

1917

Clemson Chronicle, 1917-1918

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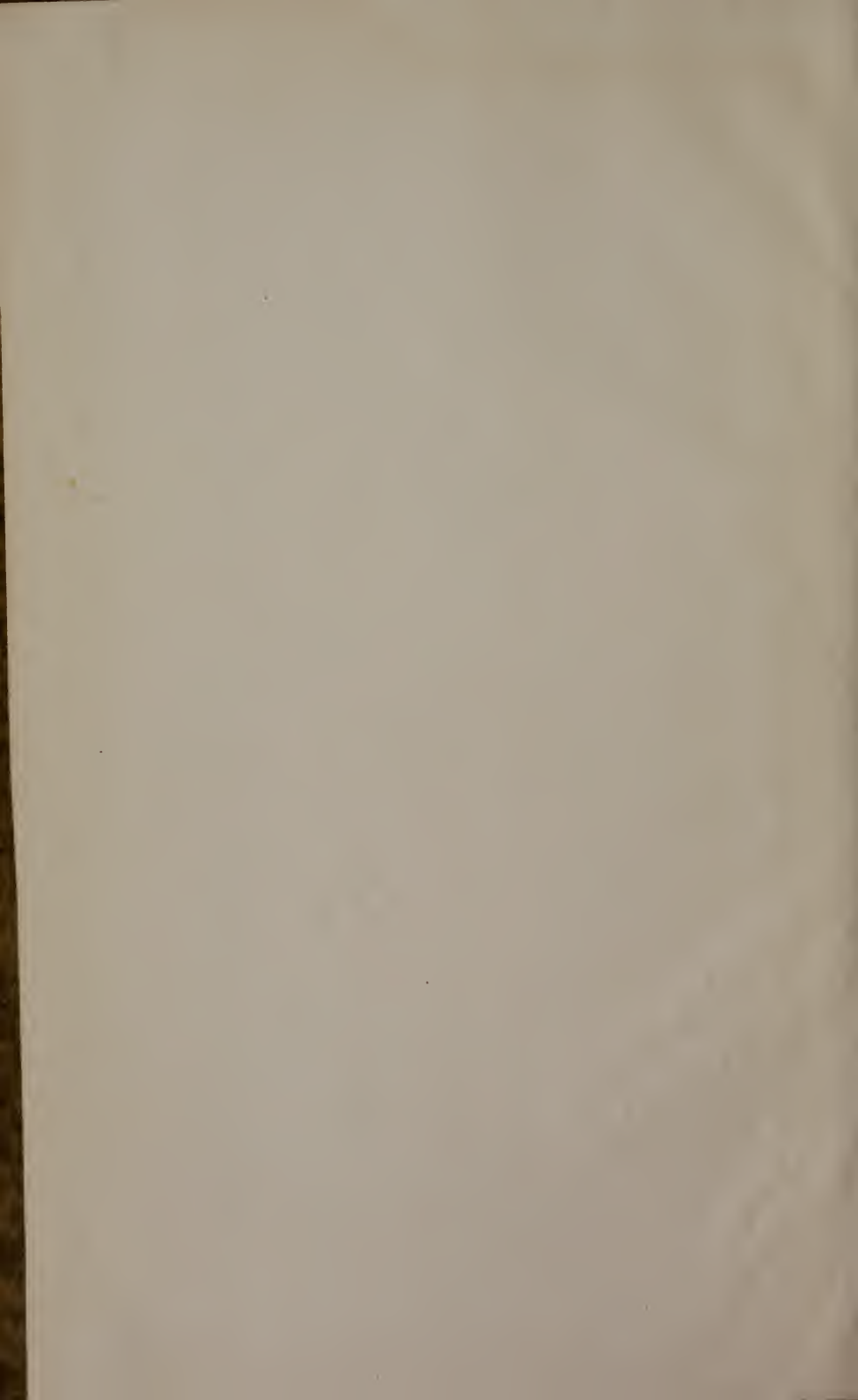
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THE CHRONICLE



V. XXI

VOL. XVI., NO. 1.

NOVEMBER, 1917

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The Clemson College Chronicle

XVI

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Vol. XVI.

Clemson College, S. C., November, 1917

No 1



EDITORS:

J. B. FAUST, '18.

A. C. CORCORAN, '19.

M. C. JETER, '20.

CLEMSON 1917—1918.

Back in the same old barracks,
Back in the same old books,
Everything seems as usual,—
Nothing has changed its looks.

Yet somehow things are different,
One senses it everywhere;
A quite, sureness of purpose
Seems to permeate all the air.

One feels that the men are in earnest
As never they were before;
They have learnt that knowledge is power,
And the country's need is sore.

And 'tho we are here at our classes,
Instead of at war's grim work,
Be sure if our country calls us,
The Clemson men won't shirk.

J. N. T., '18.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

Eugene Alden came in from a hard day's work. He was a handsome young man with brown hair, dreamy blue eyes, and lips that were very expressive of his various moods. The small house where he and a fellow-clerk lived alone, and a rare old violin, which he played almost with a master hand, constituted the fortune left him by his father. While waiting for Mason, the one who lived with him, to come for supper, he took down his violin. It seemed, as he drew the bow across the strings and caused the quivering tones to be borne out upon the cool summer evening, that the violin was a medium through which he released the pent-up emotions that were in his soul.

After supper, he arose and told Mason to expect him back about ten o'clock. Mason smiled knowingly and bade him good-night. In a short time, he found himself in the parlour of a magnificent home. He arose as a lonely young woman walked in. She was Helen Avery, the most attractive young lady in Moulteville. As she entered, she smiled very sweetly at him, and the expression which came into his eyes could not be misinterpreted. When he had gained a shy permission, and had greeted her as a true lover should, she said, "I am so glad you came to-night, Gene, I have something to tell you. The Conservatory of Music in Chicago has offered a complete course in their institution as a prize to the amateur violinist who wins in the competitive music recital to be held next month. I am sure you can win. Try, won't you?"

"And you really want me to try, do you, Helen?"

"Yes, Gene, will you?"

He smiled at her earnestness. "Bless your dear little heart for telling me. Of course I will try."

He left Helen an hour later with a happy heart and a determination to win the course. He put in his applica-

tion, got the necessary information, and began work upon the music for his recital. He worked hard and earnestly for a whole month.

On the day before leaving for Chicago, he worked a little later than usual. When he got home, he was tired; but, nevertheless, he decided to go over his piece before going to see Helen. He reached for his violin, and to his horror found case and all battered to pieces. Gazing, horror-struck, at the wreck of the instrument he loved so well, he saw a note lying nearby. Mechanically he read:

"Eugene Alden,

"I wish you luck, damn you."

"Sam Jade."

He then realized that the dissipated young man, who had been his unsuccessful rival in love, had learned of his intention and thus taken revenge. He had no means to get an instrument to replace the one he had lost; and, therefore, he could not go to Chicago. At that minute the telephone-bell rang. He recognized Helen's voice in the receiver.

"Yes, I will come," he answered dejectedly.

"Let me tell you what happened this afternoon, she began when he arrived. "Sam Jade came here and told me that if I did not give you up, he would prevent your going to Chicago. He was almost drunk, Gene, and I was frightened, but I laughed and asked him how he would do it. 'He's too poor to buy another violin,' he said significantly, and left. I realized then that he meant to destroy your violin. I bought a cheap instrument downtown, and going to your room alone, substituted it for yours, which I have safely here. I left your case so he wouldn't suspect anything. So, you see.—"

But he smothered the rest with a kiss. The following day Helen got this telegram: "The course was awarded to me. Thanks to you, dear."

