

1915

Clemson Chronicle, 1915-1916

Clemson University

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Clemson University



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The Clemson College Chronicle

XIX

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Vol. X **VIII**

Clemson College, S. C., October, 1915.

No. 1



EDITORS:

D. G. O'DELL, '16

C. G. HARRIS, '17

F. L. PARKS, '18

September

NOW the poor student, summoned from his play,
Comes back to work, but well he hates the day
When you were born, most hated month of all,
A month wherein youth's soaring spirits fall.
For founts of knowledge now ope wide their doors,
And he must enter in this kingdom dolorous,
Whose king, surrounded by a host of books
Of wondrous learning, sits and looks
With baleful eye upon his trembling class,
Whose thirst for knowledge needs but just a glass
Of summer memories to drive it far away,
Leaving the student as the helpless prey
To questions, which like nemesis,
Will show no mercy tho he sue for peace.

W. A. M., '16.

A Flight For the Pole.

THOSE snowy mounds of the polar regions stand as tomb stones for many a brave adventurous hero, who sacrificed his life for love of fame and adventure. It takes courage to cast ones self amid those icy dragons of the sea, in danger every minute of being crushed on their murderous shelves. It takes strength and endurance to tramp across those frozen fields, pushing forward with all speed to keep from freezing. Those who have not experienced an adventure cannot in the slightest degree imagine what a trial it is.

George Dixon and Henry Hays, who had recently graduated from West Point, were stationed with the aerial corps of Maine. They had become very enthusiastic aeronauts, having mastered the Lincoln Beachy somersault and many other dangerous feats. It soon dawned upon them that they could enter upon a very romantic adventure, and possibly gain world-wide fame by trying a trip to the pole in an air craft. Upon consulting their officer in charge, they found him much pleased with the idea, and got him to grant them a leave of absence during which to make the trip.

Being over enthused with the plans, the boys made preparations to start immediately. It was then May; so they thought it best to take a steamer for Greenland before fthe season became too late. Thinking that three would be able to keep each others spirits up better than two, George suggested that they invite Trenton Otis, one of their boyhood companions, to go with them. Before the first of June, these three were on board a steamer bound for the icy regions. They had with them the choicest airship in Maine. Skirting up the coast of Labrador and sailing up Baffin Bay, the steamer landed on the west coast of Greenland about 500 miles

from the North Pole. Though it was now late in June, the weather was exceedingly cool.

Loading their craft with provisions and tanking up with a considerable supply of gasoline, they started the great motor buzzing, and struck out due north. The end of a twelve hours run put them 200 miles on their way. They landed on the frozen desert, ate a few hard biscuits and some of the meat which they had ready-cooked, and wrapped themselves for sleep, of which they were greatly in need. After about six hours sleep, they arose and mounted again into the air. The farther they went the colder it got. The wind soon became so intensely cold that they had to slow down to a speed of twenty miles an hour to keep alive. Trenton Otis, who was looking out at the fields below, once sighted a giant white bear, wabbling his way across the ice. The boys took a few shots at the monster for sport, but on account of the speed at which they were going, none of them hit the mark.

They were now in the region where the sun circled around the horizon for week after week until finally it disappeared for the same length of time. This was a wonderful sight to them. Such a variation from the solar actions to which they were accustomed was almost past belief. The only natural indication of a passing day was the variation in the height of the sun. On and on they went, passing mile upon mile of frozen desert, with not a living object beside themselves in view. The end of a second twelve hour flight found them about one hundred and fifty miles from the pole. stopping for their second nap, they soon had appeased their appetite, and wrapped themselves for their arctic slumber.

After sleeping another eight hours, they were again ready for the air. Their speed now had to be cut down as slow as possible. The person steering had to be

relieved every thirty minutes, to keep from freezing. By the time they put up for another rest, they estimated that they were less than fifty miles from the pole. Little did they dream, as they wrapped themselves up for sleep, what a frightful predicament they were approaching. None of them had noticed the slight change in the hue of the sky. The blue was gradually fading into a grey, which grew thicker and thicker as they slept. The air grew colder with each passing hour. Soon nature disclosed her secret aim by flinging down a raft of fleecy flakes. The sleeping boys awoke to find themselves in a mist of falling snow. They were out on the open ice. Realizing the danger of such a position, they immediately began looking for a place of shelter. Lucky for them there was a steep precipice about a hundred yards away. One of the party was sent over to explore this, and he shortly returned with the news that he had found a snug little cavity facing away from the wind. The motor was started up after considerable trouble, and they glided as near as possible to the spot, dragging the craft the remaining distance. The planes were detached from the machine to be kept from being broken in by the snow, the gasoline tank taken off and wrapped up to keep from freezing, all available canvass was utilized in constructing a shelter around the cove, and all blankets, furs, and eatables were placed inside this structure. The snow continued to fall, getting harder and harder; the sky became darker, shutting out the daylight by degrees; the wind began to blow with great violence, getting colder with each breath. All signs of a lasting storm were in evidence.

The three birdmen wrapped themselves up for a worried sleep, from which they awoke to hear the storm in its gathered fury outside. The wind was now blowing with great fury, and the snow was falling with equal intensity. Hour upon hour, upon hour passed, but the

storm never abated. A week went by with the snow still falling. It skirted over the cliff and fell in masses at a distance from their shelter. The boys had brought provisions to last only two weeks; having already been out about ten days, they were in very close straits. Putting themselves on half rations, they fought the cold with all their courage. Another twenty-four hours passed to find no change in the weather. The three miserable companions were sitting around, wrapped to their ears in furs, trying to revive hopes that had ceased to exist! Suddenly a biting sensation crept over them. It was a feeling that none of them had ever before experienced. What was it? Cold, or was it something pricking their very flesh?

"Ouch! my face is about to drop off!" shouted George.

"Oh! it is the cold!" screamed Henry, "cover up! cover up quick, or you'll freeze!"

All of them huddled together instantly, covering head and ears with everything they could grab. How long would the spell last? What in the world was it, a blizzard? None of them had ever read or dreamed of such terrible cold. Oh! if it lasted several hours, the end would find none of them alive. They were huddled up too close to even talk to each other. The air became suffocating under all those furs, but no one dared uncover his head for fear his face would freeze instantly. An hour must have passed, an hour that seemed a year. Trenton could stand it no longer. It was better to freeze than to suffocate. Slowly, he unwrapped his head, ready to cry with pain the moment he exposed his face. With a tremble he tore his coat flap open.

What had his spirit fled—was he in Heaven? A long breath of fresh cool air set the blood throbbing through his veins. His eyes were blinded by the glaring light. As soon as this startled boy came to his senses, he walked to the entrance of the abode. Here an

even more startling realization greeted him. The storm had passed away and left in its wake the golden sun, whose rays shone over the spotless snow, as if to crown it goddess of all that was beautiful, and pure.

Trenton hastened to summon his companions from their useless torture. Soon the whole party was enjoying the blessing of an Artic sun after the terrors of an Artic storm. The joy of salvation soon gave way, however, to the fear of starvation. During these days of imprisonment, the boys had eaten practically all of their food. Looking at their stores, they found that they had only enough to last them three meals. What if another storm were to catch them? It meant certain death. After debating the matter for quite a while, they all agreed that it would not do to go any farther. They soon packed up all their belongings, and were soaring the air homeward. Hour after hour they stayed in the air, flying as fast as possible, and never daring to stop for rest. It was absolutely necessary to eat to keep their bodies in condition to withstand the cold; so the little store of food kept going morsel by morsel. The two boys not engaged in the operation of the craft always kept on the lookout for signs of any living animal. It was after they had been in the air about eighteen hours and had traveled some three hundred miles that Henry sighted a moving speck on the snow. Descending they found it to be a beautiful silver fox. At least a dozen shots were fired before the game was killed.

Upon landing, the boys found that their fox possessed the most beautiful fur imaginable. Its silvery streaks glittered like diamonds in the sunlight. Even more pleasing than looks of this beautiful fur, however, was the sight of that much wanted meat. People do not ordinarily make a practice of eating fox meat; but this was a case where anything was better than nothing.

The kerosene stove was lighted, and soon the whole party was sitting around a pot of broiling meat.

The young aeronauts got back to the civilized world safe. A few weeks after landing from their aerial cruise they boarded a steamer for home. They were all very much elated over their safe return, and resolved that the next time they started for the pole they would take a reserve craft loaded with provisions.

D. H. B., '16.



The Recall.

R. E. L., '16.

THe summer breezes wafted
A whisper still but clear,
"Vacation's pleasures are over
And a new school session is here."

It visited the heights of mountains,
It lingered in valleys below,
It visited the home of each student,
And whispered the single word, "Go."

It interrupted our pleasures,
It stopped a few from work,
It brought us back to Clemson
Where pains and pleasures lurk.

Some left home determined to finish;
Others, determined to win.
All were sorry to leave "Her;"
And many eyes were dim.

True our vacation is over
And we'll have work to be done,
But we'll keep in mind "Her" image
Until another vacation has come.



Greatness of Little Things.

A. B. C., '16.

How often we fail to appreciate the little things which help to compose life, forgetting that they are the elements from which true greatness is compounded! There is not an iota that should be overlooked, and no fact too trivial to be stored in the memory for future usefulness.

Nature divulges to us the importance and value of the minute things. The tiny springs by the wayside become the great basins of water on which spin the mighty navies of war-like nations. The precipitation of moisture particles is the alpha of the swollen streams which sweep wealth and prosperity from their banks and valleys. The worthless acorn clothes the earth in forests of gigantic oaks, and supplies the king's palace with furniture. It is the countless grains of sand that from the endless beach;; the consecutive strata of rock that compose the lofty, frigid mountains; myriads of almost imperceptible stars that deck the heavenly dome; the solar rays of light that cause darkness to vanish. Indeed, this marvelous universe is but a bulk of atoms.

The same is true of character, fortune, and all that concerns life. The littles combined form great masses. The little traits of childhood shape and size the character of maturity. Ruinous habits grow out of what appear at first to be trifles. Vice and wickedness spring from mere errors. Life is made happy by "little deeds of kindness, little words of love." If we beautify and make good the little events of life, then our whole lives will be filled with beauty and goodness.

Great men do not dispise the small things of each day, but most carefully improve them. The most wonderful discoveries and inventions were brought about by the

careful observation of little things. Ideas which developed the steam engine, were gathered by the careful watching of the puffing kettle.

The close observation of little things is the secret of success in business, in art, in science, and in every pursuit of life. The ignorant and inexperienced think it foolish to be scrupulous about little things; but the man who has become prominent in the business world says his success is due to the fact that he "always takes care of the pennies, and leaves the dollars to care for themselves." This man will not squander time, because life is made of that material. If the pennies are neglected, the waste is dollars; if the moments are ill-spent, the hours, days, and years are marred. Each day is a little life. We must not mispend the moments; because, to do so would deface many a growing life.

The non-observation of little things leads to many blemishes in would-be perfection. All are familiar with the idea revealed by the poet in the lines:

"For the want of a nail, the shoe was lost;
For the want of a shoe, the horse was lost;
For the want of a horse, the rider was lost;
For the want of a rider, the battle was lost;
And all for the want of a horse-shoe nail."

The absence of a nut from the smallest bolt in a titanic ship may pass hundreds of lives into eternity, cause sorrow to visit many homes, and sink millions of dollars to the bottom of the sea. The least little violation of the fundamental principles of nature's laws, is often the initial cause of degraded lives, and the decline of the strongest nations. The least disturbance of the equilibrium which holds this universe inequipose may cause destruction to fall upon the handiworks of the Great Creator.

Since life is founded upon littles, many of which take part in every hour, deed, and purpose, let us strive to justify the disposition of these, and "all is well". The real heroism that makes life stand to the front, is to do all it's little duties promptly, carefully, and faithfully.

Evening.

M. M. B., '17.

THE stillness, broken by the ringing
Of the church bells far away,
By the night bird's woodland singing,
Shows at last the end of day.

The sun's last scorching rays have vanished,
The earth receives a cooling breeze;
Everybody's cares are banished
By the whisp'ring 'mong's't the trees.

Thru this simple eve of day,
What a lesson might be taught:
And well might everybody say
The words, "What hath God wrought."

A Little Adventure.

S. W. H., '16

EARLY one bright spring morning when I arose the air was calm, and silent. I stood in the yard and as I looked down upon the valley which almosts surrounded my home, I could see clouds of smoke coming from the chimneys of the cottages below. The smoke was coming up in billowing masses, and as it reached the height of about fifty feet, it then turned, upon the upper air taking a horizontal course. Looking up to the upper valley, I could see a long column of smoke. How beautiful everything was! The sun was just beginning to show itself from behind the horizon. The tiny dew drops which covered the flowers and grasses looked like a solid sheet of diamond. The scene was too much for me. I soon found myself silently strolling down the narrow pathway which led in a round-about way down the hill side. The trees and shrubs were alive with warbling birds. High above my head I could hear the monotonous call of a lonely crow. In the far distance I could just detect the sound of dogs barking. Going a little farther, I could recognize the voice of one of the dogs—It was my father's best dog—Big Ben. As I made my way closer and closer toward the dogs, I could tell by the sound of their barking that they were at bay. A fact fraught with many possibilities, for there were bear, catamounts and wolves in the woods back of the clearing. I mustered up a little courage and made straight toward them, thinking probably they had only a fox or wild-cat at bay.

Upon reaching the dogs, to my great surprise and astonishment I found they had a great big wolf at bay—Now what was I to do? That I did not know. I was

too young and innocent to be afraid, and had a little too much sense to know that I was altogether safe. As I approached closer to the dogs the wolf made a sudden dart, and in a moment was leading the dogs a chase thru the woods. I followed them for some distance until they disappeared over the hills.

Soon I began to realize my predicament, and became very much afraid. I was now lost in a thick forest, and knew it—It is all right to be lost if you dont know it. The sun was high up in the sky, and at times when I thought of where I was, I could imagine I saw a wolfs' head peeping from behind every tree that I passed.

Finally I decided that the only thing left for me to do was to keep as close to the dogs as possible; so I struck out. The country was just as nature had made it. There were no signs that the human foot had ever trodden them before. As I made my way on and on, I began to grow very tired, so I sat down at the foot of a little mountain and tried to think of some way to get out of there. I finally decided to climb to the top of the mountain and see if I could see a light of any kind. The dogs had been out of hearing for some time now.

Before I reached the top of the mountain I could see a dim light which was apparently a mile or two away. I at once started out in the direction of the light, but before I had gone very far, I was halted by a rough voice, saying: "Stop, or I will blow your brains out," and by aid of the starlight above I could see a pistol pointing toward me. I was so hungry for the voice of some human, that I was slightly relieved, yet nervous—Glad and yet afraid. But before I knew what was happening, I found myself being led into a little hut, where my hands were bound, by my captor and his gruff companions and I was tied to a post. They soon began to question me as to who I was, what I was doing there,

etc. Upon their finding that my father was sheriff, I heard one of them remark, "yes, and he's the guy thats keeping us down here".

With the passing of time, my terror increased. I could hear them as they talked among themselves about what would be best to do with me. I found that it was impossible to go to sleep, so I thought I would just sit down and await my fate.

About two o'clock the next morning I could hear no talking; so I concluded that the party must have gone to sleep. Then my first thoughts were of some way to escape. I soon found that my only hope was to cut with my teeth, the rope, which held me to the post, as my hands were bound, and I had no other way: so I began to chew. About the time I got the ropes almost cut one of the party staggered in thru the open way, as if intoxicated, and with an oath struck me a blow. That was the last thing I remembered for some time.

In the meantime a posse including my father were in pursuit of this band of out-laws. They must have arrived and captured the whole gang some time during the night, for when I finally came to myself the next day, a soft sweet voice was whispering in my ear—It was Mother.

The Pessimist.

D. F. F., '16.

I LONG for thee, O mountains blue,
For thy clear streams and perfect shade,
Thy tender grasses wet with dew,
And all the silence of each glade.


I long to leave this sultry place,
To seek the crystal mountain stream,
To swim and dive beneath its face,
And then relax, forget, and dream.

O if I might some Fairy find
To kindly give me only this,
Instead of life's eternal grind,
I'd live in perfect happiness.

But such is not for any man,
And I must work and toil and grind
In this life's narrow endless lane
To train this body soul, and mind.

Joe Chapman.

D. F. F. '16.

 ONE of the most interesting men I ever met in the mountains was Joe Chapman of Old Eastatoie.

He ran a "Moonshine still" most of the time before the days of the revenues; and the first time that I talked with him he struck me as a sort of odd combination. You wouldn't call him rare or remarkable; he didn't amount to enough for that; interesting is just the word that covers him. Our acquaintance was peculiar, and if you don't object I'll tell it to you. It won't take long.

I was sitting beneath a large oak beside a cool spring on one of the hottest days in August. A stooped figure clad in brogan shoes, loose fitting overalls, hickory shirt, and a broad brimmed felt hat was making a great effect to get to the spring without walking on all of the road at once. As the man drew nearer, I could hear him muttering the one sentence, "Hot as hell," again and again. I was hot myself without a stimulant, and I knew that he, with his fiery moonshine, must have felt as he spoke. He came on to the spring, and, after he had drunk three large gourds of water, he removed the cover from the tin bucket he was carrying, and offered me a drink of the contents. I was surprised to see whiskey in such a receptacle, but he explained that the revenues knew what a bottle in the pocket meant.

I talked with the drunk man for an hour or more and was amused as well as interested in him. He had been thru the war between the States, worked in the moonshine business for "seven years hand-runnin without getten kotch," had reared fourteen children, and as a final touch, he had let his wife leave him.

I noticed that he carried a large old rooster, and he

told me that he always ate one when he "killed a big un" (got drunk) so that the whiskey would eat the meat instead of him. Therefore he thought that drinking did not hurt him. But I had a brother in the mountains then, who was just out of college, and he was equal to the average college graduate in believing that he could and must reform the whole world. And naturally he undertook to stop old Joe from drinking. Now when a man has lived with alcahol for sixty years and has made thousands of gallons of it, he is generally so well attached to the fluid that to separate the two frequently means certain death to the user. But by applying his logical methods of reform, that brother of mine persuaded Joe to say that he would stop at once and for good. Of course no one except the refomer believed that the promise would be kept a week, but when we broke camp a month later and returned to the settlements, we left Joe still a sober man.

I was back on Old Eastatoie two years later, and one of the first persons I looked for was Joe Chapman. He was broken quite a bit and I thought that he must have been drinking again but he said: "I aint touched a drop since you fellahs wus in these parts tu year ergo and I'm still livin' purty well."

And the people of those parts are still wondering how he did it.



The Mockingbird

W. A. M., '16.

THE setting sun, seen thru a purplish haze
Of vari-colored tints sinks from our sight,
And all the world soon in deep sleep is laid,
All save the whip-poor-will and certain owls,

Who, picked by nature from out all her hosts,
To keep the world in song thruout the night,
Are heard complaining of their lonesome lot
In accents mournful from a rusty throat.

But as the night moves onward toward the dawn,
Dame Nature, losing patience with her choice,
Awakes the sleeping songster of the South
And sends him forth to pour a perfect flood

Of joyous harmony upon the sleeping world;
Where if by chance, some person is awake,
He, thru the early hours of the morn,
Will lie, and listen to the sweetest song e'er sung.

The Clemson College Chronicle

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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: S. C. STRIBLING, '16

GREETINGS.

Kind readers, with this first issue of The Chronicle for the session of 1915-16 the present staff makes its bow into the world of journalism. We are young and inexperienced, and as we assume the great task of putting out this magazine it is with fear and trembling. We are truly a connecting link. As we sit at our imaginary editor's desk we look back through the past seventeen years, and we feel that seventeen loyal Clemson men who number themselves among our alumni are looking to us to keep up the standard to which they have raised The Chronicle since its foundation by the class of 1898. We look back at these seven-

teen years of success and we feel inspired and encouraged; but, on the other hand, we look into the future and we fear that in the early light of the beginning of our career we see rocky places before us, but rough as these places may be we can but feel that we are going to be so strengthened and encouraged by the good support given us that we will remove these difficulties and make this eighteenth year a strong connecting link between the past seventeen successful years and the untried future.

We hope to be able to please you, but if we occasionally err and fall short of the standard set for us, remember that we are but human and after all none of us is entirely perfect.

And now we greet you most heartily, and we can but hope that this year's work may be conducive of great happiness to you and to us. If this be accomplished, then our work will not have been in vain.

A WORD TO THE SENIORS

Fellow-classmates we are just entering upon what we are led to believe is the most important year of our college life. For three long years we have worked faithfully, gradually rising from the condition of unprepared freshmen toward the condition of prepared seniors. As we enter into our senior year's work, we can hardly realize that we are nearing the goal toward which we have been striving since we first left our homes. We forget that we are now dignified seniors, for we go about our work with that same careless, care-free air which has characterized our work as under-classmen. After all, we are but boys and still have that same love of fun and freedom. We can but be natural, and it is but proper that we

should continue to be natural, but at the same time we are now getting old enough to begin to realize that responsibilities and cares begin to devolve upon us. We, as the upper classmen, daily set examples either for good or for evil, we should be very careful in our daily walks in and out among the younger and less experienced under-classmen that none of them may find in us a bad example. We as a class should have it clearly understood that we stand for untarnished truth, unquestioned honesty and fair dealings, one with another. In fact, if this class can work out some plan by which an honor system can be established and permanently maintained here, we will have done a great work. It is indeed a shame that we young South Carolinians who are the descendants of a race of men who have always prided themselves upon being true and honorable gentlemen should go back on our home training and say that we have not the back bone to stand out before the world and say that we will not stand for dishonesty in college life. Fellow-classmates, let's put on strength instead of weakness, adopt an honor system and make known to the world that we mean to live up to the system.

ENCOURAGEMENT TO THE FRESHMEN

Freshmen, you are just now at the foot of the ladder which connects you with the goal of your college ambition. You are just now grasping the first rung, and above you are three other rungs to be mounted, but young friends be not discouraged at this; for, once having firmly grasped the first rung and started a determined climb, the most difficult portion of the climb is over, and almost before you know it you will have reached the top of the ladder. It is true that on the

upward climb energy and determined effort must be put forth to surmount the obstacles along the way, but, after all, everything which is worth while in this life is acquired only by the expending of energy. Remember, as some one has so aptly expressed it, "You get out of life only what you put into it."

Many of you are having your first experience away from parental care, and you may at times become discouraged and think of giving up the climb, but before you do this look the matter squarely in the face. You are nearing the age of maturity, and your fathers, your mothers, your brothers and sisters, and your friends are very desirous that you be a college educated man. They are sacrificing to send you here, and are watching, with a loving eye, your progress. Great are their expectations of you and you cannot afford to disappoint them. At times, when you feel like giving up the fight, think of these things, and renew your determination. Be game, stick it out, and win the respect of your comrades. Remember the college boy hates a "quitter." Get it out of your heads that those who sometimes make it hard for you are your enemies, for they, are only testing you, and if they find you to be of the true metal they will be greatly pleased to add the stamp of approval. So cheer up, meet the world with a smile, and the world will smile back at you.

ALUMNI.

Owing to the fact that our alumni editor did not return to college this fall, we are unable this month to give the news which we desire. By the time our next issue goes to press we expect to have a live man on this job and give some interesting news in regard to our alumni friends.

BE CHEERFUL

Have you ever been in an audience which was listening to a speaker who always spoke with a twinkle in his eye and a smile on his face, and who had the appearance of being in a good humor? If you had looked through that audience, you would have seen smiles on the faces of the listeners, indicating that that man's address was being enjoyed. Contrast with this an audience which was listening to a speaker who had a sour expression on his face and who looked as if he had lost his last friend. What a contrast you would have noticed. The listeners in this last audience would be sitting with an uninterested look on their faces, and the thoughts which the speaker was trying to bring out were lost. You are no doubt familiar with these two kinds of audiences.

This illustration gives us a good insight into the nature of the world as a whole. The man who goes out into the world wearing an everlasting smile, forcing himself to appear happy whether or not he really is, and who is always ready to speak a pleasant and cheerful word, is the man who will make friends among the crowd; but the man who goes out wearing the everlasting frown of pessimism is the man who will receive only frowns from an unsympathetic world.

So let's be cheerful and smile as we go about our tasks and always speak a pleasant word of greeting, one with another, thus many an unpleasant moment will be made pleasant, and we will always find a pleasant smile of welcome greeting us wherever we go.



EDITORS:

D. H. BANKS, '16

M. M. BRICE, '17

The critic fills a difficult position in this world, and especially in the world of literature. His convictions are misconstrued, and his criticisms are taken amiss. When he favors a writer, he is accused of being partial; when he manifests his dislike for an article, he appears too censorial. However this may be, the critic's is an indispensable office. Burns expressed this need, in beautiful terms, when he said,

“O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as others see us.”

It is through this exchange department that we have hoped to build up an amicable and mutually beneficial relation between the college publications of the State. This measure has been partly successful, but has not become so extensive as it might be. Nothing does an author more good than to pick up an article dealing with one of his works, and so learn what the world thinks of him. Now let us try to let as many of our writers as possible know just what we think of their articles. We may disappoint some very badly, 'tis true; but if they accept our criticisms in the spirit in which they are given, they will be gainers thereby.

One suggestion that we would like to make is that each publication send copies to the libraries of all colleges with which it is exchanging, in order that this phase may be of more benefit to the individual writers as well as to the publications at large.

It is our sincerest hope that this branch will grow and prosper during the present session.





EDITOR: P. L. McCALL, '16

The outlook for the Young Men's Christian Association, and its work, for this session is the brightest in the history of its organization. Our new building will soon be completed. We are not waiting, however, for the building to be completed before we begin work. With our able secretary, Mr. Roy John and his assistant, Mr. J. R. Lester, as leaders, we have organized the various committees and they are preparing for a hard years' work.

The young men here are becoming nearer and nearer identified with the Y. M. C. A. and its work, though not all of them are active members. This increase in interest is shown by comparing the applications for membership into the association of last year with this years' applications. Last year the enrollment numbered about 150 up to this time and this year we have already enrolled 190 with a goodly number to be enrolled later.

All of the committees have not reported just what plans they will pursue for carrying on their work for this year, but we hope that we may be able to report, in the next issue what method they will adopt. The community service work will be carried on as it was last session. If there are any Sunday Schools in this community which need young men to help them in their work, we will be glad to help them.

COLLEGE NIGHT

Saturday night, Sept. 18, 1915, College Night was given in the college chapel under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. The house was crowded, and every one seemed to enjoy every part of the program. The program consisted of several short speeches, followed by music and refreshments.

The first speaker of the evening was Dr. Riggs, whose subject was "Welcome." Dr. Daniel gave a humorous talk which everybody enjoyed. Mr. Rothell, president of the senior class, gave a short talk to the new men inviting them to join in with the old men and help them to make Clemson greater. Mr. R. B. Waters, spoke in behalf of the six literary societies. Mr. S. C. Stribling presented the college publications to the student body in a very forceful manner, urging everyone to give his hearty support.

Perhaps one of the most enjoyable features of the evening was a solo by Rev. T. V. McCaul, pastor of the Clemson Baptist Church. Last, but not least of the speakers of the evening was Mr. Roy John, General Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., who invited everyone to connect himself in some way with the Association, assuring us that thereby we would all work together for the good of our fellow man.

After the refreshments were served, a few stunts were pulled off by some of the boys. At the close of the program several yells were given for the Y. M. C. A. and the "TIGERS."

LECTURES

The Association was very fortunate to have Dr. E. M. Poteat, president of Furman University, to address them Sunday night. Dr. Poteat is a very forceful speaker and his address was unusually strong.

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Valeat Quantum Valent Potest

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No. 2



EDITORS:

D. G. O'DELL, '16

C. G. HARRIS, '17

F. L. PARKS, '18

From Taps to Reveille

A. C., '17.

LISTEN! Taps has sounded,
And my books I now must close;
A rule since Clemson first was founded,
After Taps come sweet repose.
Tho my eyes by sleep shut tight,
'Still, awake I really seem;
For before me always bright,
Stands a form — but 'tis a dream.
So like a lilly, and yet, a pearl;
Who is this gentle little girl?
And when I asked— she answered me,
“Have you forgotten Esther Lee?”
At her sweet voice my heart did bound;
And then I wondered, Could it be!”
But at that moment came the sound,
“Get up boys it's Reveille!”

A Study of "Evangeline"

A MERICAN literature is very young as compared with the literature of most other countries. Our forefathers, in the early days of America, were confronted with numerous difficulties involving an exercise of physical bravery and courage, rather than the development of the intellect. We, in our vivid imagination of this period, like to regard the people as a race of heroes. It is natural that we do so, for when shall the heroic deeds of our forefathers, in their noble struggle for our freedom, be forgotten?

But during this period of the advancement of human liberty and republican principles of government, there was developing in the intellect of the people the germ of a national literature. Beginning with treatises on adventure and religion, and later evolving into unmatched articles on patriotism and the principles of free government, our literature, slowly, but surely, emerged, a period of artistic writings representing American thought, action, and deed. While representing only one of many phases of the maturity and development of this germ of American thought, Longfellow's "Evangeline" is a noteworthy example of the high quality of the literary excellence of this period.

"Evangeline" is a classic, a masterpiece of our literature, the inspiration of a gifted poet. The removal of such a delightful poem from our literature would indeed be a calamity. The metre of the poem is dactylic hexameter, a measure which this poem, more than anything else, naturalized in English poetry. We can hardly conceive of the thoughts being rendered more beautiful in any other metre. The lingering lines harmonize with the simple and melancholy tone of the story. Perhaps the thought could not in any measure

be presented more beautifully or appropriately than in this description of Rene' Leblanc:

"Bent like a laboring oar, that toils in the surf of the ocean,
Bent, but not broken by age was the form of the notary public.
Shocks of yellow hair, like the silken floss of the maize, hung
Over his shoulders; his forehead was high; and glasses with horn-bows
Sat astride on his nose, with a look of wisdom supernatural."

Holmes, in referring to the metre, said, "It marks the transition of prose into verse."

This poem belongs to a group of three—the other two being, "Hiawatha" and "The Courtship of Miles Standish,"—which establish for the writer his literary reputation, in that he was the creator of an original and characteristic work of art.

The poem is in itself a beautiful comparison of the simplicity and peace of the home life of the Acadian farmers with the rigor of their departure, and their bustling after-life in their new homes. The wholesome simplicity of their former surroundings, as well as the natural scenery and happy dwelling together of the people, are all happily contrasted with their exotic conditions in Southern Louisiana, and the adventurous, active life of an unsettled country. But the real thought of the poem must not be lost. The thought that pervades the whole poem, and gives to it such tenderness and pathos, is that of the intense happiness of the youthful lovers at the betrothal, and of their determined search for each other.

Evangeline is a beautiful, and extremely interesting character. As we follow her through the poem, we are indeed reminded of "the beauty and strength of woman's devotion." One by one her noble virtues are unfolded to us by the patience and Christian fortitude with which she passes through her pilgrimage of toil and keen disappointment. We are indeed prone to invest her with the sacred halo of angelic beauty. A long life of toil and tribulation is the result of her adherence to an "Affection that hopes, and endures, and is patient." But it is in this noble attribute that the real inspiration lies. We can conceive of no greater devotion, for when her earthly pilgrimage was ended by finding her long-sought lover on his deathbed, we feel that her life had a real purpose after all. Indeed, her last years seem to blend with perfect harmony the discords of a life of sorrow and endurance.

But what does the poem teach us? As we diligently study each line, we are delightfully entertained by the chaste style, and wholesome simplicity, as well as the sympathetic and occasionally dramatic element of the story. We seem to learn the whole character of a noble creature who is all—"Charity, meekness, love, and hope, and forgiveness, and patience." We see Evangeline as she unselfishly devotes her last days to a life of sacrifice to her fellow creatures. Indeed—

"Patience and abnegation of self, and devotion to others.

This was the lesson a life of trial and sorrow had taught her."

And this is the lesson that we should learn, a lesson of calm patient endurance, ever following after the right as exemplified by this noble character in poetry. Surely

her passing away was not all pain, when after her long journey she—

“Pressed once more the lifeless head to her bosom,
Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured,
‘Father, I thank thee!’ ”



November's Greeting

W. A. M., '16.

THAT nameless something is there in the air,
A solemn something being far more rare
Than ere was known to be a day in June
When all the lovely flowers are in bloom?

'Tis lurking in the forest: for the leaves once green
Have all been painted by it till they form a brilliant
sheen,
And the fiery tinted oak leaves in a lovely contrast stand
To the gold ones of the hickory, which give wealth to
all the land.

Give a wealth of gorgeous beauty worth far more than
purest gold,
For the glory of the forest gives delight to young and
old;
And tho those who most enjoy them may possess no
worldly goods,
Yet their wants no more beset them when they see the
autumn woods.

For their thoughts go soaring upward, leaving all their
woes behind,
Touching heights before undreamed of by the semi-
sleeping mind;—
'Tis November's friendly greeting, which this feeling
doth inspire,
Drawing man and nature nearer, raising each a little
higher.

The Tunnel Mystery

S. C. S., '16.

JUST before the beginning of the war between the states, the Blue Ridge Railway Company began grading a road-bed across the Blue Ridge Mountains from Walhalla, South Carolina, to Knoxville, Tennessee. In order to pass a ridge of mountains about six miles above Walhalla it was necessary to cut a tunnel through "Stump House" Mountain. The distance through the mountain is something over a mile, so the tunnel would of necessity be a very long one. When the company had completed about three-fourths of the tunnel the war broke out, and the company has never completed the work, and so today there is a hole in the side of this mountain large enough for an ordinary railroad engine to go into. This hole has been cut back into the mountain through solid blue granite. Water drips from the sides of the hole, and runs over the rough bottom to the entrance, producing a sound very much like that heard in the famous caves of Kentucky. As it is something like one-fourth of a mile back to the first shaft, or opening to the top of the mountain, all of the tunnel except that portion near the mouth is as dark as night, and it is only with difficulty that one can see to walk back into this hole. A feeling of mystery seems to creep over you as you go back into the darkness, and it is but proper that it should, for some very mysterious things at one time happened under the cover of darkness in the back portions of this lonely tunnel.

Something like ten years ago, there lived in this portion of the Piedmont region a prosperous young apple grower. He was a very pleasing young man and could have had many friends, but instead of cultivating friendships, he preferred to roam about over the mountains. His love of roaming did not arouse any suspicion, as he

was a well educated young man, and he told his friends that he was making a close study of nature, and that he expected to make a discovery which would startle the students of his day.

One day, however, the young man disappeared. He left home early one morning without any clues as to where he intended going. His mother stated that he lingered for just a moment, and sighed slightly as he kissed her good-bye for the day. But that night he did not return, and after much searching his friends could find neither the young man nor any clue as to his whereabouts. Searching parties were organized, but all to no avail. The young man's banker volunteered the information that this fellow had drawn all his money, several thousand dollars from the bank a few days before his disappearance, but this gave no clue as to his whereabouts. It did give proof, however, that the young man had planned his disappearance. Although organized search was discontinued, his friends were ever on the look out, hoping to hear something of him. As the years passed on the matter was forgotten.

One day in the early part of the summer of 1914 a party of gay young people picnicked at the tunnel. Just after dinner two couples of the young people walked back into the tunnel sightseeing, when they were back about three fourths of the way to the first shaft, suddenly one of them uttered a loud cry of fear, and the others turning saw what appeared to be a white-robed spirit with one hand pushing back a block of granite from the side of the hole as large as a common door. Beyond this opening they could see what appeared to be a lavishly decorated living room, around the edge of which were many curious-looking, delicate instruments, scales, etc. A soft light was cast over this, and the white-robed figure which appeared to stand in the imaginary door in the solid rock. The figure waved to them, and uttered in a squeaky tone some utterly incoherent

remarks. For one brief second they stood spellbound, and then turned and fled to the entrance, not daring to turn and look back. They soon told their friends of their experience, and in a very few days the news of the occurrence had spread all over the country. The matter was at first made fun of, but as the four young people who had witnessed the scene were above question as to honesty, and were reputed to be sober, sound thinking young people, folks soon began to listen to the story, and to wonder just what it could mean. The day of belief in "Spirits" had long since passed, but it looked as if right here was an undeniable proof that a "Spirit" of some nature was in the tunnel.

It was some days before anybody would volunteer to go back into the dark hole and investigate. But finally several young men agreed to search thoroughly the place, and see if they could find any evidence relating to the alleged "Spirit." They went back into the side of the mountain well armed, carrying a strong light, and very thoroughly investigated the sides, top, and bottom of the hole, but could find not even the slightest indication of an opening into the rock, but they did report that they thought they heard a faint sound which resembled very much some one saying, "Yes, I thought so," "Yes, I thought so," "Yes, I thought so." They said that they had redoubled the closeness of their search, but that they had been unable to discover the faintest clue as to where the sound came from. So they went home that night very much mystified, and told their story.

