

1912

Clemson Chronicle, 1912-1913

Clemson University

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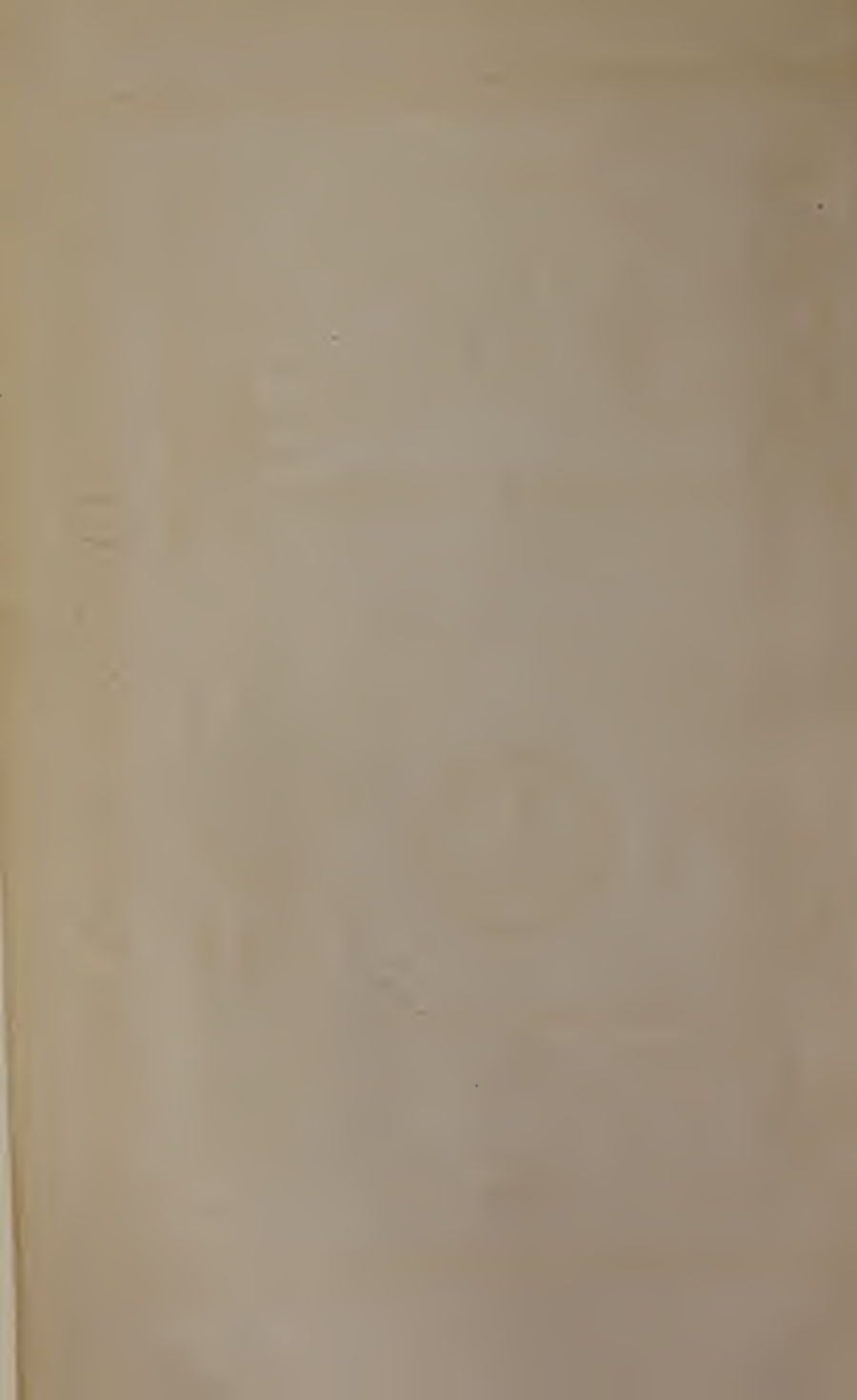
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A decorative frame with two ornate columns and a pediment. Two crossed rifles are positioned above the pediment. A curtain hangs from a rod across the top of the frame, framing the central content.

CHRONICLE



OCTOBER, 1912.
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MANY a man lives a burden to the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life.—*Milton.*

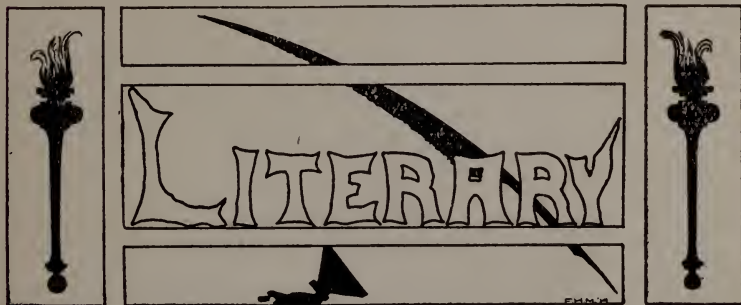


NEW DAIRY BUILDING AT CLEMSON COLLEGE.

The Clemson College Chronicle

Valeat Quantum Valere Potest.

Vol. XVI. Clemson College, S C., October, 1912. No. 1.



EDITORS:

J. H. KANGETER, '13.

J. B. DOUTHIT, '14.

D. M. JOHN, '15.

On A Glimpse Of Happiness.

Adown the stately corridor of trees,
That grew upon a decline to the west
I walked as oft I'd done before, the guest
Of lovely Nature; in search of calm release
From the wearied scenes of life. And a breeze
Blew up the while my cheerless heart to bless.
And still I walked, nor had I tried to guess
The joy in Nature's simple sympathies.
At length the happy twitter of a bird
Broke forth upon the quiet autumn scene.
The very trees and leaves seem to have heard
And sought once more to dance their fading green.
O Joy! Thou art no more a thing inferred—
O life! Now surely I have caught thy gleam.

W. J. H. '15.

For The Old Coach's Sake.

BY J. B. D. '14.

"Sure Jack, if our team this fall is not the best that it has been since 1909 when we won the 'All Southern Championship,' it will not be the fault of poor material."

"Yes we should put out a star team. Why shouldn't we? There are fifteen Varsity men back. Count them if you wish; but mention the names of Halleck, Brown, and Fuller in whispers, or I shall go wild with such delightful anticipations. Oh my! but that trio plays the game to a standstill."

"That is all true Jack; but who is that fellow Sterling who is to coach them? I wish that good old coach Robinson was to coach again. He played the game too hard, however, and is now at Hot Springs being treated for rheumatism. It is too bad that he should be pulled away from his team after he had collected and trained such a fine squad of players. Didn't we love him tho? You remember how a word from him would put new life into his tired out team. If he were here, we would certainly be champions of the South. Anyway, we shall all be right with Sterling, and perhaps he will be as good as 'Coach Rob.' Sterling's record as an athlete can not be equaled. He has played nearly every position on the team; and played them exceptionally well, at that. At full back he established an all-American reputation."

"Well hold the remainder of your dope until we see Sterling. He will be at college when we get there four days from today."

The foregoing conversation was between two Waynesville students. Their college was soon to open; and, with the opening of school, began the football season.

One week later we find the same two boys eagerly watching the practice of the team. It was a pretty sight to see the struggling mass of players. Sterling, a man of medium

height, broad shoulders, and a thick chest, was indeed ruler of the field. He took an active part in the practice. The way that he punted, fell on the ball, and tackled, caused many remarks of admiration. Somehow a repellant feeling was aroused toward him, in spite of his wonderful skill.

"Jack, that lordly air of Sterling's is not going to take well with our fellows. They are too accustomed to the cheery commands of 'Coach Rob' to permit such rasping and harsh commands as this new coach gives. He seems to regard the players as a bunch of slaves. Not even Captain Halleck has escaped the coach's fiery sarcasm. On yesterday, he lectured Hal for several minutes about a trivial mistake. I could see that Hal was stung, and that he thought that part of the lecture had been undeserved. He did not say anything, however, and tried to take it in the manner that a player should."

"Quite true, Sam, the methods that Sterling employs will not be satisfactory to our men. They expect to be treated as gentlemen should be treated by a gentleman. I fear that so much ill talk will have a bad effect upon the team."

Days passed, and practice continued. Gradually the teams rounded into shape. Sterling had scolded, slashed, and driven the men to submission. He was becoming exceedingly unpopular. His commands were obeyed in the manner that a servant does when carrying out orders. Several of the boys had quit playing. Others were murmuring against him. In fact, everyone was losing interest in the team.

By and by the opening game was played, which resulted in the usual high onesided score. As was customary, many substitutes were used; and many mistakes were made by them. In general, however, the team showed up well, and gave great promise of a successful season. Sterling was displeased with the playing of every man, it seemed. He

swore that he had never seen such a poor bunch. "Enough beef to supply the market for a week," he said, "but not enough brains to run a peanut stand." The old men saw that the team was in good condition, but such talk as that discouraged the new ones.

The first serious breach came one rainy afternoon at practice. The field was heavy, and a drizzling rain soaked the uniforms, making them uncomfortable. Sterling was relentless in working the men. Up and down the field they trudged, always followed by the coach's piercing voice.

"Absurd Brown, you play like a child! Smith repeat that play and you may leave the field!"

The latter realized that he had not done anything wrong, but remained silent. Soon Sterling called at him again. "There you go again, ah! leave the field!"

"I beg your pardon, coach, but that play is not the one that you told me to stop using."

"You lie!" yelled Sterling.

"No need to ask me to leave the field now; and, moreover, you need never to ask me to return."

"Stewart, call the signals. Now get after it, you loafers!"

That Sterling regretted the outcome of the affair was evident, but he tried to appear indifferent.

Two days after Smith quit, Halleck resigned from captaincy. The situation had become alarming. Scarcely enough men were out to make two teams, still the coach continued his tyranny. Every one was excited. What was to be done? To answer that question, the athletic council was holding a meeting one evening. While in the midst of their deliberations, a messenger arrived.

"Coach Sterling is seriously injured," he said. "Was run over by an automobile. A leg broken, and it is feared that there are internal injuries also."

This announcement changed things. After ascertaining

that the coach was receiving proper medical attention, the council decided that some one must see the players who had stopped playing and urge them to begin once more. They also took steps towards securing a new coach; but until one was secured the players were to continue practice.

To see each of the men was unnecessary. Next morning, all the men interested in football met at the request of ex-captain Halleck. It was a bunch of determined men that assembled in the gymnasium for this meeting. Almost every man who had ever been out for football was present.

"Boys," began Halleck, "this meeting has been called so that you may hear the following letters:"

"To the players of the Waynesville Team:

"Dear Boys:

I have just learned of the deplorable condition at my old school. For the sake of your school, and your old coach, put aside all else except a determination to be All Southern Champions; and go to work. To you belongs that title, so get it.

Fondly yours,

Coach Rob."

"To the players of the Waynesville Team:

Gentlemen:

The mistake that I made in coaching you has just been fully realized. I had not considered the fact that you were men, not boys. Please forget all harsh things that I have said. I apologize for all. Now, wont you be to me, while absent, what you have always been to your other coaches? My orders are—select from your number, two of your most competent men for coaches and under their supervision go to work to win, sincerely yours,

R. B. Sterling."

All of the recommendations that Sterling made were accepted. Halleck and Smith were selected to be the

coaches. Under these two men, the team did faithful work. The improvment was great. Now there was spirit, enthusiasm, and a determination to win.

The first games were won easily. The sporting news writers were forced to change all their prophecies. Comments were made by everyone about the abundance of snap that was always to be found in the Waynesville team. The squad had undergone a complete change. From a low spirited, sluggish crowd, it had become a highly finished fighting machine.

Soon, all attention was directed to the annual game of the season: namely the Thanksgiving contest with Hampton. Both teams had been having marvelous success all the year; and the championship would be determined by the outcome of this struggle. The game was played at Waynesville. On the evening before the fight, old coach Robinson arrived. His very presence seemed to instill confidence. Every Waynesville student went out to the game with a feeling that the team just had to win. The men played with the same determination upon the athletic field, and it is no wonder that they won.

At the close of the game four cheers arose from the students in rapid succession, the first for "Coach Rob," then Halleck, Smith, and Coach Sterling.

* * * *

The Last Fight.

BY H. A. HAGOOD, '13

Slowly the long column came to a halt. It was a scorching hot summer day, one of those sultry days in late July—not a breath of air stirring to revive the almost exhausted men. Many of them lay on the ground, too tired to care for the inches of dust that covered the road; others raising their canteens for a cooling drink, and finding them dry, swore, and then were silent. Far ahead, just barely visible through the rising dust, could be seen the colors, indi-

cating the head of the regiment; from the rear came the rumble of a battery of artillery. Now and then horsemen dashed by, riding hither and thither, some with orders, others detached for duty at the front.

For two days we had followed the enemy, who, by traveling lighter than we, had pushed us to the utmost to keep them in sight. Why they did not turn and give fight, we did not know—it was probably their intention to first tire us out, and then finish with a surprise; but they would find us prepared and waiting.

Thus we rested, listening for the command to march. But just then something happened. What means that uproar at the head of the column? Quickly the news passes from mouth to mouth. "The enemy has stopped and are now entrenched along the edge of yonder wood." Up jumps every man, forgetting his weariness in excitement and in the intense desire to be up and at them. Orders flash here and there; calls are sounded and the men are in their places. No sooner has a line of battle been determined than officers rush their charges into position. By this time the artillery was in motion, the horses galloping madly up the road; while we, who had been detached as a support, followed in double-time. When the guns reached a point of vantage, they turned from the road and went crashing away through the trees, the heavy carriages bumping and jolting their way over roots and fallen limbs. At the edge of the field, each was quickly swung around, unlimbered, and as quickly loaded, while the teams rushed the ammunition carts to a safe place in the rear. By the time we had reached our position, the Boom! Boom! of the pieces were reverberating through the woods, and telling that the fight had begun. Far away to the right and to the left could be heard the popping of the rifles, interrupted occasionally by the whine of a ball as it passed over our heads, and then the soft pat as it buried itself in a tree.

But not long were we thus to wait. Slowly, the ene-

my's fire died away, and then through our lines rang out the bugle call of "The Charge." It was soon over. Losing what courage remained, the enemy turned and fled, leaving their dead and wounded on the field.

Here, we camped the next few days, resting, and tending the sick; then we returned to our station, knowing full well that the outlaw-chief's power was forever broken.

* * * *

An Inspiring View.

BY. H. D. BAKER '15.

During the summer vacation, a few of us Clemson boys chanced to visit a tall peak, located about ten miles from Walhalla. This peak, known as Tamassee Knob, is about eighteen hundred feet above sea level.

After arriving at its summit and perching ourselves comfortably on a big table-like rock, we looked south and saw the fertile valley of Tamassee arrayed in her garments of green. Beyond this we could see a big white mansion surrounded by stately old cedar trees, which seemed to give the place a somewhat ancient aspect. But the cedar in the center should bear herself even more proudly than she does, for under her sheltering boughs and reclining against her trunk our brave General Pickens spent his last moments.

Looking a few miles farther south, we saw the neat little town of Walhalla, originally German, but German now only in its thrift and industry. Near the center of the town, the massive outline of the Court House and other beautiful buildings are plainly visible.

A little farther to the west, we saw the town of Westminster, situated on the Southern Railroad. It is very conspicuous because of the openness of the country in which it is set. But as we could see little beyond the town, we turned eastward and there among the hills below us, we

saw the town of Seneca. It is one of the most progressive towns in this county because it is at the junction of two Railroads, the Southern and Blue Ridge. Beyond the city the land seemed to join the sky; and we could imagine the county of Anderson set before us with its level acres and beautiful homes.

Facing about and looking northward, we saw the Blue Ridge Mountains standing grim and erect in the background. One cannot help feeling the spell of nature as he views this wonderful handiwork of God. For those awe inspiring Mountains, ornamented with restful looking valleys and great bare rocks, have not been seriously molested by man and are chiefly in their primitive state—the noblest formations of Nature.

In every possible direction you look, you see some of the beauties of nature. Indeed, I do not believe there is a more inspiring view in the State than is afforded by Tamassee Knob.

* * * *

The Forgotten Engagement

By D. M. J. '15.

It was after several years of hard work and meagre circumstances, that Ralph Madison was beginning to see through the breaking clouds. Ten years before, young Madison had received his diploma from a medical college, and had set out to battle for himself. There had been years, when, on account of his small practice, it seemed that failure in his chosen profession had seemed certain. But now that stage was past, and as is characteristic of men at this stage, Madison was looking forward to the day when he would be able to leave the rank and file of common physicians, and become a specialist.

One day, as he was perusing his morning mail, he came across a letter from a friend of his father's, who had risen high in the medical profession. In the letter was mentioned the fact that Dr. Leonard a famous young

brain specialist, was anxious to find a young physician possessed of the proper qualities, with whom he might ally himself.

Madison's friend suggested this as a chance of a life time to "make good." Acting immediately on his friend's advice, Madison went to the city to see the specialist.

On being ushered into Leonard's office, he was surprised to see what a young man the doctor was. Madison made known his mission, and was somewhat surprised at the manner in which he was received. Leonard was very guarded in his statements. He said that while he was in search of a partner, that the matter of selecting such a person would, on account of the great interest at stake, necessarily include much time and thought. However, before Madison left, the specialist had promised to come and see him about the matter in order that he might see how he would work "in harness."

Madison, disappointed in his mission, and believing that he would never hear any more from the specialist returned to his practice, and for the time the matter was forgotten.

One morning, some time after this, the young physician was called to attend a sick child. As the place was some distance, Madison drove his car himself. The case proved to be of no serious nature, and within an hour or so he was on his way back home.

About half way back, he happened to pass a place where a bridge was in course of construction. As he approached, he noticed an unusual commotion among the workers. Seeing that something unusually exciting was taking place, he turned his car in and, out of mere curiosity, stopped to see what caused the commotion. In a few seconds he found that a careless worker had dropped one end of a large stone which was being placed in position on the foundation of the bridge. In falling, the stone had carried with it a scaffold from which the foreman was directing the operation. When picked up, some thirty or forty feet below, the foreman was found unconscious as a result

of a fractured skull. A hurried examination of the wound showed that only the quickest of aid could give the man a chance for his life. The wounded foreman was hastily lifted into the car and driven at break-neck speed to Madison's office. Reaching there Madison, as is characteristic of his profession under such circumstances, was soon lost to every thing else but the saving of the man's life.

After an hour or so's work the man was still alive, though his chance was still extremely slim.

As he was donning his operating togs, his office-boy rushed in and told him that there was a gentleman in the reception hall who wished to see him. The physician glanced hastily at the offered card and in his absorption told the boy that he was busy and would see the gentleman in a few minutes.

As he came from the operating room into his office, with his togs still on, he picked up the card which the boy had left on his desk. The name engraved on the card was *Francis Leonard*. Instantly the situation flashed through his mind; while he was engaged with an almost hopeless fight against death, the opportunity of a lifetime had slipped through his fingers. A quick glance through the door which connected the office and reception hall showed that the caller was not there. Thoroughly disappointed and almost on the verge of desperation and vexation at his own carelessness, he returned to the operating-room to see how his patient was getting along. What was his surprise on opening the door to see bending over the patient the famous specialist, Leonard. If this was a surprise, a still greater came when the specialist came forward with outstretched hand and congratulated him upon the success of the operation.

Before the astonished Madison could catch his breath, Leonard slapped him on the back saying, "The man that performed that operation is the one I have selected as my assistant."

The Passing Of Summer.

BY W. J. HUNTER, '15.

The golden sun begins to bend
His shining course unto the west,
And forth the weary workers wend
Their wonted ways to home and rest.

The lengthened shadows of the trees
Have grown to shade of evening's shroud.
And all is quiet save a breeze
Which sighs anon, not harsh nor loud.

It is the summer's parting scene,
A time when first we realize
A change in earth and sky that means
The fading rose and lover's sighs.

But grieve not o'er the bygone days,
Nor mourn the falling of the leaves
For time must time pursue always
And pass as the fleeting summer breeze.

Then hail the clear blue autumn skies
That bend above the harvest field;
For in them full fruition lies,
And love is not a thing concealed.

Dogs.

BY T. F. DAVIS, '13.

A purely scientific definition of a dog would probably be, a quadruped member of the order Mammalia, family Canis. This might suit the scientist, and even the man who hated all but the cold impersonal part of life, in fact a rather disagreeable sort of man, but I doubt seriously whether it would hit us, we who are alive and glad of it, and rightly so. Our dogs like everything else around us are of real definite personality; a thing in the days of our "kidhood" to love, play with, and fight for if the necessity arose. Our dog was the only fighter for miles around, and if he were "licked" we were broken-hearted, and only the responsible assurance that the other dog was huge in size could comfort us. No matter how ugly he was, he was beautiful in our eyes; no matter how much mongrel blood he showed, there was a "scrap" waiting for the man who dared cast it in our face; no matter how much of a "yellow streak" he had in him, woe be to the foolish youth that hit our "pup."

Most of you know that these things are not unreal or exaggerated, although some of you may be inclined to be sceptical. Now what causes this love of their dogs in the boyish heart, though here I might remark that it is not confined to the boy alone but grown men, as well, are just as quick to take up the cudgel in defense of their favorite dog. I do not believe that it is the cold, bare fact contained in the scientific definition of the zoologist. No! it is the fact that the dog, once it becomes attached to its master, gives so devotedly of its service and affection, which, in as much as the dog is capable of such a thing, is worship; so that the master unless he is very hard to touch cannot help returning in some degree this affection. This fact gave rise to the saying: "Love me, love my dog," no doubt.

Just as in the case of people, there are grades and grades of dogs. There are thoroughbred dogs and mongrel dogs; good-looking dogs and rather ugly dogs; huge dogs and very small dogs; fire dogs, and the dogs of war. They range in size from the huge Newfoundland to the tiny rat terrier; their characters vary from the nobleness and largeness of the mastiff to the meanness and treachery of the pariah dogs of Constantinople; and their intelligence runs from the extreme of the Scotch collie to the comparative stupidity of the pug and poodle. But, type makes no difference; gain their confidence and affection and you have a friend, as a prominent lawyer once said in his speech prosecuting a man for killing a dog, "which follows you through fortune and adversity; eats what you give him whether it be a crust or the best of fare; a thing upon which you can vent your anger without the fear of losing a faithful friend; something which can entertain you when no one else will, and which does it gladly; his pleading whine is the last thing you hear as you leave your gate, and his joyful bark is the first welcome you receive on your return, and if you are feeling good you wouldn't take anything for the joyful wag of his tail in greeting, and if you feel bad this same greeting will cheer you." Here in a nutshell we have the causes of the love between the dog and its master. But so much for this the commonest though most real and best side of the dog.

As I have remarked before, there are dogs and dogs. There are fighting dogs and in the same family we have some of the most arrogant cowards in the animal kingdom. Here too are some of the keenest hunters we know of. There are dogs who are especially fitted for one thing, others fitted for more than one thing and still others which are fit for nothing.

As an example of the fighting specialist we have the bulldog and the bull terrier, the gladiators of the canine world. These terrible fighters have as well built and as well trained

bodies as any of the boxers in our rings, and are just as scientific in their mode of fighting as any of our pugilistic champions and are far more deadly in their purpose. Another one-line specialist is the hunting dog, from the pointer to the hound, according to their degree of training. The hounds, however, may be said to have two or more specialities for in them is implanted the spirit of the light-fingered gentry, also the love of fresh-laid eggs. All stray dogs are diversified specialists. These four-legged "hoboes" are adepts at stealing, fighting, and generally taking care of themselves very like the corresponding human class. As exponents of the non-specialized class we have the pug, and the Mexican dog. This last however is a "slick article" in his line.

The instinct of the dog is highly developed. Indeed, so highly that they seem to possess the power of reasoning; they can be taught practically any trick their master desires, and some of the things they are taught are wonderful.

Some of us like dogs, and some of us don't. It depends largely upon circumstances. All of us are probably very willing to accept a man's statement that his dog "is as gentle as a lamb, and will eat out of your hand," but at the same time none of us are particularly delighted to see that same dog as he executes a "double time" toward us singing a rather-war-like solo in a deep voice. Generally we don't stop to see if he desires to eat out of our hand or not, but we take it for granted that he's tired of this monotonous occupation, and is out for better game, so it's to the tall trees for us even if we know that he is liable to serious dental trouble if he bites our shanks. Also most of us care too much for our clothes to give the seat of our pants to some canine rag collector, even if we're dead sure he's somebody's little pet, Carlo. The knowledge doesn't ease the pain or mend the trousers. Thus we see that there are disadvantages too in keeping a dog. But generally these

are greater with the other fellow, which is a very much less objectionable state of affairs.

This is a well-nigh inexhaustible subject so I'll finish by asking the fellow who contemplates hitting a dog with a rock to remember that if the dog was his he'd probably say "What it takes to beat you up, I've got it."

WHAT WAS WORSE.

"Can you imagine," said the facetious teacher of natural history, "anything worse than a giraffe with sore throat?"

"Yes, sir," came the answer from one boy.

"What pray?" asked the teacher in surprise.

"A centipede with corns."—Ex.

THE PROPER WAY.

"When you leave on the train," said the young man yearningly, "I will throw you a kiss."

"But," rejoined the girl, "don't you know that it isn't polite to throw things at people? You should always give them."—Ex.

An exchange gives a latter day definition of "the quick and the dead." It is this: "The quick are those who see an automobile coming and jump—the dead are those who don't jump."—Houston Post.

"Do you know," said the successful merchant pompously, "that I began life as a 'barefoot boy'?"

"Well," said his clerk, "I wasn't born with shoes on either."—Ex.

"I tell you," said the globe-trotter, "travel is a great thing. If there is anything in a man travel will bring it out."

"Yes," said his pale, newly landed friend; "especially ocean travel."—Ex.

A Test By Fire.

BY E. T. PREVOST, '13.

The day was drawing to a close as a party of two crossed the last mile of barren sunbaked plateau, and drew near the edge of a tropical Indian forest. After traveling all day in the scorching sun, the great finger-like shadows stretching out from the forest, looked cool and inviting. Once within the shadows, the two pressed on more eagerly to where they knew could be found fresh water, firewood, and a bed for the night. Their scanty packs were placed on the ground, and the two, both seeming to be natives, threw themselves on the ground to rest. Tall trees, twined with vines and creepers, reared themselves on every side. The edge of the forest was carpeted with grass where the sun had reached, but farther in, the earth was covered with brown mould and dead trees, with here and there some sickly green things, only the trees tall enough to reach the sunlight were green, and the shorter ones, stunted and deformed, pathetically told of the survival of the fittest. There seemed to be no path into the forest, but everywhere shrubs, vines, undergrowth, and great trees blocked the way. The silence was intense, for there was not a breath of air stirring, and a coiled snake, with his beady eyes fastened on the two intruders was the only living thing to dispute their entrance.

The two travelers, resting in the shade of the wild tropical forest, will require some explanation to the reader. Tho both appeared to be natives, a closer inspection of the regular, though sun-browned, features, of one would show his American blood. The other, a native, seemed to be a trusted servant. The American was Albert James, and his servant, Kara Alma; and the chain of circumstances which brought these two together in the most uncivilized part of the tropical India is unique.

Wallace Irwin, a rich, prominent inventor of America,

came to India the year before on a hunting expedition. His daring carried him into the far interior in the vicinity of the dreaded Harkonas. This tribe lived all to itself, allowing no strangers access to their city, which was built on the summit of a high hill in the depth of a dense marshy forest. Horrible tales were told by the natives of how this savage tribe tortured their prisoners; and on account of this fear, the Harkonas' nearest neighbors were fifty miles away and never came any nearer. Irwin had wilfully come so near the territory of these people that all the natives deserted him. However, he still had half a dozen Americans with him, but when a horde of several hundred Harkonas attacked the party, they killed two and captured Irwin, while the other three escaped. The prisoner was carried back to the city by the tribe. When the United States government heard of the capture of Irwin, they picked a young army captain noted for his bravery, daring, and cunning, and sent him to India to effect the release of Irwin. This man, Capt. Albert James, had traveled in India, so was acquainted with the customs and habits of the people. During one of his expeditions, the natives captured a young man from the Harkona tribe. Only James's interference prevented his being hanged at the stake, and from then on the prisoner, Kara Alma, was the sworn friend of James. Now, when Capt. James had returned to India on his dangerous mission, he at once sought his friend, Kara, for he knew he would find help there. The American had decided to impersonate the Harkona, and return to the tribe as though having escaped from his captors. Kara Alma was about the size and age of Capt. James, and, as he had no relatives in the tribe, the task would not be so hard. It took some weeks of preparation before everything was ready for the trip on which so much depended. Kara Alma stained the American's body all over till it was the same brown as his own. His hair was allowed to grow long, thick and matted. Capt. James

learned the entire language of the Harkona tribe; their signs, signals and passwords; the traditions of the tribe; the form of ceremonials he would be expected to know; the different entrances and exits to the city; and also the whole history of Kara Alma. Equipped thus and with his quick thinking and cunning, Albert James felt confident of success.

The expedition started out with about fifty natives as guards and burden bearers. James and Kara Alma were the only other two in the party, which thus appeared to be composed entirely of natives. When the party had traveled for about a week, and had come within fifty miles of the city of the Harkonas, the natives began to grow restless. Capt. James soothed their fears and persuaded them to go on; but when they came within twenty miles of the city, they refused to go farther. Here then the supplies, consisting of food, arms, and amunition were stored, and Capt. James, with the faithful Kara Alma, pushed on alone, carrying only such things as they would actually need to complete the journey. The first fifteen miles after leaving the main party, was over an unbroken desert plateau. This part of the journey was accomplished with great hardship, but it brought the two within the shade of the forest and only five miles from their destination. However, this last five miles was through one of the most impenetrable forests known; and only one who had been to the city before could point out the route by which it could be reached. James had a map made by Kara Alma, and the faithful servant had also added minute direction concerning every rod of the way. Capt. James had committed it to memory, so that he felt he could find the way to the city with all ease. Kara, however, insisted upon giving him the correct start through the jungle and so was going one mile into the forest. Then he was to go back to the cache, and, after waiting two weeks, was to return to the edge of the forest where James expected to meet him.

The start of the last lap of the journey was made early

the next morning. Kara led the way and for the first mile their progress was fairly rapid, considering the place through which they traveled. The path dropped abruptly from the plateau level to where standing water covered the roots of the trees and the ground. Kara seemed to know every foot of the way, though there appeared to be no pathway of any kind to Capt. James. Yet Kara went ahead confidently and even remembered where seeming bays had been made solid artificially. The path they followed, Kara said, was the one used frequently, but one which had been improved and also concealed as much as possible. Sometimes they walked through water knee deep, sometimes along grassy banks, then through mud, among fallen trees, and on tree bridges stretched across some deep hole. Green shiney things slipped into the water at their approach; and now and then strange birds or beasts would start from cover.

When the time came for Kara Alma to turn back, the scene was a touching one. The packs were all fastened to Capt. James in Harkona fashion; then Kara, after invoking the protection of the gods on his master and embracing him warmly, took from around his neck a string of curiously carved, tiny bones. This was the sacred string which all native Harkonas wore. The beads were carved from the bones of his father, and were valued above life itself. This was the final touch necessary for Capt. James to prove his identity; and, after placing it about his master's neck, Alma turned resolutely away in the direction he had come.

Left to himself and to his own resources, James took sometime to calm himself; but the thought of Irwin, the prisoner, filled him with a determination, and he set himself to accomplish the task before him. Aided by his map and the verbal instructions he had received, the worst of the trip was safely passed, till finally the gently rising ground warned him that the hill of the city was near.

As Capt. James progressed, the ground became more firm and the ascent more steep. Not a human being did

he meet; but as it was about time for the evening meal, this was not surprising. Suddenly he emerged from the thick undergrowth into a space cleared of every bush and tree. The hill rose abruptly before him, and the top, which seemed to have been leveled into a wide, smooth plateau, was covered by a city of thatched huts. Surrounding the city was a most curious fortification. Trunks of great trees, stripped of branches, were set into the side of the hill at an angle of about sixty degrees. These trees were set irregularly, being set against each other in most places, but leaving paths which seemed to run through the fortification into the city. This peculiar formation extended in a circle about the city and had a thickness of about a hundred yards. Most of the trees were spiked or pointed on top to prevent walking on them, and small huts here and there on the fortification appeared to be guard houses. The paths which appeared to lead to the inside were really endless, and wound in and out forming a labyrinth in the transplanted forest. An enemy, attacking the place, would rush into these paths, which were not wide enough for double files, and, wandering about would either be led again to the outside or never reach the end. From on top, the defenders could easily kill the attacking force.

James passed on to his left where he knew the path to the entrance was located. Already his arrival had been heralded in the city, and a great hub-bub arose within the walls. However, Capt. James did not hesitate, but proceeded up the path to the entrance. Halfway to the top he came upon a rough altar set before a stone image. Here he prostrated himself, and went through a long ceremony, chanting uncannily all the while. This done, he advanced boldly to the gate and called three times, each call being louder than the last. These ceremonies identified him to those inside as a Harkona, and he was admitted at once. He went directly to the hut of the Great Rhombda or chief, where he told his story and identified himself to the satisfaction of that individual. A great feast was ordered in

his honor, a hut was prepared, and he was appointed to the Vilga or Council of Wise Men.

Capt. James had been in the city of the Harkonas for two days, when in a conversation with the chief, the topic of prisoners was brought up. James heard from the Great Chief of Irwin's presence in the city, and by convincing the Chief that his knowledge of the surrounding country would make him well fitted for the position of guard, he obtained the guardianship of the prisoner. This was the very thing that James needed to complete his plans, for association with Irwin was necessary to perfect the plans for escape. Immediately the pair got to work. Capt. James had brought in his pack, a small but extremely powerful magneto with an attachment for driving it at great speed. The outfit also included connecting wires and a pocket flashlight. The magneto was connected to two contact plates, which were skilfully concealed in the floor of their hut about two feet apart. The driving apparatus was arranged to work noiselessly by foot power, and everything was concealed beyond any chance of discovery. This occupied about two more days.

Then the false Kara Alma went to the Great Chief, and told a most wonderful story. He said that his prisoner was a god, that he could make fire without flint, that when he touched you, pains shot through your body and knotted your muscles; and if he touched you at night, blue flames would come from the ends of his fingers. The chief was greatly moved, and sent word to Irwin that the great Rhombda would visit him that night, Irwin and James perfected all of their plans, greatly elated to find the chief playing into their hands so readily.

When the time came for the chief's visit, Irwin took his stand barefooted upon one of the contact plates concealed in the floor. James placed himself so that he could work the driver for the magneto. As the great Rhombda of the Harkonas entered the hut, Irwin flashed the pocket light upon him. Finding himself looking into an eye of flame

which dazzled but did not hurt, the chief fled precipitately. In half an hour, he sent a request to the Great God of Fire, asking that he look the other way when he came again. This was promised, and soon he was heard approaching, this time more cautiously and uttering words of worship and praise, he slowly entered the hut and advanced directly upon the first contact plate. Capt. James was driving the magneto vigorously, and, as Irwin advanced his hands toward the chief, blue flames shot out and crackled from the tips of his fingers to those of his victim. Shrieking frantically, and imploring mercy, but unable to move, the great Rhombda felt pains shoot through him, as Irwin touched his ear, his forehead or his hand. Finally Irwin released him, and the chief fell on his face and worshipped the great God of Fire.

Henceforth Irwin was the ruler of the city of the Harkonas. He did not wish to destroy the city, but only to escape. Therefore on the pretense of going on a hunting expedition, he took his pack and only the false Kara Alma as a guard, and set out from the city early one morning. They took the road in to the jungle, and headed for the cached provisions.

Not three hours later, an exhausted spy, who had been sent out a week before, came in with the news that he had seen the real Kara Alma late the night before over in the settled country. This aroused their suspicions, and now that the influence of his actual presence was gone, a party set out in pursuit of the supposed god. The pursuing party came within sight of their quarry near the edge of the jungle, and, for a while the race for life was hot and fearful. The Harkonas gained rapidly however, and as Irwin and James neared the junction of jungle and desert, they decided that further flight was useless. But on entering a small clearing they found a party of friends encamped, which meant safety. The pursuing Harkonas were driven back into the jungle, and forced to give up the pursuit. On the way back to the settlement, the rescuing

party told how Kara Alma had recognized the Harkona spy, and knowing that he would reveal everything, had formed the party to rescue the white men. Not knowing that Irwin would try to escape so soon, he had yet arrived in time, and brought to pass a hitherto unaccomplished feat.

* * * *

An Averted Tragedy.

BY D. L. C. '13.

FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS REWARD.—For the arrest of, or for evidence sufficient to cause the arrest of Howard Montague, alias "Skillful Monty," supposed murderer of the Crown Prince. Last seen on the streets of Liverpool. Believed to have sailed for America on the steamship *Brittanica*, July 18, 1910. A blonde of 28 years, with brown eyes, height about five feet, eleven inches; arms bearing the tattoo of eagles.

A young man answering the above description, arrested by a detective in New York as he landed from the steamship *Brittanica*, was brought back to London, tried, convicted and now awaits the sentence of the court.

"Is there any reason why I should not pronounce sentence upon you?"

"None whatever."

"Have you aught to say before I pronounce your sentence?"

"May the Lord have mercy on you for having convicted an innocent wo—man," and a shudder ran over him as he realized how near he had come to revealing his identity.

"Howard Montague, you have been accused by His Majesty, the King, of murder. You have been given a fair trial and in the judgment of twelve unbiased men you are guilty of murder in the first degree. You have throughout the entire trial seen fit to remain firm in your convictions, remaining obstinate when every person present hoped that you would change your attitude and give the jury at

least some reason to recommend you to the mercy of the court. It is a matter of no little concern to me to see one so young surrender to death when you have that in your power which will save you. I have no alternative, and I must give you the sentence required under the circumstances for murder in the first degree."

Throughout the crowded court room not a sound was heard. All was as still as death. It seemed that at a single instant a thousand hearts had ceased to beat. A thousand persons waited in breathless expectancy to hear the decision of the Judge.

"Between midnight and day on Friday, July 13, you will forfeit in the electric chair your life which the State requires of you, and may God have mercy on your soul."

Throughout the room could be heard the stifled sobs of men and women, spectators who had begun to admire and love the young man, who in spite of the sarcastic cross-questioning by the State's lawyers, had maintained his almost superhuman composure. All looked to the prisoner when the sentence was read, hoping that from his lips there might escape some word that would give a clue to the real murderer; for no one believed that this young man, so noble looking, could be guilty of so heinous a crime. They were not to be rewarded however; for he, gazing towards the ceiling, now seemed to be smiling in the face of death.

Slowly into the court room came the death guard, and out again they marched with measured tread to the death chamber with the prisoner, as from many a sorrowing soul there issued prayer after prayer for the doomed man; and long pent up tears burst forth when the last footsteps, growing fainter and fainter, had been drowned by the walls of the prison cells.

Not until the door of the cell was locked did Howard give vent to his feelings, and it was with joy rather than sorrow that he thought of his fate; and he laughed as he counted over and over again the hours and the minutes

before he would be able to satiate the demands of the blood-thirsty world with his young life. Supper was brought, but he could not eat; he tried to sleep, but sleep was wanting. The footsteps of the sentinel on the barren floor, resounding through the cavernous death chamber, seemed to him as the tick of a clock counting off the minutes between now and eternity; he even wished that the thirteenth were on hand. Another day and a sleepless night passed, but Howard was not weary. He exulted as he realized that just twelve hours more he had to spend in a land whose only purpose it seemed to him was to suck the life blood out of innocent creatures. Then he heard the death guard proceeding towards his cell in the same measured tread that they had made when before they had accompanied him to his trial. And now he was profoundly happy that he was to face death rather than the scathing eyes of the judge and the excruciating countenances of the lawyers; and he could have embraced the knees of him who was to lead him to the chair.

As the sheriff opened the cruel door that had separated so brave a prisoner from freedom, he looked upon such a picture of contentment, when all around him was so bleak and bare, that nothing could restrain those tears which had long before tried to burst forth as he thought of the unpleasant task which awaited him. For a moment, the old jailer, now somewhat bent in age, stood still; and he remembered how he had wished that very night that he had been able to rescue him, and even now he cursed himself for not having opened the cage so that the condemned man might fly out—to go anywhere so long as he was out of the clutches of the law. He stepped forward, but his strength failed.

“Here Mason, attach these handcuffs. It takes a man with a stronger heart than mine to lead so noble a youth to death,” and his body shook with emotion as he passed out of the death chamber.

"Have you anything to say before you die?" asked the guard who had taken the jailer's place.

"Just thank the jailer for me—poor man he couldn't stand to see me executed. Would to God all men had such hearts."

So tense had been the strain under which the prisoner guards, and witnesses had been placed that no one noticed standing near the chair a stranger until a voice rang out in the almost unbearable stillness of the death cell:

"Hold a minte!"

So thunderstruck was the assembly that one so bold should stay the execution that they failed to hear the death like shriek of the prisoner.

"I am Howard Montague of Bengal, India."

"What?" shouted the guard, as he jerked his hand from the switch, by means of which he was about to send the prisoner to his doom.

"What is your name? Speak quick! are you a real man or are you a spirit?" and the guard glanced at the chair again to be sure that the prisoner was still there. There before his eyes stood a person identical in appearance to the prisoner in the chair; the jailer shook with fear.

"My name is Howard Montague of Bengal, India, supposed murderer of the Crown Prince for whom a reward of five hundred pounds is offered. I am innocent and I can prove it."

"Bare your arm, sir!"

"Great glory! Are we in a den of devils—here I have two exactly alike—blondes of about **twenty eight** years—arms tattooed with eagles."

"That person in the chair there is my sister!"

"Great God," shrieked the jailer as he leaped to the chair and threw off the straps that held the now fainted maiden, "your sister, and your twin sister too?"

"Are you aware of the fact that I am the man that first reached my sister when the cell door was opened? Shall I finish my story now or—?"

‘No, you may wait until tomorrow to finish it if you are—,’ and an exchange of glances between the jailer and the sheriff, who had now returned, finished the sentence.

“A steamer for America sails at 6 a. m., and there is room for two passengers. Go and may God’s blessing go with you.”

* * * *

The Meditations Of A Murderer.

BY J. R. McLAURIN.

Pacing the floor of his prison cell, with quick nervous strides, was a young man scarcely thirty years of age. Refinement and good breeding were depicted in every line of his handsome, though dissipated countenance.

As he continued his ceaseless walk, up and down, up and down, he repeated over and over to himself, “Why did I do it? Why did I do it?”

Pausing at the grated window, he looked out on the inky night, with its starless sky and lowering clouds. As he paused thus, his gaze dimmed, and he was wafted in memory back to the scenes of his childhood.

Distinctly as if it were yesterday, he saw the old home nestling among the foothills of the White Mountains; and as distinctly he heard the murmur of the little brook, which flowed just back of the house, and the sighing of the breeze as it stole through the branches of the trees. He even remembered a certain secluded spot on the banks of the brook, where he used to while away many lazy summer afternoons with his hook and line, in endeavor to entice some fish from its sunny depths.

He thought of his school days, and of his old companions, and wondered what had become of them, each with some well known trait, that he remembered so well.

Light hearted Abe with laughing eyes, and the newest joke always ready; and Jim of studious habits, whom they always called on to work a difficult sum. And there was

another; ah! yes, there was another, whose face appeared before him now, as he saw it last framed in a halo of golden bown hair. He could still feel the pressure of her tremulous lips as she kissed him good-bye, and gave him her promise always to be true to him no matter what might happen in the years to come.

The little mother, oh! the little mother; how his heart ached as he remembered the incidents of their parting. How she came out through the door, which an angry father had closed to him forever. Sadness and pain were pictured in her eyes, and her features were aged and drawn, but deeper and greater than all was the mother love shining through them.

Ah! that mother love, so boundless, so immeasurable, so unfathomable. It is the love that is great enough to make a saint of a sinner; that is capable of lifting a man from the filth and mire, and placing him on an equal with his fellow men. No matter how low, how degraded he has become, or how utterly unfit he may be for decent society, it makes no difference to that patient loving little mother. She will welcome her wayward son back again with the same old smile, though it may be strained sometimes, and the same loving words of cheer that she has always given.

Plainly he could trace the steps in his downward career, from that night just before his stern old father had bid-den him begone and never darken his door again. He had taken the funds of the village bank, of which he was cashier, to pay a gambling debt.

Downward, ever downward, his path had led to the night six months ago, when, in the heat of passion and while inflamed by drink, he had killed a companion in a gambling den of the city. For the expiation of this crime he was to forfeit his life on the morrow.

Only a few more hours to live! Such a short time it seemed to him before the hangman's noose must cut him off from the life which had suddenly grown so dear to him.

Thus he mused, long and sorrowfully, as the hours crept slowly by vainly regretting the errors of a wicked life, which were now beyond recall. Just as the first faint flush of dawn appeared in the eastern sky, heralding the approach of another day, a distant sound smote upon his ear.

Hark! What is that heavy tramp, drawing nearer and nearer, and knocking at his door? 'Tis the warden come to take him to the scaffold, looming dimly through the cold gray morn, in the prison yard below.

"Mother, little mother, bood-bye."





NEW DAIRY BARN AT CLEMSON COLLEGE.