A few years after Gene finished his course and—but that's another story. J. W. C., '19

THE ANSWER

The cry of battle has reached our ears
From across the ocean blue,
Calling us to help a cause sincere,
That appeals to us so true.

We're hearkening to your call, dear France,
With all our power in one,
To get for the world the Olive Branch
That was crushed by the cruel Hun.

Our sons are responding to the call,
The wily plebs and the aristocracy,
To finish the fight that concerns us all,
The fight for freedom and democracy.

'Tis sad to see your sunny land
Torn and scarred by a mighty foe,
But rest assured, we extend our hand
To heal your sorrows, to end your woe.

After the conflict, hasten the day
When the thoughts of peace shall be supreme.
Nations will live in their usual way
Thinking of it all, as only a dream.

M. C. J., '20.

JOSEPH'S DOWNFALL.

In a progressive little section in western South Carolina, not many years ago, there lived a peaceful little family by the name of Jamison. This family consisted of the parents and two young sons. Aside from the fact that the members of the family loved each other very dearly, we will give our attention only to the older son, Joseph, who at this time was a bright and robust fellow of sixteen. Everyone in the community thought a great deal of Joseph for he was indeed a young gentleman.

At the close of the school session previous to the beginning of our narrative, Joseph was graduated at the high school. He had already planned to enter Clemson the following September. He was very anxious to get there as he believed that he was going to like college life all right. Upon his arrival at college, in September, he was very favorably impressed with the appearance of the place, and with the kind treatment he received at the hands of those seniors who assisted him in finding his room, and in becoming familiar with the routine of college life.

In about three weeks the time had come for him to get really to work. Being in the habit of doing very much as he pleased, he was greatly disappointed with the military discipline and especially with the compulsion of church and class attendance.

Now Joseph had heard it said by some fellows who had been in school at the University of South Carolina, that Carolina was the very place for a fellow who does not desire to do things simply because he is compelled to do them. Consequently, Joseph made up his mind very strongly in favor of quitting Clemson and going to Carolina. After remaining at Clemson only six weeks, he secured an honorable discharge and departed for Carolina, regardless of the earnest entreaties and advice of

members of the faculty and of some of his fellow students.

Upon entering the University of South Carolina, Joseph faced numerous temptations; and he, not having been face to face with such temptations before, immediately yielded to a few of them. By Christmas Joseph was what might be termed a modern sport. Thus he kept sailing for four years, when, with the continual use of unfair means in his class work, he graduated. An eminent professor of the university, not knowing Joseph as he really was, secured him a very promising job as principal of a prominent school in the upper part of the state. After taking up this work in the following autumn, Joseph did very well until he became in such a condition that he could no longer keep his evil disposition a secret. The trustees of the school finally decided that they would certainly not re-elect him, but that, in order to save him from such disgrace, they would allow him to continue, if possible, thru the remainder of the session.

When the session was over, Joseph Jamison could not possibly get any kind of recommendations from the trustees. Hence he was at a loss what to do. The people of his home community, becoming familiar with his condition, lost their confidence in him, and this, of course, was to a considerable extent a disgrace upon his family. When he had returned home, his parents had a very serious talk with him, after which he determined to get busy and retract his errors so much as possible. He somehow or other managed to secure a job behind the wrapping counter in a large dry goods store in a nearby city. He worked very diligently and, his determination being so strong, he discarded all the bad habits he had had. He gradually grew better and better in the estimation of his employer. In about one year he had succeeded in securing a job as clerk; and at the

end of the third year he had been made general overseer of the store.

As Josph was walking down the street one evening after a day's work, he chanced to meet up with an old Carolina chum of his. This fellow, John Willingham, was indeed a fair representative of the class of boys with which Joseph associated while at college. Consequently, those old temptations stared him in the face once more. With great difficulty, Joseph declined an invitation given by John to ride around with him for a while, and made his way home.

However, John, being a complete wreck and good for nothing, was envious of Joseph's successfulness, and determined to lead him astray if he possibly could. He would very frequently visit Joseph at the store; and would tempt him by telling him what great times they could have together. Finally, one night he persuaded Joseph to take a ride with him. Before they left town, John drove up to a saloon and stopped. He immediately got out, but Joseph hesitated. After insisting for a few minutes, John exclaimed:

"Ah! come on Joe, and take one little drink with me anyway. I'm sure you will enjoy it. Besides, that wont mean at all that you will have to take another."

Just at that moment that old craving appetite for liquor came back upon Joseph with full force.

"John, I declare I am somewhat afraid to do that," returned Joseph. "But since I have been thinking about it, I believe I would enjoy one or two swallows, and I am pretty sure that I am strong enough to resist the temptation to drink any more."

Whereupon, they went on into the saloon. Just as they entered the door, John said to himself, "I have him now." The result was that Joseph became a greater drunkard, gambler, and profaner than ever before. He finally was disgracefully expelled from the store in which he worked. What a great pity it was that, after

getting into the road to success, he was again led astray by a false friend. Thus we leave Joseph Jamison—a miserable wreck without hope in the world.

If a young man would be successful in life, he must, indeed, beware of false friends and immoral companions.

L. C. G. '19.



THE PART THAT OLD PENDLETON DISTRICT PLAYED IN THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES.

Sixty years ago, old Pendleton District was the fairest district in upper South Carolina, and was the home of brave, prosperous, and intelligent people. As now, no better people could be found in the South. Then came "The War Between The States" with all of its sorrow and desolation. Scarcely any other section of South Carolina took such an active part in this war, or did as much to aid the Confederacy as did old Pendleton District. This district comprised what are now Anderson, Pickens, and Oconee Counties, including the prosperous towns of Anderson, Pendleton, Pickens, Seneca, and Walhalla. I will now tell something about the prominent part that the men and women from this district played in the great war.

To begin with, John C. Calhoun, the great defender of State's Rights, had his house in the heart of old Pendleton District, at Fort Hill. Calhoun was the champion of Southern rights before the war, and his speeches upholding State's Rights caused bitter feeling between the North and South, which feeling finally ended in the secession of the Southern states and in war.

The first incendiary papers and letters sent South to stir up strife and war were burned in the streets of Pendleton. Near the close of the year 1860, while war clouds were beginning to form over the entire country, the Secession Convention met in Charleston (having moved to Charleston on account of a smallpox epidemic in Columbia); and there on the twentieth of December, 1860, the Secession Ordinance was passed, which marked the withdrawal of South Carolina from the Union, and the beginning of the Southern Confederacy. Old Pendleton District was represented in the convention by the following illustrious men: J. N. Whitner, James

L. Orr, J. P. Reed, R. F. Simpson, B. F. Mauldin, William Hunter, Andrew F. Lewis, Judge Robert A. Thompson, William S. Graham, and John Maxwell. These men took quite an active part in this convention.

Later on, other Southern States joined South Carolina, and a Confederate Congress was organized. Pendleton District supplied one of the ablest men in this body—Col. James L. Orr.

Then came the firing at Fort Sumter of the first shot in the great War Between the States. It may be of interest to know that a man from Pickens County, named William Mauldin, claimed the honor of firing the first shot at Fort Sumter. Mauldin was but fifteen years of age and was under command of General Beauregard. When Beauregard ordered the attack on Fort Sumter, William Mauldin, it is claimed, fired the first shot. Some may doubt this statement, as it is hard to verify by written records, but the words of reputable men who were with the man who fired the first shot in our greatest war was from old Pendleton District.

