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EDITORS:

W. T. WHITE, '17 J. S. WATKINS, '19

DREAMS

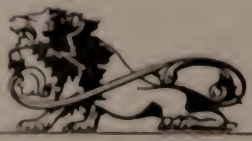
J. H. J., '17

One who dreams not, has lost ambition,
And with ambition dies the man,
By dreaming one can demand recognition,
Poets' songs are naught but dreams.
Kings have dreamed and conquered nations,
Scientists have dreamed and then
Invented machines to reach elevations
Never before thought of by man.

In dreams can a man solemn council keep,
With none but himself alone.
Every man has a dream girl, whom he hopes
Some day to call his own.

He has pictured just how she shall look,
And he will know when he meets her too.
There is something within that tells him,
The girl of his dream has come true.

No man ever quite fulfills all his dream,
No dream ever quite comes true,
But the larger, and greater, and grander the dream
And the nobler the end in view;
Then the greater, and grander the goal we gain,
And the more we accomplish too.
So let us all dream wonderful dreams,
Dreams with an end worth the toil and pain.
Then in our strength to reach the goal,
We rise to a higher plane.



JOHN C. CALHOUN AND THE WAR OF SECESSION

W. T. W., '17

Altho the outbreak of the War between the States came ten years after his death, the part played by John C. Calhoun in this conflict was perhaps greater than that of any other man of his times. It was upon the principles of the State's sovereignty enunciated by Calhoun that the South claimed justification for her secession in 1861. The South held that secession was in defense of her constitutional rights, and her justification for this was based upon the Calhoun theory of States-rights.

From the very beginning of his entrance in public life Calhoun was the acknowledged leader of the South. He was a great leader because in him the feelings and thoughts of Southern people found the ablest expression. His constant and affectionate devotion to the people of the South and their interests made him the idol of his people. He never sought, as some have intimated, to bring about disunion among the States. He was a strong lover of the Union, and was ever anxious that it should be perpetuated. However, he did seek to unite the South, for good or evil, but in so doing he was acting under the firm conviction of an imperative duty towards the South and the Union as well. He was a strong defender of slavery, and was the champion of the South in her defense of this institution. Altho present-day views concerning slavery may not accord with those held by Calhoun, it is to be remembered that he was sincere in his beliefs, and was only seeking to serve his State in upholding them.

Calhoun's first great defense of State's rights was made in his State's-rights theory, which he worked out and as serted shortly after the passing of the "Tariff of Abominations" in 1828. This protective tariff was very high, and was hostile to the interests of the Southern States,

since they were devoted to agriculture rather than manufacture. Calhoun held that this tariff caused a permanent conflict of interest between the cotton states and the rest of the Union. He held that the tariff was unconstitutional, and that a State had the right to veto such acts. However, in his desire to avoid forcing a crisis on the country, Calhoun did not at once urge his course upon his State. He had hopes that a returning sense of justice on the part of the majority might cause the repeal of the unconstitutional acts, and thereby prevent the necessity of interposing the veto of the State; still, the State had the right to veto the acts should it become necessary. All this was plainly set forth in Calhoun's great political manifesto, "The South Carolina Exposition."

In setting forth the famous State-right's theory Calhoun asserted that the people of South Carolina believed the Union to be a Union of States and not of individuals; that it was formed by the States, and that the citizens of the several States were bound to it thru the acts of their several States; that each State ratified the Constitution for its self, and that it was only by such ratification that any obligation was imposed upon its citizens. He affirmed that the States were sovereign, saying, "The terms union, federal, united, all imply a combination of sovereignties, a confederation of States. The sovereignty is in the several states, and our system is a union of twenty-four sovereign powers, under a constitutional compact, and not of a divided sovereignty between the States severally of the United States.."

When Calhoun saw that the protective system of tariff would not be destroyed in the usual parliamentary way, he resumed the contest with greater zeal than before; in this second manifesto, "Address to the People of South Carolina," the State's sovereignty was re-argued. His third manifesto was issued in 1832, setting forth even more fully than ever the States-right's theory. It was

upon the principles set forth in this theory that the people of South Carolina declared, by the Ordinance of Nullification, the tariff of 1823 and that of 1832 to be null and void. Thirty years later the justification of the Southern course was based upon the same principle and arguments. From this it may be seen how much importance the people of South Carolina and the South in general attached to the views of the great statesman. In fact, being the leader of the South, he was the impersonator of his people.

When the Nullification Act was passed, in 1832, Calhoun resigned the Vice-presidency in order to take the place in the Senate vacated by Senator Hayne, who had been elected governor. For a time it seemed as if there would be serious trouble between the Unitd States government and South Carolina. President Jackson issued a proclamation warning the people of South Carolina that their little state would be drenched in blood if they persisted in going on as they were. The legislature of South Carolina replied with a solemn declaration of their rights, which included that of secession. Finally, a compromise, offered by Henry Clay, was effected by which the tariff was reduced to a uniform duty of twenty percent. It was agreed to by Calhoun, but the President was very reluctant in signing it, since it was yielding in part to the demands of South Carolina. At the same time a Force Bill was passed in Congress, enabling the President to send troops to South Carolina to enforce the colection of the revenue. Calhoun, realizing that this still left undecided the principle of States-rights, introduced a bill to repeal the Force Bill, in 1834. The bill did not pass; and Calhoun seeing that the trouble was not over, continued to fight. From this time on, almost every speech of Calhoun's not strictly confined to some special subject, contained some repetition of the State's sovereignty.

As has already been said, Calhoun was a strong defender of slavery. He was continually fighting for the interest of the slave-holders. In 1836, he made a motion not to receive two petitions for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia. This raised a storm of words in the Senate. About this time Calhoun pronounced slavery to be a good—a positive good. He believed and asserted that slavery was indispensable to the social and economic welfare of the Southern people. Believing this, he could not do otherwise than defend it. He asserted that slavery having existed for two centuries, had entered into and modified our institutions, and the South could not, and would not permit it to be destroyed, even tho it should cost every drop of blood and every cent of property. "We must defend ourselves," said he. About this time Calhoun introduced a bill in Congress to prevent the circulation of abolition papers thru the mail. His bill provided that postmasters who knowingly transmitted or delivered any paper treating of slavery in a way contrary to the laws of the State, should be punished by fine and imprisonment. This bill did not pass. Calhoun said, "The South will never abandon the principles of this bill. If you refuse co-operation with our laws, and conflict ensues, the Southern States will never yield to the superiority of yours." He asserted that the laws of slave-holding States for the protection of domestic institutions were paramount to laws of the general government in regulations of commerce and the mail. Calhoun was defeated in the question of abolition petitions, and in that of incendiary publications. Again in 1837, he brought up the question of receiving abolition petitions. This was done as a warning to the North. Calhoun here predicted disruption of the Union. He saw that too much feeling and hatred existed between the North and South. He stated that abolition and union could not exist, and that it was beyond the power of man to arrest the course of events. In 1837, he introduced resolutions

in the Senate to the effect that the safety of the South depended upon the doctrine of States sovereignty. In this way Calhoun created a sentiment in the South that fired the Southern heart with zeal to defend her rights at any cost.

The next great controversy in which Calhoun became engaged was in regard to the question of slavery in the territories. In 1848, a bill was introduced into the Senate providing territorial government for Oregon. John P. Hale, a Free-soil Democrat, offered an amendment to prohibit slavery in this territory. This started a long debate. The South was much opposed to the amendment, not because she wanted to extend slavery to Oregon, but because of the principle involved, and its application to the territories of New Mexico and California, which had recently been acquired from Mexico, and which the South wanted for Slavery. It was pointed out in the senatorial debate by those who were opposed to this, that New Mexico and California had laws prohibiting slavery, and that by laws of nations, the laws of all conquered countries should remain until changed by the conqueror. To refute this argument Calhoun asserted that the Constitution by implication recognized slavery; that neither Congress nor the inhabitants of territories, nor territorial legislatures had the right to exclude slavery from the territories; and that, as soon as the treaty was made by which the United States acquired New Mexico and California, the United States government was substituted, carrying the constitution with it. Calhoun foresaw that this question was strong enough to dissolve the Union. He solemnly declared that it could not be settled unless the South took the issue into its own hands, and that should the great struggle come, the North would suffer more than the South. He appealed to the Senate not to destroy the Union by passing the Oregon Bill, which would render it impossible for the Union to continue; for the passing of this bill would show the determination

of the North to exclude the property of the slaveholder, and of course the slaveholder himself, from its territory. When the bill was passed, Calhoun insisted that the North was responsible for bringing matters to a crisis. He vigorously renewed his efforts to bring the South to a realization of the impending crisis. He urged that a convention of Southern States be held, so that a united front could be presented, and the North be convinced that its policy must change or the South would withdraw from the Union. He stated that the partnerhsip had become destructive to the safety of the South; the main purpose for which it had been formed. His states-right's theory and Slavery-extension doctrine became disseminated thruout the South, and became prime elements of political faith.

In the autumn of 1849, Mississippi issued an "Address to the Southern States" calling for a convention at Nashville, in June 1850. Calhoun urged them all to send delegates, for he was convinced that the time for action had come.

In December, 1849, Calhoun attended his last Congress, one of the most notable session ever held. The one great question which was racking his soul was how to save the Union. He loved the Union, and was there to save it if possible. Nothing in his life showed more conclusively that he still loved the Union than did his last great speech, in which he earnestly and honestly pleaded for the removal of the evils that in his judgment threatened the Union. This speech, which is the most important made by a Southern leader before the War, was read by his friend, Mr. Mason, of Virginia, while Calhoun sat by, pale, emaciated, wasted from sickness, and too feeble to stand. In this speech he asked the question, "How can the Union be saved?" He then gave the answer, saying that there was only one way, and that was by a full and final settlement, on the principle of justice, of all questions at issue. The South only wanted justice, and the

assurance that she could remain in the Union with safety and honor. He pointed out that the Union could be saved by conforming to the Constitution, conceding to the South an equal right in the newly acquired territory, observing carefully the fugitive slave laws, the cessation of agitating the slave question, and a constitutional amendment restoring equilibrium between the sections. He asked, if the North was not ready to settle the qustions on this basis, that the States be allowed to separate in peace. He closed by saying that he had done his best to arrest agitation of the slavery question and save the Union; but, if that could not be done, his efforts would be directed towards saving the South.

The great leader died March 31, 1850, realizing that the trouble was not over, but firm in the conviction that he had faithfully done his duty to the best of his ability both to the Union and to the South.

REFLECTIONS OF SUMMER TIME

J. F. H., '19.

When the roses bud and bloom on the mound and o'er the tomb,
And the fragrance of the violets fills the air,
As the birds their songs begin, in the meadow and the fen,
While the daisies nod to greet you everywhere—
Then you know 'tis good old summer with its zephyrs soft and mild
Coming from afar to greet you, stilling winter's blasts so wild.
And it thrills the heart within you, as you see the showers of rain
Coming down in perfect cadence on the waving fields of grain.

As you watch the purple rainbow, with its golden tinted hue,
Slowly it creeps above the hilltop coming plainly to view;
And you think of how in childhood, someone often to you told,
That if to the end you'd hasten, there you'd find a pot of gold.
Oh, those summer days of childhood! when your heart from care was free;
Who would not gladly live them o'er and again in childhood be?
But alas! those days are ended, and you are to manhood grown,
And upon life's rushing current each of you must soon be thrown;
There to face and fight and conquer every wave of vice and wrong,
Or to be o'ercome and captured by the gay and giddy throng.
May you e'er be true and faithful, holding up the standard high
Of the Captain who is leading you toward the land on high.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE

A. A. C., '19.

Life is the combination of hardihood, intelligence, and superiority over the preceding generation. "Life is what we make it." This proverb kept in mind, is the salvation of the optimists.

The cave man, of centuries ago, had the ideals of existence in their rude form. He was contented with his mode of existence, because he knew of no other. His means of livelihood were of the hardest kind, but yet the period of his existence presented a wide vision of completeness and magnificence to him. Certain it is, that the men that dwelt in caves, and whom we look back upon with profound interest, were the foundation of philosophical existence.

The philosophical Arab, whose stolid patience and utter indifference to any misfortune that may befall him, is an admirable example of the way that part of the human race of this great universe looks on existence. The Arab dismissed any troubled thought that may flash across his mind, with an uttered "Kismet" and a shrug of his shoulders.

Patience is a valuable requisite in the forming of one's character. It has a powerful grip on the soul, and dominates the whole inner being. It is a virtue that can only be acquired by harnessing the will power to obey the mandate of the mind. The mind is the keynote of the conscious soul. It assimilates the feeble conjectures, determined ideas, and associated thoughts,—and develops them into one moulded form of character.

Character is the condition of a person's will. Some of us have strong determined wills, while others are weak. A strong will can be developed by a person's plucking up determination enough to gain the mastery of his mind. Each man's mind belongs to him only, and he should rule

himself entirely, and not follow weakly the suggestions of others. Some people are endowed with Personal Magnetism; their presence and manners diffuse confidence and enthusiasm everywhere; they do not doubt their ability to conquer any obstacle that may present itself in the pathway to their goal. These are the men and women that the country stands most in need of. We wish influential citizens to aid our country to keep up its stride in national progressiveness, and to keep the nation a foremost one in adequacy.

Some people look upon ilfe as an idle conjecture. It has no aims or ambitions for them, but is used as a passive means of dealing with a period of time. Let us have the high ideals of life, and have something to make life worth living. Start at every task in an optimistic view of mind, and do it to the best of your ability, that when it is completed, you will feel the inner consciousness of having done your best. Be methodical in your habits, and let nothing interfere with your daily schedule of time,—and start to your daily work every morning with a hopeful view of everything in general.

Exercise should be indulged in by everyone, no matter what kind of occupation one may be engaged in. When you leave the offive in the afternoon, leave the troubles behind in the office, and take your diversion in God's pure air—the air that is free, and that belongs to everyone.

Religion is a vital issue in every man's realm of life. It is an innermost feeling of divine inclination within the heart that we cannot explain. Every man has some religion or another in his heart, no matter who he may be;—the savage, the man eater, and the civilized man, are all bound together by some inward grace that makes them recognize a God. Religious choice is a choice of the heart, and not one that is followed blindly because someone leads. The men throughout the entire history of the world, who were at the head of Reformations, had

to present plausible and authoritative arguments before the masses, before any of their queries were believed and accepted.

Plato and Aristotle were the true ideals of Greek philosophy. They looked upon existence as a commonplace incident bereft of conventionality. Their idea was simple living, faith in the inevitable, and unassigned thinking. They had a host of pupils who were attracted by their sound ideas. They spread these ideas broadcast, and the seeds were sown in productive soil. They reasoned that man is an element that flourishes with progress;—and the keynote of progress is simpiclity in an ascetic view of life.

Resourcefulness should be our guiding star in this mature world. Some of us are adepts in it, while others are miserable failures. Let us put our shoulders to the wheel of Destiny, so that as time runs, the revolutions of this wheel will develop our character and life in a material, a spiritual, and a social manner.

THE SIX-SIX PLAN; A REORGANIZATION OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOL

J. S. W., '19.

During the last few years there has been in our educational journals and at the meetings of the educational associations more or less discussion of the latest ideas concerning the readjustment of the curricula and reorganization of the public schools of the United States. The idea now most prominently advanced is that known as the Six-six plan; this having as its basis the reorganizing of the twelve years of study preceding the college into the divisions,—the elementary school, and the high school,—each consisting of six years; the latter term being subdivided into the junior and senior high schools of three years each. From the resolution adopted at the recent meeting of Superintendents in Cincinnati, it appears to be the form of school organization thought best adapted to increasing the efficiency of the public school in educating "all the children of all the people."

In recent years we have heard and read much criticism of the Public School System, and the National Educational Association has on several occasions appointed committees to investigate the cause and cure of the evils. But these committees paid ilttle heed to the needs of the elementary school or to the public school courses as a whole, concerning themselves only with the high school.

Profiting by the lesson taught by the Educational Exhibit at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, the National Educational Association again appointed a committee consisting of G. B. Morrison, Wilson Farrant, Edward Rynearson, J. H. Francis and A. G. Graham, to propose a plan to improve the American public schools. This committee reported in 1907, and again later, that the eight year courses in the elementary school was the

principal cause of loss of time and, as a cure for this and other evils, recommended the Six-six plan, giving as their reason the following:

First, it would give the pupils the advantage of being taught by teachers especially trained for the different branches.

Secondly, the departmental plan extended downward through the seventh and eighth grades would give the children the advantage of daily contact with several personalities.

Thirdly, it would give the pupils the advantage of laboratories in which elementary science might be begun earlier than at present.

Fourthly, it would give an earlier and better course in manual training.

Fifthly, the modern languages could be begun earlier and continued longer than at present, making it possible to learn the languages by natural and direct methods.

Sixthly, it would mitigate the present abruptness of the transition from the elementary schools, and check the loss of pupils at this critical period.

Seventhly, six year courses would make the system more self-consistent as shown by experience in the schools of Germany and England.

Eighthly, it would do much toward solving the problem of the crowded curriculum.

As Dr. Fertig says, "The rapid progress in the reorganization of the schools dates from the reports." Dr. De Gamomo has characterized the actions taken by the Board of Health of New York, in 1910, in relation to this matter as "the Declaration of Independence of Education."

The evils in our present system which the six year courses are supposed to mitigate are:

First, the definite standard set for either branch of the school system; and to quote Dr. Rice, "If we have no definite goal (for the elementary and high school),

who can tell how long it will take us to reach it, or what road we must take? If we do not agree upon satisfactory results, how shall we be able to tell when our task is satisfactorily performed?" If as some maintain, the task of the elementary school is to teach the three R's, then to spend *eight* years in merely drilling on these subjects is a waste of time, and the pupil's mental growth is stunted. To bring high-school subjects into the elementary grades makes one agree with Dr. Dewey, "The high school begins at no point and ends at none."

Secondly, the break between the elementary and high school is too abrupt, too complete, and very ill timed as to the mental and physical development of the child. Accordingly many fail to respond to this change, and drop out of school altogether. If this break were made before all the old familiar subjects were dropped, at the adolescent period this large decrease of pupils in the first year of high school would be stopped. In nearly all the states, where there is a compulsory education law, the child is compelled to go to school through the sixteenth year; therefore, with this break in the school organization, coming at the fourteenth or fifteenth years of the child's life, the first high school year is of little or no avail as far as the child's education is concerned, and is merely a loss of time and material. Whereas, if this break were made earlier, as at the beginning of the seventh grade, the child would have become accustomed to the departmental method, and have chosen his course of study; thus, when he found himself free to leave school, there would be no convenient stopping place, and he would naturally continue his education through the high school. This break is also out of place in respect to the course of study as shown by Dr. Ayres in his investigation of retardation and elimination. These are most prevalent at the beginning of adolescence, and he maintains that this is due to the fact that the child loses interest in school when forced to go through "a continuation of a wearingly monotonous curriculum."

Thirdly, so crowded and congested has become our elementary curriculum in our efforts to maintain the material inherited from the old schools, (which by the way is not the kind the average child of to-day can grasp at the age when it is thrust upon him), and to add subjects which are needed for our complete civilization, without organizing or correlating the whole, that some readjustment must be made; and this can best be done by the Six-six plan. This reorganization would give opportunity for more stress on content in the elementary grades, without encroaching upon the high school field, and would also make possible an earlier differentation to meet individual needs.

Fourthly, poor teaching in the last years of the elementary schools is found nearly everywhere. The reason being that there is more work required of the teacher in preparing the studies for his class than he is able to do well. Therefore the preparation is inadequate to the needs of the pupils. If these last grades were removed to the high school, with the departmental system, as is planned in the six year courses, the chold would have the advantage of teachers especially prepared for their subjects.

Fifthly, the discipline of the schools is much poorer under the present system than it would be under the Six-six plan. Under present conditions the older boys in the last years of the elementary school, having reached that restless, discontented age, have nothing in common with the younger boys; and, therefore, their influence is not always for the best. If the last two years of the elementary grades were added to the high school, then these restless youngsters would come in contact with older and more settled boys, and be influenced by them. This tendency to be leaders in mischief is thereby curbed because they have none to lead; they in turn follow the older boys. Then, too, interest being awakened by a new

curriculum with more attention to individual differences tends to inprove the conduct.

The final charge is the wasteful use of teachers and material equipment in the high school. The high school with its few pupils is given many teachers for the departmental work, with manual training and household arts added; and their equipment and salaries greatly exceed those of the elementary school. If these lower grades were added to the high school, the cost would not be appreciably increased, and a much larger number of children would receive the benefit of the equipment and training provided.

However, many questions and difficulties must be faced before the Six-six plan can be accepted as the remedy for all the evils now present in the public school system. Would other evils develop from the adoption of this plan? What could be some of these evils? Prof. Bagley asks:

Firstly, will the Six-six plan, by promoting the differentiation of curriculum at the beginning of the seventh school year, tend in an unfortunate measure to shorten the period of common training and reduce the number of common elements in the education of all the people?"

Secondly, "can the Six-six plan be so adjusted to the conditions imposed by the mobility of population that transfer of pupils from eighth year elementary schools to the six year high-schools be accomplished without loss of time?"

Thirdly, "is there any danger that the smaller communities now supporting eight year elementary schools will be content with six year elementary schools, once the six-six plan is in general operation in the larger communities?"

Mr. Claxton prophesied at the late meeting of the Superintendents in Cincinatti, "that the Six-six plan would be generally accepted within ten years, and that

large numbers of children would then be enabled to begin their industrial life at the age of twelve, working half-time in the industries and half-time in school." Mr. Bagley sees in this statement the "probability of the ultimate limitation of the common element to the mere tools of knoweldge," and fears that this will seriously affect our social stability on account of our immigrant population. He also feels that the public school is the only agency which we have to melt the varied elements which come into America into one national idea; and if we begin to teach the children, when only twelve years old, along different industrial lines, letting them choose the ones they wish, we do not unify the classes; instead, we increase the gap between the children following different vocations, and build up a system similar to the castes of the old world. And is this what the democracy of America desires?

A prominent educational leader at a public dinner in Cincinnati made the statement that "many of our children are destined to be hewers of wood and drawers of water, and that any attempt of the school to make anything else out of them is bound to be futile." But to select these children for these tasks at the early age of twelve seems contrary to American ideas. Rather do we not try to encourage ambition and claim to see a future president in every ragged urchin?" Should we encourage any plan that would stratify society? Again with Mr. Bagley we ask, "Is not a common basis of ideas, ideals, and aspirations more important than the introduction of varied subjects?" In answering his own question, Mr. Bagley says, "Early differentiation tends inevitably to the separation of social groups, to the creation of classes with different ideas and standards, and to the limitation of mutual understanding within small groups." Men will inevitably view public problems thru the perspective that their education has furnished them. If common problems are to be solved by collective think-

ing and collective action, the quality of that thinking and the efficiency of that action will be inevitably determined by the number and quality of the ideas and standards that are common to all. If these be few, and on a low plane, collective thinking will be on alow plane, and the resulting action will approximate the reaction of instinct. If the common elements be many and on a high plane, collective reason will tend to replace collective prejudice."

In America economic conditions cause the population to be constantly shifting. If the Six-six plan were in operation in some communities and not at all in some, what would offset the disadvantage of children that go from an eight year elementary course to a school run on the Siv-six plan? We must not let our educational system become too local, but make it nation-wide. "Education is legally a state responsibility, actually it is a national responsibility, and every sweeping proposal must be considered from a national point of view."

Lastly, should the small communities be content with a six year elementary course, without attempting to do more, and should the education of our rural population tend to stop here, the condition would be a serious evil, and should be carefully guarded against by our educational leaders. Dr. Fertig believes that the Six-six plan "would hasten the work of rural consolidation and greatly benefit the schools."

Superintendents agree that before a school system decides to adopt any new method, the gains and losses should be carefully weighed. Do the gains overbalance the losses? Can the supposed advantages be attained, and are they worth the effort of reorganization? Are they based upon fundamental principles? Will they be of permanent value? Now what is the opinion of those who have tried this experiment? Superintendents who have tried the plan are enthusiastic in its praise. General reports show that there is a wide spread interest in

the Six-six plan of readjustment. The Department of Superintendents adopted, at its recent meeting in February, 1915, the following:

Resolved, that we note with approval the increasing tendency to establish, beginning with the seventh grade, differentiated courses of study aimed more completely to prepare the child for his possible future activities. We believe that, as a result of these modifications, a more satisfactory type of instruction will be developed, and that a genuine economy will result."

We ask with Mr. Hollister one more question: "Does this differentiation mean preparing the individual for jobs? Or does it mean differentiation that comes from varying natures of children?" "Certainly," says Mr. Hollister, "The American people will never consent to the exploitation of children and youth for a seeming advantage to productive industry. The final test of the whole matter must be, what will put the individual at his best for all desirable purposes of life?" Hence this differentiation must mean not what Commissioner Claxton seems to think—a differentiation for commercial purposes—but a differentiation that comes from the varying natures of children. Now, a child can be best developed, if the forces of his nature are set free to find himself vocationally. If we help him to increase more rapidly in initiative and independent thought, both mental and material, than is now used in the present system, then is not the plan worth the trial?

TIME

M. M. B., '17.

In life, when sorrows come to man,
He cares not how time flies;
But wishes for a slower flight
When joys before him rise.
But, time, thou phantom of our lives,
Thy swift, relentless flow
Can never stop a moment as
It bears us on before.

Oh! would that thou could change thy flow,
So steady and so swift,
To one that's slow when life is bright
And swift at sorrow's rift.
Would that thy flight were like a bird's
That stops in no dark shade;
But rests beneath the sunny sky,
Where joy can never fade.

But, no, the God, who rules the earth
With wise, unerring hand,
Knows not to trust the flight of time
Within the hands of man.
Remember that to God above
A year is but a day,
But in every moment of our lives,
The Lord shows us the way.

'Twould never do for time to change
To suit the whims of man;
The reins of time could not be held
By any human hand.
Roll on, then, stream of time, roll on!
'Tis naught will stop thy flow;
Not e'en when life's end bears us to
Death's open, waiting door.

The Clemson College Chronicle

FOUNDED BY THE 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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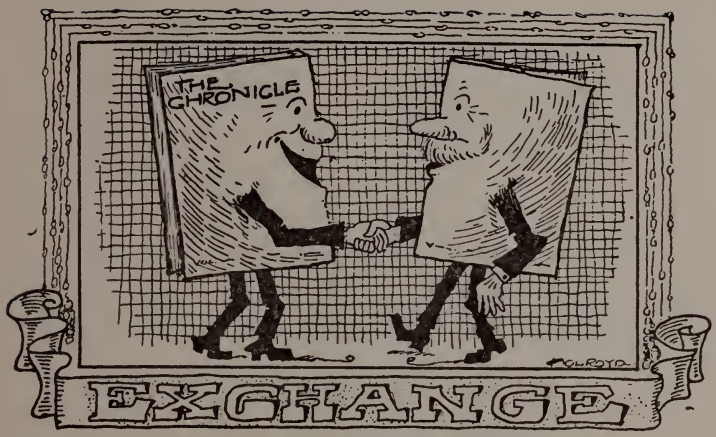
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: C. G. HARRIS, '17

As we once again take up our work for another year at college, we all feel ambitious and determined; yet, there is also a feeling of loneliness and worthlessness, I suppose, brought about by remembrance of happier days just passed during our vacation, that siezes us. We have all passed thru a vacation which to a more or less extent, has been marked by friends who "pity our many faults and praise our few virtues," and that should inspire each one of us. And after all, enthusiasm is what we need, for, as Emerson said: "Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm!" Tho many of us haven't done what we should have, let's forget the past. The past is dead; the Future belongs to God; and the present alone remains sacred to man. Every college student knows this, and that fellow-feeling that makes us wondrous kind has had its game in all our bosoms.

This year shall mark both the going out and the coming in of many, but we all should nourish high ambitions and ideals, and remember that Life is not marked by time but by deeds. There are great opportunities, and many of them, which we all fail to grasp, but we should all remember that this is a kind world, and is compassionate. There'll be just as many and just as great opportunities to come in the Future as have come in the Past, and these are the ones we should keep our eyes upon. Each new year holds within its grasp wonderful opportunities for us all.

And here, we wish to say that this first issue under the management of the new staff is inferior to the standard which we have set for our publication this year. We wish to urge the editors of the different departments and all the students to do their best and give to the magazine the material that is necessary to make it better than any before. For various reasons, this issue is a little late in going to press, but we hope, hereafter, to get it out promptly and also to have it filled with material that shall do credit to every writer and to the college.

Reviewing in our minds every member of this institution and the great possibilities hidden therein, we are encouraged, and few rough paths are anticipated; still, we know these come into every man's life and we ask and solicit sincere criticism and suggestions. And to every member of this institution and those of all other institutions, we wish a very happy and prosperous year.



EDITORS:

M. M. BRICE, '17 W. H. SANDERS, '18

Well, here are again with our college publications, and of course we each one want to make improvements. The exchange department is our best means of making these improvements, and let us each profit by it. This department can be a mutual benefit to every contributor to the publication. Let us first get the proper spirit for this department; let us try to receive, as well as give, these criticisms in as friendly and impersonal a spirit as possible. Let us distribute criticisms, where they belong, and praise where it should be. Perhaps, in this way, we may help to raise the literary standard of the publications of our sister colleges. At any rate, we may exchange our own ideas, whether we find mistakes or not. Let us be honest and true in our criticisms and praise. Let us not resort to unjust crtiicisms on one side, or to undue praise on the other. Then, we may have an exchange department fully worthy of its existence. We will welcome with pleasure any of the publications of our sister colleges for this department.

EDITOR: J. D. BLAIR, '17

D. F. Stribling, '15, is with the Carolina Supply Company of Greenville, South Carolina.

* * * * *

"Katie" Williams, '16, has a job as chemist in Atlanta, Georgia.

* * * * *

"Stud" Burch, '16, has joined the column of matrimony.

* * * * *

"Doc" Stewart, '16, has accepted a position as assistant professor in Cornell University.

* * * * *

L. A. Boggs, '16, is a member of the Liberty Auto Company, South Carolina.

* * * * *

D. G. O'Dell, '15, is connected with Armour Fertilizer Company as chemist, with headquarters in Atlanta, Georgia.

"Egypt" Heiss, '16, has a position as chemist in the Bethlehem Steel Works, in Delaware.

* * * * *

J. Wood, '15, permitted Cupid to clutch him with such a good hold that he married during the past month.

* * * * *

W. J. Hunter, '15, is at the head of the carding department in the Easley Cotton Mill, South Carolina.

* * * * *

"Jake" Wise, '16, is in Washington, D. C., working with the census bureau.

* * * * *

W. W. Mallory, '16, is taking a further course in Columbia University. He reports a good time and plenty of hard work.

* * * * *

J. F. Moore, '15, has a position as chemist at Mt. Holley, North Carolina, in a fertilizer plant.

* * * * *

A. M. Dixon, '16, is connected with an experiment station in Florida.

* * * * *

D. F. Folger, '16, is secretary of the Y. M. C. A. at Auburn, Alabama. "Dag" was the president of the Y. M. C. A. here during his senior year. He did much towards making the Y. M. C. A. what it is at present.

* * * * *

"Jimmie" James, '14, has done as all loyal alumni do —they marry. "Jimmie" was for four years star quarterback on the varsity football squad. He was the scrappiest man in the game of his day.

P. N. Smith, '16, is working for The Buckeye Oil Company, in Alabama.

* * * * *

Hamlin, J. C., and Harris, G. G., both of the class of '16, are graduate students of entomology in Ohio University. Both are profound students of "lingology."

* * * * *

S. C. Stribling, '16, is teaching school at Gaffney, S. C. "Strib" took an active part in all college work. We remember him best as editor of last year's *Chronicle* and for the good work he did in the literary societies.

* * * * *

J. C. Foster, '15, is now professor in a high school in Virginia. We predict for "Carry" a successful future, as he has lots of ambition.

* * * * *

R. G. Hamilton, '96, has a son in college this year. He is one of the first loyal supporters to send a son to his old Alma Mater. Mr. Hamilton took his degree in medicine at the University of Georgia. He has a successful practice in Fairfield County, South Carolina.

* * * * *

B. L. Hamilton, John Trescot, and Frank Barnes of the class of '15, are connected with the Ford Assembling Plant of Chicago, Illinois.

EDITOR: J. J. MURRAY, '17

At the first meeting of the college year on September 24th, the various delegates who attended the Blue Ridge Conference spoke on the many things of interest at the conference.

Mr. J. C. Littlejohn spoke about the leaders, and told of the splendid speakers who were brought to the conference each year. Cadet B. O. Williams told of the different activities; such as Bible classes, mission study, addresses, mountain climbing, and all the different forms of athletics. Cadet W. H. Bryant talked on the spirit of the conference. Each delegate emphasized the fact that they had never spent a more pleasant or profitable ten days. Mr. Holtzendorff then outlined the plan by which the student affairs of the association are to be run this year. Cadet J. B. Dick then spoke on the Bible study of last year. He said that "The percentage of voluntary attendance for last year was 86 percent." This is a splendid record for our college, and we are glad to see such spirit; but now let us get together fellow students and make the Bible study an even larger group this year than we had last; let us make the average voluntary attendance to one hundred per cent.