This report stirred up excitement to a high pitch. Almost every day a party of investigators would be organized to search this tunnel. Almost invariably each party would hear that same sound, "Yes, I thought so," "Yes, I thought so," "Yes, I thought so," but would be unable to find any clue leading to an explanation of the sound. Excitement and wonder rose to a higher pitch.

The wild excitement had no bounds when one day it was announced that while one of the numerous parties was carrying on a search, a portion of the solid rock had appeared to slide back right before their eyes, and the same figure as described by the first party appeared in what looked to be a door. Swiftly and noiselessly the figure grasped the leader of the party, and moved back into the door-way, and then back into the room, which looked just like the one the first party had described; and then suddenly the portion of rock seemed to move back and the view vanished.

For some time the people of the party stood speechless and almost breathless. Finally their senses came back to them, and they began a very diligent and minute search of the side of the wall, but they found not even the slightest sign of a crack or fracture in the rock; so they went away sorrowful for their companion, but very much mystified as to his disappearance.

After this occurrence no one could be found brave enough to continue the search, for all thought that the continued searches had maddened the "Spirit," and that it had gotten revenge by taking the young man. So no more searches were made, but the matter was widely discussed, and many beliefs were put forward, but none good enough to explain the matter. People living near this place moved away at once, and the place became almost deserted.

No further discoveries were made until one day in the latter part of the summer of 1915, the young man who had been siezed by the "Špirit" made his appearance in the leading town of that section leading a tall rather stooped man. The young man was recognized at once, and soon a very muchly excited crowd gathered around him to hear his story. He began by telling them that the man by his side was the prosperous young fruit grower who had disappeared ten years before, and that

this man could speak for himself. The crowd grew so rapidly that before the stooped man began to talk, such a crowd had gathered that they decided to go into a nearby auditorium and sit down, in order that all might hear the story.

As soon as the congregation had quieted down, the queer man arose on the platform, and made the following speech:

"When I graduated from college something over twelve years ago, I was very much interested in the question of rocks, and the great interior pressure which I thought must exist within the center of the earth, and I was also very curious to know what the exact effect of the wearing away of the upper portion of the rock had upon the pressure exerted on the portions of rock below, and also desired accurate information in regard to many other questions as to the interior rock. The idea came to me that in this tunnel would be an excellent place to carry on a practical study of conditions. In studying the sides of rock in the tunnel, one day I discovered an inexplicable soft portion, and the idea came to me to excavate back into the side of the tunnel, and make a study room. So instead of taking walks about over the mountains as my friends thought I was doing, I was constantly working on this excavation, and to my great joy I succeeded in finishing my plan of a room without any suspicions being aroused. I found that in order to accomplish the desired end, that I must have my mind incessantly on my work, so I made up my mind to leave home, and live a hermit's life in my study room. So I quietly made my arrangements, bought my instruments, supplies, etc., withdrew my money from the bank and quietly moved into the cave. I had made a door to my cave and covered it with grains of granite, and had taken very careful pains with my work so that even the closest examination would make no revelation.

I desired absolutely unbroken secrecy. I had made one portion of the door porous, but the pores, were so minute that they were not visible to the naked eye, but they were large enough for the necessary oxygen-bearing air to enter. In this cave I lived and carried on my experiment. Sometimes at night I would go out disguised and make the necessary purchases for carrying on the work. One day, I thought just to break the monotony of my life, that I would have some fun with some young people who came into the cave, so I opened my door and tried to speak to them, but the power of speech had left me, and I could not make myself understood, so I waved at them, but they became frightened and fled. After this I frequently heard parties in the tunnel, but as I had reached a very critical point in my work, I did not pause long enough to reveal myself. One day, however, I felt that I needed an assistant, so when I heard a party of young men in the tunnel I rushed out and siezed the best looking young man in the bunch. and he seemed so frightened that he made no resistance whatever. When he had recovered from his fright I explained what I wanted, and he instantly fell in with my plans, as he was a very studious young fellow. He agreed to keep secret just as I was doing. We noticed that visitors quit coming to the tunnel, and we were glad, as we felt that we were less apt to be discovered and interrupted. My assistant has told me that when things went as I thought, that I would become excited and repeat the words, "yes, I thought so," "yes, I thought so," "yes, I thought so." Together my assistant and I have finished the experiment with the rock and in a few weeks I expect to publish a book giving a complete account of the experiment and the results, and until then I want to spend my time renewing old acquaintances. I feel indeed that I am a famous man, because of the fact that my actions have caused such a

wide-spread stir, and I am glad that I am at last able to come forth and fully explain the mystery of the tunnel."

The crowd was greatly amazed at the story, but was glad to get an explanation of the mystery, and to know that the accepted theory that there are no "spirits" had not been disproved. But we dare say that visitors to the tunnel as they go back into the dark portion will still feel an air of mystery surrounding them, and they will invariably think of what may at that very moment be happening in the impenetrable darkness near them.



Reflection

C. G. Harris, '17.

SWEET mem'ry! come thou back to me,
And bring thy soothing balm;
Lead me to-night o'er thy perfumed lea
To days of peaceful calm;
Where men thru a critic's eye ne'er see
A truth in each false alarm.

Bear me away from this world of sin,
Where greed is the only thought;
To where virtue's lights shine out again,
And show wherein joy is wrought.
Where fame isn't craved by heartless men,
No matter how 'tis bought.

Lead me gently thru that path,
Which winds about that spot
Where youth, with all its follies, hath
Withal, been a happy lot;
Pass that school house where was taught such nath.
As shall ne'er be forgot.

But don't stop long on that raised mound,
Which is marked by a time worn stone;
For carved there a heart is found,
Without which, I was left alone
To climb life's ladder round by round,
Until a man's work be done.

I'm often hovered o'er that knoll,
And wished I were in there;
To witness again that Angel soul,
And list to that mother's prayer—
That her boy's life in this lustful world,
Might not be vain and bare.

Now cheer me up that I'll not mourn
My all-wise fates share;
And let my life be that old stone
To mark me when I'm there,
Where every life some day must come;
Be it dark or fair.

Hurry me on thru the empty years,
That come twixt now and then;
That I may not shed any useless tears
For things as they might have been;
That I may banish all trival fears
That the same shall come again.

But e'er we go this final step,
Put on thy thoughtful robe;
So that faithless man may be ever kept
Within the reach of God;
And know that those who long have slept,
Must rise from out of the sod.

Now far thee well! old worthy friend!
Thanks for the comfort brought—
To know that thou a hand will lend,
In battles to be fought;
And that no life has ever been
By thee, classed as naught.

Woman Suffrage

By W. T. W., '17.

THE Woman Suffrage movement has not, until recently, been regarded as worthy of serious consideration. In short, the idea of women voting, holding office, and in other ways taking place of men, has in the past appeared so preposterous to many intelligent people that the majority has been disposed to regard the subject as being too utterly ridiculous for serious discussion. However, in some parts of the country, and among some people, the movement has, of recent date, made such rapid progress and assumed such proportions as to cause the most thoughtful of us to view the situation seriously and not without some alarm. The explanation as to why this seemingly absurd movement is gaining such a hold is hard to give. To say that woman suffrage is now advocated only by the ignorant and unintelligent is a mistake. Some of the best educated people of our land are in favor of it. Woodrow Wilson, the greatest president we have ever had, indorses it and is giving it his support. It is startling to think that some of the best and most prominent people of our land fail to see the great evil in woman suffrage; it seems strange that they have any hopes of good ever resulting from it. The only reason that we can give is to say that history repeats itself. In almost every age there is some movement started by those who are unable to foresee the results, which movement, if it were pursued and carried out, would mean the ruin of all concerned.

Let us consider some of the reasons why woman suffrage would result in evil, and consequently, why we should do all in our power to defeat the movement.

Much has been said about the equality of man and woman. We might ask the question, are man and woman

equal? Strictly speaking, woman is not equal to man; she is not inferior to man; nor is she superior to man. In some things woman is superior to man. In others she is inferior. In physical power, strength, capacity to do and dare, in all that constitutes the mere animal make up, women are inferior; but in purity of mind, and refinement of feelings they are superior to man. In strength of passive will, in the courage and fortitude to endure, in the power to bear with patience and without complaint the ills and trials that flesh is heir to, woman is far superior to man. She is superior to man in sweetness and amiableness of disposition. In all that raises mankind above the level of mere animals, and causes the human race to approach the level of angels, woman is superior. In short, woman is, in her own sphere, without a peer or rival. Likewise man, in his own sphere, is without equal.

So we are forced to believe that man and woman were not cast in the same mould, nor were they made to fulfill the same mission or do the same work. Indeed, no greater mistake could be made than to suppose that man and woman were appointed to do the same work.

Shakespeare could no more have done the work of Thomas A. Edison than the moon could the work of the sun. Neither could Edison have produced the great works which Shakespeare produced. Both have excelled all others of their kind. One could not be said to be superior to the other because he excelled in his own particular line. Either would have been ruined had he been required to do the work of the other. In like manner, if woman were taken from the mission which God intended her to fulfill, and were required to do the work of man, human affairs would be turned out of the courses intended them by nature, and hopeless confusion would reign among us. Let us, then, not be deceived. Let man and woman move in their own appointed

spheres as they were intended to do, and let us not seek to revise the work of Him who is greater than all else, if we would be happy instead of miserable.

The sphere or mission for woman as intended for her by the divine Creator is plainly defined and shown in His words and teachings. The home is the place for woman. In it she rules supreme. Her will is law. She is the queen before whom man kneels and pays tribute and honor. True, she does not occupy the throne. But the influence which she wields behind the throne, as it were, is far greater than if she were really on the throne.

Of all the institutions of society, that which is most important to its welfare is the home. The home is the most important unit in any great government. Over the home woman is peculiarly fitted to preside. This she is called upon, in a special way, to do. The glory of all nations depends upon the influence of its women. The place for woman to exercise this influence is in the home.

Infancy is the decisive moment in all training and education. In infancy the character is shaped, and the future life of one depends largely on the training which one receives in infancy and early childhood. For this training of the young, skillfulness, time, opportunity, patience, and competency are lacking to all persons, save the mother. This is the work which God in His all wise providence has appointed her to do. She alone is capable of the task. Let her, then, remain true and loyal to the high and holy calling accorded her by her Creator.

How can she do this and take the place of man at the same time? It is utterly impossible. It is against all laws of nature. The triumph of woman suffrage would result in ousting woman from her natural and rightful position and bring about her degradation and downfall by seeking to have her do work which was never intended that she should do.

Is it not plain that woman and man are entirely fitted

for a different work? One is the complement of the other. Neither can do without the other, but each must occupy their own place.

Some men claim that it is a great injustice to put man ahead of woman and deny her a part in politics. Women are represented in the government by their husbands, brothers, fathers, and friends, who are ever seeking to serve woman the best they know. There may be a few exceptions, but exceptions are not the rule. Women are not oppressed. The majority of women are happy and contented. They know that they are granted more rights and privileges than man. Nearly all the women of our land are content for man to be the manager of government and political affairs. They know that in doing so we are not depriving them of any rights, but are doing them a service, as we are always willing to do. Those few who rebel at the idea of man's being ahead of them are dominated by the love of power and the lust of dominion. Hear what the divine scriptures have to say, "The man is the head of the woman." And again, "Wives, submit yourselves unto your husbands as unto the Lord; for the husband is head of the wife." Numerous other passages of like nature might be quoted. Does any woman resent these ideas? If so, she is actuated by selfish motives and by the spirit of evil, and not by the humble spirit of Christ.

We who oppose woman suffrage do not, as has already been said, take this stand for any selfish reason. We do not wish to hold women in subjection. On the contrary, we wish to see her become more and more exalted in the eyes of man. This is why we take this stand. It is for her protection the same as shouldering our guns and marching into battle would be for her protection.

Some advocates of woman suffrage have raised the cry, "Taxation without representation." This principle

is wholly inapplicable in this case. It has already been said that women are represented by their husbands, fathers, brothers, and friends, who out of pure chivalry would never allow women to be oppressed in any way. Besides, the fact must be taken into consideration that no form of suffrage ever existed but that a few suffered from it. As conditions are now, the laws of nearly every state in the union are more favorable to women than to men.

Women suffrage will not remedy economic ills. It will not purify nor reform politics. Women will experience the loss of the personal influence which is now theirs, and which is much more valuable than votes. In short, woman suffrage cannot accomplish what its advocates expect. It will, however, accomplish much that they do not expect. The ideals of true womanhood will be lowered. Women will no longer be held sacred in the eyes of man. Chivalry, that spirit which has always held true men honor-bound to respect, revere and protect woman, even at the risk of personal danger, will pass away. The old respect, admiration, reverence and worship will pass away when women become politicians. All society will suffer under such conditions. Children will be less cared for, and homes will cease to be attractive. Men and boys will drift into all kinds of sin and vice in search of amusement and entertainment, all because the home has ceased to be attractive and to hold any charm for them.

Are women fitted to brave the dangers and endure the hardships of war? If they vote, hold office, and in other ways take the place of men, it is no more ridiculous for them to shoulder guns and march into battle when war comes than to do these things. It would be no more than right that they should do so.

It is plain that to ignore the undeniable differences between man and woman, which fit them for entirely

different tasks, would be folly. There is nothing to gain by dragging women into politics, while there is everything to lose.

In spite of the progress which this movement has made of late it is gratifying to note that the majority of our women are too truly womanly to wish to take part in such a movement. Especially is this true of our women of the South. The recent overwhelming defeat of the Suffragists in New Jersey also goes to conform the opinion that popular sentiment is yet opposed to the movement.

Would we have a pure government, law-abiding citizens, peace, and happiness all the days of our lives? If so, let us keep women out of politics. Woman's time to "vote" is when that little child is in the cradle, or romping around her knee in childish innocence. Let her teach that child the lessons of purity, truthfulness, and honesty, thereby moulding its character and starting it in the right direction; for, "As the twig is bent, the tree is inclined." There will be no need of reforms in government and society; for if the children have been trained to exhibit the spirit of Christ in their lives, and follow Him in their daily walks, all will be peace and happiness. This is woman's field of work, and she will accomplish little out of it.

Woman's pride and ambition should be not to vote, hold office, and mingle in politics, but to be able to point to her children with pride as being a blessing to mankind; not that she can be a great speaker and imitate great men, but that she may rear and train her sons that they may be great speakers and leaders; men who will be a blessing to humanity, and who will always hold her and all womanhood in the highest and most sacred reverence.

November.

W. T. F., '17.

THE last days of the fall have come,
And they again remind us,
That the next few months are dreary
Unlike the ones behind us.

The leaves have lost their emerald gloss,
And have fallen to the ground;
And hickory nuts and acorns
In the woodland can be found.

This the month that Nature,
Her partiality shows;
She protects all the animals,
But strips the trees of clothes.

She gives the birds a winter coat,
The fox a thicker hair,
The squirrel finds comfort in his den,
And of cold they have no fear.

The trees that had their summer clothes,
Now stand exposed to the snow,
Begging, with arms extended,
Nature their leaves to bestow.

Lois and Jack

J. P. M., '17.

IT was in a little country school that Jack Smith and Lois Wheeler became such intimate friends—even more than friends.

Oft times after school hours they would stroll down to the old mill pond where time rushed by with the fleetest of wings. They knew well, but hated to think, of the parting day which was rapidly and inevitably drawing near, when Jack would leave for college.

On the evening before Jack was to make his departure, he slowly strolled around to the Wheeler's home. As he entered the garden gate he saw Lois sitting on the steps patiently awaiting his arrival. After four sad, but very pleasant hours, Jack told Lois good-bye.

Lois went slowly up stairs to her room, wiping the tear drops as they rolled down her rosy cheeks one after the other. She tried to console herself by repeating his last words, "I will ever be true to you."

Jack's first night at college was spent in two ways; the first part, in a "track meet," and the second, looking at Lois' picture, and writing two letters; one to Lois, and one to his loving mother. The next morning Jack started to classes. Everything being new, and his work interesting, the time passed, not as it had with Lois, but more rapidly than he had expected. The next day a letter was brought to his room by the orderly. Jack recognized the hand writing, and instantly his face began to glow with the brightness of early spring. He read and re-read his letter, almost learning it by heart. With the picture in one hand, and the letter in the other, Jack passed into a kind of trance, which were his happiest hours since his arrival at college. Thus things went on for six months, each Tuesday carrying and

bringing a letter to and from Lois. But suddenly, for some reason unknown to Lois, the letters ceased to come.

Lois was a tall, very attractive girl, with black hair, a ripe, apparently appetizing little mouth, dimples on each cheek which indicated her jovial and jolly disposition. Being so attractive, she had many admirers, but unable to forget her former love, she did them as she had done the first one who approached her after Jack's departure: told them that she had given her answer to another.

Two years passed and still no letter from Jack. The next fall, Lois feeling that her life had been blighted, went in training in St. Philips Hospital. She became very enthusiastic over her work, and finished on her twentieth birthday.

Jack had won the friendship of both faculty and corps of cadets, and was now one of the most popular boys in West End College. He had distinguished himself in literary work and had won many honors both on the football and baseball teams. During his senior year while in a football game, he had his leg broken, and was confined in the college hospital for several weeks. As soon as he was able to move around the room, the college nurse was suddenly taken ill, and had to be sent to the infirmary, and in her place a young, very attractive lady was employed. She arrived at the hospital about noon, and began her work as if she had been there all her life. As the sun was waning away down in the western horizon, she was visiting her patients, and just as it had dropped behind the trees, she had visited all save Jack Smith, who was sitting dreamily on one corner of the porch, thinking no doubt of Lois. As the nurse, coming to visit her last patient entered the porch, she halted suddenly, and stared at her patient, and he at her.

"Lois, dear Lois, why have you treated me so?" he cried.

"Jack Smith, speak not to me in such words. Had I dreamed of your being here, I never would have accepted this position."

"Lois! please give me a chance to explain, and perhaps win forgiveness. I have wished to speak with you, have written to you, have hunted you, and have inquired after you, but could find no one who could give me any information. May I explain?"

"Certainly! as you are here, I not only consent, but demand an explanation."

"I am glad for this opportunity to apologize to you, Lois dear, but wish first to ask one question. Why did you write me that my letters would not be opened by you any more, and that you had already given your answer to another?"

"I never wrote you any such thing, Jack, and I don't understand it at all."

"Lois are you quite sure?"

"Yes, very sure! I never wrote but one boy such words, and he still persists in tormenting me." whispered Lois softly.

"Lois, I could scarcely persuade myself to believe that you would treat me so, but the letter was in your hand writing, thus the facts were against you, but now I understand it all, and humbly ask your forgiveness for the manner in which I have treated you."

"But Jack, you forgot me, and left me all alone back in the land of the sky; you made me care for you, and only gave in return bitter cutting silence—I hate—Oh! I can never forgive."

"But, Lois dearest, I am sincerely sorry, but can only ask mercy and forgiveness at your hands. Are you going to turn me off in this cold bitter world, without a

friend? without a mother? all on account of the hateful treachery of another? Are you?"

Lois covered her face with her pretty white arms and softly said. "Jack, that was not my mistake, but undermining work of your old rival Hugh, who forwarded that letter on to you in an envelope which he snatched off my table, while paying one of his tormenting visits."

"Then say that I am forgiven, for dearest Lois, my future happiness depends on that one word, I want to hear you whisper."

With out-stretched arms Lois softly said, "Jack, my sick patient, you are forgiven."



Ambition

W. A. M., '16.

ARE you the desire for climbing
To a height not yet obtained,
Or arn't you the determination
That all a man desires be gained?

Do you always urge him upward
With desire for good at heart,
Or do you sometimes drag him downward
That he may get a better start?

As man's servant you are useful,
Helping him to gain success,
But as his master, oft you cause him
To be o'ercome by selfishness.

Then truly, you are deadly poison,
But in small doses you are good,
A man without you is a failure,
With too much he can do no good.

Honor

A. B. C., '16.

HONOR is the subject of my theme; not that honor sought for by the demagogue, but that peculiar sense which teaches man right from wrong, and conforms him to duty. To be ambitious of true honor, of the true glory and perfections of our natures, of honor won by service to one's country, fellowman, and Maker, is the very principle and incentive of virtue; but to be ambitious of titles, of names, of ceremonial respects and civil pageantry, is as vain and as little and as base as anything one courts. Cicero defined true honor as being the associating approbations of good, sincere men, who only are fit to give true praise and are themselves trustworthy. The Romans and Spartans of old, worshiped virtue and honor as gods; their temples of life were so constructed that one could not enter the temple of honor before first passing thru the temple of virtue.

The way to be truly honored is to be illustriously good. Money can not buy honor; parents can not give it; society can not bestow it upon one. Maximilian, a German emperor of history, said to a nobleman, as he bestowed the patent letters, "I am able to make you rich, but virtue must make you noble." Any one of us would appreciate the honor of Agesius, the Spartan king who ruled his country by obeying it, who was fined by Sphori for stealing away the hearts of all his people. The same is true of honor and glory as of beauty; a simple thread cannot make a fine lace, neither can one good quality pronounce a man accomplished; but a concurrence of many fine features and good qualities, "little deeds of kindness and little words of love," make true honor and true glory and true beauty in man. The

man of honor is internally good, but the person of honor is an exception to this rule; the one a real, the other a fictitious character. The person of honor may be a profane libertine, proud, mean to his inferiors, may defraud his creditors, and abuse those about him; but it is impossible for a man of honor to be guilty of any of these.

When in their best days, the ancient Greeks and Romans sought honor rather than riches; but times have changed. Now, wealth seems to be the surest passport to honor, and respectability becomes endangered by poverty. "Rome is Rome no more," when the imperial purple is an article of traffic, and when gold buys with ease the honor and glory which only patriotism and valor once bought, and then with difficulty. What are the conditions that confront young South Carolinians to-day? To sustain nobility and honor, high society must be barred from our lives; the fast life of this young generation must be blocked; the evils that men do must be turned away from; dirt and filth must be removed from our politics: or else the elements of sin will so mix themselves that the result will be degraded characters and a degenerated race of the future.

There is no true glory, no true honor, no true greatness, without virtue; without which we only abuse the good things in our possession, whether great or little, false or real. Riches often make us covetous and prodigal; palaces make many look upon those in poverty with disgust; home accommodations flatter human pride; valor often turns brutal and unjust; and a high pedigree tends to make a man live according to the virtues of his parents without seeking for himself. The ambition which allures so many to pursue such honors is fatal and delusive. The object is rarely accomplished, and the coveted distinctions in most cases prove to be airy phantasms, and gilded mists, which are only the

glittering generalities of life. It is not a difficult task to acquire real honor and esteem in this world; but they are best won by actual worth and merit, and not by art and intrigue, which are failures over a long and ruinous race. Seek not to be honored except thru thine own bosom within thyself.

"Honor and shame from no condition rise: act well your part, there all the honor lies."



Sunrise

M. M. B., '17.

☞ 'ER a hill in the east, bend the piercing rays
Of a ruddy and laughing sun,
Kissing the gloom into a pretty dawn,
As they hither and thither run.

On a bough of a willow sits a mockingbird
With a gay and mirthful song;
While the willow dips her graceful boughs
In the stream as it moves along.

O'er the hill, we can see the beautiful face
Of a ruddy and laughing sun:
In the west, we can hear the tinkling of bells,
And another day is begun.

America, The Good Samaritan

FROM the very beginning of this great world's war, the United States, altho not one of the belligerent countries, has nobly borne a large share of the sacrifice and suffering. She has sent a great many medical men and women to the aid of her suffering neighbors, besides generously dividing her wealth with Belgium.

Last September, when everything in Belgium that would do to eat or wear was either carried off or destroyed, the U. S. was called on to clothe and feed the Belgians. Our people responded immediately to the call, and sent shipload after shipload of clothes, food, and money to the suffering Belgians. The U. S. has supported Belgium for almost a year, until now they can about take care of themselves. It was simply the generosity of the Americans that kept Belgium from being wiped off of the map.

The relief of the Belgians has involved great sacrifice of money on the part of our people, but the work of the American Red Cross Committee has called for a much greater sacrifice, the sacrifice of human life. Hundreds of trained American men and women have offered their lives in order to save the lives of thousands of others. Early this spring when Serbia appealed to America for medical aid, a large number of doctors and nurses volunteered to go to Servia and face the dreadful epidemics of typhus and typhoid fever, and small pox that were raging there. They found things in a very deplorable condition in Servia, but they went to work and finally checked the raving epidemics, thereby saving thousands of lives. A large percent of these doctors and nurses died of disease themselves, but this did not cause any of the others to turn back,—they only worked harder.

There has been the same courage and sacrifice of life on the part of the members of the American Red Cross Committee in the other warring countries as in Servia. Many men have volunteered for this work; and many

of these men have fallen, victims of the disease that they were trying to check, but the ones that were left only worked harder.

The countries across the ocean are not the only ones that the U. S. has helped, for she has been of service to one of her close neighbors, Mexico. It is on account of the forbearance and clear headedness of the United States, that we are not at war with Mexico. Altho insult after insult has been shown us by the Mexicans, President Wilson has managed to adjust all of these wrongs without slaughtering any of the Mexicans, and there is no doubt but that conditions in Mexico are better today than they would have been had President Wilson not sent the leaders these repeated warnings.

So you can see that the United States is as truly a good samaritan today as the man was in Bible times, who had compassion on a sick man, who he found in the road, and took to an inn, and paid his bills until he was cured.



The Clemson College Chronicle

FOUNDED BY CLASS OF 1898.

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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: S. C. STRIBLING, '16

COLLEGE LOYALTY.

In most instances the average conception of college loyalty is the getting out on the side lines in an athletic contest, and rooting for your team, and cheering them in their efforts, and in the sending off of the team with a few "yells." These are all very good, and we heartily endorse them, and would in no way detract from them. But, is this all that college loyalty means? We answer emphatically NO!, this is really only the beginning. There are many other ways of showing our college loyalty besides this.

We should always be on the look-out for some way in which to better our college. Listen, you know as

well as I, that Clemson has a rather bad reputation in the outside world today simply because some of our number who are not always actuated by the spirit of true college loyalty have gone home from here in vacation time, or on visits, and have overdrawn conditions here, by picturing us as a pretty tough bunch. Those same fellows probably came back here and "yelled" themselves hoarse for the "team," and then went on their way rejoicing feeling that they showed great college loyalty. But had they? Answer for yourself. We claim that they have been anything but loyal in the true sense. The man who shows true college loyalty is the man who is always ready, and is always striving to uphold the good name of the institution with which he is connected. If he can't find anything good to tell, he should keep quiet. If he is not satisfied with his college, then he should leave, and go somewhere else. But after he has gone somewhere else he should show the bright side of the institution which satisfies him, but he should not "knock" the place which he has left. This is true college loyalty.

Let us be assured that by showing this kind of loyalty we shall not only benefit our college, but we ourselves shall be benefited, and we shall be drawn closer together by a chain of true college loyalty.

ENCOURAGED BY SUPPORT.

We feel greatly encouraged by the support we are receiving. Our first issue was rather small on account of the fact that the fellows were so busy getting straightened out that they didn't have time to think of writing, and consequently, the college publication had to suffer. But this month we have received more material than we are able to publish, and every one seems to be becoming interested. In this large student body there

must be a number of boys who could write good essays, interesting stories, and inspiring poetry if they would only make the effort. They come face to face with that abominable word "can't," and instead of showing their spirit of determination to overcome the obstacle, they give up. Boys, let us plead with you to try. If we are to get out a good publication it will be absolutely necessary for you to try. You may think you can't write a story, but have you ever tried just to see? You'll be surprised at the result. You may think that your thoughts will not interest others, but you are mistaken. Every day you read and become interested in the thoughts of others. Your thoughts will be just as interesting to them, as theirs are to you. Had you ever thought about it in that light?

Just think, what a grand publication we could make of the Chronicle if every month we had eight hundred articles to select from. So we plead with each and every one of you to try your hand at writing something for publication.

STATE ORATORICAL CONTEST.

For a number of years we have belonged to the State Inter-collegiate Oratorical Association, and have regularly sent a speaker to the annual contests. But for several years we have been unable to win. Without in the least reflecting on the speakers who have represented us in the past, we say that they were not true representative speakers of our college, because in order to win the distinction and honor of being our representative they had only to defeat three or four or perhaps half a dozen speakers. They should have had to defeat a great deal larger number in order to be called truly representative. Everyone who can make any show at all should get up a speech and try.

Another fault we find is this: usually the fellows who

are going to try, wait until the last minute, and then get up something hurriedly. They seem to think that it does not require long training in order to speak well. They are willing to go out and work hard for weeks, and diet themselves in order to get their bodies into good shape for athletic events, but when it comes to speaking they fail to train. If they are to win they must begin early and train thoroughly.

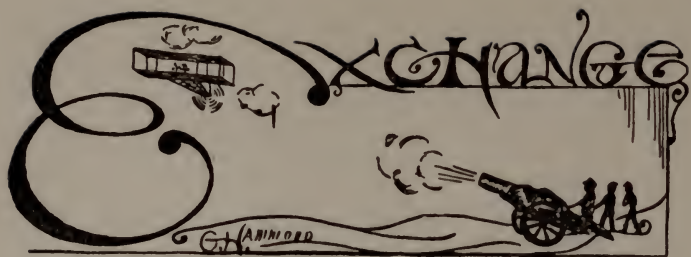
We are to send a representative to the annual contest next spring. We want to entreat you to try for this. Such a large number should try that it would be necessary for each society to hold a preliminary contest. Begin right now, today, to gather material and to write an oration to use in this contest. By doing this you will greatly benefit yourself, and will stir up such a spirit here that the name of Old Clemson will be honorably upheld in the State contest.

THE HONOR SYSTEM.

We feel that we could not send this issue to press without again saying a few words in favor of an honor system. The more we look about us, the more we get out and come in contact with the outside world, the more we study of our relations to other nations, the more we feel that we need an honor system right here at Clemson College. As we look through the colleges of the nation, we find that nearly all of the leading institutions have some kind of an honor system and we can't afford to fall below the standard set by them. We find that our friends out in the world, the members of our alumni association, and our fathers and mothers turn to us with pleadings and call upon us to adopt and live up to an honor system.

There is no denying of the fact that the college is the training school of the men who are to rule this na-

tion in the next generation; their course will determine whether the United States of America is to continue to hold its high and exalted position as the leader of the world-wide fight for honest dealings between nations, or whether it will be drug down to so low a plane that no dependence can be placed in it. Which shall it be? This question is one which should appeal directly to us, and one which we should put much deep thought on. If we are to continue to be a leader for honesty, then the colleges of our nations must get busy and encourage and insist on honesty. It is preposterous to think of such a thing as allowing a college student to countenance dishonest methods in college and then as soon as he has graduated to suddenly turn from dishonesty to honesty. That won't happen one time in ten. Then we should begin right here, right now, to insist upon honest methods being used. Let us then show that we mean to begin to live honest lives the rest of our college lives, and start this resolve by putting our energies to work to organize an honor system, and encourage and help one another to overcome all inclinations to use dishonest means in all forms of student activity. If we can do this, we will please our friends, will please the members of the alumni who have fought for this in the past, please our father's and mothers, increase our moral strength, and will help to put out a generation of men who will select rulers who will continue to hold our nation in the front in the great fight for world-wide honesty. Think of these things.



EDITORS:

D. H. BANKS, '16.

M. M. BRICE, '17.

We were very much gratified upon the receipt of some eight or ten exchanges during the past month. It is with much anxiety that we await the receipt of a number of other exchanges in the future.

The Limestone Star

The Star published a rather short, but creditable magazine for its first issue. The debate on the subject, "Resolved: That the French Have Contributed More to Civilization Than the Germans," as published in this edition, is in our opinion its most valuable contribution. The affirmative side of this subject is defended exceptionally well. The writer of "The Little Ally" has woven a very interesting and romantic story into the events of the recently attempted descent upon Paris. It is to be hoped the other writers will follow this example; as the ensuing war, with its unprecedented violence, affords a boundless field for fiction.

The Carolinian

In The Carolinian for October we have found one of the most refined, as well as one of the most interesting stories, that it has ever been our pleasure to see in a college publication. The writer of "Back to the Fold" is to be commended in no slight degree for his accomplishment. His story is a clean well proportioned one. The character of the hero is remarkably well presented, and his hidden honesty is shown in such a way as to captivate the reader.

Isaqueena

The Isaqueena, as usual, turned out a good magazine. It is lacking, however of stories of real interest and livelihood, which are demanded by the average reader.

The Era

The October issue of The Era abounds in good literature. There are several short, well written, stories, among them being two especially good narratives, "The Mascot's Victory," and "Across the Great Divide." The poems are unusually good as are also the essays. Taken as a whole, the magazine contains a sufficiency of reading matter, as is not the case with some of the publications.

The Stylus

The essays found in The Newberry Stylus are very good. There is, however, a lack of stories and poems, which are vitally essential.

Wofford College Journal

Though this journal is rather short, its constituents are about in the right proportion. In our opinion, about the best selection from this magazine is "Mountain Mary," which ends with a very happy love affair.

The Echo

The Furman Echo begins with a beautiful short poem, "Autumn." The magazine is well arranged, and up to the minute. Each of the branches has done full justice to its task, as have also the individual contributors.

Richmond College Messenger

Last, but not least, comes The Richmond College Messenger. The poems published in this edition are of the very highest degree. They are of high literary value and well worth reading. We urge the editors of this publication to keep up its degree of perfection.



EDITOR: P. L. McCALL, '16

We are glad to report that the interest is still growing among both the cadets and the people of the hill, in the Y. M. C. A. Up to date we have enrolled as members of the association three hundred and thirteen men. This number will be increased as time goes on. We will not be satisfied with less than six hundred members. The Bible classes are making great progress. The number enrolled is four hundred and twenty-five. We have forty young men who are leading these classes. For the benefit of the leaders, normal classes have been organized, and are led by the following men: Dr. R. N. Brackett is leading a group of leaders in the study of "Modern Discipleship." This study is for Juniors and Seniors. "The Manhood of The Master," a Senior subject, is led by Dr. W. M. Riggs. Rev. T. V. McCaul is leading a class of Sophomores in the study of "A Life at Its Best." The Freshmen are studying a very interesting book entitled, "Student Standards of Action." The interest which the men are taking in these studies is very gratifying indeed.

Lectures

The lectures given in chapel at the Sunday evening services have been very helpful indeed. Dr. Fletcher, instructor of philosophy at Furman University, gave us a very helpful address on "Usefulness, the Purpose of a Life." Mr. T. O. Lawton, of Greenville, S. C., president of the Southeastern Life Insurance Co., gave an

interesting talk on "The Value of Decision." Mr. Lawton is a forceful speaker, and his address was enjoyed by all. Ex-Gov. M. F. Ansel, a man loved and honored by every Clemson Cadet, was with us last Sunday evening, and delivered a most helpful address on the old, and yet new, subject, "Am I my Brother's Keeper."

Perhaps the most helpful address was that given by Mr. Lewis W. Parker, of Greenville, S. C. Mr. Parker was for a long time president of a number of our largest cotton mills in this State. His subject was, "Individual Power and Responsibility," and he did this great subject justice. He spoke of what the Y. M. C. A. was doing for the young men who work in the mills, as well as those who work at other places.

The Sunday evening program is one of the most enjoyable and most beneficial features of the Y. M. C. A. The attendance has been very good, but we have plenty of room left, and we sincerely hope that every cadet will come out to the evening services.





EDITOR: M. C. GREEN, '16.

J. L. Byers, Class '15. Now employed as section man in Judson mills at Greenville, S. C.

Joe Hunter, Class '15. Now employed in Easley No. 1 Cotton Mill.

D. T. Hardin, class '12. Now connected with the Agricultural Experiment Station at Knoxville, Tenn.

Pete Watson, class '15. Farming near Anderson.

T. E. Bell, E. D. Mays and J. D. Wakefield, class '12, were visitors on day of Davidson game.

Allison Butler, class '01. Chairman Chamber of Commerce, and Insurance and Real Estate man of Greenville, was a visitor on day of Davidson game.

W. D. Arthur, class '15. Now manager of Arthur Wholesale House in Union, S. C.

J. T. Darby, class '15. Now employed in express office in Columbia, S. C.

C. B. Iler, class '15. Now working with Supply Co., in Richmond, Va.

Tut Fant, class '13. Now practicing law in Anderson, S. C.

Henry Muldrow, class '15. Now employed at Experiment Station in Florence, S. C.