As soon as Governor Pickens issued the first call for volunteers, old Pendleton promptly responded. The fourth regiment of South Carolina volunteers was at once organized. It was composed of men from Anderson, Pickens, and Oconee Counties, and was commanded by Col. J. B. E. Sloan. This regiment took a very active part in the war, and followed Longstreet thru the Virginia campaigns. It was in the battles of First Manassas, Seven Pines, in the battles before Petersburg, in the fights around Chattanooga, and in numerous other important battles. In all of these battles, the old Fourth showed the true bravery that has always been expected of South Carolina's sons. No braver regiment than the Fourth ever faced death. This regiment performed especially gallant service at the battles of First Manassas. Major-General Barnard E. Bee, whose home was in Pendleton, took a very active part in the battle. At one

time while the enemy was speedily killing out Bee's men. Bee rode up to Genral Jackson and said, "General, they are beating us back". Jackson then replied, "Then we will give them the bayonet." Bee turned to his men and said, "Look! there is Jackson standing like a stone wall. Rally behind the Virginians! Let us determine to die here, and we will conquer! Follow me." Bee's men bravely responded, but the brave Bee was mortally wounded soon after, so that it may be said Jackson was christened with the life blood of Bee. How many of us ever knew that it was thus that Jackson received the immortal name "Stonewall"? While Beelay wounded on the field, his mind turned to his old home at Pendleton, and he called out, "Where are the Pendleton boys? "Let them take me off the field." Color Seargent Robert Maxwell and Lieutenant (afterwards Captain) Richard Lewis were among those who did so. Captain Lewis's home was near Seneca. Major James Whitner and James A. Hoyt, both from Anderson, and Captain (later Colonel) Kilpatrick were also in this battle. During a critical moment in the battle, a courier galloped up and asked for a volunteer who would carry a message to Captain Kilpatrick, for his company was in danger of being cut off. At first none answered, as it would mean certain death to the messenger, then a lad of seventeen offered to take it. The other soldiers with one accord cheered him. He carried the message safely, and saved Captain Kilpatrick's company. The lad's name was John R. Cothran, of Anderson, and he was a member of the Palmetto Rifles—one of the most gallant companies of the Fourth Regiment. Some of the officers of this company in the First Battle of Manassas were: First Lieutenant Claude Earle, who commanded; Second Lieutenant Felton; Third Lieutenant Mike McGee; Orderly Seargent Prue Benson; and Second Seargent James A. Hoyt. Capt. W. W. Humphries was sick and couldn't

command his company in this battle. Our men suffered terribly for water in the battle, for they had been fighting nearly all day. The wounded were crying for water. Sam Wilkes, the adjutant of the Fourth Regiment, got a dozen canteens and galloped away to a nearby spring to get water for the wounded. The Federals saw him and told him to surrender, but he refused and was instantly killed. He died for his comrades. Thus I have given a few instances of the bravery of the old Fourth Regiment in one battle—The Battle of First Manassas—and this regiment took part in many battles, which shows a part of the aid that old Pendleton District gave to the Southern cause.

The other regiment which old Pendleton District gave to the war was Orr's Rifles. This regiment was organized in 1862 by Col. James L. Orr, and was drilled at Sandy Springs, a few miles from Anderson. Col. Orr was its first colonel. Orr's Rifles, although not organized at the very beginning of the war, played a prominent part in all of the battles in which it was engaged, and showed how brave and courageous always were the men from the foot-hills of the Blue Ridge. Orr's Rifles took part in thirteen battles, among which were the battle of The Wilderness, Gettysburg, Petersburg, Gaine's Mill, Cold Harbor, Second Manassas, and Seven Days Fight around Richmond.

Pendleton District also furnished many brave leaders during the war, a few of whom I will briefly write about. I have already mentioned General Barnard E. Bee, whose home was in Pendleton, and who was Major General on Lee's staff.

Col. James L. Orr was one of the grandest men that ever lived in old Pendleton District. He was a native of Anderson, a statesman, a member of the United States Congress, and governor of South Carolina. Likewise, he was a soldier—Colonel of Orr's Rifles.

Another brave man, whose home was at Anderson, was Colonel Joseph N. Brown. He was the last colonel of the Fourteenth South Carolina Regiment. He commanded this regiment at the bloody angle of Spottsylvania, Virginia—the bloodiest battle of the war.

James W. Livingston, of Pickens County, went into the war as captain of Company “A,” Orr’s Rifles. Later, he was promoted to major, then to the colonelcy of his regiment. He was wounded at Gaine’s Mill, and when he was forced to resign because of ill health, he sent in his place two able-bodied men to the front.

At the first call for volunteers, Whitner Kilpatrick, of Pendleton District, raised a company in the Fourth Regiment. This company under Col. J. B. E. Sloan, fought gallantly at First Manassas, and in other battles. For gallant conduct, Kilpatrick was promoted to the colonelcy of his regiment. He followed Longstreet thru the Virginia Campaigns, and later fought in Tennessee, where he was taken sick. Hearing that a battle was about to take place, he arose from his sick bed, took command of his regiment, and met his death at Milk’s Valley, in East Tennessee. He was as brave as a lion and as tender of heart as a woman. He refused the comforts which his rank entitled him to, and suffered hardships with his men in camp. On hearing of his death, General Longstreet exclaimed, “Sir, it feels like one-half of my heart is gone with the last pulsation of Kilpatrick.”

Another brave man from old Pandleton District was Dr. Oliver M. Doyle. He was among the first to volunteer for service in the Confederate army. He went into service as Captain of the Second South Carolina Rifles, was transferred to the medical department and was soon after made a surgeon of Jenkin’s Brigade, which position he held during the war. He performed his duties nobly and faithfully, and after the war became a famous surgeon.

Joseph E. Brown, war governor of Georgia, and in all,

governor of Georgia for four consecutive terms, was born in Pickens County; from there he moved to Georgia, and later became famous as Governor. After the war he was a United States Senator, and wielded more influence than any other man in Georgia.

Other prominent men whose homes were in Pendleton District were: Judge William Lowndes Calhoun, son of John C. Calhoun, and who was a lieutenant-colonel of Georgia Volunteers; the Steven brothers of Charleston gunboat fame; and Dr. H. V. M. Miller, a prominent surgeon in the Confederate army.

Some of the other brave men of the Fourth Regiment of South Carolina Volunteers that I have not mentioned were: Dr. P. H. E. Sloan, and Capt. Shanklin of Pickens; and Major Charley Mattison. A few of the other officers in Orr's Rifles were: Col. Daniel Ledbetter, Captains Hatten and Robinson, who were later promoted to be lieutenant-colonels, and who lost their lives during the war. D. K. Norris also fought in the war, and was later a life trustee of Clemson College.

Not only did old Pendleton's sons play a prominent part during the war, but her daughters also made great sacrifices and performed equal important services.

In 1861 the ladies of Pendleton Town met at the old Farmer's Hall and organized a Soldiers Aid Society, and elected Miss Harriette E. Maxwell president of the organization. They met every week and frequently shipped clothing, food, and other supplies to the Fourth, and other regiments. They took possession of a little hut near the railway station and converted it into a wayside hospital and lodging place for suffering and wounded soldiers returning home from the war. This little hospital was kept up until poverty compelled them to close it. The ladies of Pendleton, hearing that uniforms were needed for the volunteers, offered to make five hundred uniforms in five days, if needed. This was true patriotism.