On Sunday evening, October 1st, Mr. J. M. Holmes, Secretary of the Greenville Y. M. C. A., delivered a most interesting address in the Y. M .C. A. auditorium. He spoke of the things that a military college should encourage in a student. The things that he emphasized were courage, obedience, loyalty, honor, and self-sacrifice. He spoke of the true kind of courage that puts principle

first. "A man," he said, "should conduct himself as a gentleman in loyalty to his father and mother." He emphasized the littleness and meanness of dishonesty and smutty jokes.

On Sunday evening, October 8th, The Reverend T. V. McCaul made a short but very interesting and helpful lecture in the Y. M. C. A. auditorium. He emphasized the fact that we should listen to the voice of God, and do what he bids us to do. He said that we will be called on some time to do some good work, and that we should do it and not keep putting it off. "God can't convert a soul without that soul's consent", he said, and he further urged that we may be the man whom God is calling to his aid.

Mr. A. C. Harte made a very interesting, as well as instructive and impressive address in the College Chapel on Friday evening, October 6th. He spoke of the European War and of the prison life over there now. Mr. Harte has been in Europe all during the war, and has been home on a vacation. He has been in work among the prison camps of the warring nations. We were exceedingly fortunate in having him to speak to us.

The Y. M. C. A. has received a great many members so far this year, and it is to be hoped that this will be its most successful year in its history at Clemson. Fellows, it is our duty, each and every one of us, to work for the good of the Y. M. C. A., and try to make it a success, and not to take offense at every little thing that arises. So let us get together and do good work this year.

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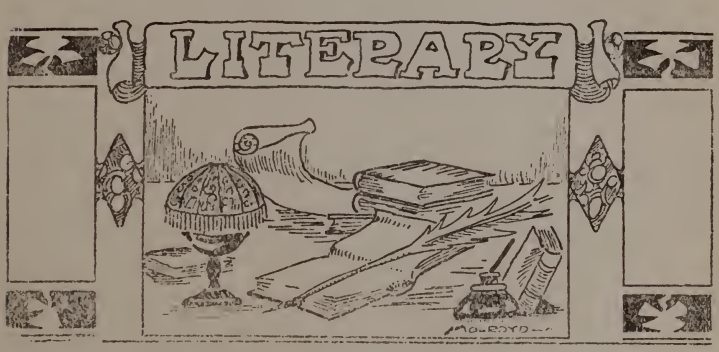

EDITORS:

W. T. WHITE, '17 J. S. WATKINS, '19

JOY AND SORROW

M. M. B., '17.

'Tis strange, when man enslaves some joy,
There's something there to mar his day.
Some thought of future life will come
To make a cloud break o'er joys ray.

They tell us that, behind each joy,
There's always disappointment rare;
The joy intensifies the gloom,
And brings to us our every care.

'Tis true, alas! our lives are made
Of disappointments and joy;
And one intensifies the other;
So sorrows always will annoy.

But, friend, look on the other side;
Look on the side that's always bright;
When disappointments come to you,
Remember day must follow night.

Thus, after sorrow comes our joys;
So never spend your time in pining.
Remember that behind each cloud
There's sure to be a silver lining.

EDUCATION AND ITS RELATIVE EFFECTS ON NATIONAL CITIZENSHIP

A. C. C., '19.

To the average American of this present day, education is looked upon with a sterner seriousness than it was by the generation that preceded us. Manhood in its present environment requires a wide knowledge to meet the demands of civilization.

The demands on the average working class of Americans are unusual. This is no longer a day of self-made men, where men rise from the low ranks of life and attain success. It is the day for the man that is equipped with the strong weapon of education who is able to face every demand that he is confronted with, and to acquit himself in a thorough manner. The Child Labor Problem is a problem that this country is up against in the matter of finding a solution. To many families that are dependent on young members for support, Child Labor should be allowed, but with a provision for the allowance of regular education. The development of the young mind is a gradual process, and if Child Labor is to be allowed, a shorter working day basis should be allotted to those under sixteen years of age.

Compulsory education is another law that should stand predominant above every other law of the country. The social conditions of the large cotton mills in this country are receiving attention by the legislatures of the different states. Capital and labor are brought into closer relationship with each other. The law should be made forceful enough to compel a period of time to be allowed to childern in the early stages of life, so that illiteracy will not be such a predominating curse. The great problem of educating the negro is gradually solving itself. The negro is graduallly waking to a state of realization that education is becoming a vital asset for him. The white race should bear in mind that the alarming increase of negroes in this country is becoming a serious problem in the matter of livelihood, as well

as in political activity. If the proportion of educated negroes were to ever outnumber the whites, we might have the different trades and professions overcrowded with negroes, and this would tend to cause discord between the two races. There is no probability of this ever happening in the South, as the class distinction is positively drawn. This government has had a serious crisis facing her in regard to the Yellow Peril.

The Jap has been so used to hard conditions of life in his native land, that this country presents a land of Paradise to him. He is willing to put up with any amount of hardships, toil, and poverty, as long as he can eke out a bare existence. This is the situation that is crushing the prosperity of Americans in the western part of our country. Foreign labor is so cheap, that it is far more preferable to large planters and contractors than domestic labor is. This government has taken active measures against Japanese immigration, and it is to be hoped that the troubles in that direction are at an end.

Educators and missionaries have &invaded the strongholds of the mountains of Kentucky, Virginia, and Tennessee, and have caused a regeneration of ideals in these districts. Before this took place, some of these people had hardly seen the dawn of civilization. A great deal of work is still to be accomplished in these regious, but conditions are improving in a satisfying manner.

The duties of the educated should be to spread their knowledge and ideas, as education amounts to nothing when it is not put to advantageous use. Efficiency is what the world is calling for. We can never hope to accomplish anything of note, if we are not endowed with the proper facilities of mind and perseverance. In former days education meant culture in the everyday affairs of existence. If opportunity is once lost, it is a serious task to find it again. Therefore let us take advantage of education when it presents itself, and make the best use of it to the advancement of progress, industry, and science.

SPRING AND AUTUMN

F. W. W., '20.

While the youth is full of promise
In the spring days of useful life,
While the future lies before him
With its pleasures and its strife,
Then's the time for a decision
For the right or for the wrong,
And the great, important question
Is to which he will belong.

To some it seems of no importance
Which of these paths is straight and best,
And soon the life is dark and cloudy
With the things that bring no rest.
Then as summer passes swiftly
And restless autumn days are here,
Life seems a long, wasted journey
For the spring time has been bare.

But if youth has a real beginning,
And the spring is bright and free,
And life is lived for others,
What a pleasure life will be!
Every kind word that is spoken,
And each helpful deed that is done,
Gives life a high, noble standard
That should grow after it's begun.

Then as each day to a close is drawing,
And thoughts bring back the past,
All the service done for others
Will be a monument that will last.
As the spring of life now offers
To each youth a future bright,
If the autumn days are to be happy,
The early choice must be right.

OPPORTUNITY

W. T. W., '17.

There is so much said now-a-days about the many golden opportunities which are ours, that we are disposed to regard any statement which attempts to emphasize this phrase with indifference, if not amusement. We are accustomed to overlook facts of the greatest importance just because they are so numerous that we regard them as being commonplace, and, consequently, not worthy of serious consideration. It is the disposition and habitual error of the people of to-day to take things for granted, and pass them up, never pausing in their onward rush to give due consideration to the varied phenomena which we as participants of are privileged to witness. And so it is with our opportunities. Their very abundance serves to prevent our being aware of them. If opportunities were less plentiful, we should very likely be more appreciative of those we do have. The economist tells us that the scarcity of goods is what makes them of value. The more plentiful an article becomes, the more it decreases in value. This is not equally true of opportunities, tho it may be said to our discredit that we act as if it were. However, when we stop to think seriously of the many and various opportunities which are ours, and which our parents and grandparents did not have, we are amazed at the contrast, and wonder that our ancestors accomplished so much. We also see that with our present opportunities, coupled with ambition and energy, there is no height of success to which we may not attain in the field of endeavor.

It would be almost useless to attempt to enter into a discussion of the many opoptrunities which are before us to-day. The chief thing to be remembered in this connection is that there are opportunities for all. Of course some are more favored than others, but there is no life but has opportunity at its door at some time.

The deplorable fact is that we often allow it to pass by ungrasped. We should not sit with folded arms and wait for opportunity. It is up to each of us to make opportunity, and we can do it, if we are ambitious and are prompted by the right motives. Let us not make the mistake of thinking that opportunity as discussed here affords us all the chance of becoming rich or famous. For some it may mean either or both of these; but the thing of chief interest to us, and what is meant here, is the opportunity to make the most of ourselves so that we may become useful citizens, lead successful lives, and make the world better by our living in it.

In order to make the most of opportunities, we should not overlook or pass them by even for a very short time, but should grasp them as soon as they are presented. It has been wisely stated that opportunity knocks but once. This may not be true in all cases, but it is certainly true that opportunity is always available; and, unless we avail ourselves of it, it soon passes irrevocably beyond our reach. What is to-day a splendid opportunity may be a lost chance to-morrow.

With opportunity is inseparably joined responsibility. Few of us realize the full meaning of responsibility, and many of us fail to catch its weight. When we realize the full import of what it is to be responsible, to be accountable for all our opportunities, then it is that we will be brought face to face with the seriousness of the situation, and we will hasten to avail ourselves of our many opportunities with all the might and energy that is within us. The trouble with most of us is that we are not fully aroused to the proper sense of duty, nor keenly aware of the great responsibility which rests upon us as recipients of the many privileges of to-day. What we need to do is think more seriously, arouse ourselves from the lethargy of indifference, face the situations squarely, and hasten to meet opportunity, and make the most of it while there is yet time.

No more fitting illustration of these facts can be offered than that of the college student. How many of us truly and fully realize the vast enormity of this opportunity and the grave responsibility entailed with it? And how many of us are striving with our might to live up to this responsibility? To many of us such an opportunity apparently means nothing out of the ordinary. If it should suddenly be snatched from us never to return again, then we would realize in part at least the significance of such an opportunity. It frequently takes the experience of a loss to make one realize the value of a thing. We appreciate health when we are sick more than we do at any other time. If we ourselves had to make the necessary sacrifices to enable us to have such an opportunity, we could realize its significance and importance more readily. However, on the contrary, with most of us the sacrifices are made by our parents; consequently we are not as appreciative of our opportunities as we should be. As intelligent people of an enlightened age we should have our eyes open to these facts without the necessity of having the above named experience. Our sense of honor and gratitude should prevent our being unappreciative of our opportunities or negligent of our duty.

What then is our duty? Being given such an opportunity, we naturally and automatically incur the great responsibility carried with it. Our parents have made sacrifices to give us this opportunity, in some cases great sacrifices indeed. From us they expect great things in return, a paying-back for their sacrifices—not necessarily in a material way, but in the fulfillment of their hopes of our becoming useful and successful in life. They have put us in the way of this opportunity in order that we may improve our time and talents and prepare to go forward in life. There is no standing still in this world. One either moves forward or backward. Knowing all these things, it devolves upon us to exert every power within us toward the attainment of success,

and not to disappoint those who expect much of us. Shall we prove unfaithful to our trust and to those who have placed such confidence in us? Let us awaken and become aware of ourselves and aware of all about us. Let us bend our eneriges toward improving our time and opportunities, as well as taking advantage of what we already have; and by so doing attain the heights of achievement reached only by those who realize the value of time and opportunity, and earnestly strive to take advantage of them.

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

THEIR FIRST THANKSGIVING

B. H. S., '17.

Willum and Charrie, twin brothers and only children of Sir Edward Markham, were born in Leicester, England, during the year 1850. Their early lives were as happy and carefree as fond parents with ample means could make possible. Before they could talk very plainly, William became "Willum", and Charlie became "Charrie", and by these names they were known thruout their lives. Willum was a strong, healthy lad, precocious and active. Charrie was not so large, and was a weak, sickly child. However, Willum was unusually kind to Charrie, and delighted in doing anything possible to amuse him. When these boys were but ten years old, their father committed suicide for some unknown reason; and in a year's time their mother, who steadily grew ill after her husband's death, died of grief and left the two boys orphans. They were kindly reared by relatives, but as they grew older, Willum paid less and less attention to his brother, and spent the greater part of his time outdoors with undesirable playmates. In a few years, it was discovered that they had very little property left, for their father had lost heavily in risky investments just before his death. After all accounts had been paid, only a small sum was left to each of the twins; and their relatives seeing that they would get no more money for their troubles refused to have anything more to do with the boys. Willum did not mind this so much, for he could better take care of himself, and he enjoyed the freedom of being independent. Charrie was scarcely able to walk about, but he went to see a specialist, and to his horror was informed that he was firmly gripped in the awful clutches of that deadly monster—consumption. When his brother heard of this, he refused to notice him any more except that he took all the money he could from him. Friendless, homeless, and with but a few months of torture to live thru, Charrie was driven

to desperation. He determined to go to America, lose himself in the vast wilderness of forests, and there die unknown and unwept for. The next ship bound for the new world carried him to Charleston, South Carolina, and after landing he set out for the interior thru the unknown forests. He spent all the money he had for food and supplies, and bargained with Indians to carry him and all his supplies far past any white or Indian settlement or trading post. After a long and wearisome trip, they left him on the banks of Chongo Creek, and deposited his supplies in a cave on the side of one of the cliffs which form the banks of the stream. This is a very rugged and picturesque spot in the foothills of the Blue Ridge mountains, on the northwestern boundary of the State of South Carolina. Being unusually exhausted by the toilsome trip before reaching this place, and having been weak all his life, Charrie lingered for days at the point of death, alone and uncared for save the exhilarating tonic administered by Mother Nature in the form of the pure mountain air he breathed. He refused to heed the call of death, and began to recuperate slowly but surely. In six months he became strong enough to walk around where he pleased, and, with nothing else to occupy his time, he became proficient in the art of woodcraft. Without gun or ammunition, he learned to kill enough game, which habitated the region, to furnish himself food; and with the hides of animals he caught, he ventured down to a distant trading post where he exchanged the hides for salt and articles of clothing. He visited all the settlements thruout the upper part of the state and adjoining states, and made friends with all the Indians in that country, but he preferred to live alone; and no man knew where his home was or from whence he came or whither he went, but all knew him to be the most expert woodsman in the country.

Several months after Charrie left England, Willum reached the climax of his dissolute habits, when he was

arrested while drunk in a gambling den. He had lost all his money, and did not want anyone to know of his plight. He sent for his brother, but he could not be found. Rather than have anyone else know of his arrest, he decided to serve his sentence. This being his first offense, he was given only a three month's sentence, but during that time he did considerable thinking. The more he thought, the more convinced he became that his brother had died of loneliness and lack of care, and that he was the cause of it. As soon as he had finished serving his sentence, he began a fruitless search over all England for his brother. At last he found out that Charrie had sailed for America, and that was more than he could stand. Knowing what a rough voyage it was, and the lack of attention he would receive in the wilds of America, Willum gave up the search, confident that his brother's bones had long been exposed to the wild beasts in the new world. He was driven almost to distraction, and came very near ending his life as his father had done.

At this time the English government was having considerable trouble in enforcing her unjust laws on the American colonies. When troops began to be mobolized to be sent across the sea to enforce the laws, Willum decided that he would enlist and go with them; not with the expectation of finding his brother, however, but merely to drown his troubles in the din of cannon and excitement of battle. The regiment he joined was slow in becoming ready for the voyage, and was not among the first sent to America. It was over a year after he joined, before they embarked, and during that time he had risen from the ranks to a lieutenant, and took much pride in his drilling. The British had been having success in the Northern colonies and decided to invade the Southern colonies. Consequently, Willum was sent with a large number of soldiers who landed at Charleston, and began to harrass the Whigs of South Carolina. He belonged to the Ferguson army which ravaged the north

ern and western portion of the state, and became noted for his bravery and skill in surprising and capturing the Whigs.

For two years after the outbreak of the Revolutionary War, Charrie, who was a strong, sturdy man of the hills by this time, sided with neither the British nor the colonies. Every time he visited the British camps and heard their boasts and threats, he became more disgusted with his countrymen, and became more firmly persuaded that he should help the Whigs secure their independence. Finally he went and offered his services as a spy to their nearest general, upon the condition that he be allowed to go and come as he chose, and report only what he desired. The general gladly accepted his offer, for he needed some accurate information of the British plans and their numbers. Charrie made many trips into the Tory forces, and recognized his brother after having seen him twice. He did not reveal himself, but continued to watch his brother's movements, and kept him from many mishaps by not reporting his approach to the Whigs. Charrie received many compliments from the Whig generals, and was sent on numerous dangerous errands; but he knew the country so well, he could easily evade the Tories, and secure any information regarding their actions that he desired. He was instrumental in keeping the Americans properly posted so as to win the battle of Kings Mountain. The Tories realized that this spy, "Grizzly Jim", as they called him on account of his rough unshaven beard and long shaggy hair, was a serious menace, and the British generals offered liberal rewards for his capture. He was a favorite with the Indians because of his friendly conduct towards them, and they made no attempt to catch him. Many were the boasts of the British as to how they would torture "Grizzly Jim," but as numerous were their futile attempts to run him down. They could follow him to the mountains easily, and once they tracked him to the

banks of Chongo Creek, but there the tracks ended. Bloodhounds were put on his trail but they would lose it at the top of a cliff, or at some point along banks of this stream. The British generals could not sleep soundly for fear "Grizzly Jim" would slip through their pickets, and find his way to their tents, slip their plans or orders out of their pockets, and make his way back through their lines to safety as he had been known to do on several occasions. Determining that such audacity would not prove successful at their expense any longer, Lieutenant Markham was detailed to take a company of soldiers into upper Carolina and capture "Grizzly Jim", dead or alive, before they returned. They camped in the Horse Shoe Bend of Chongo Creek, and remained there several weeks, constantly alert to any actions of the dreaded spy. Several times they caught sight of him, and one time they had him completely surrounded; but because he remained hidden for several days, they supposed he had escaped, and he did escape that night under the cover of darkness. Another time he was surrounded, and the circle was gradually closed in until it did not seem possible for him to escape,—the circle being scarcely more than a hundred yards in diameter,—but to "Grizzly Jim's" advantage a creek ran through the center of it. After nightfall the spy merely slipped noiselessly from his hiding place into the water, and swam to safety once more. After this occurrence, Markham's men searched every foot of land around there in the effort to discover the spy's hiding place, but in vain. "Grizzly Jim" tried to keep from having to return to this hiding place, but everywhere he went he was hunted by the Tories, and he could find no retreat as easily approached and so securely hidden as this one. Every few weeks he would make a trip into the Tory camps, and then he would be so hotly beset that he would make for his retreat in the mountains; for he absolutely refused to remain idle in the Whig camps or acompany them on their marches.

In the fall before the battle of Cowpens, "Grizzly Jim" was sent down to the coast to ascertain the positions and plans of the campaign of the British, in the lower part of the state; and he returned with a copy of the orders for the British movements, and gave them to General Greene. He was seen by the Tories a number of times while on this trip, and they gave him a merry chase. He was told to remain in camp and rest for a while, but he saw that the Whig soldiers on duty had scarcely half enough to eat, and he would not remain there, but set out at once for his mountain place of refuge. He was forced to travel only at night, and he was almost a week in making the trip in this manner. He could obtain nothing to eat; he was so closely beset, he became very weak before he reached the mountains. He had nearly reached his hiding place when Markham discovered him, and with his long-range rifle, shot and wounded him. At the report of the rifle, the soldiers quickly gathered around their leader, and followed him to where he thought the spy lay dying. When he reached the spot, only a pool of blood was found, but drops of blood could be found leading towards the top of the cliff, only a short distance away. They quickly followed this bloody trail to the top of the cliff, but there it seemed to end. This caused considerable discomfiture for several minutes, until some blood was seen on the limbs of a tree which had grown up from the bottom of the cliff. On closer observation, blood was seen farther down the tree, and it became evident at once that the wounded man had slid down the trunk of this tree. Markham quickly descended in pursuit, but when but half way down he noticed the mouth of a cave, and heard groans of the wounded man within this cave. Jumping from the trunk of the tree on the edge of this cave, he drew his pistol and entered. Only a few yards within he found "Grizzly Jim" prostrate on the ground, nursing a broken leg. He leveled his pistol to end the misery, and make sure the coveted capture single handed,

when the wounded man looked up and faintly gasped, "Willum". Placing his hands to his ears to be sure that he still had organs of hearing, the soldier drew back in utter astonishment, dropping his pistol. "Willum", uttered the suffering man once more. There could be no further doubt, and the soldier sprang forward and gently raised the head of the suffering man. "Charrie", he cried over and over again, "Charrie, my own brother, is it possible that I find you thus?" Willum set about at once to ease his brother's pain and had him quieted before he called to his men above for one of them to hasten to their camp for his medicine chest. He ascended the tree and told his soldiers that "Grizzly Jim" had proven to be his twin brother, and that they could return to headquarters the next day and report to the officer in charge that he would follow later. After securing medicine and other necessary articles, he returned to Charrie's side, administered an anaesthetic, and bound the broken limb as best he could. Charrie slept soundly during the night, and awakened the next morning much improved and free from danger or excessive pain. His brother had already arisen, and was on the outside of the cave observing its position. He found that the cave was merely a hollowed out place in the solid rock of a perpendicular cliff, which reached about seventy-five feet above the bed of the creek below. A chestnut tree had grown up at the edge of the water, and had grown just a few feet from the sides of the cliff, past the mouth of the cave, and to the top of the cliff above. The foliage of this tree completely hid the opening of the cave, and its bark was so slick, that the constant sliding down the trunk by the spy did not demar it in any way. It became perfectly clear that one could easily spring into its top and slide down to this cave, or that one could swim down the creek to the foot of the tree and climb it from below. One could easily slide down the tree and swim down the creek when he wanted to leave without making tracks.

When Willum returned to his brother, he found him eager to hear his past history. So they moved to the edge of the cave, and there each told of his experiences since they last had seen each other. Willum was very thankful that he had found his brother, and that he was not seriously wounded; and Charrie was thankful that his brother has turned from his evil ways, and that he had repented of his harsh treatment towards him a few years before this time. They bowed their heads, and gave thanks to their Heavenly Father for allowing them to meet again.

It happened that this was the last Thursday in November, but it was not then generally celebrated as Thanksgiving Day is now. However, Willum and Charrie always celebrated this day with true thanksgiving until their death many years afterwards. Altho they were Englishmen, they kept Thanksgiving Day the same as the American colonists, and each time they would recall some incident of their first Thanksgiving.

SUNSHINE IN WINTER

J. F. H., '19.

The autumn leaves are falling, swept by the rushing
breeze,
No longer the song birds are calling their mates from
the waving trees.
The squirrel is carrying acorns to his den in the hollow
oak,
While the frogs of the nearby meadows have almost
ceased to croak.
No longer the violets are blooming by each path and
garden wall,
Nor the daisy no longer its greeting is nodding to one
and all.

Each morning the grassy meadow, where the dew once
gleamed so bright
Is o'erlaid with a fleecy covering of matchless pearly
white.
The clouds are beginning to darken, and the chilly winds
to blow,
As if the next minute might bring us a storm of blind-
ing snow.
But the coming winter has pleasures as the summer had
that's past;
So why should we dread its snow and sleet or icy chill-
ing blasts?

For well we know in due season, the spring will bloom
again,
When from each briar and bush and hedge will be heard
the chirp of the wren.
Let us then be cheerful and in each task delight,
Bringing to those around us the spirit of sunshine
bright;
Always helping somebody to lighten his heavy load,
Or cheering some weary footstep as it travels life's lonely
road.

By this, though the days be dreary, we may keep our
hearts aglow
With a flame of love and sympathy that will melt the
winter's snow.
Thus, our lives may grow and broaden, even if the earth
be chill,
Sending out their rays of sunshine many a lonely heart
to fill,
And the day will be made brighter by our having passed
along,
Blessing lives of gloom and sadness, and changing the
sighs to song.

HUNTER'S ESCAPE

W. M. B., '19.

There are a great many interesting stories connected with Francis Marion and his scouts which have never been published. Altho the stories may not be of any special interest to all of us, yet to those from the Pee Dee section of this state, and especially to those who have tramped over the ground where Marion and his men camped, on Snows Island and in the Pee Dee swamps, any facts or stories connected with Marion or his men prove very interesting reading.

At the time when South Carolina was overrun with British and Tory troops, and the cause of Liberty seemed doomed, Marion was most active; and it was partly due to his untiring efforts that South Carolina was finally freed from British tyranny and Tory depredations.

Just after one of his successful attacks upon a detached body of British regulars, one of his boldest and most fearless scouts asked for permission to visit his wife and children who lived on the Florence side of the Pee Dee, just a short distance above Mars Bluff. This scout, Andrew Hunter, did not know the meaning of the word fear, and he often sought the kiss of his loved ones at the risk of his life. Permission was granted him, and he set out just after dinner, and by supper had reached his home. But little did he think as he lay down to sleep that night, that ere he awoke his home would be surrounded by those dastards called Tories who "—had dogged his steps, in fear and tread,
From the camp in the swamp, to his home and his bed."

As he scanned the faces of his captors, his heart beat wildly, for he well knew how much they hated him. They jeered and derided him, calling him a fool for being so venturesome and foolhardy, and decided that they would eat their breakfast before hanging him. But while the men were eating, the guard led Hunter out on the piazza where Hunter paced restlessly up and

down, thinking of the fate which awaited him. But each step that he took brought him nearer the broad, low steps where his favorite horse, the famous Red Doe, stood champing her bit. He immediately decided to trust his luck and run the risk of being killed by bullets rather than be hanged; so he glanced at the guard and jumped on the back of the Red Doe and made straight for the Bluff.

"Hunter's escaped," shouted the guard; then Capt. Fanning ordered his men to shoot high and not to hit the mare under any circumstances. (Her fame had spread, and he was desirous of keeping her as his own possession). When Hunter released the reins and wound her mane in his hands, the Red Doe went straight towards the High Bluff, and without a quiver or a moment's hesitation sprang into the water far below. At this the foe stopped and stared in amazement to think of the horse's plunging off the Bluff into the water thirty feet below. As the Doe and her rider swam abreast the Pee Dee, Hunter shouted to the foe still staring in amazement, "I am free!" Then Hunter, exulting, whirled his cap in the air and called out over the waters, "Go tell Captain Fanning, the accursed Tory, that he must catch Hunter before he hangs him."

It is said that from then on until the end of the great war, the Red Doe was the pride and care of Hunter, and that while he was with Marion, he always slept with her reign on his arm so that when danger threatened, he could be up and away.

When the war came to a close and America was freed, Hunter and his mare still roamed the Pee Dee, carefree and happy. Capt. Fanning, the Tory, did everything in his power to get possession of the Doe. He tried to get possession of her by theft; and when this means failed, he offered large sums of money and slaves for her, but to no avail, for her master realized what an essential part she had played in his escape, and decided that for the rest of her life she should be free to roam his pas-

tures, and that when she died she should be buried beside the Pee Dee.

Fanning became angry upon Hunter's refusal to sell the Red Doe, and challenged him to a duel to be fought with swords, on the Citadel green in Charleston. The challenge was accepted, and like the true knight of old, and the gentleman he was, Hunter rode to the green at the appointed time. Fanning decided that he was not so anxious to fight and did not appear for the duel.

"They have long passed away, the scout and his foe,
And on the 'Banks of the Pee Dee' sleeps the Red Doe,
But the story still lives and is told as of old,
Of Hunter, the scout, so fearless and bold."

STUDENT HONOR AND THE COLLEGE IDEAL

W. F. H., '18.

President Eliot of Harvard has laid down certain essential constituents of worthy education. These constituents consist essentially in a careful training of the organs of sense; practice in the grouping or company of different sensations, making a record of these different sensations, and, by the aid of memory, to give power of expression to these sensations; finally, he names as an essential constituent the inoculation of those supreme ideals of beauty, honor, duty, and love. We hold that these constituents are accepted in good faith by all thinking men and women. We go further and say that the purpose of a college is to develop men and women in such a way that they exemplify in their lives the principles named in this definition of worthy education. We are aware of the fact that a college tries to train men and women who can present to their fellowmen, in an intelligent and effective manner, the knowledge they have gained. A person is not educated until he becomes well delevoped; one who does not represent a narrow phase of education, but one whose education has opened to him a new field of endeavor and usefulness. We say most emphatically that for a college to bring out the college purpose in the lives of its students it must lay especial stress upon that last "essential constituent" of worthy education, which requires the "inculcation of those supreme ideals of beauty, honor, duty, and love."

Now there is no school anywhere whose aim is for the ideals above, that can carry out these supreme ideals, and make them a part of every student, but what it must enlist in its support the hearty cooperation of the student body. It must require that each student act as a separate unit toward securing this requisite, and by so acting he is lending his cooperation to the student body, enabling it to realize the real object of an education that

tends to lift mankind a round higher with each generation.

Every student in a college is a part of the college. His presence either adds to or detracts from the good welfare of that college, and, for the success of *effective education,* he must conform to certain well-known principles in his college life. His *complete* education depends upon his conformation to these principles, for his ideals of beauty, honor, duty, and love are developed only in proportion to his carrying out the spirit of his duty. We have reference to the duty of individual student honor in the college life.

There is no practice of college students that has a greater tendency to defeat the college purpose than the *indifferent attitude* of the student toward the affairs of honor in his college. It may be that he considers these things of minor importance, but by acting in a dishonorable way in the small things, he is building up a college practice on custom that it will be almost impossible for college men to eradicate. We cannot hope to do anything of a dishonorable nature, and expect it to have no effect upon the college customs. And just in proportion as the student helps to build up the college ideal, even so is his education made more effective. The college life should prepare the student for effective action in the combat against those things that have a tendency to tear down the ideals of beauty, honor, duty, and love. It should be of such a nature that, by individual honesty, it puts these ideals on a higher plane, making broader the foundations of honorable college customs, and developing the student into an independent man who has the manhood to stand for the right thing regardless of opposition or the call of the crowd.

We now come to the question of student honor in its relation to the college ideal. Does it help to accomplish the ideal at which the college aims? To be sure it does! It is absurd to think of the college purpose being incorporated in the individual student when that student

has not obeyed the laws of honor and duty. The realization of the college purpose depends entirely upon the individual student. He is the one who gives the college its reputation. One brilliant man may add a star to the crown of the college, but it is the work of the average graduate that is to decide whether or not the college can stand the acid test of educational efficiency. Does it not behoove each individual in school to so conduct himself, so arrange his work, and so maintain his rightful ideal for honor and duty, that the college purpose may be fully incorporated into his life, and that he may be more able to take the stand in life that we rightfully expect and should require of him.

REVEILLE

J. F. M., '18.

At six o'clock a bell I hear,
Sending out an unwelcome sound
On the early morning air,
To wake up all the boys around.

A bugle now sounds reveille
In every barracks hall.
No matter how sleepy you be,
You must go out to the roll call.

This being done,
Some exercise you take.
Each and every one,
To get himself awake.

He who opens not his eyes,
And this bell does not hear,
Must take his exercise
By walking in a square.

A VISION OF DEATH

J. S. W., '19.

After spending many days in Norfolk on business, I found that it was imperative that I should return to New York. As I had never travelled by water, I decided to take passage on the "Old Dominion Line." The German submarine, "U-93" had just left port in the United States, after paying a short visit to this country. Many rumors had spread about, that this "U" boat was going to sink all vessels with which it came in contact. My friends advised me not to attempt the trip at this time. In the fact of all this, when the bell rang for the "Monroe" to embark, I was standing on the deck waving a fond farewell to my acquaintances and friends. The prospects for a clear sky during our trip were very limited, for I noticed a haze on the horizon, which I was told by the Lieutenant portended a heavy fog. This was of very little significance to me at the time, for I well knew that the Monroe was a ship to be depended upon under any circumstances, and that she had an experienced captain.

After we had been on board for about two hours, we were called to supper. Everyone was gay, merriment ran high, and laughter and jest passed from table to table. Lieutenant Curtiss and the wireless operator seemed to be the happiest amongst us all. Having enjoyed my supper immensely, I left the dining hall and joined with a party of my fellow passengers in the saloon. Our merriment was suddenly checked by the shriek of the "siren", which told us in a language only too vivid and uncanny that the fog was upon us. But soon our ears became accustomed to the shriek of the "siren" and the clanging of the bells, and once more merriment was at its height. Our chance of being rammed during the fog, or being torpedoed by the submarine was of course discussed, but was talked of lightly and merely in jest.

As the hour of midnight approached, the jolly passengers began to leave one by one and go to their staterooms. When I reached mine, I was in no mood for sleep, so I picked up a copy of "Poe's Prose Tales," which I had chanced to bring with me, and began reading "The Fall of the House of Usher." As I read the gloomy tale, the mysterious horror of it began to take hold of my imagination, and the echo of the early cracking and ripping sound, whice Poe had so vividly described, came indistinctly to my ear. I knew, on second thought, that it was only the creaking of the chains of the pilot's wheel, so I read on. Again I paused "with a feeling of wild amaezment", for I actually did hear most unusual sounds. With a feeling of oppression I laid aside the book and opened the window. The fog was dense; the play of the search lights gave an unearthly look to the atmosphere. The siren was still shrieking out its warning, the bells still playing dismal music, and I shuddered as I looked out.

