just and right that the penniless boy of 1850 now dictates terms to the highest potentates of Europe; a civilization so fraught with possibilities, opportunities, renewed ambitions and incentives as to make it happier to be the poor boy of America, than the monarch of any other country.

C. W. MACK.

Letters From an Old Graduate to His Son, Henry, at Clemson College

FORT EXPERIENCE, S. C., May 10, '03.

Dear Henry: I see by the papers and the condition of my crops that spring is here. That reminds me that you are pretty near the end of your scholastic year. I can hardly believe that you have been away from the farm for nine whole months. I tell you time does fly when the wings are greased with gold. I noticed in your last letter that you were beginning to feel the effects of spring yourself, in your frequent references to some fair damsel with eyes like blue heaven, and other appurtenances too numerous to recite here. I hope you are not going to fall in love at this stage of the game, because if you do, I have great fear for the success of your education. You will have ample time to go through those experiences when you are through college. Many years will stretch out before you, in which your duties will be more favorable for love-making. But now you must call a halt to such matters, even though the spring is the usual time for a young man's thoughts to "turn to love." In the first place, you need to devote all your attention to the final exams that are coming on, and you also need a good appetite. Both these essentials do not retain their normal proportions if your mind and heart are on some little piece of humanity whom you may designate as a "goddess" or

"fairy-elfe," or some such endearing term. She is very selfish in her demands, and you must either give up your books or the "fairie-elfe." The two don't mix any better than water and oil. Don't make a fool of yourself just to save some girl the trouble of making one out of you for her amusement. "Puppy-love" is very silly except to the puppies. Remember that many a fellow who falls in love at first sight wishes he had taken a second look. A girl is seldom as pretty as she thinks she is, nor as homely as other girls think her. Let this matter rest until you are in a position to judge more carefully, and wait until you know what you want to know, before you try to know it. Now as to some other and more serious matters. I find by reading some of your recent letters, that you are inclined to get into too many fights without provocation. If there is one thing that stamps a boy a failure, it is his inclination to fight his way through life. He tries to make his physical force back up his moral failings. There is no honor to be gained by bullying your way up the ladder of success. You don't have to pull some one down to get up yourself. There is room enough for all, but not room enough for the few bullies that try to do the climbing without the necessary hold. The boy who admits he is wrong occasionally, is braver than the one who sticks to the lie and fights his way up, in spite of his knowledge that he was wrong. There are two distinct kinds of bravery. One is physical, and the other is moral. The moral bravery is the only honest one. The other kind is shared by the animal kingdom. A dog will fight for almost anything he wants, and some boys seem to admire that sort of sport. But the boy with some brains must see that might does not at any time make right, and that even if he succeeds in winning the fight from sheer physical strength, the victory is with the defeated. The time is coming when the battles of nations will be a thing of history,

and when fighting will be tabooed both in the nation and the individual. It is too unnatural to last many more decades. No man is better than a beast if he thinks he can settle a moral question by going to war and killing off his opponents. The question still remains. Some old sage of ours has remarked that nothing is settled until it is settled right. And while I may be talking a little too high for one of your age, I want to get it into your cranium at the beginning of your life that physical and moral prowess are two separate and distinct qualities, and that the latter is the only true one. I do not mean that you should be so humble as to bear an insult without resenting it. Or that you should follow the old doctrine that "A gentleman would not insult me, and no other can." There are times when you will need to exercise your physical nature very strenuously, in order to assert your rights. But do not go through life looking for trouble, or some day you will find more than you want. It is better to have an impediment in your arm than in your conscience. You can't get a divorce from a crop of wild oats without paying alimony. The trouble with some boys is that they seem to think that all the other boys need reforming. Now you should not be guilty of such egotism. Human nature is the same everywhere, if not more so. A chronic kicker seems to think that the chief end of man is his feet. You can do much good by making allowance for some evil. We are none of us any better than our fellows.

Now that reminds me of another matter which you mentioned in your last letter. In speaking of a certain student you said that he was a "Y. M. C. A." man, and you said it in such a way that I knew you were trying to be funny. I want to tell you right here, that there is no use in trying to sneer at religion, under whatever guise it may appear. I have frequently noted while at college the tendency to make fun of that small minority who were trying to develop their

souls along with their intellect. I don't believe that there is any sort of amusement at college more popular, than this sneering at the boys who were morally brave enough to follow in the teachings of their parents, while surrounded by a lot of "fresh" young idiots who thought they had fathomed the depths of that wonderful mystery called religion, before they were old enough to take up mechanical engineering. I have never been a strong believer in any one set of religious rules. I have long ago come to the conclusion that one religion is as good as another, if followed closely, and that no one faith had secured a mortgage on the good things of heaven. But I have also believed that no boy with any respect for himself or his mother's teachings would wilfully make fun of a fellow-classman's religious tendencies. You may just as well make faces at the sun and expect it to hide away in fear, as to buck up against the boy who dares to follow in his home teachings and try to let his soul keep pace with his mind in the college life. I do not want you to assume that I am a religious crank, because you know what I have always taught you on that subject. I think it a duty of all boys to select a faith for themselves, just as they select their collars and cuffs. When you are old enough to decide which of the two dozen religions appeals to you most, you are at liberty to select that one and follow it with my blessing. But you will not be able to do this selecting if you start out in life by sneering at all of them. The boy without any reverence for religion is also without any reverence for his Maker. He is a mis-fit and unable to appreciate the beauties of life or the grandeur of death. And I want to say that when you begin to make light of such subjects you are on a fair way of making fun of your own person, and your parents too. Freedom of thought is the keynote to religious tolerance, and no boy who has any breadth can be narrow on

this subject any more than he can be narrow on any other. Don't delude yourself with the belief that you can sneak into heaven on a free pass. You have to work in order to get a reward. The real trouble with many religious people is that they make too *much* noise in their professions. The missionaries are not all sent to foreign countries. Many of them are too comfortable at home. And so we have a noisy lot of "zorters," who are so enthusiastic about other people's souls that they have little time to devote to the development of their own. I think that religion is one thing which has to come by degrees. It seems impossible for a man to be reformed in a single night, and I have little faith in death-bed repentance. We are judged by our combined acts, not by any one deed at the last moment. So when I hear some noisy mouthed person trying to convince a man that he is in danger of the "fire," I am tempted to ask the talker to wait a while and let the first instalment soak in. I think that many of the best deeds are done without any noise. It is an arithmetical fact that a fish lays more eggs than a hen to the square inch, yet it doesn't cackle over it.

In a general way I will advise you to keep silent whenever possible. If you want anything to get around, tell it as a great secret. The man who has sense enough to keep his mouth shut, soon acquires a reputation for wisdom.

Yours fondly,

FATHER.

[NOTE.—This is the sixth letter from Mr. W. L. MOISE.—EDITOR.]

In Memoriam, P. J. Steele

Our hearts go out to a distant home,
Once bright with joy; now sorrow
Has robbed each cheek of its healthy bloom,
And the home of its hopes of to-morrow.

With an emptiness there we cannot know,
A void we dread to measure,
The adverse winds of sorrow blow
O'er the mound where lies their treasure.

Can grief unlock the magical gate
Through which the weary ones enter?
Can sorrow touch a merciless fate
When stern decrees concenter?
Will the soul, set free from its lowly home,
Ever know how the loved ones mourn him?
No, no; for never a shadow of gloom
Shall fall where Death has borne him.

The same bright sun shines o'er us now,
The same stars watch in the sky;
To the same kind Father we meekly bow
And plead that the mourner's eye
May cease to shed those heart-wrung tears
That fall unheeded, in vain,
And their souls be satisfied.
Sometime, somewhere, in the coming years
They'll be united again.

It Might Have Been

It was a cold, bleak day in December. The wind whirled small clouds of snow against the windows and filled the air so full of the crystal flakes, that the train proceeded with difficulty. Lark Rider sat leisurely puffing his cigar, regardless of the blizzard without. Suddenly the door opened and a cloud of snow swept in, followed by the porter, who called,

"Calhoun! Calhoun! All off here for Clemson College."

Rider snatched his grips and made his way from the train. Descending in the gathering snow-drift, he faced the piercing wind, and finally reached the waiting-room. Upon entering he glanced around.

"Things have changed somewhat here since I left college," he slowly muttered to himself, as he noticed several new buildings about the station. Turning to the station-master he inquired if any vehicles from the college met that train, and learned to the contrary. This individual suggested, however, that as the roads were in tolerably good condition, Rider walk over. Ten minutes later he strode into the well remembered little corner store, where he deposited his baggage and bought one of their best cigars. For a few moments he stood in the doorway biting his cigar, and then walked rapidly up the hill to the Agricultural Hall. He could hardly tell why he had come, but as he paced down the resounding walk, each echo brought back some dormant remembrances of his college associates and his college pranks.

"And this is dear old Clemson," he mused. "Six years ago I paced this very same beat, wondering where I would be ten years hence. Little did I think I'd be back (at Clemson) before that time had expired. But still it is not the same. Then I was looking forward, now I am looking backward. A clean-shaven, neatly dressed personage, carrying a roll of typewritten sheets under his arm, stepped briskly out of the President's office. Rider saluted mechanically. "Some new member of the faculty, I guess," he muttered, and he watched the individual plunge out into the snow, down to the little postoffice.

"It, too, has changed. We used to get our mail over there," he muttered, nodding his head towards a small shack beyond. At this instant the sound of a foot falling upon the steps outside caused him to turn. His eyes lit up with pleasure.

"By Jove! Is that you, Lark?" the newcomer cried, as he extended his hand.

"Even so, well; if this isn't Little Cricket, I'll eat my old hat."

"Where did you drop from?"

"Oh, that's easy. I just happened along by a string of circumstances. I am going back to Calhoun shortly for Greenville; and what time does the next train leave Calhoun for that point?"

"The next one comes in about three hours," said Cricket, as he looked at his watch, "but the one you go on doesn't leave for several days."

And so it happened that Rider, a half-hour later, sat before a blazing fire in a cozy little cottage, enjoying the generous hospitality of his two friends, Cricket and Cricket's wife, Edith, who was much sweetness in a small package.

"Well, how has the world used you?" asked Cricket, as he refilled his pipe, preparatory to a long conversation.

"I can't complain," replied Lark, "I am in the mining and lumber business. I had to start at the bottom when I left college, but gradually worked up until now I am in fair circumstances."

"What State are you located in? Tell all about your experiences? Edith and I shall enjoy the story."

Lark cleared his throat and began: "You know I always had a hankering after the West. So in '96, I started out as a miner in Leadville, Colorado. Times were not the best, but by scrimping and saving until '98, I managed to get a few thousand ahead. This I invested in mining stock. Two weeks later stock began to fall, and continued to decline until I lost all hope of ever making anything on the transaction, pulled up stakes and went to Oregon, where I engaged in the lumber business.

"There I established a flourishing run and continued to

operate until the Spanish-American war broke out. I could not resist the temptation to enlist, and was sent to the Philippines. After two years of service with Uncle Sam, I took up my former business, which had been left in the hands of my foreman. A few days after my home-coming, he disappeared, not forgetting to take with him the entire profit of the business for the two years he had been in charge of it. You can imagine the plight I was in. But I still had the business, and started out anew.

"I remained in this work, making a fair profit until three weeks ago, when I received word from the Gold Line Mining Company that my shares purchased three years before now amounted to something over \$50,000. I could not at first understand why I had not heard from them before. However, on coming to Leadville, I learned that my dishonest foreman had withheld all letters coming to me from that firm.

"Then, having some money, and seeking a little recreation from the strenuous life, I thought I would come from Leadville to the dearest corner of God's beautiful earth—to see the old folks, you know ; so I am here."

"But," said Cricket, "haven't you omitted something? How about a certain Miss Lanier, we used to know?"

"No, I am on my way to—" He stopped, but too late. They saw the trend of his words. "However," Lark continued, "I never married. I used to go with the girls some, but as I was no hand at keeping up my end of a corresponding deal, my acquaintance with the fair sex closed with my college days."

A few days later, a tall, well-dressed gentleman nervously approached the front door of a fine residence in a prominent South Carolina town. He rang the door bell and waited for a reply. Standing first on one foot, then on the other, and glancing cautiously around, he resembled a prisoner at the

bar awaiting the verdict of a jury. At last a door opened, and a woman appeared. "Pardon me, but I would like to see Miss Lanier," he said.

"That used to be my name," she replied, smiling.

His heart failed him; he could not reply. His eyes wandering about caught sight of a familiar locket dangling at her throat. "Is—ah—yo—you—er—your husband in?" he barely managed to inquire.

"Yes," she answered simply, as she went to call him. The recognition was complete. She had identified him as his eyes fell on her locket—a gift from him years before.

As the husband opened the door, he saw a man climbing into a passing street car. That same night a pale-faced, haggard man bought a ticket for Portland, Oregon. Taking a corner seat in the Pullman, he prepared for a long journey, saying as he worked—setting things aright—"The West is my only retreat." That night a passing porter commented upon the strange mutterings of this restless man.

In that same Carolina town which he had just left, a woman sat in her bed-room, pondering, and as the tears began to gently fall upon her heaving breast, she sighed and muttered, "It might have been."

WAYNE F. MAULDIN.

The Race Question

Since the early dawn of civilization, when governments were instituted among men, it has been found that two races with separate and distinct characteristics could not live in peace and harmony in the same country, and take part in its government. The history of the nations which have risen and decayed stand as perpetual monuments to this fact. It

would then seem that modern nations should profit by the example of their failures, and strive to correct the errors, and remove the causes which influenced the downfall of nations during the past. Where two races attempted to rule the same country, continuous war was the outcome, and final destruction was the inevitable result.

To-day we are confronted with the same question: Can the Caucasian and the Ethiopian live under this government, and both take active parts in its affairs? These two races are the opposites of each other in almost every respect—one standing as the highest type of manhood, the other as the lowest; one the most highly civilized race upon the earth, the other, in his native haunts, shrouded in darkness and mystery, whose religion is one bundle of superstitious ideas; one born to rule men, the other to serve men. It is admitted by all conservative thinkers that the negro is an inferior; with low ambitions, striving not for the higher and nobler ideals, by which they may rise to places of distinction and honor, by proving their worth for these places. It is true, that if he can get a place through any dishonest or unfair means, he will be sure to do so; but to win it fairly and squarely is out of the question for him.

Have they any moral tone? The answer to this question need not be made here; for every one knows that but very few negroes have any sense of honor whatever, and veracity is an "unknown quantity" among them. Deception and hypocrisy are their principal traits. Crime after crime is committed by them proves this assertion. We have but to visit the penitentiaries, and other places of imprisonment, to see who constitute the inmates of those institutions. Yes, the negro is of an inferior race,—the lowest of the races of the world.

Having seen, then, that he is lower in all respects than the white man, should he have an equal voice in the govern-

ment? A good government, ruled by honest men and philosophical statesmen, is an absolute necessity. A nation's progress, its civilization, and all it is, is influenced by the government which it has. No nation remains long upon the world's arena, unless it has a good government; this is the one essential point for any nation to be a success; when that fails in its purpose, all else fails, and that country is thrown over the precipice of utter destruction, and is lost in the whirlpool of barbarism and anarchy below.