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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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: W. G. MCLEOD, '13.

We, the new staff of the Chronicle, make our
Foreword. first bow upon the stage of College Journal-
ism, with a feeling akin to that of a debut-
ant upon the rise of the curtain. We think that this feel-
ing is due to inexperience, and we hope that we shall be-

come, in due time, as efficient and as successful in our work as were our predecessors. The prospects for the Chronicle, this year, are unusually bright; and, with the help of the corps and the friends of the College, we will try to make it the best college magazine in the State.

* * * *

Support the Chronicle. The co-operation of the entire student body is absolutely essential to the success of a college publication; so we depend upon you, fellow students, for the material for publication and for the subscriptions which will make the Chronicle a success. We need good material; short stories, essays, and poems. The author of a story should be acquainted with the scene of his story, and with the conditions which would affect his characters. The type of love story usually written by college men is undesirable, because they are inexperienced to a great extent in matters of this sort. We do not have enough well written essays. We want them to be concise, and show some thought in their preparation; and to be written upon subjects which are of interest to our readers. The number of poems is also very low. We should have at least three or four good poems in each issue. If you hand an article to the staff for publication, and it is rejected, do not give up; but let the editor make suggestions and point out mistakes, so that you will be better able to write a better story, essay, or poem for the next issue. We learn only by experience in writing as well as in other things; so continue to write until your efforts are crowned with success.

* * * *

Literary Societies. Have you joined a literary society? If not, ask yourself why you have not joined. The literary society is as truly a part of a college course, to our mind, as mathematics, or English. The training which is to be obtained in a society is of vast worth to a college man after gradua-

tion. Sometimes a man's success depends upon his ability to speak in public, or to bring forth clear cut, weighty arguments. The society contests furnish the opportunity for members to win honors for oratory, declamation, or debate. Visit the several societies, and join the one which you like best.

* * * *

Alumni Department. We have long felt the need of a department in the Chronicle, devoted entirely to the alumni; so, near the close of last session, the staff created such a department, and elected a man to edit it. We shall endeavor to make it fill its proper mission during the year, so that it will be of interest to the many alumni of our college, and also to their numerous friends throughout the country. Any interesting alumni news which any one wishes to contribute, will be greatly appreciated by the staff. We hope that the alumni will assist us in making this department a success.

* * * *

Our Advertisers. It is to our advertisers, in a large measure, that we owe the success of the Chronicle; because, from our advertisements is derived our financial support. We have tried to get the best advertisers possible, so that we can guarantee good service and excellent goods from all of them. We wish to take this occasion to thank every one of our advertisers for the kindly support which they rendered us, and we hope that through our columns, many returns will be gained from their advertisements.



EDITORS:

F. H. McDONALD, '14.

R. F. FANT, '13.

Waiting at the copy table, eagle-eyed and ruthless, sits the new Exchange Staff, pencils poised, to mark with dash of blue the weakling word, the slushy mush that from some would-be future author flowed, as he, O vain attempt! his *magnum opus* sought.

Page by page the work goes on apace. Seeks in vain the faulty phrase some refuge safe to gain, and errors, by friendly glance passed o'er, in cold chagrin their nakedness expose. To none is mercy shown, to none is quarter given, as, with look intent and eyes agleam, the fierce pursuer trails his quarry down.

Then comes the scathing summary, as, deep and pitiless, the truth it claims to tell; but hurls against the world at large its barbed shafts of pain, ne'er giving, except to grudge, a word of praise, of hope, or cheer.

Thus sits the new Exchange Staff! Fie on them that hold it so. "Your due" is the cry they raise for all; and whether 'tis barbed shaft or honeyed words that from their pencils fall, take it in the spirit given, and when at last their work is done, may you to them your hand extend in gratitude for words well meant and with helpful intent given.

F. H. M.



EDITOR: D. S. CANNON, '13.

Is Membership In The Y. M. C. A. Worth While?

WRITTEN FOR THE MEN WHO HAVE FAILED TO SEE THAT
IT IS WORTH WHILE.

To many men who are asked to join the Young Men's Christian Association, the fee of two dollars seems to be money misspent.

"What do I get in return for my money?" one man will ask.

"Is there a modern reading room, the use of which I can avail myself?" another man wishes to know.

"Can I take a dive or a swim in the pool of your Y. M. C. A. building when I am hot and tired?" inquires a third. Not one of the three questions can be answered to the satisfaction of the man asking it.

There are none who see the calling need for a modernly equipped association building more than do the officers of the association. Bravely they urge men to invest two dollars in a membership ticket, when they can give the would-be member no assurance as to what benefit he will derive by becoming a member.

"You will have the peculiar pleasure and the rare opportunity of hearing some of South Carolina's most noted men speak under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A.," the solicitor for members will evasively say.

"But I don't care for lectures, anyway I shan't have time for such," rejoins the cadet, and the solicitor passes out conscious of defeat and feeling keenly his failure to enlist the man who would no doubt readily have joined had it been possible for the solicitor to have apprised the would-have-been-a-member of the fact that he would have the advantage of an ideal swimming pool, a completely outfitted gymnasium, and a reading room, carrying the latest periodicals and daily publications.

That such can sometimes be offered as an inducement and that a handsome association building will some day beautify the campus of Clemson College is a dream which we can only hope will be realized. Till that time comes, however, the association officers must find other ways in which to wage warfare for members.

Is membership in the association really worth while? There are these reasons why every man in college should be a member.

It offers you:

1. Attractive and profitable religious meetings made possible by the membership fees of the cadets.
2. Courses in Bible and Mission Study.
3. The services of a General Secretary whose salary comes in part from the fees of the members.
4. A card of membership which makes you welcome in any association in the world, and which you can use during the summer in your local Y. M. C. A.
5. A game room, which, though limited in size, is always open and to which you are always welcomed.

6. The use of well kept tennis courts which are under the exclusive charge of the Y. M. C. A. and on which only association members can play.

That a thing is really worth while is generally evidenced by who its members are, and whether they are really worth while or not. To many perhaps, it has never occurred that one of the three men who hold the highest military office at Clemson College is Treasurer of the Association.

That the Quarter-Master-Captain is chairman of the advertising committee of the Y. M. C. A.

That the adjutant of the first battalion has charge of the athletic features of the association.

That four other officers in the association are captains of companies.

That two others are first sergeants.

That three are lieutenants.

Of the senior officers last session, there are, aside from those mentioned above: majors 1; captains 3; lieutenants 9.

In the roll of last year's members we find the Editor-in-Chief and Business Manager of the Chronicle; the Editor-in-Chief and Business Manager of the Tiger; the Editor-in-Chief and Business Manager of the Annual.

Of the three men who will be presidents of the societies during the first term, two were members of the Association last year.

It is not to be gathered from this article that by joining the association you stand in a position of going up higher; but it must be said that of those men who gain places of prominence in College life, many and often a majority, are Y. M. C. A. members.

Is membership in the Y. M. C. A. worth while? Let every man answer the question for himself now.

* *

College Night, C. A. C., Saturday, September 14, 1912.
Under Auspices Y. M. C. A.

Fred H. McDonald, Chairman Social Committee, Presiding
 The College Dr. W. M. Riggs
 Sunday Schools Prof. Daniel
 Publications T. F. Davis
 Churches Rev. T. V. McCaul
 Honor System D. L. Cannon
 Literary Societies A. C. Turbeville
 Athletics Coach Dobson
 Y. M. C. A. Robt. L. Sweeney



Alumni Department

EDITOR: H. A. HAGOOD, '13.

It has been said that great men are born and not made, but this old saying has been proved false many times over. Anyone who is at all familiar with the conditions in the different state institutions of learning throughout the country, recognize the fact that but few men who enter college are what might be called great, but are made thus while they are in school. It is even so with Clemson. Since Clemson's first year, you will find her graduates making names for themselves both at home and abroad. They have been busy. They have had work to do; but it is none the less true that in all this time they have never forgotten their Alma Mater. And it is with pleasure, and with the hope of fostering this college spirit that we dedicate this department to our Alumni.

W. N. Henderson and C. S. Lykes, both of Class '11, spent the past summer in school at the University of Chicago.

D. B. Peurifoy, '04, is one of the leading attorneys in Walterboro, S. C.

R. G. Stevens, '11, who is now Y. M. C. A. Secretary in the Mobile Association, spent his vacation last summer in this state.

F. E. Rogers, '11, better known as "Runt," is associated with his brother in the mercantile business in Darlington.

Dr. J. P. Glenn, '04, of Spartanburg, is one of the leading dentists of the up-country.

Several of old Clemson men are to be found on the campus these days. Among these are "Major" Rowell, G. H. Zerbst, A. J. Brown, Frank Jeter, T. R. Risher, F. W. Risher, J. M. Duke, C. M. Hall, C. F. Inman. We hope to see many others here from time to time.

"Big Sam" Ezell is teaching school in Bristol, Tenn. We hope his success is as great as his statue.

Tom Adams and "Bill" Connelly paid us a short visit this month.



CAMPUS SCENE



The Chronicle

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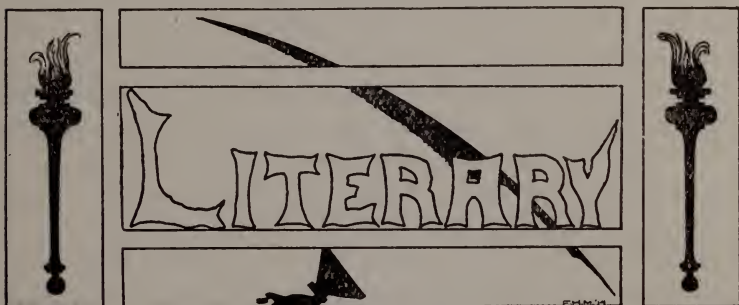
Books are yours,
Within whose silent chambers treasure his
Preserved from age to age; more precious far
Than accumulated store of gold
And orient gems which, for a day of need,
The Sultan hides deep in ancestral tombs.
These hoards of truth you can unlock at will.

Wordsworth.

The Clemson College Chronicle

Valeat Quantum Valere Potest.

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EDITORS:

J. H. KANGETER, '13.

J. B. DOUTHIT, '14.

D. M. JOHN, '15.

Let Thanks Arise.

W. J. HUNTER, '15.

Slowly the sun arose and found his way
Across the eastern sky. The cold damp earth
Was soon agleam with life, where all was dearth
Of joy a few short hours before. The gay
Rejoiced to hear the carol of the jay,
As he flew from tree to tree in his mirth;
The sad, a moment paused to feel the worth
Of such a morn with all its promised day.

O thanks! Let thanks arise that we are blessed
With all the gifts of lovely Nature's power,
That night will dawn to light in beauty dressed
And cheer us on from hour to passing hour;
That joy and health are ours and all success
In him who gives us life and guards the flower.

The Supreme God Of The Ancients.

H. A. H., '13.

Religion is, or should be, the highest expression of science and of the human conscience. It was all this at its origin, under the form of mythology, but since it is the nature of a religion, when once organized, to become fixed and hardened, we with our present-day belief and one Supreme God, have wondered at the religion of the ancients with their many Gods and heroes. But lately science has gained its end, and we now no longer wonder, but are amazed at what we have learned.

Only a little over a hundred years ago, the wise men of Europe were astonished to hear that in Asia, on the banks of the Ganges, there had once existed a more ancient and richer language than even that of Homer. Interest was aroused over this wonderful discovery, and then, by comparison, striking analogies were found between this language, the Sanscrit, and that of Rome, and of Athens. Still later, through careful study, it was found that the language of the Romans, of the Greeks, of the Hindoos, and of the Persians are all from the same material; that they are all varieties of one primitive type.

Almost at the same time with the grammatical comparisons, there arose a comparative mythology or religion, and, with a fuller knowledge of these ancient tongues, there awoke a knowledge of the gods they had worshiped, and the beliefs that they had fostered. But no matter how deep into this subject we go, or how far back we begin our researches, we are bound to recognize the fact that with each religion of the Indo-European, whether there be the several gods of the early Greeks, or the innumerable gods of the Hindoos and Persians, there reigned One who was worshiped as Supreme.

Among the Aryans, or white race, the gods are not organized as a republic, but have a king—there is over the gods, a Supreme God. Of the four Aryan mythologies rep-

resenting Greece, Italy, ancient India, and ancient Persia, there is preserved a clear and precise conception. In Greece, this Supreme God was called Zeus; in Italy, it was Jupiter; in ancient India, it was Varuna; while in ancient Persia he was known as Ahura Mazda. Let us take them up one by one, and see what each represents.

About three centuries before our era, the Greeks proclaimed Zeus as the king of kings. He was the god of the philosophers, and of the Stoics; the master of the mightiest; every word of his was absolute; the other gods, at his behest, bowed down before him; whoever dared to disobey him would be hurled into the gloomy depths of Tartarus. And not only was he the most powerful, but he was also the wisest. It was from him that the sons of the Archaeans received their laws, their wisdom, and their justice. It was he who made the Greek nation the power that it was.

What Zeus is in Greece, Jupiter is in Italy—the God above all gods. The identity of the two deities is so striking that the ancients themselves recognized it from the first. He is Jupiter, *optimus, maximus*.

In India there stood Varuna, the head of the most ancient of religions. He is the wisest—he is all-powerful. To him are all questions referred, and his decisions are infallible. None disputed—all obeyed.

And now we come to the god of ancient Persia. As expressed through his prophet Zoroaster, it was Ahura Mazda who founded the earth; it was he who started the sun, the moon and the stars on their courses through the heavens. On the ruins of a temple on the mountains of Alvand in Persia, a traveler may still read a tribute to this god which was written by Darius himself nearly seven thousand years ago.

Thus we see that each of these ancient nations had each a Supreme God. The question now is, is each of these a separate creation, or is it a common inheritance? The first answer would be that it was the result of the latter; but upon second thought, we see that the first was not improb-

able. A logical conception of this kind may well have developed itself at the same time, and among several nations in an identical and independent manner. But later, by migration, and then by wars, these religions were scattered broadcast over the world—the gods of the weaker were overthrown, while those of the conqueror took their places. Thus we find a world-wide religion, and only in one instance are the ancient worshippers faithful to the last. In the fire-temples of Bombay do we find a few thousand Parsees who still offer up sacrifices to those gods of a time which eludes the grasp of history.

Note: The author has made use of an essay on a similar subject by Mr. James Darmestitir.



A Quitter.

BY J. P. RICHARDS, '15.

One bright July morning, a young fellow walked into the only hotel of Shiver, Arizona, and, after carefully running his eye over the bill of fare, ordered a rather heavy breakfast and proceeded to satisfy his appetite. After finishing the last morsel, he ordered a glass of brandy "to wash it down," as he told the landlord. After paying the bill, he counted his remaining fortune, which amounted to seventy-five cents.

Jack Field, for such was the young fellows name, had come from Philadelphia. His father was a leading automobile manufacturer of that place. Jack was R. W. Field's only son, and it is needless to say that during Jack's younger days he had been the source of much pleasure to his father. But as Jack had grown older, he had developed such a taste for spending his father's money, that he soon gained the distinction of having the common appellation of "Wild Jack Field." When he was only eighteen, he had enjoyed the honor of having wrecked seven automobiles of the newest type, for Jack always had the best of everything.

The senior Field had tried to put a stop to his son's reckless automobiling by sending him to college, but Jack was not very great on mathematical problems, or literary research, and the result was that he distinguished himself in no other way than that of being known as the best quarter back that the Varsity Eleven had ever possessed. Jack stayed at college one year, but when he went home for his vacation he made known his determination of not returning to college, to his father. Thereupon his father, in a fit of rage, had told him that he, a quitter, would ruin no more autos for him; and that he was not only a disgrace to his father, but also to the United States; and had capped the climax by throwing Jack a hundred dollar bill, and telling him to take that and never return to that house again until he had proved himself worthy of the name of Field.

After this rather rough reception, Jack immediately took a train for the West. He had no special destination in mind, but had decided to travel until his money gave out, and then decide the rest later.

When the landlord had eyed Jack's six foot frame for some time, he ventured to question him.

"Stranger in these parts?" he began amiably.

"Yes," replied Jack.

"Spec' to stay?"

"Don't know."

"Come from the East?"

"Yes."

"Know anything about cattle raisin'?"

"Not a darn thing."

"Expect to learn?"

"Don't know."

"You look like you would make a pretty good cow boy. Ride can't you?" still inquired the inquisitive landlord.

"Depends upon what I have to ride," answered Jack.

"Well let me give you some good advice young fellow; if you don't expect to go into the cattle business, there aint much doing out here for you just now."

Jack didn't reply this time, he only sauntered over to a chair and sat down. He began to think. He was aware that he must get at something, for seventy-five cents was not a very large fortune. An old newspaper was lying on the table, and Jack picked it up and glanced at it. The first word that met his eye was "Wanted." Thru curiosity he read on "Wanted, good able-bodied men, on Cross Bar ranch. Steady employment for gritty men. No quitters needed."

"By George," said Jack, "that's my chance; I will show the old man that I'm no quitter."

Upon questioning the landlord about the Cross Bar Ranch, he learned that its headquarters was situated about twelve miles from Shiver. Having no other way to get there, Jack resolved to walk it out. After getting minute directions as to what roads to take, he set out. It took him about five hours to make it. When he arrived there, he immediately called for the owner of the ranch.

The owner was a big stoutly built man, with a square jaw that bespoke "business." After eying Jack critically, he began the conversation rather abruptly. "My name's Craig," he said. "Yours?"

"Field," Jack replied boldly.

"Want a job?"

"Yes sir."

"Where is your horse?"

"Haven't one?"

"Hump, strange."

"Know anything about the business?"

"Not much."

"Throw a lasso?"

"No."

"What can you do?"

"Anything you give me a chance at," confidently replied Jack.

"Got a gun?"

"Yes."

"Can you use it?"

"I can hit a dime at fifty yards."

"Pretty good."

Craig gave him one more searching look, and then expressed his opinion in one questioning word, "Greenhorn?"

"Yes, out here I am," reluctantly admitted Jack.

"Well I will try you," Craig said, "I think you can learn."

With these words Craig carried Jack out to the bunk house and introduced him to the other boys. He had a hearty time shaking thirty muscular hands. These were men of all types, almost all were honest looking, but there was one fellow whose looks Jack didn't like at all. He was a big fellow, who had sneeringly greeted Jack as "Tenderfoot." Jack disliked him from the first, and decided this fellow, Strunk, would bear watching.

Strunk hadn't been a member of the Cross Bar Ranch long, and was not generally liked at the ranch. On the other hand Jack liked very much a young fellow who had greeted him as "Old boy." This young fellow's name was Gus Strong.

That night after a hearty supper, Jack went immediately to bed. There passed through his mind a picture of the old paper in the hotel at Shiver. He repeated the lines again and again. "Wanted, No quitters needed." Was he a quitter? He turned the question over and over in his brain, until he fell asleep.

When he awoke the question rushed through his mind again. He jumped up with set teeth, saying to himself that he would prove to the fellows and his father that he was no quitter.

The next day he was given a frisky little broncho, upon which he was to learn to ride. In the first hour or two, he got several hard falls, and was the subject of many a laugh from the other boys; but practise makes perfect and in a few days he became a fairly good rider. Jack learned many things of importance to him in his work there, from Craig, who carried him over the ranch to make him ac-

quainted with his surroundings. He was greatly interested when he heard the lowing of the cattle, which bore the Cross Bar brand.

Craig started Jack on the salary of \$35 a month and board, saying, "Field, a man must prove his own worth out here, so I am starting you at the bottom."

Jack applied himself to his work with a will. He went out every day with the rest of the boys, and though he talked little he learned fast. He was soon a good rider, and, owing to Gus Strong's careful teaching, he could throw a lasso fairly well.

The Cross Bar Ranch owned in all about ten thousand head of cattle, and they kept the body of cowboys fully employed at all times.

At the end of the third month, when Jack was drawing his pay, Craig said to him, "I have raised you to \$45.00, Field." Jack was jubilant. He was really making good.

That evening at the usual supper period, Strunk walked up to Jack and said sneeringly, "So the boss gave you a raise? And you've been here only three months. I've been here six, and he hasn't raised me." The tone in which he said it rather than the words themselves, made Jack rather mad; so he replied, "Strunk, you would have got the raise if you had deserved it."

"I will make you take that back, yet" snarled Strunk, with an oath.

"We will see," Jack hotly replied.

At the end of the fifth month Jack's salary was raised again, to \$50. Most of the fellows congratulated him heartily on his raise, but Strunk held sullenly aloof.

One day Craig called Jack aside, "Field," he said, "I have a rather tough proposition for you. About two hundred steers have strayed off down Lynch Creek. I don't want to let them go into the Star Ranch's territory for that Star Ranch crowd is an evil set, and it might cause trouble. I want you to take three men, and get those steers back into our territory as quick as possible."

"I'll do my best, sir." With these words Jack mounted his horse and set out in company with Gus Strong and two of the other boys. As they were riding along, Jack inquired of his companions what had become of Strunk in the last two or three days.

"The Boss fired him," Gus replied.

Jack couldn't say that he was sorry, so he remained silent.

When they had ridden along for about four miles down the Creek, they caught sight of a herd of cattle in the distance. On drawing nearer, they saw that this was the herd which they were looking for.

Gus suddenly exclaimed, "Jack, there is something wrong there." They broke into a brisk gallop. When they got there the mystery was solved. They caught Strunk along with five Star Ranch men lassoing the calves in the herd (about one hundred and fifty in number) and putting the Star Brand upon them. Jack knew that it was law in that country "first to brand, first to own." He knew that the calves, once branded with the Star would belong to the Star Ranch. Jack rode up to Strunk. "What do you mean, you thief" he cried. Strunk's only reply was to draw his pistol, but before he could fire Jack sent a ball through his heart. But just then, a ball from one of Strunk's companions went tearing through Jack's shoulder, and he knew no more.

When Jack became conscious again, he was under the friendly roof of the Cross Bar headquarters. Craig and Gus were standing over him. "He's coming around all right," said Gus. The first words that Jack could utter were "What became of those thieves?"

"Oh, they are gone where all thieves go," replied Gus. "You see, when that fellow had put a bullet through you, the three of us each picked off a man; that didn't leave but two, and they were so bent on getting away that they were pretty slow about falling when we shot them down. You

see Jack we don't have much mercy on cattle thieves out here."

"I suppose that settles it," said Jack.

It was Craig's time to speak now. "Jack, I have a pleasant surprise for you. Will you promise not to excite yourself?"

Jack wonderingly promised. The next moment Craig opened the door, saying, "Mr. Field, let me present to you your son, the new foreman of the Cross Bar Ranch."

"Jack, my boy, so it was you," and the next moment Jack's father was wringing his son's hand.

Jack gasped with surprise and pleasure. He could only say, "How is this father? You don't know how glad I am to see you again."

"Don't say a word Jack, and I will tell you all about it. You see, I saw that Jack Field had been shot, in the newspapers. I knew it must have been you, from their description of you, so I set out at once and here I am. And Jack I want to take all I said about you being a quitter, back. Mr. Craig says that the foreman of the Cross Bar Ranch must have the true grit, and as you are the new foreman, I need say no more."

"Father," Jack said, "I know the West now, and have learned to love it. It's the place to make money and it's the place to enjoy life. Sell out your business in the East, and invest out here, not in automobiles but in another and more substantial mode of travel."

"Amen," said Craig.

"Two against one, I'll do it," said the old man, with beaming face. The bargain was sealed.

The Solution Of The Milk Problem.

W. H. FRAMPTON, '13.

Everyone now realizes the absolute necessity of sanitation as a preventive of disease. When the population is dense and disease is prevalent, one must take the greatest caution in regard to what he puts into his mouth; and especially so as to drinks, such as milk and water.

The milk question has for the present decade been under severe discussion. In the country where each family owns a cow, there is not much danger of disease from milk, provided there is a reasonable amount of care taken. It is quite different from this in a large city, as the milk has to pass through so many hands before it reaches the consumer.

The efforts of all forces interested in the problem of city milk supply are combined towards one main object; "Enough milk of good quality for all." This can be brought about only by each one doing his part, and all working together. Co-operation is essential. There are, generally speaking, two parties to be considered; producers and consumers. The transportation companies and milk dealers are secondary. Now the farmer who produces the milk will say that he does not get enough money for his milk, that he pays too much for his milk, that the milk dealer is making too much money; and on the other hand, the consumer will say that he does not get enough milk, that the milk dealer is making too much money; and the milk dealer in turn will offer an excuse. The trouble lies in the cost of production. If the farmer could produce the milk at a lower cost, then the consumer would be able to buy it cheaper, and this can be brought about only by educating the farmer and getting out of his head the old methods his father and grand-father used, and teaching him modern ideas. The consumer will also have to be educated along these lines. It is a hard matter for the farmer to get up a good reputation, as the consumer is so influenced by newspapers. They, instead of telling about the great horrors lurking in milk, should try

and help matters by praising it as a food and telling how we are now getting better milk than ever before. One reason for the improved milk supply is that large dairies are coming into operation which can afford to have sanitary equipment.

Milk is the second of the most important causes of death. It ranks second to air as a great cause of disease, and of death amongst our people. The following diseases are spread by milk probably more than by any other medium: typhoid fever, tuberculosis, scarlet fever, and diphtheria. The ways in which typhoid bacilli may get into the milk are numerous. The milk supply of the average American city comes from the neighboring dairy farms. Milk can be infected before it leaves the farm. When cases of any of the above diseases exist on the farm, there is in the majority of instances, much likelihood of the infection being conveyed to the consumer of the milk. Very often these cases on the farm are not recognized until two or three weeks of illness in which time no precautions have been taken. A patient may get over typhoid fever and continue his work at the farm, but still may discharge the bacilli for years. Such persons are known as "bacilli carriers." Numerous cases of this kind are on record.

Milk, after it reaches the city dairy, is again exposed to the danger of becoming contaminated by persons handling it, or by flies, dust, etc. At the average large city dairy there are employees who reside at their own homes. They may come from the bed-side of an unrecognized typhoid patient without being required to change their clothes, or to wash their hands in a germicidal solution. In most of the large cities, the dairies are located in the most unhygienic localities, and frequently cases of typhoid fever are cared for in the neighboring house; and in some instances in the same house. From the water used in washing the bottles and cans at the city dairy, the typhoid bacilli may reach the milk.

The same person that nursed the patients at home may as a clerk at a grocery store, when a small amount of milk is sold, and in small quantities, often as little as a cents worth at a time, so that a quart bottle would be divided among several customers, measure out the milk. In such instances not only is there danger of infection being sent out in the milk, but the much-handled bottles may do damage when returned to the dairy. And lastly milk may be contaminated in the home. It may be infected by the hands of those caring for the sick or by flies. And thus be the medium of conveyance of infection to other members of the household.

Some measures for the prevention of the introduction of infection into milk:

1. Location of dairies in good surroundings.
2. The prevention of the handling of the milk by persons who are in contact with typhoid patients, or who themselves have the bacilli in their system.
3. Exclusion of flies and other insects as far as possible by screening.
4. Sterilization of bottles and cans returned from houses before being filled with milk.
5. The sealing of bottles and cans of milk, so that they may not be infected in the course of delivery.

Normal milk contains bacteria, which produce fermentation (B. Lactic), this causing it to sour and finally curdle. This form of bacteria is harmless, but when milk is contaminated with other forms, it may become dangerous to health. As the air is so full of bacteria, and milk is such a good medium for them to grow in, this necessitates milk being always covered. Cows milk has the following analysis: Water 87.1 per cent, total solids 12.9, fat 3.9, casein 2.5, albumen 0.7, milk sugar 5.1, ash 0.7. All cows milk will have these constituents and practically in the same proportion; but there is an extreme variability in the composition of the milk of different animals. On account of

the milk sugar and proteids which milk contains, it is an exceedingly unstable liquid; this requiring it to be handled as quickly as possible, and in a sanitary way. When first drawn from the cow, it has a characteristic odor and a sweet taste, but even in this fresh state, it will test acid. This is due to carboric acid and acid phosphates, primarily. On standing milk exposed to air will loose its sweet taste, and gradually become acid. The milk-sugar being transformed to lactic acid by the action of bacteria. The principle changes occurring in milk are those produced by, (1) the action of milk enzymes. (2) The action of heat and acids. (3) The action of digestive enzymes. (4) Bacteria and various other micro-organisms.

It can easily be seen now from the above, how essential it is to handle milk quickly, and in a sanitary way. Milk contains some bacteria to begin with, as was said above and these bacteria will grow as the milk stands if the temperature is high. Milk should be cooled before it leaves the milk-room down to at least 50 degrees F, and should not be above 65 degrees F when delivered. The cooling will not kill the bacteria, but will retard their growth, thus keeping down the bacteria count. To just barely cool the milk, and send it out in the wagon where it is exposed to the heat of the sun, will do more damage than good. This system is not as good as the pasteurization one. This consists in heating the milk before it leaves the dairy, so that all bacteria are killed. Of course a one-cow dairy could not think of having this equipment, but it is essential in a large dairy and should be required by law.

There are four classes of impure milk: (1) Adulterated milk. (2) Dirty milk. (3) Bacteria laden milk. (4) Infected milk. The first one explains itself. It is milk that has been watered or skimmed, and this is one of the most common troubles the inspector has to deal with. Dirty milk is that which contains foreign matter that is large enough to be seen with the naked eye after the milk

has stood for some time. Bacteria laden milk may have desirable bacteria, or may contain harmful bacteria. In the majority of cases it is old milk containing a considerable amount of B. Lactic. Infected milk is the most injurious of all, because it contains the disease bacteria. Pasteurization will remedy all this to a great extent. And after all, it becomes absolutely essential if dirty milk is to be dealt with.

The real and only way to improve milk is to go back to the farm, and educate the farmers, and tell them what milk is and how to handle it. Every large dairy should have a private laboratory and keep the record of each cow; so when the inspector comes, the dairy will pass good inspection.

It is a hard thing for the inspector to enforce any rule unless he is backed by the Board of Health. And this branch of our commonwealth should be supreme. That is to say, when the health officer condemns a dairy, there should be no appeal allowed. If the health officer is controlled by the city council, as is the case in some cities, he may condemn a dairy and thus take away its license. The dairyman will of course be indignant, and carry it to the Courts, where they will, nine times out of ten, give the man back his license. Although good evidence is brought forth and it is proven beyond a doubt, that he has violated the law, he is protected because the members of the city council are ignorant of real sanitary measures.

There has been in this State considerable discussion as to whether the cows should be moved beyond the city limits or not. This problem is one of the hardest that there is to solve. Everyone will recognize the fact that the score card system for the inspection of dairies for a large dairy is a good thing. But how does it stand for a two-cow dairy? It is useless.

From the dairyman's point of view, he will say that it is not right to deprive a man of a living by putting his dairy out of the city limits, and thus closing up his business

because he has not capital to open up outside of the city on a large scale. But compare lives that may be saved by closing up this one dairy against his making a living. We all of course recognize the good that a small dairy does. For instance, suppose it is located on a back street where the large dairy wagons do not supply the poor. They are doing a good work probably by supplying a sick baby with fresh milk. But when all the cows are put out of the city limits, there will be large enough dairies established so that every one will have good milk.

It will be sometime before the milk problem is finally settled, but when it is all cows will be put beyond the city limits, thus ridding the city not only of a great nuisance from flies and bad odors, but from a great source of disease.





VIEW OF GRANDSTAND



THE MIDWAY

A Last Resolution.

W. J. HUNTER, '15.

The autumn leaves were falling fast
And drifting on the barren breeze;
All life seemed fading to the past,
And naught of hope remained to seize.

Thus scenes and thoughts each other chased
Before the wasted wretches eye,
While mem'ry in its rapid pace
And full array, went trooping by.

His early days and childhood scenes
Flashed up full of pleased hours, all
Of countless joys which intervene
Those years and manhood's dauntless call.

Again he stands as one who errs,
Forgetful e'er of youthful vow,
Not now as in happier years,
For shame had settled on his brow.

He sees—ah, sees his wasted form,
The phantom of a passing hope,
And life but a dark'ning storm
In which to ever blindly grope.

O Life! What can the future hold
That shall redeem the fruitless past;
Years! Thy part of thee art sold
And naught remains. Alas—alas.

Sometimes it takes the darkest cloud,
And the horror of new-born fears
To make one see the awful shroud
Of night that comes with wasted years.

At length a weary hour's recall
Had passed, and left his stupid form
Midst vague unseemly things which fall
Death-like from naught, whence they return.

At last mid scenes of deep despair
His better self did call again,
And gently bade him to repair
To Right, and once more be a man.

With all his strength that now remained,
He raised himself with up-turned face;
Reached upward with loud acclaim,
Then fell to find a resting place.

A smile came cross his sunken brow,
His hands fell on a lifeless breast—
A soul had kept his dying vow
And met his God, and found a rest.





THE GOAL



HEADQUARTERS, CAMP SIMPSON

Our Trip To The Fair.

About seven-thirty o'clock on the morning of Oct. 28, the Clemson Corps of Cadets began its march from the College to Calhoun, the railroad station, where it would embark for the long wished for Fair trip. The regiment of cadets, headed by the band, with each man carrying a white blanket roll over his left shoulder, really looked formidable; but the journey was to be one of peace and pleasure, and every face was lighted by a smile as the long column swung down the road, over the bridge, and up the hill to Calhoun.

A small corps of decorators had been at work for some time on the cars which were to compose the two sections of the Clemson Special, and as the men boarded the trains, the finishing touches were put to the decorations by placing a large tiger head and two gigantic pennants on the front of each locomotive. After the usual delay experienced by all eager travellers, the trains began the run to Columbia, and to the State Fair.

The Corps arrived at the fair grounds about three o'clock in the afternoon, and the regiment was marched to Camp Simpson, where tents were assigned to the men, and the necessary guard duty was performed. At six o'clock the men were released from camp until midnight, and soon Camp Simpson was deserted, while the city became alive with wearers of the Clemson uniform. The cadets spent the evening in attending the theatre and the establishments which sold ice cream and other substances of like nature.

On Tuesday morning, the State Fair got under way, and the crowd began to arrive early. The cadets were released from camp from nine in the morning until four in the afternoon, when a dress parade was given on the fair grounds, after which came supper and then a rush for the cars to town, where many alighted; but some were seen to board College Place cars with transfers in their hands. By

this time many friends and parents had arrived in the city, and a good time was experienced on all sides, especially with friends. Every cadet on Main Street seemed to have found a friend (a girl friend), and she seemed to enjoy the fun as much as he.

Wednesday was circus day, when the great Buffalo Bill allowed the crowds to gaze upon his western wonders. The cadets again took possession of Columbia, and the beautiful new Y. M. C. A. building and swimming pool. These last were greatly enjoyed by all Y. M. C. A. members. In the afternoon, a dress parade was given by the Clemson Corps. The evening was spent up town with King Carnival. By this time everyone was discussing the great Carolina-Clemson foot ball game which was to be played next day. Clemson was confident of victory, although it was known that Carolina had the best team they had had for years. Clemson's team was also better than usual. The Tigers arrived in Columbia on Wednesday night, and spent the night at a hotel up town.

The sun rose fair upon the morning of the great game which was to begin at eleven o'clock. The great battle began on time, amid the cheers of thousands of enthusiasts. The Tigers played well during the first quarter and made the first touch down, but for the remainder of the game, the Gamecocks had the field. The Carolina rooters were at their best, and ably supported their team; while the Tiger rooters were whooping it up for Clemson. The final score was Carolina 22, Clemson 7. Although the Tigers were defeated, they felt that they had done their best, and tried to take the defeat in the proper spirit. That night, a long procession of cadets marched down Main Street, singing and yelling, and it is said that the girls at the College for Women were serenaded by a goodly crowd of Tigers, after the parade.

Thursday was the only big day of the week. The fair grounds were crowded, and at night the streets swarmed with happy pleasure seekers.



CLEMSON PREPARING FOR A FORWARD PASS



CAROLINA PREPARING FOR AN END RUN

Friday brought nothing new except that in the afternoon, the cadets were reviewed by Gov. Blease. Many visitors left Columbia on this day; and many Clemsonites looked sad, but the streets were alive with them in the evening, and they enjoyed the play at the theater, and the motion pictures, as well as the company of some pretty girl.

Camp Simpson was deserted on the morning of Saturday November 2, and the cadets marched to their special trains, to begin the homeward journey. The Clemson special left Columbia about nine o'clock, and arrived at Calhoun about three o'clock in the afternoon; after a trip which was pleasantly interrupted by short stops at several points on the way. During these stops, many cadets saw friends and parents who would not be seen again untill the Christmas holidays.

It was a tired body of men which reached barracks at three o'clock on Saturday afternoon. Supper was served earlier than usual, and, after check roll at nine o'clock, the boys sought their comfortable beds. In a short time, quiet reigned throughout the barracks, and this was not broken until reveille on Sunday morning.

It was decided by all that the trip to Columbia was a great success, even if the Gamecocks did get the opportunity to crow a little. The Tiger will pull his tail feathers next year. All that is left of the trip now is the pleasant memory of the many new friends made by the Clemson cadets. That they made a number of friends is clearly shown by the many letters and post cards which flood the mail at present.

Good-bye Columbia, until next year.

English And The Engineer.

J. H. K., '13.

The professional engineer is looked upon as an educated man, whether he be an Electrical, Mechanical, Civil, or Agricultural Engineer. Among engineering students, there is a tendency to master only the technical part of engineering and to neglect the other important details which enter into the making of a successful engineer.

The average engineering student considers the study of English one of minor importance; one which he should have finished in the public or graded schools. In most Universities and Colleges, the majority of the engineering students are not members of Literary Societies, and pay but little attention to the study of English. They do not seem to appreciate what the higher studies of English, and correct literary expression mean toward their future success as engineers and business men.

The Literary Societies furnish the means of correct English and expression, and is one phase of college activities that most students neglect. The Societies furnish valuable training to men in all of the various courses at college, and here is where Engineering Societies for the engineering students, work their great good. The discussion of engineering topics, together with the regular society work and rules, are here combined. Engineering Societies are the means of getting the literary expression—the communication of thought by means of writing and speech—the lack of which is so common among many of our university and college graduates. Although some are gifted with facility of expression, yet the vast majority of us will get it only by long and continued practice.

The preparation of essays, debates, and papers on various subjects, makes a man think, read and ask questions, broadening him, in that it makes him use thought, which would otherwise very probably be uncultivated in him. It forces the student to think quickly and shape his ideas so that he

can speak readily and without nervousness when unexpectedly called upon. Many think it is an easy matter to get up before a crowd in which there are men educated in different lines, and talk to them. The man who has society experience will talk in a natural, calm, and easy manner, while those who have never had this valuable training would probably be able to make but a few remarks, and these, most likely, would be without shape, and illogical.

Writing is a necessity—necessary in correspondence, in reports, in specifications and contracts, in bulletins, in circulars, and in books. Correct speech is necessary in ordinary conversation, business interviews, and in speeches before public gatherings. A man's ability is clearly expressed in his writings, and if he cannot write well, he will probably not write at all, and some one who can, will do it. Especially is this true if he is an Engineer and is a members of a learned society; for the censorship there is very severe. The best Engineer in the world would be utterly helpless if he did not have the ability to express himself in words or writing. He could not tell his men what to do, except in a very vague manner, and if he were to be away from the job, it would be impossible to write clear instructions for carrying on the work.

Command of correct language is essential to the engineer, from the time he pens his first application for a position until the end of his professional career, and the practice of correct writing is a necessity. The misunderstandings caused by improperly worded reports, orders, and regulations, has caused much trouble. It has been said that a misplaced comma in an agreement between two express companies in this country, in regard to the handling of packages in their territories, cost one of the companies several hundred thousand dollars.

Specifications for railways and other complicated structures can be carried out to the letter, and yet the party having the construction done would receive far inferior work to that which the writer of the specifications intended.

This is a benefit to the contractor, but if he is a reliable man, the little technicalities and unexpressed items of the contract will receive his attention, his reputation being at stake. On the other hand, there are contractors who have law-suits on every job they take, because they seek to take advantage of the poorly expressed and improperly worded specifications.

Thus we see how literary expression should be considered in both our speaking and in our writing, and particularly so for young college graduates, being one of the most vital practical problems they have to deal with. After leaving college, especially if he pursue the engineering profession, no book of rules, instructors, or classmates are at hand to help him out; and unless he has paid some attention to this study at college, he is seriously handicapped. And right here, nine times out of ten, is where the other fellow makes good.



"A How To Violet Eyes.

W. J. HUNTER, '15.

The moon comes up a silver light
And glistens in the sky,
While far and near the cricket's cheer
Sounds in a lusty cry.
The air is still, and not a thrill,
Responsive as before
Can e'er awake the silent stake
That binds affection o'er.

A fickle love that left me by
In starry solitude,
Ah, now has come amidst the hum
Of wearied voices rude,
To mock at me and memory—
The scene of no return—
A lonely star, as seen afar,
And then to deeply yearn.

O, fair enchantress of the woods!
Release thy charming spell,
And let me walk, and blithely talk,
As once e'er fate befell;
And then will I triumphant try
To gladden as before,
And in no wise let violet eyes
Deceive me any more.

The Tiger.

The Undoing Of Otto Schilder.

J. C. BARKSDALE, '14.

"He has won her, but by——I'll get even with him before Gabriel toots his little horn." These were the words of Otto Schilder when he heard that Fritz Jennings had won Ruth Lawton, the belle of the mining village, whom they both idolized.

Jennings and Schilder were miners and worked side by side in the same pit—digging coal. Jennings was a sober, industrious, jolly, sociable chap, liked by every one with whom he came in contact; while Schilder was given to drink and gambling. He was a sour, disagreeable fellow—the most unpopular workman in the Black Hart Mine. He, however, adored Ruth Lawton, and was heartily disliked by her in return; she simply could not endure the sight of him, and, thru jealousy, Schilder blamed Jennings.

* * * * *

Fritz Jennings kissed his wife and little daughter, Ruth, good-bye, on a bright sunny morning in June, and started for the mine, with his dinner pail swinging lightly on his arm and his merry face lighted up with a pleasant smile, giving a jolly greeting to every one he met. It was just the sort of day to make every one happy and every one, except Otto Schilder, seemed to catch a part of Fritz's happiness.

Fritz reached the mine and was lowered into the pit. As he bent over his work, whistling a merry tune, Otto came up growling about some petty thing the Foreman had said to him. Fritz took the foreman's part, saying that it was Otto's fault that the foreman got after him so often, and attempted to say something to Otto about the error of his ways.

Schilder, who was just getting over a drunk and was brooding over a loss at cards the night before, resented Fritz's personal remarks. One word brought on another until finally Schilder, wild with rage, struck at Fritz's head:

but with a dexterous movement, Jennings avoided the blow and advised Schilder to mind his own business. The hot-headed and impetuous Schilder paid no attention to the warning, but rushed more furiously to the attack. Fritz becoming vexed, warded off one of Schilder's "upper cuts" and landed a heavy punch straight from the shoulder, on Otto's chin. Otto measured his length on the floor of the mine. Covered with coal dust and in a half crazy condition, he rose and made at Jennings with his pick.

The foreman of the gang hearing Otto's threats and Fritz's warnings to desist, ran up to separate the angry men. Seeing Otto with his pick poised and advancing upon Fritz, the foreman attempted to leap between them; as he did so, Otto struck at Fritz. Fritz leaped backwards and the pick entered the breast of the foreman. As the foreman lay upon the dusty floor of the mine, with the death gurgle in his throat, Otto realized what he had done and attempted to escape; but was seized by willing hands.

Otto was tried, found guilty of manslaughter, and was sentenced to the State penitentiary to serve ten years at hard labor.

Two weeks after Otto's imprisonment, Fritz was appointed foreman of the mine. One day, shortly after assuming his new duties, he was standing beneath a weak spot in the roof of the mine, making notes of some needed repairs. Suddenly, one of the heavy supports gave way and he was buried beneath the debris. When his mangled form was removed, the doctor said that there was no hope for his recovery. Poor Ruth was hysterical. She was wild and raving when the miners brought the distorted form of her husband home. The doctor warned her of the necessity of silence and urged her to compose herself; otherwise, she would not be allowed to see her husband, who was continually calling her name.

Under skillful medical attention and Ruth's loving watch-care, Fritz began to mend. As he continued to improve, the doctor saw that he was paralyzed and that the

power of speech had left him; Ruth was told that he would never move or speak again! Her sorrow was unbounded, but she was glad that he was to be spared and that she and little Ruth could still love and care for him.

Little Ruth had been given a set of toy blocks by a friend as a Christmas present. Each block had on it a letter of the alphabet and with these letters Ruth soon taught her daughter to interpret her father's thoughts. Little Ruth would hold a block with the letter towards her father and wait for his nod of approval. In this way she was able to get his thoughts into words. It was a laborious job, but Little Ruth enjoyed it.

At last Otto's sentence expired and he was again a free man. He returned to the little mining village and upon seeing Ruth Jennings, his jealousy and hatred for the man who had won her and whom he blamed for his long imprisonment, was again stirred up. Otto heard of Fritz's accident and of the want of the family. He of course expressed sympathy, but deep down in his heart he was glad of it.