J. T. Woods, class '15. Now in business with his father in Greer, S. C.

J. L. Marchant, class 15. Employed in cotton mill at Greer, S. C.

Bill Perry, class '14. Now employed by General Electrical Co., at Schnectady, N. Y.

Every member of clas '96 was present at Carolina-Clemson game.

The Clemson College Chronicle

VII

Valeat Quantum Valent Potest

Vol. XIV.

Clemson College, S. C., December, 1915.

No. 3



EDITORS:

D. G. O'DELL, '16

C. G. HARRIS, '17

F. L. PARKS, '18

Christmas

M. M. B. '17.

THE Christmas bells ring out their joy;
The happy day is once more here;
No heavy thoughts our brains annoy,
As jovful sounds we once more hear.
The happy day to many a boy,
The music of sleigh-bells reaches his ear.

The greetings approach our ears
Before the day is well begun;
Then o'er the woodland crest appears
The pretty, brilliant, laughing sun.
Everybody drops his cares,
As we start the Christmas fun.

On Christmas day, years, years ago,
A mighty host came from above
To let us of a Saviour know,
Who came to teach us brotherly love.
He blessed us all, both rich and poor,
With the mighty emblem of peace—the dove.

But Ah! 'tis true this world is torn
By mighty wars and human strife.
The teachings of Jesus are let alone
When anyone takes a human life.
And O! that the will of the Father were known
To the lands where bloodshed is rife.

But we of America should thankful be
To the Lord who sees to all our cares,
That we have a leader who can plainly see,
And thru the strife our country bears.
So let us hope that there soon will be
Peace—that we may drop our fears.



Christmas Giving

S. C. S. '16.

AS is very often the case, Christmas Eve day was dark and cloudy and unpleasant that year. As I lay in my bed that night and looked out into the dark, my thoughts were as gloomy as the impenetrable darkness outside. I was unhappy. I thought of many things. Finally my thoughts turned to the Christmas custom of giving. The thought came, "why all of this foolishness of giving anyway." I recalled the fact that the idea of giving at the Christmastide sprang up from goodness knows where, way back hundreds of years ago. I thought of the fact that it was not any special religious movement. Before me came the picture of a struggling world in which men and women were sacrificing in order that their loved ones might not be disappointed because of not receiving a present on Christmas morning. I thought of those who would be disappointed, and of how keen the disappointment would be. I became pessimistic. Did it really pay after all? Did the joy derived from the giving overcome the sacrifice, overcome the disappointment of the ones who longed for a Christmas gift but who did not get one? Did it carry out the spirit which should be shown at the annual celebration of the birth of the little Christ child?

While revolving these thoughts I became sleepy, and closed my eyes on this gloomy world. Soon I began to dream. I thought that some mysterious power had given me wings, and that I was flying out to take a glimpse at the world early on Christmas morning. My thoughts of the previous night came into my mind, and I thought of what a great opportunity this would be to settle my doubts. I would fly all over the world and observe people as they received their Christmas presents.

I had not flown very far when I came to a small farm home nestling quietly back in a small grove. As the honest farmer came out to do his early morning chores, I noticed that his face looked bright, he went about his work whistling. Soon he was thru, and as he went back to kindle the early morning fire I slipped in thru the door unobserved.

Around the fireplace had been hung several pairs of stockings of varying sizes. Soon the fire was kindled and the fond mother and her children came in to see if "Old Saint Nick" had visited them during the night. They were not disappointed. Each had been remembered, not with costly gifts, but with gifts which portrayed the love of one to the other. As I saw the beautiful expression of joy which was shown in the faces of the fond parents as their small gifts delighted their children, I realized that their gifts had not been wasted. Soon I noiselessly flew out a crack at the door and went on my journey.

Suddenly I came to a poor tenant's hovel. I realized that not many gifts would be given there, but I paused for a moment and peeped in thru a crack. The children were just opening their presents. Very, very cheap presents indeed. Some only colored pictures, some perhaps an apple, perhaps cheap candy, but as each present was opened a bright smile of pleasure came into each face, and as the poor parents watched this scene, the same expression came into their faces that had lighted up the faces of the more fortunate parents.

At my next stop I found that the presents had already been opened, but just as I stopped, the mail carrier handed a package to the mother of the house, and as she recognized the handwriting of a distant son a beautiful ray of sunshine came into her face.

I next visited a town and saw a rather sad looking

lady go into a post office. As she came out you would not have recognized her, for her expression of sadness had changed to one of supreme joy, and she held in her hand a beautiful present from her lover who had not spoken to her for some time.

I next came to a large city. I first visited the hospital and it cheered my heart to see the many worn faces brighten up as small remembrances, sometimes flowers, sometimes cheery cards, sometimes perhaps only a friendly word, were distributed. I did not linger long. As I left the hospital I saw a pleasant looking lady go into the slums of the city. I followed her as she went from one door to another, speaking friendly greetings, and giving small gifts and everywhere a remembrance was given a soul was cheered. As that lady left to go back to her home her face shone with such a brilliant expression of joy that I thought of the expression. "It is more blessed to give than to receive," and I concluded it was true.

I went on and on that day and everywhere I went I saw some one whose life had been brightened by some gift of love. I saw the same expression of love and joy attending the gifts all over the world, from the poorest to the richest. As I flew back to my home I summed up the day's experience and decided that after all it is the spirit of love prompting the giving and not the gift which counts. I concluded that without this giving the Christmas season would mean very little, and that in no better way can the birthday of Christ be celebrated than by encouraging this spirit of showing love by gifts.

When I awoke from my sleep I was surprised to find that it was morning.

As I opened my eyes I looked out into a beautiful world. The sun was just appearing at the edge of a

cloudless horizon and its rays caused the thousands of crystals of frost to sparkle like so many gems. All the darkness and gloom had disappeared. And the same was true of me. The thought of the many thousands of souls which would be made happy by loving gifts on that beautiful morning had the same effect on me that the sun had exerted on the darkened world.



A Thought For Christmas

J. H. J., '17.

WHEN the last exam is finished,
And you put your books away,
Then forget your petty troubles,
And rejoice on Christmas day.

Go about with smiles and laughter,
Have a cheerful word to say,
Don't let others see you grouching
When its nearly Christmas day.

Christmas is the time for gladness,
You should not be sad or blue,
Try to make some person happy,
And trying, you will become happy too.

The Well Mystery

M. M. B. '17.

ABOUT four years ago, in the town of Caonta, which is in the lower part of South Carolina, there existed a mystery, for which no one could account. For the past two months, a smoke was often observed coming from an old well about two miles from the town. Altho it was winter, and smoke was common in the town, no one could account for the smoke coming from the earth in this manner. The well had gone dry long before, and, as is often the case in the South, it was left without anyone's filling it. There were many stories concerning this well, one person going so far as to surmise that it was a dormant volcano. Some children had once been close to the well, and were said to have heard a hissing sound coming from it. This mystery was not considered serious enough to be investigated by the most intelligent men of the town, while the remainder of the people of the town were too superstitious to investigate it. Yet, strange to say, two boys in their teens were the ones to solve the mystery.

It was a few days before Christmas that James Cranby returned from college to his home in Caonter for his Christmas vacation. James was a strong, sturdy boy of the true college type. It is needless to say that he together with his younger brother John, passed many happy hours during his vacation.

Two days after Christmas, the two boys decided to go gunning. Immediately after dinner, they donned their hunting coats, shouldered their guns, and started on the hunt. This being a very good place for partridges, the boys met with moderate luck. After wandering around about two hours, they found themselves

about a hundred yards from the mysterious well. The land which they were on had been worked down, and now had no vegetation save some grass and a few clumps of bushes. As they were walking on, John, who was in the rear, heard the hissing sound issuing from the well. He turned around and started towards the well, but on account of a slightly superstitious feeling, he hesitated and turned back. But now he found that his brother was lost from his sight. Thinking at first that James was cut off from his view by some clumps of bushes, he called him, but received no answer. Now alarmed, he called again, and again, and at last received a faint answer.

"Where are you James?" he called, excitedly.

"Come to this clump of bushes," was the apparently distant answer.

John, completely amazed, hunted from one clump of bushes to another, until finally he came to what he thought was the right clump. The voice of his brother now became louder.

"Here, come and pull me out of this hole, John," the excited voice exclaimed.

John cautiously went into the clump of bushes, and, to his surprise, discovered a hole about nine feet deep, into which James had fallen. Luckily, right next to the hole there was a long rope attached to the lower part of one of the bushes, and by a little work, John succeeded in pulling his brother out. James' only injury from the fall was a slightly wrenched ankle, so he was able to get home with the help of his brother. Immediately after they started, John excitedly said:

"Well, of all things! James, I am dying to know how this happened."

James not being so easily excited, had steadied his nerves, and now quietly replied:

"Well, John, it happened so quickly that I don't know exactly what did take place. When I came to this clump of bushes, I thought I might as well go thru it. Since I had to use my eyes in keeping out of the way of thick branches, and did not see the hole, I stepped into it and fell to the bottom. At first, I was a little stunned, but almost immediately I began to look around. John, altho this appeared to be only a deep hole, it is a long tunnel or cave. In the distance, I could see two bright lights like the eyes of some beast. I could hear a roaring or hissing sound. I then heard your voice, and answered a number of times, but I suppose my voice did not sound loud on account of the walls of the cave. I next saw you above the hole, whereupon you came to my assistance in getting me out."

James walked on, apparently lost in deep thought. He kept muttering to himself, to which mutterings John eagerly listened. His thoughts were expressed in short sentences or exclamations.

"The lights were sparkling and twinkling," he muttered. "They do not belong to any animal. The hole is near the well. Yes, and the cave points to the well! Indeed! O, yes! I have it! I believe I have it! John, I'm not sure that I have unraveled the well mystery, but I believe I have. We musn't let any one know of what happened this evening. We will go out bird-hunting tomorrow. You must help me get ready tonight."

John willingly acquiesced to all these demands. That evening they got a ladder and placed it on the wagon. John, who considered his brother as good as a detective, suggested that he carry a pistol, since a shotgun would not appear romantic enough. James carried out this request.

The next morning, the two boys, having obtained consent from their father to use the horse and wagon, started out on their mysterious task. They had some trouble in finding the clump of bushes, but at last located it. They let down the ladder, and James, who was apparently armed to the teeth, followed closely by John, cautiously descended. They silently crept forward for about a hundred yards, when they plainly heard human voices. They crept closer and closer, keeping next to the walls of the cave. At last, they came within a few yards of the source of the noise. A strange and unusual scene met their eyes. Two large boilers or cauldrons, filled almost to the top with some liquid, were swinging over two fires. From the fire-
rently into the end wall of the cave. Two men were busily stirring the liquid in the pots with long rods.

John did not know at first the meaning of this until James explained to him that it was a distillery. They cautiously left the cave, drew up the ladder, and hastily drove to town, where the proper authorities were notified. It was needless to say that the two distillers received justice at the hands of the law.

It was never known how there happened to be a tunnel in this place. It was apparent that it had been there a long time. In the trial of the distillers, one of them explained all he knew.

"About three months ago, my partner and I, in hunting for a suitable place to locate a distillery, decided to dig a cave, running back from the bottom of the well. The tunnel ran about a hundred yards from the well. We dug up from the tunnel, and made an entrance thru a clump of bushes. We haven't let any one know about the location of the distillery, since we always sold our

whiskey at our house. But I suppose it is known to everybody now."

It was found that the distillers had established a wall between the tunnel and the well, and had run the pipes from the fireplace thru it.

James and John gained quite a reputation around Caonter as rising detectives. James has spent many happy hours narrating to his friends how he once acted at the same time as a mystery-solver and detective.



A Cheerless Christmas

W. A. M., '16.

WHAT can this Christmas mean to those poor souls
Whose lives as well as homes have all been
wrecked

By that grim engine of destruction—War,
Leaving such scars that no one may rejoice?
For them the present holds but griefs not yet assuaged,
Reflection brings to mind those joys which being passed
But make their present woes more hard to bear
Because of contrast to those happy days
When care free waifs went all the country 'round
And lustily did sing that Christmas song,
Whose very echoes now are laughed to scorn,
And which to sing would be a traitor's act.
For who is there who now can sing of peace
The while his country struggles for her life,
And small good-will is there between those men
Who daily try to take each other's life.

1

The Forgotten

C. G. H. '17.

THE old Brazos river swept on in its familiar listless manner without scarcely so much as a murmur. Only a short distance from its banks, out in the almost impenetrable swamps of Southern Texas, was what might be called the hut of two fortune seekers. This so-called hut was made by covering some entangled vines with the gray moss that grew on the trees. Outside the hut were their two horses and one hound dog that, fortunately, has followed them when they were separated from their gang by the fierce "Norther" that has so suddenly blown up. These two horses and one dog was all these two boys had; and it seemed to them they might as well not have possessed even so much as a name for the good it could do them in that place. Indeed, all was so weird and forlorn looking it looked as if God had forgotten that part of His creation—and them.

These two boys, Joe Hendrix and Roy Collins, were Southern boys and from families of well repute and high social standing; but they had followed their adventuresome spirits to the West. Luck was with them at first, for the first work they got after arriving out West was on a ranch, the work they most wished for. Being Easterners tho, they had to work around the ranch some time before they were allowed to go on a "drive." It had been about four months since they began working on the ranch, and they had now about learned enough of the cowboy's life to be allowed to partake in a drive. So this was to be their first drive; and too, it was the big "Fall Drive" in which every unbranded steer was to be branded, be he big or little, old or young.

But this four months of almost continual company with Eva Brundrette, the ranch-owner's daughter, which Collins has just passed thru had not been without its effect, and, to make a long story short, "all was well" with the two—and their thoughts.

When all has been made ready for the drive, they set out. They had now been gone about twelve days, and, true to the slogan of "The Brundrette's Eight" they had brands on about one-thousand in number. The country they were now in might, in truth, be termed the "Wild and Woolly West."

It was about dusk one afternoon when some members of the gang began to realize it was getting a little chilly; but they thought nothing of this as Northerners were frequent in those parts. This one, however, proved to be worse than they thought for, for it drove their herd of over six thousand into a wild stampede. Of course, all had to flee for their lives, and, Joe and Roy not knowing what to do in such a case, fled in an opposite direction from that which the gang proper took. What was worse, they went straight ahead of the mad herd, so naturally, they had to keep going. When, at last, they did get a chance to stop, they were lost in the swamps of Brazos river. It was now night. All they could do was to stop and build a fire. Daylight came but no relief. They could not go any farther for Joe was unable to rise. He had been seriously hurt internally the afternoon before. All day they stayed there, and the next night. About morning, Joe called Roy and told him the death hour had come. As Roy sat holding Joe's hand in his and gazing into Joe's eyes, he could not give any word of encouragement. As stoic as Roy Collins was always known to be, this time he saw that stoicism would avail nothing, for that death gaze in Joe's eyes was too deep to have any doubts

about. But tightening his grasp on Joe's cold hands, he spoke: "Joe old boy! I'm devoid of means of giving you any aid; but clasping hands with your best friend on earth, just know, that should this mark our separation, your old cowboy mate shall never forget you."

After a short silence, it seemed that some superhuman power caused the spark of life to return to Joe's eyes, and he replied: "Roy! this death-bed is not uncomfortable. The great trial of death is not the dying any way; it's the passing away and being forgotten—the dying and giving no sign. I hope you'll get out Roy, but for me it's all over old mate. Good bye!" and with a faint grasp the spark of life went out, and that death gaze took its permanent station.

The loneliness Roy must have felt when he lifted his face would be hard to express. Thru the tear film over his eyes, it seemed that the trees, hanging with gray moss, were themselves in actual mourning. But Roy knew something had to be done, for his lunch in his saddle pocket had been gone for some fifteen hours. So covering the dead body with moss he went to saddle his horse which was tied near by. When he had mounted, for some unaccountable reason, he rode back by the hut. As he approached, he saw a large rattler drag himself across the moss which covered the dead body and glide out into the underbrush. The snake within itself looked rather companionable to Roy, for that was the first life he had seen since he had been there, but had there been someone near he could have caught the half inaudible words: "Yes, and the Trail of the Serpent is over it all."

Roy called his hound and rode off. After a few hours ride, he heard his dog bark, the bark as if at bay just a short way ahead. When he reached the dog he saw, to his utter disappointment, the dog sitting on

its haunches appearingly barking at the sky. In despair he stopped. During a silence, he heard the yells of cowboys, and it made his old heart jump, for he knew now that the swamps couldn't last much longer. He started in the direction from which the yells came and soon he reached the edge of the swamp. Just a little way across the prairie he saw the gang of boys, whose yells he heard, on a round up. 'Tis useless to say, he went to them. It was Taylor's gang, the other one of the only two gangs which came that far South on the fall drive. By their aid, and after so many days, he reached Brundrette's ranch.

This experience has made Roy very tender and grateful; his return had made him very happy. All was progressing nicely when affection waxed warm and claimed its place in Roy's bosom. But it made the crowd—three—in Roy's bosom, for joy and appreciation were already there, so one had to leave. This fell to affection's lot and it left. It went from Roy to Eva; and just so as there was no longer any for Hendrix, no longer was there after a short while any Eva Brundrette—instead, Mrs. Collins. So, to the world, these two are forgotten, but not so to Roy. They are the stakes which hold the golden chain of memory by which Roy Collins is always kept in touch with that "Power which shapes all destinies."



Love

J. H. J., '17.

WHAT would this world be
If deprived of love,
If denied the Glorious
Gift from above?

'Twould seem a cold
And barren land.
Bereft of God—
Yea, bereft of man.

'Twould seem a desert,
Where bleak winds blow
Like ghostly phantoms
Filled with woe.

It would be a Hell
On earth to men.
Yea, eternal fire
Would be better then.

Tim's Reason

B. H. S., '16.

THE progressive country community in which I live is noted for the unipue, and always very interesting clubs, which have been organized in it during the past several years. The one which has created the greatest interest lately, and is the most widely known, is the Ananias Club, organized by the young men of the community several years ago. Only those young men of the community who are college students are eligible for membership in the club. Since its organization an annual meeting has been held every Christmas Eve night, and at this meeting candidates for membership are invited into the club. The one requirement for membership, besides being a college student, is that the candidate must truthfully answer every question concerning himself which the members ask him. This was how the club received its name. At the close of each meeting a banquet is served, the funds being raised by subscriptions one year for the banquet the ensuing year. The club has grown to be a very popular one and its members look forward to the annual Christmas Eve banquet with great anticipations.

Last year Tim Markley, the son of a well-to-do business man who had recently moved into our community, applied for membership in the Ananias club. He was making a good record in the junior class in college and consequently was eligible for membership. Being a stranger, he was asked a great many questions when he was being initiated, but he was perfectly frank in answering all the questions asked him. He seemed to enjoy the evening very much, and entered heartily into the spirit of the club. Before the meeting adjourned a subscription list was passed around and, being a new

member, Tim was the last member approached with the list. Instead of subscribing liberally, as we felt sure he would, he refused to subscribe anything.

"Fellows," he said, rising from his seat, "I have enjoyed the evening very much, but even if I am a new member, I can't subscribe anything for a banquet on Christmas Eve night."

"Why?" burst from the lips of all present. "You can't become a member of our club if you don't answer all our questions."

Instead of being embarrassed as was expected, he calmly seated himself saying: "The answer is a rather long story and I want to be as comfortable as I can while telling it."

"Certainly," exclaimed the members, and, drawing their chairs up close to him, they listened to the following story:

"Three years ago I entered the University of my native state under as favorable circumstances as any one could wish for. I had finished the eleventh grade of a High School the year before, was admitted to the Sophomore class without conditions, was intimately acquainted with several of the professors of the college, and had my father's promise that he would furnish all the money I saw fit to spend in securing an education. Not having anything to do the first few days after I arrived at college, quite naturally I was homesick to a certain extent and gladly welcomed any associates, or any way of passing the time. During these days, I met a number of the best fellows in college, but they were so busy I didn't become intimately acquainted with any of them. Very soon I become acquainted with those who seemingly had nothing to do, and who took pains to see that I had a good time. I was allowed to accompany them wherever they went, and by liberal

monetary contributions to aid their projects, I was unconsciously led to adopt the habits of the wrong set in that college. It wasn't long until I could drink as much, or lose money in a card game with as much grace as anyother member of our crowd. Needless to say, I was so engrossed with these disipating practices that I did very little studying. I foolishly disregarded the friendly advice of some of the professors, and blindly refused to be affected by the threats of the more rigid ones. I hated the college, the professors and my work and of course I made very little progress in my studies.

"Ten days before Christmas, the term examinations began, but I had reached the stage where I didn't care whether I passed or failed. The night before my first examination, I thought I would go up town and have a big time and then settle down and study. Consequent¹ I went up to my favorite gambling den, and lost heavily in a game of cards. Feeling very tough, I drank more than usual before going out. After going a few steps up the street my head grew dizzy, and I toppled over into the snow which covered the ground. It was a dark alley through which I was going, and after I fell I lost consciousness and wasn't discovered until the next morning. Having been chilled to senselessness I was attacked by a very severe case of pneumonia fever. I was carried to the infirmary, and the doctors, realizing the seriousness of my condition, summoned my parents and sisters to my bedside. Nothing was told them of why I was sick, for they knew nothing of my condition. I had written false letters to them, and they still loved and cared as much for me as they ever did.

The fever had a very firm grip on my wasted constitution, and I lingered between life and death for over a week. My mother and sister never left my bedside, but were constantly doing something to make me comfortable. On Christmas Eve night my spirit seemed to

leave my body and those around my bedside thought I was dead. After a long time my spirit seemed to have returned and my heart began beating again. From that moment I began to recover ever so slowly. It was two weeks before I could talk at all, but as soon as I could talk intelligently I told the whole story of my wasted life, thus lifting a great burden from my heart. In order to prove the sincerity with which I promised to do better in the future, I also promised that I would spend every Christmas Eve night at home with my loving parents and sister who had done so much for me. I have stayed here longer than I promised to be away from them."

Without further explanation, he took his hat and hurriedly left the room. Several minutes after he left, the members of the club broke the silence, which had reigned during his stay, and their first act was to change the date of the annual meeting until the last night of the year, and to elect Tim Markley as president of the Ananias Club. The meeting then immediately adjourned, for the members were thinking of some of the acts of their past lives, and of the gratitude due to their loved ones at home awaiting their return.

Christmas Joys

W. A. M., '16.

NOW Christmas comes and brings to us
From out those distant realms where all the joy
And happiness is stored, so large a share
That all the world must lay aside its cares
And make glad holiday.
The children, gathered in excited groups,
Tell wondrous tales of what old Santa Clause will bring
To them for being extra good; and then they like a
pack of hounds
Turned loose upon a helpless hare
Will pry into all corners of the house,
And shout with glee at each discovery
Of some fine present, never meant for them to see
Until the dawning of glad Christmas day.

Scarcely less troublesome than these, the older ones
Who from their colleges have homeward come,
Resolved to eat, to sleep, to flirt, or love as best they
may,
And thus make pleasant all their holiday, come troop-
ing in
With ruddy cheeks aglow, and bows of holly and some
mistletoe
Which captured from the top of a tall oak
By the most daring gallant of the lot,
Is hung by him above the entrance door,
So that a lovely maid who does not see the plot
But innocently steps in, is firmly caught
And kissed so heartily she has no time to strike,
No breath to scream, nor yet the heart to bite.

The parents, looking on these boisterous scenes,
See visions of themselves as when they were like these,
Yet in the end they each, without a qualm
Of conscience or regret, denounce these memories
As being dull indeed to that quiet happiness which now
is their's

In having all their children home again;
Where they can study them and see the change
Which each has undergone since leaving them;
And having found that none have gone awrong
Their joy can be compared to nought but space
In its dimensions, and not even that
Describes the happiness seen in the mother's face.



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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: S. C. STRIBLING, '16

Once again the time draws near when we go to our respective homes to celebrate the Christmas holidays.

In just a few weeks we should meet again with the loved ones at home around the revered hearthstone to discuss another year's experience of life. To some of us this will be a pleasant meeting, because of the brilliant successes of the past year, to some of us the year's work may be a disappointment, and thus our gathering together may not be so pleasant.

But let's all forget the ups and downs of life at the Christmas season and go home to our loved ones.

They will be glad to see us and will welcome us with glad hearts no matter whether we go crowned with honor or stooped in defeat. During the year they have from day to day been watching our progress and have been looking forward with eagerness to the reunion, and we would greatly disappoint them if we deprive them of this pleasure at the Christmas season.

A GREAT OPPORTUNITY.

During the Christmas holidays we college students have a great opportunity which many of us fail to grasp. In the town or community of almost every student there is some friend of his or her family who has reached a ripe old age, and who from the very birth of that student has watched the life, as it has grown and expanded, with almost as much loving interest as the fond parents. That aged friend is becoming childish, and small things are remembered and talked of for a long time after they happen.

As we gather into our home towns and communities if we will but sacrifice a few moments and hunt up these friends and greet them with a pleasant word and smile, we will bring a ray of sunshine into their lives; and for weeks and months they may feel the cheering effects of that small ray, and thus a very few minutes and a little friendliness on our part may help to cheer a waiting life long after the little incident is forgotten. In the long run it will help to make our own lives brighter, for after the holidays are over and we are once again back at work we will still remember the blessing given us in the form a smile by that aged friend.

MEDALS.

Each year three beautiful gold medals are given by the Chronicle. One for the best short story, one for the best essay, and one for the best poem published during the year. Last year on account of the financial stress the Chronicle was unable to give these medals. This year, however, we hope to be able to give them. This should be an inspiration to all to put forth their best efforts and try to win one of these medals.

BE NICE TO THE GIRLS.

Boys, soon you are going to your homes, or to the home of some friend, to spend the Christmas holidays. Already as you sit in your rooms at night and look out into the beautiful winter night you are dreaming of great times. You are planning to have the most enjoyable vacation ever spent. It may be needless to ask, but, "are you planning to be nice to the girls?" You may be planning a great hunt, you may be planning for a great banquet, you may be planning for a great trip; but whatever your plans, include this one thought, "Be nice to the girls." You may not be a brilliant talker, you may not be an acknowledged ladies' man, you may be an awkward country lad and your actions may be very clumsy, but that matters not, "Be nice to the girls."

You may not always get smiles, you may never get a frown, be not discouraged, always "Be nice to the girls."

Remember that the man who gets along in this world that the man who really wins, is the man who always tries to "Be nice to the girls."

A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

And now, kind readers, we wish you one and all a merry Christmas. May this Christmas season be the merriest you have ever spent. May you receive nothing but smiles from those whom you desire to smile upon you, may good "Old Saint Nick" not overlook you in his yearly round, and may you never have a cause to regret any moment's pleasure of this season, and when the fun's all over may you return greatly inspired to put forth greater efforts toward the achieving of the aim at which you are directing your college course.

A merry, merry Christmas and a happy new year to one and all.





EDITORS:

D. H. BANKS, '16.

M. M. BRICE, '17.

The Erothesian.

The Erothesian is rather short and lacks of a variety of stories. The editorial department does itself full justice. The story, "Silenced But Not Convinced," is rather a novel plot. Another title, however, would have been better, as there seems to be no association between the title and the incidents of the story.

The Limestone Star

The November issue is very creditable. There is a very perceptible scarcity of poems. What it lacks in this line, however, is made up in the matter of stories. Decidedly, the best story in the magazine seems to be "The Magic of the Past," the plot of which is well developed. The mode of expression is unusually good.

The Emory Phoenix.

In this there are three stories of especially fine merit; namely, "The Poisoned Chalice", "Fabien Thiband Man", and "Violets." The first of these is a well ordered love tragedy, which arouses the pity of the reader to a marked degree for the betrayed lover, who goes to certain death without a grumble. In the other two stories, we have, pictured, the undying love of the rejected suitor, even after he has lost all hope of winning.

The Era.

The writer of "The Glue That Didn't Stick" seems to be a little awkward at building up a plot. He carried the boyish pranks of the youngsters to the extreme, taking them beyond the range of probability in their midnight meetings. With this fault, the story is well written. The principle criticism that could be imposed upon the poem. "Thanking Time," is that it is too perfect in rhyme and structure. It is found that the more experienced a poet becomes, the less closely he adheres to strict poetic form, which is often got only at the sacrifice of other more essential qualities, among which variety numbers. "The Hermit" is a sad and touching story. If the author has not the credit of origination, due to the fact that it is a true story, he has at least done well to formulate it into words.

The Collegian.

This magazine seems to show due consideration to patriotism in its poetry. The two poems, "On King's Mountain" and "They Thought" serve a definite purpose, a sort of "In Memoriam", as it were. The most serious criticism we have for this magazine is the lacks of good stories. There are a plenty of good essays.

The three poems in this number show up very favorably. "The will of Providence," is a little weakened by the fact that the incidents are a little over drawn in the efforts to produce a climax. The two essays are very good. The editorial on "Southern Lawlessness" is very appropriate under the circumstances

Womans College Journal.

The last issue of this magazine is very creditable. It is full of a number of good things.

Winthrop Journal.

We always feel an extreme delicacy in attempting to criticise this magazine; and happy to say, there are but few criticisms that could be made on the contents. There is but one objection to "The Littlest Lady," that being that the love scene is rather short. "Who was It?" is a story of real merit. It shows how another of those weird ghost mysteries may be cleared up. "The understanding" is somewhat longer and equally as good.

The Columbian.

We are glad to welcome this bright little sheet into our circle. It shows what can and what should be done in the high schools of the State.

We wish to acknowledge the following other exchanges:—

The Senorian.

The Mountaineer.

Brenan Journal.

The St. Mary's Muse.

The Ivy.

Vanderbilt Observer.

The Vassar Miscellany.

The Georgian.

The Wake Forest Student.

The Davidson College Magazine.

The Criterion.

The Furman Echo.

The Isaqueena.

The Conept.

The Carolinian.

The Newberry Stylus.

17919



EDITOR: P. L. McCALL, '16

Never before, in the history of the Young Men's Christian Association here at Clemson have they experienced such a campaign as they did when Ramond Robins was here. Mr. Robins had a wonderful message for both young and old men. He has lived for sixteen years in a crowded ward of working people in the great city of Chicago. When he speaks about the great evils and gives the remedies he speaks from experience.

You cannot sit and listen to Mr. Robins' teachings without feeling a part of the burden carried by thousands of human souls, as they toil and struggle in the great battle of life. He makes you feel this way because he is living the life which he preaches. The message which he brought to the men of Clemson has made a deep impression on the hearts of every one who heard him.

At the closing meeting Mr. Robins invited all who felt that they could truthfully sign the following pledge to do so. He emphasized the fact that he did not want any one to sign it unless they did it honestly.

"Grateful for the deeper revelation I have received of the power and meaning of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and believing that Christian living is the only way for the complete redemption of the individual and social life, and desiring to do God's will and to have his power in my personal experience and life work—

I hereby make decision to seek a daily life of victory and fellowship in service with Jesus Christ as Master

and Lord." Five hundred and thirty-five men signed the above decision card. We cannot estimate the amount of good done here by Mr. Robins and Mr. Childs, his secretary, and our prayers go out for them as they go from college to college and from university to university.

We were very fortunate in having Hon. H. H. Watkins and Dr. B. D. Hohn to address the association. Mr. Watkins' subject was "Christianity and Citizenship," and he did the subject justice. We are glad that we have such men as Mr. Watkins who are not too busy with business to set aside a time for religious work. Dr. Hohn, who is a rare scholar, spoke on the subject, "Some Issues of Life." Dr. Hohn is a forceful speaker and we hope that we will have the pleasure of hearing him again.

The progress which the Y. M. C. A. is making is very gratifying indeed. The community work is well mapped out and the men in charge are taking a great deal of pains to make this branch of work a success.

Friends of the Young Men's Christian Association, we wish for you all a merry Christmas and happy new year.

"Whate'er is good to wish, ask that of Heaven,

Though it be what thou canst not hope to see;

Pray to be perfect though the material ———

Forbid the spirit so on earth to be;

But if for any wish thou doe'st not pray,

Then pray to God to cast that wish away."



EDITOR: M. C. GREEN, '16.

C. S. Patrick class '13 is county Demonstrator of Saluda County.

Mellett class '13 who is connected with Virginia Carolina Chemical Co., at Richmond, Va., recently married a Miss Bethea of Latta, S. C.

Aleck Lewis, "Gonnie" Cox and "Chicken" Rice, class '14 working for U. S. Dept. Agriculture in the Philipines.

R. H. Johnson class'15 is teaching school in Union County, S. C.

"Mary" Smith class '15, teaching school at Coward, S. C.

"Cat" Randle has just left to work in Du Pont Powder Co.

D. R. Hopkins, class '15 teaching school at Fountain Inn, S. C.

"Buck" Pressley, class '14, County Demonstrator, Darlington County

"Watermellon" Richards, class '15 farming near Camden, S. C.

B. F. Lever, class '14 Principal Auyor High School, Auyor, S. C.

E. L. Edwins, class '14, Head Power Co., Branchville, S. C.

George Pearson, class '14, with Electrical Co., in Orangeburg, S. C.

Spear, class '08, with Southern Life Insurance Co., at Greenville, S. C.

Lathrope, F. H., class '13, assistant Entomologist, N. Y. State, Geneva, N. Y.



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The Clemson College Chronicle

Valeat Quantum Valent Potest

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Clemson College, S. C., January, 1916.

No. 4



EDITORS:

D. G. O'DELL, '16

C. G. HARRIS, '17

F. L. PARKS, '18

The New Year

M. M.. BRICE, '17.

WHAT does the New Year mean to man?
'Tis but another passing year;
Other years may later appear,
For the years are numbered as the sand.
The New Year is as a beckoning hand
Reaching to bring all men near
To the grave where each one must appear
And go into another land,
This year should mean a change for each;
A moral change for every man.
Each one should strive on every day
A higher level to boldly reach,
And to always lend a helping hand
To lead his brother on his way.

Universal Peace

P. C. B. '18.

THE question, "What is war?" has, no doubt, been asked many and many a time. It is said that Sherman once said in a letter to a friend that, "War is Hell!" We will agree with him on that point. But even Sherman was not acquainted with the present methods of fighting used today or he could have found it impossible to have expressed the actual horror of war in mere words. Taking the question from a practical standpoint, What is war?

War is mesmerism. The word mesmerism is defined in the dictionary as an act of inducing an abnormal state of the nervous system, in which the thoughts and acts of a person or persons are controlled by others. How does the thought of war come? How is it possible for a civilized nation to even think of such a barbarous thing, much less to act and practice such cruelties as are now practiced? People will give offerings to contribute to those made homeless by earthquakes; or if there is a famine, will send ship after ship loaded with provisions! And yet at the same time the nation is busy constructing and placing on the market death-dealing machines, designed to cut man down as a mowing machine does the grass and weeds. Think of the inconsistency of such a people!

Now what makes war? A little reflection will convince anyone that all the nations of the earth are disposed to be peaceful when that policy pays them best. For a hundred centuries, wars have been undertaken by the aggressive parties,, always for the purpose of added tributes added territory, and added markets.

There have been no race wars.. The races have not warred with each other because of differences of color

or language or habits. These things have been made the surface pretense of war, but the defeated races have always been enslaved, taxed, robbed or oppressed. The real motive back of the war is not to satisfy race hatred, but to benefit and take advantage of the race hatred of those who fight, in order to secure and appropriate the lands, the industry and the commerce of the conquered country or territory. The races have not fought each other because they hated each other. They have hated each other because they hated each other.

The nations of today make war by mesmerism. For instance: Some supposed insult is received from some rival nation, probably not even intended as an insult. The papers take this up, write columns upon columns on this supposed insult, and at last they arouse the indignation of the people who are in total ignorance of the real cause. The nation by this time mesmerized, and goes to war. They fight until exhausted. Peace is declared, but thousands of homes are empty; thousands of men are crippled for life. The mesmerism is broken, but what Hell it has caused, and what misery it has left!

Think of the awful discord and hatred produced by these mesmeric wars, when the soul thought of man is intent on stabbing and killing. Were his instincts of love instead of hate, he would be giving bread and clothing to the same men whom he is now trying to kill.

One can plainly see that there would be no war if all of the men who are subject to service in the army, should be compelled to vote upon the question as to whether war should be declared and of those who voted for it should be first to be called, and those who did not vote should be next and those who voted against it should be last. Men do not love the idea of going to war and would not go if they could help it.

And my thought turns to Bethlehem and the night of long ago, when the shepherds, watching over their flocks by night, heard the wonderful message, "Peace on earth, good will to men." I see the day not very far ahead and the meaning of the message in these words:

"Then earth shall know that peace is best,
And birds shall build in cannon's breast,
With anthems glad all earth shall ring
For love shall reign and love be king."