As soon as news of war being declared reached Anderson, sewing societies were organized there. Mrs. Rosa Webb was president of one of these societies. These societies met once a week in the old Temperance Hall, over the store room of the late A. B. Lowers. They made much needed clothing for the soldiers at the front, and every month they sent a box of clothing, as well as something to eat, to the soldiers in Virginia. Similar societies were organized in Walhalla, and in other towns in the old Pendleton District. Everywhere, the mothers and daughters showed their true devotion to the South. Every available article was converted into some kind of needed supplies. They sent the blankets out of their homes to the soldiers, and used carpets instead. They spent their spare time knitting sox, and the young girls learned and loved to spin to the tune of some patriotic song. Committees of women went out to beg for supplies for their beloved soldiers, and these ladies were never sent away without being given something. All thru the long four years of the war, these women toiled and sacrificed, and very often almost starved for the sake of their Southland. While we are praising and giving honor to the brave men of Pendleton who fought in this lost cause, let us not forget to give to their wives, mothers, and sisters, the great praise that is due them for their great devotion.

After the sad day of the surrender at Appomatox, the brave men of Pendleton returned to their desolated homes, in many cases, to almost start life over. But they were courageous, and went to work with a will to retrieve their broken fortunes. They succeeded so well that now, as well as before the war, the people, who live in what was once old Pendleton District, are among the best, if not the best, in this great State of ours.

D. H. S., '18.

Note:—This essay was awarded first place by the John C. Calhoun Chapter, U. D. C., in a contest they conducted last spring, and the writer was given a gold medal.

AMERICA FIRST

When first her distant shores were found,
Men came from across the sea,
And here on this sacred plot of earth
They knew their lives would be free.
Hardships and perils—how could they stay?
Their efforts seemed all in vain;
But love for freedom that descended to us
Was prompting them to remain.

The flight of time then caused a change,
For out of weakness strength soon grew;
And across the mountain tops and valleys
The spirit of freedom was spread anew.
The rapid current of growth and power
Rose high from its silent bed;
And by o'erflowing the entire land
The might of our country was spread.

While we are enjoying the labors
Of men who have gone before,
'Tis important that we remember
All the burdens that they bore.
Since to us decends this heritage
Of a nation strong and brave,
Every ideal that she's upholding
Forms a union that all must save.

A scene of peace has just passed by,
And its light beamed from shore to shore;
But a cloud of war now floats above
With a fearful, death-like roar.
The strength of wealth and the lives of men
Will be given for all that is right;
And that day of hope must soon appear
When the weak are not oppressed by might.

Men of today, like men of the past,
Are thinking of pleasure and gain;
While those who are called to cross the sea
Hold an honor that they'll maintain.
Business and self must be laid aside,
For America comes first—then all the rest;
And it becomes the duty of everyone
To live or die at his best.

The labor that lies before her
Is a peril for the brave;
But all her freedom, peace, and honor
We will always love and save.
The love of country and a hope for peace
Shall be in every heart;
And "America first" shall be the cry
While each one does his part.

F. U. W., '20.



FRIENDSHIP.

There is but one thing which touches the the heart more forcibly and with more impression than friendship—this thing is love. Love and friendship go hand in hand, love being the cause, and friendship the effect of that cause.

Scores of definitions have been given in order that the real meaning of friendship might be conveyed, but none of them seem to have the power of reaching ~~that~~ that underlying element which unites one's friendship with that of another.

One person has come very near to defining what it means to be true friend, when he said; "a friend is the first person who comes in when the whole world goes out." Then, what would be a good definition of friendship. Byron has answered this question in a very short sentence, and one in which there is found a vast amount of meaning—"Friendship is love without wings". Realizing this, it would be possible for one, who had real friendship in his heart, to enter upon a world of exploration, and to have always in his heart that spark of love which would keep the torch of success burning its way onward and upward.

It is an impossibility for one to trod the path of life without, at some time, having had a true friend; in fact all people, upon being born into this world, have the nearest and dearest friend ever given to man-kind—their mother. The friendship of mother is an inheritance, and it is a God-given inheritance—one which binds the very ideals of a human being to all that is powerful and inspiring.

Let us not think that all who are courteous towards us, that all who sympathize with us during trouble, and that all with whom we have friendly relations are our friends—yea, if such were true, the entire world would live in peace, and the walks of daily life would be

as a journey uninterrupted by even the slightest force of resistance. We have to win our friends, just as the shepherd has to win the confidence of his sheep.

One should look forward to the time when he can return to his old home and there hold communion with his most intimate friends. It should be considered a day of blessings, and should never be forgotten as long as he is spared to partake of the blessings of friendship. The friendships formed in childhood seem to penetrate more deeply into one's heart than those formed in the advanced years of one's life. Someone has said with great wisdom; "Make new friends, but keep the old; the new ones are silver, the old ones are gold." If this statement be given careful consideration, a new field of inspiration would be gained, and a determination would be set forth to make one appreciate his early friendships.

Let us imagine a case wherein lies the fundamental element of real friendship.

Suppose that you are journeying across the snow-capped summit of one of the high mountains. You are prepared to camp out in the open, and have with you your blankets and robes. Everything which tends to make one comfortable under such conditions, you have with you. Now, you have always been eager to do anything which would relieve a suffering soul from pain and distress.

In the distance you see a figure. It is that of a slender form, rolled up in the flakes of the beautiful snow. You stop, and wonder how it is that the soft snow, which is even reflecting a golden light in the space before you, could permit one to suffer within its cover.

But, upon approaching the form, you realize that it is **your** friend, who, years ago, had begun the journey across the mountain with you. You thought that he had returned to his home, but you find that his health

has failed him, and that he is breathing his last sigh under the frozen snow. Within your heart there burns a desire to comfort him, for once he was your best friend; and now you realize that he is freezing.

You naturally find yourself upon bended knees, with your arms embracing his neck, asking him if he knows you. But he murmurs not. With a tender heart you unfold your blankets, and gently place him within their warm surface. Your robes assist you, and you even place yourself beside him to give him warmth.

In the meantime, your thoughts turn to his loved ones at home. You think of the comforting hand of his mother. If she were here, her warm heart could find its way to the utmost depths of her son's frozen body, and he would soon be chatting kind words to her.

Patiently you wait; hours and hours pass by, but no sign of consciousness seems to appear.

Finally, you notice that his limbs begin to move, and you almost break down with joy. You can see from his countenance that he is regaining his normal mind.

All at once, those bright eyes of his gaze upon you, and from his purple lips are muttered these words: "Great Heavens! is this my friend whom I have been so patiently searching for? To you I am indebted for my life."

Herein, lies that fundamental element of real friendship, and you can now realize that it is more blessed to give aid than to receive aid.

B. O. W., '18.

"A LOST LOVE"

"Somewhere in the realm of mystic thought,
A vision appears to me,—
A vision of deep supernatural calm—
Of a thought that is calling me.

"I cherished this thought as a thing divine,
With a steadfast hope of calm.
And the realm that is opened wide to me,
Is a form that bears no harm.

"The love of nature beams forth superb,
And I hear the call of the wild,
And the memory of those days so far and gone
Takes the shape of a form that was meek and mild.

"I loved her and my love was returned
With a fragrance that breathes of devotion and faith,
We thought our path was sunny and blest,
'Till we were faced with the hand of fate.

"I wandered away to a distant land,
My fortune and a home to make.
I dreamed of having my fortune blest,
With a home and devoted life-mate.

"I struggled and won my fortune and fame,
And returned to my native land.
I looked in vain for my sweetheart and love—
She was gone from the eyes of man.

"She had gone where the angels sing their carols,
At the throne of the Almighty God.
And I stood a wrecked and broken man,
By her grave that is covered with sod.