Does it not seem but reasonable that the negro should not vote? But under the provision of our Constitution, he is endowed with all the rights and privileges of full citizenship. Can an inferior race rule its superior? To-day negroes are holding offices of trust and authority, yet many of them are absolutely unfit and unquestionably incompetent to fill the positions in which they are placed. He overruns the authority of his office, defies the law, unless a strict and vigilant watch is maintained over him; his position makes of him, what in general terms would be called a fool, and nothing less; white persons are offended, at times, ladies grossly insulted, and consequently the prison is his destiny, or the gallows his final goal.

Should he, then, not be banished from all part in the government? Should not the whites have sole and absolute control, and make the negro obey the law? He would be given justice; he would be under the protection of the law, with power to appeal for redress when he thinks he has been unjustly dealt with.

Some say educate the negro; then he will be prepared to exercise the rights of citizenship. But is he capable of taking an education? It is quite true that he can learn to read and write; but that itself by no means constitutes an education. His mental powers are undeveloped, and it

would take generations to develop them, and during that time he will still be voting, and continuing to hold office.

As Pope has truthfully said :

“A little learning is a dangerous thing ;
Drink deep, or taste not of the Pierian Spring.”

Never before was this proverb more truly applied than to the negro. When he can read and write a little, he thinks that he knows all that is to be learned, becomes impudent, haughty in manner, and bigoted in character. And as he cannot be given a college education at this time—because he is unable to receive it—must he remain in ignorance? If he remains in that plight, one hundred years will find him in no better condition than he is now. If his mind is ever to be developed, it has to be done gradually, yet when he gets a little education, he becomes lawless ; then what is to be done?

Others have advanced the idea that the United States Government should set aside a given area of territory, and collect all the negroes there. But they would constantly be at war among themselves ; there would be a state of lawlessness and bloodshed. This condition would affect the surrounding country ; an army would have to be kept in its borders ; finally, they would become dissatisfied and become fugitives all over the land.

There seems to be but one practical solution of the negro question, and that is to debar him from voting and holding office. He would, as has already been stated, be treated justly and honestly by the white man. If he is prohibited from taking part in the affairs of the government, then it would be safe to begin upon his educational development. Perhaps, he may, in course of time, become capable of receiving a good college education, when his qualifications are better ; when he has attained a higher degree of moral character, he may again be allowed to participate in the govern-

ment, and perhaps by that time his greed for office will have vanished, and his attention will be turned to other occupations, where he may honestly and unmolested earn his daily bread. This appears to be the best method of settling the question; for as long as the conditions exist between the two races as at present, just so long will there be trouble and confusion; but under the above stated system, the two races, still separate and distinct,—for never will social equality be tolerated,—will live in peace and harmony; and our ship of State will sail tranquilly onward, over the troubled waters of time, into a port of safety, and then this nation will ever remain as the grandest country that ever existed, where right, not might, rules supreme; a country which has been, and forever shall be, denominated, as the “Land of the free, and the home of the brave.”

S. O. O'BRYAN, '04.

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Editorial Department.

EDITOR :

H. C. TILLMAN



Ten Years
of Worth

On July 3d, 1893, Clemson College threw open her doors to progressive Carolina boys. The fight for her establishment had been a

hard one and many bitter and harsh things were done and said. Clemson began life with practically one-third of the State against her, and it has only been her remarkable growth and power for good that has almost entirely obliterated this enmity. South Carolina is now united on educational lines. She stands forth as an exponent of higher education. She has done more for higher education in the last fifteen years than any other State in the Union, and she is just beginning to reap the benefits of her wisdom and forethought. South Carolina will be paid in full for her investments in educational stocks, and the payment will be in something more valuable than money. Her recompense will be measured in men, not dollars. Her future glory and standing will be gained through the boys she is educating to-day.

Clemson's record for the past ten years has been a remarkable one, and now, with the entire State supporting her, her power for good should increase. May she ever go onward and upward. May her sons, together with the sons of the other colleges, continue to raise the standard of South Carolina's manhood. May this manhood, linked with the womanhood of Winthrop, repay this grand old State a thousand-fold for her benevolence.

This is our "duty to our State," and we should all endeavor to perform it to the best of our respective abilities. We hope that all the colleges feel the same obligation, and will unite with Clemson in trying to meet this obligation to the commonwealth, which has so liberally supplied us with opportunities.

Our Baseball Team

The baseball team this year bids fair to become one of the best we have ever had. We have played four games so far, and won. This is a splendid start, considering the teams we have played, for

Georgia Tech, and all these teams are considered in the very forefront of baseball in the South. We hope that Clemson will keep up the good work and not only land the championship of the State, but win the pennant in the S. I. A. A. We hold it in football, and it would be a glorious thing for Clemson's athletics if we could succeed in winning it in baseball. "Here's to the team," and all Clemson will join us in yelling, "Drink it down."

Sentiment In this day of commercialism and greed for gold, we often hear sentiment spoken of as foolishness. But is this so? We believe not. A student of history will find innumerable examples which go to prove the contrary. Rome, Greece, and many other great empires fell as soon as money and corruption took the place of patriotism and sentiment. England, during the reign of Charles I., allowed her lack of sentiment very nearly to ruin her. Other cases might be mentioned, but it is unnecessary.

We are glad that the South has held on to the sentiment of her first settlers. Throughout her entire history it has played an important part and we see in the South to-day "The only American part of America." We are proud of her institutions, but prouder of her principles and her people.

The man who has no sentiment has no heart, and the day will be a black one, indeed, when sentiment ceases "to rule the world."

College Politics We have read with a great deal of interest the editorial on this subject in *The Georgian*. We agree with the editor entirely as to cliques, for it cannot be successfully denied that they will eventually destroy college spirit. This is one of the biggest objections to fraternities, for they are to a greater or lesser degree

nothing but cliques. We have heard of numerous instances where fraternity men have used their influence for their fellows, whether they were the best men or not.

We believe in college politics, when they are used in the right way, but their influence for good is often impaired by allowing cliques and secret organizations to be formed with sinister and selfish motives. Clemson, so far, has been singularly free from them, and we hope she will continue so.

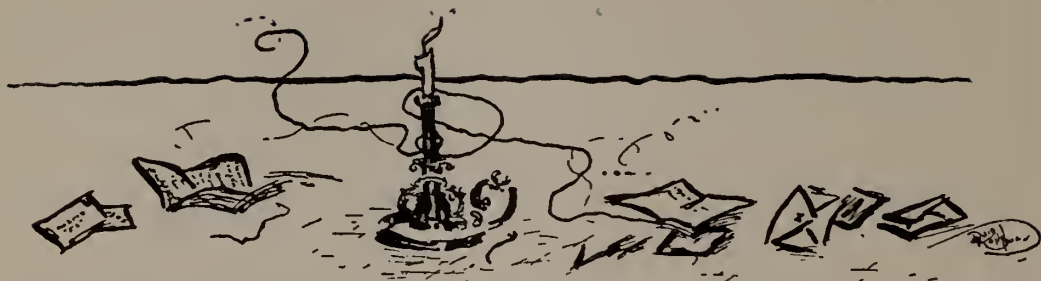
The Loung- ing Room

Through the benevolence of the Board of Trustees, a lounging room has been established for the comfort and benefit of the students. All the magazines are to be found on the tables, and many interesting games have been placed there for the amusement and benefit of the corps.

We hope that the students will be careful to preserve the games, and report anything which they may think wrong. All should remember that this room is for the students only, and should see to it that nothing is removed or destroyed.

Golf

This game has been recently introduced at Clemson, and every one seems to be interested in it. A club has been organized, and the players are often seen tramping over the links, which are situated west of the main building. It is a great game, and we hope that all will take an interest in its progress at Clemson. The club is thinking of having a tournament some time before commencement, and we are looking forward to it with pleasure.



Exchange Department

W. E. G. BLACK, }
S. T. HILL, }

EDITORS

The exchanges have been coming in slowly, but we find that the magazines are not deteriorating in contents or worth. As a whole, they are good, and we are, therefore, not able to say very many mean things about our friends this time. We appreciate the "mean things" that have been said about *THE CHRONICLE*, and have endeavored to correct the errors of our past issues. Most of the exchanges we criticise this month are the March issues, as the April issues are slow—too slow—in coming in.

About the best of our exchanges this month is *The Georgetown Journal*. This magazine is always filled with interesting matter and the March issue is up to the standard. The poetry is very good, and there are several excellent prose compositions. The exchange department is without a doubt the best that we have the pleasure of reading.

The Wake Forest Student, for April, is also a very creditable production, and we are inclined to believe that the editors are well supported in their work. *The Student* contains two poems this month, and both are very good. Among the best prose compositions are "The Beginning of the English Drama" and "Browning as a Monologist."

The stories are fairly good; one of the most interesting we have read this month is "The Blacksmith's Son." The two storiottes are not as good as the rest of the magazine. All of the departments are well edited, and the exchange editor seems to have a correct idea of his duties.

We always take peculiar pleasure in looking over *The Winthrop College Journal*. Although we are unable to go into any detailed criticism this month, we wish to congratulate the editors on the efforts towards improvement which they are evidently making, both in their choice of subjects and the manner in which they are handling them. The editorials are above the average; but the literary department, as for "Enter Mr. Moon"—well, 'twould have been better if Mr. Moon had never entered. He certainly would have done the magazine a good turn by staying out. The usual attempt at a negro dialect story is in evidence, but we would like to suggest that in the future the "attempt" be labeled; as it calls to mind the story of the small boy who sketched a horse and wrote beneath it, "This is a horse," in order that the public might not be left in ignorance as to the nature of the work.

"Who was to blame?" very evidently the literary department of *The Limestone Star*. Where else could the blame lie? Surely, in the future the staff will exercise better judgment as to its selections and avoid the necessity of blaming any one. Fancy a hero writing, "I went to the club; saw men playing, and *became* fairly intoxicated with a desire to play—" And "Dear, if you had not taught me to play—I don't believe I would have noticed the card players. In fact, I would not have known one card from another." Behold in this the sentiment that stirs the noble heart of the hero. Oh, Adam, Adam, wilt thou never come from behind a woman's skirts?

What an interesting, mysterious and even fascinating sound there is in the title, "Trusting Though the Shadows Fall." One thinks of a beautiful little story—a story of friendship, fidelity and love, but what a cruel disappointment to have those thoughts shattered as they were by the story following that title. But as a word of encouragement, let us say to the beginner, "If at first you don't succeed, and so forth." About the only point about "The Turning Point," is that it fills up a space, which was probably the object of including it in this issue.

About the most commendable thing about the April *Georgian* is that it came out toward the first of the month. Representing one of the oldest and best of the South's literary colleges, we were disappointed in the quality of its contents. By far the best thing in the whole magazine is the poem, "The River and the Soul." This is excellent both in meter and thought. One or two more stories would help *The Georgian* out wonderfully, and we hope to see some improvement along this line next month. The editorial on "College Politics" expresses our views exactly, only we thought it too weak. *The Georgian* would be better without "Salmagundi," unless improvement in that department is made.

The Wofford College Journal, for March, is the best issue of that magazine we have ever seen. *The Journal* is well stocked in poems, but all of them seem to be written in a state of melancholy. "Mary's Two Lovers" is not good, owing to its poor plot and bad ending. We never like to read of a poor fellow being exiled—"a woman-hater." The author of "King Cotton—His Rise to Power," shows thought and originality.

We are sorry that we haven't time to criticise more of our

exchanges, but it's the same old story of "lack of space and time." We acknowledge with thanks the following:

Pine and Thistle, Davidson College Magazine, The Oracle, The Georgetownian, The Collegian, Limestone Star and Leaflets from Loretto. There may be some others which we have unintentionally misplaced.

Clippings

WASHINGTON.

Whenever justice stands dismayed,
And strife unsheathes his flashing blade,
God raises up a fearless man
To shape the purpose of His plan—
A fearless man who bows his knee
Alone to the Great Mystery.
And knows no scepter, feels no rod,
Beside the endless sway of God.

No seer is he, with hallowed signs
To witness his prophetic lines,
For, all unconscious of his power,
He bears the brunt of peril's hour,
As some great hemlock braves the breeze
That kills the fronds of weaker trees,
And stands erect, though years have fled,
To point the course that Valor led.

THE RIVER AND THE SOUL.

The Sultan looked upon the crime and strife
That touched the borders of the Way of Life,
And wept to think that though itself be pure,

A soul from sin could never rest secure.
Then turning to the Grand Vizier, he said,
"Can we be spotless when our feet are led
Along a loathsome river? Must not sin
By daily contact mar the Soul within?"
The old man mused awhile and then replied,
"Behold the Ganges, how its waters wide
Receive the refuse of this poisoned land;
And though the people come, a countless band,
To quench their thirst upon the river's brink,
Yet never harm has come to those who drink.
The Ganges purifies itself, and we
May likewist cast off evil and be free."

FRAMPTON E. ELLIS, in *The Georgian*.

MY SOUL DELIGHTS TO LOITER.

Through woodland ways of crimson gold,
'Side streams of babbling water,
'Neath sunbeams glints of golden tints,
My soul delights to loiter.

The leafy boughs rich colors flaunt,
And spread their glories o'er me,
Low babbling brooks through shady nooks,
Sweet melodies play for me.

O, thirsty soul, drink deep, drink long
The sweetest music given,
From Nature's heart on Nature's harp
To love attuned in Heaven.

B. P., '02, in *Limestone Star*.

Tom never ate a "tomater,"
Kate loved them, while Tom was a hater.
Yet Kate often said
Such a man she'd not wed,
So to mate her Tom ate a "Tomater."

—Chapparel.

If at the Waldorf you should ask,
A maid her age, who's old and lean,
She might be pardoned if she said:
"My sir, I'm now at Suite 16." —Widow.

As they skated they looked at the stars—
There were a million or more;
Their heels flew up and they observed
A few they'd not seen before.
Ottawa Campus.

ONLY A FADED FLOWER.

Only a faded flower,
Its petals withered and crushed—
Ah! once distilled there a fragrance rare
But short is life's mete for the fair and sweet—
Vanished its golden hour,
Its whispers of love are hushed.

Only a heart forsaken,
Its day-dreams vanished and gone—
Her smile was the light of a soul one night
But a smile and a tear are neighbors near—
A life with grief o'ertaken,
A heart that's left alone.

Davidson College Magazine.

Local Department.

EDITORS:

H. C. SAHLMANN

C. W. LEGERTON



Dr. Charles Lane gave a humorous lecture in the chapel on the night of April the eleventh. The lecture was much enjoyed by those who attended.

The tennis courts have at last been gotten into shape, and now every afternoon finds a number engaged in this sport. Golf is also attracting many of the students, and during "release from quarters," the duck uniforms may be seen scattered over the links.

Miss Mary Wannamaker, of St. Matthews, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. T. W. Keitt.

Miss Nelle Stack, of Due West, S. C., gave a recital in chapel on the night of April the fourth, in the interest of the Y. M. C. A. Miss Stack is an exceptionally good elocutionist and the evening was much enjoyed. The Association realized quite a neat sum.

Prof. W. M. Morrison represented the college in the educational rally, held at Seneca, during the latter part of April.

Miss Crowther, of Antreville, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Frank Clinkscales.