Why kings and rulers fail to grasp the truth, is a mystery; but the universal solvent of love will yet reach all phases of thought and dissolve hate. Love is the solvent, as it is the fulfilling of the law.

"Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy."

"Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall inherit the kingdom of the earth."

In the United States there are over 12,000,000 foreign-born residents (In Chicago alone there are more Germans than in any city in the world except Berlin) and these 12,000,000 live under one flag in peace. If one flag covers 12,000,000 foreign-born residents in one country all at peace with one another each loving his neighbor, then why can't a world flag fly over all of the earth? Is commercial success a reason for hate and jealousy? Some nation must lead: location and resources may contribute to this, but it must be accepted.

Bear with me a moment while I consider these questions. Is it wrong for one to kill and fight for the other? If so, who grants the license to kill? What are the requirements to obtain this license?

The commandment, "Thou shalt not kill," did not

specify the number that would take killing out of the realm of crime. France is still enduring the hardships wrought by the Napoleon Wars, which robbed her of thousands upon thousands of her strongest men.

"They that live by the sword, shall perish by the sword." Assyria and Persia rose by the sword and perished by the sword. What greater example can be offered of the truth of the Masters' teaching than the rise and fall by the sword of the Roman, or Spanish empires.

But if Universal Peace were established, every nation would be absolutely assured of its existence forever. The money now being used on war and for the maintenance of the army and navy, would make poverty unknown, if the world would look for its inspiration in principle and not in matter; and if the national honor was guarded by right motives and not by standing armies and dreadnaughts.

International law can settle all national disputes, just as a nation's laws settle all disputes within the nation.

Every time the mind of man is turned back by war preparation or talk, the world is clouded and takes a turn backward. War preparation is as if one was daubing black paint over a great masterpiece; and every time that it is done, the whole world must suffer to get back to the advanced standpoint and high position it had previously occupied.

When a nation goes to war, who constitutes the firing line? The people who really brought on and forced the war? No, indeed! They only build and kindle the fire of Hell for others.

The Capitalists bring on the wars; the laboring man does not want to fight; why should he? it is the men who own great oil fields, great coal mines, large rail-

roads, the large manufacturers of munitions of war and the equipment necessary for the army and navy. The owners of immense steamship lines. Such men are the actual cause of the war. They do not want to lose their great wealth and invite a war so that they can retain their wealth.

That is why we have war! How many of the men of great wealth are either in our army or our navy? Not a single one, why? Because they value their lives, and as long as they can force, cajole or hire some one else to protect their property, they are going to do it. Do you blame them? No! But blame the system which allows such underhand and low work.

But my sympathy goes out to the poor fellow who is in the ranks. Is he fighting for his own liberty, or his own property? No, indeed! He is exposing his life for the protection of some wealthy man or his property of this nation.

Have you ever thought that about fifty men of wealth of this nation completely run this nation? That is an actual fact. They govern congress, and have control of every form of public office. A good saying and a very true one is: "Money can do anything."

I will ask you to go with me, for a few moments, into Mexico. Mexico is the greatest chest of hidden, or mostly hidden treasure in the Western world. It has perhaps the richest mines on the American continent. Oil and gas lie in the unfathomed pockets just beneath the surface. Millions of rich grazing acres invite the cattle growers. American millionaires own hundreds of millions of dollars worth of these mines and lands. Labor is very cheap there, being only a few cents per day. Nobody should overlook these facts in considering why we are on the verge of war with Mexico.

The American capitalists never feel so patriotic as

they do when their profits are cut off by foreign insurrection. They bought property in Mexico because they knew that the profit would be greater than if they purchased land in the United States. Now that civil war has destroyed their profits, why should American working men go to Mexico and lose their lives to restore the profits that the American capitalists so much miss? When the capitalists are reaping in the profits from their large oil fields, railroads, factories, etc., do they divide up with the working man who produces the goods? No, he keeps it all to himself to squander by himself in what we call high living. But when civil war destroys the profits, do they not want the people of the United States to bring the profits back to them with their blood?

Is the human race too stupid to save itself? No one else can save it. Must civilization perish again because of the failure of the people to protect themselves from their exploits? Must the last vein go empty for the lack of thinking brain at the end of the vein? Can we never learn?

"The hero is not one who is never afraid, but one who, being afraid, goes forward."



Resolutions

W. A. M. '16.

NEW Year we greet you with welcome hand,
Old Year a tear at parting is you due,
But all the disappointments you have brought
Are swallowed in our resolutions for the new.

Old Year you've brought to many sorrow dire,
And tho the New will doubtless do the same,
All now forget you and in each breast is born
The thought that your successor must bring fame.

For when the page of life is fresh and clean
We cannot see the blots which time will place
Upon those records which are ever kept
And which there's naught but penitance can
erase.

There're those who call these resolutions dreams,
And scorn the man who fails to reach his prize
But they are beaten from the very start
And little hope there is for such to rise.

For fortune when not sought will turn away,
And go to other men who've ever kept
Before their eager eyes, one high ideal,
For which to strive the while their scoffers slept.

The Cave's Secret

C. E. B. '18.

WHITE-Side mountain is situated about three miles east of Cashier's Valley, N. C. It is surrounded and almost shut in on three sides by two peaks, one of which is called "Black Rock" because of the color of the rocks on its side. The other peak is known as "Devil's Courthouse." The reason for this peak being so named is unknown to me; but I suppose it was because of its peculiar shape, steep sides, and possibly because of some old traditions. Turning from these peaks we will now observe White-Side mountain itself. The mountain derived its name because of the fact that there is an extensive territory of white rocks, or rather one large rock covering almost the whole mountain side. The cause of the rock being white is that the mountain side caves back inward keeping away all rain and other forms of precipitation. Higher up on the rock where the rain has struck it in only some places there are streaks of white and black alternately. At one end of the rock is a large cave, which I shall now try to describe, and also tell its part in the causing and solution of a mystery.

To get to the cave one has to climb around the side of the mountain by way of a very narrow crevice in the rock. This crevice is about two hundred yards long, and is so narrow that only one person at a time can travel it. On each side of the crevice is an almost perpendicular cliff several hundred feet in height. About mid-way of the crevice there is an over-hanging rock that meets the rock below, forming such a narrow passage that only a very thin person can crawl through it. For this reason the passage is called "Fat Man's Misery." The crevice opens into this large cave

known as "The White-Side Cave." This cave has a very large opening, which is so smooth that it looks as if a very skillful sculptor had hewed the opening. Passing into the cave one finds himself in a large expanse consisting of about an acre. The cave resembles a large room, the sides and loft being smooth like the opening. The cave is very dark, but by carrying a light one can pass back into the cave for several hundred feet. As the cave extends backward it slopes gradually toward the floor until they finally meet. This cave had not been entered for about thirty years previous to last summer, and before this time it had only been entered some three or four times. However, last summer while a party of boys from my neighborhood with myself and a college chum were in the mountains on a camping trip we determined to climb White-Side mountain and explore the cave. We were told by the people living at the foot of the mountain that they considered it to be an impossible feat, and that they did not believe we could do it; and besides that we had better not dare enter the cave for they had an idea that it was haunted. I shall now endeavor to repeat the tale as told by them:

"About twenty years ago a young girl and her lover left the girl's home to go up on the mountain. The man was going to leave the next morning; so the girl left with the intention of going part of the way with him and then bidding him good-by. According to the man's story he bade the girl a tearful good-by while they were still on the mountain side, and then the girl started back homeward. The girl; however, did not return, and no trace could be found of her. This caused the suspicion to arise that the girl had been murdered and destroyed by the lover; so the man was tried and convicted of murder, and was sent to the

penitentiary for life. Shortly after the mysterious disappearance of the girl, strange noises were heard in the direction of the cave. These noises usually sounded like a woman screaming; as the people in the community were superstitious by nature, they believed that it was the departed girl's ghost making the sounds."

The party that narrated this story fully believed the place to be haunted, and kept entreating us to stay away from the cave, but we determined to enter, ghost or no ghosts. With this purpose in view we climbed the mountain, and after scaling some steep cliffs, we reached the end of the crevice which led to the cave. We managed to creep along the crevice one at a time, our heads being so dizzy at times that we would have to stop and close our eyes to keep from falling down the cliff; but when we came to "Fat Man's Misery" there were only two of us able to proceed, and these were we two college lads, of course. We, however, were not to be daunted by the smallness of the crowd; therefore, we went on until we came to the cave, and since we had taken the precaution to bring a flash light along with us, we were able to explore the cave. At first we were so dazzled by the magnificence of this work of nature that we could only stare around us, but before we had gone far into the cave our eyes were arrested by the sight of the skeleton of a human being lying on the floor of the cave. At first we were so frightened that we could not keep our knees or teeth steady, but on further investigation we found a plain band ring, and a locket with a man's picture in it close to the skeleton. We placed these in our pocket, and advanced farther in the cave, but we had still another fright awaiting us, for presently we came upon a mass of bones, some of which were not over a few

months old, but we knew these to be animal bones, although we could not tell what kind they were. We picked up the largest and freshest skeleton and carefully carried it out with us. On reaching the settlement at the foot of the mountain we were told that the bones belonged to a huge panther. We next produced the ring and locket, and strange to say, some of the older inhabitants recognized the ring and locket as belonging to the girl who had disappeared some twenty years before. They also recognized the picture in the locket as belonging to the man in the penitentiary that had been convicted of her murder.

We with some more people went back to the cave, and from the evidence we concluded that the girl, after separating from her lover felt sad and gloomy, and that she thought she would climb around on the rocks until she found some secluded place where she could take a good cry, but that she kept on going until she reached the entrance of the cave where she was seized by a panther and killed. We also concluded that the noise that had been heard was the noise of panthers. This cave had been a panther den for many years; so the screaming had been kept up until recently.

We notified the governor of N. C., of our discovery, and the poor innocent man that had been wrongfully convicted was soon freed. His gratitude and our satisfaction of clearing up a mystery paid us well for our summer outing.

The Vagabond

W. E. W. '18.

HE stood a lonely little form,
Upon life's careless wave
With none to love and none to care
And none to see that he was saved.
His clothes were ragged, torn, and bare;
His face showed signs of want;
The listless hunger of his gaze
Showed that which we know naught.
Each day began, as each did end,
With ceaseless human tide,
Each day his cheerless cry rang out:
"New! news! big fight on Bowery side."
And so he trod the path of life
And grew into a man.
And the hardened ones of the lower life,
Drew him into their clan.
He walked his path, and fought his fight,
And took things as they came.
His deep lined face showed signs of crime
But his eyes no sign of shame.
The stalwart law, as judge of men,
Reached out and drew him in.
The sentence passed, the world approved,
"A life's term in the "Pen."
Who are we, that we should judge
Of men such as are these?
Without a thought, of our own fault.
A fault that we can not appease.
And we, the judges, will be judged in turn,
And each receive his pay.

Taking Stock

A B. C. '16.

THOSE of us permitted by Providence to see the end of another year, and who are beginning the journey further into the future, can do nothing more profitable than sit alone for a short while to commune with ourselves in order to examine the worth of our past, and to estimate the value of our future. As we turn the paper of our record book for the past year, we are reminded that many obstacles came our way; that some days were dark and dreary; and that more mistakes were made than we ever dreamed of. Then we examine the white pages of our new record book, wondering what misfortunes we may meet, what mistakes we may make that will be a hindrance to humanity in its progress.

As does the man of enterprise, we lay our plans for the coming year. New resolutions are made, some of these, sad to say, to be broken the following day. Well we remember where we stumbled and faltered during the past year; well we knew that we owe it to ourselves to correct our flaws and to profit by the mistakes we have made. Then we set to work revising the blotted form and making a new one which will be of credit to the individual and those interested in his welfare.

How well we remember that ancient September day when we bade our Christian mothers good-bye. It has been only four months for some of us; sixteen for older ones of us; over two years for others; and over three long years for the oldest of us. The day we left our Christian homes meant a bearing upon us. It was the testing day of our manhood. As soon as we

reached college, the two mighty forces began their work. The evil wrestled with the good; there were many falls on both sides. Those whose lot it was to be ruled by the evil drifted for a while unnoticeable to the working forces about them until at last many have been wasted as seed before the wind. Others were put on a balance for the final test; the good in them fought the evil, and vice versa. Some were crowded from the balance pan; a few fell for good, others for bad. Of those who still exist in the balance must come leaders in our colleges and State. It is the duty of each of us to aid that man by our side to overcome the powers pulling against his good. At the beginning of this new year, may everyone make a close examination of the past and thereby be inspired to make a greater and better record for the future.

To begin with, let us examine the great central office of our entire system—our mind. One of three great tests for manhood is the thinking one resorts to when alone. Let us take stock of our brain. Is it clear, free from evil thoughts, clean, devoted only to those things which tend to build a greater and stronger character? It is the delight of careless students to gather loathsomely in a chum's room, fill the atmosphere with suffocating smoke, and tell filthy jokes and stories which sound pleasant to the ear, but are degrading to the brain. Consequently, the dirty experiences of some linger on the weak minds of others while they sit alone attempting to concentrate on the sweeter things of life until the weak ones are conquered and manned by the powers of evil thought.

Another very important question, tho rarely considered by the average student, is: What are we going to read? Many about us, hard working and full of inspiration, persist in giving much time to the

dime novels and other trash rather than seeking the pages of our great masterpieces.

We recall the godly training received in our homes, guarded and protected by our righteous fathers and prayful mothers. Our life in college is influenced altogether by different environments. Here we meet with so many new temptations. While we are on outing trips, while away from college seeking pleasure, going to and from college, so many new things approach us to do naught except lead us astray. Can our misconduct, which is disapproved of by our mothers, be of credit to us? Such questions must be acted on by the individual.

Again, while we linger about our surrounding duties, each one must remember that service must be rendered unto those about us. A person without service is one without friends, a selfish mortal in the way of human society. It is the duty of every student to seek opportunities for serving others, and to the one who does will be given that greatest reward—love. In our classrooms, in our dormitory life, about the campus, as we meet face to face, may we ever wear a congenial countenance and so conduct ourselves in every phase of life that each student may look upon every other student as being a person worth while.



The Welcome and the Farewell

R. E. L. '16.

THE clanging of bells at midnight,
The sound of the whistle's scream,
The shouts and bursts of laughter,
That interrupted my dream,
The very chatter of the young folks
Whose faces were full of cheer,
Hope, faith, and new resolutions;
Spoke welcome to the coming year.

But note the cause of the whistles,
And the silence of the changing bells,
The cessation of reverberating echoes,
That awakened the surrounding dell.
Heark; to the sound of a bugle
That interrupted those moments of cheer
To sound the omitted presence
The "taps" of a passing year.

Was Julia Right?

D. G. O. '16.

IT had been a hard day at the store for Julia. It was a very busy season, and all of the clerks were being overworked. Julia had worked hard all day with a high nervous tension and a heavy heart. She was thinking about the many difficulties that she had to labor under. Julia, although young and very frail, was the sole supporter of the family, which consisted of her father, mother, and herself. The father was unable to work.

At the close of the day's labor, Julia hurried home as quickly as possible, and tried to rest and refresh herself before Ralph came. She smiled faintly at the thought of him, then frowned and sighed. The thought of her home brought to her mind the railing that his visits always produced at home.

Julia's presence in the house was unknown, for she had gone noiselessly to her room. In the adjoining room she heard her mother talking to Mrs. Cole, a next door neighbor, Julia's mother was telling Mrs. Cole how much that she detested Ralph King, and that she would not be surprised at Julia's eloping with him at any time. She was also telling Mrs. Cole how much that they needed Julia to earn a livelihood for them. Julia, overhearing all of this resolved to break off with Ralph, and stay with her parents. She planned how she was going to break off with him that night.

That night Ralph was as attentive as possible, even more than common. It was exceedingly hard for Julia to tell Ralph the words that would destroy his hopes for the future, but she had resolved to do it and she did. He accepted the little diamond ring with

great reluctance, telling her that it was hers again when she chose to have it.

"I guess happiness is not for me Ralph" Julia said, "For either way there would be something lacking. I can't be happy without you, or happy with you. If father and mother are in want. You'll get over it, and find some other one."

The next morning Julia heard what she was expecting, much fault-finding about Ralph's call the night before. Julia's mother found so much fault about Julia's entertaining Ralph until she finally drove Julia to desperation. Finally Julia said "I know what I'll do, I'll call Ralph back and marry him tomorrow," and she did.

A Request To The Ladies

W. A. MORRISON, '16.

PROPOSALS now are coming in, I'm getting ten
a day

I fear that 'neath the awful strain my nerves
will give away,
I've "licked" so many postage stamps, my tongue is
most worn thru,
But I've refused them every one in hopes I'd hear
from you.

But if you want to get me, you had better write at
once,

The strain is telling on me, I soon shall be a dunce
And fail to answer one of them, then you your clothes
will rent

In awful agonies of grief; for "Silence gives consent."

Do your leap-year leaping early e'er I shall the habit
form

Of refusing all the ladies when they drive the ques-
tion home,

And another reason have I when I make this simple
plea,

If you wait a whole month longer there'll be fifty
claiming me.

Please stamp and send an envelope to get you answer
in,

My stationary bill's so high my pocket-book's "fell in"
But I've some mone safely hid which I intend to
save,

And buy a trousseau with it which will make the
world rave.

The Clemson College Chronicle

FOUNDED BY CLASS OF 1898.

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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: S. C. STRIBLING, '16

RESOLUTIONS.

The beginning of another year is here and we again hear a great deal about New Year Resolutions. But do New Year Resolutions pay? Is there any use to make these resolutions when we know they are soon to be broken? Isn't it all foolishness anyway? Let us pause for a moment and see if we can solve the problem. Let us first ask ourselves a few questions. "Am I satisfied with the past years life?" "Have I a vision of any better life?" "Am I content to live along in the same old rut year in and year out?" In every instance we will answer no. We do see some-

thing inviting in the future. We are not satisfied with our conditions. Therefore we resolve at the beginning of each year to strive for something better, and the very act of making the resolution uplifts us. The man who is satisfied with every phase of his life is not the man who is being sought after. The man who hangs his head and does not look up and try to see a vision of the future is never a success in this life. The man who is always dreaming of the future, and who is constantly resolving to strive for something higher up, is the man who will meet with success for himself and who will better the world by having lived in it. Then it is not useless to make resolutions.

OUR NEW Y. M. C. A. BUILDING

Soon after our return from the holidays our new Y. M. C. A. building was opened to the public. The day on which it was opened was indeed a red letter day in the history of our college. For a long time there has been a certain aloofness between the members of the student body and the members of the faculty and their families. Many, many, fine young men have gone through this college without ever becoming acquainted with all the members of the faculty. This has indeed been a loss to both sides, for the students have lost the uplifting influence which they would have derived from being thrown in close touch with the Christian mothers and fathers of the faculty. The members of the faculty have been losers because they have missed the inspiration they would have received from watching the lives of these excellent young men who would have aroused their friendly interest if they had become intimately acquainted. Many a young man who has

left this place considering his work here a failure, and who being weak was led astray because of the lack of fatherly and motherly advice, might have led a different life if conditions had been so that he could have felt the uplifting influence of some Christian resident of the hill. Heretofore there was no suitable place for the student and resident of the campus to meet and become acquainted except in the homes. But often it was not convenient for the student to go to the home, and often he had a hesitancy about going, and many, many times they failed to go. But this new building offers a fine meeting place and we hope that this barrier will be removed, and that campus residents and students will meet on an equal plane. Ye mothers of the campus come to this building, and ye boys of the student body feel that these mothers are your friends, and that they will gladly sympathize with you in your trials. Make this place like a home. This is the hope and desire of the ones who have worked so long and faithfully for this building, and if this is accomplished boys on down through coming years will find life a great enjoyment here both in a social and religious way. We have the opportunity of being the leaders in this and let us each and every one rise manfully to the task.

CHEER UP.

Cheer up. We are now living in the great year of opportunities 1916. We as a nation are at peace with outside nations. Our section of the nation is prosperous. We as individuals are in good health and strength. We have loved ones at home who are doing their best to make us comfortable. We have

hosts of friends who are ever ready to be kind and smile upon us. So, if today some little something has gone wrong, forget the thing and cheer up. Tomorrow will certainly be a pleasanter day if you make it so. The day may be dark and dreary, and perhaps rainy, but that matters not, resolve to be cheerful in your heart and speak a cheering word to some other person. Don't worry over things that you can't change but go out and meet your trials cheerfully. Speak to all your friends in a cheery mood and watch the result. If you could step to one side and see yourselves as others see you, you would then see yourself as a pretty warming body from which rays of cheerfulness would seem to radiate, and you would see others cheered by the rays, and they would be spreading the rays on to others, and thus an unending diffusion of cheerfulness would be started. So cheer up.





EDITOR: P. L. McCALL, '16

Y. M. C. A. Building.

The most interesting event for the Y. M. C. A. in the new year was the opening of the new Y. M. C. A. building. The doors were opened at four thirty o'clock Jan. 6, for the students and friends of the association. The college orchestra played during the time that the visitors were being escorted thru. There is no estimate of what this building will mean to college life at Clemson. The entire community should feel, and does feel proud of it. It will be the center of all social and religious meetings of the Y. M. C. A. in the future.

Y. M. C. A. Work.

All phases of the association work seem to have taken on new life for the new year. Perhaps the largest and most important work, being carried on at this time, is Bible study. The Bible study committee, with Mr. J. B. Dick as chairman, are a live group of workers. The enrollment is near five hundred. The evening services will be held in the Y. M. C. A. auditorium at seven forty every Sunday. The speakers will be the very best available for these services and it is hoped that all the people in the community will attend .

Lectures.

The speakers for the last three addresses have been particular interesting. Dr. Geo. W. Quick, a strong speaker to college men, spoke on the subject, "A Straight Line." This address was very interesting and instructive. We hope to be able to get Dr. Quick back some time in the future. The last address before Xmas was given by Hon. H. C. Tillman, Pres. Clemson Alumni Association. Mr. Tillman is a strong practical man and his talk will be long remembered by those who heard him. The first address for the new year was given by Dr. D. W. Daniels, in the new auditorium. The subject was "Dreams, and Dreamers." Dr. Daniels is a forceful speaker and he did his subject justice. As usual, when Dr. Daniels addresses the Association, the auditorium was well filled.





EDITORS:

D. H. BANKS, '16.

M. M. BRICE, '17.

A very attractive and creditable set of exchanges crowded into our sphere during the Christmas season. We shall only attempt to comment on a few of them.

"The Criterian" is very good, both as to quality and length of material, except for the lack of poetry, which the season ought to inspire. The one poem, "Mary's Plea," is not so praiseworthy as it might be. Some of the words are a little overdrawn in the attempt to make rhyme. The essay on "Christmas in Many Lands" is a valuable as well as interesting treatise of the various customs pertaining to the celebration of the birth of Christ. The essay shows a lot of preparation on the part of the writer. A number of interesting tales could be developed out of the facts involved in the essay. "Uncle Alexander's Reason" is a sweet story of some interest. The characters are well represented. "In Search of Happiness" fails to arouse the interest it would have aroused if the writer had only pictured in more detail the suffering of the husband. The story leaves the reader with other than sympathy for Isabelle. "Our Modern Method of Culture" presents a deep thought for the parents of to-day. The writer hits upon a vital question and, in our opinion, treats it in the right manner. The editorials, though short, are to be commended.

If "The Georgian" lives up to its ideals, it will certainly be a notable publication. At least one of the articles in the December issue can well be said to be worthy of the modern American Magazine; that being, the play entitled "The Free Lance." This is a well represented tragedy and is deserving of worthy mention. The climax is exceedingly well developed and makes a marked impression upon the reader. "Turmoil" promised to be an exceedingly interesting story. The author had a well selected plot, and developed it in a very clever manner, but fell down at the end. The concluding paragraphs are very indefinite. There is something lacking which would be necessary to make the story complete. "There was a flash, a dull explosion, then the roar from thousands of voices," leaves us with a vague idea of the whole turmoil. Did Olga give the signal for this explosion, and what was the purpose of the explosion? Did it have to do with the prince? Of course all these facts are supposed to be clear to the reader; but, in our case, some of them appear vague and indefinite. "Left Behind" is expressed very well indeed, but there seems to be absolutely no sequence to it. The writer sketches several pages of irrelevant incidents, and winds up with some simple, surprising love scene, which causes the reader to seek its connection with the rest of the story. The poetry in this issue is particularly good, as are also the editorials.



EDITOR: M. C. GREEN, '16.

A. L. Shealy and G. J. Lawhorn, class '15, are taking advanced Veterinary Science at a University in Chicago, Ill.

Walter Bigby, class '15, is keeping books in Williamston, S. C.

P. C. Crayton, class '15, is bookkeeper and salesman for Robinson & Robinson, Anderson, S. C.

H. L. Parker, class '14 is working in N. S. Ent. Laboratory Hagertown, Maryland.

"Guy" Kennedy, class '15, is Civil Engineer of Orangeburg County.

"Prep" Sanders, class '15, is working in Experiment Lab. in Botany, Clemson College.

"Runt" Pennell, class '13, is Doing Fertilizer Analysis Work Col.

"Sarg." Sullivan, class '15, a cotton buyer at Laurens, S. C., was a recent visitor at the College.

"Water-melon" Richards, class '15, was a recent visitor at College.

A. R. Boyd, class '14, is studying law at the University of Virginia.

George Fant, class '11 is Junior partner of Fant Book Store, Anderson, S. C.

Shorty Rabb, class '13, is boss of cloth room at Orr Cotton Mill, Anderson, S. C.

Dick Todd, class '14, is farming at Due West, S. C.

"Tommy" Haddon of the class of '14 was married during the holidays.

G. M. Barnett, of the class of '10 is Farm Demonstrator for Oconee County.

The Clemson College Chronicle

XIV

Valeat Quantum Valent Potest

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Clemson College, S. C., February, 1916.

No. 5



EDITORS:

D. G. O'DELL, '16

C. G. HARRIS, '17

F. L. PARKS, '18

Taps

THE silence reigns supreme.
Here and there a lonely light is seen,
Some faithful student at work,
Though few and far between.
Thick murky blackness is all about,
But from the heavens above,
Some little sleepy stars peep out,
The searchlights of heaven they seem.

Then through the stillness of the night,
A sweet note soft and clear,
The silvery note of a bugle
Floats on the still night air.
It first is low, and sweet, and soft,
Then gathering in volume,
It rises and soars high aloft,
Seeming to glory in its might.

It reaches the zenith, then turning about
Back it comes silvery, soft, and low.
Then with one last little sigh,
Though not with a sigh of woe,
But rather that of a contented mother,
As she kisses her baby dear,
The last sweet cry of the bugle
Floats out on the still night air.
'Tis Taps, sweet Taps, and the lights go out.
By J. H. Jenkins, '17.



Love Finds The Way

W. T. W., '17.

ENID Castle pressed her forehead against the window pane and gazed out into the fast gathering twilight of the winter evening. Outside all was cheerless and gloomy. The heavens were covered with thick clouds; the cold wind howled as it swept thru the bare branches of the trees, and the little birds were scurrying hither and thither in search of shelter from the blizzard which they knew was coming. Already a few scattering snow flakes were beginning to fall, and from the looks of the elements many more were to come.

Inside all was in striking contrast with the gloom of the outside. A bright fire was burning on the hearth, and a huge lamp shed a mild glow over the rich furnishings of the room. The very intensity of the gloom on the outside served to heighten and increase the cheerful aspect of the room. Nevertheless, the girl, who was buried so deeply in reverie, preferred the sight of the melancholy scene on the outside to the light and cheerfulness within. The tumult and turmoil of the elements were just now more in accord with her feelings than the quiet and peacefulness of the room were.

It was Christmas eve, and Enid was thinking of the Christmas eve one year before; thinking of the joy and happiness which had been hers on that occasion, and of the events of the year which had followed, and which had taken this happiness from her. This evening was so different from that one of a year before, Enid often found herself thinking the past year was only a dream from which she would soon awaken into the old happiness. Just now she was too keenly conscious of the reality of the bitter truth to imagine for one minute that it was a dream.

It was on this very night, one year before, that Durward Graham had told her of his love for her; and had poured into her ears the tender story which is very delightful to every true girl, when the declaration comes from her ideal, and when the love is returned. How happy she had been! How she had thrilled with all the joy and ardor of her first and only love! The two had been very warm friends for some time, but at first, neither had suspected that anything more than friendship would ever exist between them. True, Durward showed a special preference to Enid rather than other girls, but he attributed this to her charming personality, and her unusual vivacity and attractiveness as a companion, rather than to the deeper and more subtle reason which was to find expression in his love for her. Enid too, had been disposed to give more than ordinary attention to Durward as a companion. She was not conscious of this, but in all her companions save Durward, something seemed to be lacking. Constant association and favorable conditions tended to augment their friendship and mutual sympathy, which culminated in the realization on the part of both that they loved each other. Then came Durward's declaration on that Christmas Eve when all the world was already cheerful and disposed to kind and happy feelings. Then it was that Enid realized that she had loved him all along.

They had been immeasurably happy in their mutual love, and neither dreamed that any power could ever separate them, or bring about an estrangement between them. Their love seemed too secure for that. But alas! the course of love is never certain, and who is able to predict the outcome of this course? These two were still in the blinding ecstasies of love, when a cruel misunderstanding suddenly sprang up between them. The very foundations of their confidence in each other were

shaken; sharp, bitter words passed between them, and each sustained a deeply wounded pride, and a sense of injury. The immediate cause of the breach was Durward's fault; and when Enid took him to task for this, he stoutly defended himself, and in moments of excitement said things which caused her anger to flame against him. Both had, in their anger, said more than they would have said under quieter circumstances. And so their brief dream was shattered, and they parted.

But their love had been too true and too deeply rooted for them to remain thus.

Although Durward has been chiefly to blame, it was to his credit that, after his anger subsided, he viewed the situation calmly, became sorry for what he had said and done, and made the first overtures for peace. He could not live without Enid, so he must "make up" with her, thought he.

Consequently, Durward sought an interview with her, but she refused to see him. This was not very consoling to his pride, but he did not give up. His love overcame his pride, and he wrote her the following note:

"Enid, you certainly cannot know how very, very sorry I am for having offended you, or you would not have refused to see me. Will you believe me when I say that I regret it much more than I can ever tell?

"Won't you forgive me, and let's begin again? Our present misunderstanding is very trying to me, and it must be unsatisfactory to you also.

Anxiously awaiting your reply, I am

Yours devotedly,
Durward."

But Enid was still obstinate; she felt that she had been sorely wronged, and she was not quite ready to

forgive him. Since he needed punishment, she wrote him this brief reply:

"You assume much when you intimate that I am dissatisfied with our present relationship. On the contrary, I am satisfied as it is, and have no desire to resume our former relationship.

Enid Castle."

This was a severe rebuff to Durward, and it was more than he could forgive. His pride rose within him, and he determined that if Enid was satisfied, she should remain so, as far as he was concerned. He would show her that he was not to be treated as though he were an outcast. Accordingly, he took his immediate departure to the city, and entered his father's banking offices, where he determined to work and forget. Needless to say, this was no mild surprise to his father, who had for some time tried to persuade Durward to settle down and go to work. He was greatly pleased, and inwardly proud of his son's interest in business, never guessing the real reason of his sudden industry.

Enid had neither seen nor heard a word from Durward since they had parted nearly a year before. Gradually she found that she had carried her "punishment" too far. She had not really expected him to take her answer as he had taken it; but slowly she had come to realize how deeply she had wounded him, and now she felt sure in her own mind that he would not put himself in her way any more. She had deeply regretted her refusal to "make up" with Durward, for she really had not ceased to love him at any time, even in moments of anger. She had long since come to realize that she was greatly to blame for not accepting his honest apologies, and now she was reaping the conse-

quence of her folly. At first it had been hard for her to take any interest in the affairs of life. She ceased to take an active part in the society of the neighborhood, and not a few wondered at the change that had come over her. However, with such a person as Enid Castle, it was impossible for her to remain idle, brooding over her cares. She found a degree of solace in ministering to the wants of the poor of the neighborhood, and lending a helping hand to the needy. She had always been an ardent supporter of charity; but now she redoubled her efforts to bring joy to the hearts of suffering humanity. She not only gave of her means, but she also entered into the work in person. She visited the home of every poor family in the community, and many a poor heart was made glad thru the generousities of this noble-hearted girl. When she was not engaged in her work of charity, Enid spent her entire time in a study of sociology. She made a detailed and careful study of the relationship of mankind to one another. She read many philosophical treatises by eminent authorities on the subject, compared them to her own ideas, and added much to her general store of knowledge about social science. No student was ever more diligent in his studies than was Enid in her efforts to bury her heartache by persistent study and deep reading.

Although she found some slight degree of consolation in this busy life, the ache in her heart still remained, for there was but one remedy for that, as she well knew. How lonely life had been for her all that long year, she alone knew. She had punished herself far more than she ever intended to punish Durward. How she longed for him to come to her again! If he would only ask her to forgive him one more time! Ah! it was for her to ask his forgiveness now. As she stood there gazing into the gloom with her wide, unseeing

eyes, she was overcome by an unutterable longing to see Durwood and ask him to forgive her; but she felt that he would never give her the chance.

Suddenly she was aroused from her reverie by a light touch on her arm, and the voice of her maid saying, "Your pardon, Miss Castle, but isn't it—",

"Why of course, Irene. I had almost forgotten," said Enid, suddenly remembering that she had come to her room an half hour ago to dress for dinner. She glanced at the little clock on her dresser and saw that it lacked only a quarter of six. She seated herself before the mirror, and allowed her maid to take down her splendid wealth of hair preparatory to the arrangement of her coiffure. She was good to look upon, this beautiful girl, whose heart was filled with longing. Her great eyes were brown,—the lovely deep brown,—her skin was fair and smooth, her features regular and finely moulded, and her great wealth of dark hair lay in profusion about her small ears and neck. She was, indeed, the possessor of unusual beauty, but as she looked at her image in the mirror, there was not a trace of conceit or vanity about her.

A more lovely vision of girlhood than Enid Castle, as she descended the stairs and entered the drawing room, is rarely seen; yet there was an air of loneliness about her that was almost pathetic. She was thinking of the fact that of all her life, this was the first Christmas Eve that had ever found her unhappy. She crossed the room, and sat down before the piano. At first her fingers strayed idly over the keys, but presently she trailed off into a beautiful reverie. Her touch was the soul of art, and as she played, her dark eyes gleamed, and a delicate flush tinted her cheeks; all of which betrayed in a slight degree the emotions which surged within her.

She had ceased to play and had turned around to leave the piano, when the butler appeared in the doorway and announced, "A gentleman to see Miss Castle."

"Who is it, Judson?" she asked.

"He didn't give any name, ma'am."

"What—", she began, but stopped hesitatingly, a sudden thought coming to her, which almost took her breath and made her feel very helpless and weak. "But, no; it could not be—impossible! It is foolish to even dream it," she thought. Then aloud, "Show him in, Judson."

She had regained her composure, but there was still a look of puzzled inquiry on her face while she awaited the entrance of the unknown caller. She heard steps in the hall. Then the door opened, and in walked Durward Graham!

"Durward!"

"Enid!"

"I—I—could not stay away—", he began, but broke off. She never knew what it cost him to humble his pride that much.

"Enid—", he began tremulously. Then glancing into her eyes, which were brimming with tears of joy, "You will forget the past, and begin the future again with me? I never can—",

"Hush, Durward," she cried tenderly. "I will forget the past, when you have said you forgive me—",

"You—",

"For the shameful way I have treated you," she continued.

"Then you do love me after all?" he cried.

"With all my heart," and her eyes told him much more than any mere words could tell.

And as he held her in his close embrace, each lost all thoughts of the bitter past in the joy of the present.

Winter

WE pass thru spring, the season bright,
When music swells on the air;
When peoples' hearts are light,
And we banish every care.
Some love a balmy summer day,
Then we hear the joyous songs
Of birds that sing so sweet and gay,
In bright and merry throngs.

We hear of autumn, when brown leaves drop
Down from their sheltered bowers;
When the earth is covered by many a crop;
By scarlet leaves and flowers.
But what of winter, the season bold,
Who brings in sleets and snows,
Whence comes the shivering and the cold,
When the north wind roughly blows?

How pretty is the snow so white;
Like a mantle on the earth;
The scenery is a pretty sight,
In the season of greatest mirth.
The tall oak trees, who rear their forms
Up towards the bright, blue sky,
Have cast their leaves from the sheltered domes
Upon the branches high.

Why do the seasons pass by right
For the growth of plant and man?
We know that it is by the might
Of some protecting Hand.
'Tis the God of the sunshine and the rain,
The God of all the world,
Who, when the year comes around again,
Each season doth unfurl.