However, he went to see the destitute, but happy family, and rendered them financial aid, his visits became more and more frequent and Ruth's hatred finally melted away and she began to show a friendliness toward him. Otto was elated over Ruth's change, and began to show her the better side of his nature. One night he proposed that Ruth get a divorce and marry him; if she would do this, he would see that Fritz never wanted for anything. Ruth's surprise and indignation was unbounded. She ordered Otto to leave the house and to never enter it or to speak to her again.

Otto was filled with rage; and, as he left, he resolved that if Gabriel didn't toot his horn before midnight, the family would be wiped out of existence.

Otto went to his room and rigged up an infernal machine and put enough dynamite in it to blow the rock of Gibraltar to pieces. He arranged an alarm clock to that

when it alarmed it would cause the dynamite to become ignited and the explosion would take place. He arranged the machine in a wooden box so that the face of the clock would show through an opening in the side of the box. To look at the thing, one would think that it was just an old ordinary clock and little would one suspect the destruction that lay within it. That night Otto set the alarm to go off at twelve o'clock. Taking the box in an automobile, he set out for Fritz's home.

As he went up to the house, Ruth was on the verge of screaming and calling a nearby policeman. Otto, however, explained that he was leaving town and had brought a valuable clock for them to take care of during his absence. Ruth little dreamed of his evil intentions and permitted him to leave the infernal machine in their house. As he passed by Fritz, he whispered, "Get ready to meet your God, for in twenty minutes you and your family will be blown into eternity."

After Otto had gone, Ruth noticed a wild and frightened expression on Fritz's face. She told little Ruth to get her blocks and see what was wanted.

It was ten minutes of twelve and Fritz was thinking of the ten minutes more he and his family had to live. How fast the time flew and little Ruth was never slower in her life! Ruth encouraged the child to work faster, as she saw the increased look of anxiety on her husband's face.

When Otto left the Jennings home, he went out and hid below the precipice in front of Fritz's house.

At five minutes of twelve, Otto was waiting, expecting the explosion; Ruth was desperate as she noticed the look of anxiety on her husband's face. Little Ruth had spelled only one word—"T-H-R-O-W—" and it was three minutes till the death hour! Would she save them? Could she? These were the thoughts that ran thru Fritz's mind.

Ruth encouraged her daughter to work faster, and at one minute of twelve the words, "THROW THE BOX OU—"

had been spelled on the blocks. Ruth did not wait for the last letter—she guessed it, and rising to the emergency of the occasion, she grasped the box and hurled it over the cliff. As the box disappeared in the soft moonlight, a terrific explosion shook the earth.

The next morning, a passer-by found the mangled and torn body of Otto Schilder, the ex-convict, lying beneath a pile of dirt, and crushed stone. His death trap had proved his undoing.



The Runaway

F. H. LATHROP '13

All aboard. The trainmen took their posts, and the few lingering passengers who had not already boarded the train, scrambled up the steps as the wheezy engine puffed out of the station.

The speed of the train was not rapid. The little engine groaned and coughed as it tugged up a grade, while the grinding of the brakes told of the alert brakemen when a down-grade was reached. But the passengers of the mountain excursion were enjoying the journey to the fullest extent regardless of the speed of the train. The scenery was grand; so what mattered it if the train was slow? Now the train would be in a valley with the wooded mountains rising to the clouds on both sides; now the little train sped across a swaying trestle, and for a moment seemed to pause midway between the sky and the cataract that roared thousands of feet below. Next the passengers caught a glimpse of a snow-clad peak glistening in beautiful contrast to the dark green forest below. Then there came a view of a peaceful valley far below, stretching away from the foot of the mountains as the gently rolling sea of a summer's day.

And so the ever-changing scene continued, always bringing new wonders to delight the eyes of the excursionists.

Interest centered for a time upon the little mountaineer's cabin perched high among the lonely crags, or the gaze fell upon a little hamlet far away in the valley. Next there came a general view of the mountains, and their sparkling summits; or the dark shades of their wooded sides could be seen rising one beyond the other, till at last, the hazy blue of the distant horizon shut off the view.

The excursionists drank in the scenes with an awed delight which only the gigantic magnificence of nature can inspire.

Suddenly there came a startling shriek from the whistle. "Down brakes." The brakemen sprang to their places and worked desperately at the wheels. Every one was anxiously trying to ascertain the cause of the alarm.

"Look! Look!" cried someone excitedly pointing down the tracks. Instantly the anxious looks on the faces of the passengers deepened into expressions of horror, for around the curve ahead could be seen an immense gorge, but the trestle that had spanned the chasm had been swept away. The train was speeding with ever increasing velocity toward this open mouth of destruction. The gaieties and pleasures of the trip were forgotten, the passengers were in the utmost confusion, some were huddled together in little groups hardly daring to breathe, others were wailing and wringing their hands. Several of the men were helping the brakemen, while others were aiding the conductor in vainly trying to quiet the fears of the passengers. All were hoping against hope that the train would be stopped before the fearful gulf was reached.

The grinding of the brakes became a shriek, while the clicking of the wheels upon the rails became faster and faster in spite of all that the earnest men at the brakes could do. The train seemed to spring toward the place of doom by leaps and bounds. Was there no hope? Was there no way to stop the onward rush of the train! At last there was a glad cry from the brakeman. The brakes were holding.

Still would it not be too late! The speed of the train was slowing, but could it be stopped in time?

Everyone had given up all hope, and expected every instant to go crashing down upon the rocks at the bottom of the gorge. The train was filled with a death-like silence, when with a last forward lunge it shuddered and came to a stop—at the very brink of the precipice, but safe.



With One True Friend

BY F. C. LE GETTE, '15.

"That's a classy looking rat over there, isn't he Marvin?" asked Ronald, as they were waiting on the gangway for the dinner bell to ring.

"Which one?" asked Marvin.

"That one with his hat turned down all around. Do you know him?"

"Oh! Yes, he's from right near home, and his father's rich as Cræsus too. I'll call him over here if you say so."

"All right," said Ronald, "call him over."

"Rat! Come here," said Marvin in quite an authoritative tone which Sophomores usually use when speaking to under classmen.

"Introduce yourself to this fellow."

"My name is Legare," said the rat, extending his hand and smiling in quite an unabashed manner, which at once dispelled a great part of the condescending air Ronald had assumed.

"They tell me you are from the same place this awful looking fellow is," said Ronald laughing and nodding his head toward Marvin.

"Do you think he's awful looking?" asked Legare in the most innocent tone imaginable.

"What do you think about it?" asked Ronald.

"A rat is not supposed to have an opinion, you know," said Legare laughing.

"Oh shucks! Leave the rat alone," said Marvin.

"I see you are still going with that fellow Dayton," said he, turning to Legare. "I told you I wouldn't have too much to do with him if I were you."

"Well, he seems to be an extremely nice fellow to me, in spite of what you say about him; so I don't see why I should leave him alone, especially as you don't know any thing positively against him."

"Ouch!" said he, as Marvin pulled his ear. "There's the bell, thank goodness, I've got to go."

Dayton was a Sophomore, and was one of the best athletes in school. He had never been very popular, but had been considered a really nice fellow by all of the boys who knew him, and his rapid plays on the football field had caused him to be placed on varsity the first year.

About the middle of the session, a large sum of money had been stolen from one of the students, and, although it could not be proved, every one believed that Dayton was the thief; therefore hardly any one spoke to him, or if they did, it was in such a condescending manner that he ignored them entirely. So he quit playing ball, and spent his time studying, reading, or in the gymnasium.

The year went by, and when he had gone home and explained everything to his parents, they agreed with him in his decision to go back to school and try to live it down.

One afternoon, about a month after he had returned to school, he was feeling decidedly lonesome; so he decided to go down and take a cold water bath in the hope that it would refresh him, and make him forget for a little while the terrible monotony of the place.

When he reached the bathroom, there was one other occupant.

"Gee! this is cold water," said a cheery voice from under the heavy spray of the shower bath.

"You had better get your nerve if you are coming into this place, for it's as cold as ice."

Dayton's first impulse was to be curt, and ignore the friendly greeting, but upon second thought he asked himself, what was the use to be so reserved to a stranger. Of course, he would hear about that affair, and would not want to have anything to do with him, but for the passing moment he would enjoy talking to someone. So in a few moments they were both enjoying a cold bath and each others company also.

From this, Dayton's acquaintance with Legare began, and to his surprise, Legare seemed utterly indifferent to the attitude of the other boys towards him, and continued to speak to him whenever the opportunity afforded.

Dayton kept telling himself it wouldn't last, but secretly dreading the time when he should be deprived of this companionship.

One Saturday morning in November, as the day was clear, and he had nothing else to do, he took a book, strolled out on the campus and lay down behind some shrubbery to read. He was just getting interested in the story, when a number of boys come directly towards him from across the campus, and stopped on the opposite side of the shrubbery. He did not wish to eavesdrop, but could not help hearing what they said.

"Do you know whose rat this is?" asked a sarcastic voice which Dayton recognized as Weindenberg's. "This is Dayton's rat." Everybody laughed, and Weindenberg continued, "I don't see why you don't cut out that acquaintance, for it won't do you a bit of good to be seen going around with that fellow, but is almost sure to do you harm. Everybody will say 'birds of a feather, etc.' So if I were you I'd cut it out."

Dayton, on the other side of the shrubbery, gritted his teeth and remained quiet. Weindenberg was one of the high flyers of school, and Dayton believed he was the cause of the blame of the money affair being thrown on him.

"I've told him all about Dayton," said Marvin, "and why

he wants to go with someone, whom no one else has anything to do with, is more than I can tell."

"Let me tell you," said Legare, his face flushed with indignation, I like Dayton, and I don't care if no one else in the world likes him, I expect to continue to like him until I see something in him to dislike. As for that rot about his stealing that money, I don't believe a word of it."

With this outburst, he went marching off towards barracks.

"Rat," yelled Ronald, "come back here." But Legare never looked around.

"I admire his spunk but—his judgment," said Marvin. "Wish I had some one who thought that much of me. He's about to run it over you Weindenberg."

But Weindenberg did not answer, and there was a peculiar expression on his face as he watched the rat enter barracks.

As for Dayton, it is impossible to describe the feeling of exultation he experienced when he heard Legare's reply. At last he had found some one, though only a Freshman, who had enough faith in his integrity to stand by him when he was down and out.

This influenced him to do something which, otherwise, he would never have done.

The following day, the big game of the season was to be played against their old rival C——. the team was in excellent condition with one exception: Brown, the tackle, for some unknown reason had left school the week before, and his substitute lacked speed. Every one knew that it would put the team to their best to win the game, even with Brown's good playing. But since Brown was gone, even the coach did not show the same confidence he had manifested before.

On this same afternoon, Coach received a letter. He read it, gave a low whistle, and read it again. He then picked up his hat and went out.

As he was entering barracks, he collided with Dayton.

"Why hello Dayton! You are just the fellow I was looking for," said he smiling, "I've got something I want to see you about."

"That's all right Coach, I know what you want, and I've decided to play," said Dayton before he could go on.

"What?" said Coach rather surprised, for he was thinking of something else.

"All right," said he, as he saw what Dayton thought he wanted. "You are all to the good, old fellow, I knew you would do it."

"But for one boy in school I wouldn't," said Dayton rather coolly, and walked off leaving Coach more mystified than ever.

The game was over. The score was 6 to 0 in favor of the home team. And many times during the game, three hi's went up for Dayton. His rapid plays were a marvel to his own school, and they could not keep from showing their admiration, and giving their applause. It was a hard fight, but they had won, and the crowd was jubilant.

When each team had given the other their customary yell, the coach mounted the grand stand.

"Fellows," said he, "I want to talk to you for a few minutes. I want to tell you something. I received a letter yesterday which will, I feel sure, put the whole school to shame. It is from Brown, and I will read it to you."

"Dear Coach: I could not stand it any longer and just had to leave school. The trouble is this: Another fellow and I took that money last year that Dayton was accused of taking, and put the blame on him. Since then I have not enjoyed being at college one bit, but now I am ready to acknowledge my part in the affair, and will clear Dayton of the terrible suspicion that he has been subjected to for so long. Do not spare me, but read this to the school, and if you can, try to make some allowances for a poor fast living fool.

Yours most despondently,

F. K. Brown."

For a moment all was silence, then the crowd broke out again with three cheers for Dayton. Then cries arose for a speech from Dayton. He refused at first, but as the crowd became more insistent, he reluctantly mounted the grand stand.

"Say boys," said he rather falteringly, "you may think I've been unfortunate, but I have not, for I found one true friend, and he is worth more than a thousand friends of the ordinary kind."

With that he jumped down and grasped the out stretched hand of a rather excited, but still smiling rat, amid a roar of applause from the crowd.

That night, when roll was called, Weindenberg was missing. He had also deserted and gone home.



The Clemson College Chronicle

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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: W. G. McLEOD, '13.

Now that the excitement caused by the trip to the State Fair has abated to some extent, let us return to our studies with clear minds and a determination to make our work for this the last period of the first term, much better than

IN MEMORIAM.

Henry Fant Hunt,

Born Oct. 24, 1894.

Died Oct. 29, 1912.

Student at Clemson
from Sept. 12, 1912
until date of death.

that for the preceeding one. It is scarcely a month before the first term examinations begin, and this period offers to many of us the only opportunity of raising our term grades to the passing mark. For some of us, our work this period may decide whether we remain at college during the remainder of the session or not. Let us do the best that we know how.



We believe that the College Spirit at Clemson is better than it has been for several years, but we think that more and better College Spirit should be shown by the corps.

Did you ever stop to think what real College Spirit is? It is not merely the spirit shown on the football field when our team is playing. It should concern every phase of College life. A man who willfully damages or destroys any article of college property, or who mars the beauty of the college buildings or grounds; and then thinks that because he roots for the team he has college spirit is sadly mistaken; because true college spirit prevents a man from doing or allowing anything to be done which will injure the college in any way. Let us show true college spirit in the class-room, in the barracks, and in the society hall as well as on the athletic field.



This number of the Chronicle was purposely delayed in order that some photographs of happenings at the fair might be used.



WHO GETS THE DOG?

Say, Bill, I know of a fellow who sat on the beach half an hour last summer, waiting for the tide to go out, so that he could find some fish-tracks.

Huh! He must have been kin to the fellow who filled a bottle with sea-water and wouldn't put a stopper in it for fear that the tide would rise and break the bottle.



EDITOR: D. L. CANNON, '13.

How I Shall Get the Most Out of Bible Study

WRITTEN BY ONE WHO WAS CLOSELY ASSOCIATED WITH A
CLASS DURING HIS COLLEGE COURSE.

That I was to have the opportunity of systematically pursuing Bible study and of learning more of the lives of those men about whom the average college man knows so little came as pleasant news to me when I became a student in Clemson College some years ago. At that time the classes were in a flourishing condition and other men besides myself were grasping the opportunity of allying themselves with some leader whose duty it was to act as a teacher. Each Sunday night in the leader's room, the class met with some eight or ten men in attendance. There for forty-five minutes or an hour a study of some part of the Bible was taken up by questions and discussion. Different leaders used different programmes but as a rule the hour was opened by a prayer followed by a roll call. To the calling of their names by the secretary, the members of the class responded with a verse from the Bible, some giving a Commandment or a Beatitude while others used simpler verses.

Some summers ago I had the privilege of attending the conference of Young Men's Christian Association and for the benefit of those who have never had such a privilege I wish to mention several facts that were impressed on me concerning the value of Bible study.

FOR THE STUDENT :

1. It gives a working knowledge of the Bible.
2. It teaches him how to study the Bible systematically.
3. It exerts an influence on his daily life.
4. It assists him in attaching himself to Christ.
5. It holds him to definite service.

FOR THE LEADER :

1. It promotes leadership.
2. Gives him an opportunity of studying men.
3. Makes him realize the need of Bible study among college men.

TO BE A SUCCESSFUL LEADER.

1. A leader must be a leader and not a lecturer or teacher.
2. He must strive to present a finished product without an interruption.
3. He must know a little more than his pupils. This calls for study on his part if he wishes to accomplish his object.
4. He must be enthusiastic.
5. He must practice what he preaches.
6. He should be of striking personality.
7. He must have faith in what he is teaching and should not at any time be a doubter.
8. A leader must have some reason for studying the Bible and must be able to show his pupils that he is in earnest.
9. A leader must come into confidential relationship with his men inviting them to make him their advisor and confidante.

WHAT KIND OF CLASS-ROOM SHALL I HAVE.

1. Don't have a torrid or an arctic zone. Let the room be pleasant .
2. Keep the room free of dark corners and uninviting scenes.

HOW SHALL I BEST CONDUCT THE HOUR'S STUDY.

1. Open with a prayer calling upon some member to lead if he is willing.
2. Have the roll called and require each man to respond to his name by giving a verse from the Bible.
3. Briefly review the last lesson.
4. Take up the new lesson by asking questions and inviting discussions.
5. Assign the next week's lesson giving to each man something to do.
 - (a) Ask questions that require thinking, not suggestive questions.
 - (b) Make each man responsible for just so much work.
6. Close the meeting with a prayer.

Then how is the leader and the student going to get the most out of Bible study. A man will get out of a thing an amount proportionate to what he puts in and no one can get the best of a thing without inconveniencing himself to get it.

I have learned that not enough leaders can be secured to meet with the men who have expressed a desire to be students of the Bible.



EDITOR: H. A. HAGOOD, '13.

Nine Raes and a Tiger for our Atlanta Alumni! Look at this: "On the evening of Oct. 4th there gathered for a dinner at the University Club in Atlanta some thirty or thirty-five Clemson Alumni. The purpose of this meeting was to boost the organization of an Atlanta Chapter. The guests of the occasion were Dr. Mell, Dr. Riggs, Dr. Calhoun, and Coach Dobson, each of whom made short speeches that were greatly enjoyed. Dr. Mell spoke of his interest in all affairs having any bearing on the welfare of Clemson; Dr. Riggs discussed the movement proposed by the Atlanta Alumni; Dr. Calhoun gave some interesting facts in regard to various lines of athletic development, particularly track-work, and pointed out some of the needs in the various athletic branches; Coach Dobson summarized the football and baseball situations.

Mr. E. A. Thornwell, '04, acted as toastmaster for the occasion, and called upon several of the Alumni, who spoke on the possibilities of good to be accomplished by the Atlanta Chapter. Of those who responded are the following:

E. H. Picket, '01; S. Coles, '09; R. C. Foreythe, '01; V. Livingston, '03; C. T. Pottinger, '07; G. D. Garner, '11. W. M. Rosborough, '08; V. B. Hall, '04; T. C. Shaw, '02.

Among the others present were: W. H. Hanckel, '11; F. F. Parker, '11; A. P. Norris, '00; W. Allen, '10; A. T.

Beaver, '08; J. H. Lesense, '09; C. H. Teague; I. H. Morehead, '04; D. F. Rogers, '98; H. M. Hutson, '12; T. R. Salley, '10; W. H. Scott, '01; C. P. Townsend, '10; E. G. Littlejohn, '12; R. J. McIntosh, '12; R. G. Richardson, '07.

Adjournment came at a late hour after an understanding was reached that the organization would be completed at a Smoker to be held at an early date.



The Smoker, held on the evening of Oct. 19th, at the University Club, was well attended by the Alumni. Formal organization of the Atlanta Chapter of Clemson Alumni was taken up, and after the adoption of a Constitution and By-laws, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: W. M. Rosborough, President; R. G. Forsythe, Vice-President; W. H. Scott, Secretary and Treasurer; and an Executive Committee composed of C. T. Pottinger, Chairman; E. A. Thornwell and W. Allen.

The object of the chapter, as set forth in the Constitution, is as follows:

(1.) To instil into the Alumni and Student Body a deeper spirit of loyalty to the College.

(2.) The continuation of the associations begun at Clemson.

(3.) Promotion of good fellowship among Clemson men.

(4.) Promotion of welfare of Clemson and Clemson men.

It is the intention of the Chapter to have an annual dinner, regular meetings quarterly, with frequent special meetings to take up any matters brought to the attention of the Chapter. Following the transaction of business, there was a general discussion of current matters of interest at Clemson.

A card record, containing names and addresses of Clemson Alumni and Undergraduates residing in Atlanta, is kept by the Fred Houser Information Bureau in the lobby

of the Piedmont Hotel. This record is accessible at all times, and it is hoped that Clemson men in Atlanta will take advantage of this information as a means of getting in touch with the Clemson men of Atlanta.

It was agreed by the members that at one o'clock on Saturdays, all those who were in Atlanta and could conveniently do so, would lunch at the Piedmont Hotel. It is desired that Clemson men who are in Atlanta over Saturday shall arrange to join the members of the Chapter in this lunch. In order to obtain access to the table which will be provided for this purpose, it will only be necessary to request the head waiter of the main dining room for a seat at the Clemson table.

The members of the Chapter hope that all Clemson men coming to Atlanta will avail themselves of these conveniences. They stand ready to render any possible assistance to Clemson men or Clemson interests.



We are more than glad to see this forward step of our Atlanta alumni, and believe that both they themselves and the College will be greatly benefitted by this closer union. It is our hope that many others will soon be organized in the South. And right here, may we not ask, what's the matter with Columbia?' Sounds have been heard recently, but get out and make a Noise!



Nearly every day we receive a letter from some Alumnus requesting that his name be put on our mailing list. This is encouraging! But why should not each and every name be there? We don't know—do you?

Many familiar faces were seen during our trip to the Fair recently. Among those who rooted for the "Tigers" were: Billy Perry; Paul Bissell; F. E. Rogers; "Runt" Pennell; A. K. Goldfinch; L. F. Yates; Bill Connelly; C. H. Pattinger; and W. M. Rosborough. Space forbids our

mentioning many others who were seen on the Streets during the week.

Harry Woodward is a traveling salesman these days, with headquarters in Atlanta. Harry says that there is no town like Atlanta for a quiet place to rest between trips. We agree with him as to the *place between trips*, but don't know about the days of "*rest*."



J. A. Dew and "Chunk" Summers are now numbered among the faculty at Auburn. Both of them were seen along the sidelines during our game there recently.



D. B. Clayton and S. O. Kelley of Class '10 both recently with the Westinghouse people are now connected with the Birmingham Street Railway Co. at Birmingham, Ala.



Maj. R. E. Nicholls of Riverside was seen on the campus with his team several days ago. "Bob" says that there is no place like Clemson—that is, with the exception of Riverside. Of course, we accept that in the spirit, in which it was said.

J. H. Reed, '06 holds a responsible position with the Richmond Cedar Works, with headquarters in Norfolk.



"Mocking-bird" Goodwin, '12, was seen on the campus a few days ago.

J. B. Wakefield '12, was a visitor in camp during Fair week at Columbia.



EDITORS:

F. H. McDONALD, '14.

R. W. FANT, '13.

We were delighted to receive the *Chicora Almacen*. We are glad to see that the editors of the *Almacen* have taken much interest in their work, as shown by the first issue of their magazine. "The Advantages of Bachelorhood" is well written and is interesting as well as instructive.

Yellow Jacket was found to be up to its standard in both quality and quantity. The magazine is one of the best that comes to us. We hope to hear from Dick and his love affairs again.

The Ouachita Ripples is a good magazine, and should be complimented on its variety of subject matter.

The Georgian was received and read with much pleasure. All of the departments are well worked up but there is a lack of jokes.

In one of the editorials of the *Wofford College Journal*, the writer talks too much in the dark. He should be more precise, that is, he should say what he wishes to say, and not hint at it! "The Lawyer for the Defence" is splendid; we are anxiously awaiting the juror's decision.

The Isaqueena, with its plain tho' attractive cover; interesting stories and essays was received, and read with much pleasure. "Encouragement" is very good; more such poems would greatly add to the magazine.

The *Winthrop College Journal* was received and read with much pleasure. The Journal is not what it should be. It should have more essays, stories, and poems; a joke or two would add much to the magazine. However, the story, "The Mysterious Music of Manatee," is well-written and interesting.

We gratefully acknowledge receipt of the following magazines: *The Newberry Stylus*, *The Gamilicad*, *The Collegian*, *The Erothesian*, *The Focus*, *The College of Charleston Magazine*, *The Furman Echo*, and *The University of North Carolina Magazine*.



Good Advice

"Oh, my!" exclaimed the excited woman who had mislaid her husband. "I'm looking for a small man with one eye."

"Well, ma'ma," replied the polite shopwalker, "if he's very small, maybe you had better use both eyes."—Ex.



Come Down

"I see there is a professor at Yale who declares that fruit is just as healthy eating with the skin on as it is peeled."

"Gee; I'd like to see someone start him on a diet of pine-apples."—Ex.

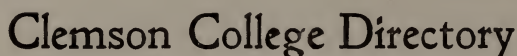
The Popular Girl

Give us a girl with round cheeks like a rose;
Give us a girl with an uplift nose;
Give us a girl with common-sense heels;
One with a head that is not full of wheels;
One with her hair blowing freely;
One that is not afraid of microbes in a kiss;
One that can romp and paw up the dirt;
One without hobbles on mind or on skirts;
One that can build short-cake like a dream;
One whose complexion stands water or steam;
One who can fasten herself to a broom;
And laugh as she steers the old thing around the room;
One whom no flattery ever can budge;
One who knows something besides making fudge.
Give us the girl whom we loved so of yore,
Then go and leave us, and shut the door.

—Exchange.

**The Tooting Tutor**

A tutor who tooted the flute
Tried to tutor two tooters to toot.
Said the two to the tutor,
“Is it harder to toot or
To totor two tooters to toot?”—Exchange.



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The Track Team.

<i>Captain</i>	A. C. Turbeville
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The Freshman Class.

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The Chronicle

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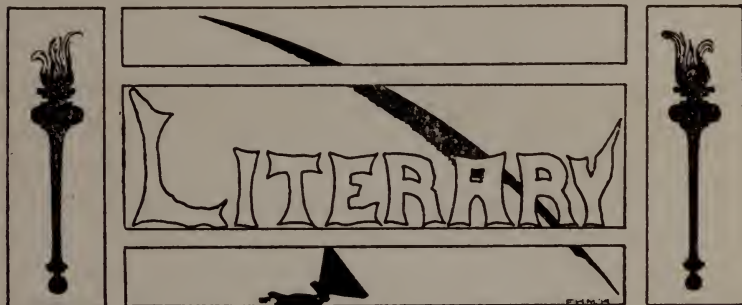
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The Clemson College Chronicle

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Vol. XVI. Clemson College, S C., December, 1912. No. 3.



EDITORS:

J. H. KANGETER, '13.

J. B. DOUTHIT, '14.

D. M. JOHN, '15.

Christmas Morn.

W. J. HUNTER, '15.

Ho, ho! It is the Christmas morn;
The glowing sun begins to rise,
The crystal snow so lightly blown
Lends color to the morning skies.
The air is crisp and full of life,
And joy itself is unconfined;
Love rules the scene, and motions strife
To lands unknown and far behind.

Our hearts in adoration turn
To him who gives such morns and days
To bless us all; and thus we learn
To love the perfect One, whose ways
On earth were all in purity.
Then let this lovely Christmas morn
Be held in cherished memory
Of Christ who years ago was born.

987411

All's Well That Ends Well.

H. A. HAGOOD, '13.

It was Christmas-eve. The sun had set beneath the blue waters of the Gulf, and now the street lights began to sparkle through the gathering darkness. At a desk in a small office, was sitting a man busily writing. Now and then, as he raised his eyes, he saw through the dusty glass in front of him the hurrying throng outside; the holiday crowd with their myriads of packages and bundles, jostling and jolting one another as they made their way towards home and the evening meal. Inside, all was quiet except for the scratch of a pen as it made its way over countless sheets of paper. Over in the corner, behind the small stove, huddled the office-boy, now and then eying the clock, then the people outside, and then the "boss" who was bent over the desk. Finally he took courage, and said in a hesitating voice:

"Mr. Jack, aint you going to supper?"

"Go on home, boy; I had forgotten about you. I am going in a few minutes, but you needn't wait." And the man turned to his work again.

Just then the door opened with a jerk, and a gust of air set the papers to dancing on the desk.

"Confound that boy"—but before he could say more, a hand fell with a joyful whack on his shoulder, which caused him to look up.

"What are you so gruff about?" cried a cheery voice. "Don't you know you can't work like this on Christmas-eve? Put up that stuff and listen to me, for I've got a proposition, and it's a corker, too."

"Chase yourself, Dave; I'll be through in a minute, and then I'll listen to you. I've just got"—

"No you haven't, either;" and Dave proceeded to pull the office-chair out, and sat down on the desk.

"Now listen! This is a dead secret—do you solemnly promise on these "bones" that I've got in my pocket never to reveal a single word of it to anybody, not even your wife?"

"If it's a joke, I promise" came from Jack in a solemn voice.

"Well, Jack, you remember the times we used to have long before we fell in with that fellow called "matrimony;" how we went out"—

"Yes, but things are different these days from what they were then. We are married now, Dave, and we'll have to forget all that."

"But you see this is a secret, and nobody will ever be any wiser. Don't you know that to-night is the night of the Grand Masque Ball, and we haven't missed that in years."

"We can't go this time, that is certain, remember, there's Mary and Kate."

"Aw, bother them, we can fix that part all right. Telephone Mary that you are too busy to come out till late and for her to run over to the house and stay with Kate if she gets lonesome, and I'll send word to Kate that I was detained at the shop. Then we'll go round and get a costume, and afterwards it's the "Merry Widow" for us." And Dave jumped from the desk, clasped a stool in his arms and danced across the room.

His spirit was infectious. Jack hated to leave Mary out of fun, for she dearly loved to dance, but for just this time—

"All right, Dave, it's a go."

No sooner had the message been sent, than they locked up the office, and hurried to a shop where costumes could be secured. Presently, in the two muffled figures that

emerged from the place no one would have recognized the two young husbands who were out for a "lark" and had left their wives behind them.

* * * * *

In the meantime, Mary had got Jack's message, and after a light supper, she hurried across the road to spend the evening in company with her neighbor and chum.

"Jack's not coming home to supper," she explained: "he sent word that he was tremendously busy, and couldn't leave until late. I think it's a shame that he has so much work to do, and especially to-night."

Kate stopped short: "That's strange," she said. "Dave just sent me a similar message, and it's not customary for him to work so late. I don't know what to think about it. Do you suppose they have gone to the club?"

"What do you mean? Do you mean to say that they have deceived us?" and Mary grasped her friend's arm and shook her, as her meaning became plain.

"Oh! Don't worry, May!" Kate hastened to reply, "they are safe and sound at the club, probably arguing politics with another. You know they have to have a night off occasionally, Dave has been staying home regularly of late, and I suspect you have kept Jack the same way. Besides, this is the very chance we've been looking for. Why can't we go to the Grand Masque Ball to-night, and have a dandy time all by ourselves. We needn't be gone long, and nobody will ever know the difference."

"But Kate—" Mary managed to say.

"No 'buts' now;" you just run over home and dress as quick as you can.

"But do you suppose they will care, Kate?"

"Certainly not, you goose—they won't know anything about it." Kate replied with a laugh. "We'll be back long before they leave the club."

By this time Mary had entered into the spirit of the escapade. She had not been to a dance in a long time,

and here was a chance. Should she take it? She decided she would.

"All right," she called as she ran down the steps. "I'll be ready when you call."

Into the house Mary dashed and up the stairs to her room.

Hidden away there she knew that she would find a costume which had often been worn before she and Jack were married; since that time, it had lain, unused, forgotten in the depth of her trunk. After throwing up the lid, Mary hastily began to pile the contents in disordered heaps about her. Soon she found the package which she sought, and with a little cry of delight, she began to array herself in the costume.

When Kate came into the room a few minutes later, Mary was standing before the mirror, dressed as a Spanish dancing girl. Her dark eyes sparkled with delight as she gazed at herself. The bright colors of the costume combined with the smiling face and a perfect figure made a vision of loveliness such as Kate had never seen before.

"How do you like it," cried Mary, as she stuffed a mask in the pocket of her skirt. "Do you think any of the Cavaliers will fall in love with the Senorita?"

"Lovely beyond compare," exclaimed Kate. "If they don't go crazy about you five minutes after we get there, I'm no judge of men. But then, we'll have to hurry if we want to get there in time for the first dance."

Mary put on a long cloak, and hood, and after a final inspection in the mirror, she said that she was ready. They rushed from the house just in time to catch a down-town car; and in a few minutes, they alighted in front of the Armory.

* * * * *

When Jack and Dave arrived at the door of the hall, they were met by the old negro Major-domo who took their cards, and after seeing that they were masked, an-

nounced in a shrill, cracked voice "Prince Charming" and "The Court Jester." As Jack entered the main hall, the sight which he saw caused him to stop and gaze about him. Up and down the sides of the room was banked rows upon rows of tropical ferns and palms, while the seats which were in their shadows were interwoven with vines and leaves. Overhead, and entwined about the myriads of vari-colored lights were streamers in purple and gold, and at intervals throughout the hall were hung the flags of all nations. The orchestra occupied one of the farther corners of the room, and were hid from view by a mass of evergreens. At the end of the hall was a raised dais, also bedecked in the royal colors, and there beneath an awning of rich silk, was the throne of the festival king and queen.

After a final survey of the rooms, Jack and Dave passed in, and sat down on a bench near the door, the better to see the crowds as they came in.

A few minutes passed thus; then as a crowd came in at the door, Jack grasped his chum by the arm and as he pointed, he exclaimed:

"The Queen of Hearts," or "I'm a Dutchman;" but a moment later, he heard announced:

"Senorita Dorcia."

"Dave, I don't care who she is, but I must meet her," he declared, and he followed her with his eyes until she was lost at the far end of the room.

"Soon, the dance started.. Everybody was in a jolly mood, and it was not long before the fun became general.

Then Jack started down the hall to look for "her." He found her, as he expected, surrounded by a crowd of eager suitors, each demanding the next dance, but she laughingly refused all.

"Then, maybe "Prince Charming" will be the lucky fellow," someone exclaimed, as he came up.

They turned in his direction, and as he caught her eye, he said, with a laugh and a low salute:

"Well, am I?"

She nodded just as the music turned into waltz, and the two drifted away up the hall to the cheers of the defeated.

Dance followed dance in quick succession, and all too soon, someone mounted the dais, and rapped for order.

"People," he said, "it is now time to elect from among you, a king and queen of the festivities." Whom do you select?"

There was a pause. Everyone had noticed Jack and his happy partner, and many pleasant comments were made as to their appearance and their dancing.

Now, the time came for them to show their approval.

"Prince Charming and the Senorita," cried someone, and by the shouts of the dancers, they were elected unanimously.

The couple ascended to the dais, amid cheers, and after a short pause, the festivities began anew.

Faster and faster became the music, and to keep pace, the fun became furious.

Faster than anyone was aware, the time sped on. Then above the uproar, there boomed out the hour of twelve. As was the custom, each one reached for his partners mask and lifted it.

"Jack!"

"Mary!"

"Why, Jack, I thought you were at the office," was all that Mary could say.

"And I thought you were at home," came from the surprised Jack.

"It seems that both of us are wrong," she laughed, as he wrapped her cloak around her. "But Jack, I had *such* a delightful evening, and Prince Charming was *such* a nice fellow."

"And, but for you, dearie, the Prince would have fallen in love with the beautiful Senorita.

Dairying in the South.

BY J. C. B, '14.

There is no branch of southern agriculture of more importance than the dairy industry, and there is no branch that is so completely misconducted and mismanaged as dairying.

With our mild climate and our fertile soils, we should be the leading section of our country in the dairy industry. Our climate does not require us to keep our cows shut up in a close stable throughout the winter, and our soils are capable of producing two crops per season. So, with these natural advantages on our side, there is no excuse for us to be so far behind in this industry.

Every farmer realizes the necessity of adding humus to his soil, and of improving it in every way possible. For this purpose, we buy more commercial fertilizer each year. The farmers fail to realize the value of barn-yard manure and its superiority over commercial fertilizer, as an agent in building up the fertility of the soil. The only remedy that stands in view is to help the farmers to own more and better live stock.

The cry comes back, that they can't dispose of their milk products now, and what would we do if we had more livestock? The reason that the so-called farm butter has no better sale is that it is not fit for anything but soap grease—it is no better than so much tallow. The farmers need to be educated in the art of butter making and in handling milk in a sanitary way. The agricultural colleges, farm and dairy papers have this as one of their many objects.

The reason there are no more dairies and live stock, in the South is that the principle of managing a well ordered dairy-farm is misunderstood. The first and the essential point is a good market and a good producing herd; the second, daily record and weed out all the boarders—cows

which do not pay for their keep; third, use more home raised feed.

It matters not what kind of breed your herd is composed of, it can be improved and brought to its maximum producing point. When you undertake to build up a run-down herd you have a long, tedious job on your hands, but it can be and has been done. In building up a herd, the first thing to do is to kill the grade bull and get a pure bred one instead. The bull which heads your herd must have a good dairy type and come from a stock of good dairy producers. Select the best cows from your herd, breed to these and dispose of the rest. Kill the bull calves and keep the promising heifers. Do not commit the gross error of inbreeding, but change your stock every three or four years—always using the very best. The first cost may seem to overshadow your bank account, but in eight or ten years, you will have a herd that will pay you a good dividend on your investment.

In every herd there are bound to be some boarders. You can not look at a cow and say that she is a good dairy producer. She may be pure bred and she may have a good dairy type, but she may be lacking in the essential point—productiveness. The most scrubby cow will sometimes fail the dairyman. There is only one way to pick the cow that is paying, and that is by the daily record and by the Babcock test—these will show every cow in the herd in their true light.

Bought feed, such as cotton seed hulls and meal, bran, shorts, etc., is too costly for the dairyman to feed at the present prices of his products. Corn silage will furnish succulent feed for winter use; and after the corn is cut, we can often raise a crop of pea hay on the land; if frost comes too early for harvesting, the land can be sowed down in wheat or oats and the pea vines turned under, thus adding more humus to the soil. By planting alfalfa and other legumes, such as crimson clover, etc., we get a val-

uable summer feed and are enriching our soil at the same time.

The wheat, bran, and the cotton seed meal necessary to a well balanced dairy ration, can be obtained in large quantities at less than \$26.00 per ton. The cotton seed hulls, so extensively used as a dairy food, are valuable as a "filler" and can be easily dispensed with.

So, in order to make a dairy successful, we must have a good market for our products; a good producing herd; keep daily records; dispose of all boarders; and use more home raised food.



The Delayed Check.

J. R. MCLAURIN, '16.

It is the week before the Fair, and an air of expectancy pervades every one; even the staid, and dignified Seniors are not exempt from this contagion.

Beginning weeks before hand, letters of more than usual import and significance, have been invading the quiet of country homes. Letters of such unusual length, and couched in such affectionate terms, as to cause a vague uneasiness, and suspicion to enter the minds of the "old folks;" many of whom can recall a likeness between these epistles and others received in the not far distant past.

The weeks pass by, and the letters still arrive, gradually increasing in their warmth and ardor, until finally there comes a day, (and also a letter) when the quiet and peace of the "Old Folks" is badly disturbed.

This is no common letter; there is something vague and shadowy, and even sinister, about the appearance of this letter. One could tell by merely glancing at the envelope, that its contents were out of the ordinary.

* This letter is opened by "Mother;" while "Father" is sitting near with his face buried in the latest paper; emitting occasional grunts of satisfaction, as he sees a vicious whack at "Teddy" or the "Trusts;" or of disgust, as he reads an account of an entirely new and ingenious mode of arranging miladi's hair.

"Father"—he is deep in the column of stocks and bonds, "Father!"—he is reading a particularly interesting account of the latest New York scandal, "Father!!"—this in tones that cannot be mistaken, down comes paper and chair, and—"Father's" foot—on an exceedingly vulnerable spot on "Tabby's" tail, and that insulted feline, with a howl of pain and disgust, flees to the more hospitable regions of the kitchen.

"Father I have just received a letter from Jim."

"He says that he is getting on fine, and making good marks in all of his studies. He also says that he has quit smoking, for he has decided that it is a useless and harmful habit. You needn't bother about pruning the orchard until he comes home, for he has a new method he would like to try. And "Father" he says he hopes we are all well, and—he wants you to send him a check for twenty-five dollars."

* * * * *

About now the checks begin coming in. Checks of all kinds, sizes, colors, and shapes.

Large checks (hailed with delight), small checks, medium sized checks, blue checks, and checks of every imaginable description.

The patient and long suffering mailman is besieged by expectant writers; he is waylaid at corners, on the gangway, and coming from classes.

He hears nothing but letters, letters, letters, from morn 'til night.

The first thing when he awakes is: "Have you anything for me? Has my letter come? Be sure to look out for my letter."

At last, tired and weary after the days duties, he locks the door and retires to rest.

Rest! what a mockery! He has no more than closed his eyes in slumber, when he is rudely awakened by a knock at the door.

Thinking something wrong, he opens it and is confronted by a diminutive "Rat" asking: "Have you seen anything of a letter for me?"

Slamming the door in disgust, he again retires but only to dream of letters and checks.

He wrestles with them, fights with them, talks with them, and eats with them.

He awakes, only to continue his experience of the day before.

He is accosted on his way from breakfast, by a particularly glum and gloomy looking cadet, with a face like the proverbial "forty days of rainy weather."

"Say, have you noticed anything of a letter addressed to me? I haven't got my check yet. I am afraid I wrote too late for it to get here in time."

How anxiously he awaits the coming of that check; what prayers and entreaties he sends up for its safe arrival. He lies awake at night thinking of it; he has visions concerning it during classes, (and flunks accordingly).

It is only two more days until the departure for the Fair, and no check yet.

He grows restless and uneasy; the next day passes and no check; he grows preoccupied, and loses his appetite; the last day passes, and still no check; he grows rapidly worse; is confined to his bed; the doctor is called, and pronounces him to be in a very critical condition.

Just as the breakfast bell is ringing the next morning, the door opens and one of his friends enters, with a letter for him.

For him! Why it can't be, he can scarcely believe his eyes. Surely he must be dreaming.

Nevertheless it is true, and he grasps the letter to his breast with many a fond and endearing name.

Saved! Saved! Saved at last.



Idle Moments.

W. J. HUNTER, '15.

'Tis sweet to sit and idly while
The moments by in fond recall;
To joy in bygone years, and all
Those scenes that mem'ry grants a smile.

Some dancing shadow on the wall,
Some fancied face amid the flame
Doth call to mind a cherished name,
'Round which a mellowed sweetness falls.

The children's school books lying near
Spell out an ever tender theme
And waft the soul as in a dream
To other days forever dear.

The weight of years roll off once more,
And fancy fondly brings to view
A lovely place, not old nor new—
None but the school so loved of yore.

Then to the studies of the day,
But lo! How far the break between
Those years and now, and where's the sheen
Of life? Ah, all have passed away.

Yet thoughts like these are always dear:
They give a joy to loneliness,
And helps the drooping soul to bless
When naught of life remains to cheer.

A Messenger Of Peace.

C. J. KING, '13.

When Jim Sheldon received his parole from the governor one day in December 1892, releasing him from the state prison at Nashville, he was but the wreck of his former self. Five years before he had entered the prison a tall, robust mountaineer with the tough and vigorous frame fashioned out-of-doors, but on the morning of his release no one would have recognized him as the same man, for he was now wasted into a thin, emaciated figure with pale face, stooped shoulders, and sunken chest. Any one could tell from his constant dry cough that he was the victim of that terrible plague, tuberculosis, which he had contracted during his imprisonment.

"Poor devil," muttered his keeper as Jim walked away after shaking his hand and wishing him a Merry Christmas, "he'll never last to see another Christmas."

Jim was widely known throughout all the Cumberland region of Tennessee as the chief instigator and leader of the Sheldon side in the famous Sheldon-Warren feud, which for over fifty years had existed in the Cumberlands, and had resulted in almost exterminating both families. Since Jim's trial and imprisonment for having ambushed and killed Big Jake Warren, the leader of the Warren side, the feud had been dormant. This was partly due to the lack of leaders to carry on the fighting, and, partly because "Young Jake" Warren, the new leader of the Warrens, had married Jim Sheldon's only daughter, Elizabeth. This had served to hold the feud in check for a time; but the old time hatred still existed between the families, and now that the new governor had paroled Jim, there was much excitement aroused, and preparations were made to continue the fight.

When Jim returned to his old cabin on Pine Mountain, he was at once visited by nearly all of his kinsmen, the Sheldons, all begging him to take up arms and remedy the

wrong and disgrace which his daughter had brought on the family by marrying a Warren. They suggested that he begin the feud at once by killing young Jake, his daughter's husband. Jim seemed to pay little attention to this incitement, but would sit all day in the chimney corner gazing into the fire with unchanged countenance, and only now and then could his kinsmen determine that his emotions were being played upon.

It was not until Christmas-eve-day that Jim was finally aroused from his reveries to take any action. On this day, his younger brother, Allen, returned from the West whither he had fled to escape the law for killing a Warren. He had heard of his brother's release and had come back to take part in the fight against the ancient enemies of his family. After Allen had pleaded and taunted him with cowardice, Jim was at last roused to take action; and that evening, after dark, he took down his old, long, rifle from the rack, rusty with years of disuse; and with revenge and hatred burning in his heart he set out across the spur to the home of his son-in-law.