On the night of March the twenty-sixth, the "Fun" Club

met with Miss Helen Bradford, and on April the third, with Miss Susie Lucas. Miss Minnie Wannamaker entertained on April the seventeenth. All of the meetings were thoroughly enjoyed, and the "good times" reported by every one attest the popularity of the club. It has become quite a factor in the social life of the campus.

Prof. C. B. Waller spent a short time at his home in Greenwood, during the past month.

Mrs. J. E. Breazeale was on the campus for a short while recently.

Mrs. M. V. Moore, better known as "Betsy Hamilton," delivered a lecture in the college chapel recently. Her imitation of the dialect of the negroes and mountain whites was perfect. Mrs. Moore had a large audience, and all enjoyed the lecture.

It has not been the habit for anything unusual to happen at the college on the first of April, but this year it seems that some of the "naughty three-ers" proved the right to their name and we venture to say that some of the faculty were *rather* surprised at their naughtiness. A bonfire about two o'clock in the morning roused several of the sleepy-headed—both under classmen and faculty, who turned out to the false alarm. When morning came all the phaetons and victorias of the hill were arranged in front of the college building, and the smaller traps were planted in the recitation rooms. Class flags floated from the college steeple, and the flag-pole on the Textile building. And as for "Old Grey Sam," the college mule, to say that he was every color of the rainbow would not adequately describe him. He indeed wore a "coat of *many* colors."

Mrs. Willie C. Williams, of Greenville, was on the campus recently visiting her son, who is a student in college.

The college orchestra has been engaged to play at the oratorical contest at Greenwood. Several of the cadets will accompany our representative, F. G. DeSaussure, and they hope to bring him back a winner.

Prof. and Mrs. Chambliss entertained the Senior Agri-culturalists at a delightful "at home," on the night of April the tenth. A unique guessing contest was the feature of the evening's amusement, the prize being won by Cadet Freeman.

Invitations are out for a dance on the night of April the twenty-fourth. The Lenten season having closed, the German Club hope to give quite a number of dances before the final exams.

Several of the cadets attended a delightful "at home" given by Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Crawford, of Pendleton, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. B. S. Crawford. The host and hostess made the evening pass only too rapidly for those present, all of whom report an evening very pleasantly spent.

A new club has been organized among the Sophomores, known as the Manateean Club. The following are its officers and members:

President—Malcolm Bell.

Secretary and Treasurer—Charles Welb.

J. H. Rodger, T. K. Elliott, T. R. Ellison, J. K. Simpson, R. L. Gooding, J. L. Caldwell, L. S. Wood, C. P. Ballinger, J. P. Slattery, A. M. Williams, C. B. Abell, M. S. Reaves, F. E. Watkins.

Mrs. Leila F. Sullivan, of Anderson, recently paid a visit to her son, who is a student in college.

The following officers have been elected by the literary societies for the last quarter :

CALHOUN.

President—G. F. Norris.

Vice-President—J. E. Harrall.

Recording Secretary—F. T. Hamlin.

Corresponding Secretary—J. R. Connor.

Literary Critic—J. P. Glenn.

Sergeant-at-Arms—J. M. Jenkins.

COLUMBIAN .

President—C. W. Legerton.

Vice-President—W. O. Cain.

Recording Secretary—P. C. Cothran.

Corresponding Secretary—C. Norton.

Literary Critic—J. L. Bradford.

Prosecuting Critic—F. K. Rhodes.

Reporting Critics—C. W. Mack and L. E. Boykin.

Sergeant-at-Arms—

PALMETTO.

President—G. L. Morrison.

Vice-President—L. O. O'Bryan.

Secretary—E. H. Jones.

Critic—E. D. Ellis.

Reporting Critics—Lee, Raysor, Sian and Link.

Prosecuting Critic—John Gelzer, Jr.

Censor—H. B. Ellis.

Sergeant-at-Arms—S. T. Hill.

Dr. P. H. Mell and Prof. P. T. Brodie attended the meet-

ing of the Southern Educational Board, held at Columbia, in April.

Mrs. Willis, who has been spending some time with her sister, Mrs. W. M. Riggs, has returned to her home in Alabama.

Up to a short time past, the local editor was of the opinion that the pretty little houses on the hill and the big hotel were inhabited, but since the parade of the students in celebrating the victories won by the baseball team, he has been compelled to change this opinion, and now he and a number of the corps are at a quandary to know where these timid folk do live.

We shall not believe that it was the noise of the drums and blasts of the bugles that frightened our learned instructors into their closets or into the woods, but we do regret that such should be the case, that our faculty are unable to muster up courage enough to say a few words in praise of the great work being done on the athletic field; it may be looked upon by some as being caused by a lack of college patriotism, but this we would not believe.

The crowd of students, with their drums and bugles, mean no harm by their parading, and they do not intend to hurt or even frighten you; they are merely rejoicing, and they would have you rejoice with them. And in the future we would implore you to say a few words to these glad and merry boys; the cost of these words is small, just the will and the courage.

HARRY C. SAHLMANN.

Monday evening, April 13th, Prof. Winchester, of the University of Michigan, delivered an interesting and instructive lecture on "The People and Things That We May Have Seen in London During the Latter Part of the

Eighteenth Century." Prof. Winchester's style and his familiarity of his subject gave him a very attentive audience and every one felt that they had been duly compensated for coming out through a great rain storm to hear him.

We are particularly anxious to have Prof. Winchester return next fall and deliver another of his lectures.

Mr. J. P. Stevens, of Atlanta, Ga., has very kindly given us a plate for the trophy case in the lounging room.

When Rubens Go Off on a Baseball Trip

Capt. Sitton: "Coach," here is an *itemized* account of the Georgia game:

Short Stop Goggans, while in Atlanta, was seen holding on for dear life to the side of the elevator as it descended.

First Baseman Woods, seeing a sign *cafe*, remarked, "What in the name of peace are they doing with a calf up there?"

Second Baseman Caldwell, seeing marble stairs in the Piedmont Hotel, and asked, "I wonder who that monument was erected to, and why they didn't put it out doors?"

Center Fielder Dendy can't understand why the Aragon Hotel has both elevators and stair steps.

Third Baseman Rodgers, seeing finger bowls on the table, remarked, "Well, that's the funniest tumbler I ever saw."

Capt. Sitton, in ordering dinner for his team at the hotel where the menu was in French, was surprised when it was served, to find that he had ordered nothing but Irish potatoes served in twelve different styles.

Left Fielder Weir wants to know where we lost the one hour going from Clemson to Atlanta.

Catcher Maxwell was heard to say after returning from a Bijou theatre, that that banjo theatre was rotten.

Schmidt Woods wants some *done* (ripe) bananas.

Manager of Georgia team: "Mr. Dendy, have you ever been around to our club rooms yet?"

Dendy: "Yes, just came from there" (he had been down looking through the mess hall).

Mgr. Ga. Team: Mr. Goggans, you are not allowed "Frats" at Clemson, are you?

Mr. Goggans: No, they expelled two boys for hazing last week.

Ask Adjutant B. where he was going the other evening, with his big umbrella and mackintosh, and why is it he insists upon carrying those things on a moonlight night? (We hope it is not for protection.)

Ask Catcher Maxwell if he saw the queen in Athens?

Ask Tom who let it out. (Tom turned it out.)

Ask Prof. Foster: What "Punch" was crying about the other morning when he met him.

Mr. F. G. DeSaussure is now professor in the department of love-making. We understand that is a heart-breaker.

Davidson-Clemson

Clemson opened her baseball season April 4th, by a game with Davidson College, on the campus, defeating the visitors by a score of 11 to 0.

The visiting team was composed of a gentlemanly crowd of fellows, not well versed in ball playing, but nevertheless they all expressed themselves well pleased with Clemson.

OFFICIAL SCORE.

Davidson.	AB.	H.	R.	E.
Rowe, c.....	4	1	0	0
Bailey, 2b.....	4	1	0	1
Kirkpatrick, r. f.....	4	0	0	1
Wilcox, l. f.....	3	1	0	0
Fetzer, 3b.....	4	0	0	0
Currie, 1b.....	3	0	0	1
Bailey, s. s.....	3	1	0	0
Harris, p.....	3	0	0	0
DeGraffenried, c. f.....	3	0	0	0
Total.....	31	4	0	3
Clemson.	AB.	H.	R.	E.
Gantt, l. f.....	5	0	0	0
Caldwell, 2b.....	4	0	0	3
Chisolm, r. f.....	5	1	1	0
Maxwell, c.....	5	1	2	0
Dendy, c. f.....	5	2	2	0
Sitton, p.....	3	2	2	0
Woods, 1b.....	4	1	2	0
Rodgers, 3b.....	4	3	2	0
Goggans, s. s.....	3	2	0	0
Weir, l. f.....	1	0	0	0
Total.....	39	12	11	3

The Georgia-Clemson Game

The game with the University of Georgia, played at Athens, was the first game played on the southern tour—Clemson winning with a score of 13 to 8.

Gantt, who opened up in the box for Clemson, was forced to give way to Dendy, in the fourth inning. Dendy's work

in the box was good and he is deserving of much credit.

Chisolm went to the bat five times and secured four hits and played faultlessly in the field. Sitton distinguished himself, knocking a home run, and Dendy, Maxwell and Woods showed their ability to play good ball.

The best playing for Georgia was by Myddleton, Harmon and Twitty. Harmon, out of five times at the bat, scored two runs and two hits and played an errorless game. Myddleton's team did not give him proper support.

OFFICIAL SCORE.

Georgia.	AB.	H.	R.	E.
Clarke, 3b.....	3	1	3	4
Harmon, 2b.....	5	2	2	0
Walker, s. s.....	5	1	1	1
Twitty, r. f.....	4	1	1	0
Dickinson, c.....	5	2	1	1
Beaver, 1b.....	5	0	0	2
McCalla, l. f.....	5	1	0	1
Anderson, c. f.....	3	1	0	0
Myddleton, p.....	3	1	0	0

Total.....	38	10	8	9
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Clemson.	AB.	R.	H.	E.
Sitton, p.....	4	1	3	0
Woods, 1b.....	5	1	4	0
Chisolm, r. f.....	5	4	3	0
Maxwell, c.....	5	1	2	0
Dendy, c. f.....	5	2	1	1
Caldwell, 2b.....	5	0	0	0
Rodgers, 3b.....	4	0	0	0
Gantt, p.....	4	0	0	0
Goggans, s. s.....	4	0	0	3

Total.....	41	9	13	4
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The Tech-Clemson Game

The second game played by the team on its recent southern tour was played in Atlanta, with the Tech, and witnessed by a large and enthusiastic crowd. Clemson winning the victory by a score of 5 to 1.

The Techs players did some brilliant work in the field but they proved to be off at the bat. Sitton allowed but three hits during the entire nine innings.

Sitton's work in the box was the feature of the game, and he dealt out to the Techs just what they couldn't hit.

OFFICIAL SCORE.

Techs.	AB.	R.	H.	E.
Patterson, l. f.....	4	1	1	0
Freeman, s. s.....	4	0	1	4
Cannon, r. f.....	4	0	0	0
Brinson (Capt.) 2b.....	3	0	1	0
Woodward, c.....	2	0	0	0
McPhail, c. f.....	3	0	0	0
Fisher, 1b.....	4	0	0	0
Maddox, 3b.....	4	0	0	1
Murphy, p.....	2	0	0	2
Total.....	30	1	3	7
Clemson.	AB.	R.	H.	E.
Capt. Sitton, p.....	3	2	1	0
Chisolm, r. f.....	5	0	1	0
Maxwell, c.....	5	1	1	0
Woods, 1b.....	3	0	0	0
Dendy, c. f.....	5	0	1	0
Weir, r. f.....	5	0	1	0
Caldwell, 2b.....	5	1	1	0
Rodgers, 3b.....	5	1	1	1
Goggans, s. s.....	4	0	2	1
Total.....	40	5	9	2

Clemson-Auburn

Clemson's game with Auburn was the third game on the tour, but in spite of the fact that the boys were tired out after a long trip, they played fine ball.

This game was called at the end of the fifth inning on account of rain, but not until after both teams had had to show up their good playing qualities. Considering the difficulty of playing on a wet field, both teams played almost faultless ball. Foy was substituted for Hurt just before the game was called.

Auburn.	AB.	R.	H.	E.
Walker, l. f.....	2	0	0	0
Hall, s. s.....	2	0	0	1
Boyd, c. f.....	1	0	0	0
Mitchell, c.....	1	0	0	0
McEnery, 2b.....	1	0	0	0
Pierce, r. f.....	2	0	0	0
Rucker 3b.....	2	0	0	0
Hill, 1b.....	1	0	0	1
Hurt, p.....	0	0	0	0
Total.....	12	0	0	2

Clemson.	AB.	R.	H.	E.
Sitton, c. f.....	3	0	2	0
Dendy, p.....	1	0	1	0
Chisolm, r. f.....	2	0	0	0
Woods, 1b.....	2	0	0	0
Maxwell, c.....	3	1	2	0
Rodgers, 3b.....	2	0	0	0
Goggans, s. s.....	2	0	0	0
Weir, l. f.....	2	1	0	0
Caldwell, 2b.....	1	1	1	0
Total.....	18	3	5	0

Mercer-Clemson

The Mercer game was the most interesting one of the trip, inasmuch as neither team had lost a game. It was witnessed by a large crowd of citizens and students—Clemson winning the honors and the victory by a score of 5 to 3.

While the Mercer boys were doubtless the strongest team that the Heismanites have met this season, they could, however, get but few runs. The work of Sitton, Maxwell, Caldwell and Chisolm was great, which was but a small bit better than that of the entire team.

OFFICIAL SCORE.

Mercer.	AB.	R.	H.	E.
Stakely, 2b.....	4	0	0	0
Kilpatrick, s. s.....	4	0	1	1
Pate, 3b.....	4	2	3	1
Redding, 1b.....	3	1	0	0
Lewis, l. f.....	4	0	1	0
Maynard, p.....	4	0	0	0
Mundy, r. f.....	4	0	3	0
Wilson, c. f.....	4	0	0	0
Quarles, c.....	3	0	0	0
Total.....	34	3	8	2
Clemson.	AB.	R.	H.	E.
Sitton, p.....	3	1	1	0
Dendy, c. f.....	3	0	0	0
Chisolm, r. f.....	4	1	1	0
Maxwell, c.....	3	0	1	0
Caldwell, 2b.....	4	0	1	0
Woods, 1b.....	3	0	0	0
Rodgers, 3b.....	4	1	1	0
Weir, l. f.....	3	1	1	1
Goggans, s. s.....	2	1	0	0
Total.....	29	5	6	1

Manager Wyse and Capt. Sitton express themselves as delighted with the hospitality shown them at the University of Georgia. The treatment shown the entire team was courtesy, and at no time was any of the rooters personal or disrespectful in their manners. We are glad to see this spirit in our colleges to-day, for it displays the true sportsman spirit of being magnanimous in defeat.