M. M. B., '17.

The Old Stone Church and Cemetery

W. F. H., '18.

It is fitting and proper that we honor and revere the legends, traditions, and memories of former days. We cannot see a dilapidated old building, or even a weather-beaten old tree that has witnessed the deeds of our fathers, but our hearts yearn for some memory or legend connected with its history. If we look around us, we can find many historical places of interest; places that served as landmarks in the early development of our country; and places that could, if it were possible, recount interesting stories of the heroic deeds of our forefathers.

There is perhaps no building of its kind in the state that has more historic interest than the "Old Stone Church", located about two miles south-east of Clemson College. Its history begins almost with that of the first people who came to settle this region, nearly one hundred and fifty years ago.

The first record we have of this church, takes us back to the year 1789, when some people up and down the Seneca river applied to the Presbytery of South Carolina for membership and supplies. The application was accepted. It is known that the congregation had been organized some time previous to this by the spirited exertions of a few men who came from Abbeville district—Col. Robert Anderson, Gen. Andrew Pickens, and others.

The first house of worship was erected about the year 1790. Logs from the primeval forest were used. However, on account of the increase of settlers, and the consequent growth of the congregation, a larger place of worship was needed. Subscriptions were solicited, and work was begun in 1797, but the building was

not completed until 1802. This building, built of stones hauled from the fields, stands to-day almost as it did more than one hundred years ago. About the middle of the last century, the woodwork of the building caught fire from the burning woods, and was destroyed. Also about a year ago, a part of the masonry in the rear of the building gave way, but this was immediately replaced. Now if the woodwork gets repairs when needed, the church is more than likely to stand as long as it has stood in the past—an enduring monument to the workmanship and skill of John Rusk, the builder. As already stated, the funds were raised by subscription, and among the contributors we find such names as Andrew Pickens, George Reece, Joseph Whitner, Robert Anderson, Gen. Earle, and others. Gen. Pickens, himself, gave the benches for the new church.

To-day the building and cemetery are well-kept by the "Old Stone Church and Cemetery Association." The cemetery, which is perhaps more interesting than the church, is kept clean and neat. A number of handsome new monuments have been erected recently. The undergrowth that was formerly allowed to grow up has been removed; the graveyard has been enlarged and surrounded by a well-constructed stone wall. The church building is now used for preaching services about one each month. Sunday School is held each Sunday, and occasionally some memorial gathering is held within the sacred walls of this historic building. These walls, if they could talk, would, without doubt, tell the stories of the earnest counsels of the patriotic men who first settled in this part of our State; of the prayers of their devout souls during the perils of Indian warfare and civil turmoil. They would also tell of the burning eloquence of the succession of consecrated ministers of this old church.

From the building our thoughts naturally turn to those who have found their last resting place in the cemetery. Here rest the remains of a number of men whose names are synonymous with the history of the early development of this section and the founding of our State.

Here and there over the cemetery can be found the names of Whitner, Sloans, Millers, Lewises, Pickenses, Calhouns, and many others, who, if justice were done their memory, would require a volume to enumerate their brave deeds. Here lies the Rev. James McElhenry, who was an eloquent man with a vigorous intellect. He died, in 1812, of a fever caused by the miasma from a mill pond that was used to furnish water for rice fields. Yonder lies the brave Col. F. W. Kilpatrick, who, during the War between the States, on hearing that a battle was to take place, rose from his sick bed, determined to lead his men. Here marked by this pretty monument, lie the brave Lewis brothers, who shed their blood on Virginia's soil in behalf of their State.

In the corner nearest the church is buried John Miller, the printer, distinguished as the generally acknowledged author of the famous *Junius* letters,—a series of satirical writings dealing with the official corruption of the English government, and published in the newspapers of London, from 1769 to 1772. He came to South Carolina about 1783 to be printer to the State, and later obtaining a grant for a tract of land containing about 640 acres near Pendleton, he moved to this section and began the publication of the first newspaper in upper South Carolina. The land for the church and cemetery was given by Miller; and after his death in 1809, it was deeded to the congregation by his two sons, who also are buried by his side. Miller was an ardent lover of liberty, an able editor and scholar, and

by his work in this section, he rendered valuable and patriotic aid to his community and State.

Between the graves of the Millers and the gate of the cemetery, a marble slab marks the grave of Rev. Thos. Reece, a graduate of Princeton, who was called to preach at this church in 1792. He was an able scholar and student, and in his patriotic and exemplary labors in this section he rendered noble service to his State and community. He lies here in the cemetery,—his resting place marked by a simple marble monument bearing an appropriate epitaph. The glory of his pious life, the Christian principles that he expounded, and above all, the meek and unobtrusive example he set in his serviceable life add much to his glory and memory.

Almost in front of the gate, surrounded by a brick enclosure, are found the graves of the Pickens families. Gen. Andrew Pickens came to this part of the State about 1761, from Abbeville county, having been driven away with a number of people during a sudden midnight incursion and massacre by the Cherokee Indians. We always remember Gen. Pickens as the hero of Cowpens, and one of the three Partisan leaders who kept the spirit of liberty burning in the bosom of the brave Carolinians, during the darkest days of their noble struggle for independence. Pickens died in 1817, and on his tombstone we find these words, "He was a Christian, a Patriot, and Soldier. His character and actions are incorporated with the history of his country." Gov. Andrew Pickens' service to his country is already known to most of us. He served his country well in the war of 1812, and later was called to be the chief executive of his State. No truer patriots or braver soldiers ever trod our soil, or deliberated in the councils of our early history than these noble men, father and son.

Near the middle of the cemetery stands a small white tombstone, bearing simply these words, "Turner Bynum, Died August 17, 1832." This name and date calls to mind the tragic and deplorable death of a young man who was making a marked impression upon the political history of his times. Bynum was the victim of a duel fought with Benj. F. Perry, afterwards governor of South Carolina. This duel occurred at Hatton's Ford, on the Savannah River. Both these young men, neither being over twenty-eight years of age, were newspaper editors. Bynum was an ardent nullifier, and an admirer of Calhoun; Perry was a unionist and a man of ability and courage. The trouble began with a newspaper controversy, and finally led to a fierce political quarrel, resulting in Bynum's challenging Perry to mortal combat. Young Bynum was the victim. His body was brought to "Old Stone Church", and was buried during the rain and darkness of the night. According to a legend, since no substitute for tombstones could be found for the grave, the pine poles used in carrying the coffin were set up at the head and foot of the grave. These pine poles, as the legend informs us, took root and grew to be gigantic trees. It is to be regretted that they were cut down a few years ago when the cemetery was cleaned up. These trees were very appropriate monuments to the memory of a man whose life promised to be full of service to his country; but whose life was extinguished in the early stages of its usefulness by the rules of a false code of honor.

Thoughts and Deeds

J. F. M., '18.

THE sun is set, the day is done ;
You lie down to rest before another day is begun.
In your rest as in your work, pleasure you shall find.
So think not of the day gone by, and the things left
 behind.
For that day is gone, to-night is here, so let the present
 suit you.
And think of the good things you can do in the future.

When you get up in the morning put a smile on your
 face,
And start with new vigor in your life's long race.
Do a kind deed for some whether rich or poor,
And others will admire you and help you all the more.
No deed done for one in need, is ever rejected,
But some day when you are in need, it is returned when
 least expected.

A Belated Valentine

F. K. D., '19.

Tom Jarvis had given his heart to Mary Brown. Sparrows were mating and building nests in the trees above, as Tom hurried along the sandy sidewalk to deposit in the post office a large, red valentine, which bore Mary's signature. After Tom dropped the missive of love thru the slot at the post office, he hurried home with a whistle as cheerful as the birds' songs resounding from the tree tops along the way.

He was now ready to wait for his reply. He waited patiently but no reply came. He was too proud to ask Mary why she withheld her pledge. Tom grew sullen and avoided the path that led to Mary's door. In time he moved to a distant city. Years came and went, but no words passed between the lovers.

The fourteenth of February came again,—many years had passed since Tom had mailed his valentine. Suddenly he, now a citizen of the city, decided to return on a visit to his old home. He found the elm trees and the ash trees the same as they formerly were, harboring the nesting birds. Jonquils peeped up along the hedges, and a smell of spring was in the air. As Tom drew near the old post office, he heard a mighty uproar in the entrance. People were shouting, and parcels of mail were flying hither and thither, while a grizzled old goat hurled himself head-on, against the frame work which held the boxes. Crash! The thin frame work gave way, and a batch of old letters slid from a crevice between the partition and the letter box. The goat, having achieved his aim of dislodging the eccentric old postmaster, ran through the opening back entrance of the house, and disappeared.

Tom's hearty laugh at the chase was cut short by the

sight of a large, square, age-yellowed envelope, which bore the name, "Miss Mary Brown". Unquestioned, Tom picked up the long lost missive, and thrusting it into his pocket, hurried to the home of Mary Brown. He found Mary at her home, and handed the long-lost valentine to her, explaining the goat's part in the recovery of the letter. Understanding dawned on Mary's face as she read the ancient valentine. She lowered her eyes and whispered, "Forever, Tom". The youthful owner of the goat was purchased for a nice sum, to become the most loved possession of a happy household.



Yesterday's Valentine--and Today's

W. A. M., '16.

Long ago old England's lads
And lassies would select
From out their friends among the other sex
Their favorite, and on a certain day,
They would each other claim
As Valentine, to last thruout the year.

I must but shut my eyes to see them now,
As they with costumes quaint and language queer,
Would seek the lady whom they had in mind
And clumsily make known to her their heart's desire;
Then she, tho really pleased, would hesitate,
Hoping to see deep anguish cloud his handsome face,
So that she might erase it with a smile
Of slow assent, and as she grants him this
She reaches out her hand for him to kiss.

So it was in the age that's long been dead,
But now each gallant youth sends out a card
To each acquaintance, and thereon is wrote
A brief but full avowal of his love;
A love which well they know is make believe,
To which he seldom dares to sign his name
Fearing for breach of promise they might sue,
And as he could not hope to please them all
He feels that he would go well hated to his fall.

Oconee's Part in Clemson's History

S. C. S., '16.

We are all familiar with the fact that Clemson College is situated in the county of Oconee, but we don't stop to consider that Oconee County was especially instrumental in founding Clemson. To begin with, Thomas G. Clemson, the donator of the property, was a citizen of Oconee. Since a large part of the property was in Oconee, the citizens of Oconee in 1888, the year of the death of T. G. Clemson, took a very active part in the fight for the establishment of the college. When in the fall of that year, The Farmers' Alliance and other farmers' organizations called on the farmers of the state to meet at their respective court houses and elect five delegates from each county to go to Columbia for the state convention, the Oconee farmers met at Walhalla, on November 10th, and elected five: J. P. Stribling, J. J. Ballenger, J. L. Fennell, R. W. Shelor, and Thos. Bibb,—all of whom attended the convention in Columbia. Of these five, only two are still living—J. P. Stribling and J. J. Ballenger, both of Richland, South Carolina. From them we have learned some of the details of the farmers' meeting at Columbia, which may prove very interesting.

The State convention met in the Agricultural Hall in Columbia, at 8 P. M., November 14th, 1888. D. K. Norris, who afterwards did so much for the college, and who is known by us as the giver of the Norris Medal, was elected President of the convention. We quote a part of his masterly address before that convention—"The munificent bequest of Mr. Clemson no longer admits the plea of poverty on the part of the state for not giving us a college. The fund which will accrue to the state upon its acceptance of that bequest is ample, and

in the opinion of gentlemen learned in the law and who have carefully studied the import of the words used in conveying the bequest, this fund is available for the erection of the necessary buildings; with a magnificent sight, easy of access from all parts of the state, and with the buildings erected, the whole plant perfect without cost to the state. Shall not the funds given by Congress and paid by you for the advancement of the agricultural interests of the state be given for its support? Yes, every dollar of it if necessary, which now goes to the maintenance of a system which is as unprofitable as unpopular. More than that, a state having in constant view the elevation by education of the sons of its sturdy yeomandry should respond to this generous gift in their behalf by contributing another dollar for every one given by Mr. Clemson. . . . Under no circumstances can the state maintain two agricultural colleges, and if the Clemson bequest is accepted, it should receive every dollar which now goes to the annex, and that side show should be closed in Columbia, and moved to Fort Hill, where, lost in the workings of a grand and successful agricultural college, it will assist in giving to the state an educated agricultural people, and an impetus to all industrial pursuits, which the previous history of the state knew nothing of. . . . Until our college is secured, the Farmers' Associations of South Carolina will not, must not, die." His speech was here interrupted by a great burst of applause.

In the convention, twenty counties of the state were represented by sixty-nine accredited delegates, besides about two hundred other farmers and business men. Some twenty odd different resolutions were offered; some against the college; some opposed to accepting the Clemson bequest; and some putting severe restrictions on the acceptance. J. P. Stribling, as spokesman for

Oconee's delegation, offered the following resolution, which had been prepared in consultation with Maj. S. P. Dendy and J. W. Shelor, lawyers of Walhalla, Oconee County, who were present in the convention, but not allowed a voice:

“Whereas, the Hon. Thomas G. Clemson, deceased, did by his last will and testament, donate to the State of South Carolina a large property for the purpose of establishing an agricultural college at Fort Hill, in said State, and whereas, we, the farmers of South Carolina feel the need of agricultural education, and very much desire the said college to be established, Be it therefore, Resolved, That the legislature be urgently requested to pass a joint resolution at its ensuing session to the effect that the State will accept the Clemson bequest whenever the will shall have been established.”

A committee on resolutions, composed of the chairman of each county delegation, was appointed. The Oconee resolution was pushed through the committee and recommended back to the convention, where it was fought bitterly by some sections of the State. After about two hours of hot discussion had taken place, Oconee's chairman, the original mover of the resolution, gained the floor, and for twenty minutes defended his resolution by answering objections. He emphasized the need of such an institution by a personal reference to his own education, pointing out the fact that it was necessary for him to leave his own state and go to the North Georgia Agricultural College in order to obtain an agricultural education, because his own state had no such college.

At last the vote was taken and the resolution was adopted by a large majority. This urgent request from the agricultural people of the state went before the legislature where Oconee's representatives in both houses

worked with unusual energy for the college. The request was granted and the college was established. But Oconee still had another small part to play, for two of her sons, Col. R. A. Thompson and Judge J. W. Holleman, were two of the three men who were appointed to transfer the Clemson bequest from the executor of the estate to the State of South Carolina.

The past twenty-five years have borne ample testimony, and the future will bear testimony in geometrical progression to the wisdom of establishing this college—the peer of any agricultural college. Consequently, Oconee has a right to be proud of her college.



The Last Sleep

J. F. M., '18.

SLEEP fair creature in thy bed of down,
While the Angels keep watch all around.
Sleep fast thy fare-well sleep,
For not one dares to enter the door that Angels keep.

Sleep, and in thy sleep have a dream
Of a land that no one on earth has seen.
And when your dream and sleep are o'er,
You shall wake on this earth no more.

But you awake in a better land I know—
In a land where milk and honey flow.
Where you with Angels shall sing
Praises to our Lord and King.

The Clemson College Chronicle

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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: S. C. STRIBLING, '16

AGRICULTURE IN HIGH SCHOOLS.

We notice that a movement is on foot in our state legislature to encourage the teaching of agriculture in the high schools of our state. We feel sure that this is a step in the right direction, for after all, when it comes to the final show down, the agricultural profession is the foundation upon which all other professions are founded. The most important man in the world to-day is he who makes the products with which the world is fed and clothed. Unfortunately, however, young men fail to realize this great truth until they have made their plans, and set their minds on something else. Young

men seem to think they have such an opportunity along other lines, they can't afford to waste their lives on the farm. If they are taught the principles of agriculture, and taught to love the farm earlier in their lives—say from the ages of fourteen to eighteen, which is the formative period of their lives,—we believe that a greater percentage of the more efficient men would resolve to stay on the farm. The one great fault of our schools, then, is that our most important science is omitted, or is superceded by Latin, Physics, etc.

BOYS, BE TRUE.

Boys, be true. In this fast twentieth century there is a dangerous tendency for young men to have light, frivolous aims in life. This is especially true in their relations to the other sex. In other words, they are "flirts". We often hear this term applied to girls, but seldom to boys. Boys are prone to place the blame on the girls, but are girls really to blame? Girls, of course, place the blame on the boys, but are the boys really to blame? We are frank to say that this question is a hard proposition, but we believe the boys are really more to blame. They have the stronger will-power, and custom has placed upon them the responsibility of taking the initiative. It seems to be a natural instinct for the girl to follow the leadership of the boy. She naturally desires to please him, and if he sets the standard, she will try to conform. The trouble is, such loose standards have been set, one loses confidence in the other. Boys are out in the world more and have greater temptations to bear; therefore, they must be precautious in their habits. So boys, be careful. Be true, true to yourself, and true to the girls. It is up to you to take the initiative to raise the truthfulness of your sex to such a plane that you will win the confidence of the other sex.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

On the morning of St. Valentine's day in ancient England, a young unmarried man would consider the first young lady, on whom his eyes perchance would rest, his sweetheart and valentine for the remainder of the year. That custom has slightly changed, though we still observe the day, and send our valentine wishes to friends. Think what it would mean to us if that ancient custom was still in vogue. We imagine that we would see boys going on the night before St. Valentine's day, to the homes of girls they love best; by doing this, they would be sure to choose the right valentines. Think what a pity it would be if they should see the wrong ones. Now, being young men ourselves, we are rather glad that the custom is out of vogue.

A WORD TO THE SENIORS.

In less than four months the members of the class of 1916 will be pushed out into the world to begin their regular future work. It is then high time that we be giving some thought to the question of what we are to make of ourselves. We should study this question very closely and deeply before we make any final decision. We know ourselves better than any one else knows us; and we shall have to make the final decision. Others may advise us, and advise well, but they do not know all the facts in the question, and can't decide for us. Many promising fields are open to us. We should consider them all; and on our final selection we should choose the work best suited to our abilities. At the same time we should choose the work which can be of most use to our fellowmen. This choosing of a profession, which is indeed very important, should be given the closest consideration.



EDITOR: P. L. McCALL, '16

The evening service, Jan. 30th, was one of the best we have had this session. Professor S. H. Edmunds, Superintendent of the Sumter Public Schools, was the speaker of the occasion. Professor Edmunds is a very interesting speaker and his address, "The Manliness of Christ", was thoroughly enjoyed by all who heard him.

Mr. Von Hasseln, instructor of violin at Anderson College, and Miss Devane, teacher of piano, also of Anderson College, furnished excellent music, before and after the address.

The address for Sunday evening, February 6th, was given by Dr. W. L. Pickard, president of Mercer University. Dr. Pickard discussed the origin of the Bible, and told why we should study and believe in this Book, the greatest of all great books. We are sorry that we haven't space to give his entire address for it is a subject which we all should know more about.

"The Civic Volunteer" was the subject discussed in the evening service Sunday, February 13th. Mr. C. J. Haden, president-Georgia Chamber of Commerce, was the speaker who did this subject justice. We are glad to have such men as Mr. Haden to talk to us. He thinks that we are our brother's keeper, and that if we look at Christianity from a practical point of view, shall become Civic Volunteers.

We were glad to have Mr. H. L. Reaves with us Sunday evening. Mr. Reaves is a student at the Presbyterian Seminary of Columbia, South Carolina, and also

a student volunteer. Mr. Reaves knows the problems which come to young college men, and if we follow his advice we shall be able to solve many of them. At this service, Miss Mabel Manning Wedge, of Limestone College, sang a solo. This feature of the program added much to the service.

BLUE RIDGE.

The time is coming fast for the greatest conference of young people in the South. One who has never attended a Blue Ridge Conference cannot begin to realize what it is, and no one who has ever been there can begin to tell all that it means. Any one feature of the conference is well worth your time and money, and when you put all of the features together you are more than paid.

Our aim is to have twenty-five picked men as the Clemson delegation, and we feel sure that we shall have this number. In a short while a conference club will be organized to make plans for the conference. Just a word to those who have been asked and have not fully decided to go. If you haven't the money borrow it; if you can't borrow it, walk; you will never regret the trip.



EDITORS:

D. H. BANKS, '16.

M. M. BRICE, '17.

EXCHANGE.

We are in receipt of a large number of exchanges this month, and have enjoyed them all. It seems as if the exchanges improve with each succeeding issue, although there is yet marked room for improvement.

Among these various periodicals is the **Furman Echo**. This is an excellent edition of the **Echo**, and shows that the student body is strongly supporting its publication. The **Echo** contains a number of poems, stories, and essays. The opening poem, "Dusk", is an excellent descriptive poem, and shows the power of the writer to put his thoughts in beautiful words. The story, entitled, "Mike", is good, but has a fault, which is often found in many college stories; the hero of this story is not a typical college boy. "The Trials of a College Book Agent" is a typical college story, and is very well developed. "The Drift of Our National Government" is an essay that is logical thruout. This subject is appropriate, and is given some very thoughtful study by the writer. Among the editorials, is an interesting article on the subject of preparedness.

The **Wofford College Journal** presents a number of interesting stories and essays. However, its attractiveness is marred by the lack of poems, which fault is a

common one with a number of college publications. "Success" is a poem which carries with it a deep thought and a high moral. "War Versus International Peace" is an excellent prophecy of the coming international peace. There is also a lack of good stories in this issue: the best story is perhaps "How He Bit".

The Concept contains a good number of stories, poems, and essays. An excellent story in this issue is the "Queen-Maker".



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The Clemson College Chronicle

VII

Valeat Quantum Valent Potest

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Clemson College, S. C., March, 1916.

No. 6



EDITORS:

D. G. O'DELL, '16

C. G. HARRIS, '17

F. L. PARKS, '18

Dreams

M. M. B., '17.

'Tis not with gloomy thoughts that man
Should look ahead in life;
The future is an open path
To lead us thru the strife.
If we have failed in life before,
The past is gone, we know.
Opportunity waits before us,
And we stand before the door.

A man should dream of noble things—
Of a future pure and bright,
When he will have the power to help
To make some burden light.
'Tis the man who dreams of noble things,
Who is sure to win the race;
Not the one who dreams of idle things,
Whose time is sure to waste.

'Twas a dreamer found this land of ours.
A dreamer set it free.
A dreamer holds our nation's honor
To the eyes across the sea.
The dreamers thruout our native land
Will guard the country's cares,
And while their great minds work for us,
We may banish all our fears.

So let us dream of noble things
And search for a higher plane,
For some lives, which may have failed before,
May be started off again.
High tho this plane we dream about
Sometimes to us may seem,
Some may sometimes this reach
The ideal of our dream.

The Doctor's Victory

J. B. D., '17.

THE Enterprise Powder Works in the "one-night" city of Jefferson, Virginia, presented a busy spectacle. Building after building had sprung into existence upon the grounds of the company and the newly installed modern machinery was running night and day to meet the great demands made upon the ammunition factories by the warring nations.

James Gilan had graduated from the chemistry department of his State Agricultural College three years previous to the time of this story, and by application and hard work he had climbed to the head of the chemical testing division of the Enterprise Works. At school he had been very popular and a good athlete. He graduated as captain of company A. Margaret Royal had been his sponsor. Margaret was a fine girl,—the kind that men fight for,—and she and Gilan had been friends during early college years, and more than friends during their last year at college. But somehow they had gradually drifted apart, and their correspondence had finally ceased, chiefly because Gilan had become so wrapped up in responsibility and work that he did nothing besides business, except take enough exercise to keep in good condition.

Margaret had entered the hospital in Richmond when she finished college and was now ready for graduation. One of the young doctors had been paying her marked attention and was receiving fair encouragement. But she still kept Gilan's picture on her dresser, and had not entirely given him up.

A series of explosions had lately wrecked parts of many ammunition plants in different sections, but so far no harm had come to the Enterprise property.

Every precaution was taken; but at least, in spite of the watchfulness, the plant was partly disabled by two explosions. The larger of these catastrophes was the destruction of one of the mixing houses. It came like a flash of lightning and for a minute or two the air was filled with wreckage. It was unfortunate that the explosion came at a time when a new experiment had just been carried out. Gilan had attended the performing of the experiment and was just outside the door when the explosion occurred. He was thrown violently to the ground and was later rescued, in an unconscious condition, from beneath a pile of wreckage. Fortunately, the house had been made of wood and the wall in collapsing had protected him somewhat. An emergency hospital was at once put into service and a hurry call sent to Richmond for doctors and nurses to relieve the two-score injured men.

Among the ones sent by the Richmond hospitals were Margaret Royal and the young doctor. As soon as Margaret found that Gilan was hurt, she put aside all thoughts of the wrong he had done her and stayed by his bed a large part of the time. Gilan's injury was not at first serious, but complications set in, and he was delirious a large part of the time, and in a half stupor the other part. He had not recognized Margaret or anyone else since the explosion, and, as the doctors considered his case to be serious, he was moved to a quiet room. The young doctor had taken charge of the case and had appointed Margaret as special nurse. Margaret had told him of Gilan, but he was hoping that nothing would develop along the old lines. Besides, he was a fair man and didn't want any girl to marry him who cared for another at all, or who might later have some regrets. So he did all he could for Gilan and left the rest to God, Margaret, and Gilan's splendid constitution.

One day as Margaret was writing near Gilan's bed, Gilan started up from a restless slumber and called out:

"Theresa! Oh, I can't go and leave you for four years."

Margaret rushed to his bedside and tried to quiet him. She smoothed the hair back from his damp forehead and held his hand. Still he muttered and occasionally spoke aloud. Margaret gathered that he was living over again the time of parting before he left for college. Suddenly his mood changed; he sat up in bed and made passionate appeals to her to declare that she would remain true to him. Evidently he thought that she was Theresa, and to quiet him, she put her arm around him and forced him back upon his pillows, kneeling by the bed and soothing him as only a woman can soothe. Slowly his arms stole around her neck, and he drew her face down against his fevered one; and to keep him quiet she remained thus until he fell into a quiet sleep.

But while this was taking place, the doctor had arrived and, entering quietly, had seen Margaret with Gilan's arms around her neck. He quietly withdrew and then commenced his fight with the tempter. Should he play fair and probably lose Margaret, or should he neglect Gilan and probably win her when her sorrow was forgotten? He could do the latter so easily, but he walked mile after mile in the fresh air, fighting out his battle alone. At nightfall he returned, haggard and worn, but a victorious man. Next morning he bit his lips and worked all the harder for Gilan's life. He tried to be the same to Margaret but could not, and she often wondered why.

Two days later, Gilan awoke from his stupor and recognized his nurse. He was overjoyed to have her there, and a little of his old feeling for her came back.

He rapidly improved; his strong constitution and her good nursing pulled him along wonderfully, and soon he began to think of his work again.

One day the young doctor sat by Gilan's bed talking to him while Margaret had gone out for a stroll. Gilan brought Margaret's name into the conversation and told the doctor about his friendship with her during college years and of the hopes that he had then, ending with these words "—but I have changed entirely, and realize that I was cut out for a bachelor. I am too much wrapped up in my work."

The doctor's face took on a joyful look and he exclaimed, "So you don't love her now, and never expect to marry her?"

Gilan guessed a little of what was passing through his mind and answered, "Of course not; why?"

"Oh, nothing!" said the other.

That evening the young doctor took Margaret to the only amusement the new town afforded—the moving picture show— and, sitting upon the porch afterwards, he told her of his fight, his victory, his discovery that day, and his hopes and plans for the future.

Let us now draw the curtain for a while here.

It is enough to know that Margaret was not afraid to trust her heart and life to the keeping of a man of this high character, and a few months later she was mistress of a young doctor's lovely little home in Richmond.

Christopher Columbus

A. B. C., '16.

AS Columbus Day is now being observed thruout our nation, it seems that we are doing only justice when we submit some words of praise in honor of, and in commemoration of the life, services, and fame of Christopher Columbus, the world's greatest benefactor, a man of destiny, who conquered thru his sublime faith in an over-ruling Providence. With supreme courage, heroic endurance, and an unfaltering faith in God, he combatted the superstitions of his day.

Up to the age of thirty-five, this son of a poor woolcomber found his lot cast with some of his robber kinsmen; his life was that of a sea rover, which gave his knowledge of navigation, to control men, and to handle the sword as he sprang upon the deck of hostile vessels. Tho wild and roving, he was always more humane than the companions with whom fortune and circumstances forced him to associate.

By past training and the decree of Providence, Columbus was a man of whom mighty forces were easy to converge. He, changed by that Destiny that shapes our ends, was destined to play his part in the world's greatest drama since the life of Christ on earth. At the age of thirty-five, he suddenly left off sea-faring, settled down to deep study of the earth and of the Holy Land then in the hands of infidels. Being an Italian by birth, he accepted the Catholic religion of his land and time. The great religious impulse that seized him never left. He believed that the world would come to an end in a hundred years; that the Scripture must be fulfilled before that time; that the Gospel must be carried to the heathen; that he was the chosen agent from Heaven to do the work. To do this, Columbus

reasoned that he must lead an army to redeem to Christianity the Holy Land and the sepulcher of Christ.

It is well to note the conditions of the world at the time Columbus was moved by his great purpose. The courts of Europe were one giddy round of extravagance. The court ladies demanded the precious jewels, perfumes, and spices from fertile India that had to be brought over mountain paths and thru desert trails, beset by desperadoes and robbers.

When the final gateway of Constantinople to India had fallen into the hands of the Turks, Columbus dreamed of reaching India by sailing westward, which finally led to the discovery of America; and, to this end, he devoted his life with a perseverance which nothing but death could stop. Columbus first secured help from Prestretto and Prince Henry, both great sailors of Portugal, who taught doctrines similar to those of Columbus, despite the disapproval of the wise men. Prestretto sailed under Prince Henry, who lived by the seashore where the roar always filled his soul. They made valuable maps, which fell into the hands of Columbus when he married Dona Prestrelto.

For eighteen years, with charts, maps, and drawings in his hands, Columbus trampled from court to court, capital to capital, king to king, nation to nation, living from the returns of his maps and drawings, and by what he could beg, seeking aid to carry out his purpose and determination; but in vain. Wise men said he was crazy; others said he was a harmless crank. They said that if the world were round, as Columbus claimed, rain, snow, and ice would have to fall upward; that man would have to walk with his feet over his head; and that all this was blasphemy.

Having been turned away from the courts of Queen Isabella and King Ferdinand, of Spain, Columbus

stopped, footsore and weary, at a convent for a time with a monk, who wondered at this strange man who talked of evangelizing the world, recapturing the Holy Land, and finding India to the west. Near this convent lived the three Pinzon bothers, pious, wealthy, and influential. Being interested, they made Columbus' success possible; they got him the ear of Ferdinand and Isabella; they furnished money; they aided in manning the ships. From where was the crew to come? No one would dare venture into the great sea of darkness, fire, and death. Only the Pinzon bothers could be depended upon. Martin Alonso Pinzon took the ship "Pinta"; Vincente Youze Pinzon took the ship "Nina"; Columbus took the "Santa Maria". Criminals were offered their freedom if they would go to make up the crew. They refused, but had to be forced into service. As the ships sailed out from Palos, Spain, there was wailing and weeping, for even bad men feared, and pictured danger in the sea of horrors.

'Tis impossible to describe the voyage of the three ships, manned by criminals, battling against the briny deep, the hardships, the mutiny, the dangers to Columbus, his prayers, and his Christian faith that held him to duty in every hour of danger. After a wild voyage of two months, Columbus knelt, to return thanks to God, on San Salvador, October, 12, 1492.

He entered his home port six months after his departure, amidst a halo of glory that had never before been shown to mortal. He told how he had found India, and how he had opened the water route. He showed the three strange-faced men whom he had brought from the new land. He told how he had redeemed the world and prepared for the second coming of Christ. Everyone went wild; many sold everything they had and put out to sea. But India, with her acres

of jewels, was never found. They lost all, and came back paupers. Holding their rags before the King, they cursed him for being imposed upon by a man whom everyone suspected of being a fool. They demanded the arrest of Columbus; they even stoned his sons when they came into sight. Isabella being dead, weak Ferdinand yielded and signed the warrant for the arrest, which throughout the ages will stand a blot on the name of that King. While the truth became apparent to the people, with Columbus the spell never broke. He never suspected that he had discovered America; that thought never entered his mind.

When we consider his great noble conception, we see how cruel it would have been to have undeceived him. A merciless Providence, who patiently deals with our follies; let him go to his grave in the sublime faith that he had carried the gospel over the world and had prepared for the second coming of Christ. By his supreme faith in God, he became the divine instrument to blaze the pathway that marks the destiny of time. His name is revered by all mankind. All nations contend for the honor of having the resting place of his mortal body. His ashes repose in America, the country that he discovered; his fame walks in the pathway of the stars; his soul rests in the presence of God.

College Life

E. G. A., 16.

As she stood gazing out the window
Of her college room one day,
The golden sun went gently
To its resting place away.

As the last beams reflected upon
Her cheeks that were so red,
Her twinkling eyes were sparkling
As she looked upon its bed.

Then toward the city her eyes were cast,
To see nothing but tall buildings
And the smoke, all in mass.

Her thoughts then drifted to home
Which she loved so dear,
And the blues came creeping o'er her,
Followed by a lonely tear.

She then came to the conclusion
That she didn't like college life.
I am not a bit happy,
I wish I could leave tn-night.

Then dreaming o'er the matter again,
She thought of it this way:
How very unhappy I would have been,
Had I not this opportunity to-day.

Historic Mention of Musicians

J. W. C., '19.

WHAT man, woman, or child does not love music? Surely there is not one. Any why is this so? Because music is the only art, that through its rendering, goes into the inner recesses of our nature and receives such a grand response. Why does it receive such a response? Because music weeps with our sorrows, laughs with our joys, sings low and sweet when we are sad, and breathes forth in a strain of passion when we are happy. When we are lonely and seem to be forsaken by all the world; when we are sore at heart, standing in the face of fearful odds, music comes to us as a true companion, cheering us and renewing in us the spirit of determination. Then we go forth feeling that, with our renewed strength, we can safely battle against the odds that confront us, and take advantage of the opportunities that present themselves.

Music is man's birthright—the art that dwells closest to his heart; for even the humblest can feel and respond to its power to soothe, to inspire, and to solace. Music puts rhythm into our thoughts, harmony into our lives. It gives rest to the weary mind, and comfort to the tired heart. It cheers up the wounded man, and soothes his dying hour. Music is the passionate breath of the lover; “and like winds in summer sighing”, we hear it “low and sweet”.

And so we can see the power of music over the higher nature of man. We know that it ranks first among all arts; and, though painting, sculpture, and other arts are wonderfully helpful to man, music alone can reach the depths of a man's heart and soul; and can

create within him the feelings and inspirations just spoken of.

It is the master musician that can hold his audience at his will by the very power that music gives to his voice or instrument. Sometimes the master sculptor fails to convey his thought into his work of marble; sometimes the master painter fails to portray his ideas upon canvas; but when did the master musician fail to sway an audience of intelligent listeners? When did he fail to make them feel and understand the melodies that were in his soul?

Then, if it is true that music is so beneficial to man, that it ranks first of all arts, and that the master musician is as great in his art as the masters in other arts, why do we not give master musicians equal historic prominence with sculptors, painters, orators, and writers? It is true that Cicero and Demosthenes fired men by their wonderful eloquence; but did not the great Mozart sway his audiences with equal success? Cicero and Demosthenes are recorded among the greatest men the world ever produced, while Mozart is not mentioned. Phidias is shown to be the master sculptor of all times; but Phidias is no greater master than Padarewski, who, when but a little child just large enough to climb into the seat, was able to play compositions of his own upon the piano.

Polygnotus, Homer, Herodotus, Sophocles, Socrates, and Aristotle, in their respective arts and sciences of painting, poetry, writing, tragic drama, and philosophy, are given historic preeminence. But not one of these is a greater master than one of the greatest violinists of the world: Stradivarius, Amati, Lupot, and Vuillaume. Are not these great musicians worthy of prominent mention in history? They have mastered the art of music with an unexcelled degree of perfection; they

have left to the world masterpieces that are treasured by them that know their worth. They did not win fame and wealth by great conquests; they did not plunder and kill for their own selfish ends; but they did devote their lives for the betterment of man, leaving to every individual a legacy of love and pure ideals; they did perfect their own talents by mastering the art in which they were talented. Should these master musicians and the others like them be overlooked in the list of the world's greatest men? Let the historians of the future say, "No."

Lucky or Unlucky==Which?

WIM Hanson was the most popular student at his college. He was president of several organizations, including the senior class, the dancing club, and the Y. M. C. A. Besides, he was a very handsome fellow, and in fact, seemed to be a natural born leader.