"I see her spirit around me to-night,
And I see her lovely form.
I look into the vistas of distant light,
And I feel her love still warm.

A. C. C. '19

THE YOUNG ADVENTURERS.

The snow lay six inches on the ground and was silently continuing its fall, when William Johnson and Robert Ward took their departure for a month's stay in the wilds around Lake Winnipeg, Canada. Each of the boys carried a new sixteen-shooter Remington rifle. Bill's father was the generous giver of both rifles; Robert's father being too poor to buy a gun for his son. They bade a fond good-bye to the home folks, and were soon lost in the soft white flakes.

Traveling most of the way on the train, dusk of the second evening after their departure found them before the little log cabin which they had chosen as their camp, before leaving home. They threw down their packs and began at once to set their traps for the night. It was dark before the boys found time to rest.

The shadows had begun to grow more and more gloomy; with each retreating ray of light the sounds on the mountains increased. From far over the steep and rocky ridge the boys heard the dreary, mournful cry of a single wolf; then as an answer to that signal, there arose from all sides a thousand voices yet more dreary than the first. These wailing sounds were kept up until far into the night.

"We ought to get plenty of wolf pelts if nothing else," said Robert after they had lain down for the night.

"From the way they are howling now, I judge that you are right," replied the other boy.

"The next day's hunt was even better than they had expected. Bill had shot two coyotes, and they had six wolves in the traps. Robert showed his skill with his new gun by shooting a large buck. They had to make several loads to carry their game back to camp. Robert broiled some of the meat for their supper, and Bill gathered some wood for the fire.

It had begun to snow again. The boys piled the old

chimney full of logs and limbs and soon had a roaring fire. The wolf skins they hung in an opposite end of the room to let them dry. The snow was falling much faster when they lay down for the night's rest, but they did not hear the soft flakes falling outside, and were soon asleep.

It must have been after midnight when the snow ceased fall. It was then several feet deep on the ground. Had the flakes merely discontinued their downward motion, all would have been well; but they did not do this. The great drifts along the mountain side twisted and slipped until the entire snow on the mountain side had accumulated in one **great white** mass. It was then that this massive mould of snow and ice loosened its hold on the mountain soil and began its destructive slide, carrying with it such rocks and trees that the very foundations of the mountain shook with fear before the Master.

It crashed upon the little cabin at the foot of the hill with such a force as to cause the occupants to start from their blankets in horror. The little room was covered with snow. The boys awoke to find themselves in an unthought of prison. They set to work on hands and knees to dig out. The snow they had to put in the cabin. At last they were rewarded by seeing daylight shed its blessing on them once more. They had dug in a direct line towards the sun.

"Hurrah!" exclaimed Robert, "that much is done, now for the guns. I bet the traps are covered, tho."

"Well, you take the gun and attend to the traps. I'll move the snow from the cabin.

Robert buckled on his snowshoes and started thru the snow. The first nine traps were under at least two feet of snow, but the tenth, and the one that had been placed under a big fir tree at the north of a deep chasm, was not only not covered with snow, but held a prized silver fox. "He's worth a thousand, if he's worth a

penny," thought Robert, "wont Bill be tickled tho!" Proudly throwing his treasure over his shoulder, Robert started towards the camp.

He had not gone very far when he noticed the print of a long, broad snowshoe. He knew it to be the track of one of a band of outlaws who had robbed his companion's father of more than a hundred dollars worth of furs. He examined the track closely, then let his eyes follow the trail down the mountain side towards the valley below. Feeling to make sure that he still bore his precious burden, and realizing that he was on dangerous ground, Robert hurried towards the camp.

"That's all right, Bill," he shouted as soon as he was in sight of the cabin, "wait until I come and perhaps we shall decide to let the snow remain."

Bill looked up from his work in amazement. His eye caught the sparkling fur of the silvery animal. "I should think us able to hire it done now, eh Rob?" he rejoiced.

"It's not that, Bill; it's not that."

Robert explained the round and his experiences to his companion who listened with much interest.

"I guess that we better get the traps and hit it for Minnesota, eh Robert?"

An hour later the boys were getting their traps. The next sixty minutes, according to Bill's time, found them on their way to the Winnepeg station.

"Well we've earned our board, haven't we, Rob?" Bill was heard to whisper as they boarded the crowded train bound for home.

G. H. A., '19.

The Clemson College Chronicle

FOUNDED BY THE CLASS OF 1898.

Published Monthly by the Calhoun, Columbian, Palmetto,
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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: B. H. STRIBLING, '18.

With this we launch the first issue of a new volume of the Clemson College Chronicle for the twenty-first time upon the sea of college journalism. Feeling that a monthly literary magazine was necessary for the most satisfactory development of the literary instincts of the men pursuing a technical education here, the class of 1898 organized *The Chronicle* in 1897, and published the first volume. It was propagated by the Literary Societies, and has been supported by them ever since; and each year a creditable college magazine has been put out.

As we look back over the list of illustrious alumni who have occupied our positions while they were here, the present staff feels as if a high standard has been set by our predecessors and we feel our inexperience and inability to equal their record at the beginning of the year. But as the poet says: "Hope springs eternal from

the human breast," and we expect to do our best to continue the work which has been so well done heretofore, and even try to exceed anything which has been done yet. Our first issue has been delayed for various reasons—the war has thinned our ranks, and is liable to deplete them further, and the usual difficulties necessary to getting the ball started to rolling, have had to be overcome—but we will endeavor to be more prompt in the future.

Members of the Literary Societies at Clemson, the fate of this year's *Chronicle* lies wholly within your power. No matter how hard we work, unless we have your undivided support, doom is certain to befall us. With six large active societies with nearly 400 members we should be able to publish the most interesting, up-to-date, and enjoyable college publication in the State, or even in the South. If each of you will make an honest earnest attempt to write a short story, essay, or poem that is better than any that has been previously published, our success will be inevitable and we shall have a magazine which we shall be proud of. Don't wait and criticize what the other fellow writes but write something yourself, and let us prove to the people of the State what our loyal alumni have always proudly upheld—that just as good literary work may be done at Clemson as at any other college in South Carolina.

Again we are approaching the Thanksgiving season, and in reviewing the varied and checkered scenes through which we have passed during the past year we find indeed as the psalmist said, "our cup runneth over" with blessings from the Almighty. 'Tis true that our nation has been drawn into a cruel war, and the flower of our manhood is being prepared to give its life in freedom's

cause; but has any country under the sun been blessed with such a wave of universal prosperity or had the opportunity to perfect itself as has America? And fellow college students does any class of people in any nation or clime enjoy as many privileges or have such immeasurable avenues for peaceful endeavor as we? It might have been possible for the gigantic struggle across the seas to have been averted; but, since it became necessary, let us be thankful that we have been permitted as a nation to take such an honorable part in the conflict.

With thankful hearts for all that we have received from our Heavenly Father, and never once doubting that He will overrule even the greatest war of all history for the fulfillment of His Divine will,

“Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.”



EDITOR: T. A. FOLGER, '18.

THE PROMOTION COMMITTEE.

The committee work of the Association is being conducted under the supervision of a general Promotion Committee, which is composed of some sixty-five members. Each member of this committee is assigned definite work at each weekly meeting; and although this is the first year of its organization, the Promotion Committee plan has already proved its worth and will be the means of increasing very much the efficiency of the Student Association.

This large committee meets for one hour each week for a discussion together of the work and for special fellowship and training. In order to meet at a time most suitable to all the members, it has been found best to meet for supper each Tuesday evening, every man on the committee paying fifteen cents for a light supper.