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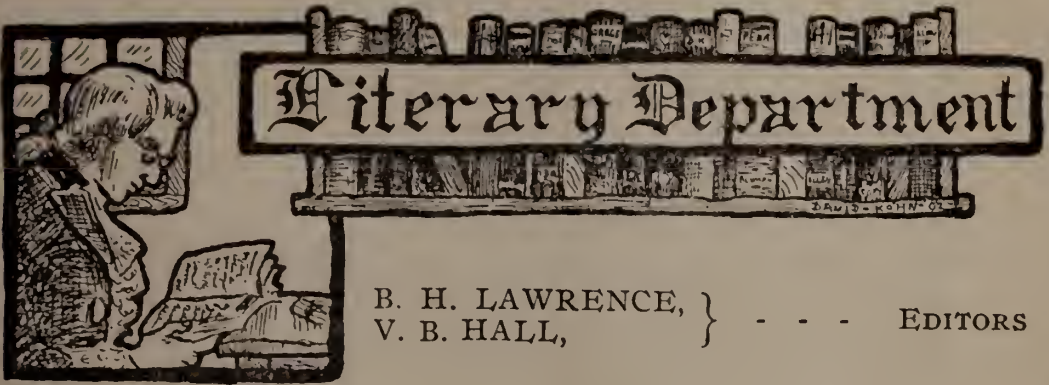


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No. 9



B. H. LAWRENCE, }
V. B. HALL, } - - - EDITORS

The Blue and Gray

A star looked down on a summer night,
In the leafy month of June,
And cast a beam of mischievous light
'Neath the nether tip of the moon.
Through myriad millions of miles it spun
Till it circled on waste of space,
There, strange to tell, on a cadet it fell,
Encircling a space of waist.

For four long years—those bitter years—
The blue had *fought* the gray:
And side by side on the field had died
At many a bloody fray.
For four long years—those fitter years—
The blue had *sought* the gray,
And side by side had longed to 'bide
Throughout life's sunny way.

The girl's blue eyes beamed full of joy
For her love so long away ;
And her heart so true beat a brisk tattoo
Against his coat of gray.
'Twas a pretty sight, on the summer night,
To the star, for well it knew
That the blue eyes pressed to the manly breast
Reunited the gray and the blue. R. E. M.

Furled But Not Dishonored

While yet in its infancy, while yet scarce weaned from the mother country, the little band of thirteen colonies, skirting the Atlantic coast, stood forth to declare its rights and enter into the arena, ready to throw its might against the powers older and more matured. The baby country was laughed to scorn: the mother would chastise the child. But years had made a change, and so, amid smoke and cries, the world was taught that it is not the armies and navies, but the men of a country, that make it great. Colossal men those were, fighting with a courage and daring that in after years was to make a nation that is second unto none, and that now, like the symbol, the eagle, perched aloft, may look down upon the rise and fall of those whom in her babyhood she feared the most.

The same stern sense of right, the same courage, that made our forefathers, in those little colonies, so successful in the Revolutionary War, has characterized the American people to this day. And so in the War between the States, that same love of liberty and rights impelled a mere handful of men to fight as never men had fought before.

From the very first, as the storm clouds hovered o'er our land, the people fought for principle, not gain. From the

first debates in Congress the Southern cause was championed by the ablest men. Sometimes in my dreams, the spirit of one who cast his lot with ours seems to hover near. Methinks I see him pacing slowly up and down under yon lofty trees, his head bent in thought, with those hands that when given in friendship remained in friendship, and when given in war remained in war, clasped behind his back. The self-same hand that in Congress each year, with graceful gestures or clenched fist, aided a mind that in the annals of our country has never been surpassed for brilliancy or for forethought—that made the words of John C. Calhoun go ringing down the pathway of years in memory of a man that was a man.

But it was decreed by an omniscient Being that war must come, and, so as the cry to arms was echoed through the South, her sons nobly responded to the call, shoulder to shoulder, father and son, brother and brother, each and all for the cause they loved. Fathers left their children, husbands left their wives, homes were left desolate,—their country called, they must obey. And now the first slogan of war was sounded on the memorable 9th of January, 1861, from Morris Island, and the world looked on in wonder upon that war of wars. The brave were balanced against the brave; the stars and stripes flung to the breeze its folds where the Southern emblem waved; the Southern cheers mingled with the belch of Union guns; the Southern dead lay side by side with the Union troopers; Southern spirits hovered mingling with the Union souls o'er many a hard fought battle field.

The air grows dark with the smoke of many battles. The never ceasing roar of artillery and rattle of musketry is now heard from the Gulf to the Great Lakes. Ball's Bluff follows Bull Run. The Army of the Potomac sweeps across the Peninsula, to be checked by the fortifications at Yorktown. The crash of iron ball upon the armored sides of the

Monitor and the Merrimac make memorable the month of March, 1862.

See that immortal Jackson, as he makes a hurried march from an encounter with Fremont, and strikes Banks a decisive blow at Strasburg! See how, with his small band, he drives back the trifold forces of Banks, Fremont and McDowell! What next shall this man, our new, shining star, do? Shall he take the capital? Already his name has become a terror to the Union lines. This man of God, whose very soul seems to burn with fire—this man whose sword blade catches the first gleam of the rising sun as he leads the maddening charge, and yet whose faith in God makes him as gentle as a little child,—who, as he lies on his death-bed, far from the deafening roar, far from the smoke and cries, from the shriek of the flying shell, from the groans of his fallen companions, while comforting his heart-broken wife as she kneels by his bedside, passes into unconsciousness, and, half rising on his elbows, seems to be again filled with the spirit that made him famous, and cries, “Order A. P. Hill to prepare for action; pass the infantry to the front rapidly; tell Major Hawks—” and then, as if his strength had failed him, falls back and murmurs, “Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees.” Oh! is there a record in history of a life so pure, so grand? Is there anywhere another man who blends duty and Christianity to such a degree as to make the world stand in awe of the fulfillment of his duty and lose their God and his God? Battle follows battle; the endless tramp of men, the charge of cavalry, mark this war, for where the flag will lead our brave men will follow. Gettysburg is now reached, where the Confederate arms receive the blow that finally causes their downfall. Hill and Longstreet, on the 29th, are ordered to Cashtown. Ewell is recalled from Carlisle, and directed to make a union with them at Gettysburg. The armies of the North and South

meet near the old city. The Union artillery is posted along the line of hills; its infantry is drawn up in long blue lines behind the entrenchments. The very air grows still and hushed, as if foretelling an awful end. At 2:30 P. M., Ewell advances; Pender and Early relieve Heath. Yonder the blue line wavers and breaks. See—they are routed, and driven through Gettysburg with heavy losses.

Ewell is ordered to dislodge the enemy, whose right rests on Cemetery Hill, which lies due South of the city resting peacefully at its base. Oh, doubly now does that hill deserve its name! for there true heroes fought and died, throbbing hearts quickened at the sound of martial music and warm blood ran red from pulsing veins. The gray lines charge the rocky slopes; at 4 P. M., Longstreet's batteries belch their death. The enemy wavers. Look! they are giving way, and now take shelter behind the old stone wall. Ah, there's where courage fills the heart! No thought of self now! Thrice they charge that wall; the dashing lines surge back and forth; the clouds of smoke lifting show a long line of gleaming bayonets and powder-grimed faces, which bear the frown of determination. But at last they are driven from the stronghold and are routed along the Emmitsburg road. The evening shadows now are gathering; in the valleys the lowing herds are slowly turning homeward; the frightened dove is coming to its mate; the shadows of the pines are growing deeper; the day is dying. Longstreet determines to wait for Pickett's division.

So the second day is like the first, and yet a third. The Confederate ranks are thinned and their proud spirit broken; but still throughout this war they fight on, and on. No earthly mandate could compel men to leave their firesides, families and friends, and embrace death with such rapture, unless their God-given consciences stamped with approval the motives which control their conduct.

And now to Appomattox! When on April 9, 1865, Lee, with true manliness, surrendered his sword, after having made for the last time a brave and gallant stand, there was not a heart that could deny to him one jot or one tittle of his fame; he had done all that man could do; he had fought against foes innumerable, against a wealth far surpassing ours, against equipment that, as compared to ours, was as modern times to days of yore.

But now all is over, and the gray-haired veteran bids farewell to his torn and bleeding army. See how they crowd around his iron-gray charger, and look into his noble face, and clasp his outstretched hand. They love him as children love their father; and though never more was the tattered ensign, that he loved so well, to lead its followers into battle, yet in the years to come it was to be a loving memorial to the dead, to make every Southern heart quicken at its name and every Southern son echo the words his father taught, God bless Robert E. Lee. Oh! 'twas hard to furl that flag, enrolling in its folds, as it were, the names of the true and brave, the names of those who once hailed it with great shouts, but now whose rich life blood had ebbed away, leaving a nation mourning for her children. So

“Hush the death march wails in the peoples’ ears,
The dark cloud moves, and there are sobs and tears,
The black earth yawns, the mortal disappears;
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust. They have gone, who seemed
so great—
Gone, but nothing can bereave them of a force they made
their own,
Being here. And we believe them something far advanced
in state;
And that they wear a truer crown than any wreath that man
can weave them.

Speak no more of their renown; lay your earthly fancies
down,
And in the vast cathedrals leave them; God accept them,
Christ receive them."

Let me picture to you the return of the few survivors, that starved, ragged band; the heavy-hearted soldier, buttoning beneath his faded gray jacket the parole that was to bear testimony of his faith and fidelity, to his children. I can see him now, this powder-grimed veteran, wringing the hands of his old companions, uncovering his matted hair to the many graves that dot the old Virginia hills, and taking up his homeward trudge in sorrow. What was once a land of beauty now lay shrouded in a winding sheet of ashes and bathed in blood. Like the body that has lain within the tomb, the beauty of the land was gone, and only the skeleton of its former self remained to tell a tale of war, grief, starvation and ruin. The weary veteran, like a bruised reed whose head rests gently upon the flowing stream, forgetful of the cool fresh winds, cared only for home. For the home of his childhood, the home where all life seemed to be sweet and pure, where no care could come, but only the gentle caresses of the mother, only the sweet "Our Father"—learned at her knee. The little cottage with its jessamine-twined porch, where the happy slave ate at his master's table with only the salt to divide, where the moonlight bade the whip-poor-will to call, and wrapped the busy farm in quiet, peaceful sleep. But now the home was wrecked and only the gray walls and moss-covered roof remained to mark the spot; while in the little churchyard, just beyond, she who had kissed him at the gate the last farewell, lay cold and still in death. Those loving hands that once held him to a throbbing breast, too full for speech, were now, as it were, clasped in silent prayer; those lips that pressed to his had spoken more than words

can tell, were now hushed forever; the sweet blue eyes, that spake in language too eloquent for pen or tongue, were now closed in an eternal sleep—a sleep that knows no voice, that heeds no call, no matter how the heart is wrung.

Oh, what a scene is this; weary from the many hardships, weary with the privations of long campaigns, returns home only to find his loved ones dead, his lands pillaged by thieves; and to be confronted with as grave a problem as ever came beneath the consideration of men of thought. The horrors that they endured, the taunts and insults flung from their former slaves, may be recalled to your mind by the single word, Reconstruction. And yet amidst it all, amidst the scenes of war, the times of reconstruction, the period of rebuilding, who will dare to say that dishonor has ever usurped the place of honor, won by those who ever stood ready to lay down their lives for their love of freedom? Nay—not dishonor, but honor; not cowardice, but bravery; not shame, but glory—is their crown. Our leaders climbed the steeples of fame, and far away upon its slippery sides their names they carved, and though scenes have changed and conditions have been altered, still the indelible handwriting of Dixie's heroes remains, in letters clear and true, stamped and graven in the hearts of men, they stand a monument to that cause that, though defeated by the force of arms, its votaries have never been conquered.

The old South had passed away, the new had come; and as the old one died, a picture had been mirrored upon the burnished hour-glass of time; a picture now darkened to a silhouette of past grandeur. The day of storm and war was now over, and with the new day rose a sun that as its golden rays fell upon those ruins, new life and vigor seemed to spring from beneath the mass—new life and vigor that was to renew a land of love, so that in the years to come the South, going hand in hand with the North, making one na-

tion, might take her place among the powers of the world, for from the sunny seashore back to the laughing brooklet, leaping and dashing, amid her hills, the land at large smiles back with beauty and sings praise to the Divine Creator. All Christendom has reached the conclusion that the chivalry of the South is something to be proud of; that when the Panama or Nicaragua Canal is opened, the commerce of the world will be brought to Dixie's front yard; that the blue Gulf of Mexico will become the Mediterranean of the Eastern Hemisphere, and that the wheel of the nation will revolve on, but Dixie will be its hub.

Then why should we not be proud, if all this be true? If, in the days of yore, never one stain was placed upon our flag,—the beloved stars and bars; never was a battle lost, save we made a gallant stand; never was an action taken unless high motives and honor found their zenith there; to which our leaders steered our ship with hands unmarred by guilt—steered by the hands of the most true and noble sons.

Furl that banner, for 'tis weary;
Round its staff it's drooping dreary;
Furl it, fold it, it is best;
For there is not a man to wave it,
And there is not a sword to save it,
And there's not one left to lave it
In the blood that heroes gave it;
And its foes now scorn and brave it,
Furl it, hide it—let it rest!
Furl that banner, softly, slowly!
Treat it gently—it is holy—
For it droops above the dead.
Touch it not—unfold it never,
Let it droop there, furled forever,
For its people's hopes are fled!

F. G. D., '03.

A Lucky Dog

Trumbull had long since grown tired of being "the lion of the hour." Everywhere he went he was conscious of numerous people pointing him out and whispering, "There goes Trumbull, the great jumper." Even the small boy would stand aside and, with bulging eye and open mouth, let the "hero" pass. At the dances the first question the pretty girls asked, on being introduced, would be, "And are you the great Mr. Trumbull?" Trumbull had liked it all at first, but he told himself that beautiful spring night that he was tired of all this "tom-foolery," as he called it.

He was waiting for the music to begin before he entered the ball room, and as he sat looking out over the quiet old campus, his mind wandered back to all his trials in college and how he had first forced himself into prominence by breaking the college record for the high jump. From that time on his life had been one path of roses, and good old Trumbull sighed when he thought of what a little insignificant chap he used to be.

Trumbull was roused from his meditations by a hearty slap on the shoulder, and he quickly turned round to see who his strenuous friend might be. He laughed aloud at the grin he saw on the face of Bobby Rich, his room-mate and best friend.

"What in the deuce are you grinning at?" he asked his chum, with a vigorous punch at his chest.

"Trum"—that's what all the boys called him—"I've found the very girl for you."

"Oh! have you?" sighed Trumbull, as he balanced himself back on the banisters once more. "I'm glad of it," he commented.

"Yes," whispered Bobby, as if he wanted it kept a secret, "and she's a beauty, too. Come on and let me introduce you."

Trumbull lazily rose from his seat and followed his Bobby into the brilliantly lighted ball room.

"There she goes," whispered Bobby, as a very beautiful woman went dashing past.