The snow had been falling fast the whole day and a white mantle now covered everything outside. The night was clear and terribly cold and the chill biting clear through Jim's shabby clothes caused him to pull his coat tighter across his breast. A wonderful stillness pervaded the night, and the crunching of the snow under his feet and his dry cough sounded harshly against the night air. He wondered, as he glanced heavenward, why the stars shone so brightly to-night, and then he remembered that this night commemorated the birth of the Christ Child, the story of which he had oft heard at his mother's knee. He thought of the journey of the Wise men from the East led by a star, of the Shepherds watching their flocks, and through the stillness he could imagine he heard the sweet voices of heavenly messengers singing "Peace On Earth, Good Will Toward Men," and he almost faltered as he thought of the mission before him. But the light from the

cabin of his enemy shining across the drifting snow gave him courage, and the Sheldon blood within him boiled as he thought of the wrong done his family. Grasping his gun more tightly in his hands, he stealthily crept to the windows and looked in. The old fire place was piled high with logs, and the flames dancing among them sent out a column of sparks into the throat of the wide chimney. From each end of the mantle hung a tiny stocking, and There on the hearth lay the chestnuts and sputtering apples. in the rear corner of the room he could discern a bulky package, brought from town the day before, which he knew contained the wares of old Santa Claus. Before the blazing hearth, in one corner, sat the husband, a typical young mountaineer, strong, lean, and sinewy. On his knee he held a child of about three years. On the other side sat his own daughter, now grown into a comely woman since he had left her. In her lap lay an open Bible, and beside her knee, listening intently, sat a little girl about four years old. Jim knew that his daughter was reading the story of the Babe of Bethlehem which she had so often heard at her own mother's knee.

Unheeding the intense cold, Jim stood a long time gazing on the happy picture within. He waited until Elizabeth, with a mother's care, had tucked the little ones into their trundle-beds, as only a mother knows how; and, it was not until the fond parents had kissed each other before retiring, and the candle was snuffed out that he turned away with a sob. His old rifle had already dropped into the snow.

"My God, what was I a goin' to do?" he groaned, as he thought how near the Death Angel had come to visit a home where the Peace Angel thus reigned, "I'll kill the first man that touches one hair of their heads."

As he turned to walk away, he was aware that a chillness had crept into his wasted frame. Suddenly he was siezed with a violent coughing. This was followed by a

hemorrhage, and, in a moment, he sank into the snow, blood gushing from his nose and mouth. It was there that his little grand-daughter found him the next morning, half covered with the snow which was dyed crimson with his life's blood.

At the burial on the following day, both the Sehldons and Warrens throughout the neighborhood, attended. As the last shovel full of sod was thrown on the grave, Young Jake Warren and Allen Sheldon shook hands across it. A charter was drawn up and signed by every man present on both sides, agreeing that they would never again lift hands against each other. Thus the long existnig feud ended.



The Power of a Pledge.

BY J. B. D., '14.

A group of six people, five men and one woman, were holding a meeting, where they were forming an alliance by which they would swear to obtain a large sum of money. This money was to be given to a priest, in order that he might help his people. The members of the alliance were gathered around a heavy, unvarnished table. The dingy rays of a solitary lamp scarcely overpowered the oppressive sheets of darkness that hung around the place. Vague shadows stretched out from the table to the black masses in the extremities of the room. A sputtering stove and a few flickering rays that escaped thru the holes and cracks in its sides were the only signs of life in the apartment. Silently, and with heads bowed low, the people sat about the table. The hand of death could not have held the bodies more quiet. Each person was absorbed in thought—the kind of thought that prevails when a person takes a step that means honor or disgrace, life or death.

Finally a man, the leader, arose. "The time is out. Long enough have we pondered. Do we, or do we not form this compact? If there be a person who is not willing to comply with the terms, let him leave the room at once."

Not a person stirred, not even a head was raised. "Well, by your silence I see that all are agreed. We now exist as a single body, having one soul, one purpose, and one reward. Should one of us be involved in trouble, under any condition, it is our sworn duty to aid him. You have made me the head of this body, I now remind you that you are each an involuntary portion. Just as one's heart beats, so are you to act. The one tie between us is the determination to fulfill our oath. At this same place, one year from tonight we shall meet. Should any of you be absent, we will find you before the meeting begins. Remember that

this compact is for life, none of us can ever withdraw. Depart now and busy yourselves upon the mission."

With one accord the group arose, joined hands around the table, and chanted, "As we leave we swear to fulfill the purpose, to keep the oath, and to die, if necessary, to defend a fellow member. Then one by one they withdrew from the room, until only the woman remained. As the last figure vanished, she staggered, then dropped upon a chair. Throwing her arms upon the table, and resting her head upon them, she sobbed. She remained in that position for nearly an hour, then with a mighty effort she stood, rubbed her eyes, pushed back her hair, and made as tho to leave the room. It was too much to ask of a woman. Her feminine instincts kept her from taking such a serious step. She made her way to the rear of the room, and turned on another light.

"Tomorrow," she murmured, "I shall begin; to-night I must be a woman."

It is no wonder that she could not bear so much excitement. The extra light showed her to be very young, scarcely more than eighteen she looked. From beneath her long tear-moistened lashes, a pair of bright eyes gazed into the gloom. Her hair, now disarranged, showed that it had once been stylishly dressed. The arched eye brows upon a finely moulded forehead, the perfectly shaped chin, the innocent expression, all gave her the appearance of a highly cultivated lady. She slept upon a crude sofa till morning, then rose, and started to the place to which the leader had assigned her. Already the men were hurrying to their posts.

Selfish and preoccupied are the people of this country. Each man strives to accomplish his, and only his purpose. He walks the streets, but sees no one. Only one desire does he hold. "I must accomplish my purpose," says our modern man; "let others do the same." The employer scoffs at his hireling, the hireling murmurs against the employer. The educated look grave, and wonder at the

fate of the illiterate; the unlearned push forward and rejoice that knowledge has not made them such nervous, dissatisfied, bigoted wretches. The occupied complain of over work, while the idle grumble because of the dullness of the times. Briefly, each individual forgets that he has a fellow being whom he could aid and be aided by. Those few who do realize the power of unity are sure to rise above the average man. Regardless of the object, success inevitably will favor the united people.

That was the world that Miss Violet Coragon entered, upon leaving the room. Under such conditions the five men were now pushing their work. No one noticed that another man had joined the working men of his city, but in six cities, six different people had taken up their abode. Soon, however, the attention of the public was directed towards several large robberies. It was with great interest that an employee in the Southern Pacific Shops of San Francisco read about a cunning robbery of a mail train near Denver. A Denver mail clerk smiled and said, "I expected it." A small paper of Washington told how a young woman had fainted in the First National bank of that city; and that she had been carried into the President's office while awaiting an ambulance. Some days after this notice appeared, all the papers of the city were telling of the robbery of the National bank, one of the largest and most burglar proof banks in the United States. The detectives were completely baffled. No clew could be established. Five men, in different parts of the country looked wise and said, "Good for Violet." Several other large robberies were recorded in the United States that year. No one suspected that a single organization, alone, had been responsible for them all; as they occurred in widely separated places.

The perpetrators of these crimes, were soon to become near each other, however. From a window in the old meeting room, Violet saw five familiar men, each at a separate

time, cross the street in front of the building. Each man glanced at the window, and seeing a strip of red paper fluttering from it, murmured, "All is well, Violet has performed her duty." When night came on, one by one, the members of the body assembled in the rendezvous. Each bringing with him a package. Many a fond greeting was given that night. As the sixth person to arrive took his seat, the chief arose and called for the report of each member. The reports were brief—and as they were turned in the leader tabulated the amount of money that each man had brought with him. After receiving them all, he made a hurried calculation.

"Nearly three quarters of a million," said he. "We may each take a hundred thousand and still have enough left to give the priest. I saw him yesterday, and he said that he would need about sixty thousand to carry out his work with those down trodden people of his. You are now released from your pledge to obtain money; but of course the tie that holds us together is still strong."

The men were sorry that an end had been called on the taking of money; but Violet's face betrayed her joy at being free from such a distasteful task. Hurrying to Washington, she deposited, in the bank that she had once robbed, all of her share of the spoils. The name of the person depositing the money was one that no person had ever borne. "Thank goodness," said Violet, "I am now free and have no weights fastened about my conscience."

Being once more her own mistress, she looked about for employment. For several years stenography had been her pursuit. So an advertisement stating that a stenographer was needed by the head of the Federal Prison at Atlanta, caused her to apply and obtain the position. Every thing went smoothly for several months. No longer did Violet shun the eyes of her fellow people. All who knew her liked her; and already the keeper had begun to fear that his highly competent stenographer would soon leave

his office to take up the reins of a home of her own. A little incident can cause a great change. The mere entrance of a new convict did not amount to much ordinarily; but one morning Violet was horrified to see one of her old allies being escorted to his cell. Soon the new prisoner's papers appeared to be filed away. With tear-filled eyes, she noticed that the unfortunate man was beginning a life's sentence.

The stay of the prisoner was brief, within two weeks after his entrance, he disappeared from his cell. The detectives had nearly despaired of finding any clew of the escaped or of his confederate, when one of them eased it from a prisoner that the stenographer had visited the escaped man on the night before he vanished; and had given him something. Violet would make no statement concerning the affair. She was arrested and brought to trial. All attempts of the prosecution to get her to confess were fruitless; but the evidence was against her. As the Judge was about to deliver a sentence in accordance with a verdict of "guilty" from the jury, a man rushed into the court room, shouting "Hold your sentence, Judge, until you have heard me. She did not aid me to escape. I found the key one morning as I was digging in the back yard of the prison."

Before the police could reach the excited man, Violet was before him.

"Oh why did you come back," she cried, I wanted to end it all."

The court and the audience wondered at the strange proceedings. But all were glad that the charming young lady was not convicted. Still more would the spectators have marveled, had they known of the principles that had been tried and found perfect by the incident in which they had been greatly interested.

The Clemson College Chronicle

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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: W. G. McLEOD, '13.

We are very glad to note that two new student organizations have been established at Clemson during the last term. The Clemson Agricultural Society was organized by the senior agricultural students for the

purpose of arousing interest in things pertaining to agriculture. The membership of the society consists of the agricultural seniors, and of the agricultural faculty. The other new student organization is a Student Chapter of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers. This chapter includes in its membership the junior and senior electrical students, and it was organized under the guidance of Dr. Riggs. We understand that it is one of the very few chapters of this kind in the South. Clemson should be proud of these infant societies. We think that they mark progressiveness among the students, and they should be loyally supported.



The South Carolina College Press Association held its annual convention at Winthrop College in Rock Hill, Dec. 4-5, nearly all of the colleges of the State were represented at this important gathering of the students who are interested in college magazines. Many interesting and instructive papers were read during the meeting, and these were followed by general discussions which brought out many helpful suggestions to the members of the several magazine staffs. In addition to the regular meetings of the association, the members enjoyed several delightful receptions tendered by the Winthrop Journal Staff and by citizens of Rock Hill, and the annual banquet of the Association. We believe that this Association is doing more to bring the students of the State into closer touch than any other agency; therefore we wish it great success.



Christmas is upon us. We are going home to enjoy the holidays with our parents and friends, but perhaps for some of us, who have not passed our first term examinations the joy will be somewhat lessened. Did we do our best on

the examinations just over? Some of us seem to think that we can go thru the term without studying, and then pass our examinations by studying very hard just before we must stand them. This is a very poor plan indeed. Examinations are much easier to the student who always studies his daily lessons. Let us do this next term.

A merry Christmas to all.





EDITOR: D. L. CANNON, '13.

GREETINGS.

To other Editors of this department in the monthly publications of the Southern Colleges, the Y. M. C. A. Editor of the Chronicle extends a Xmas greeting.

THE ASSOCIATION SINGERS.

Director—Mr. Wilkerson.

Pianist—Mr. Webb.

First Tenor—Mr. King, Mr. Parker.

Second Tenor—Mr. Cannon, Mr. Bunker, Mr. Boyd.

First Bass—Mr. McDonald, Mr. McLeod, Mr. Bowers.

Second Bass—Mr. Wilkerson, Mr. Turberville, Mr. Ezell, Mr. Price.

This Company of Singers, lately organized by the President, adds a distinct feature to the weekly meetings of the Young Men's Christian Association. Whistling is also made a prominent feature of each meeting; for many can whistle who cannot sing.

Some days ago there appeared in the Clemson Tiger this article which the Editor inserts with the author's permission.

EVERYBODY

Give ear, you men with ideas in your heads! Don't speak until you have read this article through, then read it through again, and think—yes, think! No, William, this is no get-rich-quick real estate deal. The entire results of this venture cannot yet be foretold, indeed, they may never be known. But listen to this:—

THE PLAN.

There is going to be a large whirlwind campaign for Y. M. C. A. members. No, Theodore, we shall not insist that you join unless your best friend desires it. We want you to get busy and want to join, and then get the above mentioned best friend to join along with you. And why? Well, there are many reasons why. But you will want in on this so that your name may appear when the big Feed comes off. You see, we are going to give a huge spread to the side which secures the largest number of members by December 1st; and if things pass off pleasantly enough, we are going to allow all the men on the winning team to invite all the men, whose membership they secure, to sit by their sides at the banquet—it may be they will be allowed to eat a bit of it now and then. But

HERE'S WHAT WE WANT

We want a pair of names, appellations, if you please (whatever that is), for the two sides that are going to carry on this campaign. Not a couple of nice gentle names such as Ferdinand and Rosalie; but two really hostile names—something that suggests a fight, or struggle between the two. For example, or to-wit: the Giants and the Red Sox, or the Tigers and the Gamecocks—something of the sort. Do you get the idea? Well,

As soon as the names are decided upon, the winners will be announced, and the big campaign will start.

In the course of a few days these articles appeared.

THE BIG CAMPAIGN

By the time you are reading this, the big contest will be on in full blast. From all indications, the fighting will be fast and furious. They say that every man in the school will be more or less concerned about the results. And well may every last one of them be concerned. Think of it! Not only will the matter of a winner be decided upon, but the chance of taking part in one of the most sumptuous banquets that has ever been known in these parts is offered to the winning side. Names for the two sides have not yet been made public, but you can count on their being some nifty names all right. And while we are on the subject of names: Did you ever hear this one:

To change the name may not effect
The perfume of the rose,
But what a name the fellow gets,
Who has a crimson nose!

This is going to be some big campaign, as we said before. It is the intention to publish the names of all who are already members of the Y. M. C. A., in the weekly issues of the Tiger; and then as the contest warms up, the names of the members secured by the contesting teams will be published either in the Tiger or on a bulletin for that purpose. You don't want to be left out. Line up with one side or the other, and get into the fight.

THE KANGETERS vs. THE TURBEVILLES.

Now don't be offended, you men who submitted a pair of names for the Campaign Teams.

These names have not been chosen as the names for the two sides in the contest. But be as it may, somebody is certainly going to wish that he had handed in these two names when he witnesses the strife going on around here these coming days. The opinion is that in future years the

very names, Kangeters and Turbevilles, will call to mind a combat more fierce than Saracen ever waged against—whoever it was that the Saracens did wage against.

But to be frank, the two names chosen as the names for the contesting teams were "The Turks and the Balkans." But it was suggested that the teams go in the campaign under the names of the Kangeters and the Turbevilles; and, then, on the night the contest closes, the winning team shall take the name of whichever country happens to win in the Turko-Balkan war on that day.

"Quae cum ita sint," as the Dutchman says, the two leaders, or captains, proceeded to select their fighting squads, as it were. They went over the Y. M. C. A. roster of members in a kind of "me-one-you-one" fashion, the final results of the picking being as follows:

THE KANGETERS

J. H. Kangeter, Captain
D. L. Cannon
C. S. Patrick
F. H. McDonald
C. P. Youmans
R. W. Fant
F. A. Miles
T. C. Haddon
C. E. DesChamps
G. C. McDermid
J. W. Boyleston

THE TURBEVILLES

A. C. Turbeville, Captain
F. H. Lathrop
S. W. Rabb
W. G. McLeod
J. C. Barksdale
W. W. Herbert
A. H. Ward
T. F. Davis
H. A. Hagood
H. J. Bomar
B. M. James

RULES FOR THE CONTEST.

There are to be two Team Captains. Each of these Captains will select ten men from the membership of the Y. M. C. A. who shall act as lieutenants. The ten men thus selected shall compose the two teams. Each of these ten men then select five men from the membership of the Y. M. C. A. who shall be identified with the respective sides; and the

memberships secured by the men thus selected will be scored for the side under which they are working.

THE SCORING.

The object has been to make the system of scoring as simple as possible. Here it is:

Each signed-up application for membership scores five points. And each fifty cents paid on dues counts for five points. Thus, if a man signs up an application for membership and pays the full dues, \$2.00, he may align himself with either side he prefers, and so give that side a credit of twenty-five points. Each day the standing of the teams will be registered on a large clock just outside room 83.

WHO MAY ATTEND THE BANQUET.

The banquet will be given in honor of the winning team. The winning team includes the Captain and all Lientenants on both sides which scores the greatest number of point. As guests of this team, all the men who have worked under the Lieutenants, as well as all men who have aligned themselves with this team and have paid as much as fifty cents on their dues, will be invited. Those men on the losing team who have paid their full dues during the Campaign Week will be invited to the banquet, also.

Another chance: Any member of the Y. M. C. A. who has secured a fully paid membership during the week may come as the guest of the winning team.

AND NOW THE END.

When the contest closed, the mighty hand on the clock standing for the Kangeters had reached the 3505 mark while the Turbeville hand could only reach 820.

It must be said the rivalry was intense on both sides, and the Turbevilles did not die without fighting.

(Editors note: This article is inserted for the benefit of other associations who may be planning for a membership contest.)



EDITORS:

F. H. McDONALD, '14.

R. W. FANT, '13.

The Palmetto appears this month as one of the few very good magazines. It has an abundance and variety of material, most of which is good. Its opening poem "Just a Half Blown Rose" is good both in form and theme, and shows quite a bit of tenderness in its expression. "Views and Other Views" is fair, but not above the average. "The Characteristic of the Cycle Dramas" is a thorough digest of a rather obscure topic, but is too detailed and of too critical a nature to be of interest to anyone not thoroughly conversant with the subject. We wonder why the author's name has been withheld from "When Polly was Seven." It is wonderfully well written. Its bubbling with mirth and rippling innocence causes an unconscious smile that gradually fades and dims into a tear but quickly reappears as we follow the childish ingenuousness of "Polly." The poem "But"—is good and is quite a character portrayal. "The Unbought Grace of Life" is so good, there is so much poetry in its expression that, though produced outside of the college walls, its publication is readily accounted for. "According to Plots" is a continued story

of much promise. But we caution against the continuation of a story over too long a period in a college magazine. Its author's name appears on several other selections, all of which display an exceptional amount of ability. We question, however, the policy of permitting too much space to be devoted to the writings, however exceptional they may be, of any single author, particularly a member of the staff. It would be better to distribute them over a longer period. The sketch "The Little Bayou" is good, but in the last paragraph, which is unnecessary and abruptly changes the thought, exhibits what is becoming quite a tendency on the part of sketch writers who frequently tack on the end of a good sketch a paragraph of this kind which, while occasionally of value, often detracts from the worth of the sketch. "November" is imaginative and fairly good. "Nobody Toots for Me" is a rather humorous poem that is quite touching in its plaintive appeal.

The editorial departments are all good. We heartily commend the policy of the Exchange department in giving a careful and detailed criticism of a few magazines rather than a hurried and incomplete review of many. The object of the Exchange department is to benefit, and little good can be accomplished unless thought and time are bestowed in its reviews.

The Chicora Almacén for November, in spite of the frequency of its typographical errors, is well gotten up, fairly well balanced, and with its timely and well written editorials makes quite a good impression. In "November," a poem, we have wafted to us a touch of the quiet contentedness of early autumn. The playlet, "La Grippe," has a clever central idea, but is rather vague, and its characters a little too stiff and formal in their soliloquies. The essay "The Revolution in China" presents in an interesting light a new side of the recent revolution. A humorous touch is given in "Romance" by the rhymed portrayal of what is usually accepted as not an uncommon condition of affairs.

Quite the best piece of this issue and one that lends it quite a bit of tone and weight is "The 'Idyll's of the King' as an Allegory." Its deep and careful criticisms are exceptionally well expressed, and from the evident amount of thought and work put on the subject, probably emanated from one deeply interested. "Olaf, Viking" is fair, but rather awkward in expression. "The Elder Duke" is a good defense, bringing out the optimism of a character who has often been criticized as weak and submissive.





EDITOR: H. A. HAGOOD, '13.

We have just received the following from one of our Alumni: If you are anxious to find out how the world is going to get along without you, stick a needle into a mill-pond, withdraw it, and look at the hole. We don't know whether this warning was meant for the department or not, but we publish it for the benefit of all concerned. So BEWARE!



C. Douthit, '02, is one of several Clemson graduates who have really "gone high." He is now General Manager of the Buckeye Cotton-Oil Mills with headquarters in Atlanta.



A. R. Barrett, an old "Tiger" of class '02 can be seen daily through the bars of a window in the Postoffice at Rock Hill, S. C.

This reminds us of an incident that happened there the other day. A customer inquired of him the origin of a certain disagreeable odor. His reply really makes us laugh:

"Perhaps it comes from those dead-letters there in the corner."

We know that all old graduates are interested in our past records in foot-ball, and as an interesting item, we print the following all-time all-Clemson team that has been picked by those who have seen all the important games in years :

Keesler, center, played in 1905.

Derrick, '06, guard, played in 1903-4-5-6.

Walker, '00, tackle, played in 1898-99-00.

McLauren, '06, tackle, played in 1904-5-6-7-.

Sitton, '02, end, played in 1902-3.

Sadler, '03, end, played in 1901-2-3.

Maxwell, '04, quarter, played in 1902-3.

Furtick, '07, back, played in 1903-4-5-6.

Hunter, back, played in 1899-00-01.

Douthit, '02, back, played in 1899-00-01.

Gaston, '03, guard, played in 1902-03.



Nothing in this world yields larger and quicker returns on the amount invested than poking a wasp with your finger to see if he feels well. Try it!



V. Baker, of Class '04, is Agent for the General Electric Company, with offices at Charleston, W. Va.



A. I. Becker, '10, is with W. S. Becker Co. at Saprtanburg, S. C.



R. A. Easterling, '07, is superintendent of the Light and Water plant at Union, S. C.



A. L. Harris, '09, is an assistant in the Agricultural Dept. of the A. E. M. College of Texas.



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The Baseball Team.

<i>Captain</i>	R. B. Ezell
<i>Manager</i>	R. A. Alexander

The Track Team.

<i>Captain</i>	A. C. Turbeville
<i>Manager</i>	E. T. Prevost

The Basketball Team.

<i>Manager</i>	J. H. Kangeter
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Secretary and Treasurer.....H. W. Barre

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President.....R. Cureton
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The Chronicle

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SCHOLARSHIPS.—Each county is given as many Scholarships as it has Members in the House of Representatives. A Scholarship is worth \$100.00 and Free Tuition, and must be won by competitive examination.

In addition to the regular State Scholarships, thirty-one Dining-room Scholarships are given. These Scholarships pay all expenses for work in dining-room and kitchen.

Expenses for session of nine months:

For Students Paying Tuition.....\$144.00

For Students Having Free Tuition..... 104.00

For Scholarship Students..... 4.00

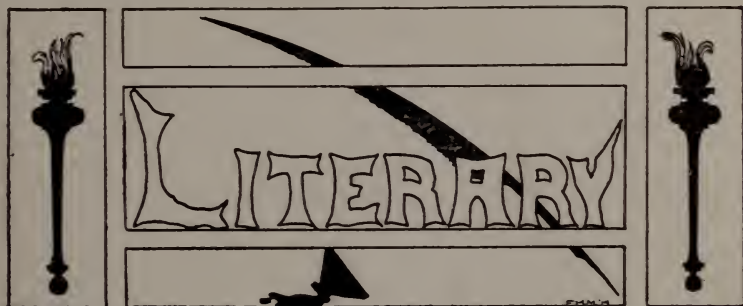
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D. B. JOHNSON, President,
Rock Hill, S. C.

The Clemson College Chronicle

Valeat Quantum Valere Potest.

Vol. XVI. Clemson College, S C., January, 1913. No. 4.



EDITORS:

J. H. KANGETER, '13.

J. B. DOUTHIT, '14.

W. J. HUNTER, '15.

On The Old and New Year.

W. J. HUNTER, '15.

O, ring ye bells and breathe your melody
Unto the slumb'ring world! O, ring again
In numbers soft and low, nor murmur pain!
Thus let the Old Year go, and peacefully
With all his faults and cares, that he may be
A welcome guest unto the storied past.
Clasp him fondly, his time is fleeting fast;
And now he's gone, but still a memory.

O, ring again ye bells, and usher in
The infant Year in all his loveliness.
To him let homage be that life which wins
The New Year's approval, and doth express
Good resolutions kept. Thou art a friend;
In thee with goodly view we find the best.

The Mountaineer.

O. F. MCCRARY, '12.

The broad and beautiful Southland is peopled by about thirty million human beings, who constitute the "South" as a community conscious of a life separate in many respects from that of the North. What is there in these thirty millions which sets them apart? First of all is the sharp division into two races—two-thirds of the people whites and one-third negroes which in a number of ways makes the South unlike any other country in the world. In the second place account must be taken of the subdivisions of the white people into social and economic classes—a division common in all lands, but peculiar in the South because of the relations of the strata to each other.

We may analyze the elements of white population by beginning with the less prosperous and progressive portion commonly called the poor whites. We find these people all over the South and it is necessary to set off for treatment the mountaineers, who are, if not typical Southerners, at least unlike anything in the North. No other inhabitants of the United States are so near the eighteenth century as the people to whom an observer has given the name of "Our Contemporary Ancestors." For nowhere else in the Atlantic States is there a distinct mountain people. The New England mountaineers have no traits which mark them from their neighbors in the lower lands; in the Rocky Mountains the population is made up chiefly of miners; the Sierra Nevadas are little peopled; in the South alone where some elevated valleys have been settled for two hundred years, is there an American mountain folk, with a local dialect, a social system and a distinct character.

The Appalachian Range from Canada to Alabama is made up of many belts or parallel ridges. Between these

ridges and in the pockets or coves of the mountains are lands that are easily cultivated, and in many places, the mountains where cleared, are fertile to their summits. Within the Appalachians, south of Pennsylvania, dwell about two and one-half million people of whom but a few thousands are of African or European birth. These are true Americans if there are any, for they are the descendants of a people who were already in the country as much as a century and a half ago.

In early Colonial times, when the Atlantic Seaboard had been well settled and many immigrants had pushed on into the interior the hardiest of the Scotch-Irish settlers penetrated the great mountain range on the West, and hewed for themselves clearings in the virgin forest. These sturdy pioneers held the frontier against the Indians and rendered valuable service in the Revolution. The battle of King's Mountain was fought and won by these brave mountaineers, who defied the threats of Ferguson and his Tory band and gained one of the most decisive battles ever fought on Southern soil. Later they opened a way through the Appalachians for those adventurers who pushed on farther, opening up the Ohio valley and the Great Middle West. Since then the East has grown rich and populous, and the West, with gigantic strides, has followed the sun to the shores of the Pacific Ocean. But though the country around them has had a wonderful development, still the mountaineers remain the simple sturdy folk of the past. With powers dormant indeed, but with all the potential strength of their ancestors. It is an error to suppose that these highlanders are descended from the riffraff of the Colonial South; they have been crowded back into the unfavorable parts of the mountains because, as the population increased, there was a lack of good land; and the least vigorous and ambitious of them, though sons and grandsons of stalwart men, have been obliged to accept the

worst opportunities. As the population increases and the farms become poorer, the people are forced to leave their mountain huts and seek new homes in the Piedmont region. Many of them find their way to the cotton mills. Here the conditions are entirely different; the mountaineer can find work every day for every healthy member of his family, at good wages. Whatever the drawback of the mill village, it has schools, the daily newspaper, and some contact with the outside world.

The life of the mountain whites is not very unlike that of New England in the 17th Century, New York in the 18th and Minnesota in the 19th Century. The people are self-sustaining in that they build their own houses, raise their own food, and make their own clothing. Their farming ability is shown in the patches of grain and tobacco scattered over the mountain sides. One of the principal crops is corn. These people feel that they have a right to do as they please with their corn and as a result, the manufacture of "moonshine" whiskey is an important industry. The men are often assisted in this work by their wives and daughters, who act as sentinels, giving the alarm when revenue officers are near. Various influences are tending to lessen this evil, and if the rising generation can only be educated, the traffic will stop. This has been demonstrated time and again in different sections.

A glamor has been thrown around their lives by such men as John Fox and other gifted writers, who have depicted the fierce passions of their elemental natures. Like all mountain people, they love freedom and resent any outside interference. The recent tragedy in the Mountains of Virginia is an example. This fearful outburst of lawlessness, horrible as it is, should have one good effect—it should cause our Southland to consider the condition of these isolated people, and to put forth every effort to develope them. The more prosperous

South is too little interested in these benighted people, and is doing little direct civilizing work among them, in many districts leaving that task to be performed by schools founded by Northerners. There are some good schools among them, however, and numerous small colleges, mostly founded before the War between the States. Most of these colleges are partly equipped and are not able to accommodate those who apply for admission. Perhaps the greatest need of these schools are loan funds and more industrial opportunities.

We do not have to leave South Carolina in order to find mountaineers who are eager for an education. We have them right here in Oconee County. There is a boy in Clemson College today who is a striking example of what can be done by pluck and perseverance. This young man used to attend school in one of our small towns, and in a single room did his own cooking, washing and studying. This same boy won a school scholarship to Clemson College and is making good. This is only a single instance, and many others might be cited. What meager advantages these people have are seized greedily and are used to the utmost. Private schools, whether under church or individual control, are of great value in supplementing the public training. How well they succeed is attested by the worth of the men and women they send out into the world. The same kind of life that Abraham Lincoln lived, as a boy in Indiana and a young man in Illinois, is lived by these mountaineers, for here is the last refuge of the American frontier. We hear a lot of talk about negro education in the South, but the problem of the mountaineers is being overlooked.

The dawn of a new era is breaking upon them, though handicapped by the lack of educational facilities. In some places, schools were unknown before the recent awakening to modern methods. The general uplift of sections where the best schools have been established is easily ap-

parent. The moral tone has been greatly improved, crime has been lessened, feuds have disappeared, respect for law inculcated. In certain sections where the criminal dockets of the courts have not been cleared in long years, the establishment of a school would clear them in a short while. The general uplift is seen again in the change of the attitude of the people on the temperance question. The United States government spent thousands of dollars, and sacrificed many lives in trying to suppress the illegal manufacture of liquor, but what the government could not do with all of its machinery, these schools are doing. Perhaps the strongest sentiment in favor of prohibition in the South today is found in the mountain, sections where schools have been established.

There is no fairer region in the United States than the "Land of the Sky." Here Nature has beautified the land with mountains and hills, valleys and dells, waterfalls and babbling brooks, blue skies, lovely sunsets and matchless landscapes. The people are simple children of Nature. They are a brave, generous, liberty-loving people, but owing to the character of their country, they know very little of the great outside world. We should educate them so that they may become better citizens. They constitute a considerable element in the suffrage of the South. Shall we educate them to good citizenship, or shall we leave them in ignorance, and at the mercy of the demagogue?

Drill.

"Squads ri-ii-ighterbout.———" Ar-rr-rch. "This is not Esperanto, Chinese or Greek; it is merely a part of drill.

What is drill? Well my opinion is best express in numerals and punctuation marks (as the best writers express their mannish tho' sulphurous opinions) thus **??—v** 1*7**&&—5*6-*. Drill cannot claim the same parentage as does reveille, because it is the slow accumulation of the ages from the time Noah marched the animals into the ark in double file to the Rough Rider aggregation of the Republican Party.

Drill, like time and the tides, waits on no man. Time, weather, color, race, or previous condition of servitude, none of 'em count here, for this thing of drill is an important thing—without it we would not be able to salute members of the faculty when they passed us.

Drill is the dividing line between classes. On drill a captain or lieutenant can do anything he pleases with the company; it is he that writes the sentence; the Junior officers either supply quotation marks or make sudden dashes in the indicated direction; the Sophomores act as punctuation marks—mainly coma-s; the rest, Freshmen and Preps., are the green ink with which the writing is done.

Drill is the justification which nations have for paying their soldiers the mag-nif-i-cent sum of ten, twelve, fifteen, or twenty hard-earned "simoleons." And, my friends, it's worth it. At military schools, now, the pay is forthcoming when one doesn't drill, and it is in loss of liberty instead of the aforementioned "simoleons." And, my friends, it's not worth it.

"Wun, tuh, thr', fo'. "Wun, tuh, thr', fo'. 'Dancing school? Not at all, that's just the step being given to a company on drill. It's a part of drill, you know. The dancing school part of the illusion is heightened, however, if you happen to let the butt of your gun tread rather

heavily on your er-aw-er corn club, and the stars you see tell you it's an all-star cast (N. B. This is not a pun.) It reminds you of the time you danced the "turkey-trot" with "the only other fat lady," and she stepped on your foot. However, these little things are forgotten when one has to drill before ladies. Cheeminy! how your chest expands, not less than six inches; your face, maybe it is beautified by a stern scowl; you swallow your bayonet, and stiffen your back by reflections on the cold steel. You are one of those soldier boys whom that lady has just declared so cute. And, my friends, it's worth it. However, your captain notices at the same time that you do that your shoes do not reflect the glory of the noon-day sun, and that your gloves are not as the snow on the distant hills, and you hear a muttered threat, "I guess that's three and two for you." And, my friends, it's not worth it, it's not worth it.



A Christmas Adventure.

J. T. R., '15.

Towards the close of a short December day in the latter part of the year 1900, a young woman was cycling briskly along a frost bound country road within a few miles of the little city of Waterford, Nebraska. Although it seems strange for a young lady to be out so late alone, this was the case with Rose Barton.

"It's going to be an adventure—quite, I do believe. Won't the dear old cousins be amazed to see an unknown relation descend upon them, of whom they have probably never heard? I do hope they invite me to spend Christmas day with them! But then, I must not expect too much. Only—and a wistful look crept into her blue eyes— "it is so long since I have had a real Christmas at home."

As Rose ended this soliloquy, she came to a bend of the road, beyond which lay the scattering houses of the little village of Stafford, the place to which she was bound. Near the center of the town was the little red brick church, of which her old cousin had been the first and only pastor, so far as she knew. Rose held her breath with a forced little smile. Coming straight from the bustling city of Waterford, the peaceful scene before her possessed a powerful fascination for one whose days within grim, grey walls, and whose energies were sapped in the vain endeavor to impart knowledge to the average miner's children in the Graded School. For this holiday, Rose had pinched and saved all the autumn, being good-naturedly teased by her companions, who preferred to spend the leisure time and money on the alluring gaieties of the city. In a short cycling tour during the preceding summer, she had come upon the place, and liked it, though it was not until later that she had learned that the two old cousins of her mother's, whom she had never seen, had their home in a

little village a few miles away from that which she had chosen for her holiday. It was to introduce herself to, and make the acquaintance of, these same ancient relatives, that Rose had set out so gaily upon this December day. when only an unforeseen puncture, and a consequent stoppage upon the way had so delayed her, that now the early winter darkness was all but falling.

The parsonage and church stood in the same enclosure, and Rose rode up the straggling little street to the gate. Here she dismounted, and went up the path to the door of the parsonage. She knocked, but there was no response. She knocked again, louder this time, but still no reply. Rose then decided that the inmates must be absent, so she turned away disconsolately. Her eye caught the half opened church door, and she paused irresolutely, debating as to what she should do. Christmas Eve, and what was more likely that the old cousins were within the church, intent on decorating it? Rose pushed the door open, and again paused. The interior was almost dark, and she could not see far into the shadows. As her eyes became accustomed to the gloom, she saw the figure of a man, upon a ladder busy putting up holly. Rose walked towards him, and decided in her mind that this man was not her cousin, of whom she was in search. He had on overalls, and Rose saw that he must be near her own age.

Then the unexpected happened. Rose, not because she was not looking, but because of the darkness, tripped over a twig of holly, and nearly fell to the floor, but caught on a pew. And, because he was on the ladder, the young workman could not avert the accident. Now Rose was startled at the fall, and was embarrassed at the presence of the young man; so she concealed her chagrin by breaking out in a tirade at the young fellow.

"I trust you are not hurt," he said, coming to her side at once. But Rose tossed her head and said sharply:

"It is hardly your fault if I am not, for the Church is dark and the floor littered up."

"I am very sorry," he assured her. "It is unusual to decorate the Church, so I find myself mainly responsible for it."

"I think Mr. Brim might have seen after the decoration of the Church himself," said Rose, coldly. She was relenting now but did not wish this common laborer to know it.

The man was not easily provoked, so he said good-naturally, "I suppose you came to see the Church, so I will have it lighted up."

"You need not trouble," said Rose. "I only want to see my cousin, Mr. Brim. Can you tell me where he is?"

"Then you have not heard? Mr. and Mrs. Brim have gone abroad indefinitely. Mr. Brim resigned a few months ago, on account of ill health. I hope that his absence does not inconvenience you."

"It is of no consequence," Rose said sadly, "I think if I start now I can get back to Waterford before dark."

"But you must not," said the man.

"No," said Rose, "I must start at once. My landlady will be worried if I am not back by dark."

"If you insist on going, let me accompany you on my bicycle."

"Oh! you must not," Rose cried. Now they had come out of the Church, and Rose noticed that her workman was a nice looking fellow after all.

"Do you think I am going to let you ride all the way back in the dark alone, especially on Xmas eve, when so many rowdies are around? Are you ready?"

Rose could no longer object, so they spent away on the long road. They pedaled along silently, and Rose's thoughts about her companion became more kindly. At length, Waterford was reached. Rose dismounted at her boarding house, and thanked her escort for his company. Then she slipped a silver dollar out of her pocket book, and gave it to him. She could not get rid of the idea that he was anything but a common workman.

"It has been a pleasure," he said. He stood in his tracks, fingering the coin, and smiled broadly. Then he quickly dropped it in his pocket, mounted his bicycle, bade Rose "good night," and rode off. Rose gazed after him for a minute or two, and then entered the house. She now pumped her landlady with vague and apparently careless question about her unknown escort. But if Rose was vague, Mrs. Rodgers was even more vague in her answers. She could not identify the man from Rose's description, but said she thought he was either George Hegg, who was a carpenter, or Bill White, who was a henpecked husband. Rose ate her supper quietly, and decided that her escort was neither Bill nor George. She soon saw that Mrs. Rodgers' abstraction was caused by contemplation of the Christmas Social to be held the next evening. The good lady could not decide what she should wear, so she appealed to Rose, who decided on a black silk dress. Then Mrs. Rodgers asked Rose to go to the Social with her.

"I have got a double ticket," she said, "and as Mary cannot go on account of her baby, Why not you? The new parson of Strafford—that is your cousin's old parish—is to be there, and I hear he is a nice fellow."

So thus it happened that Rose, who was rather lonely on Christmas day, gladly went to the Social with Mrs. Rodgers. Mrs. Rodgers' ample body was encased in her tight black silk, while Rose was decked out in a short waisted green gown. Mrs. Rodgers proudly towed her pretty young boarder around the room, exhibiting her to the other matrons present. Finally they took their places at the tables, which were groaning with good things. As a group of men entered the room, suddenly Mrs. Rodgers was all excitement.

"That's him," she nudged Rose, and Rose smiled and nodded understandingly.

The gentleman referred to was the parson from Strafford, and he was making a bee line for Rose. She was

confused, but she looked up and said: "Oh! Why didn't you tell me? Why did not some one tell me? And I gave you a dollar and scolded you!" Rose blushed furiously and almost broke down.

"I have it here," he said, placing his hand in his pocket. The coin was not returned however, and the parson said: "It is the only Christmas present I received, and I mean to keep it."

"But why," asked Rose, again blushing. This time she hid it by introducing Mrs. Rodgers. Under cover of that lady's conversation, Rose inspected him from head to foot, and formed a favorable opinion of him.

She met his smile this time, and said: "It was your fault quite as much as mine, you know. If you had not left the branch on the floor to trip me up, I would not have been so cross. And then you did not tell me any thing. What in the world did you think of me?"

"I shall not tell you what I thought, at least, not now. It certainly was my fault for playing workman instead of preacher. And afterwards it was hard for me to come at you. I hope Mrs. Rodgers will bring you over to see the old parsonage some day."

"Well, I declare!" said Mrs. Rodgers when he had left, "My name is not Martha Rodgers if I don't take his invitation for what it is worth, and go over to the parsonage some day."

"You can go alone" said Rose, with pretended anger. "I have had enough of the parsonage."

* * * * *

But Rose was mistaken. It seemed as though the parson had appreciated her sharp words and bright eyes, and that Rose liked manliness rather than meekness in a clergymen. Any way, by another Christmas day, Rose was at the parsonage, and the parson aided and abetted by that same wilfull and illogical young woman, in all the phases of Church decorations, so dear to his heart, was no longer called upon to wreath his holly alone.

Inventions.

J. H. K., '13.

In the early days of inventions, the progress and utilization of labor-saving machinery were hindered materially by ignorant and prejudiced workmen who fancied they saw in the introduction of the new inventions the loss of their means of support and livelihood.

The list of men with big ideas, ideas that were later adopted to the great benefit of all the world—who have been put down in their own time as crack-brained visionaries, would be too long to print on this page.

You could not convince men a few score years ago that tomatoes were fit to eat, or that houses could be built of concrete—the materials that the Romans had used centuries before. When the engineer, only several decades ago picked up a bit of anthracite coal and announced that he proposed to burn it, he was hooted at. Such a thing had never been known, but when the engineer burned the coal and continued to burn it, then those who had derided him fell in like sheep following a bell wether, and took advantage of one of the greatest of American resources.

Ignorance has been the barrier that progress must put aside or pass over through the whole history of the world. It has even plunged nations into useless warfare. But do not think that the ignorance which confronts every movement toward progress is confined to those who do not know books, and who have never had the advantage of education.

The uneducated man is sometimes eager to learn, for he realizes that the sooner he finds out what the more prosperous men know, the sooner he will be able to bridge the gulf that lies between him and them. The college man is likely to think he knows that he is right; yet an apprentice is not at all sure—he is usually willing to be convinced.

As an example of the great obstruction ignorance and prejudice plays, we can take that offered by the early workman of the textile industries toward the inventions of Arkwright, Hargreaves, and their many successors, who instead of throwing a few hundreds or thousands out of work, have paved the way for the employment of millions of textile workers of today, thus establishing one of the greatest manufacturing industries of the world, and increasing the pay, giving shorter hours, and bringing conditions such as would not have been dreamed of by the textile workers of several centuries ago.

The Piedmont sections of North and South Carolina with about four hundred and fifty textile mills, now have about twenty-five per cent using electricity as a motive power, thus eliminating the great line shafts and numerous belts previously used in driving the machinery—all of which meant added expenses and increased dangers to the workers.

Then again, there is in a section of Georgia—not over one hundred miles square—fifty cotton and yarn mills driven by electric power, all these, and the others being made possible mainly by the harnessing of the water powers of “Dixie.” Truly the “Old South” is not fully developed, for in these sections alone, there is estimated to be two million additional horse power yet to be developed.

From the eighteenth Century to this year of grace, nineteen hundred and thirteen, is a long step, and the developments and inventions have educated the masses; yet partisanship still exists hand in hand with the ignorant and prejudiced among the workers of the industrial world, though only to a small degree.

In looking around we can find conditions similar to those of the Eighteenth Century. Take the fights in Legislature to compel uniform rates for electric power. The customers known as “small fries” are fighting against

larger organized companies to try to save a few independent ones—thus destroying the development of electrical distribution from one great center. The fact that a large electric power company was barred from entering a certain city in our State, only shows a lack of appreciation of progressiveness and manufacturing opportunities on the part of the people of that city.

The fight against such large companies is backed by the Steam Engineers Union, who cannot see, while it may bring a few cases of individual hardship, that it will greatly increase the character of positions and the pay for the majority. Thus we see the workmen will be greatly benefited by it, as well as the people who are dissatisfied about their rates, for everyone knows that the cost of production is greatly reduced when a great quantity is taken into consideration.

We might consider how our farmers who have thrown aside prejudices, and have become educated in the use of labor saving machinery and tools, have increased their production and reduced its cost, and yet it is nearly impossible to get labor enough to gather their crops. This only proves again that the labor saving machines and other inventions have increased the number of workmen as well as their pay.

May the "Patent Laws" as they now are in the United States always continue to be, so that those of us who are sacrificing time and money toward the betterment of mankind and their conditions, can be justly rewarded when inventions are made; and may we Americans continue to hold that place in the world we now occupy—"the world's greatest inventors and the most progressive people."

Jimmie's Essay on Horses

T. F. DAVIS, '13.

Horses is animules about tall as dad. They is longer than they is round and wide, and has a leg at each corner, and a tail at one end and a head at the other. In there head is teeth and eyes and a tung, on it is too eers.

Horses is all cullers frum red as Pat Connely's hair too black as that hair ma bort frum Mis Jonsun's militerry store. There tails is mostly the same culler as the horse, but sumtimes they is diffrent. There hair is rassened too the skin most all the time cept in the summer then you have to wear your oll cloes when you drive cause there hair cums loos, and gets all over your cloes. Horses hair ain't like peeples becaus mostly when they get oll there hair turns white, but peeples don't, all uv them ennyhow cause there's oll man Macfarlan. Hees oldern enny horse I ever seen and his mustash is black as a croe.