However, Jim was not satisfied, for he was in love with Nelly Cooper. Now here came the trouble; Nelly did not return his love, but seemed to be infatuated with an almost worthless freshman, Billy Sparks. Since Jim saw that before he could make much progress he must get rid of him, he immediately began to set traps for him. Every time he saw Billy, he would guy him about Nelly, and would make fun of both of them. On one occasion while they were talking, Jim said, "Billy, you know I am your friend, and that I want to help you; therefore, I am going to be perfectly frank with you. If I were you I would leave Nelly Cooper alone, for she is continually making fun of you behind your back. Why, just the other day, after you had left, she said: 'I do wish that simpleton, Billy Sparks, would quit hanging around; but it seems that he has not sense enough to stop'."

This naturally made Billy very angry, for he believed every word that Jim told him; so he replied, "Jim, you are right; I am just making a fool of myself. I have noticed that she treated me very coldly at times; but she shall not be bothered with me any more, for I can find plenty of other girls."

Now, while Billy was in this mood, Jim realized that he must make hay while the sun shines, or in other words, that Billy must be kept angry with Nelly, but must also be kept friendly to himself, and if possible, must be made to fall in love with some other girl.

Therefore he told Billy that he was right, and proposed a trip to the theater.

At the theater Jim knew Mamie Marshall, a good-looking actress; so he went to her after the play was over and asked to speak to her privately for a few minutes. His request was granted; and he withdrew to a private apartment where Mamie met him.

"Good evening, Mamie; how are you?"

"Oh, Jim, I am just tired to death of acting, and need to break some one's heart to make me feel well," laughingly replied Mamie.

"Well, I have the medicine for you, for I have a friend who has crossed my path in love, and whom I want you to keep out of my way for awhile."

"All right; you bring him around to tea to-night and I'll bet he'll never bother you again."

Jim agreed to this proposal and succeeded in getting Billy to accompany him to tea that evening. But before they went, Jim told Billy of what a fine girl Mamie was, and that it would be a good chance for Billy to get him a sweet-heart. Upon arriving at Mamie's boarding-house, they were ushered up to her private parlor, and soon Mamie came in looking her prettiest, with all smiles.

Jim arose and shook hands with Mamie, and then turning to Billy, said, "Miss Marshall, meet my friend, Billy Sparks, of whom you have heard me speak." Then followed the customary exchange of compliments, which Mamie took care to bestow very liberally. She began, "Oh, I know we are going to be good friends, for I have heard Jim speak very favorably of you, and besides, I am already smitten with your good looks."

Of course Billy could not hold out long against such overtures; so after a few trips to her house, which he

made quite often, he had forgotten that there was ever any girl except Mamie Marshall.

All this time Jim was taking full advantage of his opportunities to point out to Nelly that Billy had gone back on her. Jim also assured her that he himself would be faithful until death.

Before many weeks, Nelly found that she had fallen in love with Jim, but she would not under any circumstances agree to become his wife. As for her reasons, we shall see them from the following conversation, which took place immediately after Jim had proposed and had been rejected:

"Nelly, why do you treat me so? Is there really no love in your heart for me?"

"Yes, Jim, I truly love you, but I can never become your wife, for you are rich and popular. You are obliged to make your mark in the world; while I am just the opposite. I am poor; I haven't any education; and I would only be a weight attached to you—and this I will not be."

Jim found it impossible to make Nelly change her answer; but he resolved to double his efforts on his studies, and to keep his fame at any price. He found it hard to settle his mind on his studies, and as he had neglected them during the greater part of the term, his examinations caught him unprepared. His first examination was on mathematics. When he looked over the questions he found it impossible to answer enough of them to pass. He decided that he must pass on this, for if he failed, all of the boys would look down on him and laugh. With this in view, he got excused from the classroom, and returned with his mathematics book stuck under his coat. When he went again into the class-room, he began to write out the answers from the book, but all at once Professor Bowland's clear voice rang out, "Jim Hanson,

bring that book to me." Jim was tried and dismissed for this offense. This resulted in his falling from the position of the college idol to the depths of degradation.

But while he, full of remorse and despair, was packing his trunk, Nelly came to him, and said to him, "Jim, I am sorry you stooped so low, but I am not here to censure you; I have come to tell you that when I answered "No" to your proposal, you did not need me. But now since you need me, if you will repeat the question, my answer will be different."

Jim repeated the question, and they soon afterward became man and wife. Jim was disappointed in his college career, but his loved one came to his rescue and helped him to overcome his weaknesses. They lived happily and prosperously ever afterwards.

A Reform

R. H. N., '19.

Hubby is a business man,
Goes to bed at eight.
Wife joined the suffrage clan,
Didn't come home 'till late.

She was at a suffrage meet,
Ballots filled her head.
Hubby smoked a sweet cigar,
Cut the lights and went to bed.

Someone left the night-latch on,
Wife rang the bell;
Hubby pulled the cover up,
Slept on just as well.

Wife stays at home these nights,
Goes to things by day.
Hubby, his cigar he lights,
And smiles a smile, for well he may.

“Footprints”

S. C. S., '16.

ALMOST since the beginning of man there seems to have been a desire in each individual's heart to leave something after death to be handed down thru the generations to come. In some, this desire or ambition was intensely great, and we find kings, generals, and great men doing great things. The pyramid builders were subjects of this fever. Great architects have planned gigantic cathedrals to stand for hundreds of years as memorials to them; great generals have fought thrilling battles; great orators have made soul-stirring speeches; inventors have made wonderful inventions; and all through the pages of history we find example after example of men and women who have had their names entwined in the story of the progress of the world because of their desire to have their names handed down. In some, this desire was small, and we find them satisfied merely with carving their names on some tree, or stone, or building. But, it was the same instinct prompting this small act that prompted the greater undertakings just mentioned. It is the indescribable feeling so beautifully expressed by Longfellow in the words, “Departing, leave behind us footprints on the sands of time.”

This same feeling touched the heart of the savage who first inhabited our country, and we have as the result, the mounds built by the mound builders. Civilization did not take this feeling from him, for we find proof right here near us. Those of us who have visited Davis Mill about four miles west of Clemson College, South Carolina, will recall having noticed a footprint carved on a large boulder of solid granite in the stream's bed just west of the mill. This footprint is a

token of the desire of a half-breed Indian that his memory might be perpetuated.

Long years ago the country surrounding Davis Mill was inhabited by a tribe of free, roving, happy Indians. But, in the course of time, the white man came to this region, and gradually broke up this Indian paradise. The tribe put up a manly, patriotic struggle for the possession of the home handed down to it, but the homeland was finally wrested from the tribe, and after the treaty with General Pickens had been signed, white settlers came into the country, and the natives were slowly but surely driven out. One by one the members of the tribe were killed, or were pushed out of the country, until the tribe became extinct, with the exception of one lone half-breed. The true Indian blood of this half-breed stirred in his veins, and he roved from place to place in the forests and along the streams. He looked about him for companions but on every turn he was greeted by the face of a member of an unfamiliar race. He became despondent, for he realized that he only, of that once proud tribe, remained. He realized that with him would come the end. It was then that the desire came to him to make the footprint on the sands of time. He selected the large rock in the rapids of the small stream on which Davis Mill was later built, and with a dexterity acquired only by the Indian, he carved into the rock an exact reproduction of the print of his moccasin. The carving is so exact that the eye of an expert can hardly find a flaw. White men have tried to imitate it, but have failed because they were not driven on by the same intense desire.

Soon after the Indian completed his task, he died, but his desire had been accomplished; for the footprint will remain for ages to come. Sightseers who visit this

spot will call to mind the half-breed's desire to perpetuate his memory.

Thus far we have spoken only of the mere mechanical forming of footprints on material objects. Now we turn to the millions of footprints which are daily consciously and unconsciously made on human objects. Each one of us as we go in and out among our companions is exerting an influence for good or for bad, which is carving a footprint which will last as long as the pyramids, or as long as the one carved in stone. We each, by our actions and influence, will make a footprint upon some life; and this footprint will be handed down to the next generation, and on to the next; and even when Gabriel's trumpet sounds, a faint resemblance of that footprint will be found in some life. Then since we are to begin such a long chain of footprints, let us so live that we will make the original a good one. If we have accomplished this when at last we come to give up the task, it shall with joy call to mind the footprints we have made on the sands of time; and in generations to come, we shall be talked of as great men who dexterously carved faultless footprints; and our lives will be encouragement to others. Longfellow beautifully expressed this thought in his "Psalm of Life", when he said:

"Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime;
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;

"Footprints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again."

A Christmas Gift

J. P. D., '17.

In a small town, named Westland, there lived two very aristocratic families. They were the Hills and the Thompsons. The Hill family was composed of a father, a mother, and a son named Robert, who was fourteen years old at the time the story begins. The Thompson family was composed of the father, the mother, and a daughter, who was twelve years old at the time of this story. The two families lived just across the road from each other and were the best of friends. Both Mr. Hill and Mr. Thompson belonged to a company that was earning a large income through the practice of law. Mrs. Hill and Mrs. Thompson were members of the same women's clubs and were together some part of every day. It pleased both families to have their children like each other. Robert always went by for Mary on his way to school when they were in the grammar school together.

This happiness was soon to come to a close because Robert and Mary were to leave for college. Robert went to Meridian College early in September, and from his letters he was satisfied. Mary reached Vicksburg College in October and was soon happy in her new surroundings. Robert never neglected to write to Mary. Their love grew for each other as their letters grew in number and size. Robert was well satisfied until he began to go with a fast set. Then he began to smoke and drink, but he kept this bad habit from the home folks and Mary. The gambling crowd soon had him under their control also, and because he lost so much money, he was obliged to forge a check on his father's bank account. He was then dismissed from college and had to return to Westland. Excessive smoking had

weakened him and he was soon in bed with consumption. The doctor said that he would have to go to California, but Robert said that he was going to wait until Mary came home for her vacation. On her arrival she went to the Hill's home, and by Robert's request entered his room.

"Oh, Robert," she cried, "why were you so weak?"

"Mary, will you forgive me?"

"No, I cannot," she said.

"What if I make good?" he said.

"Then I will reconsider the matter," she replied.

Mary went home and spent the whole afternoon in tears—could she forget?

Robert made all necessary preparations and was soon on his way to California. He purchased a large orchard in the hills of southern California. In the dry fresh air he began to improve. His investment proved successful, and three years later he was one of the richest fruit growers of his section. His letters from home came regularly, but in his letters he never told them of his success. The Thompsons were very anxious to see him tho they never wrote to him. His father wrote for him to spend Christmas in Westland. They were expecting him on the noon train Christmas day. The two families decided to let Mary meet him. She was now about nineteen and had graduated at Vicksburg the past summer.

Mary arrived at the station a few minutes before train time, and spent this time in recalling old times. The train pulled up to the station and Robert got off. She was surprised at the change in him for the good. His eyes were clear, his manner serious, and his appearance very genteel. All together she decided that he was now a man worthy of the name. When he saw her, he lost all his certainty of manner because he did

not know her thoughts. He was soon to find out tho, for she came to him laying her hands on his shoulders and said, "I know you have made good, and I am glad."

His joy was now complete. Going home he remembered that it was Christmas day, and he had brought no present for her. He told her that he had no present for her.

She said, "Bob, you are my present, and I will give myself to you for I have brought you no other."

Happy Thoughts

J. P. D., '17.

I can hear the dark blue ocean,
As the waves roll up the strand;
And I think of how I used to
Spend the evenings on the sand.

I wish that I could leave these peaks
Of the stretching Blue Ridge Mountains;
And return to the dear old ocean,
The place of the nice green fountains.

But many days I here must spend
Before I reach the goal of life,
And then the cloudy days will come
That must be spent in earthly strife.

Many thoughts are of the ocean,
That rolls on so high and gay;
Yet many more are of the girls,
We strand boys left the other day.

The girls who love the "Confederate Gray",
And admire the "Purple and Gold".
The girls that on a summer's day,
The hearts from the strand boys stole.

Equal Franchise---A Right Now Denied

P. C. B., '18.

THERE is no better way of concealing the truth than in using trite phrases which have passed into our everyday speech; and every good thought and every progressive action have had attempts made against them to obscure the truth—such as spacious arguments, ignorant statements, and in some cases even false and wholly untrue statements. All great movements having in view the betterment of mankind, have been exceedingly slow and unprogressive, largely because of prejudice and ignorance. The emancipation of woman from slavery, and the denial of certain rights she is justly entitled to, are among the most serious questions that have occupied the minds of thinking and progressive people for many, many years.

The first question that naturally arises in our minds is, **Why** do women wish to vote? Woman's suffrage is no longer a question merely of woman's rights. It has ceased to be a partisan or an argumentive question. It has, instead, become a large, vital, economic necessity. Woman should have the ballot, not only for her own benefit, but for the benefit of every person who stands for good government, public cleanliness, and purity. It will be found that many of the prejudices and arguments against woman's suffrage are based upon conditions that no longer exist. While we are today riding in automobiles, talking thru space without the aid of wires, and even rivalling the bird in her ability of flight; the ideas of the great majority of us are still travelling by stage coach. And thus it happens that many of the arguments in opposition to woman suffrage are today as thoroughly out of date, ridiculous, and old-fashioned as the hoopskirt. Would we discuss

the subject intelligently we must regard it in the light of the present day conditions; we must realize the tremendous transformation that has taken place in our social and economic conditions within the past two generations. We are today the witnesses not only of evolution, but also a revolution, in the social and economic status of the woman.

By the Constitution of the United States, Article XIV, Section I, states that **Women are citizens** of the United States. Working women need the ballot to regulate the conditions under which they work. Do the working men think they can protect themselves without the vote? When the anti-woman suffragists declare that the woman's place is the home, we grasp them by the hand and say, Amen, most earnestly. The woman's place **is** the home.

We say that the home is the place for woman: so it is; therefore the housekeepers and the mothers—such people have very sacred duty to perform—need the ballot to regulate the moral and sanitary conditions under which their children must be brought up. Do men think it possible for them to secure better school conditions without a vote to elect the Board of Education?

The business women and the tax paying women need the ballot to secure for themselves a fair and just opportunity to protect their business and property.

Do not men know that, Taxation without representation is tyranny? And wasn't it this same cry that aroused that great leader, Patrick Henry, a little more than a hundred years ago, to deliver his famous speech before the House of Burgesses?

Go with me for a moment into any one of our Southern mills. There we may see the hundreds of children toiling at the machines from early morning until sun-

set, and very often, after and thru the night thereby being deprived of all of the pleasures of childhood. Take for instance, the little girl who is thin to emaciation, palid and under the age prescribed by law: If women had the vote, would this child be here? The calendar of the American Humane Education Society declares that 2,000,000 children are worn out every year in capitalists' industries.

Yes, some of these poor children might have been over the age limit and within the letter of the law, but the legal age is too pitifully young! We see on every side of us the small boys and girls whose faces and cramped figures express only too plainly the effects of their long, hard hours of labor. Looking into their future we see them as citizens of this great country, ground down physically and mentally, uneducated, hopeless in their sordid lots.

In the vote lies woman's best weapon with which to fight the children's battle. It is not woman's rights, but children's rights, that I most often urge. It is thru the first, however, that the second must come. The child's welfare from the first is more woman's work than man's. In the twelve states where women now vote, altho the laws for the protection of children are still woefully inadequate, the children as a whole are much further advanced than those in the other thirty-six.

Has equal suffrage made good? If so, have desires to aid to its extension. Has equal suffrage failed? If so, have desires to fight its spread. This, in a word, is the mental attitude of the great mass of men in the thirty-six non-suffrage states. They are waiting to be "shown". The Hon. Frank Hunt, ex-governor of Idaho, one of the first states of the Union to give the woman the franchise, says, "Woman suffrage has purified politics. The woman vote compels parties to select the

cleanest and best material for public office." It is sometimes argued that women will vote with their brothers and husbands; but Senator Robinson, a Democrat, received the ardent support and vote of her husband (a Republican) in all three of her elections to the senate. Hon. William Borah, U. S. Senator From Idaho, says, "I have observed that there comes a time upon certain questions when the husband and brothers vote with the women. The presence of woman in politics, armed with the power to enforce her demands, has been substantially for the benefit of society." Again some people may argue that if woman gets into politics she will lose that high standard of character which she now possesses, but it has been proven beyond even the slightest doubt, that politically, the effect of woman suffrage has been immeasurably uplifting and beneficial. Woman suffrage has been an unqualified success, not only in Idaho, but in all of the other Western States that have adopted it. The West has but set the pace for the rest of the country in giving justice to women.

Every one of the equal suffrage states has a complete compulsory-education law, parental-delinquency provisions, etc. Florida, Mississippi, Georgia, and Alabama have no such law, and in Texas, South Carolina, North Carolina, Louisiana, and Virginia, the laws are of very little value. Colorado, Arizona, and Oregon, are the three great experiment stations for penitentiary reform, and have demonstrated the absolute practicability of the honor and trust plan. California women have just secured an extension of the indeterminate sentence to all crimes except murder, and also a provision for the payment of wages to working convicts and for the assistance to discharged prisoners. Of the non-suffrage states, Iowa is the only one which has

.. bettered penal conditions, the others resting content with their prisons which are stupid and wasteful when they are not cruel and barbarous. Even the slightest analysis of these summaries, and their comparisons with non-suffrage states, develops certain facts instantly. The woman vote is definitely against the saloon, against commercialized vice, and against the mere theory that "open" town helps business.

Woman suffrage is for more and better schools where children may get an education, for compulsory education, for the home in preference to the institution, and for the dignity and protection of motherhood in any and all circumstances. It is against the exploration of the child, and for almost entire emphasis upon the corrective note in punishment rather than the punitive or deterrent.

Many people argue against woman suffrage, stating that if women were allowed to vote, they would become inveterate office-seekers. Take for instance, in the state of Wyoming where equal suffrage is over forty-five years old, being the first of her sister states to grant equal rights to women—there are two members of the legislature and also a number of women serving as county superintendents of schools. Miss Truax, a teacher, was petitioned to become a candidate as a protest against legislative delay in the connection with school measures. In Colorado, where the women have voted for twenty years, virtually all of the educational offices have been turned over to them. Since 1895, the state superintendent of public instruction has been a woman, and today forty-three out of sixty-two counties of this state have women for county superintendents of schools. Denver has a woman president of the election board, a woman member of the school board, and prior to commission government, had another able woman

as clerk and recorder of deeds. A member of the board of regents of the State University is a woman, and thruout the state there are to be found these women office-holders. In addition to these, two women serve on the board of charities and corrections. Utah has three women in the legislature, and also in Idaho a woman is the state superintendent of public instruction as in Colorado. Washington has two able women in the legislature. Oregon and Arizona have respectively one woman senator. We learn that instead of being inveterate office-seekers,—as many people have thought and are now thinking them to be,—there is far more ground for a charge that the voting women have even refused to show the interest in office-holding that they are entitled to, by their percentage of the vote.

Has equal suffrage disrupted the home? That is one of the arguments which many people will try to persuade us to think, but let us, for a minute consider the question. So far as divorce statistics may be trusted, they show that Wyoming has 118 divorces to every ten thousand people; Colorado, 138 divorces to every ten thousand people; Utah, 92 to every ten thousand people; and Idaho, 120 divorces to every ten thousand people. Concerning divorce in the states that have granted woman's suffrage, Mrs. Helen Ring Robinson, ex-State Senator of Colorado, says that during all the years in all the woman suffrage states, no divorces have been granted on account of politics—many have been granted arising from religious differences.

There is another argument which is sometimes used by those who seem to know very little if anything on the subject. This is: That the polling places are exceedingly undesirable for a woman; well, they may have been before woman was given the ballot, but in all of the equal suffrage states now the polling places have

been made entirely desirable. Schools, churches, libraries, club houses, and tents are now used extensively. The use of livery stables, barns, barber shops, and similar places has been stopped. No man now would question the desirability of having his wife go to the polls.

There is only one more question to consider: Has the vote coarsened the women?

The Portland Oregonian, unalterably conservative, admits editorially that equal suffrage has turned out to be one of the greatest and strongest fortifications of the home, and thruout his entire investigation the writer could not find any one, not even a dethroned boss, who would put his name to the charge that the vote has debased the women of his state. The inevitable first result of equal suffrage is the removal of all polling places from the neighborhood of saloons, because what was good enough for men is not good enough for women. For the most part, as I have stated before, the polling places are in the churches, schools, etc. The state of Illinois has many of its polling places decorated and beautified with potted plants; many Kansas towns introduced no-smoking regulations; and in all of the older equal-suffrage states there is yet to be recorded an instance of insult to women in connection with the franchise.

"They talk about a woman's sphere as tho it had a limit;

There's not a place in earth or heaven

There's not a task to mankind given,

There's not a joy, there's not a woe,

There's not a whispered 'yes' or 'no',

There's not a death, there's not a birth

That has a feather's weight of worth

Without a woman in it."

The Clemson College Chronicle

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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: S. C. STRIBLING, '16

INSTRUCTOR IN SPEAKING NEEDED

Every loyal Clemsonite should always be on the alert to see points for improvement in the college, and should make suggestions when he deems it wise. We see one great phase of college activity which we think is not amply provided for in our present instruction. We find on our faculty an excellent corps of English teachers, mechanical and electrical teachers, textile teachers, agricultural teachers, and in fact, all phases for the development of the mind are well provided for, but very little provision is made for the development of the power to express what the mind has acquired. This

is at least one-half of the education. The education is almost a failure if it makes of the student a mere passive listener. An education is wasted if it benefits only one man. Only two per cent of an entire generation ever attend institutions of higher learning, and they must furnish the brains for the other ninety-eight per cent. In order to do this they must be trained to disseminate the knowledge they acquire. This truth has seemingly been overlooked by the ones who have the responsibility of arranging for our instruction; for we find that in all our fine body of instructors there is not a single one whose specific duty it is to see that students are trained to speak. 'Tis true, many members of the faculty gladly offer their assistance, but their services are purely voluntary, and some boys feel a certain delicacy about asking them to perform this extra task, and many a brainy man goes away from this institution without the ability to express himself intelligently in public. Old alumni who have come in contact with the affairs of the world say this is the one great fault they find with their training here. Now, we hope that those in authority over us will see this need, and although we realize it is too late for the present senior class to be aided along this line, we trust that by next year public speaking and parliamentary practice will either have been made a prescribed part of the course of all students, or that a competent instructor has been added to the faculty with the specified duty of instructing those interested along these lines. We believe that this would be a move in the right direction, and that it should be pushed forward even if some other minor subject has to be neglected. It is a recognized fact that the physical body should be developed and each year competent athletic instructors are employed, but the athlete, in the final good he

will do for his fellow man, will not equal the orator. Then why not balance this, and employ an instructor to train the speaking powers of the student? Will some one answer?

AN APOLOGY

We feel we are due our readers an apology for the delay in getting out the March issue. As is usually the case, examinations caught the majority of us unprepared, and everything else had to be thrown to the winds until they were over. And as the Chronicle is a "thing" it had to be thrown with the rest. Until material came in, it was impossible to get out an issue, and so the delay was a necessity. And right here may we remind our contributors that there are only two more issues this year, and may we urge upon them the necessity of getting in their material promptly in order that these last two issues may be put out on time.

SOUTH CAROLINA'S RECORD

By looking back through the pages of South Carolina's history we find that from the day of her organization down to the present day she has been a leader in whatever comes up in our nation. When British oppression became unbearable she was the first state to stand up for her rights. When it became necessary to fight Mexico it was a Palmetto regiment which first flew its flag over the conquered Mexican capital. When the North and South could not agree, South Carolina was the first state to take a stand for her rights by seceding; and her sons took the initiative step in starting the real fighting. In the Spanish-American war the first blood spilt was from the veins of a loyal South Carolinian. And in the present Mexican trouble, she

still nobly holds her lead, for the first sacrifice of life was made by a gallant young South Carolina sentinel near the Mexican border, and the first troops to cross the border in obedience to orders from the president were in command of South Carolina officers. And thus we see that our beloved patriotic state is still living up to her enviable record of always taking the lead when the call comes for service.

JOHN C. CALHOUN

During this month the anniversary of the birth of South Carolina's beloved statesman, John C. Calhoun, was celebrated. We feel that we desire to add a word of tribute to what has already been said all over our country in memory of this great statesman. We are all more or less familiar with the facts of his life. As we sit at our imaginary editorial desk and look out our window right into the yard of the grand old colonial mansion where this illustrious statesman lived we are impressed by the appropriateness of the location of a great college right here where the students may breathe the same air that gave life to this great man, and be inspired by the same beautiful foothill scenery that inspired him. We are led to believe that the late renowned John C. Calhoun must have breathed forth an influence from his pure, grand life which permeated this air, and which was imbibed by the students which came here, causing them to put forth greater efforts toward the achievement of that high standard in life for which he always labored. The uplifting influence of his life will grow and broaden with coming generations, so the value of his life to mankind can be estimated.



EDITOR: P. L. McCALL, '16

Y. M. C. A.

As the spring weather steals in upon us we cannot but think of the happy days which we spent at Blue Ridge—studying the problems, which go to make up a bigger and more useful life. To be in an atmosphere of christian college men and women, who are preparing themselves in order that they might better serve humanity, is within itself a training which thousands never have. In a few weeks students from practically all of the Southern colleges will be at Blue Ridge for the summer conference.

This song will be heard ringing from the mountain side:

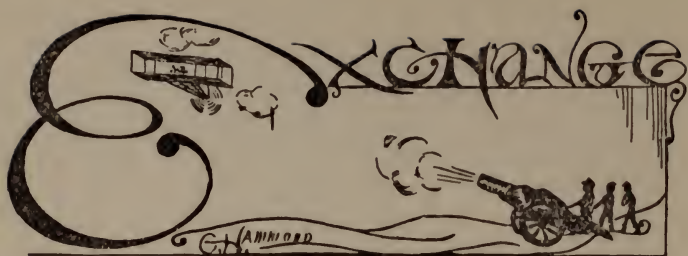
“From Gulf to broad Potomac,
From mountain and from plain,
The students are assembling,
To speed the Saviour's reign.
To God our hearts are turning
In gratitude and love;
To him our pray'rs ascending,
For blessings from above.”

Our Y. M. C. A. will have the largest delegation in its history at the conference this summer. Our aim is to have twenty-five picked men. Some of the boys are planning to leave from here to Blue Ridge. Our number from Clemson will be a record for the Clemson Association.

TRAVELLING SECRETARIES

How many of us, as members of the Young Men's Christian Association, have ever thought of what this great organization really means to our future generation? Is it a man's job to be a Y. M. C. A. secretary, or can just anyone do the job? Is it really worth while for a man to spend his life helping to shape and form the lives of other young men when he is fitted for the work? Which is worth more in the end, the man who is spending his life building machines, or the man who spends his life building character? If you could have heard Mr. Rindge, a man who graduated at Cornell as an engineer, and who is now on the International Committee of Young Men's Christian Association, you would not have very much trouble in deciding these questions. Every young man should decide what his life work will be. This is a hard thing to do, and we should not attempt it alone. We should ask God what He would have us do. If we think that we can serve God and our fellow men better as engineers, we should be engineers; but if He thinks we can serve better as a Y. M. C. A. secretary,—why with all our hearts,—we should enter into such work. Serve where we are best fitted and most needed.

We enjoyed very much the short talks, which Mr. Rindge gave us. We have a broader view of what the engineering graduate can do. Mr. Super, also on the International Committee, gave us some interesting facts about the Y. M. C. A. Secretary's work and the demand for college men to enter in Y. M. C. A. work.



EDITORS:

D. H. BANKS, '16.

M. M. BRICE, '17.

Woman's College Journal

This issue of the **Journal** is decidedly lacking in poetry. The one poem which the issue contains is not at all creditable. On the other hand, there are one or two very creditable short descriptions, particularly the sketch called "A Picture". It was with real interest and pleasure that we read "Princess Medwisla", a very beautiful and touching story. The writer is to be commended on her ability to describe and picture so vividly. There is an abundance of material in the magazine, the whole of which, were it all as fine as the two selections mentioned above, would be an unusual credit.

The Bashaba

The February issue of **The Bashaba** is the most attractive, from the standpoint of cover design and arrangement of material, in our role of exchanges. The contents are, on the whole, very pleasing, though the plots of a few of the stories are a little too simple, and, consequently, somewhat monotonous. The essays are of a higher quality than the stories. The one original poem, "Autumn Thoughts", is very creditable indeed. We can see in the writer of this poem the merits of a real poetess.

The Erothesian

The editorials in this magazine are very commendable, and we might say by way of approval, that we sanction everything brought out in these editorials. The only general criticism that we have to offer is that there is a lack of student contributions. With the exception of the articles under the various minor departmental heads, there is practically no student work. Practically the only article in the literary department is the "Founder's Day Address", which is of course above our criticism, since it is not the work of a student. The two poems, "Ad Astra" and "A Valentine", are very commendable.

Besides the exchanges which we have space to criticize we wish to gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the following: The Vassar Mescellany, Cerebus, The Record, The St. Mary's Muse, The Hampton Chronicle, The Newberry Stylus, The William and Mary Literary Magazine, The Journal, The Isaqueena, Wofford College Journal, The Richmond College Messenger, The Limestone Star, The Mountaineer, The Criterion, Winthrop Journal, The Collegian, The Carolinian, The Furman Echo, The Columbian, Davidson College Magazine, and The Arc Light.



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The Clemson College Chronicle

Valeat Quantum Valent Potest

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Clemson College, S. C., April, 1916.

No. 7



EDITORS:

D. G. O'DELL, '16

C. G. HARRIS, '17

F. L. PARKS, '18

SPRING

M. M. B., '17.

Thou comest again, O gentle spring,
With cooling winds and balmy airs;
The earth has changed its wintry garb,
And spring the foliage now repairs.
'T is true the winds are sometimes hard,
And April showers are sure to fall,
But who does not enjoy the spring,
And who resists the outdoor call?

The call to nature always comes,
And man must sniff the balmy air,
And see the trees in foliage green,
As spring to all must now appear.
The birds are joyous in the spring,
And sing until they stretch their throats;
The wood is alive with plumage rare,
And our ears can catch the warbling notes.

We all should watch the works of God,
And enjoy the benefits of spring,
And ramble all along the ways,
Where brooks are babbling, and forests ring.
God has so placed this season bright,
For a growth anew of everything;
So let us start in all our hearts
A growth anew, in this season—spring.

The First Quarrel

A. M. D., '16.

THE moonlight cast a soft radiance about the two sitting on the vine-clad porch of a fine old southern mansion, marking the venerable signs of decay, and seeming only to increase the great tenderness of the rugged face of the man as he gazed lovingly at the girlish figure before him.

"Little girl," he said in a voice that you would never believe that Carl Hamilton, the wealthy young planter, could use, "You are a dear little girl, and I am so fond of you. I've always said that when I married, my bride should be a little girl eighteen years old."

"Oh!" she interrupted teasingly, "I'm so disappointed. You led me to believe that you were going to marry me, and I will not be eighteen for two months. How cruel of you, when I've really grown fond of you."

He caught her in his arms with a soft laugh, "Why we'll wait more than two months then. Take me for a birthday gift. Don't keep me waiting for my wife. I have lived thirty years on that old farm; it took my boyhood, and now I am ready to go back and regain my lost youth with you as my sunshine. When I was just your age my father died, leaving no means of support to my mother. I had to pay off a ten-thousand dollar mortgage. I had been in college only three months and have never returned. Life was black then, yet blacker when my dear old mother became paralyzed. You see, sweetheart, that I had to be a man—why I even became an old man and acquired grey hairs."

She softly ran her fingers through his hair; "Not many grey ones, dear, just enough to make you look distinguished. I love every one of them."

The look which he gave her was most exceedingly tender. "Little girl, the clouds lifted as suddenly as they came. In one day enough timber was sold to cancel the mortgage, twice over. By careful investment, I have really become wealthy. Then I met you! That restored my youth. My darling, each time you say, 'I love you,' I want to shout!"

The girl slowly replied, "I guess I'd best not say it now, then, for Dad would be furious to have you shouting here at eleven o'clock, unless 'twas 'Home, Sweet Home'."

"So it's goodnight, is it?" he laughed, "you are very strict to send me home so soon. I'll go now, this very minute, if you will promise to take me for a birthday gift."

"I know better, you would stay two hours longer to discuss things. I'll tell you Thursday evening on this porch immediately after tea." Suddenly she flung both her firm white arms about his neck, and pressing a kiss on his lips, she sprang away from him and into the hall where he could not catch her. She had often told him that it was the only way to make him leave, and he well knew she would not come back to him that evening. After watching her out of sight, he quickly entered the big hall and slipped into his auto garb. Five minutes later, his big car was rapidly covering the eleven mile stretch between their homes.

There was certainly a great contrast in the ways in which the lovers passed their time until Thursday evening. Eager, though he was for her answer, the time passed quickly. His time was taken up by his crop and in his going to town on business. To her, it seemed ages, for on the morning after her promise to him, there came a letter containing important news which she was wild to tell him.

It seemed as if supper would never end. She almost became angry in her impatience. "He does not care at all to hear what I have to tell him," she muttered. "No, he is sure of my 'yes'; I shall not say it, just to surprise him."

When the meal was over, her father, according to the time honored custom, retired to the library. The lovers, according to a more recent custom, sought the porch. "Well?" He caught her hands and tried to look into her eyes as he put forth the question.

"I give you the privilege of the decision," she answered, "on condition that you first hear a story which I have to tell you."

"Oh! I'll listen to your yarn if you insist, but nothing you can say will alter the fact that I want a ——. 'Yes,' put your arms around my neck, kiss me, and begin."

She laughingly complied, then seating herself in a low chair facing him, began: "You know mother was an orphan and lived in Washington with her uncle and aunt, who loved her very much. They did not even want to give her up to marry Dad. They did so, however, and she had a perfectly grand wedding with dozens of foreign nobles present. Just after the wedding, mother and Dad came here to live. Uncle Horace and Aunt Eloise went abroad for a two-year trip. They never saw my mother after her wedding day, for she died six months before their return. They have always been very sweet to me. I have visited them often and have had some perfectly grand times. I know dozens of nice girls and scores of nice boys. Well, Uncle Horace wrote to me insisting that I go spend the winter with them. They will give me a grand wedding in the spring, just as mother had."

"Sweetheart," he interrupted, "How can you leave

me all winter and make me wait till spring for you. Why, I can't wait that long."

"But think what a grand time I can have! There are so many cute boys and I will be on the go all the time, and Aunt Eloise will buy me just lots of lovely things."

"You have made up your mind to go, with or without my consent?"

She drew herself up proudly. "I gave you the privilege of deciding for me. I have not asked your consent. I have not yet promised to obey you."

He stared at her in amazement. "Why, I never saw you angry before; I never suspected how much of that awful temper you inherited from your father."

"And now that you have discovered it?" she queried coldly, "I suggest a walk to the well in this lovely moonlight." They walked in silence for some distance. Then, she slipped her small white hand into his. Quickly closing his hand, he was surprised to feel, not her hand, but the small light diamond he had given her a few short months before.

"I cannot marry you," she said, "We do not love each other enough. "If you loved me, you would be willing for me to go to Washington, when you can see plainly that I have never wanted to do anything more in all my life. If I loved you enough to marry you, my temper would never have flared up so. I would be proud to obey you."

"Well, I have been honest with you, never denying my faults—the two greatest of which are jealousy and pride. You have ruthlessly trampled both tonight, and did not even show me the consideration of consulting my wishes, the matter dearest to my heart. Asking my consent was merely a matter of form."

"I beg to inform you, again, that I have not and

shall not ask your consent. It is absolutely unnecessary."

They had now reached the house. "Well," he said, "take care little child; I am nearly old enough to be your father. You cannot scorn my love and authority tonight, and then expect me here tomorrow at your call. You will soon kill my love for you." His words were cold and stern, yet his face wore a tender pleading expression. Had she looked into his eyes, she would probably have yielded at once to their pleading, but her face was turned away.

His words increased her anger, yet she replied in a very cool manner, "Very likely I can exist without your love. Perhaps some of those Washington lads may be willing to bestow a little on such a poor forlorn creature, scorned by you. Shall I bid you good evening now, sir, or will you come into the library and talk to father? I have some important letters to write, so I must beg you to excuse me."

"Attend to your correspondence by all means," he replied easily, "And as I am tired, please excuse me to your father. Goodbye, I wish you a most pleasant journey and a most happy visit to Washington." Without offering to shake hands, he turned on his heel and left. A few minutes later, she heard the chug-chug of his big car as it hurried down the avenue.