Trumbull looked at her, and smiled at his friend's enthusiasm. The girl he saw *was* a beauty, and he noticed her sparkling blue eyes the next time she passed. At the end of the dance Bobby led him up and with a "Miss Kennedy—Mr. Trumbull," he walked off with the air of a man who had performed a great deed. In a few minutes Trumbull was gliding around the room with Bobby's beauty in his arms. They were the cynosure of all eyes in the room, and even old Johnstone, the cynic of the University, remarked to one of the chaperones that they certainly were a "handsome pair." After the first dance was over, Trumbull suggested that they "get some water," and he led her out in the cool breezes of the verandah. They talked through the next dance, when she went back into the ball room, and he sought a cool spot where he might think it all over again. "By Jove, she's got pretty eyes," was all he could say to his chum when he joined him a few minutes afterward.

Trumbull gave her the "dead rush" that night, and before the last sweet notes of "Home, Sweet Home" had died away he had an engagement to take her to the next German, and she laughed just a little when she told him that he couldn't call for three days yet. Must be a believer in the "three days of grace," thought Trumbull, as he strolled across the area from the dance hall to his room.

He thought about her a long time that night, and to him she was different from all the other girls he had ever met. She hadn't even mentioned "the Great Mr. Trumbull," and he was glad of it. He dreamed about a pair of pretty blue eyes that night, and the next day at practice he broke his own

record by half an inch—an occurrence which created quite a stir in the student body.

After his “three days of grace” had passed, he became a regular caller at the house where she was visiting. Every afternoon Trumbull sang, whistled and jumped his “five feet nine and a half inches,” while the “push” grinned and whispered, “Trum’s got it bad.” Of course, he emphatically denied the report that he was in love, but he was using his “charms” for all they were worth, and “she”—well, she treated him as well as she did any one, which caused him to swear softly whenever he thought about it.

Things ran on this way until June, when Trumbull’s mind was once more brought back from its flights of fancy to the more serious subject of the big Intercollegiate Commencement track meet, and incidentally to the final examinations, which occurred about the same time. He looked upon graduation as a mere matter of fact occurrence, but this great meet he hoped to make one of his triumphs in life. He wished to show the woman he loved that he was good for something besides dancing and silly love-making.

His competitors were men of some repute, and one of them—Hilton—was considered an excellent athlete. Despite this, it was generally conceded that Trumbull would win, and so all the University worshipped their hero with an undivided devotion. This was not enough for Trumbull. He continued to worship Mary Kennedy, and his dreams were filled with scenes of his triumph and her love.

At last the fateful day arrived, and as the high jump was way down on the programme, it was late in the afternoon when Trumbull and his three competitors faced the judges. Inch by inch the slim wooden rod was raised, until only Trumbull and Hilton were left. They both jumped “five feet nine and a half inches,” and when the rod was raised to “five feet ten inches” Hilton went over it with the grace of

a deer. Trumbull failed on his first trial, and on the second he failed again. He had only one more trial, and the University held its breath as he slowly rose after his second failure and walked to the starting place. A hasty glance over the hushed spectators showed him a familiar blue-gowned figure, standing out boldly against the background of blurred humanity, and he wondered foolishly if she wore one of the roses he had sent that morning. Resolutely squaring his jaw, he measured the height of the rod with his eye, and amid a deathlike stillness made a few rapid strides and hurled himself upward. For an instant it seemed as if he had won; then, as he fell in a heap on the soft turf, with the slender white rod snapped under him, a groan went up from the student body. A moment later a prolonged roar burst from Hilton's supporters. The University had lost!

Trumbull never knew how he reached his dressing room. There was a vague, indistinct picture in his mind of Hilton being borne off on the shoulders of a wild, roaring mob, but he could recall nothing else. Bobby found him trying blindly to lace his shoes, while tears of misery splashed over his sun-burned hands. Bobby understood, though, and as he helped Trumbull into his coat said, in his cheeriest voice:

"You did fine, old fellow, and we're devilish proud of you." And before Trumbull could speak, "Here's a note from Miss Kennedy. Told me to hurry you up."

Trumbull reached eagerly for the bit of paper, his face already beginning to lose some of its despair. When he read:

"My dear Mr. Trumbull: I would like to see you for a few minutes; can you come at once?"

"Sincerely,

Mary Kennedy."

He actually grinned—a great, broad grin; for, man-like, he supposed that, of course, when he lost the meet he lost the girl. A few minutes later Bobby escorted him triumph-

antly into "her" presence, and then remembered that he had an engagement down town.

"You wanted to see me?" asked Trumbull, without looking up.

"Yes," she said, and there was a world of tenderness in her voice. "I wanted to tell you how sorry I was to see you lose to-day."

Trumbull looked up quickly into her eyes and saw that they were glistening with tears. "And why should you care?" he asked gently.

"Because—because"—her voice forsook her, and then she indiscreetly allowed her eyes to drop to the floor. Trumbull realized that this was the opportunity of his life, and he took advantage of it.

* * * * *

Late that night or, more correctly speaking, early the next morning, Bobby was aroused from his slumbers by some one entering the room, knocking over all the chairs possible, and finally bursting into the strains of "There Are Eyes of Blue."

"Lucky dog," muttered Bobby.

TILLMAN, '03.

Wade Hampton

South Carolina's greatest man has gone. "First in war, first in peace," pre-eminently distinguished as soldier and statesman, deeply beloved by his people.

Foremost of all in South Carolina's "Hall of Fame" stands the masterly statesman, the noble patriot, Wade Hampton. The matchless life of this illustrious man furnishes a lesson which should go home to the heart of every son of South Carolina, every true-born American. It should prove an inspiration to every young man, a spur to purer ideals, to nobler purposes, and to higher aims.

As soldier, Wade Hampton is our ideal. Dashing and daring almost to the point of recklessness, yet calm and collected at all times, ever ready in decision and precise in judgment; courageous, true and unselfish; always leading, never wavering, never desponding; a leader to follow and a chieftain to love.

From his first heroic stand at Manassas to the laying down of arms at Appomattox, his career was marked by a genius for war, which won for him promotion from the rank of Colonel to that of Lieutenant General, and the command of the cavalry of "the Army of Northern Virginia."

Like his great Confederate comrade, Lieut. Gen. Forest, Gen. Hampton was a soldier by instinct and a born leader of men. "In his simple bearing, full of suavity and repose, you read no indication of the hard and stubborn spirit of fight which, in every encounter, swept him to the front," as though borne on the wings of the whirlwind.

The battle of Manassas was opened on the morning of July 21, 1861, by an attacking column of 15,000 Federal infantry, with numerous batteries marching against the left and rear of the Confederate army. Evans, with a handful of Carolinians and Louisianians, had changed his front to the rear, and with heroic firmness had faced and checked the enemy's advance for an hour. Overborne by the force of numbers, he was at length reinforced by Bee with his Alabama, Mississippi and Tennessee regiments; by Boston with his Georgia and Kentucky battalions, and by the batteries of Latham and Imboden. For another hour these courageous Confederates breasted and checked the sweeping tide; but the critical moment was at hand, and they were about to lose their battery at the Robinson House, when Hampton gallantly led his legion directly to its support, and charged the forces in its front.

Arriving at the Lewis House while the unequal contest

raged, he was ordered to march directly to the Stone Bridge. But the roar of battle was to his left, and he hurried to its sound, coming to the support of the contest not a moment too soon. Later in the day he fell at the very head of his legion in the grand and glorious charge which gave to the Confederates the plateau from which they had been driven early in the morning.

Sirs: To follow Gen. Hampton's career as a soldier would be to give a history of a hundred battles. I speak of him only in his general aspect as a soldier. Of noble presence, a superb horseman and swordsman, quick to decide and as prompt to execute, he was the *beau ideal* of his officers and soldiers, who followed his lead with unquestioning devotion and made the cavalry branch of Lee's army, especially in the great campaign of '64, so essential to its support, that Gen. Lee did not hesitate to write to him, immediately after the war, that if he and his cavalry had been present, "the result at Five Forks would have been quite different."

With such division commanders as Butler, the Lees and Rosser, and led by a general in whom Lee confided and on whose judgment he relied, the splendid achievements of Hampton's cavalry at Hawes Shop, at Trevilians, on the north side of the James, at Reames Station, in the rear of Grant's army, at Burgess Mill, and in the final struggle of '65, will become more and more a study of thrilling interest to military students and a source of honorable pride to every true soldier, never ceasing to reflect immortal honor as by a halo of glory upon the character, the ability and the devotion of Gen. Hampton. But great as was the soldier, equal grandeur and loftiness of soul marked the citizen. His native State he loved unfeignedly and his greatest public service lay in rehabilitating a shattered State government, in restoring order among a distracted people, in establishing wise and just government in South Carolina and in preserv-

ing the peace of the United States at the gravest of crises. In his person were united the wisdom to conduct an aggressive contest without bloodshed, the ability to inspire confidence among his followers to attempt the performance of a task they had deemed impossible, and the moderation that enabled him to preserve for them the victory they had achieved.

So much glory has attached to Wade Hampton as a dashing cavalry officer and consummate military leader, that his greatest and more lasting achievements in allaying political and social antagonism and securing for himself and people *a leading role in the great American drama* have almost been overlooked; but no resume of Hampton's career, however brief the sketch might be, but would demand severe censure should it fail to include some consideration of his character as a mighty statesman, a patriotic citizen and a true man.

The condition of South Carolina's affairs after four years of war and eleven years of carpet-bag rule was pitiable in the extreme. Her territory had suffered the effects of a terrible invasion. The whites had been stigmatised as unrepentant rebels, and were made subject to the mercy of a mock government, put in power by a debased suffrage and held there by the whole civil and military forces of the United States. Heavy taxes had been levied and collected, only to be fruitlessly squandered. Simultaneously a great fraudulent debt had been incurred, while honest claims remained unsatisfied. The "machinery of justice" was clogged and even its slow and imperfect work was multiplied by the pardoning power of an unscrupulous executive. Futile attempts were made in 1870, and again in 1872, by the better class of Republicans, assisted by conservatives, to overthrow this corrupt machine. In 1874 a coalition of liberal Republicans and conservatives made a desperate fight, but once

again the fates decreed that might not right should win the day.

A leader was needed, and the eagle eye of the public was turned to the great war chieftain. He was called upon to lead in lifting the cloud of disgrace from his beloved State and restore it to its proud position, to once more place it in the path of fair and civil integrity.

On that memorable second day of September, 1876, Wade Hampton was nominated as the Democratic candidate for Governor. On the fifteenth of the month a monster meeting, composed of one thousand six hundred horsemen and six thousand on foot, assembled in the Piedmon region and greeted their greatest hero at the foot of the Blue Ridge Mountains. From thence on the tide of enthusiasm swelled higher and higher, never ceasing until it reached the seaboard, carrying all before it.

In this campaign Hampton, true to his policy, always addressed a large portion of each speech to such colored men as were present, though, through the machinations of the Radical leaders, most of them were induced to refrain from attending Democratic meetings.

It was soon realized that Hampton was making a tremendous impression, both within and without the State, and that, barring some untoward accident or some interference from Washington, his campaign was in a fair way to be crowned with success. Naturally enough this was gratifying to Hampton and his followers, who had entered upon a sort of forlorn hope, which had been viewed with complacency by the national Republicans, who sadly needed some outbreak in the South "to fire the Northern heart," and with dread by the national Democrats, who feared it. But for the wise influence of Hampton such an outbreak might have occurred, for the whole State lay in a storm center that might have developed a cyclone at any moment. But "he laid a firm

hand on the rudder of the ship of State, and not only steered his own course true, but compelled the enemy, likewise, to follow the lines marked upon his chart."

During the last days of the eventful campaign of '76, South Carolina was harassed by Northern troops, officered by Republicans of the most partisan type. Their presence acted as a rank stimulus to the negro Republican party. Negro women became intensely violent, screaming like demons when one of their color appeared arrayed in the Democratic emblem. During all this nerve-racking commotion Hampton, with "that same courteous and tranquil countenance, with the same stubborn will which would not bend, the same 'Do or die spirit, which spoke in the flashing eye, the laughing lips and the firm clutch of the saber,' " conducted for two long months his campaign of peace, a campaign unequalled for endurance during the whole four years of his brilliant service in the "War between the States."

At last the fateful seventh of November arrived, and the fierce battle of ballots was on the whole Union over. The next day it was believed that the country had declared for Tilden and South Carolina for Hampton. The jubilation that ensued can only be imagined, fully comparable, perhaps, to the glorious triumphs accorded the returning conquerors in ancient Rome.

But, alas! though the long campaign was at an end, the greatest battle was yet to be fought. Hampton had been elected by a majority of one thousand one hundred votes, yet the Republicans refused to recognize him as the governor of South Carolina.

Multitudes of men flocked to the capital city on every train, and again it looked as if the State would be thrown into a deadly maelstrom; again it was Hampton who "poured oil upon the troubled waters."

But perseverance, forbearance and good judgment must

win at last. The Republicans, seeing that a fight against such a man was useless, reluctantly gave up the keys of the Governor's office to the illustrious warrior on April 11, 1877. Thus ended the most glorious and most sublime campaign in which Hampton had ever participated. What had seemed impossible to most people had been accomplished. Hampton's star had lighted the path and his extraordinary intellect had led his people to victory. He had conducted his fight within the bounds of perfect law and order, and on all occasions had displayed the wisdom of a Solon.

Gen. Hampton was re-elected Governor in 1878, and while serving his people in this capacity was elected to the United States Senate. Here he served his people faithfully and well until 1891, when he retired to private life.

Aside from Hampton's great deeds and heroic sacrifices in war and peace, he served his country most by the imperishable example of his noble life. He taught us what patriotism means—what love of country really is; that honors are not to be despised; that responsibilities and power are not to be shunned; that ambition is worthy, but that before all comes one's country. That when honors, titles, offices and emoluments are gone, the heart of the patriot still beats true, his love for his land is unchanged and unchanging, dying only when he dies.

Who shall say we stand in no need of such lessons as these? Has there ever been a time when the world could not profit by them? Too often personal ambition, love of power, desire for fame, lust for office, greed for gain—these selfish aims kill and supplant the flower of patriotism until we almost believe it has never bloomed. Too often it seems that all our politics, all our statesmanship, is one sea of selfishness, where all seek but their own advantages, act only for their own ends. "Out of these dark waters the life of

Wade Hampton rises a beacon of hope, an inspiration to the wearied seaman, who would save the 'ship of state.' "

His was the patriotism that ingratitude could not crush; that disappointment could not kill; that stirred him to action when his State was threatened; that nerved his good right arm in the conflict; that steadied his hand and cooled his brain on many a sanguine battlefield; and that dried his tears as he kissed the son dying on Virginia's sacred soil and steadied his form in the saddle as he once more rode to the front. Patriotism again that called him from retirement to lead his people in rescuing the State once more, fulfilling duties of public office with such irreproachable fidelity that the day of retirement found him poorer than he had ever been before. Patriotism it was that enabled him to bear the slight from those who once canonized his name, that made him love the whole South and all her people, and that shaped his lips in the last stern agony to implore Divine protection on his people, saying, with his dying breath, "All my people, black and white; God bless them all."

J. H. W., '03.

The Growth of the American College

The history of the college in America, which begins with the establishment of Harvard in 1636, may be conveniently divided into three periods, the first extending from that time to the Revolutionary War; the second from the close of the war to about 1825; and the third from 1825 to the present day. The first period may be called the church period; the second the State, and the third the human. The first period has also been called the period of English influence, and the second the period of French influence.