In the near future a freshman Promotion Committee will be organized, which will consist of thirty or forty freshmen. The regular weekly meeting will be held some night after supper.

VESPER SERVICES.

Instead of the regular weekly of the Y. M. C. A., held, for the past year or two in the Y. M. C. A. auditorium every Sunday night after long roll, vesper song services will be held this year between supper and long roll. These meetings will last only twenty or thirty minutes and with the varied programs should prove very interesting and helpful.

The Y. M. C. A. has come to College for your good. Let it serve you.



EDITOR: S. A. ANDERSNO, '18.

W. J. McDonald '14, is with the Public Service Company. East Orange, N. J.

L. G. Hardin '17, "Annie," is stationed at San Antonio, Texas. The next time we hear from him we expect him to be a lieutenant in the aviation corps.

H. T. Poe, Jr., '02, is connected with the Poe Cottonseed Products Company, Memphis, Tenn.

H. Boylston '14, "Harry," is at Blackwell, S. C. He is demonstration agent for Barnwell County.

R. Ulmer '14, has gone into the service of his country and is now stationed at Camp Jackson.

John Darby '15, is a member of the Royal Flying Corps at Quebec, Canada.

"Doc" Arthur '15, is also a member of the same corps "Doc" played Varsity football the last year he was at college.

J. F. McLure '15, "Bill," is Second Lieutenant in the Engineering Division now stationed at Washington, D. C.

H. S. McKeown '16, "Bus," Business Manager Chronicle 1915-'16 has taken unto himself a wife since leaving school. However, he has gone to serve his country as a private.

A. M. Trotter, '15, is a member of Co. M, 1st. S. C. Infantry and is stationed with his company at Camp Moore at Styx.

W. A. Latimer '07, "Bill", is keeping books for S. M. Jones and Company at Chester, S. C.

J. P. Derham '17, is now stationed at Camp Jackson, Columbia, S. C.

W. J. Hunter '15, Editor-in-chief of the Chronicle in 1914-15, is a captain in the Officers Reserve Corps, Infantry section; and is stationed at Camp Jackson, S. C.

The Clemson College Chronicle

~~XVI~~

Valeat Quantum Valent Potest

Vol. XVI.

Clemson College, S. C., December, 1917

No 2



EDITORS:

J. B. FAUST, '18.

A. C. CORCORAN, '19.

M. C. JETER, '20.

CHRISTMAS TIME.

The Christmas bells will soon be ringing;
O what glory there will be
When we think of Him, who died for us
That thru His death we might be free.
Praises are sung to our Savior,
Who brought glad tidings to men,
That all with Christ-like behavior
Will be forgiven of every sin.

The yule log is brightly burning,
The family circle is complete,
Each one is earnestly yearning
To hear the story which father repeats,

How he spent Christmas when a boy.
It was the happiest of all events;
Every heart was overflowing with joy
As the stockings gave forth their contents

Our hearts beat loud with rapture
As we approach the close of the year;
When words fitly chosen will capture
A heart that grows so dear.

Over the doorway gently suspended,
Is that fate bunch of mistle-toe.
With crimson is the maiden's face softly blended
As she tries to evade the door.

The table, beautifully decorated with evergreen,
Is set with the choicest of meats.
The delightful smile of pleasure is seen
As each one the toast repeats.

The hall is resounding with laughter
Of the merry-makers gleesome fun.
But wait, it is not long after
Before the Christmas holidays are done.

M. C. J. '20

THE TARTAR PACIFIST.

It was a hot summer day in Manila. Many sailors from trading schooners were lounging around the veranda of the sailors' club. Bare-footed natives were kept busy supplying them with rum, which was no easy task, as they were very thirsty. Soon, however, their throats became moistened, and their tongues began to wag. Strange yarns were spun, and adventures related, as is the habit of idle sailors the world over. At a corner table, a band of six sailors seemed especially voluble.

A meek-looking, quietly dressed man passed on the street in front. His very appearance seemed to incense one of the sailors,, who was known as Bones.

"Mates," he cried, "Look at that white livered little hypocrite out there. He is one of these D— missionaries who is always wasting time preachin' to these wooley-headed niggers, when a delaying pin on the side of their cocos would put the fear of the Lord into 'em better. All such Mollies should be shipped back to the 'States.' He looked around the table, as if to seek confirmation of his remarks. Several of his mates seemed to agree, but one man, somewhat better-looking than the rest, looked thoughtful. "What's the matter, Jack old boy, don't you think he's right? Yelled Bones.

"No," replied the latter, "I don't. And what's more, I'll tell you a story that will prove that you're wrong." "Well then," replied Bones, "fire away."

"Several years ago," began Jack, "I was first mate on the vessel, "Wumbeka,." We traveled from Manila to all the South Sea Islands. Our cargo was made up of whiskey, which we traded to the ignorant islanders for pearls. Our vessel visited all the larger important islands; and we received pearls in abundance for our whiskey, for you know in those days, Jack, swapping whisky for pearls was the most important trade carried on in these seas. Pirates were plentiful in those days,

and well do I remember the many times when the 'Wumbeka' was robbed of all its whiskey and pearls by fierce and bloody pirates from the Malay Archiepelego.

"Our vessel was a large sailing schooner, and was one of the best in the trade. On one occasion we were traveling between Mindanao and the Malay Peninsula. We reached Bulangan where we made good trades, taking in a large number of valuable pearls. We then shipped more liquor and set out on our way to Singapore.

"When we were getting ready to clear from Natuna Island, a missionary came down to our ship, and, after many entreaties, persuaded our captain to take him as a passenger to Singapore. We had not sailed long before the captain who was a quarrelsome man, was cursing the passenger in some very severe terms. The missionary tried to appease the captain, but his efforts only caused the captain's fur to increase. He ordered the missionary to be thrown overboard, but I persuaded him to wait, suggesting that we might find a desert island, and there maroon him instead.

"On nearing the Malay Peninsula, our ship was becalmed. There was nothing to do, but allow the ship to drift until a wind arose to carry us into port. While we were adrift, a band of thinly clad Malay pirates were seen approaching our ship. A look of consternation came upon the faces of the crew, for all of us knew well enough what it meant to fall into the hands of pirate. The crew was ordered by the captain to the row but the missionary was made to stay on the 'Wumbeka.'

"When the missionary learned of his fate, he showed no signs of fear; but only said, 'I'll put my trust in the Lord.'

"Hurridely the crew got into the launch and made off. After going for about eight hundred yards, the crew had curiosity to know what would happen to the passenger. They got out their glasses and looked back towards their

vessel. A number of the crew, who did not have glasses, stood waiting breathless to hear what manner of death the pirates would inflict.

"Through the glasses a puzzling sight was seen. The missionary was seen to come on deck with a case. He did this several times, but a rail of the deck prevented the members of our fleeing party from seeing exactly what was going on.

"The pirates came nearer to the ship; and when they reached it, they leaped onto the vessel with wild and horrible yells. They seemed to make a dash to go below, or at their captive on board; but suddenly a very surprising thing occurred. Wild screams of pain and anguish were heard, and the pirates were seen to rush back to their boats or jump overboard. And as if panic-stricken, they sailed away.