Still yielding to an impulse that I could not resist, I put on my overcoat and, walking out on deck, proceeded to the stern of the boat, where I sat down out of reach of the wind. Wrapped in gloomy thoughts and enveloped in the fog, I paid no heed to time. My thoughts began to wander to the story I had just read; the tragic death of Lady Madeline of the House of Usher, greatly impressed me, and while gazing out into the night there came to me a vision of death. I beheld with horror the form of Mrs. Hargrave, one of my fellow passengers, struggling in the embrace of Death. I could clearly distinguish her husband, as he struggled to free her from the clutch of Death, but Death's embrace was firm and Death's grip grew stronger and stronger. While I looked on with fascinated gaze I beheld others of my fellow passengers struggling in like manner. There was the genial Lieutenant Curtiss battling for his life against heavy odds. Our young and happy-hearted wireless operator and other members of the crew were all engaged

in a deathly struggle. In the midst of this struggle I heard two sharp blasts and the quick stopping of the engines. With a fiendish laugh, death angels leaped overboard, and I stood aghast at the scene. Suddenly I heard a terrific explosion, and there loomed up before my view a large black object. My brain reeled as I saw a mighty ship rush upon us with a terrific crash, and heard a second explosion of a torpedo directly in front of this vessel. I knew that death was indeed near. Piercing screams rent the air, and faintly the tune of "Nearer My God to Thee" could be heard. A man handed me a life preserver. Scarcely knowing what I did, I fastened it about me, plunged in the icy waters, and knew no more.

The Clemson College Chronicle

FOUNDED BY THE 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: C. G. HARRIS, '17

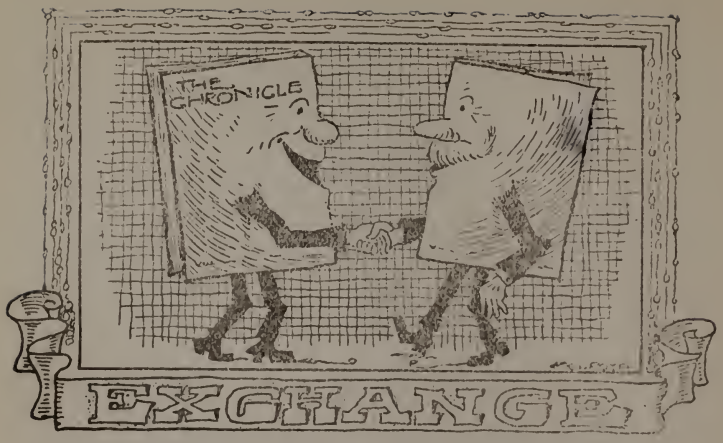
In the beginning, we wish for all a happy Thanksgiving! And also, we of this institution, join our thanks with those of our sister and brother colleges for the truly great gift, we are blessed with for the next four years—Wilson. To us now is automatically incurred the responsibility of preparing for and taking up this so nearly perfect state of affairs, and elevating it to that high level which the laws of Heaven have decreed that it should be.

As editor, I must say we are pleased with results witnessed thus far, and also of prospects of efficiency for the future of the publications of the other institutions of the state and of other states. But withal, none should be so narrow-minded as not to see there is ample room for improvement of all the papers; and just as vividly as is shown the room for improvement, is manifested that interest and enthusiasm necessary to make

progress and efficiency invincible. There reigns a more than fraternal sympathy, in the hearts and minds for every member of every institution, with each and every effort made toward improvement.

We are indeed glad of the privilege of meeting personally with members of the different staffs of publications of all the colleges of the state at the annual convention to be held in Greenville on the 23rd and 24th of November. Here, we hope to receive enlightenment on many points which shall enable us to recuperate and apply our abilities. Then too, here we expect to meet—ah well —just meet!

And here, I shall add that we are indeed appreciative to all the members who have contributed material for this issue and sincerely hope that they will continue their good work, and that others shall "fall in." We hope to have for the December number the expression of joys and high hopes, which naturally fill the mind of every thinking man near Christmas time, to add further note to our publication.



EDITORS:

M. M. BRICE, '17 W. H. SANDERS, '18

The October and November issues of the *Wake Forest Student* are what might be styled model college publications. It is indeed a great pleasure to read these two issues. The first issue is well balanced as to poetry, essays, and stories.

The October issue opens with the beautiful and sentimental poem, "A Southern Autumn." This poem expresses a beautiful thought on the beneficial results of peace. "The Mountain Man" is an excellent essay, and shows the result of a careful study of this type of man. "The Romance of Jay" has an excellent plot. The writer shows the ability of a short-story writer, and should improve his talents in this direction. The departments in this issue are excellently conducted.

In the November issue of the *Wake Forest Student*, the article that would take the eye of the college student most effectively is the story entitled "Bull Showers, Junior." Our college magazines should have more realistic stories of the college students. "Samuel Titmus, Insurrectionist" shows the result of a careful study of the drama by the writer; however, this drama does not have much of a plot. The lack of stories is a common

fault in this issue. In this issue, we find two poems, three long essays, and two stories. However, these two issues are probably the best that the Exchange Department has yet received.

The Hampton Chronicle is excellently balanced as to poems, essays, and stories. It contains one essay, two poems, and three stories; the arrangement of which would suit the taste of almost any reader. "The Storm" is a beautiful little nature poem. The story, "And a Little Child", expresses beautiful sentiment. It shows what only a little love can do in this big world. "Bernadette's Vocation" is hardly the kind of story that the college publication needs. What it needs are stories that touch more closely on our own college life. "What the North Country Wrought" is a story with an excellent plot. The esay on the "Study Robert Louis Stevenson" is well divided and excellently written. It shows the result of much study on the subject.

In the *Carolinian* we find better poetry than we have seen in any of the other college publications. "For King and Country" expresses a sad but probably a true thought. The author reminds us of the almost forgotten "World State", where there will be no "World of Countries and of Kings". And, again, we come to a beautiful descriptive poem, "October's Coming". The story "When Cellie Fell in the Lard Barrel", does not seem to possess a definite plot; it seems to be more of a history of some simple home scene than of a complex story. It is inappropriate for a college magazine. However, this number is excellent for the first issue.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the following magazines:

The Newberry Stylus, The Limestone Star, The Vassar Miscellany Monthly, The Wofford College Journal, The Concept, The Furman Echo, The Georgian, The Collegian, The University of North Carolina Magazine, The Lenoirian, Our Monthly, and *The St. Mary's Muse.*

EDITOR: J. D. BLAIR, '17

J. K. Lawton, '11, has a position as chemist in Atlanta, Georgia.

* * * * *

J. G. Lawton, '12, is demonstration agent for Hampton county.

* * * * *

H. L. Reaves, '10, is assistant demonstration agent for Hampton county.

* * * * *

T. B. Wilson, '13, has a position as civil engineer with the Pennsylvania and Erie Railroad.

* * * * *

Katie Williams and Ed. Shiver, both of the class of 16, are connected with the Bethlehem Steel Works, as chemists.

* * * * *

W. H. Neil, '16, has a position with the Bell Telephone Company, with headquarters in Jacksonville, Florida.

* * * * *

"Cutie" Lawson, '15, has the position of chemist in the Bethlehem Steel Works. F. M. Mellette, '13, is connected with that firm also.

F. J. Jervey, '14, is with the Winchester Repeating Arms Company of New Haven, Connecticut. Frank won the R. W. Simpson medal in his junior year for being the best drilled man in the corps. Frank was very popular with the students.

* * * * *

H. R. Trott, '16, is with the Campbell Architectural Company of Atlanta, Georgia. Henry was cheer leader his senior year, and did much to keep up the Old Tiger Spirit.

* * * * *

E. L. Randle, '15, is with the militia on the border. "Cat" played three years on the varsity football squad as lineman. He was a great favorite among the students. We students who were here in college with him, remember him as being a great joke artist.

* * * * *

J. L. Carson, '14, is serving with the North Carolina militia on the border. "June" played three years of varsity football. He was one of the best centers Clemson has ever boasted of.

* * * * *

R. M. O'Neal, '16, is also serving on the border. He is a member of the Anderson Machine Gun Company. "Mike" is now a typical Irishman, as he has the rank of sergeant. We remember him best for his jovial nature. We predict rapid promotions for him, as he was one of the most military men in Company "G".

* * * * *

G. D. Garner, '11, H. M. Woodward, '11, F. F. Parker, '11, and R. J. McIntosh, '12 are all working with the Southern Bell Telephone Company, with headquarters in Atlanta, Georgia.

EDITOR: J. J. MURRAY, '17

We were exceedingly fortunate in having Dr. John E. White to give us a series of lectures this year. His first lecture was on the subject, "The Mastery of your Heart." His wonderful ability to draw and hold a crowd was soon to be realized, for the crowd grew larger and larger every night. Dr. White spoke in the Baptist Church each afternoon at 4:30. He certainly made a wonderful impression for good on our student body, and it is to be hoped that his labors among us will be of everlasting benefit.

On Sunday, October 22, Dr. William Roder delivered an excellent address in the Y. M. C. A. auditorium at 7:45 P. M. His subject was, "The Making of a Man." He said that there are several factors which are necessary in the making of a man. Among the main ones that he mentioned are time, environment, and heredity. Dr. Roder emphasized the fact that the trouble with us is that we lack the ability to say *no* when the devil tempts us to say *yes,* and to say *yes* when the devil tempts us to say *no.* He said that we lack backbone.

On Sunday night, November 5, Dr. Poteat, who is well known to all of us, gave a very interesting lecture in the Y. M. C. A. auditorium at 7:45. The subject of his lecture was, "Is it Wrong to Bet?" He said that betting begins when a small boy starts playing marbles for "keeps", then later matching for drinks and car-fare; and finally the boy begins to feel that he must bet in order to back his college team. When a man bets, he does not watch the game from the viewpoint of a true sportsman, but as a gambler, with the gambling instinct.

"The man who loses his money is wasting it," he said. As Philips Brooks puts it, "Money is stored personality." The worst part, or rather the saddest part of a college man's betting is that, as a rule, he is not betting his own money, but the money that his father has so eagerly and earnestly toiled for.

On Sunday night, November 12, Rev. Steadman delivered a splendid address. His subject was, "Little Sorrowful or Handicaps." He spoke of the many handicaps that men have from their sorrows. We should not mourn over that which we do not have, for this is one of our greatest handicaps. One fact that drove itself into the hearts of many was, "Ignorance is no desgrace if there is a thirst for knowledge." He said that we should never give up, but look to God, our Protector and Guidance, and keep trying.

Our Bible classes are meeting with wonderful success this year. We have more men enrolled than ever before, and hope to beat the record of America for attendance.

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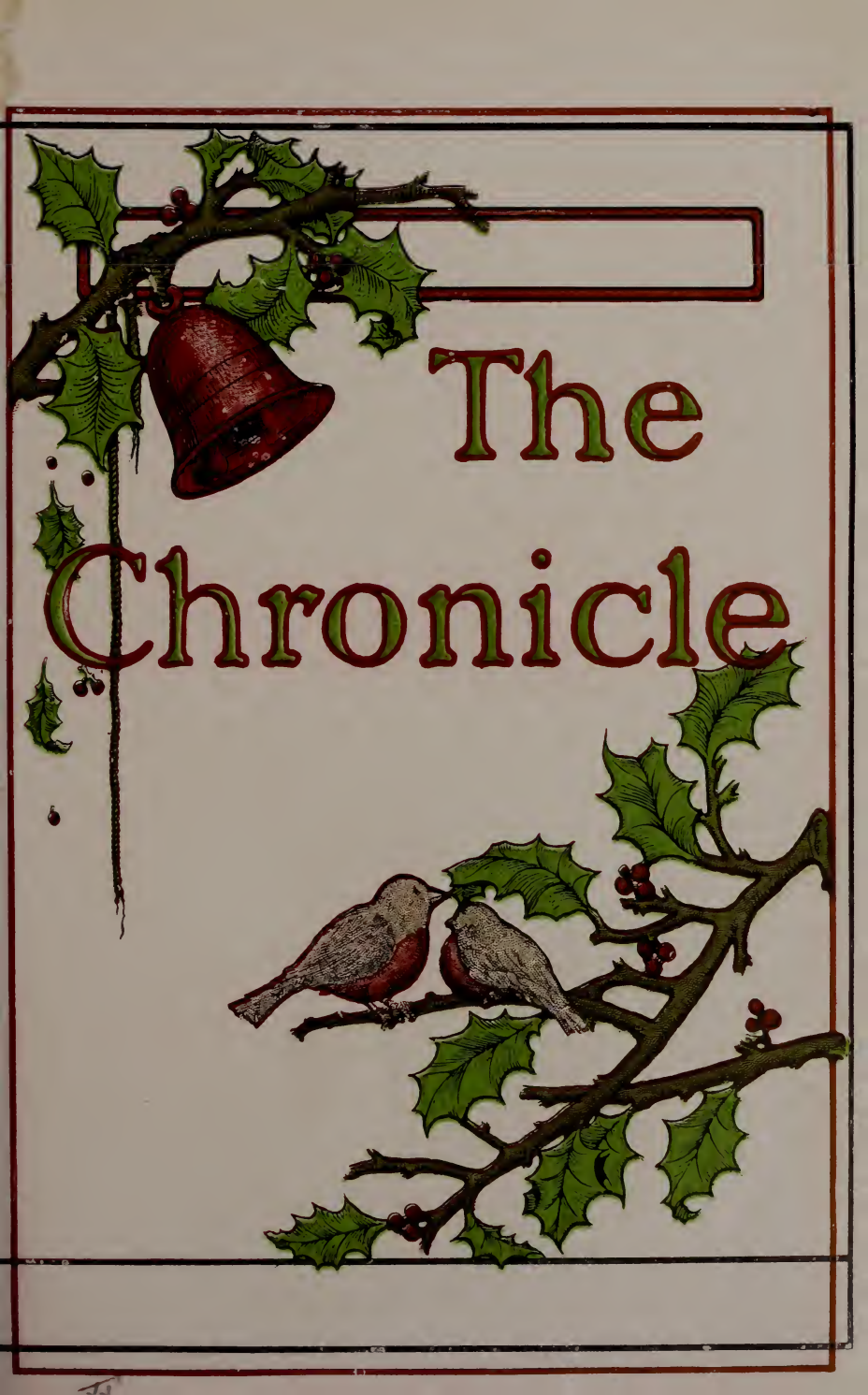
The
Chronicle

The Clemson College Chronicle

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EDITORS:

W. T. WHITE, '17 J. S. WATKINS, '19

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS

M. M. B., '17.

'Twas long ago, on Christmas morn,
A baby in a manger lay,
As darkness slowly changed to dawn,
And night was pierced by a sunny ray.
And then the Heavenly guiding star
Slowly faded with the night;
For it had led from out afar
The wise men to the Prince of Light.

'Twas joy in Heav'n on Christmas day,
As Angels came down from on high,
And sang to man that Heavenly lay;
A song that came from out the sky.
New, joy on earth should reign supreme
On Christmas day all o'er the land;
And all should think on that great theme
Of Jesus come for love of man.

That Christmas day, 'twas naught but peace;
All warring banners then were furled;
All sounds of battle then were ceased:
The Prince of Peace ruled o'er the world.
The gift of God was peace to man
Thru Jesus Christ, the Prince of Love.
That man should feel the warring hand
Was not the will of Him above.

O, Father, ruler of our wills,
Keep vandal's tread from near our shores:
And on our mighty plains and hills,
May never sound the shout of foes.
And, Father, if it be Thy will,
Please bring to those of lands afar,
Who triumphantly their brothers kill,
The knowledge of the sin of war.

GRANDDADDY'S CHRISTMAS STORY

W. D. T., '18.

Once upon a time, as all good stories go, Johnny Desports awoke early on the Christmas morn of his sixteenth birthday. Johnny used to think he had been cheated in the bargain, and he never did like it one bit, for he always received his Christmas and birthday presents all in one. But on this particular morn, the sun was shining brightly, promising a fine day. Remembering that the family was to spend the day at Grandmother's, as they did every Christmas, and also—that granddaddy had promised him a long wanted Christmas present, which of course was a gun,—he dressed quickly and ran down and greeted every one with "Merry Christmas." Breakfast was a small matter with Johnny, for he could hardly wait until time for the train to arrive.

At last the train arrived, and with a hurry and bustle the whole family, with Johnny included, got on to go to grandmother's.

Old George was at the station with the old family carriage to meet them. With much delight, Johnny runs to greet him.

"Hello, dar, Marse Johnny," replied the good old darky, "is we gwine ter take dat hunt t'day?"

"We sure are, George, and how are the dogs?" asked Johnny.

"Dey is fine as dey eber wus, and jus' rarin' fer a hunt."

Greeting the rest of the family they drove on down the big road to grandmother's, with Johnny and old George on the front seat. After they had passed the bend in the road, they could see the big white house, with large columns in front, set back in a grove of fine old oaks, with an avenue leading up to it. Arriving at the house, they were greeted by grandmother and grand-

daddy. Grandmother is a fine old lady with hair of the whiteness of cotton, a high forehead, sweet brown eyes, a pleasant mouth, that smiles at all times. She is not very tall. And granddaddy is the type of old gentlemen that remind us of the good old days before the war. He is very tall, and has thick, gray hair, a high forehead, blue eyes that have a twinkle in them, and a mouth that tries to be stern, but has to give up to the smile which lurks at the corners.

Johnny was greeted with a kiss from each, and as soon as all the family had been greeted, he and granddaddy slipped off into the house to look at the cherished Christmas present. There it lay at the foot of a great Christmas tree in the big parlor. Johnny was overwhelmed with joy; for it is just what he had been wanting—a twenty-gauge double-barreled little beauty, just the thing to make a boy's eyes shine, and heart leap for joy. There were also two boxes of shells, which made everything ready for the hunt.

"Granddaddy," said happy Johnny, "that's just what I have been wanting for a long time. Let's go hunting now."

"My boy, I am glad you like it," replied the old man, "I am getting too old to hunt now, but I think George has a couple of dogs ready for the fray; you all can go for a hunt."

"Fine," said Johnny, "I'll sure bring you some birds back."

So Johnny and George went out for a little hunt with the warning from grandmother to be back by two o'clock for dinner.

At two o'clock they returned, tired and hungry, but Johnny was very happy, for he had killed six birds.

Then came the call for dinner. The great old dining room was ready for the guests. The carved mahogany table almost groaned as its burden of turkey, salads,

roasts, hams, and all the good things which go to make up a Christmas dinner were in abundance.
reigns supreme.

After dinner every one assembled around the large fireplace in the sitting room. The oak logs burned and crackled merrily, and the old tabby cat dozed on the hearthrug. Johnny and the rest of the children began to ask granddaddy to tell them a Christmas story. At first the old man hesitated. But finally he told them he would tell a true Christmas story.

"A good many years ago," he began, "when I was a young man of twenty-one, I was known as Beau John Desports, of Oakhaven. Since my early childhood I had been petted and adored by my mother and father. And I am afriad I was very much spoiled. When I was sixteen, my mother died, and my poor old father grieved so much over her death that he followed her to the grave two years later. This left me owner of a thousand acres of rich land, two hundred slaves, and this house, with a wine cellar well stocked with rare wines.

"I grieved very much over the loss of my parents. I then began to drink, very lightly at first; but finally I began to take too much. The cap of sorrow fits the head of youth very poorly, and soon I gave up lamenting the death of my parents, and began to go in for a gay time.

"My guardian decided it best for me to go off to college. Therefore, taking George with me as my valet, I began my college career in an old college in our state. Here I spent the most of my time in playing cards, drinking, and going to parties and operas. Studies and classes did not bother me very much.

"One night I was invited to a party at a friend's house, and there I met the girl of my dreams. She had brown hair, almost bronze, which was piled on top of her head with one long curl down her back; and brown eyes, which twinkled with merriment, slim of figure,

with small ankles and feet,—she was just the girl I had looked for, for a long time.

"I was formally introduced to her, and then another fellow came up and carried her away to another part the house. I talked to a number of girls for awhile, and then feeling lonesome, I wandered out into the garden. It was a beautiful garden, filled up with various flowers, and laid off into walks. I don't believe I had ever seen the moon cast such soft shadows before. I stopped beside a rose bush to pick a flower when I spied a little patch of white behind the bush. I quickly stepped around to investigate, and who should I behold but the girl of my dreams! I also caught her in the act of peeping around the other side of the bush. She sure was surprised to see me standing there smiling at her. She gave a little gasp and started to flee, but I had already made up my mind she should not escape me now.

'Miss Berne,' I said, 'why run away? I am perfectly harmless and will not bite.'

'Thanks, Mr. Desports,' she replied, 'but you scared me so.'

'I am awfully sorry. But I see a bench over yonder. Will you not sit down and talk awhile?' I asked.

'Certainly, I shall be delighted,' she replied.

So we talked a short while over nothing, and then she told me where she lived. To my surprise, she what a fascinating girl she was, and what a spell I was under when I was around her. I was just going to tell her this when here came a bunch of fellows around to where we were, to claim her for the dance which was about to start. So again I was left by myself. I followed them on back into the house and danced with her several times, but I never did get a chance to speak to her alone again that night.

"From that night on I couldn't think of anything but her. In my dreams I could see her, and it was useless

to study or try to do anything else. A vision of her pretty face was always looming up before me. I did not see her again until two weeks later, the day before Christmas. A few of my college friends and I were invited to spend the Christmas holidays in the home of another friend.

"We rode out from the city and arrived there at dusk. We were greeted by our hostess and were shown to our rooms. When we returned downstairs, my hostess asked me if I would step out to the bush, which bore her favorite roses, and get her a few. Going out to the bush I was busily engaged in cutting roses, when two little hands covered my eyes.

'Guess who?' said a voice, one I well knew.

'Miss Berne!' I replied.

'How did you know me so well?' she asked when we had shaken hands.

'How could I not know you? My thoughts for the past two weeks have been chiefly of you,' I replied.

She dimpled very prettily and blushed. 'Shall we sit down?' she asked.

"I then proceeded to tell her how much I had thought of her during the past two weeks, and I had again started to tell her I loved her, when someone called us to the house to supper.

"We went to supper, and I could hardly keep my eyes off her long enough to eat, I was so delighted to be with her again. After supper, we all danced and sang awhile, but I saw that my golden opportunity was slipping past. So calling her we slipped out into the hall. I knew of a good secluded seat under the broad oak stair, which was just large enough for two. The light was a little dim, but then it was an ideal place for lovers.

"We talked for a little while, but I could stand it no longer; so I poured out what had swelled up in my heart for so long. I told her that I had always loved

her, even before I had met her. She would not look at me. Finally I became desperate.

'Molly, dearest,' I said, for the first time, 'will you be my wife?'

"She hesitated and still hid her face from me."

With that grandmother got up, her face very red. "John," she said, "why are you always acting so foolishly?" Then she left the room.

Granddaddy leaned back in his chair and laughed heartily.

But Johnny was not so easily pleased; he wanted to hear the rest of the story.

"Go on, granddaddy," said Johnny, "what did she say? Did she accept you? Go on and finish the story."

"You had better ask your grandmother to finish it for you," he replied.

"Please finish it," begged Johnny.

"All right, then," replied the old gentleman. "Well, when I asked her to marry me, she turned around and looking up at me, she said, 'John, I have loved you from the first, and, of course, I will be yours.'

"The old clock on the stair boomed out the hour of midnight, as I took her into my arms and kissed her for the first time, when here came the whole crowd, peeping around the corner catching us in the act. We were pulled out, very red, and were congratulated. Then for the first time I remembered it was Christmas for the big clock had just struck twelve. So she was a Christmas present to me."

That night Johnny dreamed of the pretty little girl around the corner,—that he had asked her to marry him, and just as the clock struck the midnight hour for Christmas, she had promised to be his wife, and had kissed him.

THE MOUNTAIN PEOPLE OF THE SOUTH

T. S. B., '17.

Probably there is no other class of people in the world who are so little understood and grossly misrepresented as are the mountain people of our Southern states. They are usually referred to as if they are all fugitives from justice, and not worthy of being classed as true Americans. They are comomnly thought of as being the descendants of criminals who fled to the mountains for protection. This is not true in all cases, however, for largely they are descended from those sturdy and stoic colonists who have been so instrumental in the development of our country—the Scotch-Irish.

Early in the seventeenth century King James of England devastated the northern part of Ireland, Ulster, deporting a large number of Scots there. The descendants of these people are known to us as the Scotch-Irish. Feeling that the English did not treat them fairly, during the eighteenth century large numbers came to America in search of religious and political freedom. Being accustomed to mountainous country, when they reached America, they settled in the mountains of Pennsylvania and the Southern states.

We see, therefore, that these people are from just as good stock as are any on the continent of North America. The reason for their backwardness is their isolation. They are here in these mountains, cut off largely from communication with the outside world,—almost as solitary as if on an island; hence they have not kept pace with the rest of our country in development.

In our struggle for freedom from England the mountain soldiers were at the forefront of the fight. Natural enemies of the English, they fought all the harder. We are all familiar with the work of the soldiers from over the mountains at the battle of Kings Mountain, the beginning of the end of the American Revolution.

The country where these people live is, as we all know, very rough and mountainous. In area the Appalachian Plateau is about one-half that of Germany, and greater than that of the British Isles. The population is about five million, as many as were in the original Thirteen Colonies at the time of the Revoltuion. The large majority live on small farms, which they own themselves. Only comparatively a very few live in towns and villages, and these are very small. This is a well-watered region, the valleys being good farming land. The great trouble with them is their isolation. There are no waterways, no highways, and what roads they have are very poor indeed. Many of these follow the beds of the streams. Large areas are without roads of any kind, their only means of communication being trails across the mountains. Is it any wonder that under such conditions as these we have a very illiterate and backward people? "Civilization has always arisen in the meeting place of ideas." If we have no transportation, we can have no meeting of ideas, and, therefore, no development of civilization.

These people live on isolated farms in crude log houses. They have very few of the comforts of civilization. They have few schools with poorly equipped buildings, and incompetent teachers. They are concerned very little in religious affairs. Their religious belief having been brought down from the Scotch-Irish, is largely Calvanistic.

Probably the greatest knowledge the outside world has of the mountain people is of their illicit distillation of whiskey. This we consider to be a violation of the law. Does it apepar as such to the poor illiterate farmer? He very likely lives several miles from any road, has no means of marketing his only farm produce—corn; therefore he considers the law unjust. He cannot understand how it is wrong for him to change his corn into a marketable product. He cannot sell his corn, as he

has no means of carrying it to market. The only thing that he can do is to concentrate it into whiskey, and in this form dispose of it in small quantities. Moonshining is very slow and tedious work, and the returns are very small indeed.

The mountain clans are often referred to. These are not very different from what they were in Scotland many years ago. Feuds existing between these rival clans are very common. They may have been started over almost anything, very trivial mtaters at times. These feuds are dying out, and in general the people are protimes thought, however, as they usually have no adequate laws. One faction often gets in power and controls the courts.

To the credit of these people let it be said that these feusd are dying out, and in general the people are progressing very rapidly. With good systems of communication, allowing them access to the outside world, together with improved methods of agriculture, we may expect them to come forward, taking their place in the front ranks of the American people in the near future.

MEMORIES OF CHILDHOOD DAYS

W. C. B., '17.

Come with the rushing tide of times!
  Sweet childhood days of yore,
And still this longing in my breast
  That haunts me evermore.

'Tis a longing for the joys
  That have long passed and gone,
When life was naught but happiness
  With sororws yet unborn.

I visit once more as in a dream
  The scenes I most did love,
And there with the plaintive zephyr's sigh,
  Sweet memories come of her.

Memories of a mother dear
  Whose prayers have made me strong
To bear my burden with a smile,
  And pity the ways of wrong.

Let not, my boy, your mother's prayers
  Be uttered all in vain,
But start today with a courage brave
  And climb 'till the top is gained.

CHRISTMAS BRINGS PEACE

W. T. W., '17.

George Langford pushed back the stack of papers on his desk and straightened up with an air of weariness. He was used to work, but to-day had been an unusually busy one, and his faculties had been taxed to the utmost. Still, as he came to the end of his day's work, he felt no great sense of relief, but rather seemed to regret that he had no more to do, as if work were a solace to him. Looking out of the window, he saw far below the countless lights of the city, glimmering in the fast gathering twilight of a winter evening, while the steady hum and din of a never-ending traffic was reaching his ears. He saw, yet did not see, for his handsome forehead was wrinkled with thought. Even a casual observer would have been impressed by him as being a man of unusual personality. His high, broad forehead indicated intelligence of a high degree, while square, firmly set jaws gave evidence of a determination that had counted for much on the football field in his college days. A pair of steel-grey eyes, which could flash fire, or smile like a baby's, now held an expression which was almost wistful.

Arousing from his reverie, he turned to a stenographer with a paper and said, "Write the B. A. & W. Railroad Company that we accept their contract. We'll begin work on January first, with a view toward completing the construction by the last of May, or the first of June." Then slipping into a heavy fur overcoat, he picked up his hat and walked out, giving a cheery word of greeting to everyone he passed, from head clerk to office boy. Once in the street below, he again fell into a reverie.

It was the night before Christmas Eve, and the world was putting on its gala attire for the glad occasion. Hundreds of shoppers were out in quest of gifts and

tokens of the season for friends and loved ones. Windows were gorgeously decorated with many colored lights, evergreens, and toys, while form nearly every window old Santa's benign countenance beamed upon delighted children and urchins of the street. Everywhere could be heard sounds of gaiety. Music and laughter rang out upon the evening air. But to all this revelry Langford was only half conscious. He was thinking of how little Christmas meant to him this year compared to previous years. No glad anticipations filled his mind, and the joy of others served to accentuate his loneliness. Yes, for he was lonely. His thoughts reverted back to the time when he hailed the Christmas season with delight, and he reflected with deep sorrow upon the cause which had put a stop to these anticipations.

George Langford had been born and reared in a rural community, far from the great city of which he was now a part. His father, a wealthy planter and land owner, was a most highly respected citizen, and was looked up to by all of the community. George's fondest recollections were of his childhood days spent at Oakenwald, his father's country home. The nearest neighbors of the Langfords were the Thorntons. Colonel Thornton was an old friend of Edward Langford's, George's father. Harry Thornton was George's bosom friend from his knickerbocker days on thru college, and Jacqueline Thornton had always been his acknowledged sweetheart. They had corresponded with each other while in college, and were together much during vacations. Finally, after graduation, George and Jacqueline became engaged. In the meantime a bitter feud had arisen between Colonel Thornton and Edward Langford; and the latter, on learning of his son's engagement to Jacqueline, demanded that the engagement be broken at once. George resented this demand, and a bitter quarrel ensued between him and his father, with the result that George was threatened to be disinherited. Seeing that

reconciliation was apparently impossible, George decided to give Jacqueline up, but at the same time he decided that he could no longer live at home, so without even a good-bye to any one but his mother, George left home and came to the city. Being possessed of a superior education, and naturally capable, George found no trouble in getting something to do. He began work with a construction company. Promotion had been rapid, and now he was junior partner in the firm. Altho he had made money, he worked not so much for the money as for the love of work. Many times he had been sorry for leaving without a word of explanation to Jacqueline. But then he decided that she would not understand, and since he had determined to concede in part to his father's demands, it would be best to leave things as they were, hard tho it might be.

But to-night Langford was thinking more seriously than ever before, and was beginning to see things in a new light. It began to dawn upon him that he had done a very foolish, if not unpardonable thing by leaving as he had. Jacqueline had always been true to him, and he had left her without a word, and had not seen her since. Then there was his mother, so kind and gentle and loving. She had always stood by him, loved him and cared for him. Ah, mother! His eyes grew moist at the thought of her, and he experienced an intense longing to go back to her. Then Dad had always been good to him, and had granted his every wish, except this last one, and "Had he not the right to object to this if he wanted to?" said Langford to himself.

His musings were interrupted by the shrill cry of a newsboy, "Evening paper." He looked down into the thin face of a little lad, and noted the thinly clad form. Reaching down for the paper he dropped a bank note into the urchin's hand and muttered, "Keep the change," and passed on. He had made one heart happy. Just ahead of him was a boy in his 'teens, who had apparently

just come home from school. He was running on merrily with an elderly lady, and Langford caught this remark, "But mother, it would not be Christmas if I couldn't come home." Reaching the corner, he turned and went on. Across the street he heard the clear tones of a Victrola playing "Little Grey Home in the West." Home! Everything suggested home to-night! Langford stopped further on in front of a church. The choir was singing "While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks by Night." It reminded him of the Christmas services at home. Presently the choir began the anthem, "Peace on Earth, Good Will Toward Men." Langford listened in silence to the end of the anthem. "What is Christmas anyway," he mused, "if not a time for making peace?"

The music having ceased, Langford passed on, hailed the first cab he saw, and made his way to his rooms. After diner, he went to the theater in the hope of dispelling from his mind the thoughts he had entertained earlier in the evening, but to no avail. He returned to his rooms and went to bed to toss over the matter most of the night. After an almost sleepless night, Langford arose, weary and despondent. "Something must be done," he muttered. Sitting with chin in hands, he gazed out at the cold grey dawn, for it was yet early. Suddenly he sprang up, a light of determination in his eyes. "I'll go home," he said with vehemence. Looking at his watch, he saw that it lacked only thirty minutes of being time for the last train which he could take to get home that day. He would dave to travel all day at that. To resolve was to act. Already he felt better. Pressing a button for his valet, he half shouted, "James get me ready to leave in fifteen minutes for a several days' stay. I must catch the seven-fifty."