Up to the time of the Revolutionary War only nine col-

leges had been founded, and six of these were very young. The other three—Harvard, William and Mary, and Yale—had been open for some time, and consequently they had become firmly established. The predominant influence during this era, as the name suggests, was the church; and in the church the most influential member was the pastor. Hence the college came to be governed by clergymen, and we read that the first “Board of Overseers” of Harvard College consisted of certain magistrates and of the “Teaching Elders” of six towns adjoining to Boston. Naturally where the college was governed by clergymen the chief instruction given was religious. The students, being so much under the clerical influence, inclined more to the ministry, and the statistics show that of the first thirty-three graduates of Yale College twenty-five became clergymen.

The second period began at a time when the preservation of her government was the chief concern of young America. She had just achieved her independence by force of arms, and if she were to retain this independence and build up a sovereign government there must be an enlightened citizenship. Hence the education of that day was chiefly relating to matters of civics and to those things which would tend to strengthen the State.

At the opening of this period America cherished no good will towards England. The hardships which she had endured for seven years and the indignities inflicted upon her by the British Arms were yet fresh in her mind. France had always been a foe of England, and, as she had been our ally in the late war, it was but natural for the American people to feel an interest in the educational ideals of her late ally against the common enemy.

About this same time France was in the throes of a great upheaval. Changes were being wrought, both in the government and in society. New ideas were being infused

among the people and the land was swept by educational reform. The King himself was an ardent advocate of the cause of education and to the people of America, for whom the French seemed to have felt an attachment, he extended his efforts. In 1784 he offered to furnish to Harvard College a botanic garden "with the seeds from the royal garden at *his* own expense."

Ousuay, a grand-son of the famous court physician of that name, attempted in 1780 to establish a college at Richmond. The curriculum which he proposed having was very extensive, and his attempt met with a great deal of encouragement from the Virginia planters; so much so that no less than sixty thousand francs was raised among them for the endowment of the college. The corner-stone of the college was laid in 1786 and one professor was elected. But France at this time (1785) was not in a position to aid educational movements, being in the midst of a civil war, and so the formal endeavor came to an end. However, the French influence still prevailed and the University of Virginia is today a monument to this influence.

The third period embraces about two generations and can be called by no more fit name than "human." The college became now an agency in preparing its students for the struggle of life. It was not simply a place for the sons of the well-to-do to spend a few years of their life in polishing their manners, but its scope now was extended and every man who left its walls was a broader man, a man of larger ideas than he was when he first entered them.

The sciences during this period became more highly developed than ever before; and among the first of these to be so developed was chemistry. For a long time instructors did not seem to recognize the value of practical along with theoretical instruction. But about 1850 a chemical laboratory was opened at Harvard College by Prof. Cooke for the

use of undergraduates. The usefulness of such a method soon became evident and laboratory courses were added to the curriculum of most American colleges. Along with chemical laboratories came physical laboratories, botanical laboratories, electrical laboratories, until, in fact, every science had its practical application along with theoretical instruction. The growth of the influence of the American College about this time was due in a large measure to the Land Act of 1862. Under the provisions of this Act State colleges were established in a great many of the States of the Union, and they are now one of the most important factors in the higher education of these States. Certainly in the West, where colleges are few and far between, they furnish almost the only means of obtaining a college education.

Along with the broadening of the curriculum of the colleges of the country came the increased attendance and, hence, the increased influence among the people. The statistics are not available as to the number of students attending college during the first and second period. We shall compare the number at the beginning of the third era with the number now, so that the increase may be plainly shown. In 1830 there were forty-six colleges in the United States. Forty of these reported a total of three thousand five hundred and eighty-two students. The number of students at the other six it is impossible now to obtain, but, allowing about the same number to each of these six as was the average attendance at the other forty, we might safely say that there were four thousand students attending college at that time. The population, according to the census of 1830, was 12,866,020 persons; hence, there was one college student to every three thousand two hundred and sixteen persons. According to the census of 1890, there were forty-six thousand four hundred and seventy-four students at the various

American colleges, and the population was 62,622,250 persons; or, in other words, there was one college student to every thirteen hundred and forty-seven persons. Note the increase. There was just a little over twice the number of students to each person in the United States in 1890, as there was two generations ago.

The fear has sometimes been expressed that we have too many educated men, and this brings up the question, "too many for what?" Certainly, the number of lawyers, orators, professors or of editors may exceed the demand. Are there too many that the college-bred man must become a farmer or a mechanic? And why, let me ask, should not our farmers and mechanics be educated? A college education is to make men, and should not the farmer, the mechanic be a man? There never was a more ignorant man than he who thinks that because a man tills the soil or guides the plane his mind does not need to be broadened. There was a time when only the sons of the well-to-do attended college, but that time has passed away. Various plans are open now to any ambitious young man to obtain a college education, though he be ever so poor. Scholarships and free tuition are open doors to many, and many, indeed, are taking advantage of them.

"The American College began first as an institution for training ministers; it next became an agency for training citizens; and then, broadening its purpose, it was content with nothing less than training men for complete living." Founded by the influence of England, nurtured by the benevolence of France, it has become an institution of and for humanity.

G. F. N., '03.

Farewell

Farewell, all my class-mates, the year is now o'er,
 Our college days shall be no more;
 Our Alma Mater sends out
 To mark the time posts on our route,
 That men who follow, seeing our deeds,
 May think them as the sowers' seeds,
 That cast from his sturdy hand must fall
 Upon varied ground and bring forth all
 The fruits of good. And prove to mankind
 The worth of a college-trained hand and mind.

* * * * *

Our college the sower,
 Our knowledge the land;
 Our lives are the fruit,
 We the seed from his hand;
 Adversity strengthens
 As the crust of the ground,
 Our deeds are recorded
 As riches when found.

* * * * *

As time travels onward and we have to do,
 And our lives made reflectors to cast back the hue
 That must fall on our college for good or for bad,
 To commend or condemn for the influence she had;
 As the friendly old lighthouse through the dark foggy night
 Casts out its broad rays of silvery light,
 So our lives must be beacons to pilot men through,
 And show to the world what a college may do.

* * * * *

The power is in us
 The ladder to scale;
 We've the power of training,
 Not childish nor frail;

The tendency's upward,
Our motto "To do;"
There's room at the top, boys,
Where there's only a few.

Azo.

Only Wanted a Chance

Among the fifty graduates from Sewall of the class of '02 there was not a more jovial or good-natured fellow than Fred Daly. His freckled face was always wreathed with smiles and his ready wit won him friends on every side. His hearty hand-shake and slap of his hand on your back was enough to dispel the worst case of blues that ever happened.

Fred was the only son of a well-to-do farmer in the eastern part of the State, so it was not surprising that he was a petted and spoiled boy when he came to college; but before a year of his college life had been finished he had put away all his childish whims, and his manly character rapidly developed. Had he so desired, he could have stayed at home after his graduation, for his parents were passionately fond of him. But he was tired being a dependent on some one, so he determined that he would stay at home only for a few days and then go to Washington to seek work. Buoyant with the spirit of youth, he thought the getting of a good position anywhere would be an easy matter. And so would it have been if those to whom he applied had but known how earnest he was.

Taking only enough money with him to pay his railroad fare and his expenses for a few days after he arrived in the city, Fred kissed his parents "good bye," one bright morning in the latter part of June. As the train whizzed through the growing crops of corn and cotton, his father's fields, and the scenes along the railroad began to look unfamiliar, Fred's

heart sank just a little. But his nature was not of the kind to be so easily conquered, so he turned his thoughts toward the brilliant future which he had pictured for himself in the city to which he was swiftly being carried. On, on he sped, and soon, unmindful of the noise and dust of the train, he was fast asleep. He dreamed that he was no longer a boy, but a full grown man. He was sitting in his office chatting with some of his friends who had just come over from the club. Over the door of his office, in gilt, were the words, "Office of the President," and on the threshold was the name "Capital City Bank." Just then his dream was disturbed by the sudden lurch of the train to one side as it rounded a sharp curve. He peered out of the window and in the distance he could see the lights of a town. The train slowed down and he knew that he was most to his destination. While sitting there, he could see that the sun was just rising. His heart gave a great bound as he saw the sun's rays reflected from the long white shaft of Washington's monument. It was indeed a beautiful sight, but to him no more beautiful than the thought that in that long white shaft was shown the love of a people for a man whose bravery and greatness had gone far to make them what they were. He felt, as he sat there, that some day he would like for people to know him. And thus his mind wandered until the station was reached and he stepped off the train. The busy whirl and the many newsboys and cabmen made him realize that for him, at least, there must be no more dreams, but work—so much hard work.

* * * * *

A week has passed and Fred Daly, sitting on a bench in Central Park, has experienced the rebuffs of the cruel world in the fullest degree. He had applied for work at place after place, but he was always met with the same answer, "We have no place open for you." It is no wonder, then, that

Fred was feeling a little blue. As he sat there in the gathering twilight his thoughts turned toward home. He pictured the scene of contentment and plenty at his dear old home and how, even then, his mother and father might be thinking of their absent boy as they sat on the vine-covered porch in the cool evening. A stray tear fell from his half closed eyes, and he choked back a gathering sob.

"Alas! how different," he thought, "the cold reception of the world from the warm welcome of home!" He began to debate the question whether it were not better to give it up and go back home; but grit won, and he determined that he would stay and that he *would* find work.

Just then he was startled to hear sobs not far distant. He listened, and he heard some one crying, "I want my mamma." He thought at once that some little child was lost, and he started in the direction of the sobs. He had not gone far when he came upon a little girl lying on the grass and crying. In the dim light Fred saw that she had flaxen curls, was dressed very neatly, and appeared to be about five years old. He picked her up very tenderly and telling her not to be afraid, asked her name. At first she would not listen to him, but kept on sobbing, "I want my mamma." Fred remembered having an apple, the remnant of supper, in his pocket, so he gave it to her and after a little while she stopped crying.

"My name's Cora," she lisped, seeming suddenly to remember his question.

"But what's your other name?" he asked.

"Mamma calls me 'her pet,' and I am papa's 'feetheart,' " she said.

"Well, little girl, what do folks call your papa?"

"Oh, I call him 'my feetheart,' and mamma calls him 'Harry,' but when folks come to dinner they call him 'Mr. Stone.' "

Fred gave a little start. He had applied to Mr. Stone, one of the leading bankers of the city, for a position that very morning, and he had received the same reply as at all the others. Was this his daughter?

He had passed Mr. Stone's residence that very day, so he knew he could find the way there again. So, after thinking a few minutes, he said, "Come on, Cora, I'll take you to your mamma." She was willing to go with him at once, for his petting had won her little heart. Taking her in his arms, he started. She nestled close to him and, tired out as she was, soon fell fast asleep.

Mr. Stone lived only a few blocks from the park, so Fred was not long in reaching the place. He could see, as he approached, that there was commotion about the house. Lights were everywhere, and he heard persons calling "Cora." Then he knew that the little girl was, as he had thought, this Mr. Stone's daughter. He rang the bell at the door and waited. The door opened and the well-known banker stood before him. At first Mr. Stone did not recognize the little girl with the strange man; but the truth soon dawned upon him and, with a cry of joy, he dashed forward and clasped his little girl to his breast.

"Cora, my little sweetheart," he cried, and tears of joy rolled down his cheeks.

Mrs. Stone, hearing her husband's cry, rushed excitedly in the hall, and when she saw that her little girl was safe she was overcome.

Fred during this happy reunion stood silently by, his heart full, for the scene was touching. He was about to retire once, but he thought that should he leave without giving them a chance to thank him they would never forgive themselves. So he waited by the door and, when Mr. Stone had sufficiently recovered from his joy, he said:

"And now, I desire to know the name of our friend who has brought us this happiness."

"Fred Daly," he replied.

"Mr. Daly, as a small remuneration for your services, I beg you to accept this," said the rich banker, as he extended him a crisp \$100 note.

Fred looked at the money held so temptingly, and he was about to take it. He thought how much he needed it, and suppose he would not find work for several weeks? But Fred was honest, and he said: "I thank you very much for your offer, but I cannot accept it. The bringing of your little girl to you since I had found her was only a matter of kindness, and had I not done so, I would have been guilty of an entire lack of gentlemanly qualities."

Something in his manner attracted the older man, and he remembered then that he had heard the name before.

"Was it you who applied for work at the 'Capital City Bank' this morning?" Mr. Stone asked.

"It was; but I received the same reply there as I received at every other place to which I applied—'There were no positions open.' "

"Well, I think we can *make* a place for you, my boy; so you can report to the bank to-morrow morning at nine o'clock."

Fred's heart gave a bound. At last here was work, and work of the kind he had desired most!

"I will be there, sir, and may God bless you for opening up a career for a despondent youth. And now I must bid you good night," he said. They silently clasped each other's hand, each the other's good angel, and then Fred turned to go.

"Mrs. Stone will expect you to come over some time soon, so she can thank you personally for what you have done for us," the old gentleman added.

"Thank you very much, sir. Tell her that I will certainly come over before long," and as Fred went out on the street the same buoyant feeling of his youth came over him. He felt all the time that all he needed was a chance, and now that he had it he was sure to succeed.

* * * * *

Fifteen years have passed away and Fred, sitting in his office, has been telling a few friends the story of his success. The door opened and a queenly-looking woman came into the room.

"A delightful surprise, Cora," said Fred, as he kissed her lips, and then, turning to his friends, he said: "Gentlemen, my wife."

NORRIS, '03.



The Clemson College Chronicle

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Editorial Department.

EDITOR :

H. C. TILLMAN



Exit the
Present Staff

With this issue the present staff "bows itself off the stage of action," and turns over the reins of government to a new staff. This new

staff has not yet been elected, but we are sure that it will be a good one. We have absolute faith in Clemson's ability to choose the right men to fill her positions of trust and honor. In laying down the editorial pen, it might be well for us to make a few observations concerning THE CHRONICLE and its work. We have endeavored to keep up its standard, and at the same time to make it a chronicle of Clemson life. As to whether or not success has crowned our efforts we leave others to say. We can only say that we have always worked with the best interests of THE CHRONICLE constantly before us. At times our labor has been arduous, but it has always been pleasant, and in the years to come, when age and trials shall have dimmed our youth, we shall always hold fond recollections of THE CHRONICLE and the mite we did to make it what it was. We hope that its path may always be one of success and glory. May it ever go onward and upward on the ladder of fame in college journalism.

Retrospect

In this, the June issue, we wish to make a few remarks concerning the past year. We began this year under an entirely new administration, and our past year has been different in many ways from all the preceding ones. As to the success Clemson has obtained, it would be better for us not to mention that. There are deeper lessons to be learned, and it is to a few of these that we wish to call attention. The "honor system" has been tried, and it has been found a success in every way. The *students* have instituted a higher standard of morals than were ever known at Clemson before, and there can be no doubt as to the benefits derived. We hope that this spirit will increase next year, and we feel sure that it will.

There has been more interest taken in social life than ever before, and we take this as a good sign. College life with-

out some society is but a barren waste of time, for a man can never be a man, mentally, physically and morally, unless he is thrown in the society of good, pure women. This is one of the gravest of all the drawbacks of Clemson, and we are glad that there is improvement along this line.