Horses is used as beests uv burden, so my skoolteacher sez, and they are used for pullin bugges too and for horsback ridin. They sumtimes runs away in bugges like that time deekon Blake and Preetcher Jonz wuz goin to churtch in there long taled cotes and beever hats and shiny shooze, and there horse run away doun Mane street, and they started too holler, and jumpt owte. I heerd deekon Broun, what don't belleve in good close say, "never wuz Solermun in all his glorie afrade like wun uv thees." I dunno hoo Solermun wuz but he muster been prettie skeered when his horse run away, if he wuz as skeered as deekon Blake and pretcher Jonz.

Horses is ennymeez too serciety becaus if the hairs owte of there tails drop in water they turns too hookwirms which is a nawful pess which is hard too get rid uv. They is called hookwirms becaus when a man gets them he gets so lazy that the man he wirks for givs him the hook.

Yung horses is known as colts, any they is frum 32 too 44 caliber. Calliber means how fast they can run. 44 caliber can run prettie fast. The reesun yung horses can run so fast is they are all legs. Yung horses look a lot like oll horses ecpt they is smaller and are all legs—course there is sum bodie and head and tail but mostly legs.

Horses can kick prettie hard with there hine legs, those are the wuns at the end where the tail is. That is the way they fite. Evry time they kicks most they sez, "heeee, heeee," I reckon that must be the same thing as cussin in horse tawk. Sumtimes they bites too and holler, "heeee, heeee" and kick so that they fite most like Tobe Bennit fites the cop what tries to rest him when hees drunk.

Horses eat appuls, bredd, shuga, hay, corn, and drink water. But they don't eat rags rags and papr like Teddie Jonsun's billy-gote. They don't have horns like him eether.

Horses have all kines uv names, mister Jonsun's is named Seezer, deekon Blakes is named Buck, dad's is named Gorge, and the preetcher (preetcher Jonz) sez there wuz wun with wings named Peggy's sis. I guess he must be in a sirkus which aint never been here for I've crawled under the tents uv all uv them and I never seen a horse with wings yet but I seen a jiraft and the fatest wuman in the worl and a kage full uv munkies.

P. S. Horses is used also for beef in Jirmuny and for bolono sosage in the U. S.

Around The Camp-Fire.

W. J. HUNTER, '15.

Within the camp fire's ruddy glow
Upon a withered field of grass
Where herds are wont to come, and go
When fade the summer months and pass;
Recline a band of herdsmen bold,
Who dare to hear the bob cat growl,
Or in the Autumn's windup cold
To scorn the hungry coyotes howl.

Far on the Western prairie wide
With naught but Nature to contend,
They pass their lives. When sternly tried
They always find in each a friend.
They gather 'round their fires at night
And talk of daring deeds they've done,
Of how they quickly put to flight
Some enemy, or chase they won.

Their's is a life of sturdy joy,
Unbounded by the marts of men,
Where Time hath not wrought his alloy,
Nor made bone laziness a sin.
They grieve not for the petty cares
Nor vexed life of city walls,
Where Vice derides our futile tears,
And taunts our character as it falls.

Thus fain would men of now-a-days
Live such a life that they might learn
The pleasure of the sturdy ways
Of men. Would that they might discern
The charms that Nature holds for all
In far off forest, field, or plain,
Where the wild-cat shrieks his frightful call
Or the bird warbles his sweetest strain.

Won By The Knife.

D. L. C., '13.

Dr. Pemberton, sitting in his up-town office casually glancing over the morning paper, scarcely lifted his eyes when a messenger boy, bursting into the room, handed him a folded slip from which he read these words:

"Come at once. It is a case of life or death."

Only once was it necessary for the surgeon to read the few typtwritten words, for realizing that it was now or never, he hastily gathered together his instruments and hurried down the stairs to his automobile.

"To view Point without delay, Chaffeur," and in a minute the little roadster was fast making its way on the sixty mile trip. No train would run for four hours and the chauffeur believed that without mishap he could make it in two hours.

* * * * *

The twenty-five years of David Pemberton's life that had passed were not altogether unlike those spent by many other men. It is true that he had seen the advantages of a High School education and of eight years in college but these were rather uneventful. He had spent many hours over the operating table at Johns Hopkins watching noted surgeons snatch patient after patient from death; and he longed for that day when his burning desires might be fulfilled and he would make his name as a surgeon. When the last day of his college career was over, and he had been given his diploma, he stepped forth into the world with a determination to make good. And he was not unsuccessful either, for during the one year following his graduation, he had performed many dangerous operations and only one patient had he lost. That his fame had gone beyond the limits of his own city he knew when he received the call from the somewhat distant town.

The car was fast making its way to the little town. Not a word had been spoken between surgeon and chauffeur; the doctor, in a deep study, was too absorbed to speak. He called to mind his school days and his days in college, of his many pleasant associations there. He remembered pleasantly the vacations between school days, and the many hours he had spent in the mountains. How he had one time with a friend scaled a neighboring peak, and on the return had become lost on the mountain; how his friend had placed herself in his care, and, when they had reached the bottom told him that she was glad that they had got lost. These and a hundred other thoughts rushed through his brain, as mile after mile of country road was left behind.

So long had he been engaged in his reveries that the sixty miles had passed, and the car had come to a stop in View Point before he realized where he was.

Into a room of a palatial dwelling the Surgeon was led by the frantic father to the bedside of——

"My God!" but Pemberton restrained his emotions.

"Has she been hurt?"

"Automobile accident! Automobile accident!" moaned the father.

Then thought Pemberton to himself, "A skull fracture, perhaps, or an injury to the spine."

"How long has she been unconscious?"

"Since the accident."

Taking from the satchel his instruments, he began the operation, and breathed a prayer as he did so that it might be successful. Two hours had passed, and the operation was finished. Pemberton sat at the bedside, his head buried in his hands. He realized that he had failed to locate the seat of the injury and slowly the life of the girl ebbed out. He felt of her pulse; she was dead.

"No, she is not dead; she could not be," murmured Pemberton.

"Chaffeur, go to B——, and bring Dr. —— at once. I must save her; I shall save her."

David passed into the room again, and counted the minutes till he heard the returning auto. Dashing from the house in a frenzy, he almost pulled the old surgeon from the machine.

"Doctor, this is a peculiar case. Her pulse has ceased to beat, but I cannot believe that she is dead."

Pemberton began a second operation but this one he made over the heart. He lifted the flesh; the heart was still. David groaned; but he had no thought of giving up. He made a third incision lower down; and, with his needle, probed under the flesh. A broken rib was lifted, and slowly her pulse began to beat. With more than usual care, he bound the wounds, and then sat down to think. He realized that she had but a fighting chance; but he would save her if such were possible. For four weeks she hovered between life and death. Constantly at her side sat Pemberton, for he dared not leave her. Unconscious still, she often murmured, "I am glad we got lost. Wonder where David is now."

Twenty-seven days had passed, and David knew that she could not long remain in this state—she must take a turn for better or for worse. Fearing that she would soon regain consciousness and not wishing that she should see him while she was so ill, he very reluctantly gave his place to the village doctor, giving him instructions not to leave her.

True to Pemberton's belief, the crisis was reached on the twenty ninth day, and a turn for the better was noticed. Slowly she regained consciousness, and looked about her. Over her face came a troubled look. "I dreamed that he was——," but she said no more.

It was hard for David to stay away when he learned that she had regained her consciousness, but knowing that it would be best, he refrained from seeing her until the

fourth day. No one was in the room when he opened the door and tiptoed to the bedside. The patient slept. Drawing a chair, he sat down.

"Oh! I have been dreaming of mountain climbing, mother, and it was so grand. I got lost but David —. Oh! David can it be you?"

* * * * *

"Doctor you are a wonder, and I want you to send me your bill at once," spoke the father, when he realized that his only daughter had been saved from death.

"Well, give me a piece of paper and I shall made out the bill now."

Due to Dr. David Pemberton, Surgeon, one girl.

"Mark the bill paid, Doctor. She is yours, and here is a little present for you in addition," said the father, as he slipped a check into Pemberton's hand.

* * * * *

"Oh! David, I am so glad I was injured in the accident."

"And Miriam, I am so glad I studied surgery."



On The Little Pee Dee.

F. CLINTON LEGETTE.

Down in South Carolina, on the Little Pee Dee,
As far from a town as you could want him to be,
Lived a boy; and the joy of his life was to swim
In its clear running waters, and fish for the brim
On the Little Pee Dee.
And he loved there to be
Where the birds all sing gaily and life seemed so free.

The scent of the air, as it blew through the trees
From over its waters, was a perfume to please;
And the song of the birds, and the murmuring stream
Gave a charm to his being, that seemed like a dream,
On the Little Pee Dee
Where the trout sported free,
And the winds gently blew as from over the sea.

He grew up, and left for a more favorable clime,
Where profits were greater and life seemed sublime;
For the city with all of its charms and delights,
Its bustle and hurry and wonderful sights.
From the Little Pee Dee
Far away as could be,
So now it remains but a sweet memory.

But deep in the heart of that boy as he'll roam,
Will still ever linger a thought of his home;
And in life's sad decline, he at length will return
To secure what remains of the joy he did spurn,
On the Little Pee Dee
Where she glides merrily,
And murmurs and gurgles her way to the sea.

The Clemson College Chronicle

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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: W. G. McLEOD, '13.

We are glad to welcome to Clemson, the men who have come here to take the short agricultural course. We want them to feel that they belong to the student body, and we also want them to feel that thing which we call College

Spirit. This will make them true sons of Clemson, and thru loyalty to the college they will make hundreds of friends who come from all parts of the State. We hope that after completing their work, these men will go back to the farms of the State better equipped in every way to improve our agriculture.



*Destruction of College
Property.*

The destruction or mutilation of college property is one of the most serious offences that can be committed by a student. Men sometimes thoughtlessly mar the walls of the barracks by writing upon them, or by cutting initials in them, and really never think that they have done wrong. We have seen places on the walls of barracks, where sections of plaster have been removed by some thoughtless man. This should not occur in our college. The useless destruction of dishes and the staining of table linen by spilling food are found too often among the corps. Nearly every man realizes the value and importance of a college education, but do we realize that when we destroy the equipment of the college, that we are destroying the means of education furnished us by the State. Men, let us think seriously about this matter. It is not a great loss for one dish to be broken, but think what it would mean if the entire corps should break them as a few men have done in the past. As true sons of Clemson, we should not tolerate the destruction of college property. Let us do all in our power to prevent it in the future.



*The Journal of the Clem-
son Agri. Society.*

The staff of the Journal of the Clemson Agricultural Society expects to publish two numbers of their magazine before June. For the information of those who know nothing of this new enterprise, we give the following con-

cerning the Journal: It is to be a live Agricultural magazine published quarterly by the members of the Clemson Agricultural Society. It will contain several departments devoted to the several branches of agriculture studied at the College. We believe that there is a great future for this Journal, and that it can be made of great benefit to Clemson. We hope that the corps will support it loyally, and, as the price will be very low, there is no excuse for anyone to refuse to subscribe. F. H. Lathrop is editor-in chief, and C. S. Patrick is business manager.



Student Chapter A. I. E. E.

On December 9th, at seven o'clock, the Clemson Agricultural College Branch of the A. I. E. E. was called to order by J. H. Kangeter, Chairman, in the college parlor. The minutes of the former meeting were read and adopted. The constitution, with several amendments and additions made by the executive committee, was read by the Secretary and discussed by Dr. Riggs. These were adopted by the branch.

It was decided that our regular meetings are to be on the second Monday of each month.

Monday, January 13th, is the date of our next meeting, which is to be held in the college parlor at seven P. M. The following members will discuss the important articles of the current electrical journals: E. T. Provost, Electrical World; D. M. Sloan, Electrical Street Railway Journal; M. S. Lawton, Electrical Journal; H. S. McGee, General Electric Review.

Dr. Riggs has promised to give a short historical sketch of the Institute; Professor W. C. Wagner will present an illustrated review of electrical developments now in progress on the Pacific coast; and J. H. Kangeter will give a history of the Southern Power Co's. outdoor equipment and transmission lines.

Publishing Committee.

Too Much.

The aspiring young author was anxiously awaiting the postman's ring. Finally, his patience was rewarded, and he hastened to know the worst.

"Hang it!" he exclaimed, as he sank dejectedly into a chair. "That's what I call rubbing it in."

"What's up?"

"I sent that magazine two poems, and they sent me back three."—Harper's.



Peckham: My wife talks, talks, talks all the time.

Underthum: You're wrong. She must listen part of the time or my wife wouldn't be with her so much.—Boston Transcript.



Jack: What sent poor Algy to an insane asylum?

Tom: A train of thoughts passed through his brain, and wrecked it.—Ex.



A handsome young woman entered an attorney's office, and approached him very unceremoniously.

"I want to get a divorce from my husband."

"What are your charges?"

"My charges? Goodness gracious! I thought I'd have to pay you."—Ex.



Powerful Voice.

"Do you think I could keep the wolf from the door by singing?" asked the musical young man.

"You could," replied Miss Cayenne, "if the wolf had any sort of an ear for music."—Ex.



Life is a short day—do all the good you can and be "on the job."

Religious Opinion.

Preacher: "Come up and jine de army of de Lawd, Sisterd"

Sister: "Ise done jine!"

Preacher: "Where you jine?"

Sister: "I jine de Babtist Church."

Preacher: "Lawdy, Sister, dat ain't de army. Dat's de navy."—Exchange.





EDITOR: D. L. CANNON, '13.

Election of Officers.

The annual election of officers for the Young Men's Christian Association will take place on Sunday night, February 9, 1913.

The author of the article would hardly feel justified in saying that the present corps of officers have done excellent work; for he believes that it is the duty of others to act as laudators. He takes it upon himself, nevertheless, to say that the members of the Cabinet have tried to make themselves of use to the members of the student body, and it is hoped that when they retire from office they may do so with the good will of all.

Needed Improvements.

During the holidays, many needed improvements were made in the office and game room of the Association. The walls have been tinted green, the floors painted red, and the ceilings hard-oiled. At a minimum cost, the rooms have been made to look much better than the average room of the cadet. The officers of the Association feel that the expenditures, made necessary by the improve-

ments, will be justified by the added interest taken in the game rooms by the members.



Interstate Convention.

The Tenth Annual Interstate Convention of the Carolina Young Men's Christian Association will be held in Greensboro, N. C., Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, January 24, 25 and 26, 1913.

"The special theme of the convention will be 'Increased Efficiency as a Church agency.' "

SPEAKERS AND LEADERS.

Hon William Hodges Mann

Governor of Virginia.

Dr. S. C. Mitchell

President of University of South Carolina.

Dr. Clarence A. Barbour

Religious Work Secretary International Committee.

James N. Montgomery

Student Secretary for the South.

H. O. Williams

Railroad Secretary for the South

C. L. Gates

Field Secretary, International Committee.

Charles R. Towson

Dr. E. H. T. Foster

Industrial Department Secretaries.

And a number of Carolina Association Leaders.



In the last issue of the Tiger, appeared this article which, with few changes, is inserted with the Author's permission.

When He Knew What The Y. M. C. A. Stands For.

A Freshman came into the Y. M. C. A. office at the first of the year, and made a statement something like this: "I paid a man fifty cents the other night for the first quarter's dues to the Y. M. C. A., but I have thought it over and don't think I am the right kind of a man to join the Y. M. C. A.; so, if I can, I should like to have the money refunded." The question was asked, "What kind of a man do you think one should be if he is a member of the Y. M. C. A.?" "I do not know, but I think he would be looked upon as a very earnest man, and I think he never would do anything wrong—that is, the other cadets would expect him to be a good deal better than those who were not members. I am a member of the church and a Christian, but I am not very active."

"Here's the question: Are you the kind of a man that would like to see other fellows try to live the best they know how? Are you interested in having things done for the good of the other fellows, and are you interested in helping the other fellows do what they can to create a higher moral atmosphere about the College? The members of the Y. M. C. A. do not set themselves up as being better than their fellow-students, they are not expected to go around with faces as long as the proverbial Government mule, or maintain a continuously holier-than-you attitude toward their fellows. They are simply a band of men who say, by their becoming members of the Y. M. C. A., that they want to see those things done in the College which will make for better living both here and through life. They are expected to try to discourage those things which are harmful either to the interest of the individual or to the College as a whole. The Y. M. C. A. doesn't want a membership composed of long-haired men and mollicoddles. It wants strong, virile men—men who stand for something. If you are

that kind of a man, and wish to help us here, we shall be glad to have you join with us."

"I didn't know that was what the Y. M. C. A. was for" said the Freshman, "Certainly I'll join, and I would just as soon pay the balance of my dues now. How much is it?"





F. H. McDONALD, '14.

EDITORS:

R. W. FANT, '13.

"*The Davidson College Magazine*" is one of the best magazines that have come to our table this past month. In it the proportion of fiction, essay, and poetry is well preserved. The stories have plot and life, and the essays cover their subjects well without an overload of purely scientific terms. "A Singer's Sorrows" keeps us interested to the end, and the end is one that satisfies. The essay on "Appendicitis," while short, is full of humor, and convinces one that the writer has been there (pardon the term, but we believe in slang.) The only defect with the magazine is the lack of jokes of any sort, an omission which if remedied would make a splendid magazine.

* * * * *

"*The Winthrop College Journal*" is a distinct disappointment this month. There is a complete absence of any real poetry, and the stories are shallow, lacking plot. There are three short essays—all on subjects which have great possibilities in them. The Fun Department is very good. The story, "Walter's Letter," deserves mentioning.

One of the neatest and most attractively bound magazines that came to us last month, was "*The Collegian*." All of the departments of the magazine are well worked up. The poem "Life" deserves mentioning.



"*The Erothesian*" was received and read with much pleasure. Though we haven't time to criticize it's departments, we would like to add a few lines to it's toast.

A Christmas Toast.

Here's to the red of the holly berry,
And to it's leaf so green;
And here's to the lips that are just as red,
And the fellow who is not so green.

Here's to the berry of the mistletoe,
And to it's leaf so green;
And here's to the aid it gives the girl,
And the fellow that is so green.



We acknowledge the other exchanges: *The Chicora Almacén*, *The Wesleyan*, *Wofford College Journal*, *The Columbian*, *The Palmetto*, *The St. Mary's Music*, *The Co-Ed*, *The Trinity Archive*, *The Yellow Jacket*.



EDITOR: H. A. HAGOOD, '13.

pLeaSe Excuse sPEliN And tYpesETtIng ON aC-
CouNt Of thE Rush oF the hOILIdayS.



A. L. Harris, '09, who has been connected with the A. and M. College of Texas, has resigned to accept a position with the British government as cotton expert in South Africa. His salary, which is a fine one, started from the day he signed the contract, showing that no expense is spared these days to obtain the right man for the right place. We wish him much success in his new and far-distant home.



Tom Robertson, '08, has purchased the business of Mr. Winslow Sloan, and is now ready to sell the cadets anything they need in the line of hardware, crockery, feed-stuffs, etc. We are glad to see him here, and wish him much luck.



It can be proved that the saving on four tungsten lamps over four carbon lamps in one year is over \$1,248,000. If you don't believe it, ask a certain Electrical Senior.

W. D. Ezell, '12, is teaching school in eastern Tennessee.



F. B. Green, '10, formerly located in Philadelphia, is now with the Illinois Central R. R. at Paducah, Ky.



W. J. Brockington, '10' who is now Director of the Agricultural department of the Calhoun Agri-School at Calhoun, La., spent the Christmas holidays at his home in this State.



John Caldwell, '12, is in the draughting department of the Interurban at Charlotte, N. C.



The Clemson men in the Capital City have finally gotten together, and have organized The Clemson Club of Columbia. They have a very enthusiastic membership, and will begin the New Year with a big banquet on the night of January 10th. To this, all men who have been one year at Clemson, are invited. 'We are sure that the program of the evening will be interesting and thoroughly enjoyed. Here's hoping that the near future will see many flourishing Alumni organizations in the cities of the South.



Hurrah for Roy Reid of class '12; he has taken unto himself a wife! Yes, he was really married the Sunday before Christmas, and they are now enjoying their honeymoon at Clinton, Ky, where "Tandy" is teaching Senior English. We wish to extend to them our very best wishes.



Prof: Mr. ———, if you were a mile high in a balloon, and wanted to come down, what would you do?

Cadet: Put on some more sandbags, professor.

J. D. Maxwell, '08, who until recently has been connected with the Spartanburg Street Rwy. Co., has left to assume the duties of General Manager of an Electric Supply Company in Pennsylvania.



W. F. Odom, '09, was seen on the Campus a few days ago.



It is said that an untruth a day old is a lie; a year old, a falsehood; a century old, a legend.

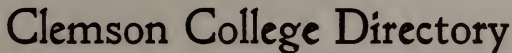


L. A. Tervin, '99, is engineer for a mining company with headquarters in Mexico City, Mexico.



Ed. Hartley, '12, is with the General Electric Co. at Schenectady, N. Y.





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Chronicle

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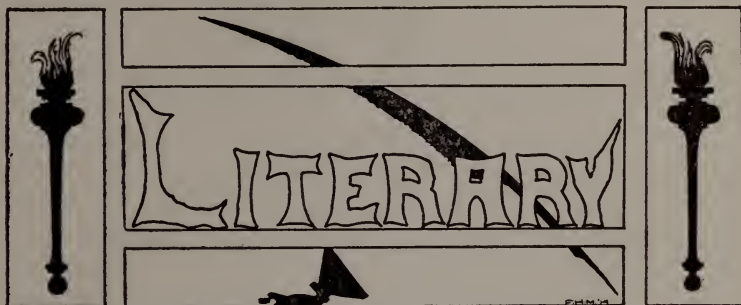
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The Clemson College Chronicle

Valeat Quantum Valere Potest.

Vol. XVI. Clemson College, S C., February, 1913. No. 5.



EDITORS:

J. H. KANGETER, '13.

J. B. DOUTHIT, '14.

W. J. HUNTER, '15.

A Glimpse of Spring.

W. J. HUNTER, '15.

The winter winds go hast'ning by
Moaning their songs of wildest glee;
A cloud doth float athwart the sky
Alone, and with the winds as free.

O, let them pass and passing bring
Some gentle and lovelier scene!
E'en now I hear soft murmurings
Of Spring, e'en see the faintest green.

The carol of the jay is heard
In forest deep and orchard tree;
He with his every warbled word
Foretells the coming Spring with glee.

O, haste thee Spring, why linger by
With Love longing to keep her trust
Mid blowing flow'rs and clear blue sky—
O, haste, sweet welcome time of bliss!

Climbing Pike's Peak

J. L. CARSON, JR.

"Say, but it's some beauty place, isn't it?" Thus I addressed my friend as we both alighted from a Rock Island train at Colorado Springs one day last July. For two days we had been whirled westward over broad level prairies with never a thing to break the monotony except a stray ranch house here and there, a herd of cattle or those shy little prairie dogs. But now we are in a veritable Eden. We walk briskly through a beautiful grove of trees, follow a winding path which leads us through lovely flower gardens and neatly kept lawns, until we come to an immense beautiful structure which we learn is the Antler's Hotel, world famed as a tourist resort. We reach the street in front which is Pike's Peak Avenue, a very appropriate name, for on looking down this broad highway, Pike's Peak looms up in the near distance as a picture in a frame. We slacken our pace into a slow walk. It is afternoon and people are parading the streets, strolling through the parks, or riding about in automobiles or on horseback over the paved streets and driveways. How cool and bracing the air is; so unlike the hot dry winds that sweep the plains further east. And how majestic the big peaks of the Rockies look down on this quiet little resort city. We learn that we are in the midst of a region abounding in various natural wonders of which the springs form a center. Is it any wonder that this is the play fround of America? But how queer the setting. On the eastern edge of the beautiful city begins the broad, barren prairies, stretching away hundreds of miles to the eastward. On the western edge begins the lofty eastern range of the Rockies, whose many peaks tower to dizzy heights, some of them capped in snow. I shall not attempt to describe the beauty and grandeur of Colorado Springs and its many surrounding natural charms, now arrayed in their most attractive summer garb. My com-

panion and I have come to this place for one purpose above all others, and that is to climb Pike's Peak. I can picture it now looming away up in the sky, far, far above us, and can imagine it frowning down upon the little city nestling at its base. I can see its snow covered summit glistening in the sun; and now and then a cloud drifts by, often far below the top. Truly, this bulging white capped mass of earth deserves its title, "Monarch of the range, grim sentinel of the Rockies."

We arise early in the morning of the day appointed for the climb, and find it clear and bracing. We take a car to Manitou which places us at the foot of the trail. The trip up the peak is not complete unless the traveller pauses at this charming spot for awhile. We find Manitou to be a picturesque little summering place, for here are found the most wonderful mineral springs in the world, named after the famous Indian spirit Manitou, whom the Utes believed had the power of curing all ills with his healing waters. We are told that these springs were known by the Indians long before the Roman empire came into existence. Close by is one of nature's masterpieces, the wonderful Garden of the Gods, and not far removed are the Cave of the Winds, Cliff-dwellers canyon and many other places of interest.

But we must be on our way for we can visit these places some other time. Providing ourselves with a heavy sweator, heavy shoes, and a "slicker", each, we set out, following the old Fremont trail. Immediately we start up-grade through big beautiful groves of trees; wend our way among tremendous boulders; cross wild dashing mountain streams, sparkling with water as clear as crystals. It is so much like our own Carolina mountains, and we do not realize that we are on our way up Pike's Peak, and we are not, for we are as yet three or four miles from the actual base. We find ourselves gradually ascending the side of a mountain, the trail on which will eventually

place us at the base of the peak. Below us to our left, a deep, narrow canyon begins to unfold itself, getting deeper as we ascend. Across this canyon is Eagle Mountain, whose sides rise up almost perpendicular from the canyon below. On and on we climb, ever eager to encounter the higher altitudes and corresponding changes above. We are gradually losing ourselves among mountains. They seem to be closing in on all sides. Far down the canyon we hear the violent puffing of a small locomotive, and then a shrill whistle. At first we are startled, but on second thought, we know it to be the "demon" of the cog road bound for the summit with its car of passengers.

After a good long climb we reach the Half-Way-House, which by the way is about a third of the distance up. Nestling on the side of the mountain underneath tall pines and cedars is the snug little log house, maintained by the cog road for the comfort of persons who do not care to risk themselves higher up. A mountain shower halts us here; but it is short lived, and consists mostly of heavy crashes of thunder reverberating among the mountains.

After eating a short lunch, we are again on our way. Much improved by our rest, we hurry onward only to slacken down quicker than we wish, for we begin to realize that we are beginning to penetrate the upper atmosphere where too much exertion sometimes ends fatally. Since leaving the Half-Way-House, we have been following the trail along the cog road. We are much safer along the cog road in case of a snow-storm than we would be along the old trail, where we would probably lose our way. The ascent begins in earnest now. We climb laboriously up one long slope and round a curve only to find the trail more difficult beyond. As a matter of necessity, we find ourselves pausing every three or four hundred yards to rest, and breathing with some difficulty. While pausing at one point, we look back down the trail, and see a lone traveller coming up. On welcoming him,

we find he is a gentleman from Texas who has been trying to overtake us since leaving the Half-Way-House, it being his purpose to make the ascent also. On and slowly onward we climb, barely creeping in some places, and breathing heavily. We pause and look about us. We are almost on the timber line, which is I believe about 11,000 feet above sea level. There remains yet over 3000 feet to go, and we begin to doubt whether or not the rest of the trip can be made. Already we are far above some of the surrounding peaks. Far down below us is a little sheet of water which is a big reservoir that supplies Colorado Springs and Manitou. Long since have we passed Son-of-a-Gun hill, The Devil's Gateway, and Phantom curve, interesting points on the way. The effect of our exertions in the thin atmosphere is keenly felt by all. A feeling of depression about the lungs compels us to halt far more often than we prefer. We dare not smoke now or exert ourselves too severely.

Several times the cog trains have passed us going up or down. The passengers aboard wave to us and shout jestingly to come on and keep pace with them. It's rather unusual, but on Pike's Peak the mere novelty of the situation throws aside all formality and people in the summit house seem closer drawn to each other in more than one way. A stranger finds out you've "footed" it up, wants to know how you feel after the climb, etc. A young lady approaches you without the least hesitation and wants to know if the thin atmosphere affects you while smoking your pipe; doesn't see how you can breathe enough of the thin air while laboriously climbing, etc.

But I am going too far ahead. We are just now passing the timber line. No more trees after this. Not even any common, ordinary dirt; nothing but rocks upon rocks. It looks as if someone had dumped all the rocks of the universe in one immense pile. The air is getting intensely cold. We can hardly afford to rest lest we grow

numb; but then our breath comes in such short gasps, and our limbs are so sore that rest is a matter of necessity. This is without doubt the chief argument against making the trip afoot. Slowly onward we creep; no conversation now. That has been practically dropped long ago. When one feels like resting, he quietly sits down, and the others follow suit without a murmur. If one speaks it seems a queer voice you've never heard before. The cold is becoming almost unbearable. We have now attained a point far above any of the surrounding peaks. We stand and gaze over a veritable sea of mountains, some of them capped in snow. Already, we have passed some drifts on the slopes indicating that we are within the snow line. Down, far down below us is the small dark blotch on the edge of the prairie and nestling at the base of the range that we know to be Colorado Springs. Eighty miles to the north is the city of Denver, queen city of the plains. Over to the southwest in a broad valley itself 10,000 feet above sea level is the famous Cripple Creek gold mining district, richest in the world. And away to the east the vast limitless plains stretch on and on like a great smooth sea until they are lost far out in the hazy eastern horizon. It seems that we have suddenly been transferred from civilization to a great voiceless unknown, so still and quiet is everything. Not a living soul to be seen, and we imagine we are all alone away up on the earth's backbone, as one observer has put it. Great Cæsar's ghost! What's this coming. Facing about we see something that compels us to stand and gaze in helpless wonder and surprise. A whitish grey cloud of immense proportions is silently but rapidly moving toward us. On it comes, and we gaze half in delight, half in anxiety, so silently and ghostlike does it approach us. Now it has enveloped us. A moment before we gazed across unobstructed space to the far ends of the horizon, but now we can see scarcely thirty yards beyond us. We are almost worn out with

climbing. Our thighs and chests are aching, but it is too cold to rest. And now to add to our misery, it begins to sleet, and then to develop gradually into a heavy snow-storm. We surely cannot be far from the crest now. This encourages us somewhat, and we struggle upward through the snow for three or four hundred yards when we simply must rest our tired limbs, and replenish our lungs. To escape the weather and the wind, which is now blowing the snow in a thousand directions, we seek the shelter of a big overhanging boulder where we find it quite dry underneath. It commences to snow frightfully. We simply must gain the top somehow, for we are too near the end of our journey to think of turning back. Presently our old friend the cog train comes puffing through the storm up the side of the mountain pushing its one coach, whose occupants are bundled in blankets and fur coats—this is July, mind you. We wait for about five minutes, and then to our great joy, hear not indistinctly one long shrill whistle. All three smile in spite of ourselves for we understand its meaning. It is the summit blow. Rapidly as we can, we make our last climb and gain the warm interior of the summit house, numb and almost exhausted. Almost the first thing we notice is that two ladies of the last car load have fainted, and are being revived with some kind of restorative. We find the summit house to be a long, low building of solid rock and cement construction, and consists of a modern circular lunch counter, seven or eight rooms comprising the hotel, a souvenir room, a telegraph office, by the way the highest in the world, and a big lounging room. We make for a fire at once, and proceed to thaw out. Then some perfectly delicious steaming consomme and coffee bring us back to normal.

Outside it looks and sounds as if it were brewing a blizzard. The storm beats upon the summit house in all its fury, but the solid old structure is used to such the year

round, and remains as firm as if it were anchored to the top of the peak. After drinking the hot stimulants we had ordered, we sit around the fire, and are quite content to rest our weary bodies. How pleasant it is to again talk to people from the *earth*, for it seems that we have been separated from them quite a while. As a matter of fact, it has been only about seven hours since we started from Manitou. There's nothing at the top, excepting the summit house, but the bare rocks and now that we had begun to see far down the mountain, but on the crest, one has the delightful satisfaction of seeing the mountain decline on all sides. Despite our small hardships, we all agree that it's well worth the time and trouble to "go up on America's roof, and see how the world is made."



Ich Liebe Dich.

H. L. P., 14.

As one stood on the large, smooth rock that projected far out and high up on the slope of The-Most-Southern-Twin there was a strange sight to greet ones eyes, especially at sunset. Towering over the nearer mountains one could see old Love-You point many miles away. Love-You point was a cliff that formed the top of the highest mountain in those parts. It had three faces, or smooth surfaces, as you will, all facing in the same general direction—arranged in columnar order—but whose planes intersected each other.

Through a peculiar arrangement of a gap in the mountains far away from The-Most-Southern-Twin the sun was allowed to shine on Love-You point long after twilight had fallen on the tops of all the surrounding mountains.

The uppermost face of Love-You was a very white flinty rock. The second or middle cliff was a flint of darker color while the lower face was a dull red with a glistening surface.

Every clear evening when the sun had gone down behind the mountains and twilight had fallen on the top of The-Most-Southern-Twin the light of the sun would be reflected with a dull red glow from the lower face of Love-You toward the rock high upon The-Most-Southern-Twin. As the sun sank the light would die off on the lower face and would be reflected by the middle face. Here it would remain an instant and then, sometimes, with almost the suddenness of a flash it would rise to the upper cliff sending forth a brighter and whiter light.

Many a strange man of the world had silently reached up and taken off his hat to Nature as he beheld this beautiful sight with its strange play of colors and peculiar message—"I love you."

* * * * *

Up the long slope of The-Most-Southern-Twin rode a

stranger, dressed in a neat suit of brown, with leggings to match. His frame was large and his shoulders square. He had reached the coveted six-feet-two of manhood. An old slouch hat shaded his face, a face that was lined and scarred with many battles—yet it was pleasing to the eye. His eyes were kind and firm. The set of his mouth and jaws showed that he was a man to give commands. Truly he was a master among men.

As he rode on up the mountain his features relaxed and a kindly expression came over his face. He had reached the hallowed spot that in his boyhood days he called home. Before him was an old log cabin, now rotten and falling down. Over behind the cabin was the stump of an old hickory tree whose leaves now lay like a blanket over the grave of his father and mother. Right here in the front yard was the very spot that his father, a rough mountaineer, had been shot down by Pansy's father. "Pansy?" The thought of her came again for the thousand and first time that day. Pansy, the girl he had loved in his youth. The girl he had almost sworn to marry in spite of her father. Dan Wayford and all his bunch. He remembered telling Pansy good-bye. The tears came into her eyes at that parting. They came into his eyes now as thought of it, and what he had left behind. For he had left love behind and search as he might for it in the outer world it would not come into the fighter's soul, and without it he was doomed to fight on until the end. He had gone his way and she had gone—where? His way had been rough. He had given the world the knife and the knife to the hilt. The world had yielded to him money, power, knowledge, and manhood.

"But where had Pansy gone?" "What was her lot?" "Had she ever married?" These he asked himself as he started up the mountain towards Pansy's old home. But, alas! "Himself" could not answer.

Pansy also had had her fights and she had been one of

the fittest in the struggle for existence. Her deep blue eyes had not lost their clearness. Her rosy lips had not lost any of their ruby red. Her trim little figure had not lost its exquisite mold, but was a woman's figure now. Her pretty little white hands had not lost their beauty through the years of work she had gone through. But this Tadingford Wilmers did not know as he rode up the mountain.

He soon came to Pansy's old home. It, too, was a log cabin, now deserted but not in the advanced stage of decay that his own home was. Dismounting and fastening his horse to a tree he went and sat down on the front steps where, perhaps, Pansy had often sat. This place did not awaken any tender emotions, as did the one further back, except for Pansy's sake. He had never been there but twice on account of Pansy's father who had threatened his life more than once. And to keep from killing her father, Tad had gone away. He did not notice the fresh horse tracks in the front yard and he had not observed those same horse tracks in the yard of the cabin he had passed farther back.

Going back to his horse he mounted and rode away lost in thought.

Suddenly his horse came to a stop and he awoke with a start. Where was he? By the road ahead of him another horse was tied, and, Shades of Froebel, it bore a ladies saddle! Dismounting he tied his horse to a sapling and walked on down the road his knees shaking and his great frame trembling, the reason for which he knew not. Coming around a sharp curve a large rounded rock loomed up before him. Settled high on the top of it was a figure—the figure of a woman in a riding habit. He clambered up the rock towards it. The woman did not turn as he approached, but sat looking off into space lost in dreams.

"Madam, you are in a lonely place to be by yourself."

She jumped up at the first word and faced him. A thousand wild thoughts raced through his brain and he took in a thousand things about her at a glance—she had deep blue eyes—her skin looked soft like velvet—her hands were very pretty.

"Tad was with me until you came," she said. At the name he started and turned pale. He peered into her face with the light of an unbeliever in his eyes.

"Are you Pansy?" he said. She jumped as he spoke these words and her face went white, then red.

He held out his arms. She came slowly toward him, and into them. As they folded about her those rosy red lips that he had once told her playfully, he would kiss some day yielded to his in sweet surrender.

* * * * *

Twilight had fallen. As she stood leaning against Tad with her head on his shoulder, and his wet temple pressing against the soft hair of her forehead his fighting soul found peace, and it was sweet peace.

"I love you Pansy," he said.

"I love you Tad."

A dull red glow flashed from far away. They turned to look as a message was flashed forth—"I Love You" it said—"I Love You," and again with purer ray "I Love You."

Man After Loosing.

C. J. KING, '13.

Discharged!

Harold Manning could hardly believe such a thing possible as he forced his way through the crowds that thronged Fifth Avenue one afternoon of a day in June. It had all happened so suddenly and unexpectedly. A few minutes before he had been called to the desk of his employer and was told that his services were no longer needed. For three years he had been private secretary to Colonel Hopkins, the well known President of the N. Y. and Northern railroad Company, better known to the railroad men as "Old Hop." Manning's services had evidently given complete satisfaction until of late; and now occurred to him the key to the whole matter. He had noticed that it had only been since he had become so attentive to Kathrine, Old Hop's only daughter, that his work was found unsatisfactory; but he had never dreamed that it would result in his discharge. Kathrine had never opposed his attentions, from the first, and he had now become one of her most favored admirers.

So this was why Manning was in such an ill frame of mind as he breasted the tide of people on their way to the baseball park. The shouts of the newsboys flaunting their sporting extras; the hurrrying crowds, or the clanging traffic attracted little of his attention on this evening. He was thinking what the future had in store for him; and he saw but little that was pleasant in the prospect. He thought of the weeks of vain searching for employment; the terse answers of the cold, heartless business men, which were always the same; and then he thought of the small funds which he possessed, and wondered how long he would be able to live decently.

Suddenly, he stopped, as the sign of a saloon attracted his attention. He had not touched a drop for years.

"I wonder if she cares what becomes of me," he muttered, "but what does it matter, now, anyway." He hesitated again and then pushed his way into the saloon.

When Manning reached his rooms after several hours of drunken debauchery, he found that several letters had been left by the postman. One in a well-known hand writing. He opened it first. His mind had somewhat cleared and he read:

Dear Harold:

If you really care for me you will not give me up. I hope you will prove the man I thought you to be.

"Kitty."

"And to think she does care" he said, "and knows already what a wretch I have been." It took only a moment for Manning to make a resolution, and the next morning when the Western Limited pulled away from the terminal he was one of her passengers.

* * * * *

About noon on a summer's day, a year later, a rider could be seen crossing a piece of desert waste in Northern Arizona. Although dressed in the garb of a cowboy, with leathern chaps, blue shirt, and wide sombrero, one might recognize this rider as the Harold Manning who one year before had applied at the Bar "Z" ranch for work. The several months of out door riding and roping steers had had their effect on the "tenderfoot," for he was now hardened into a tough, muscular man with countenance bronzed by constant exposure to the sun. It had not taken long for Manning to show the ranchmen what stuff he was made of, for from the second day after his arrival, when he thrashed two drunken cowboys who tried to make him dance, he had grown in popularity, and in eight months he was foreman of the ranch.

To-day he had been riding all day in search of a new water supply for the famished herd of three thousand Herefords. At last successful, he was now returning to

direct the cowboys to the water. Soon he caught sight of the herd approaching about two miles to the south. He halted his tired mustang, threw one leg across the saddle, and sat calmly scanning the surrounding country while awaiting the approaching herd.

Far to the east and south lay a vast stretch of desert, covered only by a scant growth of sage brush and mesquet, and whose only living inhabitants are a few rattlesnakes. To the north stretched a rolling prairie, once green with grass, but now scorching from the drought and the hot sun. Dividing the two stretches, lay the bed of an old stream, on whose southern side rose a steep bluff. The trail led along the top of this bluff and then crossed into the prairie lands below.

As Manning sat gazing across the desert, he saw a cloud of dust rise and trail after what appeared to be an automobile. As it came nearer, following the trail, he discerned that it was a small gray runabout, and that the driver was a girl. Then he remembered having heard that the daughter of a rich easterner was spending the summer with her uncle on the neighboring ranch.

"So this is the girl," he muttered. Gee, but I wish a tire would puncture." Suddenly he noticed a commotion among the approaching van of cattle. The leading steers, already wild with thirst, had caught sight of the dry stream bed and had started a stampede. In spite of the efforts of the cowboys to check it, the herd came on at a wild pace, a van of flying hoofs and tossing horns.

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed, "what if they go over the bluff." Just then he noticed something else which increased his horror. The girl, instead of entering the road into the valley below, as he had expected, had followed the trail and stopped her car on the bluff so as to get a view of the country, and was now right in front of the charging cattle. She saw her danger even before he yelled to her and began cranking the engine. As Manning

had hoped, the snorting engine served to check the rush, and the leading cattle veered to both sides of the car, then catching sight of the bluff, stopped in their tracks. But the rush of the maddened animals in the rear pushed them forward and many were forced over the bluff to fall with a hollow "thump" into the valley below. The rush at last being checked, the cattle gathered into a circular mass and began the process of "milling," well known to cattle men. Manning noticed that the little gray runabout was the center of this "mill" and about it the cattle were pressing, all moving in a circle and all with horns toward the center. He realized the great danger of the girl, who sat pale and helpless in the center of that sea of tossing horns, unable to budge the little car. He knew what the result of a little commotion in that mass would mean. He knew that it would take a long time to break up the mill, and that before that time the girl would be crushed to death by the stampeding cattle. In a moment, his revolver was out and, riding into the pressing mass of wild animals, he began firing into them with deadly effect slowly cutting a path for himself, riding over the dead animals. The cowboys from the outskirts of the "mill" watched him in awe as he thus cut his way into what appeared certain death. Just as he neared the girl the rush of the cattle turned the little car over. A moment more and the girl would have been crushed beneath a thousand hoofs. But Manning at this timely moment reached her. With one hand he reached from the saddle and pulled the fainting form of the girl before him. Then with the use of his free arm he again began to deal the leaden death messengers into the milling beasts until his path was cut to safety.

When the girl recovered from her faint, Manning was sprinkling water into her face.

"Oh, is it you Harold?" she cried. "I knew someone would save me, and to think that it was you." In a moment she was folded in his arms.

The next day Manning received the following telegram from New York:

Have appointed you manager of Erie Division. Guess that will keep your hands full with the management of that girl of mine. Come at once.

Hopkins.

Wherein Death is The Loser.

D. L. C., '13.

Just how it had all happened Carl Eagerton perhaps would never know. When he regained his *compos mentis* after a night of agonizing restlessness, he found himself bandaged from head to foot, his head, the only part of his body that he could move. It took but a casual glance at the snow white ceiling above and the immaculate linen about him to make Carl realize that he was occupying a room—much against his will—in Atlanta's newest hospital. Just once before had he visited this place, that time with a friend who had suffered a broken leg, and he remembered quite vividly the impression he had gained of the sick room filled with its nauseous medicinal odors.

What train of circumstances had caused him to land here—in the place that he had always so abhorred—he dared not think of. His head, now racked with pain, could not stand the throes of painful thoughts. In spite of his efforts he was not able to keep them out, and through his troubled brain they raced leaving each time, it seemed, a furrowed trace.

He remembered faintly how he had left his wife and in his runabout had made a dash for the doctor's house. But he must not think of it. The nurse had warned him. Yet what had become of Ogreda during this time? Had she survived the ordeal? Who had brought him here and how long had he been in the hospital? So wrought up had he become that he was just ready to go into nervous

prostration when his nurse entered. It was his duty to ask about his wife, but he could not. What would the answer be? His shattered limbs he forgot in his mental anguish.

"Nurse, when the doctor comes send him to me." Carl hoped that from him he might gradually learn the truth. If she still lived, he would make a fight for life. If she had died, he would follow her.

"He saw you twice yesterday but I hardly suppose you saw him."

"No, but I have seen countless other things. First, myriads of stars, then imps and devils. Even angels have ventured across my pathway."