That night about ten o'clock the fast express stopped for a moment at the little station of Fairwood. A lone passenger dismounted, the whistle shrieked, and the

train pulled out, having stopped scarcely a moment. Langford looked around and saw no sign of life, save a light in the station window. It was barely three miles to Oakenwald, and he was perfectly familiar with the way. Besides, he was tired of riding and did not mind the walk, so he set out on foot. His suit case was not heavy, for he had not taken time to pack much. Indeed, he did not even have time to tell his partner of his leaving, but had wired him after taking the train. Moving with long, steady strides thru the crisp, frosty air of the winter night, Langford experienced a feeling of exhilaration at being in the open again. Far above, countless stars twinkled and looked peacefully down upon the quiet world.

Langford had been walking for some time, when he became aware that an auto was coming up behind him. The car came on and stopped right against him.

"Why Harry, what in the world! Come get in the car immediately," and the door opened with a jerk. "Oh! I'm so sorry I didn't get to the train in time to meet you." The clear musical tones, which Langford recognized immediately, sent the blood tingling to his toes, and for the space of a second he lost his voice.

"Come—"

"Pardon me," he said, regaining control of himself, "but this is not Harry."

"Oh!—" she gasped. "You! What are *you* doing here?"

"I'm going home. Can I—is there anything I can do for you?"

"Oh! no," she replied. "I'm very sorry to have troubled you. I was expecting Harry, but I got to the station after the train came, and the agent told me that some one got off and came this way. I thought you were Harry. He must not have come." A pause, then, "Won't you ride with me? I am going by Oakenwald, and can take you there. But—perhaps you had rather walk?"

"No, I shall go with you," he replied, getting into the

car with her. A word to the chauffeur, and the car plunged forward over the road to Oakenwald.

The situation was unique. Here had he met very unexpectedly with Jacqueline, and she was directing him home. She had not treated him coldly as he might have expected, nor had she appeared glad to see him. True, she had seemed a little excited on meeting him so suddenly, but had quickly regained her composure. She was acting as if he were any ordinary acquaintance. And after he had treated her as he had! To save his life, Langford could not decide on what to say to Jacqueline. He felt very foolish, and it seemed that he had never been in such an embarrasing position before. So they sat in silence, and in a few minutes came in sight of Oakenwald. The mansion was ablaze with lights. The car came to a stop, and Langford got out and asked in as even a tone as he could assume, "Won't you come in?"

"For a few minutes, yes," she replied, to his amazement.

They were met at the door by the old butler, who showed them into the library, where to Langford's astonishment, they found his father and Colonel Thornton engaged in friendly conversation. He could scarcely believe his eyes. On seeing his son in the door-way, Edward Langford gave a shout of joy, ran and threw his arms about his son's neck, crying, "Welcome home! George, my boy! Welcome home!"

George was nonplussed, but in another instant all other feelings gave way to that of pure joy, for his mother swept into the room, and he was in her arms.

Since entering the room, Jacqueline had remained to one side, a silent witness to the scene. Her soft eyes now grew moist, and she looked away.

George, who had not yet said a word, was very anxious for an explanation of the turn of affairs. "How—," he began, but stopped.

"Did you get my wire?" his father broke in.

"Your wire?"

"Yes, I sent you a telegram yesterday, telling you to come home at once. I'm sorry I treated you as I did, George. Thru the influence of your mother and Jack, there, Colonel Thornton and I were persuaded to meet and make peace. When we met yesterday, instead of talking the matter over, we simply shook hands, laughed, and became friends once more. I think we had both long concluded that we were acting very foolishly. So let's forget the past. It's Christmas, and there's 'Peace on Earth.' You didn't get my wire?"

"No, but I couldn't stay away any longer, and now I'm more than glad I came."

"Well George, you'll not find me objecting to—er—any longer," and so saying, he left the room, followed by his wife and Colonel Thornton.

George looked long and thoughtfully into the fire. Jacqueline, tall, slim, and aristocratic, stood toying with a vase of flowers on the table. She had not changed since George had left, unless it had been to grow more beautiful. George raised his eyes to her face and looked entreatingly into her lovely blue eyes.

"You knew all," he said.

"Yes," softly.

"Jack," he began tremulously, "can you ever forgive—?"

"There's nothing to forgive, George." Her gaze met his squarely.

"And you—you haven't changed?"

"Oh! not in the least," she cried; and something would have happened right there, had not the telephone whirred sharply just at this instant.

George turned and picked up the receiver. "Hello!—George Langford—yes—yes. They are both here.—Yes, everything is all right. I came home to-night.—Yes, I'll explain later.—All right.—Good-bye."

"It was Harry on long distance," said George, turning to Jacqueline. "He could not get you all, so he called here to see what was the trouble. Said it was impossible for him to come home to-day, but to look for him to-morrow."

"Oh! I'm so glad! won't we have a happy Christmas?"

"Won't we? But Jack, dear, when will you marry me?"

Her eyes sparkeld. "To-mororw, if you wish."

And then something happened.

MOTHER

F. U. W., '20.

The name of Mother all through life
Should be in the heart of every boy,
For 'tis she who every day
Is living each moment for our joy.
'Tis Mother who is watching us,
And gives us all her care;
Even though we sometimes stray,
Mother's love is always near.

What a blessing Mother is,
And what her tender love can mean!
Her life is spent for ours alone,
Her kindest ways are ever seen.
If we are grateful for her love
And live as in her sight,
All our griefs will be reverted,
And our life will be made right.

We could never do without her,
It is she we all must praise,
Her training we must remember,
And follow in her daily ways.
Many boys seem ungrateful
For the joy that Mother gives,
But if we were here without her,
We would know why Mother lives.

Since our future life she's making
By her influence and her prayers,
Is there a boy so unthankful
That would bring a Mother tears?
Our trials belong to her as well,
And in our joys she takes a part;
Could a boy having such a Mother
Be the cause of her troubled heart?

CHRISTMAS

B. H. S., '18.

Nineteen hundred and sixteen years ago, in a rude manger in the city of Bethlehem, Christ Jesus, our Lord and Savior, was born. At this time, the city was full of people who had gathered in accordance with the Roman decree to be taxed, in fact so full that Joseph and Mary could not find room in any of the inns, but were forced to spend the night in a stable adjoining one of the inns. In this lowly place, with no one present except Joseph and Mary, with the mute cows and beasts of burden for witnesses, the Christ-Child who became the greatest and only perfect man with which the world has ever been blessed, came into the world. That night, "while shepherds watched their flocks" on the hills near the city of David, a band of Heavenly Angels appeared unto them singing, "Peace on earth, Good will toward men; for there is born unto you this day in the city of Bethlehem, a Savior, which is Jesus Christ our Lord." These shepherds quickly went down into the city and found the child wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger on some new-mown hay. When they saw him, they fell down on their knees and worshipped him, and gave thanks unto God. Also that same night a strange star appeared in the skies, and was observed by three wise men in the East. They understood its meaning, and set out at once to find the King. Guided by this star, they traveled for days and days without becoming discouraged, and finally found the babe in Bethlehem. After worshipping their new King, they offered thanks unto God for so wonderfully blessing them, by allowing them to see the promised Savior. Then they gave priceless gifts of spices and perfumes to the child, and took their leave. Thus was the first Christmas celebrated—by Joseph and Mary, a band of

Angels from Heaven, several shepherds, and the three wise men.

Before the child was a year old, his parents were forced to flee with him into Egypt to prevent his being killed by King Herod, who was afraid that this new King would usurp his earthly throne. Several years later, Herod died, and Christ's parents returned with him to Nazareth. His father was a carpenter, and he himself is supposed to have worked at his father's trade. At the age of twelve, the child won recognition in the temple at Jerusalem, by his remarkable interpretations of the Scriptures. After he became older, he told his parents that he must "be about His Father's business," but it was not until he was about thirty years of age that he began to teach and preach. The very few remaining years of his life were spent in teaching, preaching, and healing. To the poor, the sorrowing, the suffering, the sinful, and the unbelieving multitudes of Jews or Gentiles, he was the most perfect embodiment of love, sympathy, compassion, and kindness, imaginable. Although he had "not where to lay his head," he helped the poor, comforted the sorrowing, relieved the suffering, pardoned the sinner, and had mercy on the unbeliever. In spite of these facts, however, Christ was condemned as a blasphemer, and was sentenced to die on a cross between two thieves. Even in the most awful agonies of this terrible death, he was able to say, "Forgive them, for they know not what they do," and amid the angry taunts and savage yells of his persecutors, he died the most accursed death known by man. He was buried and remained under the power of death for three days, but then he arose from the dead and ascended into Heaven to remain with His Father until His second coming.

To-day at Christmas we celebrate the birth of Christ, but in a way characteristic of His life while here on earth. "Christ is love," and love is the keynote of

Christmas. Christmas literally means Christ's Mass, and it is a time each year when His people or those who have heard of Him, celebrate this birth by showing their love for God, or their fellow men by doing something for them. The time-honored practice of remembering our friends with gifts is but an expression of our love for them, and the bestowing of gifts to the poor and needy is not only expressive of our love for them, but also for God; for He has said, "In so much as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me." Every Christmas the air is permeated with the spirit of gladness, and good cheer reigns supreme. Those away from home return if it is possible, and make merry for a time. The beggar is never turned away on Christmas day, and efforts are always made to see that the poorest and most forsaken creature on the street has his heart gladdened by a good meal or a gift. Beautiful packages are sent into the orphan homes, and Saint Nicholas always visits the home of the prosperous, and even the poorest father endeavors to delight his children on Christmas morning. Christmas trees are prepared in numerous places, and various kinds of exercises and customs are observed in nearly all lands. The same story of Christ is read in six hundred different languages, and His birth is celebrated by untold millions each year.

When we recall Christ's humble beginning, and the fact that he was crucified by those whom he strove to save, we are almost prone to say that it is impossible—that nearly two thousand years after his ignoble death, the memory of such a seemingly insignificant man should not only live in the minds of men to-day, but is affecting the whole lives of countless millions as well. But such is the case, and the wonderful power of this man in the lives of men to-day is forcibly exemplified in the matchless way in which the people of this country have aided their stricken brothers in the war-torn coun-

tries of Europe. Shiploads of provisions have been sent to the relief of the starving women and children, thousands of men and women have braved the dangers of battle to ease the pain of the dying soldier and relieve the suffering of the wounded, voluntarily, and doubtless, millions of dollars will be spent this year to spread joy among these sorely afflicted people. For His sake people are doing these things. "But it doth not yet appear what shall be." This Christmas when we sit down in our cozy chair to read the story of love and truth, and to recall the wonderful progress of Christ's Mass, let us remember that half the world cannot read or write this matchless story to-day. And also that all the most highly civilized nations of the world, save our own, are struggling at one another's throats in deadly conbat. It does seem as if His love is the only means by which this unparalleled conflict may be brought to a lasting close. When this has come to pass, and the story has been told to every creature, then it is possible that through the birth and life of our Savior there will be "Peace on earth" and love will reign supreme in the hearts of men. And then while celebrating Christmas in this ideal era, people will recall the way we celebrate it, and theirs compared with ours will not differ widely from the comparison between our present day and the first Christmas nearly twenty decades ago.

CHRISTMAS

J. F. H., '19.

Hurrah for Christmas! it is so jolly,
With every heart both gay and light;
When mistletoe and wreaths of holly
Deck each festal hall so bright.
The time for mirth, for cheer and gladness
Throughout the earth's remotest bound;
When not a heart should know of sadness,
For joy o'er all the world is found.

Then Santa Claus, the jolly old soul,
With his pack of books, his candy and toys,
Climbs to the roof and down the chimney does roll
To fill the stockings of girls and boys.
When he has finished, packing each tight
With dolls and teddy bears, cunning and brown,
Back up the chimney he goes out of sight,
And hurries off to some other town.

Now at morn, when the children awake,
To find their treasures all shiny and bright,
Never was rapture seen half so great
As is seen in their dancing orbs of light.
Each laughs and shouts in childish glee,
And clings to each priceless treasure rare,
With heart as light and mind as free
As the birdies that flit through the air.

But as we share the children's mirth,
And view their gifts both great and small,
May we not forget the Savior's birth,
The first and greatest gift of all—
A gift from God, His only Son,
To save a world from sin and shame.
And by His blood our souls were won;
Shall we not glorify His name?

A HAPPY CHRISTMAS.

M. B. B., '18.

One evening after a hard day's work, we sat down around the stove to talk a little while before time to close the store. Jack Beacham, the warden from the county poorhouse, was in the crowd. Jack was a fine talker, and all liked to hear him tell stories about the inmates of the poorhouse.

The conversation had about stopped when someone asked Jack for a story. He said as it is very near Christmas, I will tell you of a Christmas that brought happiness to one sad heart. He said I will never forget this story, as it is the saddest one I have ever heard. I well remember the twenty-fourth of December, when the buggy drove up to the porch, and my heart went out with sympathy to this dear old mother, who had come to this lonesome place. I carried her gripsack to her room, and then showed her to the main sitting room, where all the inmates would gather at night to talk.

That night after supper when all were sitting around the fire talking, this old lady came in and began to tell us her story.

She began, "John and I lived with our five children down on our farm five miles below Dexter. All went well with us, and life seemed to be one merry song. Our joy continued until Thad, my baby, was fifteen years old. John took sick in March, and died in the early part of May. Charles was twenty when his father died; thus he took things in his hands, and began to run the farm in a very good way. Thad did every thing in his power to help Charles, and all went well until in the fall, when Charles became discontented. No matter how hard Thad worked, he was blamed for every thing that was done amiss. I tried in every way to keep peace between them, but Charles grew worse, so Thad said he was going to leave home, for he said he could not stand Charles' treatment any longer. Thad was the

only one who seemed to care for me, and I hated to see him leave, but I thought it would be for the best.

"Charles married in December, thus making more trouble for me, for the girls said they would not stay and be bossed around by his wife. In a few days Clara, Eunice, and Bertha left and went to the city to work. I did not blame the girls, for of all the contrary women, Charles' wife was the most contrary I have ever seen. Since there was no place for me to go, I decided I would try to please her and make the best of my short life which remained. It seemed as if the harder I tried to please her, the more she disliked me, and tried to make life miserable for me. I talked it over with Charles, and he seemed to be just like Sara. He had forgotten mow many hours I had watched over him and cared for him during the spring when he had had the fever. I told him all of this, but he did not care, and instead of life getting better, it got worse. One night while I was at work in the kitchen, I heard Sara tell Charles that if he did not send me away, she was going to leave.

"That night I could not sleep, for I knew something must be done. Charles told me at breakfast that I would have to leave. I did not want to cause them any trouble, but oh, how my poor heart did ache when I looked at my old home for the last time! So friends you see why I am here to-night. Clara has married and has plenty, but she has forgotten me. Bertha will not let me stay with her, and Eunice is as cruel as she. Thad, my baby, would come for me, if he knew that I was here, but Charles would not let me write to him, and I have not heard from him in over a year. He told me then that he was doing well, and hoped sometime soon to have a home for me if I ever needed it, but I don't know where he is now."

Her eyes then filled with tears and her voice choked with a sob—she could not continue. The strain was too

great for her, and several of the women carried her to her room.

Early the next morning I was awakened by the cook, who said there was a gentleman in the office wanting to see me. Dressing hurriedly, I went into the office, and there I found a young man who impatiently and quickly asked for his mother. I instantly knew whom he was looking for. I sent the maid up to her room to tell her to come down at once.

When she entered the room, her face was beaming with a smile, and as she came on with outstretched arms, her lips were quivering with joy; but when they were in each other's arms, she whispered, "Thad, my boy, God be praised; now let the Christmas bells ring with joy!"

AMERICANISM AND ITS INFLUENCE ON OUR INTERNAL SOVEREIGNTY

A. C. C., '19.

Americanism comprises the ideals that stand for American citizenship—love of country, and confidence in the strength of its own power. Many tests of supreme trial have come before this great nation of ours, and we have faced every crisis with the greatest calmness, and the unerring confidence in our unified government.

We are a nation of achievement. Impossibilities seem never to be encountered in this age of geniuses. As we look back into the traditions of a century, a thrill of pride runs through us, and we glory in the thought that we are privileged to be Americans,—and that Americanism will always stand foremost in the annals of every age and time.

Each nation must have its process of development. Some of them have gone through revolutions, strife-torn periods of lawlessness, and internal dissatisfaction, before they finally emerged as a nation of contentment with ideal forms of government. This country has had its share of internal and external strife. Men of one section of the country have fought against their brohter countrymen, but standing dominant above every trouble was a redeeming spark of liberty, that flamed unnoticed at first, but finally fluttered to the highest pinnacle of observation, thus causing an entire unification of sections and people. Our Pilgrim forefathers and our entire English ancestors little dreamed when they were laying the cornerstone of this nation, that the foundation would build upon itself in such a gigantic manner, and that the then embryo nation would develop into a great expansion of country, with such a collection of races and creeds, with their different manners and customs

Outside of government, science is the most important element in our evry-day course of life. It has helped to alleviate the results of ignorance, and has made titanic strides for the conservation of business, life, health, and preparedness. At the beginning of this present European struggle, scientists were using every ingenuity to bring forward advanced ideas for the utilization of necessities of actual warfare, and of food and sustenance. It was a veritable case of "necessity is the mother of invention," and this proverb was carried out to the highest degree.

The trouble that was continually brewing in Mexico, and which has now arrived at a climax, is an inevitable one. Outlawry and brigandage has always been characteristic of Mexican nature. The cause that we are upholding now is our national integrity; and the tolerance that we are showing to the race that is antagonising our national independence, has brought to show that the patience shown by this government of ours is a new side of the American character. Mexico's great fault lies in the dealing with her citizens. In the government atmosphere of Mexico, class lines are drawn. The peon or peasant class is a poverty-stricken set, who, because of the utter neglect shown to it by its government, has turned to brigandage and outlawry, as this is far more preferable to it than remaining always on the verge of starvation. Mexico should take as her example the career of ancient Greece and Rome, who found that it was to their downfall to draw class lines.

Mexico is a country of unlimited resources, although pitifully neglected. It has unlimited mining and herding resources, and if the awakening of that anarchy-ridden republic ever dawns, she will be classed among the leading trading countries of the world. Her political life has always been torn with internal dissension and external friction; and the country has never had a breathing space of quiet, but it has been grappled for

personal profit, and aggrandizement to self-ambitious degenerates.

The Mexicans, taken as a race, are a hot-blooded and intriguing race of people. Strife is the main ambition of every Mexican, and peace and tranquillity is recognized as the impossible characteristic of that treacherous race that lives in the country adjoining the United States.

The United States has a momentous question facing her in this hour of peril, and the legislative ability of our statesmen is called into the highest demand for the delicate diplomacy that is required of them.

We should extend an open hand to the hyphenated Americans in this country. They are among the most prominent citizens of our nation. The foreigner who has not taken his oath of allegiance to this government, still has a tendency to follow the principles of the government that he left in his native land; and if any opportune chance presents itself, he will hardly resist any temptation to aid his government, to the detriment of Uncle Sam. Our naturalized citizens are acting squarely by us in every possible way;—they played the principal part in the development of this country, and we should show our trust in them by complete confidence in their fidelity to their adopted country. This is a land of promise to the foreigners, and they look upon it as a haven or refuge from the strict statutes and heavy taxes of their native land.

Politics should denote a sign of social progress. The morals of political activity in this country should be of the very highest, as our governments legislative activity is looked upon as a high example by the rest of the world. Political demagogues should not be tolerated by our own open-minded citizens. In this great land where democratic ideas prevail, no man should be allowed to acquire too much political power, so that he may become a veritable king over a domain of his own.

Bossism is a principle that we should try to eradicate in this country. Men through long activity in politics, gradually usurp a great deal of power that belongs to the public, and the results of this is the submission of the public to the will of one man.

Efficiency should be our valuable asset to merit us success in culture preparedness, and everything that may tend to increase the spirit of Americanism. The career of our nations existence from the signing of the Declaration of Independence to the present period, is one of legislative building, and increasement of our resources. We are not a nation that craves for world-lust and possessions, and we are satisfied in the independence and security of our large dominion of territory that comprises these United States.

May the spirit of liberty that was handed down to us from our forefathers, continue to pervade the atmosphere of Free America, and may the wave of Freedom unfurl our flag of Americanism, so that it may stand as a symbol of American ideals, American freedom, and American people.

ORIGIN OF SOME CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS

M. W., '20.

It is not a certain fact that Jesus was born on the twenty-fifth of December. Indeed it seems more probable from the few facts known that Christmas was originally a pagan festival. When christianity first came into existence it was hard for its disciples to wholly convert the pagans. They clung to many of their old customs. That is the reason why our Christmas customs are a medley of christian and pagan ideas. The most noteworthy of the customs are decorating with evergreens, burning the yule log, singing Christmas carols, and general merrymaking and feasting.

Probably the most noticeable and commonly used one of our Christmas customs is the practice of decorating with evergreens. Everywhere during the Christmas season are seen Christmas trees, and garlands of holly, cedar, and other evergreens. The Christmas tree came into use as a permanent institution during the sixteenth century. There are many tales as to its origin, but I will relate only one. One Christmas night Saint Boniface came upon an assembly of Scandinavian pagans as they were about to sacrifice a child to their god Thor under a large oak tree. He rescued the child and converted the pagans then and there, to christianity. In their zeal for the new religion they cut down the oak tree stained with the blood of many heathen sacrifices. There amid the ruins was seen a small fir tree pointing toward the stars. Saint Boniface took this tree as the emblem of christianity, and ordered these newly converted christians to use it instead of the oak in their Christmas festivals thereafter. The use of evergreen garlands for decorating churches and houses springs from a period far before the birth of Christ. The Romans decorated their temples and dwellings with evergreen wreaths during their Saturnalia, which corres-

ponded to our Christmas. The Jews used evergreens for decorating the tabernacle in which they had their feast. The ancient Druids hung up over their doors sprigs of mistletoe and evergeen branches to appease the woodland sprites. So with the coming of christianity it was perfectly natural to still use evergreens in decorating for religious festivals.

Burning the yule log is an ancient Christmas ceremony, transmitted to us from our Scandinavian ancestors, who at their feast of Juul (now Yule) kindled huge bonfires in honor of their god Thor. Sometimes a large log from the fire was kept alive in a cellar till the following Christmas, to light the new log. This was thought to be a protection from fire.

Amid so many popular customs at Christmas there is perhaps none more charming than that of the Christmas carols, which celebrate in joyous and yet devout strains the nativity of the Saviour. The angels sang the carols of the first Christmas. In the early ages the christian bishops sang carols among their people on the anniversary of Christ's birth. Then it came to be the custom for little children to sing them.

It has been the custom since times immemorial to "eat, drink, and be merry" at the end of the year. The Roman Saturnalia was marked by the prevalence of universal merrymaking and feasting. The slaves were made free, and all work and business were suspended for the season. As the Romans became christians the heathen Saturnalia was changed into Christmas, and feasting and rejoicing were retained.

The Clemson College Chronicle

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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: C. G. HARRIS, '17

To all who are filled with the thoughts of Christmas (and I'm sure that includes every one) we send greetings and best wishes for a very merry Christmas and a happy and prosperous New Year.

At this season of the year, the world seems to take on its kindest attitude, and it is nothing but the proper thing to expect, because it must be remembered that this common custom of celebrating Christmas is nothing but a reminder of the greatest act of kindness mortal man has ever known of. All thru the year men may follow crooked paths for attainment of personal aggrandizement or wealth, but at Christmas more noble ideals fill the hearts and minds.

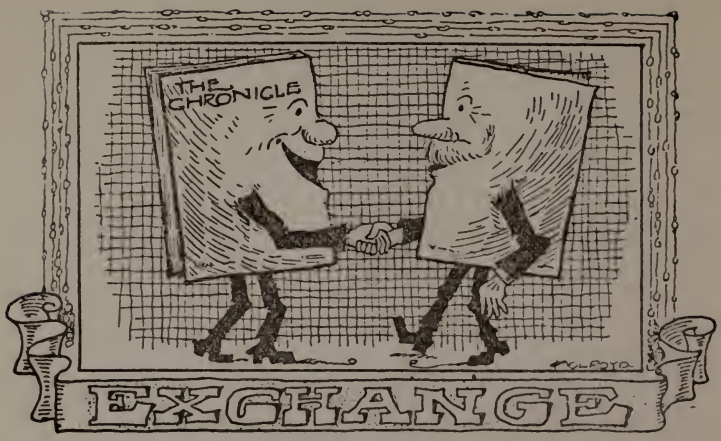
Tho that feeling of kindness prevails among families and near relatives and friends, it does not reach that limit which Heaven's divine laws have decreed that it

should. We should all feel kind for kindness' sake toward every one, be he friend or foe; fortunate or pufortunate in his battle of life.

And here comes room for the word of admoniitiou which every college boy or girl should heed. We have all enjoyed a privilege which comparatively few in the world today are enjoying—the privilege of going to college. Some of us don't realize what a blesisng we are receiving; and, sad to say, some don't stop to consider the sacrifices that are being made that we may enjoy the blessings of a college education. Or take it for granted that where there are no sacrifices being made, there is love being manifested in giving us the opportunity to make noble men and women of ourselves; and still, some will not respond to love's tender teachings.

So the admonition I would extend to every boy and girl is: go home to your mother and father and your loved ones, and make them happy by spending a large portion of your time with them; and enjoy the good things to eat they have fixed for your coming. 'Twill not be many years down life's lone trail till you can't return to mother; and then the loneliest time of all your life will have come. Then stay with her as much as possible and gather from her some of that gentleness which makes life a success in every way!

We hope our readers shall be pleased with this number, and earnestly solicit criticism. Now, our parting wish of 1916 for every one is: A merry Christmas in a happy home!!!



EDITORS:

M. M. BRICE, '17 W. H. SANDERS, '18

The *Southern Collegian* has set a high standard, which all our college magazines should try to attain. All the stories have fine plots; the essays show the results of a great amount of study; and the poems are beautiful and true to nature in every point. We consider the story, "Mister Red-head, Chauffeur," to be one of the best that we have ever read in a college magazine. It has an excellent plot, which is well-developed. The writer's style of writing is attractive, and has much to do in making the story so excellent. It would seem from this that the writer has the ability of becoming a deserving short-story writer in the future. The essay on "English Attitude Toward Germany in 1913" shows that the writer has read and studied a great deal on the causes of the "Great War." "Indian Summer" is a beautiful little discriptive poem, and is worthy of our attention. "The Fall" is another beautiful poem. It possesses perfect meter; however it seems that, in the fourth line, the writer goes out of the way to get his meter. "Does show" should never be used in modern

poetry. Instead, use the word "show," and rearrange the line for the meter. The various departments are excellently written up.

The Wofford College Journal has improved very much. As we open it, we find an interesting story entitled "Billy's Best 'Possum Hunt." It is true to the old country life. However, it has too simple a plot for a college magazine "The Call of the Fireside" is a well-written essay on the subject of prohibition. It expresses a glad thought when it states that the voice of the saloon grows weaker and weaker, while the voice of the fireside grows stronger and clearer." "For His Country" is a story of Nathan Hale. It is perhaps a little too time-worn a subject for a story to be based upon. "Ol' Hardtimes" is an excellent dialect poem. The editorials possess some fine thoughts.

The Erskinian has some good stories and essays. However its literary department is marred to a great extent on account of the absence of any poems. There should always be at least one poem and one essay in the magazine. "A Grand Tonic" is probably the best story in this magazine. The writer has an excellent form and style in this story. The plot in the "Package in the Mail" has been used very much in other stories, and naturally does not make an interesting story. "You Tickle Me and I'll Tickle You" is a good essay, suggesting a revolution in our method of manning our offices. The literary department does not possess enough material in this issue. The other departments are well-written.

We are glad to acknowledge receipt of the following magazines: *The Concept, The Southern Collegian, The Collegian, The Era, The Criterion, The Erskinian, Wofford College Journal, The Vassar Miscellany Monthly,*

The Isaqueena, The College of Charleston Magazine, The Newberry Stylus, The University of North Carolina Magazine, Winthrop Journal, The Erothesian, The Wake Forest Student, The Hampton Chronicle, The Carolinian, The Furman Echo, The Concept, The Lenoirian, and *Our Monthly.*

EDITOR: J. J. MURRAY, '17

On Sunday night, November 26, at 7:45, Mr. J. J. McSwain, a successful attorney of Greenville, addressed a large audience in the Y. M. C. A. auditorium. His subject was on "Success." He said that at some time every young man pictures for himself, in his mind, a successful career. There is no one that does not wish for success. Then he asked, "Why is it that so many of us fail?" "We fail," he said, "not because we lack good intentions, but because of human nature, we yield to temptation." "It would be a mean man," he said, "to turn the sign-boards of travel around." "However, there are many men who turn the sign-boards to success wrong." "In order for us to become successful, we must have push as well as pull," was one of Mr. McSwain's forceful statements. There are many men who, sad to say, think that if they have a little pull, why push is not necessary, and they have the mistaken idea that they can drift along through life with no push at all. He made this statement that should ring in the heart of every man, "If we are on the down grade today, we will be still further down tomorrow, and if we are on the upward grade today we will be still further upward tomorrow." Mr. McSwain's second keynote to success may be found in the word, determination. We should remember that we can be just as big a success in one line of work as we can in another, so we should turn our thoughts in the direction we desire to pursue, and then work. "Knowledge," he said, "isn't power, but the thought process by which we obtain

power." His third and last keynote to success is that we should have a true vision of social duty.

Our Bible classes in barracks are now doing some good work. They meet every Sunday night immediately after the lecture in the Y. M. C. A. auditorium, and last for thirty or forty-five minutes. The Seniors, Juniors, Sophomores, and Freshmen are all divided up into different text books, and the four classes are again divided into groups which are led by some upper-classman leader. There is more interest and earnestness in the work shown this year than ever before, and we hope to meet with wonderful success. Cadet J. B. Dick is chairman of the Bible class leaders, and Cadet W. H. Bryant is assistant chairman. Cadet A. R. Sellers, our Y. M. C. A. president this year deserves much credit for the splendid work he is doing. We all feel that he is the man for the place.

EDITOR: J. D. BLAIR, '17

"Hal" Pollitzer, '10, is city engineer of Beaufort, South Carolina.

* * * * *

V. P. Corbett, '15, was on the campus a few days ago. He is teaching in the Denver Graded School in Anderson County.

* * * * *

W. H. Taylor, '06, is with the J. E. Sirrine Architectural Company of Greenville, South Carolina, with headquarters at Great Falls, South Carolina.

* * * * *

R. G. Kennedy, '15, has a position at Great Falls as civil engineer. "Guy" was the popular captain of "L" sompany his senior year.

* * * * *

H. A. Hagood, '13, is assistant engineer for the Southern Railroad Company, with headquarters in Charlotte, North Carolina. A brilliant future is predicted for him.

W. A. Bigby, '13, has a position as engineer with the Southern Power Company, with his headquarters in Marion, North Carolina. "Walter" was captain-adjutant his senior year, and was also very popular with his fellow students.

* * * * *

J. B. Monroe, '15, is professor in the Miami high school of Miami, Florida. We predict a successful career in his new-found profession, for "J. B." is naturally a dignified man.

* * * * *

R. A. Alexander, '14, is farming near Chester, South Carolina. He was president of his class two consecutive years. This is about the highest honor a student can attain. This high honor not only means he was popular, but also that he had much business ability.

* * * * *

E. R. Gilmore, '14, is chemist in the state chemical laboratory. He is in Atlanta, Georgia. Frampton King is connected with the same company.

* * * * *

"Sandy" Todd, '15, is civil engineer for the Southern Railroad. He is now sttaioned at Knoxville, Tennessee.

* * * * *

E. H. Agnew, '16, is commandant of cadets at Americus High School, Americus Georgia. He is also teaching several of the sciences. "Major", as his name implies, was major of the first battalion last year, in addition to this high honor, he was editor of *The Tiger*.

* * * * *

R. B. Cureton, '15, is connected with the Southern Power Company. Ralph was one of the best shortstops Clemson has ever boasted of. He was the haeviest hitter on the team. Ralph captained the "Tigers" his last year.

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EDITORS:

W. T. WHITE, '17 J. S. WATKINS, '19

OUR FLAG

M. M. B., '17.

Ah! Banner of a mighty race,
Thou flag of our own land,
Oft hast thou floated o'er the dead
And made the living stand.

Thy face tells us of patriots brave
That died for thee in wars,
Of men who fought and bled for thee
To save those Stripes and Stars.

Is there a one, whom thou protects,
No matter where he be,
That does not love this native flag?
Who would not die for thee?

Thou art the flag of each of us,
The flag of South and North,
The flag that we will e'er protect
When thou dost call us forth.

O! Lord, who rules our destinies
With wise and tender hand,
Protect this banner of our race,
Protect our native land.

THE FOUR DESERTERS

L. H. G., '18.

It was after supper, and all the family were seated around the big fire. It was very cold outside, and the wind was whistling mournfully around the corners of the large house.

Grandfather sat in his accustomed place gazing dreamily into the fire. Tom, a youngster of twelve, noticed his grandfather's silence and said:

"Grandfather, what are you thinking about?"

"Tom, I am thinking of the time when I was stationed at Port Royal with the Confederate soldiers."