"The crew of the 'Wumbeka,' who were now a considerable distance away from their vessel, were amazed at such action on the part of the Malays. We made sure that all the pirates had left our vessel, and then turned and sailed towards our boat in order to determine the cause of their sudden flight. We gradually and cautiously approached the ship, and climbed up on deck. The deck was very red with blood. Broken bottles covered with blood were seen scattered over the entire portion of the deck, and a strong odor of whiskey rent the air. The crew saw how the missionary, whom they had tried to kill, had saved their vessel and his own life. The broken bottles, which had contained whiskey, had been broken and strewed all over the deck by our passenger, and when the bare-footed pirates attempted to come on board, they had been cut up dreadfully. Our crew took in all these things at a glance, and at once understood the reasons for the wild yells that we had heard from the pirates.

"All eyes were turned towards the missionary, who

was kneeling in a corner, and giving thanks to God for his delivery, and for the destruction of the whiskey.

Bones had listened attentively to Jack's story and after he had finished said, "Well, old pal. I'll have to admit that there is some good in this pacifist crew after all."

J. B. B. '19



HOW SANTA CLAUS CAME TO A STRICKEN HOME

The night was clear and cold. A soft white carpet of snow was laid over the ground, and all the forest had the appearance of an army of ghosts. Although the wind was biting, children and the older people wore a happy expression upon their faces, for it was the night before Christmas. Have you ever seen a person who did not rejoice when Christmas comes? If so, it is because of some sad misfortune or occurrence that has left a scar in his mind, or perhaps he has not come to realize the true meaning of Christmas. This is a day that should be sacred to the hearts of all Christian people.

Out in a forest in the North West was a home in which sat a family of four. All sat with drooping heads and a forlorn look upon their faces. The father was bent with the weight of many winters, but had drudged on day after day with his daily labors. His face bore the clear-cut upright features, only found on the face of the poor, hard-working, honest man. The mother was a middle-aged lady of goodly character, which is mostly found in mothers of the Christian country homes. The other members of the family that were present were two small children. This was not all of the family, for there was a vacant chair at which the mother cast an eager gaze. The one who was absent was a strong, robust boy, just about to enter into young man-hood. The oldest present, a boy of fourteen, had the combined features of father and mother. The younger of the two, who was a girl of twelve, was the living image of her mother, and particularly so in character. As they sat thus, each cherishing some hidden thought, the girl suddenly said, "Father, will Santa Claus come to our house to-night?"

"I am afraid not," the father sadly replied, "Santa Claus is pretty poor in this house. What do you want him to bring you?"

Then the child named numerous toys and other things that bring joy to children. As things were drifting on

in this way, the mother wore an eager expression as tho she had a longing for some gift that hear old Santa could give.

The father noted this and said. "Fannie," for this was her name, "What would you have Santa Claus bring you?" "There is only one gift that can satisfy the longing in my heart, and that gift is beyond the power of Santa Claus to satisfy," she replied.

Sadnes filled the air, and grief was upon the faces of all. What could have been the cause? Was it because they could not realize what Christmas meant to the Christian? No, it was not this, because there was not a truer Christian home to be found in the country-wide. This mournful aspect was caused by the fact that Christmas was the anniversary of a sad event to that home. It was an event that should sadden any home.

On Christmas Eve night two years before, the bank in the nearest village had been robbed. Next morning the village was astir, and frantic rumors were flying thru the air as to who the guilty culprit was. At last, a clue was found which ended all suspicions. The thief in making his retreat had left evidence by which, beyond doubt, he could be known. It was his mother's wedding-ring, as he even stole what few jewels that were in his own home. The thief was the former occupant of this vacant chair, at which his mother gazed. Why should this not bring sorrow to such a home? He had been the sunshine to a kind and loving mother, and the hope to a trusting father. This act of his had left four aching and bleeding hearts.

It was getting late and they had the regular evening prayer and went to bed. Stillness reigned thruout the house, except for the whistling of the wind. Sometime during the night, a bare-foot boy with ragged clothes and bleeding feet made his way toward this house. By using all the energy he had, he pulled himself up against

the door and lay there. It must have been near morning, for he was still alive when found by his mother. There was much rejoicing in that home Christmas morning, for Santa Claus had brought a gift to them that all the riches on earth could not have brought. The lost son had returned to his father's house.

T. H. B. '20



CHRISTMAS AND THE FLAG

The most cheerful day of all the year,
When all hearts are free and glad
Is here again with its meaning so great
That no life should be dark and sad.

It's a day to forget all trials
By turning darkness into light;
It's a day to remember each kindness
And keep the lives of others bright.

A more beautiful scene cannot be found
As Christmas day draws near
Than the union of those who live apart
In the homes that will always seem dear.
Memories that have long been forgotten,
And joys that have blessed each day
Are renewed by the family circle
With a love that we'll never repay.

In many homes a feeling of sadness
Now takes the place of pride and joy,
For the mother in this time of need
Has bravely parted with her boy.
The strongest ties of home life are broken,
When he joins in his country's strife;
And under that flag so free from guilt
He is ready to give his life.

The flag that means so much to us—
That floats o'er the strong and the brave
Calls for the work of everyone.
Her ideals of right to save.
So if Christmas finds the soldier
On the land or on the sea,
He will try with a stronger purpose
To keep his flag above the free.

SCIENCE, AN IMPORTANT FACTOR IN AMERICA'S FUTURE.

As we think of this great country, we realize that it is the guiding hand of the world. We see it on a perch high above its sister nations ever directing them to higher standards. But when we try to picture the future of America, two very distinct pictures of a contrasting nature present themselves to us. One is that of a land of still more wealth and influence: the other is one similar to that of Rome—a world power a few years and then a page of history. Which of these shall it be? You and I must answer this—for this land is an inheritance left us by our fathers.

When you think of their suffering in order to be able to leave this great reward to you, do you not feel that you are willing to do anything for the maintenance of the United States? Surely you do—for what man is willing to give away what his father has given him?

But how are we to be of the best service? Since such a great wave of militarism has swept over the land, the question naturally arises, Shall we all become soldiers? No, but we must remain an every-ready reserve.

Enormous military strength does not make a great nation. It tends to harden a government but as a high tempered piece of steel, it is easily shattered. I do not mean to say that adequate preparedness is not necessary—for as long as one nation prepares for war, all others must—but that excessive militarism is harmful.

Military service is only a minor member of that great family of services on which the vitality of our nation depends. For us to render the best service to the country, we must study its history. In doing this we find our

present prosperity, due to our ability to develop our immense resources. We find our commerce leading foremost because our minerals are inexhaustable and our farms are ideal. What has made our minerals, and our agriculture such great factors in America's prosperity?—for a land may abound in precious metals and fertile fields and still be poor. Science can be the only answer.

The brain has given us our wonderful railroad systems, which in return has caused our civil engineers to produce some of the world's greatest engineering feats, such as the bridging of the mighty "Father of Waters," and the tunneling of that great barrier, the Rockies.

The railroads have given our great metropolis their immense traffic; the handling of which has been accomplished only by the aid of science. The famous New York sub-ways and the much-talked-of Brooklyn Bridge are instruments given by thoughtful minds for the solution of the great traffic problem.

The railroad has not caused this great commercial era alone. It has been closely allied with the steam-boat—a product of a patient and thinking American mind. It has carried our merchandise from the railroad terminals to every land on the globe. Our great foreign commerce has ever been a great problem in the minds of the learned men of this country. A result is the completing of one of the world's greatest engineering achievements, the Panama Canal.

The immense loss of life due to not knowing what our sister nations were doing; the lonesomeness of the country life; and the great sea tragedies have caused the wonderful reasoning power of man to give us the telegraph and telephone.

Fair science has looked upon our immense water power, and the result has been the harnessing of many

of our rivers—including part of the mighty Niagara—to turn the wheels of our industries. When you look upon the waters of some small brook, do you realize that that water may be utilized to help move our heavy trains?