With the nurse's departure, Carl began to meditate again. The vow that he had taken scarce a year before as he stood at the altar with his bride loomed up before him. He had promised to protect her and to cherish her always. A big help he was to her now—he could not help himself. But yesterday he could have lifted three men—to-day he could not lift himself. He cried aloud as he realized his utter helplessness. Those were awful minutes that he spent, until his tired brain found solace in fitful slumber. He dreamed. It seemed that Ogreda was in heaven; he, in hell. She looked down upon him seemingly saying, "You promised to protect me but you left me to die in agony." In his struggles to reach her, he awoke. Before him stood the doctor.

"Carl, boy, what have you been thinking of? When I came in the expression on your face resembled one that might have played on the countenance of a criminal about to be executed. Look, cold drops of perspiration stand on your forehead. Why do you allow yourself to become so worried when you have been warned that your life hangs on a thread?"

"Yes, but how about"—but he refrained from finishing the question. He shuddered when he thought of what the answer might be. He must forget about it for the time

being at least. Perhaps, if he could engage the doctor in conversation, the truth might escape. At any rate one thing he must learn something of, and that was the accident. "Some smash up, eh, doctor? Tell me about it."

"But let me give the introduction to the tragedy, then you can finish it. I left home at eight o'clock Thursday night, I remember the hour so well because I stopped to count the strokes as I passed out. Ogreda was suffering excruciating pains and I feared each minute she would die. I had never seen her sick before and I did not know what to do. Her mother had just left and no one was with us but the old mammy and she was too old to get around well. The excitement of it all caused me to become reckless and down Peachtree Road in the machine I dashed like a mad man—a neck to neck race with death. Who was to win? I knew not then nor do I now. What became of me afterwards I cannot say, but it seems if I remember rightly, that when I was within ten yards of your house, the machine struck something. All the rest is a blank. Can you tell me what happened after that?"

"I can tell you but you must promise me that you will not become excited. Remember that a minute's thoughtlessness may mar a life."

"I'll agree to anything you propose," answered Carl, hoping, in listening to the doctor, to draw out the terrible thoughts that filled his brain.

"At five minutes after eight o'clock, I was sitting in my office reading the last issue of the Medical Journal."

"At five minutes after eight you say, and I left home at eight. I must have been running some. Six miles in five minutes. But go ahead with the story."

"As I was reading it seemed that I heard a collision outside followed by an explosion. I ran to the door and through the darkness descried an automobile, practically demolished, slowly running down the street. When I reached the side walk the machine had come to a stop and

across the steering wheel lay a man. The lights on the machine had been extinguished. So rapidly had darkness descended, that I found it impossible either to ascertain the extent of the wreck or to identify the man, without a light. When I returned from the office with a lantern, I found that you were the man and that your legs had been pinned under you. One arm had been badly crushed, the other held the steering rod."

"That accounts for the machine keeping on the road-way so well, eh? A dead man for the chauffeur. Go ahead. Six miles five minutes."

"I saw that you were badly injured and began at once to extricate your body from the machine. When I had succeeded in doing so, you fell into my arms muttering, as you passed into unconsciousness, 'Go to Ogreda.' I thought to myself that your wife couldn't need anything much worse than you needed me, so calling an ambulance I sent you here. I sent Dr. Palmer to your wife's bedside, and I followed the ambulance."

At each mention of Ogreda's name, a cold shiver ran through Philip's frame but he didn't have the courage to ask about her. From outward appearances he was calm, but internally he was suffering death.

"Well, boy, I thought you a goner. For five hours I worked with you while Doctor Everett stood constantly at your side watching your pulse. For a while it seemed that all was in vain. I had worked with you as never I had worked with a man before. Until after eleven o'clock I pumped oxygen into your lungs until it seemed that my arms would surely drop off and in spite of it all, your pulse became so weak at one time that I thought sure the undertaker would have a job. But I worked until finally it seemed that success was to crown my efforts. After a raging spell, during which time you were coming from under the effects of the anesthetic, you fell into a peaceful sleep.

"At three o'clock I left you, but even then I wouldn't have given ten cents for your chances. I knew it was only one system out of a hundred that could survive the shock your nervous system had received; and now it seems that you are to be that one. Just to think that a broken collar bone, a shattered arm, a three inch gash in your side, and a badly crushed leg were the injuries you suffered, yet you lived. Do you know what saved you?"

"No, unless it was you, dear doctor."

"Not I, nothing but the goodness of your Master kept you from the grave. He must have had compassion on Mrs. Eagerton."

"Oh, doctor, that is what I have wanted you to say all this long time. How is she?" and the long pent up tears burst forth as he asked, "I have been dying to ask you, but I was mortally afraid to. I was so afraid that she hadn't lived through it all that I had made up my mind to commit suicide right here, if she had gone to her death because of my recklessness."

"Carl, if I had only known what she was suffering back yonder at your home I would have worked ten times harder, if such could have been possible. But you needn't worry. If you don't hurry and get well, she'll be up to see you and she'll bring the boy too. Gee! he is a great kid. Weighs eight pounds, and is just like his father."

Carl, overcome with joy, turned his face to the wall to conceal an escaping tear. The doctor, tiptoeing, left the proud father alone while the clock in the city hall struck eight.

Dismissing a Mob.

D. F. FOLGER.

The whole tribe of Powells, in the mountains of South Carolina, was raging and alive with indignation. Its leader, Luke Powell, had been captured in his still by the Revenues and taken to jail at Pickens, the county seat.

On the night after Luke's capture, about thirty men gathered at the home of Jake Pruitt, to form a plan to get their leader from the hands of the law, gently if possible, if not violently. Pruitt was chosen as leader. After discussing the matter, they decided to muster as many men as possible the next morning, go to Pickens and get Luke. Messengers were sent to every house not represented in the meeting to notify the men of their plan.

The next morning, at day break the crowds began to gather at the crossroads. Old men, young men, large and small came, armed with every kind of gun from a musket to a repeating Winchester, and some wore long six shooters from their belts. They poured in from all sides, until fully one hundred formed into a rough company and set out on the fifteen mile march to the county seat.

The hardy mountaineers marched over the dusty road fording streams as they came to them and never thinking of rest. At ten o'clock they were within a mile of Pickens and Pruitt called a halt in a small patch of woods. Here they decided that the band should wait until Pruitt could go to the jail and try to bluff the Sheriff into letting Luke out of jail.

Pruitt went straight to the sheriff's office and was admitted to the presence of a little fat man with black eyes that took in every detail of the big mountaineer as he entered.

"Well sir, what is your business?" he asked.

Pruitt did not know how to begin, so he asked, "Is Luke Powell in jail here?"

"He is."

"Well I've come to get him and"—

"All right," said the sheriff reaching for some papers on the desk, "his bond is \$1000. Can you put up the amount?"

"No I can't, but I'm gonna have him just the same, I've got a hundred armed men just out side o' town and if you don't give Luke over to me now I'll git 'em and then you will have to," snarled Pruitt.

The little black eyes of the sheriff flashed, his face was red and drawn with anger. "Jake Pruitt, neither you nor all of your men will get Luke Powell out of this jail so long as I live by such means as you put up."

Pruitt flinched under the look and looked about himself uneasily. He turned, and, as he left the room, he managed to say, "All right, you'll see." He was both disappointed and discouraged by the interview. However, by the time he reached his comrades he had gained self control and the sight of so many friends gave him courage. He simply lied to them telling them that the sheriff would not believe he had any men with him but he would show the little devil.

The mob stepped into the dusty road once more and marched into the town. The sheriff from his window saw them coming down the road not a hundred yards away. He walked quietly out to the road and with a stick he drew a line across it and took his position behind the line.

The sheriff waited until the mob was within ten feet of the line. Quickly he levelled a long Colts at the eyes of the leader, "Cross that line and you die, Jake Pruitt," he calmly stated.

Such a mob could have walked over the line and sheriff as easily as football squad over a baby but they waited for Pruitt and he waited for the Sheriff who then said, "Men I know what you came here for but you will be disappointed. Luke Powell is in jail and he will stay

there until he is tried unless you can produce \$1,000 for his release."

A murmur swept through the crowd and all was still. Pruitt felt that this was his last chance, then swelling out his chest he said with as much concern as possible, "No, sheriff, we've come here for Luke and we're goin' to have him, so you'd better step aside and give us the key." As he finished he moved his hand toward his gun but the little sheriff flashed out, "The first man that moves his gun or crosses that line will die." Pruitt's hand dropped to his side. Every man knew he meant what he said and not one wished to take the first dose of lead.

The sheriff saw that there was no further danger and he continued, "Men, I'm here in the name of the law, I do not wish to hurt any of you but if you don't return to your homes and let the law handle Luke Powell, I will be compelled to kill several of you. Pruitt if you take your men back to the mountains like a decent citizen you will live; resist and you die."

Without a word Pruitt turned and walked down the road, and the rest followed. The sheriff watched them turn the curve but never heard a word. They marched for several miles as solemn as a funeral procession. Finally one bold one said weakly, "Well I guess he's right." That broke the silence and they began to ease themselves with argument but one hundred men went to bed that night without talking to their wives and mothers and it was some time before the inquisitive sex found out the reason.

A Beautiful Place.

H. D. BARKER, '15.

In the upper part of Oconee County, there are many secluded places among the mountains and little valleys. To the student of Nature, such places as these are quite rich in mountain scenery. It is in the very heart of one of the most distant and rugged of these places, that a beautiful little waterfall thunders over an awe-inspiring precipice, vainly displaying her ornaments and picturesque beauty. But much of this beauty is wasted on man, for it is very difficult to reach these falls. To use the poet's expression:

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear.
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

Just so it is with these falls. But my old schoolmate, who was paying me a visit, and who was very fond of wild scenery, persuaded me to accompany him, and undergo the toil of reaching this remote but beautiful place.

It was a bright and balmy morning in May, as a May morning ought to be according to the poets, that we set out for the falls. We were in high spirits at the start, but after struggling through underbrush, climbing mountains, and descending ravines, we began to mutter, "Why could not nature have placed such falls in an open country?" But remembering that the reddest apple is always on the topmost twig, we toiled on. Carefully descending a deep gorge, and turning upward along its course, we suddenly came face to face with the falls, whose simple beauty was a pleasant greeting to us after so much ruggedness and plainness.

The primitive little valley is a little widened near the foot of the falls. Nevertheless, on the eastern side, bold massive rocks project far out over the valley, casting a

weird shadow over it, thereby adding a quaint charm to the spell of the place. But do not imagine it is a gloomy place; for, upon emerging from this shadow, everything seems to be the brighter. Everything seems intended to inspire bright and happy feelings, for everything is delicate and beautiful. The very sunshine falls tenderly through the narrow chasm above, gleaming along the jagged cliff and sparkling in the fine sprays, as if tinted and directed by fairy hands.

Perching ourselves comfortably on a big bench-like rock whose sole purpose seemed to be that of forming an easy seat for the tired traveler, we allowed our eyes to drink in the details of the picturesque little falls, tumbling wildly from the precipice overhead. The water falls sheer a hundred feet at least. From a hundred different places, fine sprays of water would leap frantically out and playfully try to cross each others course, or do some other strange freak, as if the fairies were directing their course, trying to show off some of the beauties of Dame Nature. Then being gradually overcome by the irresistible force of gravity, they would fall angrily into the torrent, break up into snowy foam, and rush madly down the narrow valley.

But perhaps you would rather see them for yourself. Therefore, I would advise you to see them by all means, if you ever happen to visit this remote region. I do not think there is a more exquisite scene to be found in this part of the South. It is such a fine example of nature's way of adorning and beautifying this dreary old world. Its grandeur is so striking; its details so perfect, that you cannot make yourself believe that such a place was formed purely by some accident of nature.

An Inspiration.

F. CLINTON LEGETTE.

It was an ideal day; one of those mild, balmy, sunny days which wields a dreamy and enchanting influence over both mind and body. It was in the springtime when old nature was awakening from her winter's sleep and bursting forth with all the pent up vigor of a long and happy rest.

Down in one of those many pleasant, but sequestered country sides which are to be found only in the lower country of South Carolina, a pleasant faced, though bashful, boy of about fourteen years of age sat upon the river's bank waiting for one of those shy, but much prized, inhabitants of the water, the big blue bream, to bite.

Near the river, at that point, a road ran, leading to the county seat twelve or fifteen miles away; and an open sward, covered with fresh green grass, stretched from the road to the river, making an ideal ground for picnickers. From up the river came a mild spring breeze, made fragrant by the delicate perfume of honeysuckle and jessamine.

The boy, after adjusting his bait and setting his cane, leaned back in happy contentment to wait for the shy bream or redbreast, sporting beneath the rippling surface, to take his bait. All around him every living thing seemed full to overflowing with joy. In the tall green trees where the jessamine vine had climbed and covered their dull rough limbs with millions of sweet yellow blooms, the industrious little bee kept a constant buzz, which acted as an accompaniment to the gay chirping of the birds, and to the boisterous chattering of the squirrels, as they peeped from behind the trees at the curious visitor on the bank or dodged at their own shadows in the water below.

It is no wonder then that the boy forgot that he was fishing and allowed his mind to wander into the realm of

dreamland; and to indulge in the pleasant, but non-lucrative, occupation of building castles in the air. In his imagination, he was to have all that money could buy, he would be a great man, respected and looked up to by all of the people around, and joy and contentment would be his for the rest of his life. For there is no limit to the flight of the imagination of a boy of fourteen on such a spring day as that.

Suddenly his cork went under. He grabbed his cane; and, in a few moments, had landed a fine blue bream on the grass. He looked up to see a pair of dark brown eyes delightedly observing his movement. He dropped his cane and rather awkwardly pulled off his cap.

"Oh wasn't that fine," said the owner of the brown eyes delightedly. "He's just as pretty as can be. I do wish I could catch a fish like that."

In a moment the boy had forgotten his embarrassment, and was offering his cane for her to fish with.

"I'll have to ask mama," said she, "we stopped just to eat dinner, and I may not have time."

In a few moments, she returned, bringing with her a box containing cake, sandwiches, and fruit.

"Mama says for you to eat lunch with me, and I can fish with you," said she smiling and sitting down by him as a matter of course. "Now I'll hold the cane, and you can fix the lunch."

The boy immediately handed her the cane, but when it came to fixing the lunch, his embarrassment returned.

"Spread the napkin on the grass and put everything out on it. I don't care if it gets tumbled up. Mama always fusses if things get mussed, but I'm not particular," said the girl, with quite a grown up air of indifference.

"Oh the cork's gone under, something must have it," excitedly, the next minute.

"Pull!" said the boy, "not too hard." In the excitement of the moment his arm went around the little girl's

waist in order to help her hold the cane. The next moment they had landed a big redbreast on the ground.

"Mine's the prettiest! Mine's the prettiest!" cried the girl dancing on the grass. "He's covered with gold; I thought I could catch one."

The boy was glad that she was too excited to realize where his arm had strayed, and he industriously applied himself to fixing the hook. They then ate the lunch, going over every detail of the catching of the fish together. The girl's mother called her, and she was gone.

It had all occurred so suddenly that the boy could hardly realize that it was true. He wondered if he had not only continued dreaming. He looked down at his bare feet and at his overalls, and a sense of embarrassment came over him.

How nice she had looked in her nice white dress and slippers. Her jet black hair falling in curls around her face, and her dark brown eyes sparkling with life and merriment from beneath, all seemed too beautiful to be true to the little country boy as he sat and surveyed himself.

"By George! That's the kind of girl I want and that's the kind of girl I'll have," said he, rising and picking up his cane.

That evening when he returned home, he told his mother that he intended to go to college.

He was the only son of one of the farmers of the neighborhood. His father having died recently, he and his mother lived alone. His mother was a descendant of an old and proud Huguenot family, and it had greatly distressed her the utter indifference her son had heretofore manifested toward his studies. He was naturally bright, and easily led his class, not because he cared to, but because it was easier than staying in after school when he could be playing ball or hunting and fishing.

When school opened again, to his mother's and also to

his teacher's surprise, the boy began to apply himself diligently; and by the end of the term, according to his teacher, he was ready to enter college. The next summer he stood the competitive examination for a scholarship, and won it. So his mother mortgaged her home to get the necessary money to fit him for college.

Four years went by. During that time this boy had worked, and a big share of the honors of his class had been bestowed on him.

Commencement at last arrived, and the diplomas were being awarded. Not far down the aisle, a happy and proud little woman was smilingly looking on. As the boy went forward to receive his diploma, he smiled at her where she sat, and then his eyes wandered on across the audience until they rested on a brown eyed girl of about seventeen, sitting a little farther back in the audience. In a moment, his mind traveled back to the time when a bare-foot boy sat on the bank of a river, and gave a dark haired, brown eyed girl her first lesson in fishing.

After the exercises were over, he went down and sought an introduction; and then—

* * * * *

It was a delightful mild sunny evening. The air was warm and sweetly laden with the scent of golden rod. A young man and a dark haired girl sat on a rustic bench in front of an old colonial home, watching the glorious splendor of an autumnal sunset fade away. The man leaned back with a reminiscent look upon his face and said:

"Once upon a time, there was a little country boy fishing by the roadside. And just as he had caught his first fish, a little brown eyed girl mysteriously appeared before him and begged to be allowed to fish too. She was a beautiful little girl, with long glossy black hair, and big dark brown eyes, and she wore a soft white dress and pretty white slippers. He gladly consented, and she sat

down beside him; and they fished and ate lunch together. Then she left him. But the memory of that little girl has ever stayed with the boy, and the crowning achievement of his life would be to be loved by her as she is loved by him."

Over the face of the dark eyed girl stole a crimson tinge of color, more delicate than the evening sunset, but none the less beautiful; and turning her dreamy brown eyes towards the evening shadows, she said:

"Somehow, I know not why, since the time of long ago when they fished on the bank of a distant river, the heart of the little girl in white has ever belonged to that young disciple of Walton."



Down With Despondency.

W. J. HUNTER, '15,

When clouds of gloom and dark despair,
In form of lurid circumstance,
Spread 'round with all their weight of care
And chill the languid soul perchance,
We heave a sigh, then all is still;
For thought has marked his sovereign sway
And holds us strongly as his will —
We cannot leave, we cannot stay!

Ah, view we must those wearied scenes
The hopeless soul at will portrays;
Distant trifles assume the mien
Of present terror; like a haze
They envelope all. We but see
The worst of things in all we meet;
Life seems a very mockery—
There's nothing dear, there's nothing sweet.

We are forgotten; all our friends
Have changed and seem to bear a scorn,
Love's like the willow tree that bends,
And every rose the prickly thorn.
Malice, hate, and dubious fear
Doth make at best a wretch of us;
We look for only pain and care
And find that which we but distrust.

Despondency, away with thee!
Thou art a wretched knave, indeed,
Trampling on weak humanity,
And making lovely flowers as weeds.
Away! That men may learn to know
The side of life which sees the sun.
Away! That heart and soul may grow,
Then realize a victory won.

The Clemson College Chronicle

FOUNDED BY CLASS OF 1898.

Published Monthly by the Calhoun, Columbian, and Palmetto
Literary Societies of Clemson Agricultural College.

W. G. McLEOD, '13 (Palmetto)	<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>
S. W. RABB, '13 (Calhoun)	<i>Business Manager</i>
J. C. BARKSDALE, '14 (Calhoun)	<i>Assistant Business Manager</i>
A. C. TURBEVILLE, '13 (Palmetto)	<i>Circulation Manager</i>
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W. J. HUNTER, '15 (Palmetto)	<i>Liberty Department</i>
R. W. FANT, '13 (Calhoun)	<i>Exchange Department</i>
F. H. McDONALD, '14 (Calhoun)	<i>Exchange Department</i>
D. L. CANNON, '13 (Columbian)	<i>Y. M. C. A. Department</i>
H. A. HAGOOD, '13 (Columbian)	<i>Alumni Department</i>

Contributions solicited from the Faculty, Alumni and Students of the Institute

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

All business communications should be addressed to the Business Manager.

Subscription price, \$1.00 in advance Our Advertising Rates are as follows:

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



EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: W. G. McLEOD, '13.

The faculty have decided to publish at the end of each term a list of the students in college who have no failures on class work, no work behind, and not more than ten demerits. This list is to be read to the student body, and

published in "The Tiger." The parents of the students whose names appear on the list will receive special notice from the faculty. We believe that the publication of this list of those students distinguished for good work and good conduct, will do much toward stimulating earnest class work, and a desire for a better record in conduct among the members of the corps of cadets. We have long felt the need of some form of honor roll or distinguished list, because the peculiar conditions, which prevail at a larger military college, prevent the students from receiving very much encouragement even if their instructors think that they deserve it. We, as students, owe it to our parents and to South Carolina to put forth our greatest efforts to become well educated men, and men of good character; so let us strive to reach the degree of efficiency which will entitle us to a place among the men whose names appear on the list.

* * * * * * *

Baseball and track practice is well under way *Athletics.* upon the athletic field. A large number of new men are trying to qualify for a place on the diamond or the cinder path. The outlook for Clemson is very bright in both of the above branches of athletics, and the loyal support of a large band of rooters, there is no reason why the Tiger should not capture both State baseball championship and the S. I. A. A. track championship.

An innovation in athletics at Clemson has been the organization in the last few weeks of a trained gymnasium team. Dr. Calhoun and Prof. Gardner deserve the credit for the organization of the team, and several trips and exhibitions are expected for it during the season.

* * * * * * *

The Class of '87 of the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Troy, N. Y., has presented it with a new gymnasium

at a cost of \$150.00. The gymnasium has been built and is now in use. It contains a swimming pool 30 feet by 75 feet in size, bowling alleys, rooms for inside baseball, basketball, handball, boxing, wrestling, a squash court and the main gymnasium for general athletic exercise. The building is equipped throughout with the most approved modern apparatus. It is built of Harvard brick with limestone trimmings and is fire proof throughout.





EDITOR: D. L. CANNON, '13.

OFFICERS '13-'14.

President—John C. Barksdale.

Vice-President—Audley H. Ward.

Secretary—P. L. McCall.

Treasurer—Arnold R. Boyd.

On Sunday night, February 8th, was held the annual election of officers at which time the above named men were unanimously chosen by the members of the Association.

At this meeting reports were received from the chairmen of the various committees giving in brief what had been done during the past year. These reports, in a summarized form, will appear in a later issue of the Chronicle. The following chairmen submitted reports:

C. P. Youmans—Athletics.

I. H. McDonald—Social.

W. W. Herbert—Conferences.

C. S. Patrick—Missions.

H. A. Hagood—Advertising.

T. F. Davis—Membership.

J. C. Barksdale—Prayer meetings.

ORGANIZATION OF MISSION CLASSES.

Classes for the study of the "Revolution in China" and "South American Problems," have been organized under the Department of Missions of the Association. Forty young men will engage in these studies.

* * * * *

STUDENT VOLUNTEER CONVENTION.

There will convene in the city of Spartanburg, February 28 and March 1st, 2nd, the South Carolina Student Volunteer Convention to which several of our men will go as delegates.

* * * * *

Y. M. C. A. BUDGET FOR 1912-13.

RECEIPTS

Balance from 1911-12	\$ 150.00
Membership Fees	500.00
Alumni Contribution	100.00
Faculty Contribution	150.00
Handbook Advertising	50.00
Sale of Books	25.00
Permanent Conference Fund	25.00
Trustees' Appropriation	500.00
Parents' Contribution	45.00
Coburn Players	100.00
Y. M. C. A. Store	500.00
Ludden & Bates—Donation	50.00
Total	\$2145.00—2145.00

EXPENDITURES

Handbook	87.50
Bible Study Books	50.00
Bible Study Committee	25.00

Conference Expenses	65.00
Athletic Committee	25.00
Mission Study Committee	35.00
Incidentals—Printing, Stationery, etc.	100.00
Religious Meetings Committee	65.00
Secretary's Salary	1000.00
Interstate Committee	50.00
International Committee	35.00
Repairs in Y. M. C. A. Office	20.00
Treasurer's Salary	15.00
Social Committee	170.00
Piano	297.00
<hr/>	
Total	\$2039.50—2039.50
<hr/>	
Balance at end of Session	155.50





EDITORS:

F. H. McDONALD, '14.

R. W. FANT, '13.

In common with our exchanges, we lament the falling off in number and regularity of what we had considered our regular exchanges. Those that have arrived are, in the main, good; but we regret exceedingly that even some of our old "standby's" have failed to appear.

One of the best magazines received this month is *The Wesleyan*. This Georgia product is high in standard, and neat and attractive in get-up. Though its short sketches predominate, they are good, and are not too many to destroy the well balanced arrangement of contents. The two best, "Yamei" and "The Compensation," both by the same author, are good because of the newness of the first and the undercurrent of mischief in the second. "The Magic Picture," somewhat longer than a sketch, is fine in description and strength. The intenseness and force of its climax compares well with the similar characteristics of Poe. The poem, "Nightfall," portrays a wealth of beauty that would have been invisible to one not of the evident poetic temperament of its author. It, with the simple sincerity displayed in "The Fourth Wise Man," helps

materially in giving the issue the high tone that is one of its chief characteristics. The editorial departments are fair, but are short, and give the impression of haste.

* * * * *

The strongest feature of the *Newberry Stylus* is its editorial department. Its strength and worth are striking. "Looking Through Smoked Glasses" is an excellent appeal to common sense that every college student could read with profit. In the literary department, "The Masquerade" is a continued story with a good beginning, and the promise of something better. The conditions in the story are somewhat unusual; we advise a careful watch on the tendency, already shown, to overdrawn passages. The poetry of this issue, though fair, is not above the average. The two arguments, "Compulsory Education," and, "Can Hazing Survive?" are well written. The first, however, is rather too general. The second is a forceful plea, rather too much on the darker side, but very, very true. "What One Camera Did" contains an original idea, but is rather abrupt and hurried.

* * * * *

The *Criterion*, the last issue of an outgoing staff, is creditable and worthy of notice. Its departments are all full, and in the main are good. The editorials are perhaps its weakest point; not in style, but in the use of topics that are but indirectly and remotely connected with the student life of the college. As an excellent example of what a college editorial should be, we recommend a reference to the editorials, above commented on, in the *Newberry Stylus*. The Y. W. C. A. department contains an earnest appeal to workers. The "Local" department is full and snappy. The Alumnae and the Exchange departments are rather too short; the former is too much a mere catalogue of names and addresses to be of more than passing interest. The Music department is "deucedly technical," but is well handled and good. Among the "literature,"

quite the best and most striking effort is the highly interesting essay "After Reading a Tale of Two Cities." It is a complete, not too detailed, graphic, and well handled survey of a novel that is considered by a great many to be the best of its type. The poem, "A Hymn to the New Year," is fairly strong. "Mikey's Luck" is rather fetched, and is a misdirected effort to gain a Eutopian effect. "Sympathy" is clear and snappy in its impression. "A Naval Sketch" is too unimaginative. "The Last Chapter" is a good illustration of an original subject from which the fine effect is taken away by too hurried a handling.

* * * * *

We acknowledge receipt of the following exchanges: *The Wesleyan*, *The Newberry Stylus*, *The Criterion*, *The William and Wood College Record*, *The Blue and White*, *The Lenorian*, *The Erskinian*, *The Wofford College Journal*, *Our Monthly*, *The Isaqueena*, *Ouchita Ripples*, and *The Furman Echo*.





EDITOR: H. A. HAGOOD, '13.

O. M. Page, of the well known class of '08, Civil, has decided that agriculture is a better paying business than toting a rod, so he has gone to farming at his old home near Dillon, S. C.

* * * * *

W. G. Perry, '12, was seen on the campus several days ago. Bill is with a surveying party of the Southern Power Company that is now running a transmission line towards the Georgia line.

* * * * *

Harry Anderson, '12, is now engaged in dispensing knowledge to the less fortunate at his home at Williams, S. C.

* * * * *

Geo. Fant, '11, is seen on the campus occasionally when he gets the roving habit and makes the trip over from Anderson.

* * * * *

It has been said that a wise man can be taught, but a fool never can.

* * * * *

Frank Gilmer, '11, has resigned his position with the Buckeye Cotton Mills, and when last heard from held a re-

sponsible position with a large sawmill in Southern Alabama.

* * * * *

D. L. Tindal, '08, is farming near Silver, S. C.

* * * * *

E. A. Sompayrac, '12, paid us a short visit several days ago. Ed says that he is glad to see the great progress that is being made around here, especially in the military department.

* * * * *

Notice: There is no post-graduate course in the school of life.

* * * * *

E. R. McIver, '05, the erstwhile Clemson star of the gridiron, and the track, is now a tiller of the soil at his old home in Darlington County.

* * * * *

W. W. Kirven, '08, has married and gone to Texas, where he has found a broader field for his Agricultural abilities. It seems that the west is proving a great drawing-card to graduates of Clemson.

* * * * *

T. R. Rhodes, '07, who has been connected with the University of North Dakota, has been selected to fill the vacancy in the Elec. and Mechanical Engineering Dept. here caused by the resignation of Prof. Wagner.

* * * * *

H. T. Prosser, '12, who until recently had been teaching at the university of Florida, has severed his connection there, and is now located in Jacksonville.

* * * * *

J. M. Roper, '02, is at present with the S. C. I. Electric Mfg. Company, of Des Moines, Iowa.

* * * * *

F. L. Gandy, '10, is doing experimental work in agriculture in Florida.

The Columbian Literary Society.

<i>President</i>	H. A. Hagood
<i>Vice President</i>	A. D. Bark
<i>Secretary</i>	J. N. McBride
<i>Treasurer</i>	J. F. Pearson

The Clemson College Annual, 1913.**EXECUTIVE STAFF.**

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<i>Business Manager</i>	R. A. Alexander
<i>Assistant Business Manager</i>	H. A. Hagood
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ART STAFF.

<i>Chief</i>	J. N. Todd
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<i>Captain</i>	W. B. Britt
<i>Manager</i>	M. S. Lawton

The Baseball Team.

<i>Captain</i>	R. B. Ezell
<i>Manager</i>	R. A. Alexander

The Track Team.

<i>Captain</i>	A. C. Turbeville
<i>Manager</i>	E. T. Prevost

The Basketball Team.

<i>Manager</i>	J. H. Kangeter
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Vice President.....J. M. Burgess
Secretary and Treasurer.....Styles Howard

The Alumni Association.

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Vice PresidentsB. H. Rawl, R. E. Lee
Secretary and Treasurer.....H. W. Barre

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President.....R. A. Alexander
Vice President.....A. C. Turbeville
Secretary and Treasurer.....H. A. Hagood

The Junior Class.

President.....R. B. Ezell
Vice President.....J. W. Erwin
Secretary and Treasurer.....A. P. Gandy

The Sophomore Class.

President.....R. Cureton
Vice President.....J. Peeples
Secretary and Treasurer.....S. M. Richards

The Freshman Class.

President.....?
Vice President.....
Secretary and Treasurer.....

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Vice PresidentT. F. Davis
Secretary and TreasurerW. G. McLeod
CaptainC. S. Patrick
ChairmanJ. H. Kangeter
SecretaryH. J. Bomar

The Clemson Agricultural Journal.

Editor-in-chiefF. H. Lathrop
Associate Editors {G. H. Pearce
 T. F. Davis
 P. E. Myers
 Frank Hodges
 W. W. Herbert
Business ManagerC. S. Patrick

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SecretaryJ. A. Berley
TreasurerW. W. Herbert
CaptainC. S. Patrick

Student Chapter A. I. E. E.

ChairmanJ. H. Kangeter
SecretaryH. J. Bomar



The Chronicle

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THE OLDEST POLICY

on the Mutual Benefit's books to-day was issued in 1846, to Mr. Joseph L. Winslow, of Portland, Me., when he was but 15 years old. It is an Ordinary Life contract for \$3,5000.

On one occasion Mr. Winslow said:

"I am justly proud of being the holder of the oldest policy in the company, and am always glad to testify to the liberal and honorable dealings of this company.

Not long ago the company paid a claim under a policy which had been in force for less than a year. This policy was on the life of Frank H. Jordan, 16 years old, of Portland, Me. Nothing can be added to the following letter from his mother, which is commended to all young men.

Portland, Maine, May 3, 1909.

Mr. Walter DeC. Moore, General Agent,
Mutual Benefit Life Ins. Co.,
Portland, Me.

Dear Sir:—

I want to extend my most sincere thanks to the Company for their courteous treatment and prompt payment of claim under Policy No. 482,466, upon the life of my son, the late Frank H. Jordan.

My son was insured with you on May 28th, 1908, shortly after he had passed his 16th birthday. It is unusual for such a young boy to take insurance upon his own life, and your Supt. of Agents, Mr. Henry W. Caldwell, had to do considerable work to persuade him to take the policy.

A few months ago Frank secured a position in the shipping department in the department store of Porteous, Mitchell & Braun, of Portland. On April 14th, while temporarily in charge of the elevator, he was killed by being caught between the elevator and floor, being crushed to death.

As we are in moderate circumstances, the money received from the Mutual Benefit Life Ins. Co., is a great blessing and I am deeply indebted to the Company.

Yours very truly.

Mrs. Minnie Jordan.

These two cases, one of a youth who lived, and one of a youth who died, strikingly show the benefits of life insurance for the young man.

For rates and full information, address

M. M. MATTISON,
General Agent.

C. W. WEBB,
District Agent.

Anderson, S. C.

The Clemson College Chronicle

Valeat Quantum Valere Potest.

Vol. XVI. Clemson College, S C., March, 1913. No. 6.



EDITORS:

J. H. KANGETER, '13.

J. B. DOUTHIT, '14.

W. J. HUNTER, '15.

The Second Season

F. H. MCDONALD, '14.

Lost has the Sun its leaden dullness and feeble touch of
meager warmth.
And in its place, bright and glad bursts forth a joyous
flood of brightness.
The thick grey sky has faded fast, and the deep, deep
blue is lustrous with lazy filmy clouds.
The biting blast and cutting chill, the raw and wintry
damp are gone.
Crisp is the air—but fresh. And sweet, and full, and
strong it breathes.
Each dreary branch, each drooping twig, no longer bare
and dead appears;
But budding forth, bright and clear in tint, new life un-
folds to view and the promise of beauty gives.
The silence of Winter, grave, oppressing, still, is over-
come and lost amid the gladsome notes that fill the air.
As each chirping cricket, each twittering bird proclaims
the mellow Spring.

The Undeveloped Southland

One Solution Of The Immigration Problem

D. L. C., '13.

To my mind there is in all American fiction no sadder tales than those depicting the sorrows and sufferings of the struggling foreigner when he lands as an immigrant within the confines of the American continent. Lured by glittering advertisements of streets paved with gold traversing a land over which a threatening cloud never hovers, he gathers together his earthly possessions and embarks on a dark sea for an unknown land. Illiterate and unexperienced, oftentimes with but a meager pittance in his purse, he takes up the fight for life in a period when competition causes the strongest to groan beneath the burden of long hours and little pay. Unused to bargaining with unscrupulous employees and ignorant of his own abilities, he attempts on a minimum wage to provide for those dependent upon him. But it is all in vain. With more than super-human effort he casts himself into the struggle to be engulfed again and again by the surging billows of unrequited labor. Can anything cause the human heart to bleed quicker than the picture of the mother, be she Russian, English, Belgian or Hollander with the perishing infant upon her bosom and several small children about her knees when the news reaches her that her husband in the unequal struggle for existence has failed and that she is left alone in the world—a stranger in a foreign land; or can anything cause greater anguish than the awful fact that the mother in desperation has cast herself into eternity, leaving behind the little waif to cry until weakness overcomes it and death snatches it away into another world.

The American people boast of their civilization and they have just reason to do so, but the time has come when the true patriot must realize that America is a

nation born of the peoples of the earth and that already more than one third of her population are of foreign parentage. America for Americans is indeed a pretty thought but not always can the blood of those whose fortitude made possible a home for the free and the true and the brave. Some poet in his lays has sung of this country thus:

“America! half brother of the world
With something good and bad of every land.”

If this be true (and I have every reason to believe that it is) then we must play well the part that we have been destined to play.

It was as early as April, 1894 that the Hon. Wyatt Aiken, of this State, before the House of Representatives, urged that an Information Bureau be established on Ellis Island for the better enlightenment of immigrants and for their better distribution throughout this land. It was his prophetic eye, seeing through years of industrial progress, that caused him to say that the destiny of this country will depend to a large extent on the foreigners within her borders. Just how this destiny will be shaped will depend upon the type of immigrant we acquire.

A recent report from London, England, says that “the United States is getting the cream of the vast migration which is leaving the British Isles in a constantly increasing stream. The London manager of an American railroad ascribes this advantage not only to the superior resources of the United States, but to the American immigration laws. During the past year three hundred families whose heads were business men with capital to invest and farmers who want to start in a new country, set sail for America.” With the receipt of such a report we are confronted by the question, “Are we in a position to give a home to the industrious?” Many times have I been inclined to say no. Were it possible

to locate all new comers upon the rich and undeveloped lands of this country and to give them adequate attention until they had become firmly established in their new environment, I might, forsooth, answer in the affirmative. But too often do we forget the interests of those about us so absorbed do we become in deeds achieved and difficulties overcome. We delight to cry of our country's greatness, her past, her present, her future; for there is no one of us who can rightly deny that America is a leader in more than one respect. Her Government, her institutions, her intellectuality, her love of freedom and of God and, above all, her people are without a peer in this broad universe of ours. You might search North America and South America from North to South and East to West; you might scan the eastern hemisphere and the western hemisphere over and over again and no where could be found a people quite like the Americans. Through three hundred years of development, her resources have increased until today America stands upon the pinnacle of accomplishment. Like Greece and like Rome she has made herself the equal if not the superior of all nations, and we fain would look at all times upon those things that are brightest and best in life, but beneath the perfect must needs lie the imperfect. We like to dream, to drift and then to dream again but after it all we have to awake to face the question written on the wall before us. "How does the other half live?"

Is digging and shoveling and carting coal in Pennsylvania's deep-seated mines real life? Can the New York sweat shop hold aught that is pleasant for the foreigner and his family? The sun, the moon, and the stars; the air around us; the beautiful trees and flowers that grow about us, were made for the Austrian as well as the American. The tenement house too has just as much right to a sound mind in a sound body as the more

avored child of the land. Ah! 'tis bitter pangs we suffer when we lift the curtain and see things as they really are.

And yet, there is a remedy. No problem is too great to be solved by some one, somewhere, somehow for amidst the daily grind of life,

So nigh is granduer to our dust,
So near is God to man;
When Duty whisters low, "thou must,"
The youth replies, "I can."

Behind every dark cloud there is a blue sky. God's eternal bow spanning the heavens reminds the crest-fallen and discouraged that he is merciful and kind. In the darkest trials of adversity, he seems to whisper always, "I shall never leave thee." There is a remedy.

The poet Virgil, in his immortal Aenid, has sung to you of arms and a hero, but I sing of a glorious south-land whose outstretched arms are always ready to receive the industrious foreigner. Never has she refused a home to those who are worthy of it, nor does she now. To her unplowed fields from which someday must needs come the food for the sustenance of the world, she invites them all. Over the highways and across the seas the message is sent, "Bring them into a land where There is no lack of pastures rich and fields all green

With all the common gifts of God,
For temperate airs and torrid sheen

Weave Edens of the sod;
Through lands which look one sea of billowy gold

Broad rivers wind their devious ways;
A hundred isles in their embraces fold

A hundred luminous bays;
And through yon purple haze
Vast mountains lift their plumed peaks, cloud-crowned;
And save where up the sides the plowman creeps,
An unhewn forest girds them grandly round,

In whose dark shades a future navy sleeps!
Ye Stars, which, though unseen, yet with me gaze
Upon this loveliest fragment of earth!
Thou Sun, that kindest all thy gentlest rays
Above it, as to light a favorite hearth!
Ye Clouds, that in your temples in the West
See nothing brighter than its humblest flowers!
And you, ye Winds, that on the ocean's breast
Are kissed to coolness ere ye reach its bowers!
Bear witness with me in my song of praise,
And tell the world that, since the world began.
No fairer land hath fired a poet's lays,
Or given a home to man!"



Our National Songs

J. B. D., '14.

Closely interwoven with the lives of every nation is that country's national songs and patriotic airs. Such songs as are loved and cherished by the entire people. There can not be found a nation that has not at least one song into which the thoughts, ambitions, and very souls of its citizens are entwined. These hymns reveal many secrets pertaining to the nature, pursuits, and progress of the people whom they represent. Well might the national air be called the spice of patriotism. The strains of some well known patriotic composition serve to bring fond recollections to the aged, to fill the active man with zeal and determination, and to inspire the youth with ambition. A national celebration would seem cheerless unless the stars and stripes were fluttering in the breezes; but dreary indeed would be the day, if the air were robbed of the cheerful notes of the patriotic song.

Our beloved country is abundantly supplied with national songs. "The Star Spangled Banner," played as the flag is drawn down every evening, where ever there happens to be a body of soldiers, serves to encourage the toil worn trooper; and makes him forget the trials of that day. The tune bespeaks America's bravery and defiance. In the words, our country boasts of its strength, our great love of liberty, and of its determination to remain independent. We find the same expressions of pride, strength, and patriotism, in the beloved song, "Hail Columbia."

"America," our national hymn, portrays another portion of our people's character. In it we proclaim our implicit faith and reverence in the Father of all nations. In lieu of boasting of our resources—in this hymn, we express our gratitude for them; and also our hope for a continuation of prosperity and freedom. There too, we

express our appreciation for the many blessings that our country has ever enjoyed.

Almost universally adopted by all civilized people is a song that might be named. "The International Hymn." It is a song whose words can never be sung with sufficient expression; and whose tune can never be played as sweetly as does its theme demand. Is it necessary to call the name of this song that we love above all others? "Home Sweet Home," is the song of all nations. No other song can reach in broadness and sincerity the heights that this one has. To every man, except the most unfortunate of men, the homeless man, belongs the undisputed right to sing it. There is not a country whose boundaries are so close as to deny the entrance of "Home, Sweet Home." All of Christendom, sings it with love and reverence. "Home, Sweet Home" is the song that the armies of the North and South sang in unison. The heart of the most hardened criminal softens when he hears this song. Unfortunate, indeed, is the man to whom these words bear no meaning.

Why is all this true? From where comes this grand power? A single line will reveal it all. Homes, the world over, are the most valuable and sacred assets that a person holds. In the home begins all patriotism. Although many national songs are greatly loved, more of them can ever be as sacred as "Home, Sweet Home." For it is of homes that all nations are constructed. Destroy the sacredness of the home and the nation will be ruined. Well may we hope that "Home, Sweet Home" will ever be fondly sung by our countrymen.

In history, songs have always played an active part. More than once has the tide of battle been turned by some patriotic song. As long as nations exist, we shall hear the national song. If ever all boundaries are swept aside and all countries welded into one, the song, "Home, Sweet Home," will then become "The International Anthem."

Early Spring

BY W. J. H., '15.

The roaring winds of March have gone
With all their whistling melodies,
And warmer days at length have come
To ope the rose and lure the bees.

The morning skies are pure and bright
With Sol just peeping o'er the hill
To close the ling'ring stars of night
And warm the early damp and chill.

The air is animating and clear,
With just the sting that gives it life;
The sun-bathed distant hills seem near
And gladness everywhere is ripe.

The trees stir lightly to the breeze,
All with a sense of innate glee,
Rejoicing o'er their high release
From winter's cold to spring time free.

How blithe the garden flowers feel,
With the life of the glowing morn
They wave their little leaves and steal
The sunlight with their dewy form.

How gently, sweetly o'er us fall
A tender joy at spring's return,
How love can sound its subtle call
And make the heart of man to yearn.

Test We Forget

J. R. MCLAURIN, '15.

In the town of Milledgeville, in one of our New England States, there stands today in a secluded corner of the cemetery, a tall white shaft; mute evidence of a tragedy that was enacted in this quiet town.

This silent witness is the first to catch the stranger's eye. There is something strikingly sad and mournful in its appearance, and is doubly so to one who knows its history.

When "Old Sol" has completed his course and sunk to sleep in the golden mist, and the shadows of evening draw near, mellowing and softening its outlines, then it seems to take on a sadder hue. And, at last, when night has spread her wings over the earth, gently, drawing her mantle over the little cemetery, it may still be seen, standing clear and white, keeping its ceaseless vigil.

Some thirty years ago, in this place I speak of, there lived a smart, bright young fellow, Rob Brandon by name, who was partner with his father in a large mercantile house.

The Brandons lived in the suburbs of Milledgeville, in a beautiful old house that had been built by Mr. Brandon's father.

The family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Brandon, Rob, and a beautiful, golden haired little tot. (Rob's sister) with eyes as blue as the sky.

She was the light of the household, and the joy and pride of her father's heart.

But, between Rob and his baby sister, there seemed to be a peculiar tie. He was never too tired or worried to stop and play with her, or amuse her in some way. She, on the other hand, was never so happy, as when she was in "Buddie's" arms, as she always called him.

The last thing she did, before being tucked away for the night, was to kiss "Buddie" and tell him to wake her in the morning.

The remarkable attachment existing between these two, had often been the subject of remarks by different ones in the town; and it was sometimes conjectured as to what would be the result of one of them should die.

Some nights Rob would fail to come home, for Rob Brandon was not the boy he should have been, and frequently of late, his place by the family fireside had been vacant. Resulting in his appearance at the office the next morning with heavy bloodshot eyes; a slight pallor, and downcast looks, telling too well of the midnight revelry and the nights debauch.