Tom always did like to hear his grandfather tell of the war, and he knew that a story was coming, so he fixed himself comfortably in his chair.

After a few minutes grandfather commenced.

"At the opening of the war the Confederate government took charge of Port Royal, and placed some of our troops there under the command of General Drayton. I was sent to Port Royal, and was put in charge of the commissary department.

"Everything was pretty quiet at Port Royal until November, 1861, when a Union fleet was sent to take this important harbor. The Confederate force was greatly outnumbered, and they had only a few ships in the harbor. The two forts that protected the harbor had to be abandoned, and, after several days fighting, Port Royal was evacuated. Our forces retired across the river and into safe territory where we made camp.

"The tent to the right of mine was occupied by four soldiers whom I knew well. In fact, they were well known by the whole army as "The Four Inseparables." They had been close chums in their boyhood days, and when the war broke out, they entered the army and did fine service. Everybody liked them.

"One day I happened to be at their tent when they were discussing about getting furloughs to go home to

see their people. They had not been home for two years, and they did not know whether their people were still living. I told them it would be useless to try and get furloughs now, because General Drayton could not spare a man. They were of a different opinion, and decided to try anyway.

'John, we will appoint you to go to General Drayton,' said Dick Walton.

'Yes,' said the other two, 'you are the oldest.'

"John finally consented, and went to the General's tent that evening.

'No,' said the General, 'I can't spare a man now. The Union forces are likely to cross the river at any time, and we need every man.'

'General, but—'

'I have given my answer, so leave.'

"John's face flushed, and, stroding haughtily out of the tent, he came back and told us of the interview he had with the General.

'We will go anyway,' said Dick.

'You know what will be the consequences,' said my tent-mate, who was over there at the time.

"Three days passed, and I did not see much of 'The Four Inseparables.' I did not think anything more of Dick's assertion, until on the fourth morning when my tent-mate went over to borrow a razor and found the tent empty. A note was on the table, and this was what he read: 'We are tired of the army, and if we are caught we will be ready to die.'

"That evening General Drayton heard of the four soldiers deserting, and sent a body of men in pursuit of them. They went to the homes of the deserters, and, after much trouble, found that the four men had taken to the large swamp nearby. The leader of the party then sent to General Drayton for the hounds that were always kept in the camp, and for four days they pursued the deserters among the swamps. Finally, they came upon them nearly starved to death. They gave up

without any resistance, and were taken to the Confederate army.

"That day they were court-martialed and condemned to be shot.

"'This will be a warning to others,' said the General.

"Next morning I went out with a number of my comrades to get a last view of our four friends. When we arrived at the place of execution, we saw four stakes driven in the ground about eight feet apart. We knew from this that each prisoner was to be tied to a stake.

Just as the sun was peeping over the horizon, a body of men moved toward the stakes. They passed close by me, and Dick Walton, raising his head, saw me. He nodded his head, and smiled sadly.

"'The Four Inseparables' were next blindfolded and tied to the stakes. Rifles were brought—half being loaded with bullets, and the rest only blank cartridges. They were mixed up, and each soldier selected one. In this way no one would know who fired the fatal shot.

"The lieutenant, placing his men in line, gave the word 'Ready,' and the soldiers raised their rifles. Everybody held their breath, and waited in suspense. The weaker turned away, but the deserters, standing erect and pale, waited the final word.

'Aim! Fire!' said the lieutenant.

"At the crack of the rifles, two of the deserters fell dead, and a third had his arm shattered above the elbow. The fourth, who was Dick Walton, was still untouched.

"More rifles were brought, and the soldiers prepared to finish their work. Tears streamed down the faces of the old soldiers, and many turned away.

'Ready! Aim! Fire!' again the lieutenant commanded, and the rifles cracked forth.

"This time the other two were relieved of their torture, and 'The Four Inseparables,' as in life, went away in death."

WAR

C. A. W., '19.

And the plowshare yields to the murderous steel,
For might makes right, and the weak must yield.
And the War-Gods laugh mid the clashing strife,
At the gain of gold and the loss of life.
The cannon's belch, while the death-cries ring,
What's life but a bauble,—a mere plaything?
And, tho death brings its stab of pain and sorrow,
If it comes not to-day, 'twill come to-morrow.

So unleash the dogs—the dogs of war,
And sow the fields with human gore;
For the weak to the strong must always bend,
No peace on earth, good-will toward men.
And if God weeps in his Heaven-land,
He will weep when we hate our fellow-man.
So remember this, tho' the fight be hard,
The resolve of man is the love of God.

A DREAM

C. A. W., '19.

I see the old homestead I love,
With its scenes so dear to me,
With the avenue thru the old oak grove,
And the old magnolia tree.
On which, as lads, we carved our names,
And under which each planned,
How he would "turn the world around,"
When he became a man.

And now I see the swimming-hole,
Where we spent our happiest hours,
And the meadow right behind the house,
Where we found the sweetest flowers.
And I take a draught of the fragrant air,
While my heart within me sings,
As the lowing herd winds thru the field,
And the distant farm-bell rings.

And down the road, beyond the field,
I see a cozy cot,
'Tis there she lives,—the only girl,
Ah! how I love that spot.
Thru half-closed eyes I see that face,
And those honest eyes of blue.
'Twas yonder 'neath the old grape-vine,
That she promised she'd be true.

* * * * * * * *

'Twas but a dream, a sweet, sweet dream,
Of memories dear to me.
The bugle's notes the silence breaks,
I wake. 'Tis reveille.

HIS IDEAL

W. T. W., '17.

Thomas Chase leaned back in the luxurious cushions of his Pullman and gazed lazily out of the car window at the green fields and woods as they flitted past. A mild feeling of contentment stole over him as he contemplated the view. For miles and miles the train had been rushing by cotton fields, meadows, orchards, and farmhouses, and the handsome young man who indolently reclined in his seat reflected with extreme satisfaction that the few remaining miles between him and his own Southern home were rapidly decreasing. The familiar scenes recalled many fond memories, and Thomas Chase was as glad to be coming home as any shcool boy.

Altho only twenty-three yaers of age, his education and experience would have done credit to a man of more mature years. He was graduated from the law school of Yale University when twenty-two, and the president had said of him that he knew more law than any other man in the class. At his father's request he had gone abroad for a year after graduating. After seeing Italy, the Alps, London, Vienna, and participating in a round of gaieties of Paris life, he had returned to New York. His Uncle James, of the law firm, Chase & Barton, was very anxious for him to begin work at once as a junior member of the firm, but Thomas insisted on "taking a vacation," as he said.

"Why you have had vacation enough, haven't you?" said his Uncle Chase.

"Not the kind I want," replied Thomas. "I want to go down on the farm and be quiet a while. I'm tired. If you still want me the first of September, I'll be glad to join the firm, tho I sometimes think I had rather be a plain farmer and live in Dixie."

"Oh, ho! I believe you are homesick," said Chase, Sr.

"Not that, I guess, but I certainly shall be glad to get back home and see the folks."

"Perhaps you are in love. Why don't you get married?"

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Thomas in genuine merriment. "Why, Uncle Jim, I never was in love in my life. I don't want to get married. Perhaps if I ever meet my ideal, I shall."

"Tut, tut, boy! all this talk and sentiment about ideals is nonsense. One girl is about so good as another. Do you mean to say you haven't found one good enough for you?"

"Oh, no," replied Thomas, "I guess they are all too good for me, but I just haven't found one I want, and until I do, I shan't worry about it."

"Well, boy, have your way. Your father always had his, and you are just like him. Take your vacation, and come on back to work. We need a young head like yours. As for marrying, wait for your ideal if there's such a thing—which I don't believe."

And thus it happened that after two years' absence, Thomas Chase was coming home for the two months before beginning his work in September. He fully intended to take life "easy." He would roam the plantation, fish in the creek, and swim in the old hole the same as when a boy of twelve. No society for him. There was no one outside the family he cared to see, save perhaps Margaret Cary, his old friend and playmate of early school days. He wondered if Margaret were really going to marry Richard Taylor. His little sister, Bess, had written him several months ago, saying that such a rumor had been heard. Well, he was glad it was Richard Taylor. Dick was a noble fellow, and a promising young doctor, and Margaret had always been the pride of the community. Thomas was ever interested in her and everything pertaining to her welfare. They had been the warmest friends since Tom could remember. Margaret had assisted him with his sums at school, and had stood between him and strict parental account

on more than one occasion of his escapades. Colonel Cary's plantation adjoined that of Stephen Chase, and the two men were old friends and neighbors. It had been the secret wish of both that Thomas and Margaret should marry when they became old enough, and Tom's father had even hinted as much to him. But he could not feel that way toward Margaret. He entertained the highest feeling of respect for her, and prized her friendship greatly, but otherwise he regarded her more like a sister than anything else. His father had been very much disappointed at his attitude, but had said no more

All these musings passed thru Tom's mind as he looked listlessly out of the window. Suddenly he was brought to himself by the cry of the porter, "Elmwood," followed by the scraping of brakes as the train came to a stop, and Tom realized that his long journey was over. Alighting from the train, he spied a fair young girl with a wealth of auburn curls . She was looking this way and that among the crowd as if expecting someone. The next instant she caught sight of the young man, and with a delighted little shriek of "Oh, Tom!" she ran pell-mell into his arms and kissed him again and again.

"Why, Bess! you have grown so I didn't know you, and how pretty you are!" exclaimed the youth, causing the little maid to dimple with pleasure.

"Oh, you flatterer," she cried, "come on. Here's our car over here. Let's hurry." Springing in the car, she touched the self-starter, and away they sped.

"Oh, Tom, where have you been all this time? I thought you'd never come home."

"Well, I'm here at last," laughed Tom. "How's Dad? And Mother?"

"Oh, they are fine, only I know mama is dying to see you. I'm so glad you are home again. We are going to have just the best time now. Margaret Cary is going to have a house party, and her old college chum is with her, and she is the prettiest girl! And can dance! I

know you'll fall in love with her. Everybody else does."

"Ha! ha! what's her name Bess?"

"Helen Grey. Margaret told me yesterday she was anxious for you to meet her."

"All right, Bess; but I came to stay at home. I don't want to have anything to do with girls or anyone else."

"I included?" reproachfully.

"Oh, no, of course I didn't mean you. By the way, when is Margaret to be married?"

"I don't know, but she is going to have a party to-morrow night, and I'm invited, and you're going to take me," the young lady ran on.

"Ha! ha! All right, if you command me."

And thus brother and sister chatted merrily as they sped along until they reached home, where there were more warm welcomes awaiting the youth's return.

Tom always liked to be at home and he was now prepared to enjoy it more than ever. That night he sat up very late talking with his parents, and discussing his work for the future. His father, a typical old Southern gentleman, wanted him to remain at home instead of going to New York, and Tom was half inclined to do so.

The next morning he was down at the creek for a swim, and back up in time for breakfast. His mother smiled as he came in. Tom was more like a boy of twelve than ever. He greeted the family gaily, and announced his intention of trying the trout after breakfast, but here Bess put in a claim. "Oh! Tom, please put off your fishing a few days. I want you to teach me dancing lessons to-day, and I thought we'd drive over to Margaret's a little while so you can meet Helen Grey."

Tom laughed good-naturedly. "All right, Sis. It seems that you are determined to draw me into the whirl of society."

"You just wait 'till you see Helen Grey, and you

won't want to fish, or do anything else," she defended.

"Ha! ha! ha! I am indeed curious to see this wonderful enchantress whom every one 'falls' for," said Tom.

That afternoon found them over at Oaklands, the home of the Carys. Margaret met them.

"Why, Tom! I'm so glad to see you," she said with genuine pleasure. As for Tom, he was bestowing such a stare upon her that she blushed in confusion. "Have I changed so much?" she questioned with a laugh.

"Yes—no. I don't know," he stammered, and felt very foolish. She was the same Margaret—and yet—there was a difference. Tom could not explain it. They were ushered into the library where Tom was introduced to Miss Grey. She was a jolly young lady of twenty, with laughing brown eyes and black hair, which lay in curls about her small ears and neck.

"I have heard Margaret speak of you so much that I almost feel like we are old friends," she said. Tom liked her at once, and while Bess and Margaret were making some plans for that night, he and Miss Grey sat on the sofa and carried on a lively conversation. By the time Bess announced that it was time to go, Tom felt as if he was thoroughly acquainted with Helen Grey.

"Miss Grey, I'm certainly glad to have met you," said Tom, rising to go.

"I knew you would be," said Bess in a whisper which was heard by all three, and which caused a hearty laugh.

"I'm afraid you do me too much honor, Bess," said Miss Grey, coloring prettily.

"It was so good of you to come over the first day you were home," said Margaret aside to Tom. "It has been quite dull for Helen. But now that you are here, and my house party will begin soon, the time will be lively enough. You must come often."

"I'm only too glad I could come to-day. And I shall come—often," said Tom, and he looked at Helen.

Bess caught the last words and noted his look. "I said so," thought the arch little lady, "and I believe she likes him too!"

The party at Oaklands that night was to be a gay affair. When Tom and Bess arrived, the mansion was ablaze with lights, and many of the guests were already there. Miss Grey was surrounded by a half-dozen youths, all of whom were pleading with the young lady for one of the roses which she wore at her waist. On a window sill, half concealed by a tall fern, sat Margaret and Richard Taylor, the latter's face turned attentively toward that of his fair partner.

Margaret caught sight of Tom and smiled her recognition. For several minutes the young man was busy greeting friends whom he had not seen for many a day. Presently he approached Miss Grey and her admirers. "She is saving it for Tom Chase," he heard one of them say. "Here he is now."

"You are wonderfully good at guessing," said the young lady maliciously, and she took a large white rose from her belt. "Mr. Chase, will you acecpt it?" she said with a reckless little toss of her head and such a winning smile that the rest of her admirers were green with envy.

"I shall not only acept it, but shall also take great pleasure in wearing it, and I assure you that I regard the honor by no means small," said Tom with his most gallant bow.

The evening passed rapidly, and the time for leave-taking had almost arrived. There had been music and dancing, and singing and playing. Tom had sought for a chance to be with Margaret several times during the evening, but had been thwarted by Dick Taylor's unceasing attentions to her. He was with her continually. Tom was almost half angry with him for this, and was

disposed to resent it. He felt that, as an old friend he had the right to part of her time. In fact, he felt disappointed. Just why he could not tell. Catching Bess to one side, he asked, "Where is Margaret?"

"She is in the conservatory. We have been trying to get her to play and sing for us, but she won't. She says she is ashamed to play before Miss Grey, but of course she's not."

"I'll see what I can do," said Tom moving off.

"Please make her sing, Mr. Chase," said Helen Grey, who had just come up. "She has the grandest voice."

"I know it," replied Tom, smiling, "but my power to command may not be so great as to make her. I'll try persuasion." As he approached the conservatory, Tom saw Margaret half hidden by the tall palms. She was seated on a settee. By her side was Richard Taylor, who appeared to be pleading with her. To his own surprise, Tom flushed hot with resentment, but he turned abruptly, and would have left, had he not been arrested by a clear voice, "Tom, were you looking for some one?"

"I beg your pardon, but I was sent to ask you to sing for us," he replied, going back to her.

"Do you really want to hear me sing?"

"I would not have asked you to, if I didn't, Margaret."

"Then, I'll sing for you," she said looking up with a smile; and for an unknown reason to him, Tom's heart skipped a beat, and then quickened a pace.

"What shall I sing?" questioned Margaret when they reached the piano.

"Anything you choose," answered Tom. Margaret stood by the piano irresolutely. Tom thought he had never seen her so beautiful before. She was tall and slender, but straight as an arrow. Her features were perfect, and her fair face was suffused with a tint of pink. Her hazel eyes were soft and dreamy, and her hair, a sea of gold, from which little curls and ringlets, refusing to be controlled, broke away and hung tantalizingly about her fair forehead and neck. Sitting down

to the piano, her hands wandered lightly over the keys for a few moments, and then she began to play and sing the simple little song, "Good Night, Dear." Tom had not heard her sing in two years, and he was surprised at the wonderful sweetness of her voice. He knew that Margaret's voice was unusually good, but now it was exquisitely fine. The tone was deeper and richer than he had remembered it. Her voice filled the whole room, and everyone stood with abated breath, drinking in the sweet sounds. Tom was leaning against the piano by Margaret, looking straight into the depth of her eyes. Her voice seemed to fill his soul, and he experienced the wild desire to seize her in his arms. Suddenly, there dawned upon him in a flash the knowledge which almost took his breath with surprise. He *loved Margaret!* She was his *ideal.* Why had he not known it before? Oh! he loved her. Tom suppressed the impulse to shout aloud in the ecstasy of his discovery, and kept silent to the end of the song. The piece ended, Margaret arose and, ignoring the many cries of "more! more!" walked over to the window and sat down.

Soon afterwards the guests began to take their leave, and Tom said his adieus rapidly. He wanted to get away, to be alone, to think. Turning as he passed from the room, he saw Dick Taylor lingering over his goodnight to Margaret. Then the remembrance flashed in his mind which for the time changed his joy into despair. She was another's! He moved on and met Bess at the door. The ride home was made in silence. Tom was thinking deeply, and Bess, after a few unsuccessful attempts at conversation, smiled wisely to herself and thought, "I said so."

Tom did not sleep much that night. He was almost tortured with the question of what to do. Should he pay court to Margaret regardless of Dick Taylor? But that would not be right, for had it not been rumored that Dick was to marry her? And he was constantly with her. It must be true. If so, the only honorable

thing to do would be to hide his love and leave her alone. Besides, if Margaret loved Richard Taylor—but hope refused to give up. It was not certain that Margaret was engaged. It had never been announced, and this Tom began to take heart. He resolved to ask Margaret the next morning if she and Dick were engaged. He would play the role of an old friend, and she would tell him. He was sure of it.

Tom had an engagement to play tennis with Helen Grey the next morning. When he arrived at Oaklands, Margaret met him. Helen had not yet come down. This was the chance for Tom to carry out his resolution of the night before, but to save him, he could not broach the subject to Margaret. As an old friend, he might have—but now, he could not. It was different. So his opportunity passed.

Tom had a very bad morning of it. In spite of the fact that Miss Grey was a splendid player, he could not get interested in the game, and he had to put forth especial effort to maintain his usual courtesy. One time he was especially inattentive. He had caught sight of Dick Taylor going up the walk to the mansion. There he was again. "It must be true!" Tom groaned within.

"Mr. Chase, are you going to serve the ball? You have been staring at the house for two full minutes."

"Oh, pardon me," he said, coming to himself. "I was only thinking."

"Evidently," replied Miss Grey, dryly. "Or perhaps you were seeing," she continued with a laugh which caused Tom to look up quickly and wonder if she knew what he was thinknig of.

Tom returned home without seeing Margaret again that morning. His hopes were gone, and he was far more despondent than he was the night before. He felt sure that Margaret cared for Richard, and he resolved to stay out of their way. He was no weakling, and he would not be considered so. But he also could not sit tamely by and see Margaret love another. "Oh! why

had he not known that she was his *ideal* before it was too late?" he thought. He reflected with bitter regret that he could not carry out his intention of taking life "easy" for awhile. Well, it could not be helped. He would join his uncle in New York at once. So on reaching home, Tom dispatched to his uncle the brief telegram:

"Changed my mind. Can begin work at once. Wire if you want me.

Tom."

Two hours later he received a reply which read:

"Of course I want you. Come immediately.

James Chase."

Tom began to make his plans to leave the next day. His parents were very much surprised, but said nothing, whatever they may have thought.

Courtesy demanded of him that he should tell Margaret and Miss Grey good-bye, so Tom drove over that afternoon. He found Miss Grey lounging in a hammock on the porch of the mansion.

"I trust I am not intruding—," he began.

"Of course you're not. Come right in, Mr. Chase," she interrupted.

"I've come to tell you all good-bye. I'm leaving in the morning."

"So soon? I thought you were to be home all summer," said Miss Grey.

"Business has suddenly called me away," he answered. Helen Grey made no reply. She knew more than she chose to tell.

The sound of feet on the stairs came to them, and they heard Margaret humming a tune as she came down. Helen Grey looked Tom straight in the eyes, and asked abruptly, "Why don't you tell her?"

"Tell her what?" asked Tom in surprise.

"Oh, you know well enough," replied the young lady. "A word to the wise is sufficient," and with this she

arose and entered the house, leaving the young man to his thoughts.

Could Miss Frey really know? He did not have long to ponder, for the next minute Margaret came on the porch.

"Why are you here all by myself? I didn't know you were on the place," exclaimed the young lady.

Tom did not reply, and Margaret looked at him curiously. Suddenly he gathered courage. "Margaret, I'm—I have something to tell you," he began.

"Oh! Tom, if it's Helen, she's the dearest girl in the world," cried Margaret with enthusiasm, but turning her face away.

"What do you mean, Margaret?"

"Weren't you going to tell me you cared for Helen?" she asked.

"She's not the one I care for," replied Tom. "Oh! Margaret, I love you, have always loved you, but I never knew it until last night," he rushed on. "Margaret—," he began again, but stopped short, for she was laughing half hysterically, and there were tears in her eyes.

"What is the matter, Margaret?"

"I—I—was afraid you cared for Helen," she stammered, blushing.

"*Afraid?*" Tom almost shouted, seizing her in his arms.

* * * * * * * * * * *

That same evening James Chase sat in his law office in New York with a frown of annoyance on his face. He held in his hand his second telegram from Tom that day. "Dence take the boy!" he exclaimed. "Will he never go to work?" Then his frown relaxed, and touching the bell for an office boy, he sent the following telegram in reply:

"Congratulations. Bring your 'ideal' to see me.

"Uncle Jim."

"A SUMMER GARDEN"

J. F. H., '19.

There comes to my mind a picture of a summer garden fair
Where the perfume of roses and violets laden the balmy air;
By the side of this lovely garden flows a river all placid and bright
Whose waters glisten and sparkle in the glow of the soft sun light.
In the center of the garden is a fountain that all the day
Is sending from out of its silver mouth a shower of dancing spray.
Leading through the shrubs and flowers are walks of marble white,
Along the sides of which are seen fair mounds of daisies bright.
Scattered o'er the shady lawn, or hid beneath some spreading vine,
Are rustic seats and hammocks strong in which the weary may recline,
As they listen to the twittering birds, the sighing wind and humming bees,
Or watch the pranks of the funny squirrel as he plays in the branches of the trees.
'Tis here that lovers like to come to view Dame Nature's matchless art,
And tell how Cupid's arrow keen has pierced each wildly throbbing heart,
As they sit and watch the glowing stars that smile upon them from above,
For, oh, this is an ideal place to tell the old, old story of love.
Yes, many a mind does backward turn to the evenings spent in the garden's bowers,
And wonders if ever in life again will come such sweet, and happy hours.

OLE MARSE WINTER

J. N. T., '18.

When Ole Marse Winter come er ridin' down de win',—
(Sing low, chilluns, sing low.)
When Ole Marse Winter come er ridin' down de win',—
He perk up he head an' he lif' up he chin.
(Sing low, chilluns, sing low.)
He whistle down de chimbley,
An' he crawl froe de crack,
An' he mek de grabe-yard shibbers run up en down yo' back.
(Sing low, chilluns, sing low.)

When Ole Marse Winter come er ridin' down de win',—
(Sing low, chilluns, sing low.)
When Ole Marse Winter come er ridin' down de win',—
He kick up such er row hit sholy is er sin.
(Sing low, chilluns, sing low.)
He friz up de ribber,
An' he friz up de creek,
An' he mek yo' teef er rattle twel yo' cain't hardly speak.
(Sing low, chilluns, sing low.)

When Ole Marse Winter come er ridin' down de win',—
(Sing low, chilluns, sing low.)
When Ole Marse Winter come er ridin' down de win',—
De collige fellers cuss twel yo' jes' hafter grin.
(Sing low, chilluns, sing low.)
He frizzes 'em at reveille,
An' nips 'em at retreat,
An' den, to show 'em what is what, he frizzes up de heat.
(Sing low, chilluns, sing low.)

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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: C. G. HARRIS, '17

OUR NATION'S COURSE

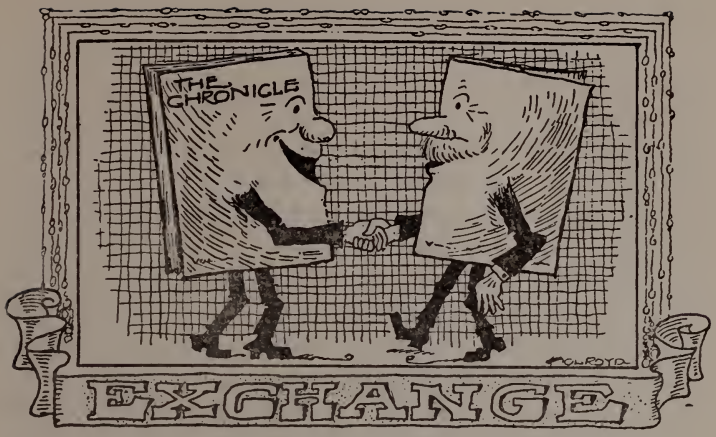
"What will the United States do?" is the question of the day; and the question that puzzles not only the common people but the greatest minds of America as to which is the best way to answer it. There seem to be two great motives effecting the minds of the people of the United States. The first is, to avoid war at any price; which motive seems to me to be either the outgrowth of a false and erroneous imagination of honor and credit, or the manifestation of the weakest and lowest principles one could imagine—that of utter selfishness. The second and higher motive that effects us is, that motive which prompts us, as a nation, to uphold our honor and prestige for which we have so often fought and bled to obtain. Which would be the more honorable, to enter the war as the deciding factor of bringing about world wide peace, and uphold our nation's rights, or sit by with weakness and patience, and afterwards suffer the loss of our prestige, and hear the

character of our nation ridiculed with indifference by all the world? Has the world to-day a single eye to our advantage? The talents and rights which Heaven has bestowed upon this nation are no less virtuous than those bestowed upon any other nation.

But to say that the United States is desirous of war, is to commit a vulgar error. She has already taken more than any other nation of her size and strength would have done. We have, however, reached the point where "sacrifice ceases to be a virtue," and we intend to deefnd our rights without prejudice influencing our action one way or the other. We can't any longer give as a sane reason for tolerating the unjust actions of any other nation, that we are tenderly considering our future generations. Further reasoning thus would amount to the same as saying: "We will sacrifice our honor and rights to stay out of war so that our children may be benefited." Would giving up all that makes and maintains a great nation benefit our children, or would it make more obedient drudges of them? We do not want war, but war seems to be the alternative we now have left us. But whatever is done let it be done with consideration so that the United States shall reserve her seat among the great nations of the world.

I wish to say a few words concerning the support this magazine is receiving from the corps. With all tender regards to the student body, you are allowing your college monthly to become a discredit to you thru dire neglect of support. We make errors and you see them, yet you never suggest a means of escape from any errors or a means of bettering the paper. We appeal to you personally for material and you promise, and promise is about all.

Once again I want to ask you in behalf of the honor a good magazine brings to a college, to lend us your support, and thereby make the publication a credit to one.



EDITORS:

M. M. BRICE, '17 W. H. SANDERS, '18

The January issue of *The Bashaba* from Coker College has recently come to our desk. This journal seems to show a marked improvement with each issue. The stories are very interesting, especially the one entitled "Leap Year Peg." This story has a splendid plot, and is a typical college story. We would be almost tempted to criticize "At the Weddin' " for appearing in a college magazine, were it not for the splendid dialect. The story in itself has no plot, but evidently the dialect is the point of the story. In "Style vs. Love," it seems apparent that the characters are a bit too juvenile to appear in a college journal. "The Cause Thereof," "A Perfect Day," "The Twofold Reason," "Mrs. Allen," and "Through the Flames" are all worthy of mention. Indeed, this magazine seems bubbling over with good stories. The essays, too, "Preparedness Against Disease," and "Value of a Classical Education," are excellently written, and are logical thruout. However, there is a lack of poems; there is only one poem, "The Fountain of Bandusia," which is an excellent transla-

tion from the Latin, in this issue. All the departments seem well conducted. And lastly, what is usually neglected in our magazine, is the cover, which is beautifully colored. Keep up the good work, Coker!

The January issue of the *Collegian* from Presbyterian College is a good one. However, we find the common fault—lack of balance in stories, essays, and poems. This lack of balance, unlike that of most college journals, is due to a too large number of poems. We find in the *Collegian* five poems, two stories, and one essay. Every poem is worthy of a college magazine. Probably the best among these is "Ave Atque Vale." It is a sonnet with a beautiful, well-expressed thought. The meter is perfect. In three of these poems, we find beautiful thoughts of the New Year. The essay, "The Tendency of the Times," shows a good power of reasoning on the part of the writer. He seems to have devoted some study to the subject. The first story, "Shep," does not seem to have much of a plot. It is a good moral story, but a few complications would have greatly improved it. "The Worth of a Watermelon" is a good story in almost every respect. The writer possesses the possibilities of becoming an excellent short-story writer. The departments are well-conducted. We congratulate the *Collegian* on this issue.

Let us now look over the *College of Charleston Magazine*. On reading this magazine, one is impressed with the evidence of work on it. The staff not only hunts for articles from the students, but seeks any form of literature beneficial or interesting to college students. For instance, in the "Rhodes Scholarships," we find an article which space could not more appropriately award. Likewise in the editorial on "Mark Twain's Pessimism." The poem on "President Wilson's Address to Congress on February 3, 1917," is a fitting and patriotic opening poem for such an issue. "The Higher Criticism" is an interesting and amusing story from "movie" life. We

hope that the College of Charleston will get out more issues as good as this one.

We acknowledge with pleasure the following exchanges: *The Bashaba, The Collegian, The College of Charleston Magazine, The William and Mary Literary Magazine, Woman's College Journal, Carolinian, Cerberus, The A-R-C Light, The Hampton Chronicle, Richmond College Magazine, University of North Carolina Magazine, The Era, The Erskinian, Wake Forest Student, Newberry Stylus, Wofford College Journal, Bessie Tift Journal, Erothesian, Winthrop College Journal, Vassar Miscellany Monthly, Wesleyan, Lenoirian,* and *Davidson College Magazine.*

EDITOR: J. J. MURRAY, '17

We were exceedingly fortunate in having ex-Governor Ansel to speak to us in the Y. M. C. A. auditorium at 7:45 on Sunday evening, January 21st. The subject of his address was "Preparedness." This is a day in which we see the subject of preparedness in all of our newspapers. The Preparedness of which ex-Governor Ansel spoke was not preparedness for war and material things, but for our lives. He said, "Everyone must have some object in life, and in order to do something we must be prepared." He said that there are three directions in which we should seek preparation. We should prepare our physical man, our mental man, and our spiritual man. "It is your duty," he said, "to look after your physical man and make the most of it." We should exercise and be moderate in everything we do, and guard against bad habits. He emphasized the wisdom of God in the preparation of our bodies. "Brains," he said, "were given us by the great God for some purpose." "To cultivate your minds," he said, "is a duty to yourself, to your relatives, to your country and to your God."

The Bible tells us, "The noblest work of God is the creation of man." The world is now looking for young men, and it wants you to be physically, mentally, and spiritually strong.

There were no exercises held in the Y. M. C. A. on either January 28th, or February 4th.

On Sunday night, February 11th, Dr. J. L. Mann delivered a splendid address to the Y. M. C. A. and visitors, in the Y. M. C. A. auditorium. The subject of his

address was, "A Few Oft Forgotten Essentials of Manliness." Dr. Mann began his address by saying that mannishness and manliness sound very much alike, but that are entirely different. He divided his address into two parts: in the first part he stressed the non-essentials of manliness; while in the second part he gave some essentials of manliness. The non-essentials of manliness he gave as titles, riches, and physical beauty; while for the essentials of manliness he gave *a good vocabulary,* not a vocabulary in the sense of a great speaker, but one so that you can look the world square in the face and speak clearly and distinctly without apology. "Most men curse, not because they are mad, but because they lack a vocabulary," he said. The next essential he gave was being *master of your fives;* that is master your five senses and make them do your bidding. It is necessary for us to have self-control to be manly. You must have a *courteous independence,* he gave as the third essential. "In this day," he said, "it seems hard for us to differ." We should be independent in thinking and speaking. "But," he said, "don't forget that there is no personal liberty in this world that has not a barbed wire fence around it." The fourth and last essential that he gave was that *you shall have a vision.* "I don't know when the vision will come," he said, "but some day it will." "The vision of something higher." He warned us never to feel that we are manly until we catch a vision of our fellowman's destiny.

We are having some splendid lectures in the Y .M. C. A. this year and everyone should hear them. If absent, one is missing something certainly worth while, fellow students! Come oue next Sunday night and judge for yourself.

EDITOR: J. D. BLAIR, '17

G. D. Sanders, '09, is a successful farmer, at Fairfax, South Carolina.

* * * * * * * *

J. C. Richardson, '05, is in the mercantile business at Garnett, South Carolina.

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E. G. Kittles, '15, is with the Southern Railway Company, with headquarters in Charlotte, North Carolina.

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Frank Barnes and "Ikie" LeGrand, both of the class of '16, were on the campus for the Valentine dance, given by the Thalian Club.

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J. C. Wylie, '03, is secretary of F. H. Lovell Electrical Company, of Arlington, New Jersey. He was major of the second battalion in '03.