Our athletic seasons have been signally successful ones, and we have been conceded the champions in both football and baseball. Mr. Heisman deserves the credit for this, and we hope that it will be Clemson's good fortune to keep him for many years to come.

From an internal point of view, the past year has been a very successful one, and we hope that Clemson will have many more. She is just beginning to repay the State, and Clemson men must all try and help pay this debt of gratitude.

Literary Clemson

Despite the fact that Clemson has prospered in so many ways during the past year, there has been one general decline which we have noted with sincere regret. This is the decline of everything of a literary nature. Although this college is a scientific school, we should not allow literature to die out completely, for in so doing we are but hurting ourselves and reducing the prestige of our college. There can be no doubt that the students at Clemson are allowing their interests in literary pursuits to wane, and we hope that this condition will cease with the outgoing college year. THE CHRONICLE must not become a paper which the staff alone supports. This is the students' work, and we hope they will awaken to their responsibilities.

Athletics

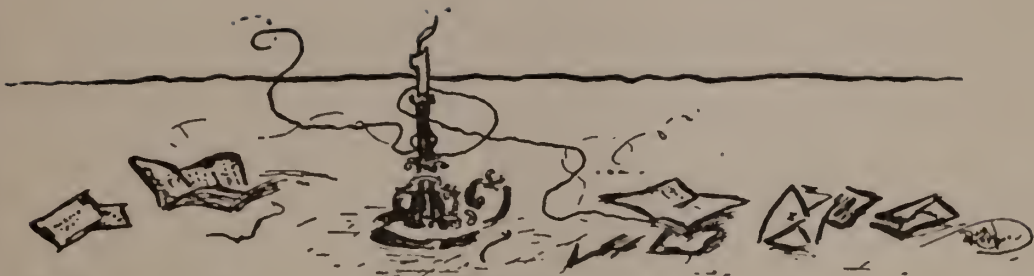
The baseball season is over and, taken as a whole, it is by far the most successful in the history of the college. We have only one defeat to our credit, and that was due more to not being in physical and mental condition than to anything else. The

boys have been playing fine ball, and the Coach, Captain and Manager, deserve great credit for the additional glory which has been added to our already glorious record in college athletics.

On May 4th, the annual Fields Day was held, and it would not be saying too much to say that it was a "howling" success. Manager Sahlmann and the entire track team deserve a great deal of credit for their earnest and telling work. They have endeared the track to athletic Clemson, and we expect great things along that line in the future.

By the time this is read Clemson will be in
Commencement the midst of another commencement season.

Pretty girls will be legion and Cupid will be hurling arrows at the solid front of the cadet regiment. Everything will be smiles, speeches, dances and sorrow. Such a mixture of sentiments is seldom seen, and so we endeavor to smile with the happy and frown with the sad. Some sixty of us will put away the gray forever, and it is to these that the sadness should come. In saying good-bye to the merry hills of Clemson we say good-bye to some of the most pleasant of our days. We say good-bye to friends—true and tried—and it is with a silent tear that we will bid these friends good-bye. Some we will meet again—some we won't. Some will in a few years be high up on the ladder of fame. Some will be leaders and some will be "captains of industry." Whatever they may be, it will always be our hope and prayer that fame will be the pinnacle upon which all may rest after their life's journey is over. In the far future we hope that the men who *now* cheer for the "*Class of 1903*" may look back to their college days with love and pride in their Alma Mater.



Exchange Department

W. E. G. BLACK, }
S. T. HILL, }

EDITORS

We are sorry that lack of time will not permit us to go into details concerning the merits and demerits of our respective exchanges. With this issue the exchange department passes into new hands, and we sincerely hope that it will be better looked after in the future than in the past. We realize that we have not done all that we could have done, but we have no apology to offer for any criticism which we have made. We regret exceedingly that the exchange editor of *The Erskinian* should take offence at a mere statement of truth; but, as every one knows, "It is the truth that hurts." As to the personal thrusts made at us, after duly considering the same, we have decided to let them pass unnoticed. Judging from the treatment accorded our baseball team a few years ago, we would infer that Erskine was *one* place where etiquette was neither taught nor practiced. But we must pass on to more pleasant duties than the exposure of a weak display of ignorance.

The first exchange which we will dissect is *The Wofford College Journal*. This magazine would undoubtedly improve with age, as most of its selections are of an ancient order. The poems are not up to Wofford's standard, and

about the most meritorious part of *The Journal* is the editorial department. The exchange editor has a slight idea as to his duties, but they are very slight in the April issue. The Business Manager has succeeded well in bringing himself before the public.

"One of the Faithful," ever present, pointless dialect stories, as usual, greet the reader of *The Winthrop College Journal*. It seems as if the editors cannot learn that a poor dialect story does not even fill a space satisfactorily. We dislike very much to say it, but really from appearances it seems that Winthrop is endeavoring to attract the attention of one, Theodore Roosevelt, who is said to equal even Winthrop in the love of the African.

But let us turn to pleasanter things.

"His Creole Sue" is a delightful "refreshing" little story, which was doubly interesting because it did not end in the usual way. We wish to congratulate *The Journal* on the neatness of its binding—it being by far the most attractive magazine that comes to our table.

We regret to have to say it, but *The Davidson College Magazine* is below its usual standard this month. It is entirely too deep to be very interesting. Four essays and one continued story against seven stanzas of poetry and one storiette (the other story not being considered worthy of being counted). The short poem, "Love is Best," is fairly good, but "Lines to a Bee" reflects credit on both the poet and the editors, showing that it is the result of careful thought.

Though somewhat out of place, we wish to congratulate Davidson on the excellent baseball team which she has turned out this year. 'Tis indeed a pleasure to have such visitors on our campus.

The College of Charleston Magazine contains quite an interesting bit of football romance. "The Last Foot" is probably the best college story in the April exchanges.

The University of Tennessee Magazine, for April, has three redeeming features—first, a poem entitled "A Ballade of College Days," which is very good indeed; second, a pen sketch, forming a head-piece for the editorial department; and third, the advertisements. Say, "*U. of T.*," in the future "cut" such a fierce array of essays and discussions. No one enjoys them.

We have missed *The Georgetown College Journal* from our table this month, and it leaves a big gap in the interesting matter we have to enjoy. *The Journal* is usually the best of all our 'changes, and we hope that we will be placed on their exchange list again next year.

The Stylus, from Newberry College, is an improvement over former issues; but, dear editors, don't imagine for an instant that you are anything like perfect yet. We think it bad taste to republish a story from another magazine, even "by request." Newberry can write her own stories, if she will, and we hope the editors will see that this is done in the future.

The Hendrix College Mirror is filled with interesting and instructive reading matter this month. Perhaps a little too much history has been allowed to drift in, but we are believers in history ourselves. Too much of it, however, makes a magazine "stale" before one has finished perusing its contents.

We have a few more magazines yet, but the Editor-in-Chief has just informed us that we must be a little short on

space this month, so we'll have to leave them to our successors.

We wish to thank our 'change friends for their criticisms of THE CHRONICLE, and we wish to assure them that no one at Clemson is mad about their criticisms.

Clippings

I stood and wrote upon the sand ;
I thought a thought superbly grand,
And without asking if I might,
I took a stick and dared to write
Our History. 'Twas just begun ;
'Twas lettered thus : "Two Hearts Made One."
She laughed and said : "Well, well,
If I were you, I'd learn to spell,
'The spirit's there, but not the letter ;
I'm sure that I can do much better."
She changed the words, and when 'twas done,
It ran like this : "Two Hearts : Maid Won."

—*Ex.*

MORNING.

Look ! Heaven's radiance gleams from out the curtain of
the dark !

The landscape glows, the shadows flit away ;
Gilded are the domes and spires ; wakes the sleeping lark,
And man unto his neighbor calls : "Good-day !"

NIGHT.

Deep shadows fall on vale and wood, their myriad hues are
gray ;

Now hushed the robin's song and stilled this flight,

The crimson glow of western sky serenely fades away,
And unto man his neighbor says: "Good-night!"

—*Ex.*

SENIOR MATH.

There is beauty in the ocean,
And there is beauty in the skies,
There is beauty in misfortune—
If we know just where it lies.

Classic Greek may show its beauty,
And old England if he tries;
But when Math proclaims its beauty—
Well, I know just where—*it lies.*

MADE TO MOURN.

The girl who asks to be excused,
The friend who wants a "ten,"
The man who stays, and stays, and stays,
And says he'll call again;
The tough exams, the bills to pay,
Provoke the heart to scorn,
And everything adds proof to proof,
That man was made to mourn.

And what is a girl?
A riddle whose meaning no mortal can guess;
With "no" on her tongue when her heart would say "yes."

Half artful, half simple,
Half pout, half dimple,
Whose eyes would betray what her lips would express—
And that is a girl.

And what is a boy?
A nightmare that somehow miscalls itself "dream,"
Who works on your nerves till you think you will scream;
Very unmelancholy,
Good natured and jolly,
And nice to have 'round when you order ice cream—
And that is a boy. —*Ex.*

WASHINGTON.

Simple and brave, his faith awoke
Ploughmen to struggle with their fate;
Armies won battles when he spoke,
And out of chaos sprang the state.

Local Department.

EDITORS:

H. C. SAHLMANN

C. W. LEGERTON



On Friday night, May the first, the Palmetto Literary Society held its annual contest in Memorial Hall.

The following was the programme:

Declaimers:

A. J. Speer "Reconstruction Period in the South."

H. B. Ellis "The New South."

Orators:

S. T. Hill "A Nation's Danger and a Nation's Duty."

S. O. O'Bryan "The Tenderest Are the Bravest."

The Declaimer's medal was won by A. J. Speer, and the Orator's medal by S. T. Hill.

Miss Zaidee Simmes, of Barnwell, recently spent several days on the campus with Mrs. R. E. Lee.

Q. B. Newman, class '99, was on the campus visiting his brother recently. "Q. B." is on his way to the Pacific coast, having been transferred by the government to that field. He will take a position as head engineer on one of the government war vessels.

Dr. Henry Lewis Smith, President of Davidson College, delivered a scientific lecture to the public in the college on the night of April thirtieth. Dr. Smith is a forcible speaker

and his subject, an interesting one, was handled well. After the lecture, the Science Club tendered Dr. Smith a banquet at the hotel.

Mr. F. G. Bell, of Savannah, was on the campus recently, visiting his son.

Mr. E. C. Coker and family, of Greenwood, S. C., were on the campus during the first of May, visiting Professor and Mrs. S. W. Reeves.

Miss Hill, of Alabama, is on the campus, visiting her sister, Mrs. H. Benton.

Rev. Mr. Jamison, Director of the Connie Maxwell Orphanage, at Greenwood, occupied the pulpit for us on Sunday, May the twenty-sixth.

Captain Curtis, of Sullivan's Island, made an inspection of the corps on the 8th of May.

Misses Bessie Norris, Virginia Norris, Lizzie Waddell, Erline St. Amand, Griffie Dorroh, Leora Douthit and Lucia Sloan attended the dance and remained over for fields day on Monday.

Memorial Day will be held at Pendleton, S. C., May 10th. The band, staff and best drilled company of the corps have been invited over by the ladies, and they are looking forward to a splendid time.

Several of the mill presidents of the State have made arrangements for the professors to deliver a series of lectures to their men. We are glad to see this step taken. Although the expense will amount to something, the results will more than pay for the first outlay.

On the night of May the fourth, the "Fun" Club met at the home of Prof. and Mrs. Chambliss, Miss Mary Smith, of Knoxville, Tennessee, entertaining. An unique guessing contest was the principal feature of the evening's diversions. The prize, a silver stick-pin, was won by Mr. D. H. Henry. Refreshments of the season were daintily served, and altogether the meeting was one of the most delightful the club has yet had. The club will next meet with Miss Sue Sloan. Those present were: Misses Helen Bradford, Lesesne Lewis, Rosa Calhoun, Julie Taylor, Belle Sayre, Ida Calhoun, Winnie Taylor, Sue Sloan, Collins, Isabel Thomas, Greenville, Hill, and Minnie Wannamaker. Messrs. J. S. McLucas, J. A. Weir, B. Freeman, E. D. Ellis, A. J. Milling, B. H. Rawl, Wills Johnson, D. H. Henry, C. B. Waller, C. W. Legerton, W. E. G. Black, B. H. Gardner, H. T. Poe, and H. H. Kyser.

On the afternoon of May the sixth, a competitive drill was held between the seven companies of the school. Company "D," Captain W. H. Barnwell, of Sumter, won first place. The names of this company will be placed on the books of the War Department at Washington. They also carry the prize flag for the ensuing year, and will represent the college in the Memorial Day exercises to be held in Pendleton, S. C., on May the tenth. The other companies came out in the following order: "C" Company second; "E" Company third; "G" Company fourth; "F" Company fifth; "B" Company sixth; "A" Company seventh. The boys have been taking a great deal of interest in the drills this spring, and the competitive drill was the best yet held at the college.

A most enjoyable dance was had in Pendleton, S. C., on the night of May the twenty-fourth. Quite a number of the cadets drove over for the occasion, and all had a great time. Those present were:

Misses Bessie Norris, Zaidee Simmes, Leora Douthit, Daisy Lide, Rhett Sitton, Katie Lide, Helen Bradford, Lesesne Lewis, Laura Bowman, Elizabeth Crawford, and Sue Crawford. Messrs. Arthur Sitton, J. W. Gantt, W. E. G. Black, C. W. Legerton, T. S. Perrin, I. H. Morehead, C. Coles, R. D. Graham, J. L. Bradford, U. H. Alford, C. V. Sitton, J. H. Rodger, V. M. Williams, D. H. Sadler, R. G. Williams, D. G. Lewis, G. A. Larsen, W. M. Wightman, E. M. Kaminer, C. B. Hagood, W. H. Crawford, D. H. Henry, J. H. Williams and A. B. Bryan.

Chaperones—Mrs. D. K. Norris and Mrs. Hunter.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas W. Keitt entertained at a most delightful “at home” on the night of April the twenty-second, in honor of Miss May D. Wannamaker, of Orangeburg, and Miss Minnie B. Wannamaker, of Clemson. The evening’s pleasures took the form of a “Quotation Party,” in which Miss Isabel Thomas, of Greenville, won the ladies’ prize, and Mr. A. B. Bryan won the gentlemen’s. Instrumental music, by the young ladies present, added greatly to the evening’s enjoyment.