This was the cause of much sorrow and anxiety on the part of his father and mother, who had often pleaded with him, but to no avail it seemed, to stop before it was too late.

On these nights when Rob was away, little Edith would ask, "Muvver, why don't Buddie tum?" She would stay up until the last minute, in the hope that he would come before she went to bed. When she say that he was not coming, she would say, "I am doin' to bed an' det up early in 'a mornin, an' I spec he'll be here."

Time passed on and nearly three months had gone, when a night came and Rob failed to make his appearance.

It seemed, that after his time of arrival had passed and still he had not come; that Edith was more anxious than usual about him.

Time after time she asked, "Why don't he tum? I wanta see him so bad. Why don't he tum?" Finally when the blue eyes could keep awake no longer, she let her mother put her to bed, saying, "I dess I'll do to bed, an when I wake up ina morning I spec he'll be here."

Next morning she was up early, and the first question she asked was, "Muvver, has Buddie tum?" When told that he had not, she was greatly disappointed and did not eat her breakfast as usual, but went out and sat down on the front steps of the house, where she knew that she would be the first one to see him.

There she sat with the sunbeams playing among her golden locks, transforming them, as it were, into a mass of burnished gold.

Eagerly she watched the nearest corner for a glimpse of her brother.

This is the picture he saw, or rather did not see, as he turned the corner and staggered up the walk.

The blue eyes brightened with happniess, and down the steps with open arms ran the baby.

"Buddie I _____."

And then, as the demon of drink possessed him, there was a flash—a report—and there lay the baby, torn and bleeding, with her golden locks burried in a pool of blood.

A second the eyelids quivered, and then—the blue eyes closed forever.

Quick as a flash came his reason; and with a groan that Caraculla might have envied, he stopped, and a second report rang out on the morning air; and the morning sun shone down upon them.

This is the story of the tall white shaft that stands in the cemetery.

Springtime

BY J. B. D., '14.

Quite appropriately may the spring be called the play time of the Gods. Joy and liberty, beauty and devotion join hands in presenting mother nature's favorite season. The thrills awake us, our soul rejoices, and our tingling nerves revive our slothful natures. The elixir of spring intoxicates our spirits. We are glad! Fervent breezes bear exhilarating messages from the birds, the flowers, and the awakening trees. It is spring; and joy rules the world! Away with the dreary frosty nights, forget the sighs from the desolate forest. We care naught for that which is not gay. Every thing must be the best; for the cheerful season will allow no alternative. Remorse flees when the first instinctive murmur from the approaching season is heard. It is then that all things strive for perfection.

Spring is the period of devotion. Then, the birds select their mates. Every creature of the field or forest responds to the irresistible call for a partner. Listen to the cardinal as he pours out his long pent emotions to the pensive ear of his mate. He sings of invigorated life, of endless devotion, of lofty ambitions, and of eager expectations. He boasts of his ardent love, and of the home that they have made. Even the crow ceases his complaining, and soars in the air, proclaiming the tremor that careers through his impatient body. All of nature's pets are filled with the spirit of thrift and of love.

Fragrant perfumes from the blossoms of myriad flowers embalm the air. The flowers sway in and out in obedience to the call of the pertinent breezes, seeming to imbibe the gladness of the season and to return it again many times increased. Invigorating rays from the sun coax new seed to awake and produce plants that will add still greater life to the happy world.

Only inanimate bodies can resist the impulsive call of spring. Where is there a soul so deadened, a heart so hardened, or an instinct so dead, until it cannot be revived and brightened by this season?

It is a period of cheerful expectation and pleasantry. Zealous natures yield heartily to the invigorating call, and go dancing along with blithe hearts and forgiving spirits, singing a song that is inspired by the creations of newly awakened nature. The song is continued long after the season has changed into summer, and the recollections of spring linger to furnish the inspiration.



A San Jacinto Hero

"A Victim Of A Woman's Perfidity"

J. L. CARSON, JR.

It was a typical winter afternoon on the last day of the year. The dull grey sky was rapidly fading into the darkness of a dismal winter night. All day long, a cold dreary snow had fallen, and now it was sleeting. I slowly raised my eyes from the faded old book in my hands, and inserting my fingers in the place that had held my close attention for so long, I glanced out of the window. What a bleak, desolate afternoon it was, and what a setting for one's thoughts. It was no wonder I had been wandering in the past that afternoon. A brisk wind heralding a bitter winter night was stirring about, causing the little particles of sleet to beat a wild tattoo on the panes. I reopened the book, and again gazed and allowed my thoughts to run on until they were lost in the misty haze of obscurity.

And now to get down to my story. The faded old leathern bound book was a family Bible; and I was then visiting a very aged uncle of mine in his old fashioned country home in the foot-hills of North Carolina. The particular page in this old Bible that had held my attention so closely was the record of deaths; and what had incited my wonder and curiosity was this strange entry: Philip Jackson—departed this life on the 21st day of April, 1836, from wounds received while valiently fighting for Texas independence. "A victim of a woman's perfidity." Knowing that many of the old states had representatives at San Jacinto, the first part of the record aroused but little interest. But the latter clause being without explanation, and extremely unusual in such places, aroused my curiosity to such an extent that I could think of nothing else until I had heard the entire story concerning it.

After a warm, appetizing supper, the family gathered in comfortable chairs around the big open fire-place in the living room. By common consent, the only light in the room was that emanating from the crackling logs, which sent weird, ghostlike shadows dancing on the walls and ceiling back of us. While my uncle was filling his pipe, I listened to the battle of the elements outside. The wind was increasing in fury; and the driving sleet rattled against the sides of the old house. At times the wind would sink to a low wailing moan only to quickly rise into a shrieking howl of fiendish delight as it caught the snow and sleet, and hurled the particles madly. As I listened, I almost shivered. But then I turned my face again toward the fire, and the cheery glow from the roaring, sputtering logs sent a glow of warmth through my body. There was a lull in the conversation, and I asked my uncle the significance of the peculiar clause that I have spoken of. He gazed into the fire, and for a moment was silent.

"That's rather a long story, my boy," he finally said.

But I had lit upon a good topic for such a night, and all joined me in prevailing upon my uncle to tell us the story.

We all settled comfortably in our chairs, and he began, "After Braddock's defeat at old Fort DuQuisne in 1755, the whole of middle and western Pennsylvania was laid open to the ravages of the French and their Indian allies. This condition led to the emigration from that colony southward of thousands of newly made Americans. Most of these people were of my stock—North Ireland Presbyterians, commonly called Scotch-Irish. A large colony of these settled within a radius of twenty miles of this house about the year 1760. Soon after arriving, they erected a Kirk—their vernacular for church. This church they called Little Britian, in honor of the mother country. That's where we'll go to church Sunday. The

fourth pastor of this church was the Rev. Samuel Kerr, whose daughter Dolly was probably the most beautiful and agreeable girl of the community at that time. I barely remember seeing her once, shortly before she so mysteriously disappeared. The ruling elder of the church at that time was Gen. William Jackson, my grand-father. His fourth son Phil, who was my uncle is the one you are so interested in. During childhood, Dolly and Phil were inseparable companions. They went to school together, romped and played together as happy as any two children on earth. Dolly willingly helped Phil with his lessons; and Phil laid probably a dozen of his jealous rivals in the dust for making sneering remarks about their companionship.

These bonds of close friendship gradually strengthened as the couple grew up. They were still as happy as could be, and were looked upon by all as the ideal match of the community. Phil was tall and handsome, with light hair and grey eyes. I've heard that he could accomplish feats of strength that were equal to a giants task. Dolly was a slender, graceful girl with rosy cheeks, blue eyes, and dark wavy hair, and a pleasant smile for everyone. Their tender affection for each other was the gossip of the neighborhood; and many a lad and lass looked on them envious of their mutual love. It is quite needless for me to say that they were betrothed all this time. It must have been a mutual understanding between the two that they were to belong to each other for life. But they were soon to part, and to meet but once more, only to be virtually torn from each other this last time, leaving two broken hearts to wend their way separately and sadly through this world.

"Phil was asked to go on a mission to the West for the government, which would keep him away for several months. Dolly did not like the idea of being separated from her lover for such a length of time, but finally con-

sented when Phil told her that they would be married on his return. They promised to write regularly so as to keep in touch with each other.

"I remember how old squire Williams told about seeing them the last time they were together. They had ridden down to Broad river on a warm afternoon in June. The squire was fishing just below them, and they didn't see him. They dismounted and sat on a big rock overlooking a beautiful bend in the river, which was their favorite meeting place. Dolly lifted her eyes appealingly to Phil's and pleaded with him to return with all speed to her when his mission was over. They chatted away the afternoon as only sweethearts can, planning for the future, and again reassuring each other of their undying love and devotion, until the sun was sinking low in the West. Phil was to begin his journey the next day. When they arose to leave, Phil took Dolly's arm as if to assist her to mount. Their eyes met, and the next instant she was in his big powerful arms, and they were again whispering words of tender love and affection that only the twittering birds in the tree-tops could understand."

There was a long pause. My uncle refilled his pipe, and puffed vigorously for a few minutes.

"But that's not all?" I quickly asked.

"No, my boy. That is only the story of their love before it was blighted," he replied.

Everything was still for a few minutes while the only audible sounds were the moaning of the wind outside, and the rattling of the sleet against the windowpanes.

Presently, my uncle resumed his story. "I don't know who was responsible for Dolly's sweet temperament. Her mother certainly could not have been. Unfortunately, Mrs. Kerr represented a type of mother very common nowadays, but seldom found in the early days. She proved herself to be a selfish, scheming woman, using underhanded means in carrying out her designs.

"Not long after Phil left for the West, a rich, smartly-dressed gentleman from Nashville, Tennessee, by the name of Carter, came into the neighborhood, claiming that he was buying gold deposits, which were then thought to exist very abundantly in this section. He stayed at the Rev. Kerr's home. Being a young widower and rather handsome, he went after Dolly's hand. Of course she rejected him; but she was forced to treat him with some degree of civility since he was in her father's home. After a time, it was found that he was really wealthy. The scheming mother set to work at once, and constantly annoyed Dolly by upholding Carter to her as an acceptable suitor. In vain did Mrs. Kerr endeavor to poison her daughter's mind against Phil. Realizing that all her efforts amounted to nothing, she resorted to a base subterfuge as a final means of turning Dolly against Phil. And that was conniving with the post-matster of this district in destroying all letters of the two on reaching the post-office. Of course, it's needless for me to say that the two lovers felt the keenest enxiety concerning each other when after several months neither had received a word from the other. Each knew that something was wrong; and both were greatly worried over the situation.

"The only convenient mode of travel in those days was by horseback. Phil was delayed for various reasons until his mission had kept him away months longer than he had intended to stay. He was nearly wild to get back to his beloved Dolly again, and to find why he could never hear a word from her.

"As the months rolled by with not a word from Phil, Dolly foolishly began to think that Phil had forgotten her, and had probably found another sweetheart in the West. The thought that he might never return worried her greatly. Slowly she yielded to her mother's pleading to accept Carter, who had gone away, and had returned for a second visit. Sorrowfully and unwillingly, she con-

sented to marry him when he proposed marriage. But ever after that, Dolly was a changed woman; never again was she the winsome lass that Phil knew her to be. They were married, and I've heard it said that Dolly broke down and cried at the wedding. And some of the crazy fools there thought she was weeping for joy because she had married so much money. They didn't know Dolly Kerr.

"About three months after the marriage, the annual summer camp meeting was on. There were hundreds of people there including Dolly and her husband. It was on a hot dusty day in latter July. A large, powerful bronze-colored young man rode into the village of tents and rude houses. In those days we lived at the camp ground when a camp-meeting was on. The traveler stopped in front of the meeting house, and dismounted. He was nearly exhausted with weeks of constant travel on horesback; but there was a smile on his lips, for he had reached home and happiness, so he thought. He was soon busily engaged shaking hands with his old friends and relatives. All looked at him wonderingly, but no one ventured to tell him of Dolly and her marriage. People in those days didn't pry into other people's love affairs. And then—they met. Their eyes found each other, and both saw that the old love was still there. One sigh from Dolly, and she was in his arms, sobbing away like a broken hearted child. The people gazed on the scene in horrified surprise and indignation. You see, they didn't understand. In those days, marriage was regarded with the greatest reverence, and ended only through death. Divorce wasn't considered under any circumstances. The violator of the marriage vows was looked upon with the utmost scorn. Dolly and Phil were almost instantly torn away from each other by relatives of the two, while Carter looked on in mingled surprise and dismay. Dolly had never told him of Phil. Poor Phil! He was sorely

perplexed, and nearly struck his father for denouncing him so rudely when he kissed Dolly. But the fact of the recent marriage was hurriedly explained to him. It came as a death blow. The whole thing was a deep mystery to him. But he knew that while Dolly had given her hand to Carter, her heart was still his, for she had begged him when in his arms to take her away with him to the ends of the earth.

"Phil had a hurried talk with his father, who rebuked him bitterly for his conduct, and told him to leave the country at once for bringing such a scandal and disgrace on both families.

"With a heavy heart, Phil rode away the following day. He understood all now. Dolly had sent him a note telling him all that had happened in his absence, explaining that she had repeatedly written him without receiving an answer; and ended by vehemently begging him to take her away with him. But he was done with the East. Never again would his old home see him, the memories of which were so pleasant, yet so painful. He would lose himself forever. To Texas he wended his way. There he would cast his lot with the Texans in their struggle for independence against Mexico. He finally found himself in the country of the Lone Star—that Eden of romantic adventure where so many disappointed men went in the early days to forget that they had a blighted love affair.

For a long time, they fought off the Mexicans, but suffered the bloody extermination of the Alamo garrison, and the cold-blooded massacre of Goliad. Finally, under old Sam Houston, several hundred Texans trapped Santa Anna, who had by far the larger force, on the Buffalo Bayou, burned the bridge that cut off escape for both armies, and attacked the Mexicans with the fury of desperation, driving them with their rifles into the morasses and marshes along the river. Here they were butchered

with the long Bowie knives in a bloody hand to hand struggle. It was one glorious day for Texas. The Mexicans were all either captured or killed. But among the names of those who went down on the field of battle was that of Phil Jackson. Some say he was only desperately wounded, and that he finally pulled through. Whether he died there or not was never positively known. Anyway, he was never heard of again."

"But what became of Dolly?" I quickly asked.

"That's the real mystery of the story. After Phil left home the last time, she was nearly heart-broken. It is said that she prayed to God to take her soul, and end her wretched existence. She grew weaker both in spirit and body as the months rolled by until she bore only a faint resemblance to the Dolly before Carter came into her life. And then, when she heard that Phil had been desperately wounded, and had probably died at San Jacinto, she would not believe it. She wept continuously for two days until her people thought she must be on the verge of madness. On the third day she calmed down and became quiet. That night she silently stole away—no one knows where. She must have ridden, for her favorite old saddle horse was missing from the stable next morning."

"And is that all?" I finally managed to ask.

"That's the whole story. Some say she went to Texas, and found Phil, who had recovered from his wounds. Others say the Cherokees or the Creeks captured her. Still others say that she starved to death, or was killed and eaten by wild beasts. But that's all guess-work. The neighborhood sent searching parties all over the country, and for a hundred miles westward, but not a trace of her could be found; and never again was a word ever heard of winsome Dolly Kerr."

There was a long pause. The fire had died down to a heap of dull red embers from which issued tiny blue flames. I looked into my aged uncles wrinkled old face. He had just knocked the ashes from his pipe, and had

dropped into a sort of reverie; and I imagined he was living in the past when the land was young.

Outside the wind moaned, and howled, and shrieked; and then moaned again. And the sleet kept up its weird monotonous tattoo on the window panes.

The Rescue

B. M. JACKSON, '14.

The autumn sun was setting o'er the western hills; the dull red glow cast a gloomy aspect upon the town of Pidro Mingul, and especially upon the old government prison situated near the outskirts of the city on the edge of the river Mors.

The town was crowded with country folk, all of whom seemed to be in the highest state of excitement. The most conspicuous persons on the street was an American couple, the lady, May McArnold, was beautiful; the man, David McLauchlin, was tall, broad-shouldered, and handsome. The lady was leaning upon the young man's arm, and from the expression on her face it seemed as if something was tearing her heart, whether it was love, fear, or hatred, I knew not what.

The Prison was filled with prisoners, both political and criminal; the one we are most interested in is Dr. Harold McArnold, May's father. He was placed in prison by the ruler of the republic, for political reasons. Dr. McArnold had been president of the University of Argentina and also director of the chemistry department of that institution. President Hugas believed that Dr. McArnold had instigated a rebellion; so he sentenced him to life imprisonment, and if the rebellion should take place, he would be put to death for treason.

May and David seated themselves comfortably in a dark portion of the park; after a few moments of silence May said in a low tone: "David, this is a very danger-

ous thing we have taken upon ourselves as our duty to do. Why do you want to risk your life for my father? It is for me to do; so if you value your life, give up this work."

"May, you know that I will do anything in this world for you; your happiness is my happiness, your sorrow is my sorrow; so be it the will of God I will rescue your father in less than a fortnight."

"David, you know that many plots to rescue him have failed, and many persons have been put to death for attempting the rescue. Both love and money had failed so far, and my dear father lies in that filthy cell breathing away the last days of his noble life." David sat motionless beside the girl, his face turned away from her and his mind in deepest thought. He hardly realized that the girl he loved so well had been speaking; yet in his heart he would succeed, and if he did not, he would give his life to a noble cause.

"May," said he, almost breathlessly, "do you love me?"

"Do not speak to me of love," said May, harshly. "I am too sad and too worried to think of such a thing while my father is suffering. David, never ask me that question again; for I will leave you if you do. You may ask me when father is safe, and not before."

He caught her hand and kissed it tenderly, then he said:

"May, love and God aids me; I cannot fail, I will not fail. I do it all for you, May dear, and I will die for you if it is necessary."

For days and days David studied out plans to effect the rescue. First he would make a thorough inspection of the prison and locate the exact cell in which May's father was confined. One bright morning he entered the gates of the prison yard, and after posing as a health officer, he was granted permission to inspect every cell of the prison. A guide was placed at his command to show him through the great corridors. As he entered

each cell, he asked many questions concerning each individual prisoner, so that when he reached Dr. McArnold's cell, he could remain a considerable time without creating suspicion. At last he reached the cell containing the prize which would crown his life with love and happiness.

As he looked upon the prisoner, his noble heart trembled with emotion and sympathy for the old man; for his face was pale, and his eyes glistened as if death itself was in them. David advanced toward the feeble old man, and spoke to him in a very friendly manner. As he did this, his guide slipped up saying, "You are not allowed to talk to this prisoner." This did not dishearten him, for he stood facing Dr. McArnold with the guide at his back. He slowly place his hand into his trousers pocket, and in so doing, he partly opened the front of his unbuttoned coat. His intended father-in-law at once read the sign which he had written in white chalk on the inside lining of his coat, which read thus: Will rescue you Saturday night, 9 o'clock, be prepared. The window. The old man's eyes shone with happiness, and his face fairly beamed with delight. Then he turned and walked out of the cell, the guide locking the door behind him.

He inspected hurriedly the remainder of the prison, which was almost a torture to do. Then he thanked the superintendent for granting him permission to inspect the prison, and fairly ran to the park where his lover would meet him.

"May, I have seen your father," said David, as he seated himself by the beautiful girl.

"Oh, David! Does he look well? Is he sick? Is he dying?" she cried almost breathlessly.

"No, May dear one, he is not sick; but he is very feeble. I told him of my plans to bring him safely to us, and I left him happy."

"Oh! dear! dear! how did you do it? No one but you, David, could do such a brave thing," said May happily.

He merely opened his coat, and she was satisfied; then he said to her, "Meet me at my boat landing tomorrow night at 8 o'clock." Then he tenderly kissed her hand, and was off like a shadow. May walked quickly to her hotel, sheer delight beaming from her cheerful face.

Promptly at 9 o'clock, they met at the landing; both were at the highest pitch of excitement. David placed his saw and ropes under the seat; and, after seeing that May was comfortably seated, took his place at the engine. He had previously muffled his engine so securely that not a sound came from the slowly moving boat, except a slight rippling of the water.

David stopped his boat directly under the window of Dr. McArnold's cell; he carefully tied the rope ladder on the string which was hanging from the window; then he threw a small pebble wrapped in cotton, into the window, which was twenty feet above him; he carefully wrapped his saw in cotton and told May not to make the slightest noise; for if she did her father might die in prison.

David slowly climbed the ladder, saw in hand, to the window; he wrapped the bars with cotton, and quickly sawed them away. Dr. McArnold met him at the window. David told him to climb down the ladder at once, as it was strong enough to hold both of them. Dr. McArnold seated himself on the seat with his daughter, while David started the engine.

The small boat was soon running at full speed across the bay, while David sat motionless at the rudder. Suddenly he felt two tiny arms around his neck; and, as he looked up in the bright moonlight, he saw the face of the one he loved more than all the world.

"My own brave David! Now you may ask me that dear question." He caught her in his strong arms, whispering, "I love you May." And his question remained unasked.

Love

FROM THE TIGER.

So sweetly imperceptible it seems
A fleeting fancy from another shore,
But still it lingers by, and still the more
It stays the more these gentle fairy dreams
Swell to a reverie in which the gleams
Of wreathing smiles and cheeks all dimpled o'er
Emit their light, more lovely than before.
Anon like music of murmuring streams
Sweet siren voices sing on every breeze;
At first they lightly touch, but still they move.
There's beauty in the budding of the trees,
New brightness in the starry depths above;
There's joy in life or labor at ease—
There's beauty, brightness, joy, but—there is love.
—W. J. Hunter, '15.



The Clemson College Chronicle

FOUNDED BY CLASS OF 1898.

Published Monthly by the Calhoun, Columbian, and Palmetto
Literary Societies of Clemson Agricultural College.

W. G. McLEOD, '13 (Palmetto)	<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>
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J. C. BARKSDALE, '14 (Calhoun)	<i>Assistant Business Manager</i>
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R. W. FANT, '13 (Calhoun)	<i>Exchange Department</i>
F. H. McDONALD, '14 (Calhoun)	<i>Exchange Department</i>
D. L. CANNON, '13 (Columbian)	<i>Y. M. C. A. Department</i>
H. A. HAGOOD, '13 (Columbian)	<i>Alumni Department</i>

Contributions solicited from the Faculty, Alumni and Students of the Institute

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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One-half page, per year	12 00	One inch, per year.....	5 00



EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: W. G. McLEOD, '13.

We notice a lack of interest among
Lack of Interest. the members of the student body
in our college publications. Contri-
butions are not made, even by men who are capable of

doing good work in story writing and poetry, except by a few who are members of the publication staffs. Lately, it has fallen upon these men almost entirely, to produce the material for our publications. Let us take an interest in this work, and do all that we can to make it a success. Clemson has a variety of student publications which makes it necessary that scientific articles as well as those of literary merit be written; so if we cannot write good poetry or short stories, perhaps we are capable of producing a good article on some phase of our work.

* * * * *

Constitution

ARTICLE I.

Section I. Name.—The name of this organization shall be THE SOUTHERN COLLEGE PRESS ASSOCIATION.

ARTICLE II.

Section I. Object—The object of this Association shall be to promote the standard and welfare of journalism in the colleges in the South, to stimulate especially those college men that have a tendency to make letters their life work, to encourage the establishment of more publications, especially newspapers, to set a premium upon academic authorship and editorship, and to draw together in conventions for personal contact and acquaintance the men that will soon supply material for Southern journalism, so far as the profession is to be recruited from home collegiate training.

ARTICLE III.

Section I. Membership—Any institution of collegiate rank in what are commonly known as the Southern States, provided it have as much as a weekly and a monthly publication, and provided the student body be composed at least half of men, may become a member

of the Association by unanimous vote of the delegates present at any annual convention.

Sec. 2. The charter members of this Association are: College of William and Mary, University of Virginia, University of North Carolina, University of South Carolina, Clemson College, University of Georgia.

Sec. 3. An institution a member of the Association in good standing, with all dues paid, may withdraw from the Association by notifying the President at least one month before the meeting of the convention. An institution having so withdrawn shall not be readmitted to the roll of the Association without unanimous consent of all delegates to a regular convention.

ARTICLE IV.

Section 1. Officers—The officers of this Association shall be: President, First Vice President, Second Vice President, Recording Secretary, Corresponding Secretary, and Treasurer.

Sec. 2. Election of Officers—Officers shall be elected at the last meeting of each annual convention, and shall serve through the next convention. No person shall hold the same office two years, but may serve twice on the Executive Committee. Any office becoming vacant shall be filled by election at the institution of which the officer was a member, by the body governing the publications.

Sec. 3. Executive Committee—The President shall appoint an Executive Committee of five members, (the First Vice President to be ex-officio chairman).

Sec. 4. Duties of Officers and Executive Committee—The President shall preside at all regular meetings and call all special meetings. He shall vote in case of a tie. In the absence of the President, the First Vice President shall fill his place; in his absence, the Second Vice President, etc. The Recording Secretary shall keep all records of the Association. The Corresponding Secretary shall notify all members of the Association one month before

the time set for the submitting of entries for the contests, and on him shall devolve all official correspondence of the Association, he being at the command of the President, Chairman of Executive Committee, etc. The Treasurer of the Association shall receive payments of dues, shall be consulted in the matter of any expense about to be incurred, and shall make disbursements in payment of the same, subject to the Chairman of the Executive Committee. The Executive Committee shall select the judges for the various contests, and shall make suggestions to the members for the work of the Association. The Executive Committee shall hold a meeting at each convention, at which time any amendments to the constitution shall come before it for consideration prior to being voted upon by the delegates.

ARTICLE V.

Section 1. Contests and Medals—There shall be four contents as follows: Short-story, poetry, essay, and newspaper story.

Sec. 2. To be eligible for a contest, an entry must have appeared in a publication of the institution it represents in the fiscal year past, and the author must be a regular matriculate of the institution.

Sec. 3. The cost of the medals shall be fixed by the Executive Committee each year.

Sec. 4. The short-story must be at least a thousand words in length, and the newspaper story at least 400 and not more than 600 words. Each institution a member of the Association may make one entry in each contest, these entries to be in the hands of the Chairman of the Executive Committee one month before the date for the annual convention. No medal shall be won twice by one person.

Sec. 5. There shall be three judges in each contest, and no judge shall serve in two contests. Each college

shall select one judge's name with first and second alternates to be submitted to the Chairman of the Executive Committee.

Sec. 6. The medals shall be awarded at the principal meeting of each annual convention.

Sec. 7. Fiscal year is understood to mean from one convention until the next.

ARTICLE VI.

Section 1. Conventions—There shall be held an annual convention each spring, at a time selected by the Executive Committee and approved by the entertaining institution, to last three days.

Sec. 2. Each institution a member of the Association shall be entitled to two voting delegates to the convention. If so decided by his school, an officer may act as voting delegate, except President.

Sec. 3. Any institution a member of the Association, which fails to send at least one delegate to an annual convention, shall be fined \$15; and, if this amount has not been paid to the Treasurer of the Association by the first meeting of the following annual convention, the offending institution shall, at the will of the delegates present, be expelled from membership. Any member so expelled shall not be readmitted to the roll of the Association without unanimous consent of all the delegates to a regular convention.

Sec. 4. No person shall be a regular voting delegate to an annual convention who has not served on the staff of the weekly or of the monthly publication at his institution or at some other institution conforming in standard to the membership article of the constitution of the Association.

ARTICLE VII.

Section -. Dues—The dues of each institution a member of the Association shall be \$10 per annum, payable to the Treasurer 10 days before the opening session of

each annual convention, and if not paid, that institution will be barred from representation.

Sec. 2. Any institution not paying its dues by the last of the college year, and shall be subject to expulsion, the college year to mean the close of session of the offending institution.

Sec. 3. Moneys collected by dues shall be expended at the will of the Executive Committee.

ARTICLE VIII.

Section 1. By a three-fourths vote of all the delegates at any annual convention, the constitution may be amended.

ARTICLE IX.

Section 1. The staff of the monthly magazine in each institution a member of the Association, shall print the constitution in the February number.

ARTICLE X.

Section 1. Each publication of an institution a member of the Association, shall put upon its exchange list all other publications of institutions belonging to the Association.

Signed for Charter members at initial convention held at the University of South Carolina, Columbia, April 23-24, 1912:

GEO. P. WALLER, JR.,
University of Virginia.

BREVAR D. STEVENSON,
University of N. C.

G. J. HEARSEY,
Clemson College.

ROBT. BRUCE JACKSON
William and Mary.

J. M. WORKMAN,
Clemson College.

LOUIS K. HAGOOD,
University of S. C.
JOHN H. KANGETER,
Clemson College.

SAM LATIMER, JR.,
University of S. C.

BROADUS MITCHELL,
University of S. C.

Committee on Formation.

* * * * *

Did we do our best on the examinations just passed?

* * * * *

T. C. Haddon, '14, of the Palmetto Literary Society was chosen as Clemson's representative in the State Oratorical contest, in a preliminary contest held March 17. The contest will be held at Winthrop this spring.

A Blackbird

Mandy—Yessah; after de shot was fired, ah Rastus run seben blocks, as de crow flies.

Judge—As the crow flies?

Mandy—Yessah, all yo' could see was jes' one black streak.—*Puck*

If Satan tempted Eve, who deviled Ham?

Justified

"The hour of twelve has struck," hissed the ghost.

"I don't blame it," replied the materialist, "It was worked to death long ago."—*Exchange*.

Teacher—"Johnnie, what is friendship?"

Johnnie—"Oh, it's— it's love without the candy and flowers."—*Exchange*.

"In days of old
When knights were bold
And sheet-iron trousers wore.
They lived in peace
For then a crease
Would last ten years or more."—*Exchange*.

Where It Happened

During the Christmas dinner, a young Frenchman was seated next to a fine-looking young woman who was wearing a gown which displayed her beautiful arms.

"I came near not being here tonight," said she. "I was vaccinated a few days ago, and it gives me considerable annoyance."

The young foreigner gazed at the white arms of the speaker. "Is that so?" he replied. "Where were you vaccinated?"

The girl smiled demurely and said: "In Boston."

"Narrow skirts are being sold in pairs now. They may be worn one at a time in polite society, but for athletic purposes one may be placed on each limb."—*Exchange*.

If Eve made a column of figures, would Cain be Able to Adam?—*Exchange*.

A Milwaukee man says he has a process to make milk direct from hay, but the cow beat him to it.—*Wall Street Journal*.

FOR REHASH.

Jack—"Now that your engagement is broken, are you going to make Blanche send back your letters?"

Harry—"You bet I am. I worked hard thinking out those letters. They're worth using again."—*Boston Transcript*.

Certainly It Did

"Did your watch stop when it dropped on the floor?" asked one man of his friend.

"Sure," was the answer. "Did you think it would go through?"

What Was The Use

"Haven't found your dog yet, I hear?" asked Smith of his neighbor Jones.

"No," answered Jones ruefully.

"Well, have you advertised?" asked Smith.

"What's the use?" said Jones; "the dog can't read."—*Ladies Home Journal*.

Instrument Of Relief

"If your daughter must take music lessons, let her learn the organ."

"Why the organ instead of the piano?"

"Because organ playing does have some stops about it."—*Baltimore American*.

Ain't it Enough?

During a discussion of the fitness of things in general, some one asked: "If a young man takes his best girl to the grand opera, spends \$8 on a supper after the performance, and then takes her home in a taxicab, should he kiss her good-night?"

An old bachelor who was present growled, "I don't think she ought to expect it. Seems to me he has done enough for her."—*Lippencott's*.

"Where have you been Sallie?"

Sallie Barrow—"To the cemetery."

"Anyone dead?"

"Yes, every one of them."—*Exchange*.

It Looked That Way

One morning a man walked into his club, smiling, and said: "Boys, I'm afraid I took on more last night than a church member should take."

"Why so?" said one of his friends.

"Well, you see this morning when I came to breakfast my wife said to me: 'William, what was the matter with you last night? You stood beside the bed for some time looking at me and finally said, "Well, I swear you two girls look enough alike to be sisters." ' '—*Ladies Home Journal*.





EDITOR: D. L. CANNON, '13.

Association Cabinet

'13-14.

To assist the President in carrying forward the manifold work of the Y. M. C. A., the following young men have been chosen.

Bible study	A. H. Ward, '14
Missions	T. C. Haddon, '14
Athletics	R. B. Ezell, '14
Music	W. B. Wilkerson, '14
Religious meeting	R. E. Jenkins, '14
Mid-week Prayer services	H. H. Dukes, '15
Social	F. H. McDonald, '14
Conferences	A. P. Gandy, '14
Membership	L. E. Williams, '15
Advertising	H. L. Parker, '14

* * * * *

Illustrated Lectures

Perhaps the type of Sunday night service which proves most interesting to the boys is that dealing with some

vital lessons taught by means of moving pictures and stereoptican slides.

During the past month, three such services have been held, the first being "Ten Nights in a Bar Room." The second one, the prime object of which was to impress upon the minds of the college boy the importance of missions, was "Over Southern Seas." The last of the trio shown in moving pictures was "The Passion Play."

In the near future a lecture, "John Chinaman at Home" is to be given.

* * * * *

Community Service

Through the channels of the Association, the General Secretary is carrying on a form of community service in a nearby town. This feature of the Y. M. C. A. is but young yet, but its present progress bespeaks for itself a great future.

* * * * *

What The Association Hopes To Do

The Young Men's Christian Association of Clemson College will not feel that it has fulfilled its greatest mission until it has reached the many people in the rural districts in the vicinity of the college.

In beginning such a work, it is the purpose of the officers of the Association, with the help of the students interested, to make the Sunday schools the social center of the rural districts. Everyone realizes that it is a big undertaking, but it is believed that some day the difficulties will be surmounted and the Association will be felt for miles around the college.

Note: Should any Association desire the address of the House from which illustrated lectures can be obtained, the Association of this College will be glad to furnish such information.



EDITORS:

F. H. McDONALD, '14.

R. W. FANT, '13.

The mid-winter number of the *Davidson College Magazine* presents an interesting and well worked up magazine. "The Trend of Education," is an article that is well worth reading. The story, "The Chimney Sweep," does fairly well. The story is well written, but the plot could have been dealt with in a more effective way. The article, "The Balkan Complication," is extraordinarily good; it is the best article in last month's *Exchanges*. It is very instructive as well as interesting. Although the papers have been full of the war in the east, very few are familiar with the details of the situation. "The Anglo-American Ambassadors," deserves mentioning. The magazine, as a whole, is fine; but a few jokes would add considerably to it.

* * * * *

The *Erothesian* was received, read with much interest, and found to be up to its usual high standard. In the editorial department we found an interesting article. "A New Way of Education," which deserves mentioning. The article is well written, interesting, and instructive.

The "Origin of St. Valentine," deserves to be mentioned, because of the instruction that it contains. One would be surprised to know how precious few people there are who know why we celebrate the fourteenth of February. The story, "The Mission of a Valentine," is the only piece of fiction in the magazine. More fiction would have added much to the magazine. The poem, "A Warning," is very good; evidently the writer has had some experience. The fun department is well worked up, and adds much to the magazine.

* * * * *

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the usual exchanges.





EDITOR: H. A. HAGOOD, '13.

F. H. Jeter, '11, who until recently has been in the employ of the college, has resigned to accept a more lucrative position with the German Potash people. He will have headquarters in Atlanta, and will have demonstration work over a number of Southern States.

* * * * *

Harry Woodward and F. F. Parker, both of class '11, are in Waycross, Ga., putting in new equipment for the Southern Bell Tel. Co.

* * * * *

A. L. Ervin, '07, Civil Engineer, is now located at Florence, S. C.

* * * * *

Of the visiting Alumni who attended the Junior-Senior dance last month were: "Bill" Connelly, "Bill" Houckel, and "Bill" Perry.

* * * * *

(IN ELECTRICAL LAB.)

Senior Mc—: Professor, will a magnet have any effect on a man with an iron constitution?

Prof. W—: No, it wouldn't if the man had plenty of "brass."

Fred Schroder, '12, is with the Pennsylvania R. R. with headquarters in Chicago.

* * * * *

"Jane" Ancrum, '12, is Soil Chemist in a ranch near Suisem, Cal.

* * * * *

Dr. Calhoun remarked the other day that the Persian Gulf was 600 feet higher at its head than when it joins the Indian Ocean.

Senior S——: "Gee! A certain apostle would have a hard time walking on that water—its too steep. He would be sure to slip down."

* * * * *

L. P. Byers, E. E. Hall, and Geo. Beitt are now studying at the University of Wisconsin.

* * * * *

R. H. Lemon, '07, who was married during the last Christmas holidays, is farming and doing government demonstration work at his home near Winnsboro, S. C.

* * * * *

E. C. Martin, '10, is a traveling representative of The Adder Machine Co., of New York.

* * * * *

A. C. Durant, '07, Civil, is doing a rushing business in his chosen field. His general offices are at Walterboro, S. C.

* * * * *

J. C. Caldwell, '12, who until recently held a position with the G. S. & A. R. R. Co. has resigned to accept a more lucrative one as assistant city engineer at Spartanburg.



Clemson Agricultural College.

President.....Dr. W. M. Riggs
Secretary and Treasurer.....P. H. E. Sloan

South Carolina Experiment Station.

Director.....J. N. Harper
Secreatry.....J. N. Hook

The Young Men's Christian Association.

<i>General Secretary</i>	R. L. Sweeney
<i>President</i>	D. L. Cannon
<i>Vice President</i>	W. W. Herbert
<i>Secretary</i>	A. H. Ward
<i>Treasurer</i>	S. W. Rabb

The Clemson College Chronicle.

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<i>Business Manager</i>	S. W. Rabb
<i>Assistant Business Manager</i>	J. C. Barksdale
<i>Circulating Manager</i>	A. C. Turbeville

<i>Circulating Manager</i>	W. J. Hunter
<i>Literary Editors</i>	J. B. Douthitt
	J. H. Kangeter

Exchange Editors..... { R. W. Fant
..... F. H. McDonald

<i>Alumni Editors</i>	H. A. Hagood
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Y. M. C. A. Editor.....	D. L. Cannon
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The Tiger.

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Associate Editor.....H. S. McGee

Athletic Editors..... { J. F. King
..... W. B. Britt

Local Editor..... R. W. Fant

Social Editor.....Miss Furman

Business Manager.....Roy Robison

Assistant Business Manager.....J. N. Todd

Advertising Manager.....A. J. Evans

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President T. F. Davis

Vice President C. S. Patrick

Secretary J. E. Dunlap

Treasurer C. S. Patrick

The Palmetto Literary Society.

President W. G. McLeod

Vice President.....J. K. Boggs

Secretary..... T. C. Hudson

Treasurer..... W. D. Banks

The Columbian Literary Society.

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<i>Vice President</i>	A. D. Bark
<i>Secretary</i>	J. N. McBride
<i>Treasurer</i>	J. F. Pearson

The Clemson College Annual, 1913.**EXECUTIVE STAFF.**

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<i>Business Manager</i>	R. A. Alexander
<i>Assistant Business Manager</i>	H. A. Hagood
<i>Assistant Business Manager</i>	R. W. Fant
<i>Advertising Manager</i>	H. J. Bomar

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<i>Assistants:</i> E. T. Prevost, J. H. Kangeter, A. C. Turbeville, C. J. King, F. H. Lathrop, D. L. Cannon, S. W. Rabb, W. D. Banks, Roy Robison, M. S. Lawton.	

ART STAFF.

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<i>President</i>	F. W. Bouson
<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>	W. D. Banks

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<i>Superintendent</i>	B. J. Wells
<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>	D. L. Cannon

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<i>Director</i>	L. F. Wolfe

The Glee Club.

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<i>Vice President</i>	R. A. Alexander
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The Football Team.

<i>Captain</i>	W. B. Britt
<i>Manager</i>	M. S. Lawton

The Baseball Team.

<i>Captain</i>	R. B. Ezell
<i>Manager</i>	R. A. Alexander

The Track Team.

<i>Captain</i>	A. C. Turbeville
<i>Manager</i>	E. T. Prevost

The Basketball Team.

<i>Manager</i>	J. H. Kangeter
----------------------	----------------

The Clemson College Science Club.

President.....Hale Houston
Vice President.....J. M. Burgess
Secretary and Treasurer.....Styles Howard

The Alumni Association.

PresidentD. H. Henry
Vice PresidentsB. H. Rawl, R. E. Lee
Secretary and Treasurer.....H. W. Barre

The Senior Class.

President.....R. A. Alexander
Vice President.....A. C. Turbeville
Secretary and Treasurer.....H. A. Hagood

The Junior Class.

President.....R. B. Ezell
Vice President.....J. W. Erwin
Secretary and Treasurer.....A. P. Gandy

The Sophomore Class.

President.....R. Cureton
Vice President.....J. Peeples
Secretary and Treasurer.....S. M. Richards

The Freshman Class.

President.....?
Vice President.....
Secretary and Treasurer.....

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Vice PresidentT. F. Davis
Secretary and TreasurerW. G. McLeod
CaptainC. S. Patrick
ChairmanJ. H. Kangeter
SecretaryH. J. Bomar

The Clemson Agricultural Journal.


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Associate Editors {G. H. Pearce
 {T. F. Davis
 {P. E. Myers
 {Frank Hodges
 {W. W. Herbert
Business ManagerC. S. Patrick

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PresidentA. C. Turbeville
SecretaryJ. A. Berley
TreasurerW. W. Herbert
CaptainC. S. Patrick

Student Chapter A. I. E. E.

ChairmanJ. H. Kangeter
SecretaryH. J. Bomar



The Chronicle

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Winthrop Normal and Industrial College

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700 STUDENTS.

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SPECIAL COURSES.—Stenography and Typewriting, Dress-making, Millinery, Cooking, Household Arts, Drawing and Manual Training, Expression, Art, Bookkeeping.

Thorough instruction given in Cooking, Floriculture, Freehand and Industrial Drawing, Designing, Reading and Physical Training. Arrangements have been made to train Kindergartners.

A course for training in Library Methods is given.

MUSIC.—In this Department instruction given in Piano, Sight Singing, Voice Training, and Chorus Singing.

SCHOLARSHIPS.—Each county is given as many Scholarships as it has Members in the House of Representatives. A Scholarship is worth \$100.00 and Free Tuition, and must be won by competitive examination.

In addition to the regular State Scholarships, thirty-one Dining-room Scholarships are given. These Scholarships pay all expenses for work in dining-room and kitchen.

Expenses for session of nine months:

For Students Paying Tuition.....\$144.00

For Students Having Free Tuition..... 104.00

For Scholarship Students..... 4.00

For Catalogue and other information address

D. B. JOHNSON, President,

Rock Hill, S. C.

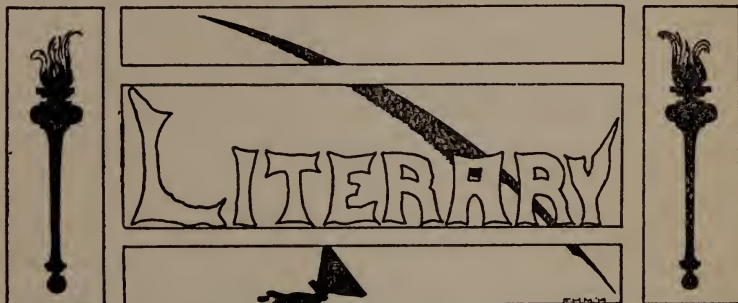
The Clemson College Chronicle

Valeat Quantum Valere Potest.

Vol. XVI.

Clemson College, S C., April, 1913.

No. 7.



EDITORS:

J. H. KANGETER, '13.

J. B. DOUTHIT, '14.

W. J. HUNTER, '15.

Cecirority

F.H. McDONALD '14.

Life is such a little while!
Too short to leave it bare
Of the deeds of human kindness
That make the whole worth while.
Contemn the rank, diseased things
That daily strive to crush
Beneath their strifling weight our high
Desires. Go face the world
Head-on. Be unto man as you
Would that all men be to you.
And when at times you feel rebuffed,
Come back yet stronger still,
And fight, and show that in the schem.
Of life you're worth the count.
Cringe not in face of sunken vice
If you can be of aid;
But lift the weakling spawn of sin

To things above the plane
Of low desire, and bring again to life
A soul that e'en, perchance,
To you may be of help
When Time the tide of fortune turns
And damning Fate controls
The puny things we call Ourselves.

April 16, 1912

What has proved to be the greatest marine disaster yet recorded in the world's history occurred on the morning of April 16, 1912, off the coast of New Foundland, when the steamship "Titanic" struck a mammoth ice-berg and in four hours time had sunk two miles below the surface of the sea. While all the world slept peacefully under the watchful eye of an omnipotent Father and before the new day, bringing new duties, had awakened, this ship, the largest in the world, wrecked and disabled had plunged into the almost bottomless depths, carrying with it sixteen hundred passengers.

Words cannot express the awfulness of this disaster which cast over the world a feeling of gloom, and at the news of which strong men wept. Unrivalled either by the destruction of the *Atlantic* in 1873, when five hundred seventy four lives were lost or the wrecking of the *La Bourgogne* in 1898 when five hundred seventy one lives were lost this almost unbelievable occurrence has been recorded in History as the "World's Greatest Marine Disaster."