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W. F. Lachicotte, the popular captain of company "G" in '14, is connected with Southern Public Utilities Company, of Greenville, South Carolina.

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T. M. McMaster, '98, is one of the leading druggists of Winnsboro, South Carolina. From experience while

a student here, he found that this profession was a paying one.

* * * * * * *

J. M. Jackson, '16, is bookkeeper for a firm in Orangeburg, South Carolina. The knowledge he obtained along this line while a student here, is now serving him well. He was on the campus for the Valentine dance.

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W. A. Latimer, '07, is keeping books for S. M. Jones & Company, Chester, South Carolina. Like all of Clemson's sons, he is making good. He was both a football and baseball man.

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At a recent meeting of the demonstration agents, the following alumni were present: J. L. Seal, W. T. Patrick, N. G. Thomas, C. W. Baker, S. W. Epps, J. W. McLendon, J. R. Clark, R. H. Lemmon, A. E. McKeown, and J. R. Blair.

* * * * * * *

R. P. Thornton, '15, is on the staff of the fertilizer department. While a student he took part in nearly all phases of athletics. He was pitcher on baseball team, forward on basketball team, and a member of the tennis team.

* * * * * * *

R. E. Cox, '14, has returned to his home in Abbeville, South Carolina, having been in the civil service work. "Gonnie" should be able to tell us of some interesting experiences, for we know his life with the "Phillipinos" was one of thrills.

* * * * * * *

A. D. Park, '13, has a position in a tobacco firm, with headquarters in Winston-Salem, North Carolina. "Peek", we presume, has little trouble in "keeping in 'weed'." We would like to know if he is as "popular thru the mail" as he was while here! I dare say "No!"

J. M. Martin, '11, lieutenant in the Johnson Engineering Company, has returned from the border to his native hearth. It is reported that while on the border he could not keep his eye on his work for watching an imaginary "Villa." We doubt the integrity of this statement.

* * * * * * *

W. G. Ragsdale, '15, is taking the law course under his father. He has nearly completed the required amount of work. We can safely predict a success future for him. He had an excellent "line" while only a student here. We wonder what the result will be after that "old line" has been polished!

* * * * * * *

J. H. Kangeter, '13, is working in the Mares Navy Yard in California. He is first lieutenant in the naval militia. "Johnnie" is an athlete of no mean ability. He played both varsity basketball and football. "Johnnie" coached Citadel's basketball squad in '14.

* * * * * * *

T. D. Padgett, '16, is now in his *alma mater's* "inner circle," for he is instructor in soils. "T. D." has assumed a very, very dignified air. To call him "T. D." now, hurts his feelings(?)!!

"T. D." is a professor,
A professor is "T. D."
When he writes 'er
He signs, "From *Professor*"!

THE CLEMSON CHRONICLE

VOL XV. NO. 6. MARCH, 1917.

The Clemson College Chronicle

Valeat Quantum Valent Potest

Vol. XV. Clemson College, S. C., March, 1916 No 6

EDITORS:

W. T. WHITE, '17 J. S. WATKINS, '19

SPRING

J. L. B., '18.

Awake tiny seed with vigor and might
And bring forth a blossom fragrant and bright.
Perhaps you may say 'tis too chilly and cold,
But ever remember the story of old,
That if we succeed we must earnestly try
And tho we may perish our efforts never die.
So hesitate no longer with a tear or a sigh,
But come forth boldly for springtime is nigh.

The winds have ceased murmuring thru pine and oak
And the diligent workman has laid off his cloak;
The master of the garden no longer wears gloves,
As he knows 'tis spring by the cooing of doves.
As he looks o'er the hedge, upon the meadow so green,
The sheep grazing there add much to the scene;
As he watches the lambs in their pranks and plays,
His thoughts steal back to his boyhood days.

The maid has neglected her household care,
And is now strolling out in the spring's balmy air;
As she strolls down the lane o'ershadowed by trees,
She's allured by the buzzing and humming of bees;
As she lifts her brown eyes and looks toward the sky,
She sees a lonely cloud floating very high;
The little cloud reminds her that she's wandering alone
So she turns her footsteps and wanders back home.

THE IMPOSTOR

M. W., '20.

"This is my last request and you must promise to obey it," said John Mason earnestly to his friend from the stretcher on which he was lying in the hospital tent. Mason was suffering greatly from a blood-poisoned leg, and his hours of this life were numbered. "I have told you many times how my brother Richard and I were estranged when I joined the army against his wishes," he continued, "and now, since I will soon be following him to the grave, I want you to take my share of the fortune he left me, his only brother, and become in my place the guardian of his only child, a girl. It is the only token of my appreciation for your kindness to me that I have to give. I would have died surely in that swamp in another hour if you had not found me." He talked on about his friend's kindness and care for him and always urging him to accept the fortune. To quiet the over-wrought nerves of the dying man, his friend promised he would obey his wishes. The friend's name was John Mason also. It was perhaps this coincidence that had first attracted these men to each other. They were not alike in names only tho, for their resemblance in features and characteristics was much commented on. They were both lieutenants in the same company of the United States Army, then fighting the Spanish forces around Santiago. It was in one of those numerous skirmishes between scouting parties of the two sides that Mason had been shot in the leg. He had fallen unconscious in a clump of canes in a swamp, and was lost by his party. Later he was found by his friend who with much risk had come back and searched for him. The wound had become poisoned from exposure so that the surgeons said it was too late to amputate it.

So Mason was now giving his fortune to his friend who accepted rather to please the dying man than for

the love of money. In fact, John Mason liked army life too well to want to become the guardian of his friend's niece and leave the army. He was fast being promoted, so bravely did he act in all engagements.

One month after Mason's death the Spaniards surrendered Santiago and sued for peace. The company to which John Mason belonged was sent back to Ohio and given three months' leave of absence. In the confusion following the Spanish-American war, some of the lists of dead and wounded were lost. John Mason decided to go to Detroit and tell Miss Lucy Mason in person of the death of her uncle, and arranged with some one to act as her guardian. Accordingly, he sent a telegram to Miss Mason, telling her he was coming and of course, tho unthoughtedly, signed his name "John Mason." She thought nothing but that this was her father's brother, whom, for a reason explained later, she had never seen herself.

When Mason arrived in Detroit, imagine his surprise to be met at the station by a bewitching young lady of about eighteen years, who hailed him "uncle." John at once changed his arrangements entirely and decided to become pretender and play uncle awhile, just to be near this charming creature. There could be no harm in that, he thought, for in three months he would have to return to the army where he had been made a captain. So he became Lucy's guardian, and took up the business of the late Richard Mason as a true brother. Everyone in the city believed of course that he must be the lost brother of Richard Mason, for there was a decided resemblance of the two. John lived in the large Mason house with Lucy. He was a real uncle and guardian to her in every respect. She confided all her secrets to him. Many were the nights she affectionately kissed him before retiring. This was rich wages to the hypocritical impostor, and it served to alleviate the pain he sometimes felt at the part he was playing. But John was always respectful and kind to her, never taking ad-

vantage of his position. He carried Lucy to many parties and dances where he enviously watched her carried away by other young men, who were always in abundance about her.

Grdaually, as his love became more decided, it came to John that he wanted Lucy for his own. Then it dawned upon him what a predicament he was in, and the utter impossibility of their marrying. If he had only acted right when he first arrived and told her he was not John Mason, her uncle, but a friend of his entitled to his share of the fortune and her appointed guardian, all would have been well, now he was her uncle and no one doubted. But why not reveal himself now? He saw that such was suicide. It would be a public scandal, and Lucy, whom he cared for above all things, would at once scorn him as a rude and bold impostor. She would never accept his fickle explanation, and would probably not believe that her uncle was dead.

John's love became more passionate and uncontrollable every day. He avoided Lucy as much as possible. His health became bad under the strain, and no physician could do him any good. The thought was ever with him that Lucy, tho no relative of his and almost his age, must ever be his, as she naturally should, and soon some suitor would claim her hand. It was mad dening to think of such.

At the end of the three months' permit, John had asked for and received an honorable discharge. But now, only one month afterward, he had decided to go back to the army. He had spent many sleepless nights thinking what to do, and had at last decided to mysteriously disappear from Detroit, and go back to the army where he would surely soon forget Lucy. She saw something was wrong, and many times John fert her large wondering eyes following him.

One dark night a man's figure might have been seen slipping noiselessly out of a side door of the Mason

home. It stopped and gazed long at the mansion. It was John Mason who looked so long and wistfully at the mansion; for did it not hold something dearer to him than all the world? He was suddenly awakened from this reverie by a messenger boy who brushed by him up to the very door from which he had just emerged. John rushed after the boy and discovered that the telegram was to himself. Reading it he found that he was wanted immediately on the other side of the city at the home of a prominent lawyer, who had been administrator of Richard Mason's estate, and who was his close friend. What did he want with John at that late hour? In his car, he soon arrived at the lawyer's home where he was unceremoniously carried to the bedside of the dying lawyer. He told John in a low voice that as he had only a few more hours to live he wished to tell him what his supposed brother Richard had failed to do, that Lucy was not the real daughter of Richard, but an adopted child. Her real name was Lucy Townsend. John was amazed. Why had he not heard of this before? The lawyer continued farther and John gathered from what he said as the following. Not even the dead John Mason had known Lucy was an adopted child or he would have told John in some of their many talks. The dead John Mason had known before the quarrel with his brother, when they lived in Chicago, that Richard's only child was a daughter named Lucy, and the idol of the family. About a year after the quarrel Lucy had died, and her heart-broken mother soon followed. Richard Mason was left alone, grief-stricken. Later he had seen in an orphanage a girl by the name of Lucy Townsend, who very much resembled his Lucy. She was such a winning little lady that Richard Mason at once adopted her. A while afterwards Mason moved to Detroit, where in a few years he amassed a fortune in the automobile business. No one knew in Detroit that Lucy was an adopted child, for her father asked her never to tell anyone. Mason knew that if she were known to be

an adopted child, there would be many contestants of his will when he died, and he wanted his fortune to go to Lucy, and probably part to his younger brother John, whom he still loved.

John Mason seemed inordinately pleased at this information, so the lawyer thought. John returned home in high spirits. He would win Lucy now by any means for his own. The next day Lucy saw that John had completely recovered from his mysterious malady, and he took once again the afternoon ride with her—a thing he had not done in the past two months. On their way home, as twilight was falling, John cleverly brought up the subject which was uppermost in his mind and unmistakably implied to Lucy that he bore her a different love from kindred love. She turned her soft eyes upon him and hesitatingly rebuked him. Then looking at him, she smiled understandingly and said, "Do you know?" "Yes, I know all," said John. "Then it is all right." He then folded her in his arms. Their ride home was all that lovers could desire, and so was the next two months.

About this time the lists of dead and wounded, which had been lost, and which contained John Mason's name among the dead, was found and published. At the same time John Mason, knowing the lists to have been found, gave to the newspaper reporters the story of the two John Masons, and both accounts reached Lucy at the same time. It produced the effect John had anticipated, and she readily forgave the impostor. A week afterwards there was a quiet wedding in the Mason house. So "all's well that ends well."

"DUTY"

A. A. C., '19.

People may not call us worthy,
Others may not call us just,
But the words that stay before us
Comprise these words that say "we must."

Mankind always has reversals,
We cannot avoid that fate;
But with fresh determined vigor
Re-commence before too late.

If in things that call for action
We are hesitating found,
Character becomes oblivion
On the old unsettled ground.

Moral vigor seconds duty
Duty, the word we've always heard,
Make any criticisms you please
For vigor is superb.

Life is of a complex nature,
Always changing, never still;
To men who do their duty
Show good stamina and strong will.

COURTESY

W. T. W., '17.

One of the most important requisites for true success in life, and the one which is today receiving too little attention, is courtesy; in plainer English, common politeness. There is nothing which will go so far toward making friends and establishing a favorable reputation as courtesy and a kindly consideration for the feelings of others. And yet, in this up-to-date age of hurry and bustle, when everyone is striving for his own profit and betterment, it is an exception, rather than the rule, to see manifested the true, old-fashioned courtesy which characterized the actions of our gallant forefathers. Evry day we see examples of the tendency to give less and less consideration for others, and to become more and more individualistic. So much stress is laid upon business that men will scarcely speak to each other in every-day life, except in the capacity of business. Of course this does not apply to the strictly social side of life, for custom has laid down certain conventional rules which men must keep, if they are to maintain their position in society. Nor does it wholly apply to matters of business; for, nearly all business concerns make courtesy one of the chief requirements of all those connected with their establishments; and various business organizations vie with each other in their courteous treatment of the public in order that their business may profit thereby. But this kind of courtesy is prompted more by form and selfish motives than by the inborn desire to always treat others with polite civility, and render them a favor when possible. What is needed is courtesy in our every-day life. Incidents occur every day to remind us of this lack of true courtesy in this modern age. Men live and work near each other, and pass daily without speaking, all because they do not happen to be personally acquainted. It is not necessary that men should

be personal friends before they give each other a polite, cheery greeting when they meet. Life is so strenuous today that a kind, cheerful, courteous soul is as refreshing as a cool breeze on a sultry day. People are so intent upon their own affairs that some seem reluctant to even give civil replies to those who ask for information. In some cases this is even true of railroad employees, clerks, and others who do not happen to stand in the fear of being found out by their employers.

It is often the case that ladies have to stand on crowded street cars, while there are men sitting all around who will not offer their seats. Many will say that it is not their fault if ladies are put to inconveniences, and that it is not their business to go thru life just for the purpose of accommodating people. This may be true, but the spirit of chivalry should always prompt us to help others if possible, and especially ladies.

True courtesy is much more evident in the South than in any other section of our country; a fact of which we should all be proud. The South has always been noted for her gallant courtesy, and she still holds this reputation above other sections of the country. The story is told of a lady who entered a crowded train in one of the Northern states. All of the seats were occupied, and the lady would have been forced to stand, had a young man not arisen and offered her his seat. The lady appeared to be greatly surprised at his offering her the seat, but thanked him and accepted it. A man near by, who had made no attempt to offer his seat, and who was a witness to the scene, was heard to remark, "I bet that fellow is from the South." This shows how the people of other sections regard us. It should make our hearts thrill with pride, and we should determine to justify more fully this reputation.

Every man has an atmosphere peculiar to himself, and the impression which he gives by his bearing toward others is what forms the world's estimate of him. There

are some people who are discourteous, crabbed, sarcastic, and contemptible in every way—all because they have made a practice of being so. We can not be our natural selves when with such people, no matter how hard we try to be agreeable. They seem to poison the atmosphere around us, thwarting our attempts to be sociable; and we feel like a heavy weight has been lifted from us when they leave. On the other hand, there are those whose cheerful smile, frank sincerity, and courteous bearing stimulate us like a tonic, and make us feel like new beings. Such people the world likes to deal with; the man of cheerful disposition and courteous demeanor is always welcome. These qualities have a creative power which no others possess. Men who have succeeded best in life did so because of these qualities, and nothing else will so efficiently overcome difficulties and make living a real pleasure. We should force ourselves, if necessary, to form the habit of making ourselves agreeable and of being courteous at all times.

THE LAND OF MANY TEARS

M. M. B., '17.

Where once there was a silent grove
And pleasant skies o'erhead,
There bursts above the cannon's roar
And neath this rest the dead.
Where once a cozy little hut
Was sheltered from all harms,
There lies today the smold'ring ruins
Brought down by men of arms.

The bright young wife, whose farewell kiss
Dispelled a soldier's cares,
Is kneeling by her husband's tomb
And shedding grief's sad tears.
The mother, who has lost her son
For country and for king,
Weeps bitter tears of sorrow when
She hears the church-bells ring.

'Tis here where death's cold hand doth touch
And despots' rule hold sway;
'Tis here where soldiers fight and die
While rulers all keep gay.
Here soldiers know not why they fight
Save by a chief's command,
And sovereigns have their men to die
For power and for land.

How thankful we should each one be
To Him who rules the world,
Who long has seen that o'er our land
War banners are kept furled.
And, thru the trials of our land,
Our prayers should each day rise
That clouds of war be ever kept
Away from our blue skies.

JOHN C. CALHOUN AT HOME

W. F. H., '18.

On March 18, 1782, was born of sturdy Irish parents in Abbeville county, South Carolina, a man who was to devote his life to a cause that endeared him to the hearts of every warm blooded Southerner. John C. Calhoun is regarded by many people who are not acquainted with his life and work as the champion of a civilization built upon feudalism and slavery. Be that as it may, he devoted his great genius to a cause that he believed worthy of his energies and justifiable in the sight of God. To this day, no man has had the power of intellect or logical acuteness to surpass him in the deductive and logical power of his reasoning, and no man has the audacity to question his sincerity or devotion to duty.

It is not often that we get to look into the private affairs and the home life of our greatest men. This is especially true of Calhoun. The most we know of him is his relation to public questions. It is very interesting to note, however, that our great statesman was a man of the people, a man whom the people loved and trusted to the utmost. It has been said of Calhoun, and perhaps justly so, that his will was the will of the people of the state of South Carolina. Not that these people would submit to the will of a dictator—far from it; but that they all had faith in his ability and willingness always to do that which was best for his people and his country. Time has proved that their trust was placed in a great man.

Captain Julius L. Shanklin of Pendleton, a captain during the Civil War, and State Senator for several terms, has left us, through his son, some very interesting facts regarding the simplicity and naturalness of the home life of our great Senator. Capt. Shanklin often dined with Mr. Calhoun at Fort Hill, and says that all dinners were noted for their simplicity and wholesome-

ness. Calhoun never drank wine or liquors, and altho he had his wine cellars, and would serve the best spirits when he had guests, he never indulged, but drank instead his sweetened water or some other simple beverage. His home was noted for its hospitality, and many noted personages of other countries as well as of our own land have been the favored guests of the genial owner of Fort Hill.

When Calhoun desired to go to Pendleton, then the most important town in this part of the country, he would always drive his horse himself. He had a very ugly gray horse, which he called Dumbiedykes, and of which he was very fond, and which lived a long time after Mr. Calhoun's death. He would drive old Dumbiedykes to town, always hitching up himself, and then go and sit in front of the store and talk with the people. Everybody liked him, and many would surround him to listen, for he was a great conversationalist. He was, indeed, a man of the people. It is said that after Mr. Calhoun's death, his son, who did not have the same genial and simple characteristics as those possessed by his father, would ride about in high fashion, with a colored driver and the best of equipment and teams. Consequently, he never gained the esteem and respect of the common people that had been bestowed upon the statesman.

Mrs. Calhoun was also a very domestic lady. She was one of the most noted society women of her day,—the leader of society in Washington,—but in spite of this, she was very exact and painstaking about her domestic affairs. She would carry her own keys, and look after the affairs of her own kitchen herself.

It was perhaps the simplicity and unaffected life of the Calhouns that made the people love and honor them so much. We know that these characteristics at least added a great deal to the popularity that the Calhouns enjoyed among all people who knew them.

The passing of time, we are glad to say, does not de-

tract from the popularity of our great statesman; but, in this great day of history making, the memory of John C. Calhoun grows brighter, for he is remembered as a man of brilliant intellect, a great thinker, a man of power and pleasing personality, and a man who had the manhood and courage to stand firmly for his convictions in spite of all opposition and desire for glory and power.

A FACE

J. W. W., '18.

So fair, yet so bold, is this face,
Marked by a never-changing grace,
That looks down upon this countless throng
As tho she'd never seen a wrong.

She casts us many a pleasant look
That causes us to close our books,
And watching long her silent stare,
Even forget that "Fessor" is near.

She can see to either left or right,
Thus never missing an available sight;
And she shows possibility, some boys think,
But she's never given one even the "wink."

So now let's imagine it's silent praise,
We see, if by chance our eyes we raise
To the face that's smiled at every hour,
To the face of the clock in the college tower

THE EYES OF AN ARMY

It was in the early greys of a French morning, when night was slowly lifting her shadowy folds from the earth, that a trim aeroplane gracefully arose, in a slanting course, toward the sky. It was of the modern, army type; a biplane, with a compact body, and a swivel-mounted rapid-fire gun. The officer, a lieutenant, was at the steering apparatus. He was a man of about thirty, an American, who had left his country to become a French airman.

As the machine rose, he slowly smiled, for it pleased him greatly to see an engine run as smoothly as did his that morning. A little forward of him, another man sat grimly at his gun, the rapid-firer. Faster and faster the machine ascended into the vast aerial expanse. The soldier glanced at the altmeter. It registered about two thousand feet. The airship still rose, until it gained an altitude of over three thousand feet; then the officer headed directly northwest. The man at the gun spoke, in the language of France, "Monsieur," he said, "at what rate are we traveling?" "Sixty-five an hour," was the stern reply. "Then that should get us to the sea at about seven," he mused. "Yes, just about," said the other. It was as the gunner had remarked. They reached the seat at ten of seven, and in less than an hour more, were a good way from land. Then the engine was slowed down, and the machine dropped until it was about two hundred feet above the waters. The plane was steered parallel to the coast, at a slow rate of speed. "Guerell, have you those bombs ready?" "Yes, Monsieur, more than a plenty." The missles alluded to were intended for the German submarines reported as being in that district. About a quarter of an hour elapsed, then the officer exclaimed, "Guerell, Guerell, quick; over to the right a little." The gunner soon saw, and dropped two bombs. One missed its mark, but the other struck

just behind the periscope; a terrific explosion followed. The sea was thrown high in foam and spray, and the air, jarring, rocked the biplane dangerously. But under skillful management, the little machine righted itself. The American kept circling over the spot, until bubbles, coming to the surface, told him that the crew of the underwater craft were drowned. Then the aeroplane swept on. In about a half hour, the gunner suddenly gasped, "Mon Dieu! Look below." As the other glanced below him, Guerell began hurling bombs. There were five periscopes plowing through the water. The harmless-looking balls exploded among the submarines, and almost immediately three passed downward, while the other two were breaking up under the feet of their brave crews. "God!" exclaimed the American, "what terrible necessity." Their adventure was by no means ended. As the aircraft sailed off, Guerell caught sight of a German raider, making way from the open plains on his left, toward the mainland. It was leaving the plains of England, after a night raid on London. Immediately, he told the officer, and the airship slowly began to ascend once more. It rose to a height of two thousand feet. Then it raced toward the cigar-shaped object. Soon came the time when men's nerves are shaken by fear, even the strongest. Presently, the ships were within rapid-fire range of each other. The biplane was about forty feet below the big raider, and within about three hundred yards of it, when the guns began to speak. The lighter ship had the advantage, and made many fancy turns and dodges to divert the aim of its opponents. Then, all at once, it would pause, and spit forth its missles at her vitals. When within about seventy-five yards of her, it swooped upward, and gradually above her. It was very skillfully done, for if the two opponents had come much nearer together, suction would have caused a collision. As soon as the little plane was above its foe, Guerell dropped three bombs in rapid succession. They struck the inflated

bag in as many places, and rocked the air in exploding. The biplane suffered a narrow escape from a fall, while the monster, bursting into flames, plunged earthward. Turning toward the heart of France, the two men sailed home, thinking that they might suffer the same fate some day at the hands of a hostile aviator. They passed the anti-aircraft guns of a French outpost, and landed, at last, in their aerodome, with only a few minor parts of their ship being harmed.—Anonymous.

The Clemson College Chronicle

FOUNDED BY THE CLASS OF 1898.
Published Monthly by the Calhoun, Columbian, Palmetto, Carolina, Hayne, and Wade Hampton Literary Societies of Clemson Agricultural College

Contributions solicited from the Faculty, Alumni and Students. Literary communications should be addressed to Editor-in-chief. Business matters should be addressed to the Business Manager. Subscription price, $1.00 in advance. For Advertising Rates, apply to the Business Manager.

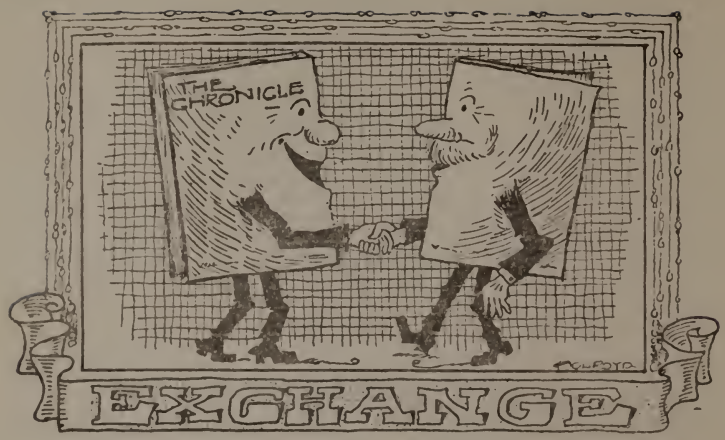
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: C. G. HARRIS, '17

'Tis a grave misfortune that any of the worlds people should have to suffer any pains or sad regrets at this time of the year. This is a season when cordial tenderness should no longer concentrate itself on any one object, but should be universal, should embrace all men, should extend its generous cares to all the limits of the earth, and cheer all that are within its reach. Every heart should enjoy the indulgence of nothing but pleasant hopes, and look forward to nothing but a blessed futurity. And this would be so but for the imprudence of man in giving admission to foolish desires, and to false sweets of pleasures, by which the youthful heart is soon dried up and blasted by its sinful flames. By giving up his heart to these desires and passions, which are mortal to innocence, man soon destroys all hopes that have been formed concerning him.

This not only applies to every man individually but to all men. Even in this great republic of ours, these two

principals are at work with greater zeal perhaps than we of this twentieth century have ever witnessed. Some men are doing all they can, not disdaining even the smallest progress and profit so long as it adds to the nations store of honor and prestige, while others, sad to relate, are attaching themselves to our nations wealth in a most degrading manner, regardless of fellow-man or even of that eternal winter which is sure to follow an abused spring.

Then while spring is yet about and in our lives, let us profit by our cultivation and education and become wise, amiable, pious, and progressive. Let every man apply himself more earnestly to labor, without intermission, for the welfare of his nation. We have been protected and made to prosper by her; so let everyman sanctify these blessings by patriotism and the love of labor for his country. Whether you are enjoying the spring days of youth, the balmy days of hanhood, or the calm days of old age, consecrate your service to "Old Glory", and let them both live on thru eternity for Honor, Freedom, and Purity!!



EDITORS:

M. M. BRICE, '17 W. H. SANDERS, '18

The Richmond College Messenger begins with a beautiful poem entitled "Out There." Like Tennyson in his poem, "Crossing the Bar," this writer gives a noble thought of life after death. All of the essays are excellent, the most interesting of which is probably "Tennyson's Views on Woman as Expressed in 'The Princess.'" The article displays the results of some close work on this poem of Tennyson. "The Home Coming" is an interesting story thruout. It is a story of a sweet sentiment, and is well expressed. All the other stories are very interesting and have excellent plots. Indeed, it would be difficult for any critic to detect any faults or flaws in this magazine. We congratulate the college on their publication.

Let us now turn to the *Wake Forest Student*. One of the most interesting of articles that we have found in any of the literary magazines is an essay in this magazine on the "Development of the Negro since the Civil War." This is an article applicable to the negro problem in our South. It traces mental evolution during the last fifty years. "The Pilfered Pilot" is a good humorous college story. "German Invashun" is a good

poem which displays the negro dialect almost perfectly. "Her Father's Son" is another excellent story. It typifies the villainy and hypocrisy of a college professor. The arrangement of the various articles in this magazine should be made mention of, as it is excellent. It would be a good plan for other magazine staffs to observe this arrangement.

In the February issue of the *Winthrop Journal,* we find an interesting love story entitled "The Call of the Hills." Another story worthy of mention is "An Incident in Russian Life." It paints a picture of the old Russian method of recruiting men for the army. In "Imitation—The Sincerest Flattery," we find a story without any definite plot. The plot has no complexities, but is simple thruout. We find a similar case with "A True Ghost Story." These stories do not exhibit any obstacle to overcome, and therefore do not arouse the proper interest. "Why South Carolina Seceded" is an interesting historical essay. Another good historical essay is "St' Valentine's Day." The poem, "What Matters?" is a beautiful philosophical poem. The various departments are well-conducted.

We wish to acknowledge with pleasure the following exchanges: *The Winthrop Journal, The Richmond College Messenger, The Wake Forest Student, The Carolinian, The Criterion, The Erothesian, The College of Charleston Magazine, The Bashaba, The Mampton Chronicle, The A-R-C Light, The Concept, The Wofford College Journal, The Orion, The Georgian, The Collegian, The University of North Carolina Magazine, The Limestone Star, Bessie Tift Journal, The Chathamite, The Lenairian, The Wahisco, The Newberry Stylus, Our Monthly, The Woman's College Journal,* and *The Erskinian.*

EDITOR: J. J. MURRAY, '17

On Sunday night, February 18, at 7:45 o'clock, Mr. L. O. Armstrong, of the Bureau of Economics at Washington, spoke to a very large audience in the Y. M. C. A. auditorium, demonstrating his lecture with slides and motion pictures. The subject of his lecture was, "From Labrador to Alaska." Mr. Armstrong has spent forty years in traveling in Alaska, therefore he was well qualified to lecture. He began his lecture with the coast of Labrador and went southward and westward by the Great Lakes showing the agricultural lands and beautiful scenery along the railroad . He next showed is the great Pacific coast with its timber lands and the large salmon fishing industry. The next place of interest that he showed us was Alaska with its most beautiful scenery that no one can find words to truly picture.

It was with a great deal of pleasure that we listened to a very interesting lecture by Mr. J. W. Norwood, President of the Norwood Bank of Greenville, in the Y. M .C. A. auditorium on Sunday night, February 25. The subject of his lecture was "The Virtue of Thrift." "With an increase of wealth," he said, "civilization and education always advance." Many a man is injured while at college if allowed to spend money too freely that he did not earn. He made the following statement which is most true, and yet some of us often fail to think of it in this way; "If a man lives on beyond his means and does not pay his honest debts, he is guilty of stealing." People remain poor because they spend

money too freely. The things that are creditable for us are the things that we do for ourselves.

On Sunday night, March 4th, we were indeed fortunate in having Mr. H. J. Haynesworth, a prominent attorney of Greenville, to lecture to us in the Y. M. C. A. auditorium. His lecture was on some of the problems and lessons of the present day. He spoke on the great European War; the cause, the result, and the ultimate effect it would have on mankind. Some of the effects of the war, he said, would be the value placed on health and strong bodies of the citizens of the nations; the spirit of love, finding expression in the desire to relieve suffering humanity, and the effect of strong drink on man, the greatest curse of all. In closing, he urged the students of Clemson, as they go out into the state and world, to stand for a clean, pure manhood; strong morally, mentally, and physically.

We were indeed fortunate to have such an able lecturer and orator as Dr. Snyder, President of Wofford College, to speak to us on Sunday night, March 11, in the Y. M. C. A. auditorium. The subject of his lecture was, "The main human motives, or a little study of ourselves." He gave a brief history of the development of man. "All the time," he said, "that man was fighting for existence, he was growing intellectually." "Why do we prosper?" he asked. "It is because we want something and we want it bad enough to put our thought and every effort to it." We are ever searching for facts. As someone has said, "I would rather discover the smallest thing of fact, than to be king of a monarchy." "Ambition," he said, "is our motive to do better what other men are doing; it is our motive to do best what other men are doing better." No man in the world has a right to stop short of 100 percent. efficiency. The following are the motives which Dr. Snyder said cause men to go onward, striving for better things—the getting motive, the creative motive, the excelling motive, the ruling motive, and the social motive.

Our Bible Study course has been completed for this year. We had 550 men enrolled, 70 per cent of all the men in the college. There were sixty organized classes led by student leaders. The average attendance was 94.9 per cent, while nine classes had 100 per cent. attendance. The next course will be in mission study. This course will be followed by the same classes, and will be started at once. Let us get to earnest work, fellow students, and make a 100 per cent. record in this; we can do it if we will!

EDITOR: J. D. BLAIR, '17

Ed Shiver, '16, is now working for his alma mater. Ed is chemist in the soils laboratory.

* * * * * * *

J. L. Hiers, '13, is working in the extension department of the Louisiana State University. "Laurie" was outfielder on the baseball team.

* * * * * * *

C. S. Anderson, '16, is in Detroit, Michigan, in the employment of the American Blower Pipe Company. "Goat" played four years varsity baseball while here. He was captain of the team his senior year. "Goat" played for the Florence team in the Pee Dee League last season.

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George Morgan, '14, is in the employment of the General Electric Company, Schenectady, New York. George took his Electrical Engineering degree at Cornell last June. He is one of the many alumni who is making good.

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N. C. Brackett, '16, is principal of Crane High School of Crane, Missouri. "Dickey" is holding down this re-

sponsible position with much ability. He finished here in the agricultural course.

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T. C. Haddon, '14, is instructing the fair young students of Winthrop along agricultural lines. It is said that he had to find a "better half" before being able to fill the position. There are plenty of old alumni who are envious of him. (They are single, however.)

* * * * * * * *

Joe Douthit, '14, has begun life in earnest. He is holding down the difficult job of being a "good husband." Joe was married to Miss to Miss Mary Broyles of Townville. He is now farming near Sandy Springs, South Carolina. Joe is setting a high standard for the farmers in his neighborhood.

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"Chunk" Summers, '05, is working in Detroit, Michigan, as chemist. "Chunk" was for four years varsity tackle on the football team. He was on the football team that won the Southern Intercollegiate championship.