The German Club

The German Club gave another of its delightful dances on Friday night, May the first. Quite a number of visiting girls from Greenville, Anderson and Pendleton attended. Dancing began at nine o’clock and the merry couples danced to splendid music, furnished by the College Orchestra, until two-thirty o’clock. The german was led by Cadet R. G. Williams, President of the club, assisted by T. Bell, of Anderson. Delicious refreshments of the season were furnished by Mr. A. Shilletti. Those who attended were:

Miss Griffie Dorroh, Greenville, with C. B. Hagood;

Miss Lucia Sloan, Greenville, with R. D. Graham; Miss Marie DeCamp, Greenville, with T. Bell, Anderson; Miss Leora Douthit, Pendleton, with W. H. Crawford; Miss Daisy Lide, Pendleton, with C. W. Legerton; Miss Virginia Norris, Central, with R. G. Williams; Miss Bessie Norris, Central, with J. L. Bradford; Miss Katie Lide, Pendleton, with W. M. Wightman; Miss Annie Prevost, Anderson, with H. R. Sherard; Miss Eubanks Taylor, Anderson, with F. E. Watkins; Miss Sue Crawford, Pendleton, with V. M. Williams; Miss Erline St. Amand, Greenville, with J. E. Harrall; Miss Elizabeth Crawford, Pendleton, with E. M. Kaminer; Miss Zaidee Simmes, Barnwell, with D. G. Lewis; Miss Beulah Speers, Greenville, with W. H. Barnwell; Miss Laura Bowman, Autun, with J. W. Gantt; Miss Lesesne Lewis, with C. F. Simmons; Miss Helen Bradford, with D. H. Henry; Miss Lydia Fuller, Washington, D. C., with T. G. Poats; Miss Agnes Miller, Greenville, with V. Livingston; Miss Lizzie Waddell, Greenville, with C. E. Boineau.

Stags—J. S. McLucas; B. H. Rawl; A. B. Bryan; Arthur Sitton, Pendleton; W. E. G. Black; J. G. Cunningham; D. H. Sadler; B. H. Gardner; J. Gelzer; A. M. Henry; S. T. Hill; T. S. Perrin; H. C. Tillman; N. H. Alford; L. W. Fox; M. Bell; J. T. Robertson.

Chaperones—Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Lewis; Mrs. C. M. Furman; Mrs. W. M. Riggs.

Fields Day, May 4, 1903

On Monday, May 4th, we had our first fields day and, judging from the records made, the interest and enthusiasm displayed by the entire student body and faculty, we may expect and do hope that this day will mark the birth of our annual fields day, and we may look forward to it each year as the most enjoyable one of our college year.

Upon learning that the Trustees had set apart a day especially for field sports, Manager Sahlmann at once began working with his usual energy, making preparations for having a day's true sport, and his efforts were crowned with success, for which he deserves the highest praises.

With a gymnasium, which we hope to have next year, and with a season's experience and training, we may expect to win many laurels on the track, as we have done on the diamond and gridiron.

PROGRAM.

1. 100 yard dash—Wylie, 10 1-5; Whitney, 10 2-5—prize, watch fob.

2. 1/2 mile run—Killian, J. A., 2.41 1/2; Riggs, second—prize, running shoes.

3. Putting shot—Furtick, F. M., 41; Hanvey, 41 1/2 inches—prize, dumb bells.

4 Egg race—Breese, R. H.—prize, silver scarf pin.

5. 220 yard hurdle—Whitney, J. B., 29 1/2 seconds; Killian, second—prize, gold scarf pin.

6. Pole vault—Lawrence, 7 feet, 5 inches—prize, silver cuff buttons.

7. Running broad jump—McIver, 18 feet, 7 1/2 inches; Tillman, second—prize penknife.

8. Longest football punt—Pollitzer, H. R., 48 yards—prize, 1/2 dozen collars.

9. Cracker race—Salmon, W. R.—prize, silver cuff buttons.

10. 220 yard dash—Wylie, 25 seconds; Whitney, second—prize, Jersey.

11. High jump—Wylie, 5 feet, 8 inches; McIver, 5 feet, 7 inches—prize, silver toothpick.

12. Hammer throw—Furtick, 95 feet, 3 inches—prize, Indian clubs.

13. Sack race—Crouch, H. W.—prize, alarm clock.

14. 120 yards hurdle—Wylie, $19\frac{1}{2}$; Dendy, 20—prize, University cap.

15. One mile relay race (classes)—Senior—4 scarf pins.

16. Baseball throw (distance)—Furtick, 307 feet, 8 inches; Caldwell, 305 feet, 9 inches—prize, bat.

17. Three-legged race—Alford and Crouch—prize, 1 dozen handkerchiefs.

18. Tug of war (classes)—Freshman over Sophomore—prize, bunch of bananas.

19. Drop kicking contest—Tillman, 3 out 5—prize, necktie.

20. $\frac{1}{4}$ mile run—Killian, $62\frac{1}{2}$ seconds; Riggs, R. L., second—prize, watch fob.

21. Pig catching contest—Crouch, H. W.—prize, running suit.

Senior Team—Whitney, Wightman, Sadler, Lawrence.

Judges—D. W. Daniels, Wills Johnson, W. M. Riggs.

Starter—J. W. Heisman.

Measurers—H. H. Kyser, John Gantt.

Marshals—J. E. Harrell, J. T. Robertson, Joe Wyse, G. F. Norris, W. H. Barnwell, T. S. Perrin. H. C. Sahlmann, Manager; P. L. Slattery, Assistant Manager.

The main feature of the fields day was the one mile relay race, which was run by teams representing each of the college classes and composed of their fastest men. The Seniors' team carry off the race amid great cheering of the excited spectators, making the distance in 3 minutes, 55 seconds. The following men composed the winning team: W. M. Wightman, B. H. Lawrence, B. J. Whitney and D. H. Sadler. The Juniors won second place.

The high jumping of Wylie and McIver won the admiration of all present, and it is believed that Wylie would have broken the Southern record had he not fallen in an attempt to make 5 feet, 9 inches, which knocked the wind out of him;

as it is, he has tied the record of 5 feet, 8 inches, made by Kilpatrick in '99. McIver showed up well, making 5 feet, 7 inches. and with training we may see him come to the front next season.

Wylie's 120 yards hurdling was very graceful, and he doubtless will make better time later on in the season. Joe Killian, one of the long distance runners, will probably become a valuable man on the track, and he possesses all the qualities for an ideal long distance runner.

Manager Sahlmann will take several of his best men down to Atlanta on the 14th, to represent the college in the big S. I. A. A. Whitney will take the 100 yards, Wylie the 120 yards hurdle, the 220 dash and high jump, while Furtick will put the shot and throw the hammer.

The tug of war between the classes was extremely exciting, and the sturdy Freshman team carried off the prize. The comic event served well to ease and quiet the excited and enthused students.

The Wofford game, played at Spartanburg, May 4th, was one of the best games of the season, and it was Clemson's manner of handling the match sticks which won the game. Both pitchers did well in the twisting act, but Maxwell's work in the rear of the plate was great.

For Wofford, Green played a strong game. Brabham's manner was also commendable. Dendy and Caldwell, for Clemson showed up somewhat in the starlight.

The large crowd present was, during the early stage of the game, in the highest hopes of winning from the Heisman aggregation, but the Clemson boys scored one run in every inning except the last.

The following shows the work of the teams:

Wofford.	E.	H.	R.
Durant, p.	2	0	0
Wiggins, c.	0	1	0
Isom, 1b.	1	1	0
Greene, 2b.	1	3	2
Brabham, K., 3b.	2	0	1
Burnett, s. s.	2	0	2
Brabham, W., l. f.	6	2	1
Glaze, c. f.	0	0	0
Richardson, r. f.	0	0	0

Total.	8	7	4
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Clemson.	E.	H.	R.
Sitton, p.	0	0	1
Dendy, c. f.	0	2	2
Chisolm, r. f.	0	0	2
Maxwell, c.	0	2	1
Rodger, 3b.	3	1	1
Wier, l. f.	0	1	1
Goggans, s. s.	0	0	1
Caldwell, 2b.	0	2	1
Woods, 1b.	0	1	0

Total.	3	9	10
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Wake Forest and Clemson

The Wake Forest game was played on the Bowman field, Friday, April 21st. The visiting team was composed of a gentlemanly set of players, but they seemed to be a little worn out from their trip. Hapgood's work in the box was fairly good, and Sams, at short, played the in-field single-

handed and is a team in himself, otherwise their work was considerably off.

The home team worked fast, made quite a number of hits, running up the score to 18. Sitton allowed but eight hits and only three men managed to make the circuit.

The teams were as follows:

Wake Forest.	E.	H.	R.
Sams, s. s.	1	2	1
Hapgood, p.	1	0	0
Dunn (Capt.) 3b.	2	1	0
Dowe, 2b.	1	1	0
Pace, 1b.	0	2	1
Edwards, r. f.	2	1	0
Goodwin, l. f.	1	0	1
King, c.	0	0	0
Harris, c. f.	0	0	0
Total.	8	3	7
Clemson.	E.	H.	R.
Sitton (Capt.) p.	1	2	4
Dendy, c. f.	0	2	1
Chisolm, l. f.	0	2	3
Maxwell, c. f.	1	1	2
Rodger, 3b.	0	5	4
Wier, r. f.	0	2	1
Goggins, s. s.	0	3	1
Caldwell, 2b.	0	2	1
Woods, 1b.	0	2	1
Total.	2	21	18

The Textile-Electrical Ball Game

The Textile-Electrical ball game played on Bowman field, May 2d, proved to be amusing if not interesting. The teams were composed of Textile and Electrical Seniors, some of whom have had but the smallest amount of experience on the diamond, and with their awkwardness managed to score more errors than runs.

Whitney, the pitcher of the ziz-zags and break speeds, for the Textile, did not serve the ball in the manner to make the wire stringers fan; but Morrison, who played the position behind the match stick, occasionally froze on to the pitching yaps' ball of fire, and it is safe to say that he was materially assisted by the large back-stop. Pollitzer sent the dealer a ball which it has since been found by an extensive and prolonged mathematical calculation follows the noted curve, "The Witch of Agnesi," managed to keep the cotton spinners guessing and sawing. Tillman, the catcher, who is on to the art of stopping the peculiar ball, played a superb game. The work of the other novices were but good, fair and ordinary.

The teams were as follows:

Electricals.	AB.	R.	HR.
Pollitzer, p.....	6	1	1
Tillman, c.....	6	5	0
Black, c. f.....	6	5	0
Harrall, 1b.....	6	4	0
Gardner, 2b.....	5	2	0
Wightman, r. f.....	6	2	0
Sadler, s. s.....	4	1	0
Livingston, l. f.....	6	3	0
Green, H., 3b.....	5	3	0
Total.....	50	26	1

Textiles.	AB.	R.	HR.
Morrison, c.....	4	0	0
Whitney, p.....	3	1	2
McCrary, 1b.....	4	2	0
Boineau, 2b.....	4	1	0
Legerton, s. s.....	4	1	0
Alford, 3b.....	3	2	0
Cullum, r. f.....	3	1	0
Cain, c. f.....	3	1	0
Rhodes, l. f.....	4	0	0
<hr/>			
Total.....	32	9	2

Clemson-Newberry Game

The Clemson team defeated the Newberry College boys on their home diamond in a real fast game. Dendy's twirling for Clemson was extra; he served out to Newberry reds just the very kind they couldn't see, much less touch; while Maxwell stopped Dendy's meteors with ease and kept the red uniforms tacked to their bags once they were reached.

The features of the game for Newberry were the battery work and Coleman's long throw from left field, cutting off a run at home. Sitton's and Rodgers' two-baggers for Clemson was the very thing the boys wished to set them right.

The line-up was as follows:

Newberry.	E.	H.	R.
Cabiniss	0	0	0
Fulmer	5	0	1
Wiles	1	0	0
Simpson, p.....	0	0	0
Coleman	0	0	1

Rosell	1	0	0
Homes	1	0	1
Riser	0	0	1
Olney	0	0	1
Clemson.	E.	H.	R.
Sitton	0	1	0
Dendy	0	1	1
Chisolm	0	0	1
Maxwell	1	0	0
Rodger	2	2	2
Wier	0	1	1
Caldwell	1	2	1
Goggins	0	0	0
Woods	0	1	0

The umpire in this game certainly did not understand his business, and at one time it looked as if Capt. Sitton would be compelled to take his men from the field.

THE CHRONICLE staff for next year is as follows:

V. B. Hall, Editor-in-Chief.

Assistants, Gooding, Hill, S. T., O'Bryan, Holman, Boykin and Roberts.

C. Norton, Business Manager.

A. J. Speer, Assistant Business Manager.

On the evening of May 4th, the students and faculty had the great pleasure of hearing Col. James Armstrong, of Charleston, deliver one of his characteristic lectures. Every one present enjoyed his abundance of wit and humor, which he used to the greatest advantage in connection with his eloquent flow of English. He certainly is an artist, but not one who would paint his pictures the tints from brush and

palette, but with the purest of words which fall so impressively upon the minds of his hearers.

The Clemson College Dramatic Club presented in the Memorial Hall, Saturday night, May 2d, the well known comedy, "Because She Loved Him So." The cast was a particularly strong one, and it is said to be the best amateur company in the State. Mr. J. W. Heisman and Mrs. J. R. Lewis won the admiration of the entire audience by the superb acting of the characters of Mr. and Mrs. Weatherby. Col. Sirmyer and Mrs. Benton also handled their parts with ease and grace. W. M. Wightman, as manager, won the applause of all present. The other members of the cast were Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Daniels, Mr. H. C. Sahlmann, Miss L. Lewis, Mr. W. H. L. Homesley and T. S. Perrin.

The Textiles and Electricals played their second game of the season on the afternoon of May 4th. The Textiles were defeated by a score of 3 to 15.

H. Green, when asked if he had any liniment in his room, replied: "I don't know—I have a regular apostary shop up there."

Rat Thomas, when told of the three cars of lumber to be shipped from our near-by mill, asked if it was to be sent by cable.

Senior Kaigler wants to know if the current used in the chapel light on the night of the play was an alternating current.

Diagonals (to Professor of Physics): "Professor, what strength must a bar magnet be to light a 16 c. p. incandescent lamp?"

Greasy was asked what those iron things were for on the smokestack of the cupola at the foundry; he replied that was for the electric light to look in and see when the iron is melted.

Professor: "What is a Diagonal?"

Soph. B.: "A medium between two intersecting lines."

There was recently shipped from the Benedict Lumber Mills, near here, three car loads of poplar lumber for London. The freight on this lumber to that city is 33 cents a hundred. Mr. Benedict says that it is the best poplar lumber to be found in this country. It is cut in the mountain and floated down the river to the mill, which is located on the Seneca, about two miles from the college.

The Faculty-Senior baseball game is looked forward to with much interest by the corps of cadets.

Manager Robertson expects to have *The Oconean* here to deliver within a few days. "The book is one which the class of '03 may well be proud of, and the cuts are the best I have ever seen in a college annual," said he, when interviewed by the local editor. "The poems, stories and other printed matter are of the best character," continued the manager, "and on account of an increased demand amongst the alumni, I have been compelled to bring out a much larger issue than first expected. The cover design is particularly attractive. It is a gray background, with blue lettering, trimmed with gold, and in the upper right hand corner is the class coat of arms in gold and blue."

Clemson College Directory

CLEMSON AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

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

CLEMSON COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

H. C. Tillman, Editor-in-Chief.

T. S. Perrin, Business Manager.

CALHOUN LITERARY SOCIETY.

G. F. Norris, President.

F. T. Hamlin, Secretary.

COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

C. W. Legerton, President.

PALMETTO LITERARY SOCIETY.

G. L. Morrison, President.

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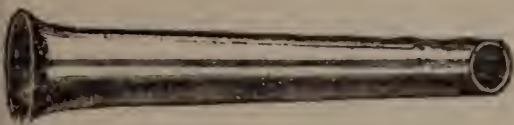
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