This ship, lately constructed at an approximate cost of ten million dollars and the finest and largest on the Main, was making its maiden voyage. How the heart of the architect and the owner must have throbbed with pride and enthusiasm as they beheld this gigantic struc-

ture the mistress of the seas, smoothly glide out of the dock and over the waters on its first journey to new world. How near to breaking must their heart cords have been strained when the first C. Q. D. of the breaking day told of the momentous disaster.

The loss of money is of little consequence. No sum of money can replace the precious lives of the men, women, and children snuffed out by the turbulent waters, as they closed over the sinking frame of the once proud monarch.. What feelings of anguish must have filled the heart of father and child or husband and wife as they took their last farewell and consigned themselves to God's care! Who can find phrases adequate to express the mental sufferings of man and wife as the former took a last embrace from his beloved and sent her off on the lifeboats to find land, if the Ruler so ordained?

The exact location of the disaster was midway between Sable Island and Cape Race, latitude 41.46 North, longitude 50.14 West, and four hundred miles from land, the nearest port being Halifax in Newfoundland. At this point, the ocean, oftentimes obstructed by massive icebergs whose pinnacles, reaching to the skies, are obscured by mist and fog, is approximately two miles deep. What safer place could have been chosen as the last resting place of this ship born to die so young?

Was it providence? Could He who rules both land and sea, whose very word stills the raging sea and calmes the restless wave, bring to pass this wreck for a purpose?

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform
He plants his footsteps on the sea
And rides upon the storm."

We cry as did Augustus when he heard of the overwhelming defeat of his legions not.

"O Yarus! give me back my legions! give me my legions!"

O bottomless sea! bring forth thy dead.

Why Few Romances Are Written on France

Of course any famous short-story writer will scoff at the difficulties which are here presented; but then he has overcome such simple impossibilities so often that nobody will believe that he ever bore even a remote resemblance to Geo. Washington.

Now, I was known in my youth as a pretty good liar and rather imaginative myself; but I must admit that even my nerve fails me when I attempt to write a romance on a train.

Of course the heroine is the beautiful young lady who got on at the last station while the car was full, and looked at the tall well-built young man ahead of you so appealingly. She gets his seat, but your ideal of manly strength is somewhat dimmed when the stalwart young hero is not strong enough to pull down the raised window and the beautiful heroine takes your seat when you go out to smoke, and you are not partial to raised windows yourself. But you murmur, "Oh, well she's a beautiful creature, and makes an ideal heroine, and heroes are easy to find," but to your horror, upon glancing her way again, you, see her frantically chewing gum! Your heroine immediately commits senceal (in the play, of course.) "Still", you say, "I've got some realistic life-studies of the general, polite, gray-haired old conductor who is so nice to the ladies; and too I have a splendid picture of the genuine original wit of a red-headed Irish newsboy whom I have named Terry O'Fline

But your studies suffer to some extent when you hear Terry O' Fline say, "Yes, them's pretty good jokes. I got 'em out er this here little book. Only ten cents, mister, a bargain or my name's not Fritz Hoffman," and glancing up in reproach and disappointment you are just in time to see the gray-haired, courtly conductor pocket two cash fares and give no receipt, after a furtive glance around to see that no one is looking. He undergoes a transformation, and the lines of long-continued dishonesty and dissipation appear (in your story, of course), but your story doesn't fit such a character; so what are you to do? Crash! Crash! What's that? The train limps a few yards and comes to a maimed halt. "Ah, ha!" you cry, your head full of your story "a wreck." Now watch all my characters redeem themselves." But when you dash madly out upon the scene, you find that nothing is wrong except that the empty car behind has bumped along the ties for a few yards, and that, instead of saving lives, the courtly conductor is swearing fluently in English, forgetful of his courtesy and politeness to ladies and is ably assisted by Fritz Hoffmann (alias Terry O'Fliem) in Dutch, Yiddish, and chinse. The train goes on with only twenty minutes lost instead of a multitude of lives, and you mutter, as you put away your pad, "Aw, what 'ell's the use?" and—————what ell' the use?

The Tripple Oath

B. M. JACKSON '14

Mrs. Balfour walked leisurely homeward after a few hours of shopping. As she passed through the flower garden, she daintily plucked three tiny rose buds; and, as he held them to the sunlight, a radiant smile stole over her lovely face. She, standing there in the directed rays of the sun, presented a beautiful picture to all who chanced to pass in that direction. After lingering in the flower garden a few moments, she murmured softly, "Won't Hugh be delighted to have me pin these rose-buds on his coat as I used to do in our happy courtship days?" With that, she walked briskly up the gravel walk, mounted the steps, and opened the front door without making the least noise. As she entered the hallway, she uttered a fearful shriek of fear, agony and sorrow. What did she see? There, lying on the floor, was her devoted husband, Hugh Balfour; his face was as white as death, his eyes rolled back giving forth a glassy lustre. The expression on his face showed that he had suffered agonies. Oh, how that deathly pallid face made one shudder to look at it. Mrs. Balfour stood gazing upon the corpse of her husband, her hands were clenched together, her form motionless and her face deathly pale. A few minutes elapsed before she came to herself again, then she threw herself upon the dead body, uttering moaning, sounds of internal suffering.

"Hugh dear,—are you sick? Look at me Hugh—Hugh—Oh, Hugh—what's the matter?—tell me Hugh—Oh, GOD——." With that, the excited woman fainted.

A passing policeman heard the scream and rushed to the house. After seeing what had taken place, he at once phoned to headquarters for aid. The coroner was summoned, and at the inquest a thorough post-

mortem examination was made; it revealed nothing except that Mr. Balfour came to his death thru other than natural causes. The public became much dissatisfied at the verdict rendered; so that the coroner's jury was advised to sit again on this mysterious case. As usual, the entire force of police, as well as the city detectives was placed on the case. After a week of petty investigations, the jury returned the following verdict: "Hugh Balfour came to his death thru natural causes." When the verdict reached Mrs. Balfour at the hospital, she was very much dissatisfied. Said she to the nurse:

"Bring my clothes to me, I must go now."

"But you are not going to do anything of the kind; you are not able to leave the bed, and furthermore it is positively against the rules," said the nurse in smooth tones. "Don't you know it will be much better for you to lie still and rest, then it won't be long before you are well," continued the nurse, sweetly. She had scarcely finished speaking when the sick woman jumped out of bed and stood before the nurse like a lion at bay. Regardless of the wild exclamations of the attendants, Mrs. Balfour dressed hurriedly, ran hastily to her home and a few minutes later she appeared at her own doorway with her hand bag swinging from her arm.

Among the passengers of the fast Chicago Express No. 448, Mrs. Balfour was the saddest; her face showed that her mind was undergoing a terrible ordeal. During the entire trip to Chicago, not a single word was uttered by the sad woman; there was always that same sad, care-worn expression on her pallid face. Immediately upon her arrival in the city, she went to the office of the world's most famous detectives, the Samuel-Thomas Agency; after a very cordial greeting, Mrs. Balfour vividly explained the circumstances sur-

rounding the death of her husband, and after answering briefly many questions, the senior member of the firm said.

"This is a remarkably interesting case, and I am anxious to do what I can to establish definitely the cause of your husband's death."

"I am so glad I came to you, Mr. Samuels," answered the excited woman.

"Tomorrow we will go to your home in Spokane and begin our investigations," said the detective.

"That will not do, you must come with me at once; for I cannot rest until I am assured that some one is working for my sake," said the woman.

"Excuse me just a minute," answered the detective. He entered the next room, had a short talk with his companion and then returned saying:

"I will go with you now, but my partner will have to stay over tonight as witness on an important murder trial; he will come on the earliest train in the morning. How long before our train is due to depart?"

"Only twenty minutes," responded the woman.

"I must get a few things, but will be with you presently," said Mr. Samuel.

During the entire journey, scarcely a word was passed between the two passengers except a question now and then by the detective, which was answered by Mrs. Balfour between broken sobs. Upon his arrival at the house, the detective immediately set to work. With a powerful reading glass and a reflecting lantern he first examined the floor around the body, but it had been walked upon so much by the coroner and his aids until nothing definite could be determined; though after a period of about three hours he exclaimed, "Ah, this will be convenient," as he placed something in his vest pocket. He did not cease his searches until far past the midnight hour, but found nothing more to in-

dicare a clew. Near the dawn, he retired for a few hours rest, but sleep would not come to him, for his mind was in an excited state. He could do nothing but think, think, think; and his chief thoughts were based on the different methods used by murderers. Near the break of dawn, he dosed off into a peaceful slumber.

The next day, he and his partner began a most minute examination of the surrounding premises, Samuels taking the walk and front yard, while Thomas devoted his searches to the back yard and wood house. At noon they compared notes; the senior partner found nothing to arouse suspicion, but the younger found a few scattered horse tracks in the moist earth at the gate of the back yard. After much hesitation as to the clue found, Mr. Samuels began his investigations in the rooms of the house, while Mr. Thomas continued his searches at the rear of the house. In a like manner, the two famous detectives spent three more days at the Balfour homestead. The second day brought forth a startling discovery. Those words, written in a very off-hand manner, were found on the back of the front door, "*Mein Lohn.*" The second post-mortem examination also produced a startling discovery, which would, in due time, aid in running down the criminal.

As soon as they completed their search, the detectives returned to Chicago. Many days and nights did they work unceasingly over their case. No one knew that all this time they had secret agents, newsboys, porters, and railway conductors on the sharp look-out for a suspected person who had been secretly described in every detail. Every night the lights could be seen burning in the private office of the detective agency until the early hours of the dawn; they were studying the methods of writing common to all nations, the poisonous group of compounds with their effect, and the type of people who used the air gun.

The combined efforts of these two men, with the aid of their secret information bureau, brought about a remarkable chain of evidence against the criminal who had not yet been found!

The week following the investigations, an aristocratic mining hand entered the camp of The Consolidated Iron Mfg. Co., at Stone Creek, Colorado. Rumors of Revenue man, Spy and Detective spread thru the workers like wild fire. The foreman, only thru much persuasion, showed the ignorant workers that the new-comer was only a common laborer who meant no harm to anyone. All the minors, with the exception of one Henrich Hein, went to work in their usual cheerful manner; this man seemed to be nervous and irritable, though it was not much noticed, as he had always been a quarrelsome sort of fellow. A fortnight following the appearance of the mysterious laborer at the mining camp, he disappeared as quietly as he came. This created quite a sensation among the workers and that same afternoon Henrich Hein disappeared without bidding fare-well to his fellow workmen.

Early one morning, two weeks following the detectives' departure from Mrs. Balfour's home, Mr. Samuels again came to visit the widow. This time, his errand was more exact than the preceeding one, in that he came to notify the sad woman that the murderer of her husband was in safe hands. Mrs. Balfour seemed very much surprised at the startling news.

"How did you find him out," she asked excitedly.

"I will tell you later," said Mr. Samuels, "now you must come with me to Chicago to see this villain, and prepare yourself to stand a remarkbale story," concluded the man. She lost little time in preparation for the journey, and in a few hours they were comfortably seated in a Pullman bound for Chicago.

"You must tell me how you caught this wretch so soon," said the woman anxiously.

"Since you must know at once, my dear lady I will tell you now: As for our work, it was short and easy. In the beginning, as I began my searches on the body of your husband, I found nothing but this tiny cork, which as you see, is slightly discolored at the smaller end. After several tests, I found that the abnormal color was due to the action of a poisonous compound upon it; I found the poison to be that which causes death when an animal is bitten by a cobra, the most poisonous snake of the east. Then I examined the body more closely, and in the skin which covers your husband's temple, I found this. He produced a tiny metallic cylinder about an eighth of an inch in diameter and about half an inch long.

"This cylinder was dipped in the poison and shot into your husband's head, causing death almost instantly," continued the detective. "This cork was forced into one end to prevent the contents from leaking out of the cylinder," said Mr. Samuels.

"Oh, how horrible," said the woman shuddering.

"Then in the corner of the passage way, scratched in the wall I found these words, 'Mein Lohn,' which if translated into English, mean *my reward*. The words are of German origin, hence our man must be familiar with the German language. The horse's tracks found by my partner were very peculiar as they were not far enough apart to have been made by a horse, and their indent in the earth indicated that the horse weighed, at the most, not over four hundred pounds: and it lead us to believe that it was not a horse. My spy, Bill, the hack driver, found a pair of false shoes in the outskirts of your city, which were carved in the exact shape of a horse's hoof, and the band with which these shoes were fastened on the foot of a person, were

made of recently smeltered iron and were slightly smeared with blood, and in the toe of the shoe, I found some iron shavings which contained a minute amount of platinum. I studied the outputs of all the mines in this country, as well as those of the old world, and found only one company, The Consolidated Iron Mfg. Co., of Stone Creek, Col., which mined iron ore that contained a small amount of platinum. I immediately went to this mining camp and hired myself as a common laborer, in order that I could study these workers without their knowing it. One of the laborers, Henrich Hein by name and of German birth, at once arrested my attention. After careful study, I found that he could speak German very fluently, that the top of each foot was sore, and that he left camp the day of the murder and returned the day after. After I had gathered this information, I departed from the camp: but did not come back directly to Chicago. I stayed in the near by communitiy, closely watching the movements of this German, and that evening, as he tried to escape, I arrested him and brought him to Chicago."

The trip to the detective agency was made in deathly silence, both were absorbed in deep thought and their movement was unhindered, except for few occasional glances at the boisterous news-butcher or boot-black. After they entered the building, Mrs. Balfour was comfortably seated in an easy chair, while the detective entered his private office, only to appear a few minutes later with his co-worker, escorting the lame hand-cuffed prisoner, who had a care-worn, meek expression upon his rugged face.

"Ist dis the lady vot belongs to mine man I killed?" said the German.

"Yes" answered the lady.

"Then mine heart aches, for you deserve a better husband," continued the German.

"I'll have you understand that I will not tolerate any

abusive language against my devoted husband," said the lady, sternly.

"Pardon me, lady. I know it is the truth for it hurts.

"Tell me the story of the Crime at once and begone," continued Mrs. Balfour, sternly.

"Vell, I will," and thus he began: "When I was a mere tot mine vater was given a large estate in German East Africa by His Majesty the Kaiser. On that estate, I lived a life of ease, I knew not what hardship was; me and me two brothers lived almost always out doors mit the black natives to wait on us. Our lives were full of fun; ve knew nothing of fear or sorrow. Our daily hunts in the dense forest were always crowned mit an exciting and sometimes dangerous experience, yet we cared not, for we fought the wild beasts with dautless courage and subdued many of the natives. As I grew into manhood, me vater and mutter became feeble wit age. I remained at home to care for me dear old mutter and vater, while me two brodders took up mine vater's duties on the coffee plantation. Our wants were well supplied mit the profits from the coffee plantation. had both me vater me me mutter's eyes were filled with cheerfulness during the last days of their lives. The country itself was so productive that many people from me home land came to take of the riches of that wild country; we had much trouble in protecting our farm from the greedy new-comers. All of them envied our fine plantation, and they tried in every way to wrest it from us, but as we employed many of the war-like natives to work for us, they defended our possessions like men of war, some of them even gave up their lives in their brave attacks upon the selfish immigrants.

Our progressive home was doomed to end, and that noble happiness of a cheerful fireside was soon to cease. Day by day new difficulties arose for us to overcome in order to hold our own, each problem was harder to

solve than the one just preceding. Excitement ran high, mine brudders and I became very nervous, but ve never mentioned our troubles to our fast sinking parents. At last the hour for action came ven a young man about my age, a Frenchman, rode up to my home and said, "I will give you until tomorrow at dawn to evacuate this house. If you are not gone by the specified time, you and yours shall pay the penalty of cruel torture and probable death." Without giving me time to speak, he wheeled his horse and rode rapidly away; What was I to do? I alone could not protect the home for there was a male mit in thirty miles. As soon as I could collect mine thoughts, I ran to the servants quarters, and, as soon as possible, despatched a negro servant-girl on horse back to the farm, which was thrity miles distant on the Luiillii river, to warn mine brudders. Then I set about to provide means, as best I could to protect the house from attack. All day I worked like an insane man barracading the house and the adjoining buildings. As I closed the door at night fall to wait the coming of mine brudders, I felt as if mine time had come. I lost all power of reason, and ran weeping like a child to the bedside of mine stricken mutter. Scarcely had I reached the bed ven I realized vot I had done as quick as a thought, I corrected mine self, and boldly did I falsely assure mine mutter that nothing serious vas wrong, only a little attack by a few savage natives. She vas partially contented with that, but I felt like a coward to lie to her, tho I knew to tell the truth would mean the vorst.

The dismal hours of darkness seemed like months and even years to me, and ven two o'clock came I vas immensely alarmed at mine brudders not coming. The remainder of the night vas passed in a mad frenzy of expectation. At the break of dawn, I heard a whoop. My heart leaped, first mit fear and then mit joy, for I

thought I recognized a brudders voice. The next few minutes I stood in the doorway anxiously looking in the direction which mine brudders would come. Later I heard the clamor of horses hoofs and excited voices of men; at that instant I saw the horsemen, about a hundred in number, ride over the hill. In a moment, I saw it was not mine brudders. Quickly I barred the door, gripped mine pistol in mine hand and stood waiting by the barred door. The half civilized natives yelled like wild beast as they entered the yard. Soon they surrounded the house and at once began to pound upon the door where I stood guard. In a few moments the door came crashing in, I shot the first three to enter the door, and then grappled in the door mit vot seemed to be hundrets of men.

Soon they tied my hands and feet, kicked and dragged me from the house, and placed me under a tree guarded by three strong black natives. The black-skinned devils plundered the house, and I saw mine own vater and mutter dragged from the burning building.

A sharp command sounded behind me, and forward rode the Frenchman I met the previous morning. He passed me and drew rein at mine prostrate mutter's feet; as he jumped to the ground he struck each, mine vater and mutter, a blow in the face mit his sword. Mine blood boiled mit in me, mine brain reeled, I twisted and pulled at the cords that bound me hands and feet, and hurled an everlasting curse upon the devil of a Frenchman. who in turn struck me senseless."

"Oh what brutes," said Mrs. Balfour.

"That baste est your dead husband," responded the German.

The woman was speechless, she sat like a chalk model, with her fiery eyes glistening like those of a serpent. After a slight pause the prisoner continued, "Ven I woke, I found myself lying in a cold den, and later I

learned I was in a ship. I lay there in a stupor for two days, haunted by rats and foul odors of the damp walls; not a morsel of food or a drop of water was given me until the third day when I was taken ashore on the island Mauritius, in the Indian Ocean. There, to mine great surprise, I found mine brudders bound in a like manner. We were sold by the captain of the vessel, your husband, as slaves to a cruel black Moor. Many times has the cruel whip of slavery cracked on our bare backs while I alone live to tell the wicked story. There we formed "The Triple Oath;" mine brudders and I swore by the living God and the suffering of mine parents to avenge their cruel death. No oath could ever be so binding; I can now die with cheerfulness, for the vow is fulfilled and mine dear dead parents are avenged. Day in and day out we planned to escape, but such a constant watch was kept over us until escape was impossible. Finally mine brudders agreed to draw lots to see who would sacrifice their lives for the other's escape; now as you see, I drew the lucky coffee grain. Through some source, I found out that a ship would soon visit the island, and it was then that we resolved to put our plan into action; the day the ship arrived we were making vine out under the cool trees, and when the guard turned his back mine brudders caught him and threw him to the ground. I ran as fast as mine legs could carry me to the seaport, but before I got out of hearing I heard a volley of pistol shots, and I knew mine brudders was dead. When I reached the ship, I climbed up the pilot's ladder and hid in a pile of coal until we were far out upon the high sea. I had much trouble with the captain to let me stay on ship but at last he let me work mine way to Calcutta. I worked and made some money and went back to mine old home in Africa, but found the Frenchman gone; then I followed him to Paris, from there to London and there I found him. Many days did

I vatch him, mit his vife, drive along the streets, but could never get a chance to do my vork.

At this moment Mrs. Balfour gave a deep sigh of remorse.

"Vun day he saw me ven I vas not looking, and all of sudden he disappeared. My searches for five years after were fruitless; then I took the roaming nature and come to America vere I vork in an iron mine in Colorado for two years. Each month I roamed over the country for two days, and as a result I found him in Spokane. I killed him; mine vow is fulfilled, and mine vater's and mutter's honor is avenged; so now I am ready to die for I lived only to fulfill The Triple Oath."

The heart-broken widow broke into sobs and said, "Good man, go your way; mothers love is above all. I loved Hugh and love him still." Quickly Mrs. Balfour drew a tiny revolver from her bosom, and placing it to her forehead said: "Now I go to join my husband, wherever he may be."

She fired the fatal shot before the detectives could prevent it; thus a noble woman's life was sacrificed to cover the shame of a perfidious husband.

A Man And His Fellow

"No, Tom, you must not talk of immediate marriage, as I cannot promise you ever, that I will ever marry you. While I see in your characteristic, that if developed, would make a man of exceptional ability; I also know, by your own boasts, of the evil practices, which you seem to think are proper, and even necessary to a college man's career."

"Why is it, Bess, that when I came to tell you my heart, and give it to you, you hand me out that 'grand-mother's talk? You are only eighteen and yet you are so serious and have such foolish ideas, about what a young man should be. You are always holding up to me that 'fop' Frank Sleoden."

"Frank is true to his ideals, and knows that "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." College boys justify themselves in vice by pointing out other's who do the same. These young men pass out into life and may or may not learn to do better. Nevertheless, that influence at school among undeveloped youths has had its effect, and like a pebble dropped into a pond the ripples decrease but sooner or later, they are likely to be carried under by large waves of sin. It is best not to start the ripples as imperishable souls are at stake. Frank has said to me, that the poor and starving children who are daily arrested in our cities for petty crimes are more justifiable in the sight of God than are the young men of Clemson College, who without any motive, sow seed whose bitter fruit they are forced to taste throughout life."

"Holden you know is a crank on all that religious stuff, and it gets on my nerves when I have to swallow all that 'lady talk' from a man.

"You will walk with me tomorrow afternoon, Bess, and then I want you to tell me that you will be my little queen always, that you love me. I have money

enough or will have, in time, to give you all that you wish. Do not let Holden's talks on philanthropy or any other subject, make any impression on you, he is a little weakling and poor as poverty."

"It is true, Tom, that you will inherit your father's place, you, too, are a great athlete and very popular, but all that is not to be considered. I shall walk with you tomorrow, however, and we can discuss our plans more fully."

Tom was confident Bess would not refuse him, he had so much to offer her.

"What a beauty she is," thought Tom, on his way to barracks, "and what an ornament to any man's home."

When Tom Stuart reached his room, the night he left Bess, he found that some one had taken his electric globe.

"I think Holden broke his just after supper," suggested one of his friends who had come in to borrow "a smoke."

Perhaps Tom was less patient with Holden than he would otherwise have been, perhaps not.

"Did you take my globe" demanded Tom reaching Frank's room.

"No, I did not" returned Frank.

"Where did you get that one from" persisted Tom, "I know you broke yours just after supper."

"That seems something of an insinuation, Stuart, for I have answered your question, and I don't think it necessary to go into any details."

"You are a lying thief" swore Tom, and walking over to where Frank sat, slapped his face.

Frank jumped to his feet, his whole being afire, caught the back of the chair in which he had been sitting, and started to swing it. He heard a voice, clear, sweet and full of power—he listened. "Vengeance is mine. I will repay, saith the Lord."

The chair remained where it was.

Tom did not hear the voice, he took Frank's globe and went back to his room.

David went to bed in the dark, and while lying there awake, he heard again the voice—clearer, sweeter, "He that overcometh, shall inherit all things, and I will be his God and he shall be my son."

Then he fell asleep.

Bess had just returned to Clemson for the continuation of her visit of a year ago, at which time, she had been called home by telegram announcing the illness of her mother.

On her arrival home, she had found her mother failing rapidly, and two days following, she passed away.

Bess had never before realized just what this could mean, but it fell upon her now a stunning blow, which dazed her by its force.

She and her father were constant companions, during those terrible days of grief, when two broken hearts were joined in sympathetic love, finding sympathy in each other's sorrow.

What a contrast! A soul tossed for many years on the rough sea of life, now way on the other side of the summit, and yet one of life's greatest sorrows, overtakes him there to deal another blow to that veteran soul. This the husband's heart.

The other, clean, pure, always shielded by that love, whose protection was now torn away; realized for the first time how sorrow could change individuals. Would this great sorrow, of her child heart, change her? And if so, for better or for worse?

Just eleven months following Mrs. Slater's death, Bess and her father had come back to Clemson. Many of her old boy friends had been to see her, and they all seemed glad that she had come back. Tom was the same as before, and he noticed with pleasure, how beautiful she was. His Bess had come back.

"After a whole year's postponement I am to have your answer. During that year, Bess, and many preceeding, I have seen many girls, but you are the most perfect I have ever seen and I love you sincerely, Bess."

"All that you say, Tom, I fully appreciate, but there is more to be considered. You love me because I am beautiful; a man should not love a woman body, not because of its outward beauty, but because it contained a beautiful soul—pure and noble—and so a woman's love should be governed.

"If you know that I had been wild and reckless, with a spotted career behind me, you would not want me. A man requires and even demands that of a woman. The reverse is not the case, because a woman lets a man be what he desires most, and marries him anyhow,, and men are selfish enough to think that such is a fair exchange a woman's clean character for a man's depraved career and the man makes the offer. It's a poor man who'll make it, and a poor specimen of womanhood, who'll agree to it.

"I want a man whose ideals are pure, high, noble, and holy; for I know I must reap with him what he has already sown; not a man who can boast of wealth or blue-blood, but one who can give to me a soul and body as clean and pure as that which I shall give in exchange. Such a man has asked me to marry him and one week after graduation, I will be the wife of Mr. Frank Holden."

Wigfall '14.

A Lingerin Shadow

W. J. HUNTER '15

Back through the hazy mist of many years
My soul has often gone and often goes
To court the love of her, who now appears
And angel from before my grief rent eyes.
How dark this present sordid sound of woes
Doth seem beneath the light of other skies.

My eyes play false, but mem'ry lingers on,
And thus I clearly see her pure and bright
Ere death eclipsed life's golden-lighted morn
And took the child love of my early years.
How sweet it is in this reflected light
To live and cull the fruit that spring from tears.
When trembling hopes let fall life's brightest star
And bending joy departs on frozen wings,
Awhile I gaze and sigh for days that were,
And sighing catch a bright refulgent ray
From out those holy eyes, which to me clings
'Till all the future seems a bright way.

Sweet, soft and clear her voice floats up to me
Refreshing from out the broken past,
As full of joy as when she whispered free
Of how our childhood love was born to bloom
To perfectness. But frail is life, alas!
Alas, the lovely flower within the tomb!

Anow my grief becomes a tender hope,
In which I trust to live beneath her smile
And be a man; for peace at length must ope
Where she is guide and bids me journey on.
'Tis thus my grief is stayed a little while,
And then a little while and it is gone.

I struggle on and seek to live and learn
To gain those heights which hope and love have
built;
I falter not lest love, my love, discern
In me some fault along life's dreary wild
And gently, sweetly chide me for my guilt,
As did she when I was a love-blown child.

The slow increase of time has many cares
With which to vex the hours and steal a sigh,
But gladness still is mine. This transient pain
Is homage paid to live of days gone by
And serves to make my loss a brighter gain.

Old times doth onward roll, but sweet the hours
Beneath the ling'ring shadow of her love.
My grief is stayed, and hope is wreathed with
flowers.
One hope, one love, is mine which from above
Still guides me on beyond the weary years.

At Midnight

W. J. HUNTER '15.

It is the lonely midnight hour,
No sound disturbs the peaceful scene;
The hills are dark and all between
Is darker still—a mantled bower
Where Thought may wander forth and forth and
glean
A fruitage fain and sweeter flower.

The diamond—?gilded stars above
Spread their diffusive light to space,
Making the gentle heaven's face
A twinkling view of light and love,
The source of which we interlace
With Him through Whom we live and move.

O, God and Nature, how divine
That scenes like these around us spread,
By their pure brightness are we led
To think, to feel that they are Thine,
And we, frail from on venom fed,
Make waste our little lots of time!

Though wide the span from earth to sky,
And wide still man's unity?
Yet may we meditate and see
Light from the rolling orbs on high,
Through which, with all their harmony,
We build a hope that cannot die.

Somewhere to Live

Old Mr. and Mrs. Clare had lived at the place half mile out of West Cross for forty years. They had raised a family of three children. Four had been given them but one rosy cheeked little girl, that was "mother's Pet," had been called away at the age of eleven. Old Mr. Clare had not made a success of farming as the word success would mean today. The acres surrounding his home had fed and clothed his happy family while the children were little and had educated them via the mortgage route when they grew up, which they did with astonishing rapidity once they were started.

The happy days of Mr. Clare seemed to be over with the coming of the dark, cold winter. The firm holding the mortgage over the homestead had served notice that they would foreclose in the Spring if money was not forthcoming. They appealed to the children but their money was sunk in business enterprises of various cities.

It was quite clear that they could not spend the winter at the farm. They had consulted the children about it and George, who was an asparagus grower in California suggested that they spend half their time with Annie and half with William. Annie lived in the city of Wayroad. Her husband was a contractor of no small business proportions.

They had mentioned this to Annie. Annie was willing to take care of them part of the time with "of like you would if you were at the old place." After a month or two with Annie they had found out the truth—and gone to William's.

William lived in Zanesboro. He worked a large electrical concern. William's wife was very fashionable and moved quite a deal in society. When Mr. and Mrs. Clare went to William's, William, Jr. and little Nellie "loved Dran'ma 'cause they tum," William was "glad

to have them," Mrs. William was "pleased to see them."

During the latter part of the winter Mr. and Mrs. Clare had read between lines, seen between looks, and heard between words. Besides all this the hints distributed about by William's wife were enough to knock a rail man like Mr. Clare off his feet. They were both hurt with the knowledge that the winter had revealed to them, and before dawn one April morning they slipped out of William's house and took the train for West Cross.

In the early spring morning, they walked down the road towards their old home. Mr. Clare, in spite of his years, was straight as an arrow. His little wife leaning on his arm had seen more years than her looks indicated.

The trees along the road were sending out their blossoms and sweet perfume. The green grass and wild flowers breathed of purity and freshness. The slight breeze brought, along with the voices and odors of spring, the memory of the day they had first dared, with unseakable sweetness, the thought of life together.

The road ran along beside an old rail fence in the corners of which, at regular intervals, stood small, straight oak trees just sending out their young leaves. As they drew up in the scant shade of one of these little trees to "rest a bit," as Mr. Clare said, the joy of the season overcame the sorrows in the heart of Mrs. Clare and she began in a timid voice a quaint little song that blended perfectly with the fresh morning. Mr. Clare joined in with his thin tenor voice scarcely audible yet altogether in harmony with Mrs. Clare. A rabbit on the other side of the fence perched up to listen, and could you have seen him, you would almost have sworn that was a tear that rolled down his cheek.

Passing on down the road they came in sight of the old home. Their hearts beat faster with the joy of seeing the old place again. Stopping under one of the

huge oak trees to drink in the sights of homely beauty, Mr Clare spied a stake driven in the ground in front of the house. Stepping over to it he read aloud:



For Sale

This house with the adjoining farm lands to
be sold at auction, Tuesday, April 29th.

Bablington and Barre.

He took off his glasses with trembling fingers as he came back to where Mary had sat down against the trunk of the friendly oak. The tears were in her eyes. His were not dry. They had lived a life of toil and service for those they loved and now they had not where to lay their heads. Mr. Clare sat down by Mary and took the little hand he used to worship in both his own. Together they fell into a peaceful sleep—they had gone to live with Mother pets.

“Twas not then their hearts broke
That moment when first they knew
That all the world held holiest,
Was utterly untrue.

Underneath those April boughs
They felt the springtime hum,
The careless mirth of yesterday
Came near and smiled at them.

Old singing lingered in the wind,
Oh! underneath those April boughs,
I think those hearts broke then.

H. L. P. '14

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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D. L. CANNON, '13 (Columbian)	<i>Y. M. C. A. Department</i>
H. A. HAGOOD, '13 (Columbian)	<i>Alumni Department</i>

Contributions solicited from the Faculty, Alumni and Students of the Institute

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

All business communications should be addressed to the Business Manager.

Subscription price, \$1.00 in advance Our Advertising Rates are as follows:

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



EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: W. G. McLEOD, '13.

Now that we have had our annual inspection, nothing remains to interrupt our work for the session. The Seniors are on the home stretch, as it were, and to some of them, this last term means very much indeed. The

class record for the entire Corps during last term was very good. Let each man strive to be the leader when he crosses the tape in June.

At the begining of this term, Dr. Riggs instituted the plan of having prominent men speak to the corps on Wednesday morning immediately after Chapel. The first man to address us was Prof. Vladimer Karapetoff of Cornell University, whose address was upon the Development of Personality. Prof. Karapetoff holds the chair of electricity at Cornell, and he has written several books on electrical subjects. He is also a pianist, and gave us a very pleasing concert while at Clemson. The next speaker to visit Clemson was Mr. Spann of Orangeburg, who has been in the counsular service for some time. His address was enjoyed by the students. We feel that Dr. Rigg's plan is a good one, and that we shall derive great benefit from the talks of the speakers who address us.

Our Campus is prettier than most well *The Campus*. kept parks at this season of the year, with the beautiful oaks and shrubs, and a soft green carpet of grass traversed by cement walks. The cool shade is certainly inviting during these warm days, and thanks to the executive officers of the College, we are allowed to enjoy it during our vacant hours. Take a good book with you and enjoy the shade and beauty of the Campus.

The first number of the *Clemson Agricultural Journal* came from the press a short time ago. The editor and members of the Clemson Agricultural Society should feel proud of this Corn number. It is an attractive magazine, and it contains a goodly number of excellent articles.

The Tigers led in the base-ball pennant race among the South Carolina Colleges. We believe that good rooting has won several of the game's on the Campus Keep it up.





EDITOR: D. L. CANNON, '13.

Report Covering Work For 1912-1913

With the incoming of the newly elected officers of the Clemson College Y. M. C. A., the Association enters upon its work with the brightest outlook it has ever had. The past year has seen such a broadening in the scope of the work and such a widespread interest in its activities, that the Association is attracting more attention in the life of the college today than it has been before. For the information of those who are interested in the work of the Association, especially those by whose generous support the work is being sustained, the following brief summary is submitted:



Membership

1. Four hundred and thirty-seven men have made application for membership during the year.
2. The membership includes the leading men in all phases of College life—Class presidents, athletes, honor men in scholarship, editors of student publications, prize orators, debaters, etc.

T. F. Davis Chairman.

Organization

1 The work is under the direction of a General Secretary, who gives his entire time to it, and a Cabinet of thirteen students.

2. The Cabinet consists of a President, a Vice-president, a recording Secretary, a Treasurer, and nine Chairmen of the following distinct departments of work, respectively: Bible Study, Membership, Missions, Religious Meetings, Prayer Meetings, Athletics, Social Advertising, and Community Services.

3. Each chairman has associated with him a committee which, with him, is responsible for the special work assigned it.

4. The entire work is under the general supervision of an Advisory Board, consisting of nine men from the Faculty and Alumni.



Bible Study

Three hundred and ninety-three were enrolled in the two courses of voluntary Bible Study offered by the Association. Sixty-five per cent. of this number have continued in classes for an extended period of two months or more. These students were organized into small congenial groups, which were led by older and more experienced students. Twenty-five of these groups were organized at the opening of College.

The student leaders were organized into Normal Classes, which were taught by professors and pastors; the General Secretary acting as substitute teacher for all classes.

F. H. Lathrop, Chairman.

Religious Meeting

The weekly devotional services have been held regularly on Sunday evenings, and special Prayer meetings have been held in the Secretary's rooms.

The average attendance at these meetings have been nearly two hundred.

It is the policy of the Association to have an outside speaker for the Sunday night services, but at the Prayer meetings the students have been given an opportunity to prepare short talks on religious topics and on subjects touching the welfare of the student body.

W. G. McLeod, Chairman



Social

A "Stag Social," known as College Night, was given during the first week of College. The College Songs and Yells were taught the new men, and short speeches touching the various phases of College life were made for their benefit..

The Y. M. C. A. Banquet for all members of the Association was given in January. This was the biggest Social event that has ever been attempted by the Y. M. C. A., and, from every standpoint, it has been called a tremendous success. Aside from the well-ordered menu and the unusually strong program of addresses, the new feature of having ladies from the Campus in charge of the Cadet tables proved most enjoyable. Twenty ladies from the Faculty homes were invited to attend the Banquet and act as hostesses for the various tables. Their response to the invitation was most encouraging. Each of the ladies showed her willingness to do what she could to make the affair a success. Other affairs of similar nature, as well as a number of Lunch-eons are being planned for the remaining months of College session.

The Y. M. C. A. Game room, for which provision was made by the College authorities last Spring, has proved more popular, and has added more to the social life of the cadets, than any had ever expected. During all the hours when the cadets are released from their studies, the room's are crowded to their capacity.

This feature of our work is one of the most highly appreciated of all the Association's activities; and, having realized this, we are now planning to enlarge our Game room and to provide more of these wholesome amusements for the cadets.

F. H. McDonald, Chairman



Community Service

Two rural Sunday Schools in the neighborhood of the College are now in charge of the student members of the Y. M. C. A. There are five cadets on this committee, and each of them is greatly interested in making this important phase of the Y. M. C. A. work a success. Aside from the training that the young men derive from this field of work, they have the assurance that their work is appreciated by the people who attend the Sunday School. Reports from the communities in which these Schools are conducted prove that the young men are doing a noble work.

Only recently the Y. M. C. A. has taken charge of the Welfare Work in the Cotton Mill at Central, S. C. Each week on Thursday night, either one of the professors from the College or a speaker from abroad will deliver an address to the Mill people on subjects of Sanitation, Health, and General Welfare. This department plans, during the Spring months when the weather will permit, to work towards making these Rural Sunday Schools the social centers of the communities. This is to be done by popular lectures, stereopticon

views and entertainments which will be given by student members of the Y. M. C. A.

F. W. Bouson Chairman



Mission Work

This committee has not been able to have one of the International Secretaries of the Mission Department come to the College to arouse the interest in Missions this year; but by our offer we have enrolled sixty-five students in our two courses in Mission Study; and have secured \$45,00 in contributions to the cause of Missions. Two hundred students made contributions. The courses that are to be studied are "The Chinese Revolution" and "The South American Problem;" and the classes will be taught by the General Secretary and one of the Special Students in Engineering.

Seventeen cadets were sent as delegates to the State Student Volunteer Convention at Spartanburg.

C. S. Patrick, Chairman



Finances

The Student Finance Committee, with the assistance of the Cabinet and the General Secretary, makes out each year a budget for the entire year. The budget is submitted to the Advisory Board of the Association. A membership fee is charged each member, and each year they are called upon. The Board of Trustees makes something over \$500 is secured in this way. The College Faculty contributes liberally to the work whenever they are called upon. The Board of Trustees makes an annual appropriation; and parents and alumni contribute generously. The following is a statement of the receipts and expenditures for the Session 1911-12: Statement of Y. M. C. A. Finances from June 9, 1911 to June 3, 1912.

Receipts

Balance on Hand from Session of 1910-11....	\$ 171.85
Membership Fees.....	506.00
Alumni Contribution	107.50
Faculty Contribution	139.00
Barnett Mission Fund	65.95
Handbook-Advertising and Appropriation..	77.50
Books Sold	34.30
Permanent Conference Fund	5.00
Appropriation for Secretary's Salary.....	500.00
Parents' Contribution	40.50
Receipts from Coburn Players.....	123.60

Total Receipts.....\$1771.20

**Expenditures**

Handbook.....	\$12.00
Bible and Mission Study Books	60.60
Permanent Conference Fund Notes	52.15
Athletic Committee	63.70
Incidentals and Printing	85.05
Religious Meetings Committee	63.70
Secretary's Salary	1000.00
Interstate Committee Pledge	50.00
International Committee Pledge—in part	25.00
Membership Pledge	6.35
Treasurer's Salary	15.00
Social Committee	46.60
Preparation for Coburn Players	13.05

Total Expenditures \$1618.17

Cash on hand 153.03

\$1771.20

Respectfully Submitted. ...

A. K. GOLDFINCH.

Treasurer Y. M. C. A. 1911-12

**Estimated Y. M. C. A. Budget for 1912-13 As Approved
February 5, 1913**

Balance from 1911-12	\$150.00
Membership Fees	500.00
Alumni Contribution	150.00
Faculty Contribution	50.00
Handbook Advertising	50.00
Permanent Conference Fund	25.00
Sale of Books	25.00
Trustee's Appropriation	500.00
Parents Contribution	45.00
Y. M. C. A. Store	500.00
Ludden & Bates—Donation.....	50.00
<hr/>	
Total	\$2045.00

Handbook	87.50
Bible Study Books.....	50.00
Bible Study Committee.....	25.00
Conference Expenses	65.00
Athletic Committee	25.00
Mission Study Committee	35.00
Incidentals—Printing, Stationary, etc.	100.00
Religious Meetings Committee	65.00
Secretary's Salary	1000.00
Interstate Committee	50.00
International Committee	35.00
Repairs in Y. M. C. A. Office	20.00
Treasurer's Salary	15.00
Social Committee	170.00
Piano	297.00
<hr/>	

Total	\$1939.50
Balance at end of Session.....	\$ 105.50

S. W. Rabb, Treas., 1912-13

Southern Student Conference June 17-26 inclusive
are you going.

The Y. M. C. A., write-up in the May issue of the Chronicle will tell you why you should go.

Clifford G. Roe

Lawyer, Author, Social Reformer

In the College Chapel May 2 and 4.





F. H. McDONALD, '14.

EDITORS:

R. W. FANT, '13.

The *Concept* for March appears as a well balanced magazine, full, in its various departments and interesting. Its contributions are all good in form, but are rather inclined to formality of expression, lacking the lightness necessary to make easy reading. The fact that the greater part of the contributions comes from the under classes augurs well for the future of the magazine. First in the literary department is "A Sonnet" which though rather vague in title, is good, evidences of considerable attention to perfection of form being apparent. Though commencing in a light vein, it quickly reaches a swinging boom aptly in accord with its heavy pentameter form, and conveys in its final thought a touch of lonesome sadness. The end in "Roast Duck" is achieved with almost too much of a rush, but it is good, conveying in parts quite a tone of suspense. "Birds in My Garden" evidently comes from a lover of Nature's little pets. The piece easily of the most worth is the poem "The Story of An Image." Its depth and force, and its breath and command of expression combine in bring-

in gout the touching story, laying bare an elemental trait of human nature—pride—and its destructive tendency “My Hobby: Old Furniture” is interesting and instructive, and not too technical to puzzle the uninitiated. “Dorothy Wordsworth” is good in its way. “Shakespeare’s England” is fair, but while interesting, it lacks conviction and force. The Editorials are full but contain little originally of thought current literature apparently being the source of several very timely articles.

One of the very good magazines with us this month is *The University of North Carolina Magazine*.—“Real Conversation with Bernard Shaw” is fresh and good, being a type of article that one seldom comes across in college magazines. “Lines to Louise” has an enraptured fullness of expression that conveys considerable feeling. “The Bungville Booster” is good, containing considerable originality and humor. “Tu Amice” is a choice little morsel—a beautiful wish well expressed. “Was Marshall Ney Executed?” is fairly good, but is on a topic that is decidedly not new. “Liebe Nach Tode” has an exceptional expression of poetic feeling. “Coals” is good for a reverie, but conveys no central thought or idea. The magazine’s two rather original departments, “Around the Well” and Sketches” contain a wealth of short and pithy material, and is a feature upon which all magazines might profitably work. “Success” though short, is to the point, and brings into view a new thought in connection with an old theme.

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of our usual Exchanges.



EDITOR: H. A. HAGOOD, '13.

L. deB McCrady '09 holds a responsible position as assistance engineer with the DuPont Power works with officess in Montreal, Canada.

* * * * *

G. R. Barksdale, '06, Mech. is located in Pittsfield, Mass.

* * * * *

B. D. Boykin, '10, is engaged in farming at his home near Boykin, S. Car.

* * * * *

W. A. Burgess, '01 who finished in Civil Engineering is employed with the Caol River Ry. Co. at Kanawhs Falls, W. Va.

* * * * *

T. K. Elliott, '05 is with the N. Y. Telephnone Company with headquarters in Brooklyn, N. Y.

* * * * *

P. M. Gee, '09, is in the Switchboard Department of the General Electric Co. at Schenectady, N. Y.

* * * * *

Dr. R. G. Hamilton, '96, enjoys a wide practice in his chosen field of medicine. He is located at Converse, S. C.

W. H. Marion, '03, Master Electrician in the United States Navy, is now detailed for duty at the Navy Yard at Honolulu, Haiwaian Islands.

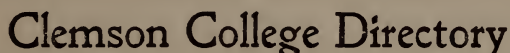
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S. R. Perrin, '07, is engaged in Textile work with the Buffolo Cotton Mills, Unoin, S. Car.

* * * * *

Schirmer, '07, is traveling for a C. C. Wholesale house with offices at Charleston, S. C.





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