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"Bill" Crum, '10, is in the automobile business in Orangeburg, South Carolina. It is reported that "Bill" is doing a very successful business. He was a member of the historical "Pendleton Guards." All Clemson men, whether graduates or not, know of this "noble bunch."

* * * * * * * *

O. A. Hydrick, '10, is practicing law in Orangeburg, South Carolina, and is the junior member of the firm of Hydrick & Hydrick. He was a member of the crack football team of several years ago, playing guard and tackle.

* * * * * * * *

C. L. Vaughan, '16 ,is teaching school near Lamar, South Carolina. We have little doubt that he fills his

position very efficiently. "Tu-Tu" was very popular with his classmates, and numbered his friends in terms of all who knew him. We predict a successful future for him, but take the liberty of warning him against going to the extreme and becoming too matter-of-fact.

* * * * * * *

Efford Pate, '15, is farming near Lamar, South Carolina. Efford was one of the most staunch men of the class of '15. He was very popular. Efford took life rather seriously which resulted in his being the brunt of many jokes.

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THE CLEMSON CHRONICLE

VOL. XV., NO. 7 APRIL, 1917.

The Clemson College Chronicle

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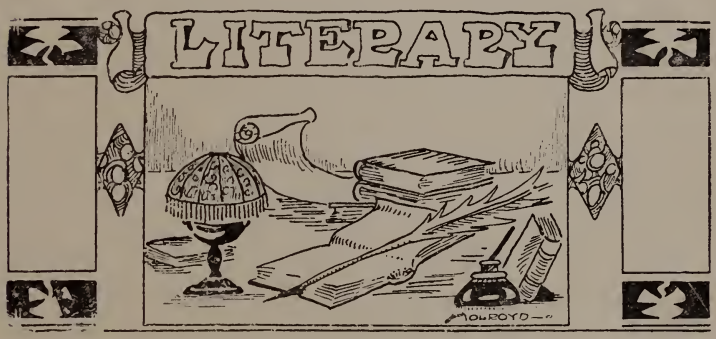
Vol. XV. Clemson College, S. C., March, 1916 No 6



EDITORS:

W. T. WHITE, '17 J. S. WATKINS, '19

TWILIGHT ON THE RIVER

J. L. B., '18.

I am sitting by the river,
While the evening sun sinks low;
And the long and ghastly shadows
Rest upon the water's flow.
Long and longer grow these shadows
Tho the trees are not so high;
And the darkness seems to thicken
As the gloomy night draws nigh.

The last rays of sun are dying,
And the twilight reigns supreme,
Dimming all fantastic shadows
That were cast upon the stream.
Now a heavy mist is rising
From the water calm and clear,
While o'er the valley reigns a silence,
For the gloomy night is near.

Then up the valley floating softly,
Thru the heavy mist of night;
Come faint echos intermingling,
From the hills to left and right.
Now these echos faint and falter,
They are dying very fast;
Sympathizing with the evening
That has ever breathed her last.

DRIFTING

B. H. S., '18.

It is an unquestioned law of the universe that any body set in motion will follow the line of least resistance. In the material world this law is never broken: in the plant kingdom, more complex conditions result in exceptions to the rule; animals deviate further from this law of motion: but man is the only moving being blessed with the full faculties of mind and will power, and he is the only creature or thing which can utterly disregard this universal law of motion if he so desires. But in spite of the fact that he has been so signally endowed, an dthat experience has taught that such action is contrary to the attainment of the highest ideals of life and development, man, too, is given to drifting thru life without any special object in view or any ambition to ful fill, and follows the line of least resistance. And this habit of drifting, sad to say, is one of the chief faults of college students today—of all classes of people the most bountifully blessed with opportunities and advantages—the ones to whom the rest of the world look for the perfection of right living, sane reasoning, ambition, and worthy accomplishments. The utter disregard of the average college student for the noblest, most honorable, and highest ideals of life is appalling; and the habit of drifting thru college along the line of least resistance is the primary cause of this deplorable state of affairs.

Doubtless you have stood on the banks of a river or smaller stream and thrown a chunk into the water, and have noticed that a remarkable thing happened. The bark soon became separated from the wood and was drawn aside into a small whirlpool or gently floated down the more slowly moving water. The wood was taken into the most swiftly moving part of the stream and rapidly went downstream, unaffected by the small eddies or sluggish water. But should it have got caught in a wihrlpool, it remained but a moment and was thrown farther into the main current and rapidly pursued its onward journey. This simple occurrence wonderfully illustrates the careers of modern college students. Every Fall a large number of boys and girls leave their homes and home surroundings to enter the much envied stream of college life. Some are sent, others have a desire to go merely to obtain a diploma, while still others go with the determination to get the most out of their courses they possibly can and to prepare themselves for the greatest service after they finish. All enter at the same place but with different effects; for, as soon as they are thrown into the current of college life, they begin to separate—the more energetic and imbitious students being drawn into the main part and soon distancing their classmates. But, unhappily, the majority, like the driftwood, idly float down the placid water of indifferent actions; and, after an almost unendurable time, they reach commencement—the sea of dreams into which the stream of college life is supposed to flow.

The student who enters heartily into his college work; makes an enviable scholarship record; and, at the same time, takes part in all the college activities he possibly can, not only wins the respect of his teachers and enjoys positions of leadership and trust bestowed upon him by his fellow students, but he develops into as near the ideal college graduate as we may hope to find. While at college he keeps himself busy doing something worth

while, and he doesn't have time to become disheartened or discouraged—time never hangs heavy on his hands but passes too rapidly. But the student who does just as little work as he can to make passing marks; who never takes part in athletics or any other college activity; and who is always dreaming of the pleasures of idleness: he it is who exerts himself least and is content to drift along until his college days are over and lets the golden opportunities pass forever beyond his reach. He has nothing to do; he wields no good influence over his classmates; he sees all their faults and those of his professors, and is the first to raise the howl of derision when anything goes wrong. In the effort to pass away the heavy-hanging time he resorts to loafing, smoking, drinking, gambling; and, worst of all, becomes proficient in the dishonorable practice of "skinning" his way through exams to get his "dip."

Fellow students, to which class do you belong? Are you taking advantage of all the opportunities presented you? Do you take an active part in athletics, literary society work, Y. M. C. A. programs, Sunday School, and contribute to your colelge publications? And, above all, are you doing honest, creidtable work in the classroom and during examinations? If you can answer in the affirmative, you are in the best part of the stream of college life which will soon give you a successful entrance into the great sea of human life and insure your success. But if you are failing to do your duty by merely drifting thru college, you are displaying base ingratitude to those making sacrifices to send you to college; leading some less fortunate student astray; cheating yourself; and laying an insecure foundation for your future life. And unless you turn from your careless and indifferent ways, you will live to see the day when sharp arrows of unavailing regret will strike you to the heart, and in your anguish you will cry out:

"Oh youth return,
Oh give me back my college days."

SUCCESS

M. W. H., '18.

The greatest desire in every man's life is to succeed. Failure does not necessarily lie in a man himself, but, in the majority of cases, it is due to the wrong conceptions of success. The question consequently arises, when does a man succeed?

Some see success imbedded in immense piles of gold, or in great wealth; others think that success lies in public honor; while still others declare that this sublime gift is obtained only by the victorious commander of an army.

Is a man really successful when he has accumulated great wealth? For an answer, let us turn to some of our richest men of to-day. Do they think that their lives have been successful ones? No! because, in most cases, there is a festering sore on their consciences which is causing these men to regret the illegal ways in which they made their riches. The magnificent Y. M. C. A. buildings, public libraries, and hospitals which are being given to the public, are the remedies with which these men hope to cure this irritating sore.

It is easy to see that success does not necessarily lie in great wealth.

Richard III viewed the throne of England with envy, and believed that he would have obtained success when he could rule England. So, he actually committed murder in order to attain his so-called success—a kingdom. At first he was satisfied, but later he went so far as to offer his appellated success for a mere horse.

Shakespeare illustrated a similar case in his play "McBeth," when he allows McBeth to gain his greatest desire, and then causes his life to be a complete failure. Again let us return to "America's most note-worthy Traitor"—Benedict Arnold. Why did he die the miserable death that he did? This man's life was wrecked by the ambitious desire for greater public honor. Public

honor has its attractions, but the attainment of success is far more than the mere attainment of public honor.

Success does not lie alone in victory. A man can fall and yet succeed. Sherman was victorious. He completely defeated his enemy on his great march to the sea; but at the close of the Civil War, the most despised man in America was William T. Sherman. On the other hand, Robert E. Lee was forced to surrender at Appomattox, thereby acknowledging his attempts as failures. The cause he fought for was defeated; but he is today esteemed by North and South alike as a man that lived a pure and successful life. Since victory does not mean success, and defeat does not signify failure, what is success?

No one thing constitutes success; but success is the attributation of the man, no matter how humble, who lives an upright life; and, at the same time, makes the world better off by his existence. A man is successful when, first, he is satisfied with himself, and then when the world approves him.

AMERICA'S STAND

M. M. B., '17.

From Europe's lands there came a mighty call—
A call that reached our ears across the sea;
To our land, the greatest neutral of them all,
To stand once more for love of liberty.
While other nations fight for fame and pow'r,
And rulers wrangle for the love of gain,
For naught but pure ideals will e'er the flow'r
Of America be numbered 'mongst the slain.

Our fathers fought to free our native homes,
Our fathers' blood was spilled to keep it free;
And now, when foreign nation's challenge comes,
We needs must stand for pure democracy.

Our nation in these thoughts has ever led,
And in its fight for them 'twill never quail;
And while Old Glory swings out overhead,
The lovers of our land will never fail.

In times when dear Old Glory wavered low,
Our leaders prayed to Him who leads the world;
And thru these times He led us 'gainst the foe,
And ne'er let Stars and Stripes be drooped or furled.
Now, while we stand for causes true and right,
And to the world we show our ideals high,
May our great Leader lead us thru the fight,
And keep our banner ever in the sky.

FRANCIS MARION

W. T. W., '17.

History has recorded the deeds of many great men; poems have immortalized heroes, commemorating their brave deeds and extolling their noble virtues; but the page of history furnishes no more illustrious name, and poets have never sung of a greater and nobler soul, than that of Francis Marion, brave warrior, noble patriot, sincere Christian, and knightly gentleman. His name is dear to the people of the South, and his brave deeds and charming virtues are like stars lighted afetr him, pointing us upward and onward in the path of duty, honor, and glory.

Sprung from French ancestry, he inherited all the convictions of right and the determination to follow it which gave his Huguenot forefathers the courage and fortitude to leave country, home, and friends, and come to an unknown wilderness in search of religious freedom. Living as he did in a new and wild country where the only school known was that furnished by nature in the birds and beasts of the forest, the flowers of the field, and trees of the wood, his chances for education were

very limited. And yet in this school of nature, where he was often forced to endure many hardships which characterized the life of the coolnist, and where he was surrounded by those influences which tended to generate and foster the spirit of liberty, he received the very training which afterwards enabled him to render his country such gallant and invaluable service. Altho little is known about his early life, history gives us enough to show that he never neglected an opportunity for improvement.

As a young man, Marion was called upon to assist in fighting and subduing the Indians; and, altho he won great distinction for bravery, and acquitted himself in a most gallant manner, he was loath to bring grief and sorrow to the savage natives. Here we have an insight into the tender, sympathetic heart of this magnanimous soul. His great heart was deeply touched by the harsh methods pursued by the Americans in subduing the Indians, and we have his own word for it that he could scarcely refrain from tears when he saw the poor Indians driven from their homes, their villages destroyed, and their homes laid waste. Of his many virtues, this was perhaps the most beautiful, that, when he had overcome an enemy, his great heart swelled with commiseration, and mercy was granted without the asking.

Aside from the time spent in fighting the Indians, Marion resided on his paternal acres in South Carolina, hunting, fishing, and superintending his farm, until 1775, when he was called to the defense of his land against the mother country. Having been appointed a captain, he applied to the Assembly for money to equip a company, but the Assembly could not furnish him one cent. Nothing daunted, he borrowed money, and raised and equipped a company of volunteers out of his private resources. Never was man truer to his country than Francis Marion, one of the noblest partisan officers in all history. A born soldier, he was never so happy, never so completely in his element, as when on parade with

his men and officers. Altho a plain, homely man, with neither wealth nor wit, his ingenuous disposition, fondness for friends and relatives, kindness to slaves, and his gallant exploits in Indian warfare made him beloved by everyone. His men loved him devotedly, and such was his wonderful command over them that they would with the utmost alacrity follow him blindly into the most perilous adventure.

The war was far more terrible in South Carolina than in any other section, for the reason that there were many more loyalists in the South. Brother was arrayed against brother, and friend against friend, making it uncertain as to who was friend or foe. But the difficulty of the situation served only to increase the ardor of our chieftain. Freedom was his sweetheart, and for her he fought with undaunted valor, fortitude, and firm hope, never despairing of the cause for which he risked his life.

The darkest hour of the war for the Carolinians came after the fall of Charleston, their chief city and seaport. The British forces, superior in numbers and equipment to the Americans, united, firm as granite, moved over the country with their Hessian, Indian, and Tory allies, killing, burning, and destroying. Consternation reigned in all parts of the state, and nothing was to be seen save flying crowds, burning houses, ruined fields, and weeping women and children, driven from their homes into the woods to starve. Men were hung like dogs with no scruples whatsoever on the part of the invading foe. Disaster followed disaster for the Carolinians . Their little army was dispersed and cut to pieces, and many became so discouraged that they laid down their arms and swore allegiance to the Crown, while others forsook the cause of fredom and joined the enemy's ranks. Those who were left were scattered ovr the country like loose ropes of sand. Unused to the arts of war, with no weapons save fowling pieces, without unity, or discipline,

their country prostrate under the feet of the foreign usurpers, the Carolinians were as lambs to the lion. With the black clouds of despair hanging over the cause of liberty, the spirit of the people reached the lowest ebb of despondence, and scarcely no hope of bttter days remained.

In this dark and dreadful hour, when despotism held full sway and liberty seemed doomed, the cause was saved from complete failure by that vigilant, undaunted soldier, General Francis Marion, and a few other gallant souls whom God in his mercy raised up to espouse the cause of freedom and avenge our country's wrongs. With a little band of selected men around him, Marion pursued a system of warfare most unique, and yet the one most safe to us and most fatal to our enemies. Hiding in the swamps, he would steal forth with the utmost coolness and perseverance, rescuing friends, capturing prisoners and provisions, and thus gaining thru strategy those advantages which his usual inferior force would otherwise never have gained. He would prowl nightly around the encampments of the foe, fall upon the enemy by surprise, distracting the midnight hour with the horrors of battle. Or, when his force was large enough, he would attack boldly in the day, driving and killing the enemy before him. Altho the bravest of men and most terrible in battle, the enemy's defeat was always tempered by his generosity, and the basest Tory only had to cry for quarter to receive mercy. When he was pursued by a superior force, he would dismiss his whole command, save a chosen few, to go home or else conceal themselves. Striking terror to the hearts of British and Tories, Marion's men seemed to utterly vanish when to fight seemed undesirable, only to reappear when least expected. Thus by strategy and audacious daring, coupled with undaunted valor and the determination to win, Marion battled on under the most complicated difficulties against a vastly larger force, keeping alive the fires

of freedom until the enemy was driven from our state, and it was proved that South Carolina was never a conquered country. Great were the hardships and privations endured by the valiant chieftain. Many times wounded, he was forced to live in the swamps with no comforts or medical attention so necessary to his condition—all of which would seem to have killed any ordinary being. But he survived it all, and fought on until liberty and peace were established.

His fame does not rest alone on his partiotism and his victories in battle. It rests equally as much upon the noble and isinterested virtues of the citizen who spent his life in denying himself every inclination that would make others miserable, and in trying with all his might to make them happy. His was the honor of conquering by the sword, and, what commands higher admiration and esteem, conquering without hate. He was always most generous to his enemies. He was always opposed to any radical or severe treatment directed to the Tories, for whom he had a genuine pity. After the war, he fought for the policy of friendship, the establish- culture, commerce, education, and religion. Pure in mind, and possessed of an almost womanly delicacy, he was invariably courteous. His tongue was ever sacred to truth, his countenance ever beaming benevolence to man, and his whole life reverential to God. Possessed with that gallantry refined by courtesy which gives the only credentials of true chivalry, and a character of spotless purity, Marion was the perfect ideal of a true knight and Christian gentleman. History will record his noble deeds, and generations yet to come will revere his memory and praise his noble virtues. May his memory ever be kept green among the sons of liberty, and may we all strive to emulate this great and noble life!

WHAT SHALL THE FUTURE BE?

F. W. W., '20.

The days that are past will not return
To begin our lives anew,
And give to us a future bright
That will make our dreams come true.
Tho the past has been ill-spent,
And nothing great has been done,
Yet the point of view must change—
Then life has just begun.

At some golden moment in every life,
Something calls for a loyal heart
To take a place in the nation's need,
For there we should do our part.
All cannot reach to the highest height,
Real honors cannot attain—
But a country built for future strength
Will be the nation to remain.

The future is built by the present alone,
Each deed to-day builds up to-morrow;
And if our country lives her best,
There'll be no cause for grief or sorrow.
In the great conflict that is calling
To each nation to join the strife,
Jealousy and union are contending,
Caring not for peace and life.

America's the land of wealth and peace,
The land of the brave and free;
But if the crisis comes at last,
We'll guide and protect her destiny.
Time alone can bring the end,
No distant light can we yet see;
And still the question comes to us—
"What shall the future be?"

THE OTHER WOMAN'S HUSBAND

A Patriotic Alumnus, D. F. F., '16.

The young guide started up the trail leading a party of twenty-five girls, mostly missionaries, to the top of old Greybeard. He had met none of them and he cared little for their names, his only thought was to get the gang of females to the top of the mountain and back to the Conference hall safely. Of course he had to answer thousands of questions, that was his business, and he knew what to expect from the members of the inquisitive sex. Of course a guide is sure to know the name of every flower, every tree, and all the insects, birds, and animals. He certainly can tell every bird by its twitters or even by the description a girl gives him when she only saw its shadow cross the trail. He should know just why the great big mountains are not filled with gold and why there are not piles of diamonds in the many folds of earth about Greybeard.

Now who could expect even a young guide with so much information to think of love and the sentimental side of life, when he is leading a party of mere females who ask him to explain every detail of the hike? He had always looked upon his parties as units. The individuals made little impression upon him. And this party was only one of many that came and went during the summer. But Cupid must have his day with all of us.

The August sun was, with help of the violent exercise of the climb, bringing the rich color to the cheeks of the most pale. At one of the numerous halts for breath up the trail, the eyes of the guide found something new and different. *She* sat on a fallen tree just above him. He had never noticed hair, eyes, rosy cheeks, dresses, silk hose, shoes, and the other things that go with girls. But there before him he saw all of these things in such a wonderful combination that he almost blushed when she caught him staring at her. Could it

be posisble that there was a party of twenty-five with him or just this one girl! He was not so sure.

As the party moved on up the trail, the guide found himself beside her. He knew not why, but he was there and glad of it. He was full of enthusiasm and anxious to answer all of her questions, which he felt sure were perfectly sensible and natural. He did not see the others about them and his answers to their questions were unusually short.

On top of old Greybeard, the guide began his usual work of pointing out by name the towering masses of earth about them and showing the eager listeners the water divide where the rain drop might go to the Atlantic or the Gulf, depending upon the direction of the wind. *She* was standing apart from the others looking off into the horizon with a troubled expression on her lovely face. She stood there for sometime and finally, becoming conscious of the stare of the guide, she turned to him with a smile. Even in his embarrassment then, he was sure he detected a bit of sadness in the smile she gave him.

As the party turned back down the trail, the guide found himself beside her again. How he enjoyed helping her across the logs and down the steepest places in the trail ! He had done the same thing for others all summer, but her touch sent a thrill thru him. *She* was different. He found her intensely interested in flowers, and then it was real pleasure for him to stop frequently to get the rare ones for her. Frequently he ran from the side of the path or up the face of some rock to get the particular blossom she admired. But suddenly he came to himself with a shock. He had forgotten the others! Where were they? A nice guide he was, to let his party return without him. But then why not? They knew the trail led back to the Hall and there was nohting to do but follow it. Then he thought of her. Should she be alone on that mountain side with a man she had never seen before that day ? She didn't even know his name!

"Miss—"

"Harrall is my name, Mr. Strickland, Marion Harrall,' she interrupted , when she saw his embarrassment.

"Thank you, I am glad to know your name," he managed to get out as he grasped the hand she held out for a shake. She knew his name too! How had she learned it, he wondered.

"I must beg your pardon for keeping you here Miss Harrall, I had forgotten the others. I did not mean to keep you out alone with me." And she saw that he was really sorry.

"Now don't you worry about it and spoil the hike for me. I am sure you will let nothing hurt me and I do not object. Come on now and tell me about this little flower." And he did.

It had been a wonderful hike for Jonah Strickland. (Yes, Jonah was his real name, not a nickname. They had given it to him because his father's pet horse had died the day Jonah discovered this country.) But in spite of all the pleasure afforded by the wonderful little girl he had found, he could not help but notice that she was troubled about something. Several times during the afternoon he had caught her dreaming, as it were. She had tried to conceal it tho. But Jonah had a peculiar nature. He longed to hear of other people's trials, because his tender heart was always ready to sympathize with those he knew, especially those weaker in any way. He did not want to pry into the personal affairs of Miss Harrall, but he did want to help her in some way. She was far too pretty and attractive to him to be worrying about anything. He wanted her to be happy. For him to help her, it would be necessary to learn the cause of her moments of melancholy. She had consented to see him several evenings after their first hike together and Jonah was planning to lead her into a discussion of the subject if he could do so.

It was a warm August evening with a perfect moon,

as Jonah walked the broad porch for several minutes before the time for her to meet him. She came fashionably late and slipping her arm in his said, "Let's walk to the spring."

After the drink, he led her to a rustic seat in the laurel bushes at the end of the rays from the electric lights about the spring. The conversation was lively enough for some time. And then it turned to more personal things, she wanted to know more about him.

He told her of his love for the hills and open and explained that he acted guide at the Conferences during his vacations from the University because he wanted something to do. His simple frank conversation made Marion feel at ease and she gave him a few details of interest to a friend. She was not a Missionary. She was merely spending a few weeks there to rest. She had not gone to some more popular and fashionable resort because, she wanted a quiet place to *rest*. Soon she forgot herself in the presence of the kind diplomat. It was one of those rare moments when two persons are very near one, when the depths of the heart of each comes to light in the supreme confidence each demands of the other. Very carefully Jonah introduced the subject of her seeming troubled at times, and his diplomacy won.

"Mr. Jonah, I was engaged a year ago to the first man I ever loved. We had been for some time when we fussed. Then, I thought I was to blame, but later I saw that we both were. I was too proud to acknowledge this to him, however, and I am not sure that it was of material difference to him. He could go on with other women and forget. But it is different with us, we are not like men, we can't forget so easily. I tried to, but it only made it worse for me. I couldn't without the help and sympathy of someone. I needed sympathy,—but I did not want it called that.

"Then I was thrown with another man constantly.

He was always kind, affable, and very good to me. He carried me to ride frequently. He taught me to run his car and then I sat in the front seat with him, while his wife was behind with the others,—or at home.

"He soon learned of my trouble and then he became a real comfort to me. I trusted him and never found him anything but a sincere friend. He was honest I was positive, for I had never been able to catch him in the slightest untruth or misleading statement. His wife was equally as nice to me at first. Later she was civil, now more. Sudenly I discovered that I was loving this man. He meant something to me. I looked forward to his coming and I tried to be with him as much as possible. We were alone once and he made love to me passionately, and for the instant I was happy. Of course tho, when he was gone and I returned to myself, I saw the impossible situation we had drifted into. That was last week. I left the town at once and came here, I knew that I could not stay there.

"He has written me every day and he continues to declare that he loves me. I believe it, but oh! I wish it were not true. I have answered none of his letters and I will not. I love him and I cannot stay here so very long. I will have to go back there this winter. Then what am I to do? We can't continue as we have in the past and I know that he will want to. He does not mean to, but he makes it very hard for me."

She paused for a moment and they were silent. Jonah was thinking, rather rapidly too. It was peculiar. Indeed *she was different.*

"Now since I have told you briefly but fully my little story, what have you to say? I suppose that you are disgusted and sorry that you ever met me. Still I want to ask one thing of you, don't tell me that you *pity* me. I can't stand that word applied to any feeling that you may have for me. I haven't done anything so terribly wrong, Mr. Jonah, and anyway I didn't mean to go so far at all. I thought that we could go on forever and

be friends. But the tragedy of it is we are both in love with each other. Can you tell me anything that I might do under the circumstances?"

Jonah had answered many questions for the girls he had been with on hikes and he could continue to do so when they were about his country, but this was foreign, it was almost beyond him. For several minutes they sat in silence. He must be careful with his reply, for it was really a delicate situation. He didn't much blame the married man either, when he turned to look into that face of hers, flooded with moon-light. How could any man refuse to love her! But he recalled that he was to answer a question. Finally he laughed softly.

"Well, little girl, that is a right interesting and exciting story you have related, sounds a bit like a movie plot or some of our magazine stories, doesn't it? It must be lots of fun to have a married man making love to you when his wife is at home rocking the kid to sleep. It must be thrilling to listen to the same things that he goes home and tells his wife. And—"

"Now look out there, I won't stand for that sarcasm. I asked you for some advice, and if you can't give it to me we will drop the subject," she interrupted.

"I beg your pardon a thousand times, Miss Marion, I did not mean to get sarcastic, I was just seeing the funny side of it, that's my habit. But if you want the truth I will tell you just what I think of the situation as you describe it."

"That is what I ask for."

"I am going to be brief and, therefore, perhaps hard. If you want to stop me at any time just do so. If you do not I am going to give you a man's view of the affair."

"You neded love and sympathy from a man after your engaegment was broken. A girl, even your mother, could not supply the need. This man you were thrown with knew it. He played his game carefully, he—"

"No, he didn't play any game, I—", she began to defend.

"Now Miss Harrall, I am giving you a man's view and it may be different from yours but please let me finish it, then you can agree or disagree as you like. As I was saying, he played his game carefully, he knew what you need, and he gave it to you. It was tender, friendly attention and sympathy at first. Then he made you think that he loved you. He did not. He was nothing more than a brute to take—"

"He is not a brute," hotly.

"—advantage of you. He will continue to fool you just so long as you will allow it. Sooner or later his wife will learn, then you two will have destroyed your reputation and his home. A divorce may follow, his wife will be made miesrable and their child—"

"Oh hush, hush! I do not want to hear any more of that. I am not going to break up any family. Let's return to the Hall now, I think we have said enough for one night. But I thank you for your frankness, I really had not thought of that side. When I think this over I will be glad to talk with you again."

"Here tomorrow night?" he asked.

"Yes."

Jonah saw her the next evening and many others before she left for home. In fact he saw her as often as he dared. He tried as hard as he knew how, to be kind and sympathetic without calling her attention to it, but occasionally he would go too far and offend her. At the end of the four weeks when Miss Harrall was ready to return they were again at the rustic seat off from the spring at the end of the light from the little lamps along the path.

"Jonah, I have enjoyed this vacation. I expected it to be one of worry and almost misery. You have been good to me, too good perhaps. But I thank you. I do not love the man as I thought I did. I see where we were wrong and I am so glad that you have helped me to think of it as I should." And she placed her lips against his forehead for an instant.

The Clemson College Chronicle

FOUNDED BY THE 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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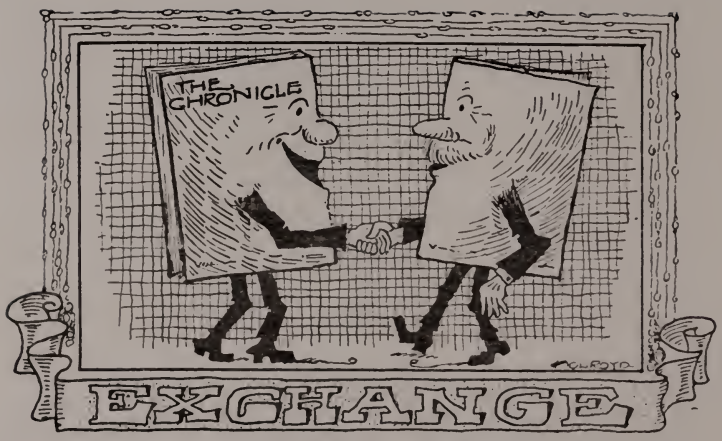
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: C. G. HARRIS, '17

The history of this nation, or any other nation, has probably no record of such conditions as now exist; nor, we believe, will there ever be a record that can compare with this, when it has been completed, for patient endurance of the rebukes of nations, patriotic devotion to one's country, and for principles for which this nation has entered this world war. 'Tis true, we once thought there could be no more patriotic and noble examples of manhood than those exhibited in our grand old Washington, Lee, Grant, Lincoln, Marion, and others, but this war has exhibited manhood of a character unsurpassed. Wilson has borne many rebukes far greater than that for which the war was begun. But the time has come when we can no longer allow the principles of honor, brotherhood of man, and Christian relationship to be absolutely ignored without resentment. We enter this war to fight the base principles now in force among a brother nation and not for the love of fighting nor greed

for gain. War seems the only means of attack upon these principles, so war there must be. It is the commands laid down in the High Laws of Heaven that we follow, and not any enmity to a fellowman. But now, as of old, "Every man is expected to do his duty."

And right here I wish to say that our first patriotic duty is to feed our soldiers and our families at home. Without food there can be no fighting, and without fighting we must forever deny the fact that we have already affirmed both in deed and in word that we stand for elevation of mankind. Let every man teach and follow, as well, the teachings of economy and production.

Possibly this shall mark the "Farewell" for many of us who have shared the same privileges of a college education. If so, let the parting be happily made for we must needs now be to our higher duties. But whatever falls our lot, let us "bear all adversities without despondency, and abound without pride!"



EDITORS:

M. M. BRICE, '17 W. H. SANDERS, '18

Among our exchanges this month, we note the *Columbian,* which is published by the students of the Columbia High School. The stories of this isuse are especially deserving of praise. "A Love Story of Pioneer Days" is probably the best, with "A Trip to Mars" as a close second. The writers of these two stories should strive to encourage their talents in this direction. The poems could be improved upon, but they are good for a High School publication. Our only criticism is the lack of essays. The magazine might have been much improved by the addition of one essay. We congratulate the *Columbian* on this issue.

We are impressed with the amount of patriotism which seems to be found in the pages of *Erothesion.* First, we find an excellent and well-written editorial on the case against Germany, then the "Land of the Palmetto" and "My Country" gives signs of this patriotic spirit. We are somewhat disappointed with the stories of this issue. None are worthy of unusual attentoin except the "Last Token." "The Return" would be an

excellent story except for the fact that the plot is incomplete. The reason for the departure and return of the young man is not explained. The essay on "Cicero as an Orator" is especially interesting.

In the *William and Mary Literary Magazine,* we find an especially good story entitled the "Foot Key." It has a fine, well-complicated plot. The esasy, "A World Federation," is especially interesting to us now as a nation actually engaged in the gigantic world war of today. The ideas and logic expressed are exceptionally good. The story, "A Run of Whiskey," does not seem to possess any unusual merit. The poems, "Down at the Well" and "A Spring Morn" are good both in meter and in thought.

We acknowledge with pleasure the following March exchanges: *The Hampton Chronicle, William and Mary Literary Maagzine, The Era, The Nautilus, Wofford College Journal, Columbian, The Erothesian, The Georgian, Cerberus, The Carolinian, The Orion, The Ivy, The Newberry Stylus. Our Monthly, The Lenoirian, A-R-C Light, Richmond College Mesesnger, Wake Forest Student,* and *The Collegian.*

EDITOR: J. J. MURRAY, '17

On Sunday night, April 1st, we were indeed fortunate in having Dr. J. J. Hare of Canada to lecture to us in the Y. M. C. A. auditorium. His lecture was of such an earnest and sincere nature that all who heard him could not help but be greatly benefitted by it. He is a man who, from whose own noble life, stands out as a guide to all who wish to live as straightforward, earnest Christians. His lecture was to a large extent on Paul, and all who are familiar with the life of this wonderful man could not help but enjoy Dr. Hare's splendid lecture. He also stressed the wonderful work and importance of the Y. M. C. A. In his lecture he made the following statement: "Your success as an association does not depend on your secretary, assistant secretary, or president aolne, but on the earnestness, efforts, and co-operation of each and every one of you." He asked the great and piercing question: "What are you doing to develop your Christian character?" Paul was not afraid of anything when he was working for Christ, and we should be likewise more determined in our efforts.

There were no exercises in the Y. M. C. A. on Sunday night, April 8th.

It was indeed a rare treat for us to have such an orator, statesman, and man of such a noble character as Hon. William Jennings Bryan to address a Clemson audience in the College chapel on April 11th, under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. "He needs no introduction to a Clemson audience," is a true statement that was made by Dr. Brackett in introducing Mr. Bryan. The subject of his talk was: "The Making of a Man." He

said that there are three parts of a man to be developed in order to make a perfect man, the mental, the physical, and the moral, but as he emphasized, *the far greatest and the most important of these is the moral make-up of a man.* He held his audience's absolute attention for one hour, and when the time was up there was not a person present but would have been only too glad to hear the same lecture over. The high appreciation of his talk was well brought out by the hearty applause at the conclusion.