Her anger vanished as quickly as it had come. Too late she realized to what lengths her ungovernable temper had led. She rushed to her room and threw herself on the bed sobbing violently. "Now, I have killed his love. He has far too much pride to even come back. He is a man and won't be flattered with like the boys around here. Oh, he will never come back. I wish I could see him just one moment, one half minute with him is worth all my days in Wash-

ington." About three o'clock, she fell asleep from sheer exhaustion.

Speeding his big car over the road, Carl soon reached home. To his surprise, he found it ablaze with lights and two autos were in the yard. As his car came to a halt, his housekeeper came out to meet him.

"Oh, my Carl," she exclaimed, "your mother had another stroke just after you left. We could not get you over the phone, and we were just going to send for you."

Carl did not wait to hear the end of the sentence. Throwing off his cap, coat, and gloves, as he sprang up the stairs, he rushed into his mother's room. She could not move at all, yet he saw her eyes light up as he bent over her.

The two doctors who were standing by quietly withdrew. One of them turning to Carl, said, "We will be in the next room. If there is any change, call us, but she will probably be the same for some time."

The son bent over his mother's frail body, "Oh, mother, I cannot bear to see you suffer."

"My son," came her gentle voice, "I suffer very little, and I am so glad to go home—if only you would not be alone. My boy, I cannot leave you so lonely."

His only answer was a tender kiss.

"My boy," continued the quivering voice, "I want so much to see Nell, your wife to be. I must see her. Won't you bring her to me? I am sure she will come to please your dying mother."

He quickly made up his mind that she must not know of their broken engagement. "Mother, their phone is out of order. How can we get a message to her?"

"Get into your car and bring her, dear. I will wait

for you, but come quickly for I must see Nell."

Just then the doctors returned. Carl gave his mother a tender kiss, thinking to himself, "Perhaps the last one." Aloud he said, "I'll bring her, mother, as soon as possible."

Once again the big car hurried over the road, going with all possible speed. In twenty minutes, his car stopped at Nell's door. It was half past three and no sign of life about the place. After a good deal of heavy knocking and beating on the door, he succeeded in waking the old Colonel. "This is Carl Hamilton, Colonel. May I come in a moment? I hate to trouble you, but this is very urgent."

Before he had finished, the big door was opened, and the Colonel was saying heartily, "Come in, Carl; what has happened? This is a rather peculiar hour for a visit to your sweetheart, unless you've quarreled and want to make up."

Very quickly Carl explained the situation, telling first of the quarrel, then of his mother's illness and request. "Colonel," he said, "we were both too quick. I would give my right hand to recall our passionate words because Nell is more to me than life, and because of mother's wish to see—"

"'Tut, tut, boy,' you worry over trifles. All lovers have these little spats. I'll run up and send her down to you, and if your mother is really as ill as you think, there will not be more than three minutes for kissing and making up."

The Colonel hastened up to his daughter's room and entered softly. He found her asleep, fully dressed, with a wet crumpled handkerchief clasped in her hand. Even in her sleep she drew quick sobbing breaths. "Poor baby," he said tenderly, "This is your first trou-

ble that you have kept from your daddy. "Honey," he called softly, "wake up."

She started up suddenly and caught her father's arm.

"Jump up, dear, fix up your hair, then put on a coat, hat, and a thick veil. You'll find Carl down in the library. We are going to take a little trip. He will explain."

The girl seemed stunned. "Carl in the library? Where are we going? What do you mean daddy?"

Carl will tell you, baby; hurry and go down to him. Be kind to him, for he is in deep trouble. I must go now and get ready."

Left alone, the girl hastily smoothed her hair and put on her coat, hat, and veil. Greatly puzzled at the strange course of events, she entered the library.

Carl seeing her auto garb, thought she understood and was ready to go home with her. Catching her in his arms, he cried, "You generous, forgiving girl! What you are doing for me tonight is the sweetest thing a woman ever did!"

"Oh, Carl," she clasped her arms about his neck. "I am so happy I can do something for you. This has been such a miserable night. I just had the thought of Washington—but tell me, what troubles you?"

He quickly told his story, ending with, "And are you willing to go home with me, dear?"

"I will go to the end of the world with you," was her very original reply.

"So you've kissed and made up, have you?" called the Colonel from the doorway. Come on Carl, I'll give you thirty minutes to get home. Can you make it?"

"I'll be there in twenty-five," replied Carl, and he did it.

Arrived at his home, Carl led the way to his mother's room. Doctor Baker met them in the hall.

"Just about the same," was his answer to their inquiring looks. Go in immediately; she is eager to see you."

Carl and Nell entered the room. "Mother," said Carl, "This is Nell; she has come to you."

Nell shyly bent over the bedside and took one of the feeble old hands in her firm white one. The sick woman turned her searching, pleading eyes on the girl. Suddenly she met the eyes of the girl, and the shy tender look which she received banished all doubt from the mother's heart.

"My daughter, my dear little girl," she cried, "Oh! I want you for my own; you are the daughter I've wanted all my life."

The girl's head dropped on the pillow by the mother's. "Mother—" The one word was almost a sob. "I've wanted a mother, yet I was afraid of you."

The elderly woman smiled understandingly. "Yes, I know. I was afraid of Carl's grandmother, once, too. But you are not afraid of me now, are you, little one?"

The girl quoted reverently, "Perfect love casteth out fear."

The mother's eyes were growing dim, the voice was faint as she said, "Yes, dear, fear of life or fear of death. I can die so happily now, that I know my boy is to have such a wife. Your perfect love for each other has made my dying couch absolutely without fear. God bless—"

The voice ended. The prayer was carried to God's throne in heaven.

The Mighty Word "No"

W. E. L., '16.

NONE of the most tremendous and far-reaching words in the English language is the short, yet mighty word, "No". Spoken at the right time, it has saved many a man from a drunkard's grave; it has saved multitudes from disgrace and ruin; yea, it has saved nations from downfall and destruction. Spoken at the wrong time, it has hurled many a soul into perdition, and it has wrecked the career of the strongest nations.

Many a young man has been urged by his companions to take a drink of whiskey, or to visit places of disrepute; but his high sense of honor prevailed, and he was able to say "No". He is the joy of his mother, the pride of his father, and the backbone of his state. Here is another young man who is asked to take a drink. His mother has taught him that whiskey is a deadly poison, his father has pointed out to him the many business and social failures of the town, and explained how liquor was the cause of it all, yet he accepts. "But," you say, "there's nothing wrong in taking one drink." No, there may be little harm in taking one drink, if it stopped there; but one calls for another, and then another, and very soon he has lost his will-power, and is a slave to the drink habit. Middle age finds him without home, friends, or money, very soon to be laid to rest in a drunkard's grave, and all because he could not say "No" to temptation.

All of the world's great men have been men with the ability to say "No". Neither Daniel nor Joseph would have been the men they were if they had not been able to say "No" to temptation. It is very easy to see what temptations these men had to face. They were in foreign countries, away from home, friends, and loved

ones—away from all those ties that tend to bring out the best that is in a man, yet they were able to say “No” at the right moment. If they had yielded to these great temptations, they probably would never have been heard of afterwards; but they were able to say “No”. A dead log can float down stream, but it takes muscle, determination, and will power to make any progress up a swift current. The tendency to drift with the current of life is very strong with most of us, and unless we are able to say “No” to the temptation, unless we are able to separate ourselves from the downward surge of the multitude, we will never accomplish anything really great.

Playing The Game

D. F. F., '16.

WHAT'S the trouble this morning? You look a little worried about something," asked Ray, seating himself on the corner of my desk.

"Oh, nothing much; I was just thinking about the policy that Curry has asked us for. You know he has been with us only six months, and we know nothing whatever of his history before he came to S——."

"But I don't see why you should not consider it a good risk. His conduct has proven that he is perfectly honest in every way, hasn't it? And he has showed that he is in earnest I think. Look at his savings account at the Third National."

"I know all of that, Ray, and I have had absolute confidence in him since the first two weeks he has been working for us. But my wife does not like him so well. She thinks there is some flaw in his character, just because she doesn't like his eyes or something equally as important. I know that she is a better judge of human nature than I, and—"

"Hang that! Give the chap his policy; he's all right. I'd trust him with anything I have. He deserves as much for his behavior while we have known him, I think," and Ray returned to his desk.

I called Curry in from the claim department and told him that we had completed the examination of his papers and found them perfectly all right. And we fixed up the policy.

That evening I went home and told my wife that we had given Curry the policy, but that I had been a little doubtful about it because of her dislike for the young man.

"Dag, please don't worry about my opinions in such

matters, or I will have to quit expressing them. I don't want to interfere with your business at all," she replied, just a little hurt I thought.

"But I haven't forgotten the twenty-five thousand you saved the company in the Rogers' case, because it was your better judgment of his character that made me delay in writing his insurance."

Six weeks later I stood beside the casket of the J. William Curry for whom I had written the ten thousand. The physician, a cheap man that I did not admire, pronounced the cause heart failure. Mr. Anderson, an attorney, came in with Curry's will, and I found that the same man to whom the insurance was to go, also received all of Curry's possessions. This man, R. Armour, was an embalmer for an undertaker company, and he had come to S—— with Curry. The only condition of the will was that Armour should embalm the body and take it to the family burying ground in X——, Ohio.

It seemed uncanny to me that Armour should have to embalm the body of his dearest and only real friend. But he was evidently hardened to the work for he did not appear deeply moved and he had even asked that he be allowed to do the work alone.

I slept little the night after Curry's death. The facts concerning his will and his sudden death ran thru my mind again and again. Two men of about twenty-five years of age came to S—. One secured a position with an undertaker, the other with the general manager of an insurance company. They were very intimate friends. The man with the insurance company secured a ten thousand dollar policy in favor of the undertaker, made a very peculiar will at twenty-five years of age when he was in good health, and then died suddenly! It seemed too much like a well-planned game to escape

even my notice. The next morning I went to the office early, called up our attorney Dicks, and explained the case to him. He agreed with me that the case did seem doubtful and he promised to put detectives on the trail at once.

When Armour left on the 12:10 o'clock train with the body of Curry for X——, Ohio, the noted detective H. L. Suggs, was also traveling that way. I felt at ease for I knew that Suggs would find all details on the case before he returned.

At the breakfast table next morning, I read the following night letter from Suggs:

"Curry returned to life in a forsaken house out from X——, at 11:30 tonight. Will bring him with Armour on the 2:40 train tomorrow.

"Suggs."

And across the table I saw a smile or relief and satisfaction for again she had been right.

To Owen Wister

W. A. M., '16.

Why did you let that master hand which wrote
That which gave pleasure to a million hearts,
Disgrace itself by strong abuse of him,
Who, were he not in power, your guilty hand
Would even now be turned against a fellow-man,
Or else ould give a skulking coward food?

You who have told of life out on the western plains
When might was right, and pictured it as best,
Must now let out the bitterness kept in
Because of fear of those quick-tempered men;
And safe within the arms of that same law
Which then you scorned, you now let loose your
tongue
And babble out some epithets which draw
No blood from him at whose heart they're aimed
But slinking and abashed come back to you.

To you whose flesh must feed them for they are
your own,
And as the lowly buzzard slowly feeds
On that which once was deemed a noble beast
Till naught is left but bones and things unfit
For such as he to eat, so have your words
Removed all of which was noble from your once
fair name,
And left an ugly carcass, which shall be
Abhorred by man until the hungry dogs
Shall take it from his sight forevermore.

An Idea

P. M. B., '18.

THERE is no one who does not find pleasure and gratification in reading sound arguments on the vital, debatable questions of the day. We like to know what other people who are capable of discussing the questions have to say on the subjects which are extremely important to us, but which are not exactly clear in our minds.

The newspapers, periodicals, magazines, etc., aid greatly in putting us in the right train of thought, however, a great deal of the information found in them is more or less thrown out to the people in a careless or unpremeditated way—the chief aim, perhaps, being merely entertainment. It is true that occasionally we find some periodicals that have valuable information in them; but we gain our true knowledge from text-books or books written by authoritative men—men well versed on the subject of their book. The benefit derived from these books, when studied, is not due solely to the fact that they are based on observation, experience, and profound studying, but also to the fact that the author has concentrated his thoughts, and arranged his ideas in a chronological order so that they present the material in an interesting manner—thus making it easy to grasp. It is unquestionable that such an author takes a great deal of pains and care in writing his books.

I am now in the position to present my idea. It often happens that college students, as well as high school students, spend hours and hours in looking up debatable material. Fortunately, nearly all college libraries contain the information desired, but it is not in a collected form. The student finds a little here and a little there, until he eventually succeeds in gathering enough material for his debate.

It seems that here is a proposition for the government, since our Republic believes in improving the educational conditions of her country in any way possible. A book containing twenty essays on the modern questions of the day: for instance, Peace, War, Prohibition, Franchise, Tariff, Militarism, Immigration, The Advantages of an Education, would contain to a large degree, the material desired by the college students. Furthermore, it would be quite a benefit, not only to the college student, but to all schools thruout the land, and it strikes me that every home would desire a copy of the book.

Of course if such a movement were put on foot, there would be a great deal of interest taken in the matter, but such a book could not be published altogether voluntarily and free of charge. A great many men, who are capable of writing suitable essays, would probably say that they did not have ample time to write these essays; but if the government says to the man or woman who will produce the best essay on Franchise or some other subject, "I will give you a price of two hundred and fifty dollars and a worthy honor in addition," the movement would be a success. This would necessitate a sum of five thousand dollars to be paid to the successful contestants.

When the benefit that would be derived from such a book is considered, this amount of money would be a small sum for a national government to donate for so great a cause. Why the sale of the books would many times replace this amount of money.

Since it is the latest and best information and the soundest knowledge that is desired, and since the matter of judging the essays would have to be simplified as much as possible, only men and women holding diplomas from high standard colleges should be allowed to enter the contest. The book might be entitled "The Five Thousand Dollar Information Book."

His Daughter

E. R. R., '18.

JOHN DeLancy had been camping in The Cove for several weeks, and while the weather had been extremely cold, it had not been especially disagreeable until on this particular day when the snow began to fall early in the morning, and by noon was several feet deep. The mountains which surrounded this little cove, like the great walls of China, were beginning to look as if huge white blankets were being spread over their irregular forms for the night.

Late on this afternoon as John was standing in front of the tent enjoying the fury of the storm, he saw his old mountaineer friend coming up the snow-hidden trail. He hailed him in usual manner and, after exchanging a few words, invited him in to warm up with a drink.

As soon as they entered the tent the old mountaineer began:

"This here's 'bout the worse storm I witness since I come to The Cove, nigh onto twenty year this winter, and boy if you hain't seen a bad storm yet, you gonta fore many days are over. If I lows right, you'll sho see a bad storm."

Before John could speak the old man started again.

"I come up aimin' ter take yer back ter th' shanty, 'cause this hain't no place ter stay in a storm like we gonta have. Now get ready 'fore hit gits plum dark out thar."

John realized that the old man was right, and that company and a big open fire could not be resisted on such a night as this, consequently he began at once preparing to leave.

Old Barny, the mountaineer, led the way carrying a

supply of "the best whiskey that had ever been brought over the ridge and down the old trail," as he expressed it, and John followed a few paces behind, lugging his painting outfit—a case containing paints, oils, brushes, etc. A few minutes of rapid walking brought them to the door of the old mountaineer's cabin, which was in the center of a big apple orchard, and only a few yards away from the rivers bank.

This was a typical mountain cabin, being made of logs, with all the cracks and holes filled with clay and straw. There were two large rooms, but they did not open into each other, nor were they connected in any way except by the huge rock chimney that furnished a fire place for both apartments. One big roof, made of hand cut shingles or boards, covered both rooms. The old man led the way into the room on the right, which, during cold weather, served as bed room, living room, dining room, and kitchen.

On entering, John noticed at a glance that, while everything appeared neat and clean, it lacked the touch of woman's hand, but the oak fire that was blazing and cracking in the fire-place cast a flickering glow over the whole room, and gave it a warm and cheerful appearance. To the boy it brought back the memory of the home that had so early passed out of his life, to the old man, the memory of his daughter, the only being he had ever adored, loved and obeyed, the girl who had so mysteriously disappeared the previous winter.

After supper they drew their chairs up before the fire and began to talk. The frequent drinks they had been taking were revealed in their eyes and speech, and soon were to reveal greater things to both. They seemed to be supremely happy, until the old man began to tell John of his daughter, of her beauty, of his love for her, and how she had so mysteriously disappeared.

At length he ceased, as if exhausted, and John, without being urged, began to tell the old man of his life at college, how he had squandered his inherited fortune in drinking and gambling and the other unmentionable vices, and finally why he was in the mountains that night—a thing he would never have mentioned to any one unless he had been under the influence of whiskey.

He said, "I met a girl a few months ago, who was different from any girl on earth. I could not forget her for a minute, and God knows I tried. I didn't want to love her, because she has a character that is darker than night. All the boys knew her and everything physically alive in them wanted her; and while they craved her thus, I loved her as a man should love his wife, but to marry her was impossible; therefore I came to your hills to paint and forget."

John saw the old man smile, and this seemed to make him want to impress him with her beauty as an excuse for his love for her. At last an idea came to him: he would sketch her upon the canvas for the old mountaineer.

Soon she was busy. While the old man talked, John painted steadily on. When the task was over, he called the old man over to look at the prettiest girl he had ever seen on canvas.

The mountaineer gazed at it for a few minutes, and drew it nearer to him as if in deep study. He kept looking at it as if charmed, until John slapped him on the shoulder and said:

"Now that's the girl I could not bear to see sell herself to brutal men while I loved—," but before he could finish, he was interrupted by the mountaineer's cries.

"For God's sake, hush! hush! that's my daughter!" And he reeled and fell on the floor, drawing the picture closer to him and groaning as if in the greatest physical agony.

College Spirit

B. H. S., '18.

COLLEGE spirit is an unquenchable flame which burns in the breast of every college student, and inevitably causes him to resent any and every word, spoken or written, questioning the standards and time-honored practices of his college; and which causes an insatiable desire on his part to avenge every act committed to, or which does hinder the good name of the college or that of any of its students. It not only causes the students to defend the honor of his college but it also causes him to praise the good points of the college continuously, and to offer as proofs the glorious deeds of its students and the successful accomplishments of its alumni. This flame burns brightly in the breast of the student while at college, and instead of flickering out after he graduates, it glows more brightly as the years go by; and the ever loyal alumnus is always the most enthusiastic and generous in lavishing praises upon his alma mater. But the success of the colleges orators, its scholarship records made possible only by nerve-racking persistence in countless hours of laborious study, its remarkable achievements accomplished by the whole-souled sacrifices of the Y. M. C. A. leaders, and its wonderful progress due to the wise management of the officers and faculty, dwindle into insignificance when the student or alumnus, however true and loyal, begins to tell of the prowess of their athletes—the heroes of the gridiron and the stars of the diamond. And, strange to say, the ability and success of the athletic teams, and the support the college gives these teams, does more to mold public opinion regarding the college than any one phase, or probably all other phases of college life

and activity. Just as the records of the best athletes are known the country over, just so the college with the best teams is known the country over.

Since the athletic standing of a college is the standard by which the majority of the people judge it, is it not absolutely essential that a college should have pennant-winning athletic teams in order to be well known? And is there any factor which goes further towards having a winning team than the proper college spirit? 'Tis true that without athletes a college cannot have an athletic team, but as many if not more athletes are made and developed into stars while at college, than those who are professional before they enter college. Where the proper spirit prevails, each student feels personally responsible for the standing of his college in the pennant races, and he will do almost anything to help the college have a winning team. If he is physically incapable or disinclined to take part in athletic sports himself, he is ever ready to lend a helping hand and speak a word of encouragement to those who are training for the team. The most noticeable display of college spirit is noted while the games are being played. On the grand stand and along the side lines the loyal supporters are doing everything in their power to help the team win. During the thickest part of the fight, when the players are getting tired and luck is going against them,—a few errors have been made and the other team is ahead; and it seems as if the game is lost,—then is the time when the proper college spirit accomplishes wonders. Many times renewed vim and determination is instilled in the players, and they put forth greater efforts and win the game; and they are made to realize that the whole college is "behind them" and will stick to them in victory or defeat. After the game the enthusiastic rooters are not


satisfied unless they are permitted to carry on their shoulders the participants off the field. Nothing is too good for the hero of the game, and each player has an enthusiastic bunch of followers who overlook his weak points, and are very extravagant with accounts of his playing. The team is sent out to cope with the teams of other colleges, and knowing that the estimate one college will form of another will be determined by the outcome of the games played, every effort is made to send off a well equipped and up-to-date team. With breathless expectancy the results of the game are devoured by the home students at their college, and can one imagine a feeling more pleasant than to be a member of a victorious team returning to a college where there is the proper amount of college spirit?

Without forethought it would seem that this is the highest type of college spirit, but stop and think for a moment. Is a team selected and organized in a day? And will a number of exceptionally good individual players make a winning team? No! how absurd. It takes the coach several weeks to pick out the best players and then the real work is only begun. Through countless hours of hard work on the hot field the team is required to train itself to work together, and each member must silently listen to the heartless scoldings of the trainers, and stand the more nearly unendurable taunts of their fellows numberless times, before he is allowed to become a member of the team. Of course it is necessary that each player should train himself to play his position properly, and willingly obey the coaches, and suffer many discouragements, but should he be subjected to the ridicule and taunts of the other students of the college just because he doesn't live up to their expectations? Here it is that the highest type of college spirit is displayed. The most tired, disap-

pointed, and despondent student—however galling the corrections of the coach and expressions of dislike of his teammates—does not become hopelessly discouraged, but takes hope again and exerts himself still more, and perseveres until he is triumphantly successful. Every time the grateful students overlook a mistake of any member of the team, and every time their rooting continues unceasingly through a losing game, the heart of each player grows warmer towards his college, and creates anew within him the desire to exert himself to the utmost in order to win more games and bring greater honor to his college. Unlucky, unhappy, unpopular, and undesirable is any college so void of college spirit that its athletes try for the teams merely for the trips they take, and for the extra food the players get. Also unfortunate is any college that has spectator students who go to see the games in order to criticize the players and condemn them for their bad plays. But lucky, happy, popular, and desirable is any college whose athletes try for the teams to bring lasting honor to the college.

Rivalry and Conquest

J. J. M., '17.

 ON one of America's most beautiful islands, bordering the Atlantic coast, there lived several aristocratic families.

There was a custom among the inhabitants of this island and the adjoining islands to have a regatta once during the summer season of every year. The best sailing boat at this regatta was awarded a silver cup. The purpose of this story, however, is not to show you the interests of the regatta in particular, but to tell of a more interesting race which took place between the young men for the heart of a girl. This girl, who in her queenly bewitching manner won for herself many admirers, was named Caroline Hall; and of course it was not at all surprising that she should have two suitors striving to win her love. The two young men—Henry Brown and Tom Carrington who were both admired and loved by all of the inhabitants, because of their attractiveness, ambitions and high ideals—were both well worthy of the love of this fair maiden.

On arriving at Oakville, the meeting place of the regatta, Tom went directly to the room which he had rented for the occasion, to dress and refresh himself for the evening. At seven o'clock he started to the house where Caroline was boarding, to spend the evening with her. Now it was his intention to make engagements for the whole week with her, for he knew if he did not, Henry would get ahead of him—which would mean probably a failure on his part. On arriving at the house, he was very pleasantly met by Caroline; such a meeting of course made him feel a little more sure he could win. After he had spoken to all of the people, he whispered in Caroline's ear as

he walked near her, "Would you mind sitting out in the swing with me?" To this she showed consent by actions, and they went out into the swing. It was a beautiful clear night, and an ideal one for the art of love-making. A light breeze was blowing, just enough to make the black curls of Caroline's hair flow gently about her rosy cheeks and down upon her neck. As the breeze thus gently blew her beautiful hair, the moon shone quietly upon her queenly figure and made her appear so beautiful that Tom loved her then more than ever before.

He felt that he must get right to the point, for he could not stand the temptation of this bewitching moment. "Caroline," he said, "may I have the privilege of asking of you a favor?"

"Why certainly, Tom."

"Well, I know that it is asking more than I deserve, but would you mind my taking you to the dances and entertainments during the races?"

"Why Tom! I cannot consent to that, for in the first place it would be more than I could expect of you, and in the second place, I may not want to go to all of them."

"Caroline, I am not asking you to think of what you could expect of me, for there is nothing that I would not do for you if I thought it would give you pleasure, and as for your not going to them all, I would not expect you to go when you do not feel like doing so."

"Well, I guess under those circumstances I shall consent, though only upon condition that you do not feel hurt when I don't go."

After a long talk Tom told her good-night, and started home to retire, feeling that he had been very successful. On the next afternoon Henry went to call on Caroline, intending to make an engagement for the

first dance, but he was very much surprised to find out that Tom had blocked the way. He became very much wrought up over the matter, and before he knew what he was doing, he made it pretty plain to Caroline. "Caroline," he said, "I think that it was mighty strange for you to make all of your engagements with one man."

"Well, I am sorry that you do not like it Henry, but I did as I felt was right at the time, you could not expect me to know that you intended making an engagement with me."

He soon left, not feeling very unfriendly towards Tom, with whom he expected to have a pretty plain talk. On the next day, however, his mind was changed, and he felt that he had been wrong in what he had done, and was ashamed of how he had spoken to Caroline. He went out on the lawn to rest quietly, and think over the matter. As soon as he had become quiet he heard a step, and looking up he saw Tom approaching him. "Tom," he said, "last night when I found out that you had made engagements for everything with Caroline while she is here, I got very angry with you, but now since I have had time to think it over, I see where I was wrong, and now I am sorry for it, and I intend to go back to Caroline and apologize for what I said to her."

After a few words they parted, and Henry went into the house. That afternoon he went around to see Caroline, determined to apologize for his rash words on the night before. "Caroline," he said, when they were alone, "I am very sorry for the way I acted last night. I assure you that I meant nothing by it, and I want to ask your forgiveness."

"Henry, I am glad that you have done this, for I did not think that you were the kind to speak to me as

you did last night, and now since you have acted this way, I will forget the past."

When Henry had made his apology, he told her good-night and left. After Henry was gone, Caroline went to her room and began to think. She felt that she was developing a true love for Henry, whereas she did not care particularly for Tom, and now she felt sorry that she had made all of her engagements with him. She retired but could not sleep for thinking of the manly way in which Henry had acted. However, after several hours of restlessness, she managed to go to sleep. On the next night Tom took Caroline to the dance, and after a very pleasant evening they started home. After talking for some time, Tom decided that now was his time to propose, as he felt confident of winning. "Caroline," he said, "do you think that you could learn to love me?"

"Tom, I am sorry that you have asked me such a question, for I know that it is impossible for me ever to love you, though I admire you very much and I hope that we may remain friends always."

This was a rather unexpected answer for Tom, and it made him very sad. No other words passed between them for the rest of the way. On the next day Tom was suddenly called away on business, and he immediately went and told Caroline that he could not keep his engagements. That night Henry went to call on Caroline, and made an engagement to take her to the dance. After the dance was over they started home, tired but happy over the pleasant evening they had spent. Henry felt a peculiar fear in his heart about proposing to Caroline, as he felt that she loved Tom, but at last he managed to get up the courage, for he felt that he loved her as no other man did. "Caroline," he said, "I feel that I am not worthy to ask you such a

question, but I love you more than I have ever loved a girl or ever expect to. You are the one girl who has been the ideal of my dreams for the past years, and I feel that I can love no other. May I take the privilege of asking you if you love me?"

Her face brightened up with a smile that drove its mark to Henry's heart; then she said, "Henry, I have been waiting for this for six months, but never have I wished so earnestly that you would propose as I did last night when you showed yourself to be such a gentleman. I love you as much as it is possible for a woman to love a man."

A few minutes later they were in the swing, his arms about her waist, her head nestled softly against his shoulder, and in a word they were the picture of happiness and contentment.

One year later they were married, devoted to each other and as happy as any couple that ever lived upon this beautiful earth of ours. Not long after this Tom met Henry on the road. He advanced toward him with a slow step and with an earnest look. "Henry," he said, "I want you to receive my congratulations; we were rivals and you have won, and I want to say to you that I have been defeated as fairly and as squarely as I could ever expect to. May your life be a happy one, and I hope that we may remain friends always." Some time passed before Henry could speak, but then he spoke from his heart. "I thank you, Tom, for what you have said, and my highest desire is that you may win as sweet and pure a wife as I have been so lucky in winning."

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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: S. C. STRIBLING, '16

SPRING FEVER

Now that spring has come again the majority of us are more or less affected by a certain laziness known as Spring Fever. We feel that we just don't care which way the wind blows, if you'll excuse the expression. While this disease is not a serious one from the standpoint of lives lost, it probably affects more people than any other disease. It is a very contagious fever and the germs seem to be spread by the balmy spring atmosphere. It is a dangerous disease from the standpoint of time lost. We should all put forth our best efforts to resist an attack, but once having caught it, we

should not give up the fight. We have been working for over two terms striving towards the accomplishment of a year's work, and we can't afford to make a weak ending and probably finally fail to win the race. So we must put up a determined fight and work right on. In order to prepare for the resistance to this fever, we suggest a tonic made by the mixing of ten ounces of determination, and five ounces of work, and two ounces of pleasure—this tonic to be taken in large doses each morning, afternoon, and night.

SPEAK A GOOD WORD

As you look through your list of young acquaintances back home, and you see those who are preparing to enter college, speak a good word for your college. Look through the list and select the best fitted ones and try to influence them to enter the college of your choice. There may be some of them who are good athletes, some may be good literary society men, some may be good writers, and some may be good Y. M. C. A. workers. If such be the case, speak a good word for your college, for we need such men as these. Now is the time to do such work. Every college begins early to work for students for the next session, and each college is striving to win the best men. So the time to get busy is now. Beat the other college representatives to the best men. This is the only way we can hope to hold our prestige over other colleges.

PRACTICAL AGRICULTURE REQUIRED

At the recent meeting of our board of trustees a new requirement for admission to freshman class for those

who enter to take the agricultural courses was added to the present requirements. It is to the effect that every student must have, either before entering or between freshman and junior classes, a certain amount of practical farm work at home, on the college farm, or on some farm of accredited standing. We heartily endorse this requirement. In the past many students have finished at this institution, who actually are not familiar with the use of common farm implements, and who could hardly tell one farm plant from another. They had the theorteical education all right, but lacked the practical, and therefore were hardly really half educated. Many of the propositions which were hard for them in their college courses would have been simple enough if they had been possessed of the knowledge they would have derived from practical experience. We believe that with this new requirement, and with the present agricultural courses, Clemson in the future will turn out many fully prepared farmers who will help to uplift farming conditions in our country.

MAY ISSUE LAST ONE

The May issue will be the last one the present staff will put out, and it is our earnest desire to make it the best of the year. In order to be able to accomplish this it is necessary to get plenty of material to select from. We still hope to be able to give the three medals for the best short story, best essay, and best poem, and this, it is necessary to get plenty of material to select contest for these medals. So get busy and turn in your contribution as soon as possible.



EDITOR: P. L. McCALL, '16

Acknowledging the fact that we have already written of the conference to be held at Blue Ridge in June, we think it impossible to say, write, or act too much in favor of so valuable an institution as a Y. M. C. A. conference for college men. No one realizes the opportunities met with at a gathering of three or four hundred college men until one experiences such a period in his life. There are opportunities for the athlete and the orator, for the roamer and the artist, for every one from the humblest freshman to the most dignified senior, from the janitor to the president: yes, opportunities for every one except the loafer.

Our Y. M. C. A. has its appointed thirty to attend the conference. A party is going to stroll over the mountains on foot for nearly a hundred miles to Lee hall, where the conference is always held. Here the working cadets will fit themselves to come back to college next year to make the best Y. M. C. A. possible for any college.

Several improvements in our routine of work will be brought about. The Bible and mission study courses will be combined so that the corps of teachers and students enrolled in September will have the opportunity for eight months of religious study. The social service department will be bettered and enlarged. The Sunday Schools are increasing in number and size. They are to extend even into neighboring towns as well as the country.

The officers for next session are now being considered carefully. We believe the most efficient workers will be elected. By the time for our next issue, we hope to report in full of our new workers.



EDITORS:

D. H. BANKS, '16.

M. M. BRICE, '17.

The Concept

This magazine has several very readable articles in it. The choice of words and quality of expression, however, overshadow the weakness of the plots. Each of the four stories, "Won't You Come to Tea," "Four Rings," "The Wishing Spring," and "Lucindy" could be improved very much by a little addition to the stories or a little change in plots. When the reader comes to the end of "Lucindy," he has been worked to the point where he expects something to happen. The beautiful description and patient waiting of Lucindy all lend to this effect. He is completely bewildered when in the closing sentence he finds, "Oh, well, I ain't a-goin' to be no cry baby if they didn't never come." The poetry is not up to its wonted standard; tho it is doubtful that this can be said of "Numbered Days," which is very finely written.

Winthrop Journal

We were much pleased to find in this Journal a number of meritorious poems as well as stories. The first poem is well worth reprinting:

I loved her; so I kissed the scarf
Which round her shoulders lay;
I lost her; but I hope to find
Her yet another day.

I wait for her and for that day,
Nor find the waiting long;
For all along her path I find
Some fragment of her song.

In fact, all of the poems in this issue are very beautiful. The essay on Burns is very well and very appropriately written. The stories are about on the average.

The Richmond College Messenger

This magazine holds up its usual good record. The poems stand out prominently in it also. To our mind, the Messenger has been a well balanced and worthy magazine throughout the session. The work is very creditable.

The Carolinian

Speaking of poetry, this poet's number of "The Carolinian" stands out preeminantly in our list of exchanges. We cannot let the opportunity pass for complimenting the poet, Jeter, on his contributions. He has done a great deal toward making every issue of "The Carolinian" a success and well deserves commendation.

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The Clemson College Chronicle

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Clemson College, S. C., May, 1916.

No. 8



EDITORS:

D. G. O'DELL, '16

C. G. HARRIS, '17

F. L. PARKS, '18

Twilight

M. M. B., '17.

'Tis twilight, and the western sky
Is slowly casting off its hue
Of scarlet which was left there by
The sun that now has passed from view.
There comes a lighter crimson dye
That softly blends into the blue.

A timid star comes twinkling out,
But seems to vanish from the sight;
It's little rays are put to rout
By lingering rays of western light.
The little lights will dance about
When western rays are put to flight.

Naught but the cricket's chirps now breaks
The stillness of the evening air,
But soon the whip-poor-will awakes
The woodland creatures far and near;
The cry the bird so sweetly makes
Sounds o'er the forest far and clear.

A pale red light comes in the sky,
And now we see the moon's soft light;
The twilight's glimmer soon will die,
And then will come the shades of night.
The cooling breezes give a sigh
As from our vision fades twilight.

In every whisp'ring of the breeze,
And every sound heard on the air;
In every movement of the trees,
The God of nature looks on there.
As He the pretty twilight sees,
So will He see our every care.

The Delayed Question

W. M. B., '19.

THE sun was just peeping over the eastern horizon, marking the dawn of another midsummer day, when Lawrence Buford rose from his Pullman berth and hurriedly but carefully dressed. Although it was scarcely six o'clock, and he would not reach her home until ten, he acted as though he expected to arrive at his destination at any minute.

Lawrence was a promising young architect of New York, and was, as he told his friends, on his way to see his former home, where he expected to spend his vacation renewing old acquaintanceships; but in reality he was going to see his former playmate and sweetheart, Beth Stuart. It had been almost a year since he had seen her, and of course he was anxious to see her again. Lawrence wished to surprise Beth, so he had not written her about his proposed visit.

With the exception of a short time every summer, Lawrence had spent nearly all of the past seven years away from home. He and Beth had been very good friends ever since he could remember. They were childhood sweethearts, and although only children, they were not bashful and ashamed to confess that they were sweethearts.

When they graduated from high school and began to talk of going off to college, they were unhappy indeed. She was preparing to go to a fashionable girls' school in another state, and he had won a scholarship to his state college and was preparing to enter there.

The morning he left home to enter college was a miserable one for him. As he boarded the train, after kissing his mother and father and sister, he clasped Beth's hand and held it for a moment. There was no

word of parting. Lawrence did not even look in her eyes, for it was all that he could do to keep the tears back. And he knew that if there were no tears in her eyes, there soon would be. But the firm clasp which she returned meant worlds to him, for he knew that she was not as sentimental as most girls.

From September until Christmas was the longest three months that he had ever spent in his life, but he worked hard; and as Christmas approached and he saw what results he had gotten, he formulated a resolve in his mind to put his whole soul into everything that he did. His ten days' Christmas vacation was almost as a dream, and it flew by as a tale that is told. After it was over he worked energetically, and in June received a most creditable report of his year's work. But instead of going home, Lawrence went to the wheat fields where he worked two months before he went home to see his mother and Beth.

After three years at his state college, he went to Cornell and took his degree in architectural engineering. His work was so far superior to that of the other members of his class he was given an important position in an architect's office in New York.

But during all of his success and achievement, he had never forgotten Beth. She was still one to be looked up to and adored, the bright and morning star in his heavens. She was always faithful and true. Once a week he received her nice long "newsy" letters, keeping him posted on all of the news at home and adding a few words of her love.

The last time he had seen her, twelve months ago, she had promised to answer a question for him, when he came to see her again. Just before he had left, he asked as he was holding her hand. "Little girl, will you answer one question for me to-night?" "Not to-night,"

she had said, "wait until you come to see me again."

"Beth, it may be a year before I get a chance to see you again; but during all of the hours, the days, weeks, and months, will you still remember me?"

For an answer, she raised her face and he kissed her. This was the first time he had ever kissed her, and his heart gave a bound every time he thought of it. Once or twice while they were in grammar school, he had tried to steal a kiss, but each time he had failed and was rebuked as well.

Now he was going back to her to get her answer to the all-important question upon which the happiness of his whole future depended.

It seemed to Lawrence as though ten o'clock would never come, but when it did come, he did not wait for anything, but jumped in a car and went up town as fast as he could. He drove up to Beth's home and was keenly disappointed to find she had gone to a picnic at Hickory Grove, a few miles from town. But what pleasant reminiscences the name brought to his mind! What great times they had had out there together as children!

He ordered the driver to take him out to the grove. It was with a light step and lighter heart that he started up the walk through Lovers Lane. He noted with interest the honeysuckle vines, the scrubby pines, and the rustic benches placed here and there, occupied by couples so busily engrossed in their own conversation that they did not seem to be aware that there was any one else around.

As he glanced aimlessly around, his gaze suddenly became fixed on a couple a short distance ahead of him, who had been partially hidden from his sight by the pines. The girl's head was bowed as though in meditation, while the boy by her side seemed to have eyes

for nothing else but her face. Lawrence saw her raise her head slowly, look in his direction, and then throw up her hands as though in astonishment and fear, and fall back upon her companion for support. He immediately threw his arm around her and drew her to his bosom in a strong embrace. The girl made no struggle whatever, but seemed to be content in his arms.

Lawrence could bear this no more. It was Beth he was sure, and she had allowed some boy to embrace her in public. He could see no reason for this other than that, as she saw him, she turned to her companion whom she had learned to love more than she did him. All this flashed through his mind in a second.

He turned and ran back to the gate, and shouted to the driver of the car which had just brought him out, to stop. He got in and drove back to town. What could it all mean? Had his unexpected and unwanted appearance so startled her that she had fainted?

* * * * *

Two years passed. Lawrence received one or two letters from Beth, but they were ruthlessly thrown into the waste basket, unopened and unanswered. Since he had come back from her home, he had worked like a slave, seeking to drive all thoughts of her away from his mind. His health began to fail, and his physician advised him to take a rest for a few months and forget his troubles. He hid himself away in a small Virginia hamlet for two months, devoting what time he was not eating or sleeping to hunting and fishing. He received numbers of invitations to dances and receptions, but he refused them all. He had no desire to be in a crowd, but spent just as much time as possible alone, with his pipe and gun or rod.

In his rambles through the fields and woods one day, he met one of his New York friends who persuaded

him to come over to his cottage that night after supper.

As Lawrence walked up the steps and across the porch that night, his heart gave a throb as it had never done before. The electric globe overhead cast a mellow light over the porch and disclosed plainly to him the features of Beth Stuart. She seemed startled and turned pale, but recovered almost immediately and gave him a very formal nod, without betraying the fact that they had met before. The evening was pleasant and passed quickly, but Beth was quiet and reserved and said little the whole evening.

At about ten o'clock his host and hostess excused themselves to prepare and serve some light refreshments. For a minute or two, both were silent, and then Beth said, "Lawrence, why have you treated me so? What have I done to make you ignore me, as you have done for the past two years?"

"When I see any girl in the arms of a man and especially in broad open daylight, I can not but come to the conclusion right away that he is the only man she loves. And when I saw you in another man's arms, I knew that you did not love me any more."

"Why Lawrence Buford, how dare you say such a thing? I have never—"

"Wait a minute, please. Think well before you speak. Two years ago, out at Hickory Grove, did you not allow a young man to embrace you in the broad open daylight? If you had loved me, you would never have allowed him any such privilege."

"I did not allow him any such privilege. I was utterly helpless. I could not move a muscle."

"Why were you so helpless? Was your love for him so great that you had no power to prevent his embracing you?"

"No. Had I taken another step, I would have placed

my foot directly on a large rattlesnake. As I raised my foot, I saw it. I tried to jump back, but I lost my balance and Jim caught me. No, he was nothing more than a friend. He did as any one else would have done; he caught me as I fell. He did not see the snake when I did, but when he did, he acted the part of a coward and used me as a shield to protect himself from the snake. It coiled and sprang, and as it dug its fangs into my dress, I fainted."

Lawrence had gotten up from his chair and was standing over her with his arms outstretched.

"Beth, little girl, and I thought—"

"Stop—where were you as you saw all this and no more? Were you eaves-dropping?"

And then he explained why he was there and why he had wanted to see no more and had hurried away as quickly as possible.

"And you believed that I had forgotten you?"

"Yes, Beth, I had to believe what my eyes told me."

She rose from her chair into his outstretched arms, and once more his lips touched hers.

"Beth," he said, "will you answer a question which you promised to answer for me three years ago?"

"Ask it over, Lawrence, dear. The answer is 'yes'."

Atlantis

A. B. C., '16.

HRU myth and tradition, historians gathered records that relate the existence and destruction of a large continental island, Atlantis, which was situated in the Atlantic Ocean with America some distance to the west, and Europe and Africa to the East. Plato, a Greek historian whose veracity has never been doubted, left accounts of this island in his "Timaeus". Kritias, another most trustworthy Grecian historian, learned from his grandfather Kritias, that the Egyptian priests told of the existence of this island, larger than Libya and Asia Minor, off the Pillars of Hercules.

The climate of Atlantis must have been delightful, since it was located partly in the tropical and partly in the southern portion of the north temperate zone. Probably it was the original home and nursery of the human race. The inhabitants became prosperous, rich, and powerful. The population became too dense for every one to remain on the island; they began to colonize, and settled principally around the Mediterranean Sea on the coast of Africa, Europe, and Asia. To the west, they sent colonies to America. The island became a nucleus of a vast empire that carried on an extensive commerce between the colonies located on nearly every continent.

As a great quarrel arose between the Athenian colonists and their mother country, the latter made war on the Athenians, who repulsed or defeated the invaders. After this, disputes arose among all the colonists against their mother country. While the Atlantians were preparing to make a huge invasion into their rebellious colonies, a tremendous earthquake occurred, causing the island of Atlantis and its millions of pop-

ulation to sink beneath the briny waves of the Atlantic ocean.

The subsidence of Atlantis no doubt was accompanied by terrible thunderstorms, tornadoes, and volcanic eruptions. The island may have broken into fragments, allowing the water to come gushing up from below until the tops of the loftiest mountains were submerged. The water rushing in on the sinking island rendered escape in boats or ships very difficult; but tradition tells us that Deucalion and his wife, Pyrrha, as they were known by the ancient Greeks and Romans, and by Noah and his family among the Hebrews, did not perish.

This appalling event must have been a source of fear to the inhabitants of adjacent Europe and Africa, since these people abandoned their homes, and went to what is now Asiatic Turkey, Persia, Afghanistan, India, etc. Thus Spain, Portugal, Italy, North and West Africa were inhabited for many thousands of years until they were re-explored by the Phoenicians, Greeks, and Trojans. The inhabitants of what is now America spread to the north and south. Some may have tried to cross the Pacific ocean, and may have settled the Sandwich and other islands. They were regarded by those who escaped from Atlantis as having perished with the Atlantians, and remained for probably ten thousand years forgotten and unknown until discovered by Columbus in the year 1492.

After Troy was destroyed, 1184 B. C., by Greece, the dispersed Trojans sailed westward and settled Italy, where they found few inhabitants but numerous remains of towns, cities, temples, and monuments, which were antiquities more than a thousand years before the Christian era. The Roman historians gave these ancient inhabitants the name of Etruscans, but tra-

dition and history are silent as to whence they came and whither they went. They were no doubt the descendants of the original colonists of Atlantis, who abandoned their homes by reason of the terrible convulsion to which their country was subjected.



Commencement

J. H. J., '17.

Now is the battle done,
Now is the victory won,
Now every mother's son,
 Feels his importance.
Bravely we fought the fight,
Working from morn till night,
Avenging wrong with right,
 Striving for victory.

All with this end in view,
"Shoot, or get shot in two,"
And there were not a few,
 Who did the shooting.
There are a few that fell,
Bravely they fought and well,
Striving to make shots tell,
 But luck was against them.

Long tho it has been,
And hard the fights we were in,
Great are the laurels we win,
 Well worth the striving for.
Even those that fell
Had their reward as well.
Men have, as histories tell,
 Lost battles and won honor.

Now we bid all good-bye.
Hand shakes that will never die;
Tho there are few that sigh
 Deep are the feelings.
We will meet next year, 'tis true,
But still there are a few,
Seniors and others too,
 Who won't come back.

They have gone to fight other battles,
Striving now for more than chattels,
It may even involve baby rattles,
 But whatever it be they win.
His Alma Mater taught him why,
'Twas better to lose than lie,
'Twas better to do and die,
 Than never to try at all.



A Revolutionary Heroine

H. D. M., '19.

IN a small clearing in the Pee Dee swamps was a small one room house. Through the window of this house a dim light could be seen. There were two men in this room, which was about ten by twelve feet in size. At one end was a large fireplace in which a bright fire was burning. In the center of the room was a roughly constructed table on which was a lamp. Around the room were numerous stools. The two men appeared to be studying a map on the table. One of the men, General Marion, was dressed in buckskin clothes and had on a coonskin cap. He was not tall, but of medium stature, and had a firm but kind face. The other, Sergeant Williamson, was tall, lean, and very strong. He wore buckskin clothes also.

Sergeant Williamson arose from the table and walked toward the fire saying as he went, "General, that is the best plan, I think. Send Bodie and Stewart around by the Oaks and I will go the other way. We can surprise those Tories, and General Greene will sure welcome some help now."

"Well, we will do this. You take charge of my troops, and—"

General Marion was interrupted in his speech by the opening of the door. In rushed a young girl, her clothes wet, and her hair streaming down her back.

"O, General! The Tories! They have taken my father and brothers, and they are going to take them to North Carolina tomorrow. Please save them."

"Where do you live, my girl, and how did you get here?" inquired the General.

"I live on the other side of Sawash Creek, about twenty miles from here; and when the Tories captured my father and brothers, I got on horseback and rode

until I reached the river. My horse would not swim, and I tied him and swam over. Will you please save them, General?"

The cold girl nearly collapsed at the finish of this. Just then Marion spoke, "I will save them. Sergeant, order Bodie out with his troops and tell him to be on the march to Butler's Crossing. I will be there. Quick now! Tell old Josh to come here and heat some water for this lady."

Sergeant Williamson went out, and immediately an old man came in. He stirred the fire, drew up a stool for the shivering girl, and put on a pot of water. In a few minutes the tramp of horses was heard, and Marion's band left. The General, standing in the doorway, gave a few parting orders and came back into the room.

After making the girl as comfortable as possible, he asked her name. She said she was Molly Owens, and was the only woman in her family. She was very much stirred up over the appearance of the Tories in their vicinity. After drinking some hot tea and eating a snack, Marion put her on his horse and they left.

When they reached the river Molly got on her own horse which she had left there. They then proceeded on their way. At the crossroads Marion found his band, and taking his place at the head with Molly by his side, they set out for the house. Arriving in the vicinity, Marion's troops dismounted and carefully advanced toward the house. With a whoop and rush they were on the Tories. Those who did not run were made prisoners, and Molly's father and brothers were saved. Molly almost fell on her knees thanking Gen. Marion. She promised to aid him in any way she could. An occasion soon arose by which she could repay Marion for his kindness to her, and save the Swamp Fox for the Continentals.

Sometime afterwards as Molly was preparing supper for her family, she heard horses tramping outside. She looked out and saw some troops of British soldiers approaching.

She heard them coming in, and since she did not have time to leave the room, Molly looked around for some place to hide. She opened the lid of a huge chest and stepped in. In a moment the British General came in with his aides. He called for something to drink, and the servant brought him wine. The General opened the map and began talking, "Hawkshaw, take your brigade around by the Bluff Ferry and wait for further orders. We will have the Fox trapped by tomorrow night. Wilson and his troops will be in ambush at Britton's Ford, and we will be close by when Marion comes."

Molly, hearing this, was frightened nearly to death, and could scarcely keep from raising the lid of the chest. After a few more words the soldiers left, and Molly came out determined to warn Marion of the trap set for him. Slipping out of the house, she saddled her horse, and left for Marion's camp in the Pee Dee swamps. Coming to the river, she had to leave her horse again. At last she reached Marion's camp, and warned him of the ambush. Marion called his aides to him, and planned the attack. In the morning he set out with his troops. Coming to the scene of the ambush, Marion set ahead a small body of troops, but kept the larger number with him, and went to the left. With a rush Wilson's men were upon Marion's men; but their victory was short lived, for with a yell Marion was upon them and all the British were captured.

Again the Swamp Fox had gotten ahead of the British; this time not by his craftiness, but by the help of a young heroine, Molly Owens.

John C. Calhoun's Relation to the Civil War

W. F. H., '18.

IT is hard to conceive of the political work of a great and honored statesman, for what he thought to be to the best interest of his country, being, in reality, the very foundation-stones of the very things he wished to avoid. It is intended in this article to show how the work and influence of John C. Calhoun on the great and complicated questions of his day, had, in their ultimate solution, a direct and inevitable bearing on the gigantic struggle of brother against brother.

To do this it is necessary that we first consider the chief causes of the war between the States. We know that these causes had their existence long before our forefathers met and formulated that great instrument of equal rights and civil freedom—the Constitution. But it was in the intense debates on the adoption of this Constitution that the sectional questions first came into public notice. In those days slavery was universal, but gradually it became an institution peculiar to the South, carrying with it the means of creating a sectional prejudice that is without parallel in the history of civilization. It is not hard to trace the conflict of Northern and Southern interests. The attempts to lay an excise on distilled liquors, the feeling for and against the war of 1812, the abolition movement, the intense difference as to a wise and beneficial tariff law, and finally the methods to pursue as to territories and new states,—these are all stepping-stones to the industrial, political, and social separation of the sections.

A question that confronted the political leaders in the early part of the last century was the explanation and application of the principles set forth in the Constitution. Calhoun became a devout follower of Jeffer-

son, and, from the comprehensiveness and courage of his intellect, as well as the deductive logic of his reasoning, he became the foremost leader in the interpretation of the Constitution as a power of government. He believed in a strict construction of the Constitution, and on this principle he subordinated all other matters of government, becoming the embodiment of an idea which ultimately led to the War between the States. But it must be borne in mind that it was not disunion that he wanted. No man loved the Union with the intensity and enthusiasm that Calhoun did, and no man in American history labored so long and so energetically for an indestructible Union that was homogeneous in character and sentiment. He contended that the Constitution was a compact between the people of free, independent, and sovereign states; that governments are trusts; those appointed to administer their affairs are trustees, and bound by human and Divine laws to the wise and just execution of their responsibilities. He believed that the sovereignty resided in the people of each state, the general government acting as an agent to carry out the will of the people. States rights, in the fullest sense of the term, was, to him, the essential and incontestable principle of the Union, and it was an absolute political necessity in order to protect the minority against the majority. When it came to an explanation of the Constitution, he was head and shoulders above anyone else, and no man has had the power of intellect or logical acuteness to surpass him in the deductive and logical power of his reasoning.

Calhoun first entered Congress in 1811, and in the next few years his masterful intellect and brilliant genius acquired for him a prestige among his colleagues that endured until his death. He championed

the war with Great Britain, and did more than any other statesman of his time to make this war a success. Here we first see the Northern States adhering to principles that later, in a slightly modified form, Calhoun was to base his defense of the South upon. He was slowly but firmly gathering within the folds of his intellect the belief that a Union could only be maintained by a strict interpretation of the Constitution and the recognition of the rights of the minority.

It was in the attempts to get a suitable tariff law passed in Congress that the real and true defense of Calhoun for Southern rights first manifested itself. In 1828 Calhoun prepared a careful and elaborate statement of the theory of nullification, laying bare the existing tariff law as a danger to the constitutional liberty of the people. This document was adopted by the South Carolina Legislature as an expression of its attitude toward the power of Congress. In view of the stand that President Jackson took, and realizing that he could count on no sympathy from him, Calhoun prepared his "Address to the People of South Carolina," in which he reargued the matter of the "Exposition." He pointed out the dissimilarity and contrariety of interests which existed between the sections, and attempted to show how the Constitution, in its correct interpretation was for the establishment of equilibrium of powers between the state and federal governments. Deep feeling was excited by this move throughout the South, and the people would undoubtedly have taken grievous steps if the tariff question had not been taken up at the next session of Congress. However, the new tariff measure was still unsatisfactory to the people of the South; it was the principle of sectional protection that they objected to, not any particular application of the tariff. Calhoun immediate-

ly took steps to prevent the law from going into operation. He wrote to the Governor of South Carolina, setting forth the right of a state to defend itself against the power of the general government. He maintained that the central government was the agent of the States, i. e., the states and central government were partners in the Union and subject to the privileges of partners. Hence nullification was merely the right of a partner to protect against the unjust demands of the other partners; and far from being destructive of the Union, was conservative of it; in fact it was the only peaceable way to insure the stability of the general government. As the states were partners in the Union, they had the power to declare the extent of an act of the general government, and after making such declaration the act was binding on them. With the shifting of the political power to the North, and the Supreme Court—executive and legislative departments all grasping for power—it was absolutely the only way to maintain the liberty of the people. This declaration of Calhoun was like an electric shock to the whole South. In South Carolina a convention was called, and the tariff act was declared null, void and without force within the jurisdiction of that State. Jackson regarded such steps as disunion, and exhorted the people of the state to yield. Calhoun resigned the Vice-Presidency to defend his state in the senate. The troubled waters were partly quieted, but the seed were sown for the consolidation of the South for the maintenance of her rights against the advances of the North. Another movement Calhoun had to contend with was the attempts toward abolition. In his opinion this cause struck directly and fatally at the very existence of the people and was extremely dangerous to their peace and tranquility. Any intermeddling to

abolish slavery was regarded by him as an attack on the character and institution of the South. In his reply to the memorial of Vermont, which gave Congress power to abolish slavery in territories and the District of Columbia, he again set forth his doctrine of States Rights. He furthermore declared that slavery was an important part of Southern and Western institutions, and was recognized by the Constitution as an essential element in the distribution of the powers among the States. Hence no change of feeling on the part of other States could justify citizens in open and systematic attacks with a vim to overthrow the institutions of certain States; for the Union rested on equality of rights and advantages, and whatever destroyed that equality tended to destroy the Union. Slavery was to him a positive good, necessary to the South, and must be maintained at all costs. He never faltered in his belief that it was a blessing, and a cause worthy of his loyal devotion and justifiable in the sight of God. He was not the man to sit down and listen to attacks and humiliations heaped upon the institutions that he honored and regarded as sacred. He was defending a civilization built upon feudalism and slavery, and which for charm of manners, social virtues, and masterful political energies, had no superior in history.

Another question that was of vital importance in the division of the sections, and one that Calhoun took a very decided stand upon, was the annexation of States and the policy to pursue as to our territorial possessions. He did more than any other man to secure the annexation of Texas, and when the unpopular Mexican War followed, he bore the calumnious abuse heaped upon his head by the northern people. He believed that by annexing Texas as a slaveholding state a most effectual step had been taken to guard against

the threatened danger and toward securing permanent peace and prosperity. As to territories, the policy he pursued was the same as that always maintained by the South. It was contended that the territories were the common property of the States; Congress had no power whatever to require people from any State to keep their property out of the territories, and could only require that the Constitution of the new State be republican in form and not conflict with the United States Constitution. The aggressiveness of the Southern leaders to secure slavery in the territories stirred alarm and provoked resistance, and we find the question from now on was not the continual existence of slavery in States where already established, but the question of its extension into the territories, and whether or not slave or free States should enter the Union.

It has been unjustly charged against Calhoun that he was for the division of the Union. He did not seek to overthrow the government. He was for the building of a solid South that would decide all great questions in its favor. He sought to weld his people together on an economic and political basis, but he did not perceive that slavery was an insuperable obstacle to this end. His chief concern at all times was the preservation of the Union. His last great attempt towards this end breathes of a loyalty and devotion unsurpassed by that of any other statesman. He himself said: "We love and cherish the Union; we remember with the kindest feelings our common origin, with the kindest feelings our common origin, with pride our common achievements, and fondly anticipate the common greatness and glory that seems to await us: but origin, achievements, and anticipation of our common greatness are to us as nothing compared with this

question." Again he said, referring to the duty of the self-preservation of the South, "Come what will, should it cost every drop of blood and every cent of property, we must defend ourselves; and if compelled, we would stand justified by all laws, human and Divine."

(No wonder the actions and beliefs of this far-sighted statesman stirred his people to action and tended to divide the sections even when he was doing all in his power to unite them. That he was mistaken in some of his policies we can readily admit, but we can always admire and even revere the enduring courage, unselfish patriotism, and remarkable prophetic vision of the South's greatest defender.

The Real Failure

To thine own self be true,
And raise the College standard high,
And if exams you can't pull thru,
You'd better flunk than steal or lie.

Shame on the man who says these words,
The world looks on such men as small,
Who say, "I'd rather skin and pass,
Than never to have passed at all."

As in your college life ye sow,
So shall ye reap in future years,
Wild oats are quick to thrive and grow,
The harvest, tho, is pain and tears.

The failures aren't the men who flunk,
The failures are the men who fall,
And say it's better to have skinned,
Than never to have passed at all.

Should the Escort Always Pay?

F. G., '17.

IS it necessary for the young man who accompanies a young woman to the theater or the opera to pay for the tickets—his own, the young girl's, and the chaperone's?

Is it necessary when a young man signifies his desire to accompany a member of the younger set to a charity ball or subscription dance, that he should foot the bills, the tickets for the dance, the carriage and the other requisites?

Our mothers, who were brought up on the old type of etiquette book, would, if they have not caught the new sentiment in this regard, answer emphatically, "Yes." Since it is always to be understood that a young woman is conferring a favor and an honor on a young man to accompany him to the theater or a dance or any other social gathering he should, therefore, show his appreciation of this fact by footing the bills. For a young woman or her mother, no matter how much larger their bank account is than that of the young man in question, to suggest anything else than this would be a breach of social etiquette.

That was the old idea. Within the last few years a new usage has assuredly arisen. A precedent has been established. At first it was only admitted covertly. A few daring mothers of debutantes began it. It was whispered about somewhat to their discredit. Then, because the new plan worked so well, it was adopted by others. Now, in certain cities, at least, it is taken for granted. Take any one of the large cities, say Washington, for instance, where at best there are always some hundred or more extra girls in the social circle who consider themselves the elite. It is a well

known fact that at big charity balls, at the diplomatic receptions, and at all large functions there are always dozens and dozens of young girls whose positions would be somewhat more enviable if kind fortune had provided more males. And, of course, it is usually the very girls who feel the absence of partners for dances most severely, who go without them. There is the awkward little debutante—she may later develop into the most irresistible of coquettes, but at present she doesn't know her paces—who timidly sits at her chaperone's side waiting for partners who are not to be found. Take the other girl who is spending her first season in Washington society. She may know a large number of men who would rally to her standard in her home town, but in the new surroundings her charms go begging in vain. Oh, there is no denying it, there are too many girls at Washington parties.

So the mothers have taken things into their own hands and now they openly pay expenses, many of them for their daughter's escorts.

And it isn't because there aren't enough men of a dancing age in Washington or any other city where such conditions occur. The trouble usually is that, though the spirit is willing, the purse holds back. Take the young professional man who is concentrating every available resource on the foundations of his career. Take the young man starting out on a salary rather less than his own sisters' dress allowance, who because the paterfamilias was made to work his way, is also under obligation to shift entirely for himself. Under the old order of things these young men are excluded from just the parties where their presence would have been most desired.

And so it goes in so-called society circles. The principle applies none the less surely to people of less dis-

tinguished station. The girl works side by side with the men that she knows, insisting, if she be full of pluck and spirit, on equal pay for her services. And with this insistence she gives up the privilege of having her escort pay her way. Usually she is only too glad of the privilege of having her escort pay her way. Usually she is only too glad of the privilege of "going dutch" occasionally, and certainly it puts companionship of young men and women working for practically the same wage on a much fairer, squarer basis.

A Letter

I've been looking for a letter,
For a long, long, weary while.
I've lost at least five pounds a week,
And almost lost my smile.

My friends all say I'm awful thin,
My faith is fading fast,
I'm sure it's been a century,
Since I heard from Winthrop last.

I've kept that letter in my trunk,
And every now and then
I read it over carefully
To rouse my hopes again.

My sight grows rather misty,
And my heart beats light and fast,
As my eyes dwell on those pages
I got from Winthrop last.

My appetite is on the bum,
Insomnia's got my goat,
I'd walk ten extras every week,
If that would bring a note.

I fear those days are over,
And that happy time is past.
When I'll get those weekly letters,
Like I got from Winthrop last.

I see the mail-man coming,
My heart is standing still.
He's handing me a letter,
And it's from old Rock Hill.

But now I've torn it open,
And my heart is beating fast,
For it beats the one at least a mile,
That I got from Winthrop last.



College Manhood and Its high Ideals

A. C. C., '19.

WHAT IS it that comprises the high ideals of manhood? It is these three things: strength of character, strong will, honesty, and determination.

To the college man who is now attending college, this day is a period of preparedness for the coming struggle of life. We are being prepared in mind, and moulded in character, that when the test of existence comes upon us, we will be ready for it.

Resourcefulness is the watchword of this great nation, and the young man of the present day should grasp every opportunity in the way of learning, that may present itself. The world owes to each man a living, and he should do all in his power to make the fullest use of the chance that is presented to him. "Opportunity knocks but once," and if the knock is not answered, it loses itself among the whirling millions of struggling civilization.

Each man when leaving college, should realize that his future is in his own hands. He can win it, or he can lose it, the world does not care; if he fails, he will be dropped to one side, as one of the placid and ne'er-do-wells of humanity.

Home training is the principal characteristic in the make-up of a man's character. It is impressed indelibly on him, and when off at college he should uphold that training which his parents have taken so much care to impress on him.

Every man is the architect of his own fortune. He should watch the lives of men who have accomplished something for the good of their country. What more inspiration can be offered us than the lives and great work of John C. Calhoun and Alexander Stevens, who

accomplished something for the good of their country, and not for any selfish motives for themselves.

The plodder accomplishes more than the bright man, for he realizes the value of a thing that he wins by hard study. Study never becomes monotonous to him, for he goes at it in the right spirit. The bright man that learns easily, never realizes the full value of a thing until he strikes the final one that overpowers him.

Let us try and preserve the good name of the college, so that it may stand among the highest in high standards of morals, as well as in the high standards of intelligence. Let us have unison with the faculty, that we may work in harmony for the general good of the college, and let us look a man straight in the eye, when we shake hands, and leave the word "can't" out of our vocabulary.

The Clemson College Chronicle

FOUNDED BY CLASS OF 1898.

Published Monthly by the Calhoun, Columbian, Palmetto, Carolina, Hayne, and Wade Hampton Literary Societies of Clemson Agricultural College.

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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: S. C. STRIBLING, '16

BE PUNCTUAL

In that grand old state, Virginia, which has produced so many great men, was born, on August 14, 1838, a man whom we desire to hold up before you for a few moments as a grand example of punctuality. That man was our late beloved professor, Colonel M. B. Hardin. Throughout his long term of service to the college, from its foundation until very recently, he had the enviable reputation of being the most punctual member of the faculty. Men could almost set their watches by his actions. And this trait is one we greatly admire. To our youthful mind it is a habit we

should strenuously endeavor to acquire. One reason life today is a drag to the pessimist is because of the disregard to punctuality we find in the world. Men, women, and children everywhere fail to be on hand at the promised time. This very lack of punctuality caused the defeat and downfall of the great Napoleon at the famous battle of Waterloo. And down through the generations it has been the Waterloo to many a fine young life. It has been the cause of many a failure in the business world. It has been the cause of many a soul spending eternity in perdition rather than in a haven of delight. It has caused many a poor boy to sit and shiver in the cold while some pleasure-seeker puts on the finishing touches. It is a rather difficult task to acquire this habit, but once acquired it sticks. Right now, while we have the vivid memory of a grand old punctual man in our minds, is a good time to begin this habit. Think what a grand world this would be if every person were punctual. There would be no waiting then. Boys, let's start the reform.

A WORD TO THE SENIORS

Four long years ago we gathered together a band of ignorant freshmen eager to acquire an education. We came from many different localities and knew very little of each other. Soon, however, we began to become acquainted one with another. We began the upward climb together, and, as we climbed side by side over the many seemingly insurmountable obstacles which lay in our path, a friendship began to spring up between us.

As we climbed on round by round up the ladder of our education, we gradually became closer drawn together by this bond of friendship. As we met in the

dance hall, on the campus, and in our rooms, this friendship continued to grow stronger; and we now have become almost like a family of brothers. It makes us almost sad to think that we are soon to scatter out over the world again, some of us never to meet again. But during our stay together here we have formed friendships which have meant so much to us, the memory of them will linger with us wherever we may be found. And let us, as we depart, resolve as other classes before us have resolved, that we will endeavor to keep in touch with one another. This will often bring cheer to us when things don't go as we desire, for a friendly word from a distant friend often drives away sorrow.

FAREWELL

With this issue we bring to a close our year's work. Next year's staff has already been elected and with this farewell word we place the work in other hands. We realize that the past year's work has fallen far below our hopes and expectations. We have been hampered by lack of funds and by lack of material from which to select. We realize that we have made enemies as well as friends. We have met with some severe criticism as well as with words of commendation. Toward those who have offered criticisms we hold no grudge, for we feel that they intended it for our benefit, as it often proved to be. And so for the criticism, as well as for the praise, we are thankful.

In leaving this work we want to make one final appeal in behalf of publication work. The man who has an education, but who can not clearly and logically express his thoughts, is of very little use to his fellow man. Almost one half of his education is lacking. And

this publication work offers an excellent medium for the acquiring of this lacking quality. Next year in all probability this publication will be placed upon a solid foundation by the installation of the Student Activity Fee, and all that will be necessary in order to make next year's work a success will be for the material for publication to be forthcoming. We are indeed glad to see such an excellent staff taking charge of affairs, and we sincerely hope that it will receive the hearty support of the entire student body, and through this aid be able to put out a finer publication than ever before. If this can be accomplished, the eighteen staffs which have already labored to make the Chronicle what it is will be greatly pleased. And thus the work passes into the hands of a new staff. Farewell.



EDITOR: P. L. McCALL, '16

Y. M. C. A.

We can see a great change in the work of the association as the session draws to a close. Not only has the work been more efficient, but it has been extended over a larger area during the past months than ever before. The future for the Clemson association is very bright. We are expecting this next year to be the best in its history. At a recent meeting of the association Mr. A. R. Sellars was elected president; Mr. S. W. Graham, vice-president, and Mr. T. A. Folger, secretary. These men, together with thirty other selected men who are going to attend the Blue Ridge Conference, will make things move next year when they come back. It is almost impossible to estimate the amount of work that this group of men will be able to do after they take the training, which will be given at Blue Ridge.

The work planned for this session has been finished. The Bible Study work, under the able leadership of Mr. Dick, was very thorough indeed, and we feel as if a great deal has been accomplished. The Mission Study classes have shown good work. The time devoted to missions is not sufficient, and we hope we shall be able to put in a longer period in the future than in the past.

The rural work has been very good, but we need more men in the field. This is a work which will not only mean a great deal to the people who want our

assistance, but it will mean a great deal to the one who is trying to assist in it. If there is any man in college who would like to take up this work next year, hand your name to Mr. John. There will be times when you may feel as if you are not accomplishing very much, but keep on and when you get to the end and look back over the trail, you will be well pleased.

Fellow students, let's join ourseves together and try to make the Clemson Y. M. C. A. the very best possible. If we do, we will be proud of it in later years. Be faithful to the Y. M. C. A.; and when you leave those whom you have helped to lead a more useful life, you can truthfully say then you were "One who never turned his back but marched breast forward,

Never doubted clouds would break,

Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,

Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better, sleep to wake.

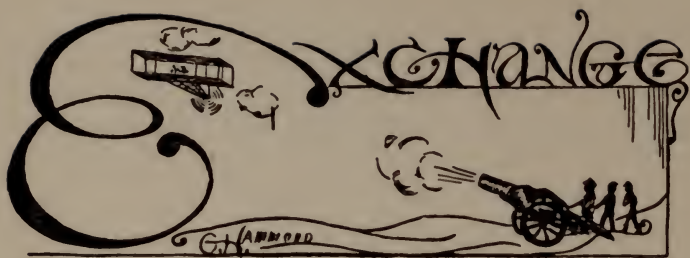
No, at noonday in the bustle of mn's worktime

Greet the unseen with a cheer!

Bid him forward, breast and back as either should be,

"Strive and thrive!" cry "speed—fight on, forever,

There as here!"



EDITORS:

D. H. BANKS, '16.

M. M. BRICE, '17.

We come to the end of our year's publication with the same feelings that are sadly characteristic of the whole world—the feelings that we have not done our best, and that, were we given another chance, we would do better. In this, our last will and testament, let us not try to pick the flax and praise the good merits of individual magazines and articles. Let us, instead, make a general criticism of what we have seen during the year and try to impress upon our coming staffs the vastness of their responsibility.

In the first place, the greatest trouble is that there are too many worthless sentimental stories. It is beginning to be the case that, whenever a college student is inspired to write a story, his fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love. This very fact is robbing our columns of a better and more elevating style of literature. Very few of our writers are capable of writing a good love story, whereas many of them can produce real good essays and stories of adventure.

There has been a fair amount of poetry in practically all of the magazines. In the main, this poetry has been of an unusually fine style, constituting, in some cases, the most noteworthy phase of the publications.

On the other hand, there are a few of our exchanges which have not put out a really good poem this whole year. The essays have been in the majority of cases, full of good material, but the subjects often are not very appealing. Taken all-in-all, our need now is a sufficient number of real wide-awake, interesting, adventuresome stories. The more interesting we make our magazines, the more demand we will have for them, and the less trouble we will encounter in getting material.

We are sure that no one has been benefited by this year's work more than our own selves, and we wish to thank every one for what he has said and done for us. We only hope that the publications of the future will profit by our mistakes of the past year. Feeling an extreme degree of interest in all of our exchanges, we wish you the happiness of continued success. We introduce to you a new set of officers for 1916-17, trusting that they will show the same consideration which we have tried to show during the past year—this to our following exchanges: The Cerebus, The Ethrosian, The Columbian, Davidson College Magazine, Brenau Journal, The St. Mary's Muse, The Wake Forest Student, The Vassar Miscellany, The Criterion, The Vanderbilt Observer, The Collegian, The Winthrop Journal, Richmond College Messenger, The Isaqueena, The Era, The Mountaineer, The Furman Echo, The Newberry Stylus, Wofford College Journal, The Carolinian, The Bashaba, The Hampton Chronicle, College of Charleston Magazine, The Georgian, The Limestone Star, William and Mary Literary Magazine, The Journal, The Record, Pine and Thistle, The Arc Light, and The Woman's College Journal.



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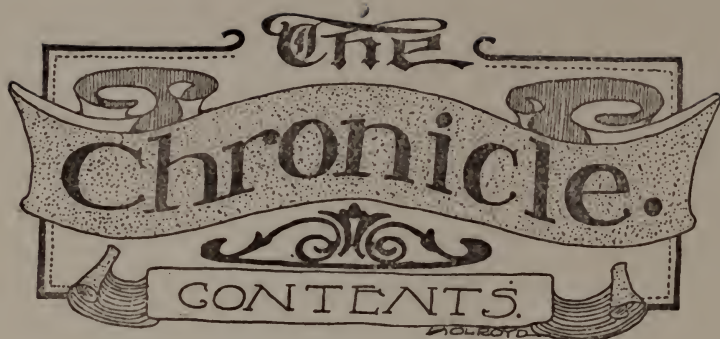
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