Mr. D. J. Fant, an engineer on the Southern Railway, addressed the Y. M. C. A. and many visitors on Sunday night, April 15th, the Y. M. C. A. auditorium. The subject of his address was, "An Emergency Run." He began his address by reading several passages from the book of Esther. He showed how that wonderful Jewish girl helped her people while in captivity. This he compared with an emergency run. Every Christian living today has an *emergency run* before him, and it is our duty to make it as great a success as possible. "Jesus should have the right of way in our hearts," he said. We should not have what is known as a Sunday religion, but live pure, straightforward Christian lives every day of our life, and try to help others to live likewise. His talk was of a plain, quiet nature, but it was one of the most earnest, sincere lectures that has ever been delivered in the Y. M. C. A., and one especially to be appreciated as it was from the heart of one who has been through the battle of life as an engineer.

Our mission study classes are having splendid success; let's get together and make our attendance as near perfect as possible.

EDITOR: J. D. BLAIR, '17

It is with much sorrow that we learn of the serious accident of W. G. Ragsdale, '15. While driving his car across the tracks, it was struck by a train, and he was seriously injured. We wish him a speedy recovery.

* * * * * *

"Jim" Henderson, '16, was on the campus a few days ago. He is making an attempt at getting a commission in the marine corps. We imagine this branch of our nation's defense will please him immensely, as he is fond of the "deep".

* * * * * *

Several old Clemson men have become members of the officers' reserve corps. Militarism has taken on a new impetus here of late. This is easily proved by the fact that George Price and Frank Leslie, '16, are trying for commissions in the officer's reserve. We would never have accused them of being militarily inclined, but their nation needs them and they have responded.

* * * * * *

It will be of much interest to the last four graduating classes to know of W. D. Arthur's wedding on April 10th, to Miss Myra Young of Union, South Carolina. They

are to make their home in Cincinatti, Ohio. "Doc" is very prominently identified with the business and social world of this city. We congratulate him and wish him and Mrs. Arthur a long, prosperous and happy life.

* * * * * *

W. J. Lawhon, '14, was on the campus a few days ago. He has just received his degree in veterinary science at the University of Wisconsin. We are quite sure that life, from the live-stock view-point, will be worth more than heretofore. There is a lack of good veterinarians and our state is much the richer with him among us. "Quacks" are the only animals not glad to hear of this.

* * * * * *

D. G. O'Dell, '16, was on the campus this week. George is now working for a fertilizer company with headquarters in Anderson.

* * * * * *

A. B. Carwile, '16, is farm agent of Union county. He was in Rock Hill for the oratorical contest. "Major" remarked that the dress parade given at Winthrop was the best he has ever seen given by the Clemson cadets.

* * * * * *

W. F. Walker, '99, like all true Clemson men, is making a success. He is now president of the Seminole Phosphate Company, Croom, Florida.

* * * * * *

R. H. Johnson, '15, is a successful farmer near Union, South Carolina. He and "Major" Carwile were together in Rock Hill. "Rastus" was sorry that he didn't have an old uniform with him, because " the man in the uniform was the man of the hour."

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The Clemson College Chronicle

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Vol. XV. Clemson College, S. C., May, 1917 No 8

EDITORS:

W. T. WHITE, '17 J. S. WATKINS, '19

THE TWILIGHT HOUR

"Rat", '20.

It creeps upon our daily lives
With solemnness and quieting still;
It brings to us the thoughts of life
And by-gone joys that youth derives
From woodland streams and grinding mill.

Our minds recall the scenes we love,
And never from us shall they part.
It matters not where journeys lead
On this fair earth, 'neath skies above;
They reign supreme in our heart.

The quiet swamps where deer abound—
How well we know the grand old place
That saw the centuries all go by.
The hunter listens fo rthe sound,
The deep-voiced leader of the chase.

O'er meadows fair, with gun and dog
We wondered, careless, young, and free,
To trail the partridge in the brush,
To flush the wood-cock from the bog,—
How clear it all comes back to me.

Let us revere this wondrous hour
That makes our hearts grow warm within.
The blood is tingling through our veins,
And makes *remembrance* valued power.
I feel that power now begin.

THE BEST THAT'S IN US

W. T. W., '17.

Very soon we shall be called upon to fill our places in the world, and the cares and responsibilities will devolve upon us. The question which confronts us, is: Are we capable of filling our place; are we competent for the task?

In this day of advanced learning, when science and invention holds sway; in this day when education and knowledge are illuminating the whole world, when civilization is making such rapid strides in the paths of progress, and achievement is the watchword of every people, if we would be a success in life, if we would fill our places like men, and be heard, felt, or seen, in the tumultous action and the roar of strife where each is seeking for the mastery, then we must exert our every energy towards bringing out the best there is in us. Too many of us today are satisfied with mediocrity. We are content with merely doing things in the quickest and easiest way possible, and as a result, our achievements are mediocre; for, it is certain that we shall "hit no higher than we aim." How pitiable it is to see a giant in possibility go thru life failing of the most brilliant achievements only because he will not exercise confidence in himself and persistently try to achieve. There is a place for each one of us, and a part for each of us to perform in the onward progress of civilization. The world calls for us, but only the competent, only the capable, only the willing, can answer the call. There are untrodden heights yet attainable; there are fields of knowledge and discovery yet unexplored; and the field of glory lies before us, one vast expanse, beckoning us upward and onward to yet higher and nobler things. All is ours; everything is within our grasp; there is nothing within the realm or grasp of human imagination which may not be within our reach or control if we have sufficient confidence in ourselves, and if we focus our

faculties and exert our energies with sufficient intentness on the purpose in view.

Many of us today are too dependent upon others to solve our problems and carry our burdens. We are content to let someone else attempt the difficult things, to let others achieve the really great things, and thus we allow our self-confidence to be destroyed, and our ambition to be paralyzed, all because we doubt our own ability, or else lack the proper incentive to urge us onward in the field of endeavor.

What if all the scientists, inventors, educators, philanthropists, and discoverers of past ages should have never had high ideals before them? What if they had been satisfied with only the ordinary necessities and immediate wants of life—if they had been content with only the mediocre? Suppose they had been satisfied with only half success, with expending no more energy and time than their own immediate needs and desires demanded? Suppose they had never exhibited such extreme devotion to their purpose, and had been content with everything short of the very best of which their nature was capable? Where would our civilization of today now be? Oh! what a great world we would have, if everyone, instead of a few, would do his very best in every undertaking.

The history of man has ever been a history of progress, but our civilization would never have reached its present stage, had not high ideals taken hold of the very life blood of men who were strong, and who were persistent in their determination to realize these ideals. Without culture, knowledge, and the other priceless fruits of civilization, all of which are due to the ambition and dreams of men, we would differ very little from our ancestors who lived in caves. He was satisfied with the fruits and wild beasts of the forest for food, and leaves for a bed. With only the bare necessities of life, destitute of any accommodations, with no thought for the future, with no

aims or purposes in view, he roamed from place to place. And so it would be today, had no visions and desires for a better form of life ever stirred the breast of man.

And so civilization has been progressing steadily and is still progressing. If we do not devote our time toward bringing into expression yet greater accomplishments, we shall be no better off than those who have lived before us, and the world will not be profited by our living in it. Therefore we should never be content with anything short of the very best there is in us. We can ill afford to fail of real success in life thru lack of earnest effort. The mediocre, or "half-ways" get by, but they do not get far. Their names will never be seen on the roll of the renowned.

Many fail of achievement because of neglect of little things. It is the little things of life which count; for everything great comes from the small. Still more fail of achievement due to lack of self-confidence ,and to lack of high ideals. We do not know what we can do until we really try. The world makes way for the determined man, and as it has been said that confidence is the father of achievement, nothing is impossible to those who combine these two qualities. Cherish high ideals, "hitch your wagon to a star," constantly try to bring into expression only the beautiful and best part of your nature, and you will surely attain your goal—your life can be but a grand success. "You will get out of life just what you put into it." If you determine to succeed, if you determine to be cheerful and happy, and to make others so, and in so doing enlist the aid of your every God-given talent in bringing into expression the highest and best of which your nature is capable, Heaven and Earth will smile on you, and your joy will more than compensate for all the effort put forth.

"Give the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you."

THE HIGH SCHOOL PLAYER

John Frederick Hanley went through the public schools like water through a sieve, but when he struck the high school, altogether different conditions prevailed there than did in the lower place of learning.

He was a vivacious boy and always ready to play, but not one of that kind that would kick up just to make the time fly. When he got to the high school he was subjected to hazing, which was in vogue at that time. He took it good naturedly as those with common sense have done, and joined in the fun and got about as much enjoyment out of it as any of the older boys. It was here that he learned to play rougher than before and soon became a part of the atmosphere. His readiness to speak to all of the fellows made him their general favorite, and he was well thought of by the members of the faculty.

Possessing a good physique, he was naturally approached and asked by the manager of the football team to come out on the field the next afternoon. He had never played before though, he said, and really did not think that he could do anything. He was told to come on out anyhow. The next day saw him in the group of prospective gridiron stars. Standing in the rear he was bashful, but listened to everything that was said, and watched the antics of the boys who had played on the team before. When he was asked by the coach what he wanted to try out for, he said:

"Why I have never tried to play the game before, but imagine I would like to be one of the fellows who carry the ball.

"Go ahead then," replied the coach, "and jump into that line-up and run the signals off with them."

Fritzy thought he liked the sport, and decided that he would continue to come out for the team. Working hard every afternoon and watching the men on the first

team, he soon learned to do what was expected of him. The coach seemed to take an interest in him, and after watching his actions for a few evenings he decided to transfer him to the backfield of the first team. There were as many as six in this squad. On one afternoon when the husky and fast half-back Horton was sent in, after working pretty hard, Fred was sent in to run the signals with the varsity eleven.

The test had not yet come though; after two weeks of running and falling on the ball, tackling and blocking, and the preliminaries to football practice, the scrimmages were started. Fred was then shifted to the second team again. The coach had put a great deal of the fellows on the first team just to run with the varsity fellows. His object in doing this was to show them the way the first team ran with the ball; and when Fred was put on the second team again, he did not think anything of it, for he had no idea of playing with that bunch. He looked up to the members of the varsity as some manly and well developed bunch of fellows who could do something he was unable to do.

In the first scrimmage Fritzy was playing a half-back on the second team, and was given several chances to carry the pigskin. He seemed to be dazed by the sudden attack of the varsity line men as they came rushing through the line and made their tackles behind the line. He was slow to interfere and get his man.

"Say, Hanley," the coach was talking, "what was the matter with you today? You failed to get in the play at all, but rather got in the way of the play."

"I don't know," was the slow reply,"those other fellows were too fast for me."

"Nothing of the kind, I have seen you run signals and konw that you are as fast as any man on the field."

Coach looked at him and waited for the reply which he knew was forth-coming, and he also knew it would be the truth as far as Hanley could analyze his case.

"To tell you the truth, I was a little afraid but think that I shall do better tomorrow."

It was the truth, and it was all that coach wanted. He well remembered his first experience; and since the boy had spoken the truth and realized what was the matter with him, there was a good chance of making him lose all fear.

The next afternoon saw Fred on the field as before; and when the call was made for headgears, and to line up for a scrimmage, it sounded good to him.

"Well, Hanley, let me see you do something today."

"All right, coach," was his reply.

Dandon was playing quarter-back, and Fred turned to him saying:

"Jimmie, let me have the ball as much as possible today if you can—hear me?"

"All right, Fritzy, if you think you can carry it any where through that line," was the laconic reply.

He ran wild that day and tore hole after hole in the varsity line, and through sheer force and brawn made large gains over the first team fellows. Coach was crazy with joy and told Dandon to let Hanley have the ball for awhile. With Shunt, a half-back, running around end and clipping off good gains when the line was expecting Hanley over the center, the scrubs succeeded in getting the ball over for a touchdown that afternoon.

Fritz went home tired out that day, but very enthusiastic over the showing he made. He felt and knew he could carry that ball, and now that all fear had left him, he was anxious to go in the fray every afternoon. He was soon transferred to the first team, and the news spread over the school that a coming star half-back had been found in the Freshman Hanley. The boys hailed him with delight and began to look up to him as he had done to the other members of the varsity; however, the company of the admiring companions failed to turn his head.

On the first team there were Horton and Shunt, halfbacks, Kenley full, and Jordon quarter. All of these men were experienced and capable players. Hanley lacked the experience these fellows possessed, and was kept off the first line-up. He got into several of the games during the season though, and showed up fine.

In a game with one of the high schools from the upper part of the state, Horton was hurt in the third play, and had to be taken out for the rest of the afternoon.

"Hanley," called the coach, "go in there and buck up that line and hold that buck, Jenkins, back. Don't let him get by you, for if you do, he is gone for a touchdown."

Jenkins, the captain and full-back of the Kingston High school team was making gains through the Vassee team. If he could keep it up, a touchdown would be the result as sure as fate. Nothing like this was ever seen before, for Kingston had been defeated for the last ten years by Vassee, every time they met on the grid. Hanley whispered a few directions of the coach into Kenley's ear, and then took part in the defense that was being put up by his team-mates. The rush of Jenkins was soon stopped, for he was only able to make his gains on the end runs. Vassee held them at the goal posts and then the march up the field began with Kenley and Shunt carrying the ball for long gains. Hanley ran interference well, and the coach could see nothing but a coming star next season when he would be ready to don the moleskins of the varsity. Horton and Kenley would both be gone, and Fritz would come in handy.

After Vassee scored their first touchdown, it was an easy matter to loosen up some more, and the attack of the Kingston players was never given a chance to exhibit itself again that day. They were thrown on the defensive from the first march up the field of the Vassee eleven. The game ended with the score 40 to 0. The students of Vassee got the players and hustled them into

waiting busses, tied ropes to the shafts, and right down the main street wended their way. Blocking up all traffic, and singing their popular songs, the people on the streets knew that another victory had been hung up by Vassee. The citizens were proud of their high school team, and some joined in the parade.

Fred had come to the "high" a good boy, and with no bad habits, but at the end of the football season he had made the acquaintance of a few fellows on the team who had none too good habits for a young fellow. He acquired most of them and could be seen with such a crowd all the time. The crowd consisted of the players and their admirers.

Being a rather bashful boy, he had never called on any girls, and outside of talking to them on the way home from school, and joining in their play when at public school, he was never to be seen in the company of girls. He had no sisters, but two smaller brothers. Most of the crowd, however, belonged to the younger set in town, and each had his girl. Fred Hanley was yet to get his girl chum.

"Say, Fritzy, are you going to the dance tonight?" asked Storks. All of the girls will be there, and we generally have a fine time. You come on up and I will introduce you to most of the girls and try to see that you have a good time."

"I don't think I shall go up," said Fred, "you see I don't know how to dance, and what good will it do to stand up and look on?"

"Come on to the gym and I will teach you some of the steps now, and see if you can not dance tonight."

Down at the gym, Fred took an interest in the earnest efforts of Storks and soon acquired some of the simple steps, and made up his mind to attend the dance that night. He was naturally graceful, and it would not take long before he would become an accomplished dancer. He was not a flashy dresser but always kept

himself neat. The boys introduced him as one of the football players, and he was given added attention on this account.

He got along fairly well that night. He stepped on all of the girls' feet, but explained that it was his first attempt; and since he acted so nicely about it, they forgave him. His bashfulness pleased and amused the young dancers of the other sex. None of them attempted any of their wiles, partly for the reason that they were all still young, and partly because they did not know the power they possessed in this line.

When the next dance came along, he was more at home and enjoyed himself more than at the first entertainment. From that time on he never failed to be present at the balls given by the high school. He met all of the nice girls, and although a favorite with them all, he never fell for any one girl in particular. No doubt he thought better of some girls than others, but he kept his feelings to himself.

Horton had come to like Fred, and although a different fellow in the respect that he did not approve of the methods of the crowd, he saw that Fred was a very likeable boy and was so outspoken that his frankness would win him a place in the athletic hall of fame. At dances and on the field whenever Fred wanted any advice he would go straight to Horton and tell his wants as he would a brother.

The football season came and went very fast, and the Christmas holidays over the weeks went by until March was in. Then the baseball fever was taken on at Vassee High, and the coach got his candidates together for his first practice that was to be held on Monday of next week. Among the applicants was Fred, who had been "some" pitcher around the sandlots. On the baseball squad he was even more successful than on the football squad. He developed into one of the best high school pitchers in the state by the end of the season, and pitched in four of the scheduled games that year.

By the end of the first year in high school, Fritz had become a little conceited, but not enough to do him any harm if he did not get any worse. He by this time had also fallen in love with Gertrude Larns, one of the prettiest girls in the town, and a very nice one too. She was in love with Fred also, and there you are. With a girl to worry himself over as all young boys do, and keeping company with the Crowd, he slacked up on his studies. He was bright though, and did not have any trouble in getting through with a white card. By the time he finished the high school though, it was altogether different.

Mr. Hanley was a gentleman, well respected in his home town, and Mrs. Hanley was a very nice lady having a host of friends who loved her for her kind and affectionate manner. Both of them thought the world of their son, and would do anything for him that would in any way tend to improve his training for his start in the world. They noticed that after the first year in the high school Fred was less energetic but more frivolous. Nothing much was thought of this though, and very little was said to Fred about it.

"Fred, how much studying have you done this week, son?" asked his mother one week towards the last of the scohol year.

"Oh, I don't know," he began in a drawling voice, "I don't have to do much studying, mother."

"Yes, but you are not making as good marks now as you did in the public schools, and the first of this year in 'high,'" was her reply.

After a short silence, Fred said: "Well, mama, if you think I am not doing enough work, why I shall begin to study harder."

This ended the little talk for that time, and the rest of that year, on studying. It made him think a bit though, and he thought that he would work harder next year.

The summer rolled in, and with the closing of school Fred had too much vacant time on his hands. He continued to hang out with the crowd, and more time was given to Gertrude. They began to go to the seashore resort regularly every week and take in the dances, for both were excellent dancers, and they seemed to get a great deal of enjoyment out of these trips.

"What do you know about Fritzy and Gertrude?" asked Storks of Kenley and Martin, who were standing up with some more of the fellows in the large and spacious pavilion.

Red Martin thought they matched each other really good, and expressed himeslf in these words:

"I only wish that I had a girl as pretty and as nice as Gertie."

"Yes, and Fritzy is a good boy, too," put in Kenley.

"But say, fellows, did you hear Red say that he wished he had a girl like Gertrude?" This came from Storks who had his fun in teasing poor Red.

"Oh, well, now, I did not mean to say that Jaunice was not a pretty and nice girl," echoed Red. "But I don't think that you will see many girls capable of coming up to Gertrude Larns, and I will leave it to the crowd standing here."

Most of the fellows present answered to the effect that he was about right, in spite of the fact that Jaunice was a very likeable girl, too. At this time the couple who were causing the conversation came by and spoke to the boys, Gertrude giving them a smiling nod in answer to salutations.

As time went on, Fred proceeded through the four grades of the Vassee High School, during which time he had made many friends both among his schoolmates and among the spectators at athletic games, in which he took part. He was elected captain of the football and baseball teams in his last year at school. On the gridiron he was one of the best open field runners and

line plungers in the state, and his name was known throughout the state, as the best football player who played on a high school team in many a year. In baseball he was just as well recognized. His playing had won many a game for the Purple and Gold, and the students were proud of him. In cities where he went with the team to play other teams, he was known for his clean playing and evident manliness. The students of an opposing high school team gave yells for him when he came to their town to play.

In his last year at "high," he did something that put his name down with the citizens as a true sportsman. In a game of football with Garley Academy—the only team in the state that ever gave Vassee any trouble in athletics, and that ever succeeded in defeating Vassee in the last ten years in any branch of sports—trouble began when a member of the Garley Academy eleven cursed Storks for stepping on his hand. Storks went up to him like a man and as a true sportsman, said:

"I beg your pardon for stepping on your hand and assure you that it was unintentional, but you will have to take back what you said after this game is over."

"I take nothing back at all," was the reply he got.

With that, Storks started towards him and they passed a blow apiece and then clinched, before any of the players or officials could stop them. They shook hands and were allowed to stay in the game. All through the contest though, Storks could be heard grumbling, and Hanley talked to him once or twice about it. Finally he got himself so worked up, he was all for the Garley player's blood. In the next play, Storks put his knees in his opponent's chest, and slugged him in the face, knocking him out. Fred saw the act and then and there made up his mind that he would show good sportsman's blood and ordered Storks out of the game. This took the spectators by surprise and they failed to understand.

"What do you mean by telling me to get out?" asked Storks.

"I told you to leave the field and I mean it," replied Fred.

Storks was one of the best players in the backfield, next to Fred, and he was sorely needed now, since the Garley boys were going good. The sideliners shouted the ousted player's name, and called in vain to their team's captain to put him back in, but to no avail.

This action on the part of Fred seemed to form another plan in the heads of the opposing players. They made up their mind to get the captain of the Vassee team. Vassee was fighting hard now, and doing her best to check the rush of the Garley eleven.

The ball was fumbled on Vassee's 20-yard line, and Vassee recovered it. Fritzy shouted to little Jordon to let him have the ball every time until he said stop. Down the field they went with Fred bucking the line and going through the field for long gains, skirting the ends. The ball was brought within striking distance of the opposing team's goal, and then the push to put it over was not there. The sideliners had been yelling themselves hoarse, and were begging Hanley to take the ball over for the winning touchdown, which would give Vassee the championship of three states. The ball was held in practically the same spot, and went over first to one team, and then to the other. It seemed that neither could do anything with the strong and determined defense put up by its opponent.

And then from out the crowd has heard the loud voice of the Vassee coach. The referee was called to one side, and the two talked a while; and then it was seen that Hanley shook his head and started to move off when the coach commenced to gesticulate and talk very earnestly. In the meantine there was somebody else hustling about. The players were all off the ground glad to get a few moments rest. Captain Hanley was called over

and after a few words the umpire said, "All right." Back to the sidelines ran the coach, waving to a player.

Stumpy Storks, you know well enough that we need you, but you will have to play clean with me," was what Fred told him.

"Just give me this chance," sobbed Stumpy, for he was crying.

"All right, go in and do them up," was Fred's cheerful reply.

The Garley boys were fooled on the first two plays when Fred took the ball for good gains around the end on fakes, and then Storks was given the oval to carry over the goal line. He had to carry the ball four times before he could get it over, and then it was only by inches that the line was cleared.

Fred would have given anything to have been the man to take the ball over for the touchdown that won the championship for his team, but he knew that their only chance lay in letting Storks run with it. It was his last high school game in football, and he was captain of the team that had won so much glory.

When a number of fellows approached Fred that night at the dance, he failed to see anything out of the common. From the other side of the hall several more were bringing Storks to the stage, and Fred was being escorted to the same place by the fellows who had approached him.

"Say, fellows, what's the idea?" asked Fred.

"Oh, just hold up a while old fellow," was all they would say.

The cornet was sounded to call the assemblage to attention. Since the president of the senior class was Fred Hanley, the speech-making was put on the vice-president.

The vice-president began by saying, "Among our number is a man who has played four years of football at Vassee and three years of baseball, and will play

another year in baseball." Some of the people were heard to whisper—the speaker stopped, but began when those present ceased to talk. "He is one of the most popular boys in school," continued the speaker, "and is a recognized leader among us. We want to say that we appreciate his services. But there is still another we have a few words about. He likewise has done yeoman work for the school's athletics."

"We are here to show our appreciation in a more substantial manner and I now want to present Mr. Hanley and Mr. Storks with these handsome gold watches as a small token of appreciation from their fellow school teammates." The hall resounded with the yells of the large crowd, and yells were given over and over for the two men. The sportsmanship of Storks when he came out to Fred and apologized to him for his actions in the early stages of the memorable game of the day just going to a close, and the same kind of spirit shown by Fred Hanley when he accepted the apology and allowed him to come back into the game, were recited. Fred's first experience of football when he failed to come forward with the right kind of stuff in the first scrimmage, and how he came back the next day and then continued to show the best stuff that had ever been seen at Vassee, were given to the eager crowd.

There was one little girl in the house who was very much confused when all was over. Gertrude Larns was not to be found on the floor, and Fred asked one of the girls to go into the dressing room and see if she was there, after he had waited for her some time. They were still close friends, and it was for this reason that Gertie was not on the floor. She was happy over the fact that Fred was given so much praise, since she loved him.

Gertrude was soon brought out, and she danced away from the place where she met Fred.

"What was the matter, little one?" asked Fred.

"Oh, Fred," she said, "you don't know how glad and proud I am over you."

"Oh, so that is it, eh?" he said. "Well since they think I am such a good football player, and all like that, let 'em rave. I don't think so."

"I am so glad that you are not conceited about it." she told him.

"But I knew all the time that it would not affect you like that."

In baseball that year Fred captained his team to another championship that covered the same three states as in football. He had by associating with Gertrude Larnes, dropped all his bad habits. She learned of his hanging around with the crowd when she first commenced going out with him to dances. Harton came to her and asked her, as a special favor to speak to him about it, and she did, with good results. She did not do much with him at first, but by showing that she took an interest in him, and a little pleading with time, she finally brought him around, just about the last year in school.

When graduating from Vassee, Fred had in his possession several medals, three block V's for football, and four for baseball. It was just at this time that he was approached by college students returning home for the summer vacations, and was asked to make out applications and stand entrance exams for their respective colleges. He was surrounded by these men all the time. Horton finally came home, and it was then that he promised to stand the entrance exams at Horton's college. Horton was the captain of the team next year at his college, and told Fred that he knew he could play on the varsity the first year in college. So Fred went off next summer to gain new laurels of a larger scope, and play among greater players.

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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: C. G. HARRIS, '17

With this issue the staff of 1916-17 begs to bid you farewell. Although we have not fulfilled our own expectations in every particular in putting out a creditable magazine, we have made an honest effort; and, even if we did meet difficulties, the work has been a pleasure, and we wish to thank the corps of cadets here for the support they have given in furnishing the material for publication, and our advertisers for their support and our publishers for their accuracy and courtesies during the year. We should have published another issue but half our number has answered our Country's call and we do not feel safe in trying to put out another issue.

Farewell! Good-bye!

Nearly three years ago the thunder of cannon in Europe instantly gathered the clouds of war from a seemingly cloudless sky, and since that time these clouds have grown blacker, thicker and more far-reaching, until their gruesome shadows extended from "the sunny shores of France" to the bleak and lifeless frontiers of northern Russia. As if it were not proper that one-half of the

world should prosper in the sunshine of peace while the other was being blighted by the darkness of despotism, the clouds of war have extended to prosperous America, and soon her people will be bearing a burden almost equal to that resting upon the people of Europe today. And it is not improbable that the whole world will eventually be darkened by the ever-increasing shadows of the greatest war of history.

Rivaling its magnitude, another feature of this war is the merciless manner in which the Germans have utterly disregarded all laws and principles of humanity in using methods of cruelty and torture in their warfare which would make the fiercest savage blush with shame to witness. Has the ruthless invasion of Belgium been paralleled in history? Were human lives ever valued so low as to be sacrificed by the millions as they have been the past two years? And have women and children ever been forced to die a more miserable death than the untold millions who are being starved to death in Europe today?

Such thoughts are enough to silence the most enthusiastic optimist, but, as some one has aptly said, "every cloud has a silver lining;" and if we look close enough we shall see that even these awful clouds of war have a silver lining. This is furnished by the comforting fact that there is an all-wise Ruler who presides over the destinies of nations and directs their actions to fulfil his Divine purpose. It is beyond our power to understand the reason for this awful war, or to know what is to be the outcome of it; but as the darkest hour of the night comes just before the dawn, just so the darkest hour of the world's history will in all probability be followed by the dawn of a new era, in which pure democracy shall expel the darkness of despotism and illumine the world as the noon-day sun.

"God moves in mysterious ways
His wonders to perform."

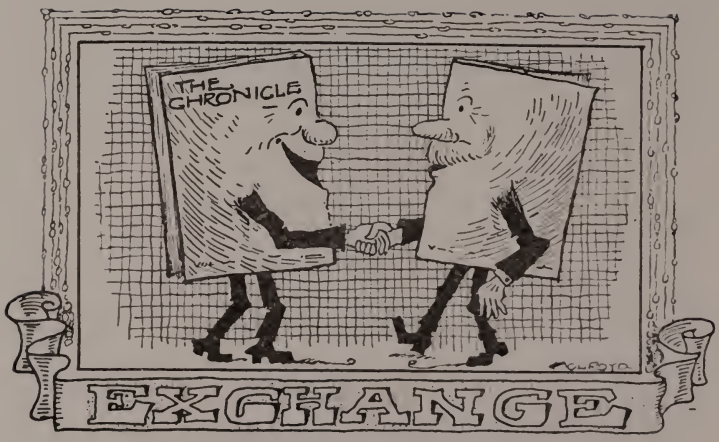
And if we will but trust in Him, he will over-rule this titanic struggle for the lasting good of the whole world.

—B. H. S., '18.

EDITOR: J. J. MURRAY, '17

At a meeting of the Y. M. C. A. not long ago the officers for the session 1917-18 were elected. Mr. W. H. Bryant was elected president, Mr. E. M. Bostick vice-president, and Mr. R. S. Plaxico secretary and treasurer. These men are well fitted to fill the positions to which they were elected, having been earnest hard-working Y. M. C. A. men ever since entering college. Mr. Bryant has assisted Mr. Dick in the successful management of the Bible study and mission study classes this past year which speaks for him well as to his ability as a leader and hard, earnest and sincere worker. With such men as these in office next year we predict for the Y. M. C. A. one of its most successful years. Mr. Sellers to whom the Y. M. C. A. owes much of its success this past year, has been the president of the Y. M. C. A. for this session 1916-17. Mr. Sellers is a man that is respected, loved and admired by every man in the corps.

Our Bible and mission study classes have done some splendid wrok this year, and have made a good attendance record of which we should be proud.



EDITORS:

M. M. BRICE, '17 W. H. SANDERS, '18

The Furman Echo has just come to our desk. The articles, especially the poetry, in this issue are excellent. The poem, "Spring Is Here," reminds us in a beautiful, descriptive manner of the "music, joy, and light" of the dear old spring-time. The writer is to be congratulated on this poem. Another beautiful descriptive poem is "Twilight in June." Among the stories, "An Unknown Hero" deserves the most credit. In "Renegade and Nun," we find the imaginative extending perhaps a little too far for a college magazine story. However, the story is very interesting. In the story, "Perseverence Deserves Success," there does not seem to be enough of a plot to make it interesting. The essay on "The Path to Success' is excellent. The departments seem to be well-conducted.

As this is to be our farewell issue, we will follow the general custom of making a few words of farewell. It is with a feeling of sadness that we realize that this is the last time that we will be able to occupy this position. As we look back, we can easily view our short-comings; we hope that they have not been exceptional. We have always tried to keep in view the giving of criticisms in the proper spirit, and we hope that they have been ac-

cepted in the proper spirit. Perhaps we haven't "boosted"; but we have tried to realize that the exchange department is primarily for criticism, not for praise. We are glad to see the co-operation growing more and more for the mutual aid of the publications. We wish to thank our fellow-colleges for this cooperation. Here's hoping that the next editor of this department will help to improve this cooperation. And to our fellow publications and to our fellow editors, we bid a sad farewell.

EDITOR: J. D. BLAIR, '17

Rev. B. R. Turnipseed, '96, one of the few ministers Clemson ever turned out, is now stationed at Maine Street Methodist Church, Columbia.

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J. J. Sitton, '16, was on the campus last week. Like all true Americans, he is trying to get a position in the army, and serve his country. "Joe" was a very popular boy while in college, and besides being a military "genius" was advertising manager of "Taps, '16."

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J. P. McMillan, '10, is now working with the Westinghouse Company, with his headquarters in Charlotte.

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J. W. Stribling, '16, was over for the dance on the night of May 2nd. "Strib" was very prominent in athletics at Clemson and is well known by all the students. He has been in Massachusetts for the last few months, but is now at home.

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J. S. Gilmore, '11, is farming near Holly Hill, S. C. He is raising cattle and running a truck farm.

B. F. Owens, '12, is farming near Dunbarton, South Carolina. He has a big farm which he is planting in asparagus. Not long since "Barney" became the proud possessor of an eleven pound baby.

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M. S. Haynesworth, '12, is now in Pittsburg. "Shorty" is a draftsman, and like most Clemson graduates, is making a success.

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F. C. Dantzler, '14, is holding down the position of Cashier of the Farmers and Merchants Bank of Holly Hill, S. C.

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J. W. Keel, '04, is now chief chemist of the Prairie Pebble Phosphate Co., Mulberry, Florida. This is one of the largest, if not the largest, phosphate mines in the world.

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R. M. O'Neal, '16, came over to visit his Alma Mater last week. "Mike" is in the militia and is now holding down a sergeant. We won't be surprised to hear of him getting a major.

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S. A. May, '16, is working for the Southern Railway. "Rabbit" was a very popular boy while in college and we feel sure that he will make a success of whatever he does.

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W. A. Morrison, '16, came over for a few days last week. He is trying to get a commission in the army officer's reserve.

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Acting Director ---------- C. C. Newman

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