Our inventions have been many, and they have been given for the benefit of the land. Why is it that they have been so many and have been put on the market so readily? It is because our ancestors—may their memory ever be sacred to us—realized that these accomplishments would be of much benefit to the country, and gave the inventor encouragement by means of the patent law. But how many wonderful machines might have been kept off the market because of the ignorance of the maker?

Our great development has brought us much return, it is true, but, if we had not had some means of saving this immense income, would the allies be looking to America to finance their cause for them?

The thinking minds of America realized early the importance of a perfect banking system. As a result we have one of the strongest banking systems in the world. Of course we have had many bank failures, but few of these banks have been under the guiding hand of our Federal government.

Science has been at work not only in America. Therefore let us study the progress of a foreign country where science has achieved more than it has in our own—for why can we not profit by others' experiments as well as our own? Three years ago when all Europe was dashed into this great death struggle, we saw the Germans, though greatly out-numbered, overrun her enemies. The Germans were using the latest war machinery given them by their technical men. Did they not continue their advance until the Allies learned to fight science with science?

Thus the best service we can render our country is to do all in their power to further its science. When this subject is presented to us, our minds turn at once to Germany's great scientific development, but this is not the development for us—for none of us are willing for our country to become one similar to Germany. The intellectual development of Germany is all right so far as it goes, but it has gone only far enough to make her people a semi-barbaric people.

There are three distinct divisions in a true scientific education: First, mental development; second, physical development; and third, the development of man's most important resource in gaining the confidence of his fellowman, the heart. Neither the first nor the third is of much benefit to a man unless he has the second, while the second alone produces a strong brute only. The first and second only make a barbarian who knows the uses of scientific methods—the limit of the German development. The second and the third only produce a high and narrow minded Christian. Our Puritan ancestors of New England are examples. Thus, it is the above three parts are essential in an ideal scientific education..

Make an intelligent people of our population and the branches of our industries will become united in organizations for the betterment of our land. The farmers will no longer be controlled by middlemen. Secrecy will be abolished. One man will readily show another his accomplishments because of the friendly rivalry which will exist between men.

The labor unions will unite the laboring classes, and petition for their needs. That labor unions are of much importance to the day laborer is shown in the great accomplishment of the trainmen's union. Of course at present some unions go to extremes, but when men are

more learned—and you and I must do our part in hastening this time—these extremes will fade.

Science is master. It keeps ships near shore. It has made the Atlantic and Pacific coast the same. It has given the rural districts the comforts of the city.

The day of physical strength is no more; the day of reason must dawn, and we must do our part in speeding the night by.

We must remember that our mission into this world is to serve God, fellowman, and country, and that serving one is serving the others.

H. S. '20



A BORDER ROMANCE.

Harry Randolph was an adventurous young fellow of about twenty-four years of age, and when the Mexican war cloud darkened the otherwise peaceful horizon of the United States, he did not hesitate about enlisting. He joined a company of National Guardsmen and soon afterwards found himself on the Mexican Border. Although Harry had been used to every luxury that wealth could obtain, he soon adapted himself to the life that he was destined to lead for the next six months. He had been full-back on the Varsity eleven while in college, and the training received there soon showed itself. He was admired by the regulars because of his great endurance while on hikes, and he soon made many friends among them.

One day after an unusually strenuous drill, a regular came by and, seeing Harry leaning against a truck smoking, engaged him in conversation. During the conversation it developed that the regular was also a college man who had enlisted thru the spirit of adventure. As the men were at liberty to leave the camp after drill, they decided to walk to the near-by town. As they were passing down one of the residential streets, a beautiful Mexican girl galloped by on a horse.

"Who is that girl?" asked Harry.

"She is the daughter of an old Mexican by the name of Delos," replied Harry's companion; "her name is Dolores, and her father is a supporter of Carranza. He owns a large ranch across the border, and also a few silver mines in Central Mexico. He and his family are staying here while Villa is in this part of the country."

Nothing more was said about the girl, but Harry determined to become acquainted with her in some way or other. The opportunity soon presented itself. One day Harry was visiting a friend in town and Dolores came

in to see his friend's wife. Harry was introduced to her, and she soon became interested in this handsome, young, American soldier.

After this they frequently met at their friend's home and soon Harry was spending his time, while off duty, at the Delos home. In the course of a few weeks Harry asked the girl to marry him as soon as he was mustered out. Dolores told Harry that she loved him, but he would have to obtain her father's consent. As Mr. Delos was in Mexico looking after his business affairs, Harry was forced to wait until he returned.

Soon afterwards the old man came home and Harry was duly introduced to him. In the course of the evening he found himself alone with Mr. Delos, and he determined to test his fate.

"Mr. Delos," he said, "I am in love with your daughter, and I want your consent, permission, to marry her. Although I am a soldier, I think I can support her in the manner she has been accustomed to."

The old man looked at him for a moment and then replied: "I am sorry, Mr. Randolph, but I cannot agree to such a union. I consider your presence here hostile to my government, and I also desire my daughter to marry a fellow countryman."

Harry accepted the decision calmly. However, he was not discouraged, and he resolved to win Dolores if it lay in his power to do so. The girl had said that he must get her father's consent. But how was he to do this? This was the question that kept repeating itself. He was so engrossed with this problem that when he left the house that night that he did not notice the direction in which he was going until he became aware of subdued voices in a little cabin that stood near the road. He stopped and listened. The speakers were two Mexicans; and they were speaking in their native tongue. Harry had gained a pretty fair knowledge of Spanish from

Dolores, and he easily understood the conversation. He heard one of the men say, "Meet me at old Delos' house at two o'clock in the morning." The other agreed to do so, and they left the cabin. Harry barely escaped discovery by crouching behind a bush at the corner of the house. "I'll be on hand also," he thought to himself, and when the men had gone, he returned to the camp.

Harry dared not sleep any that night, but anxiously awaited the appointed time. At last the time drew near, and at half past one o'clock he slipped by the sentinel and made his way to the Delos home. Not long after his arrival he saw two figures steal up to the house and open a window and go in. Harry crawled up closer to the window and waited. Presently the men returned to the window bearing between them Dolores, bound and gagged. As they stepped to the ground, Harry covered them with his revolver and commanded them to release Dolores. This they did, and old man Dolos, awakened by the commotion, soon appeared. Harry explained the situation and with the old man's aid, soon had the two kidnapers securely bound and ready to be handed over to the authorities. After this was done, Harry seeing that his presence was no longer required, prepared to leave.

"Wait a moment, young man," called Mr. Delos, "I think probably I was wrong last night, anyway you have my consent if you can get hers."

With one leap Harry was at Dolores' side and the next instant she was in his arms. Of course they lived happily ever afterwards.

Z. B. B. '19

ELUSIVE SUCCESS.

Life is but an issue of the higher things to be
For worldly things continue until time eternity,
Success is meant for everyone that has a name to make,
For every task that's conquered means another to undertake,

If all our dreams could be gathered into one big worldly
pile,

We would think our dreams the greatest, and our
thoughts of noble style.

If you were ever asked to choose the most successful
man—

The question would perplex you, try it anyway you can,
Would you choose a brilliant fellow bereft of moral or
creed?—

Would you cater to a giant full-equipped for physical
need?—

You would ponder and debate it and would give up with
a sigh,

Down in your heart it flames up foremost "The man who
dared to try."

Enthusiasm is the force which urges men to delve
Into the unknown depths of things, and show his greater
self.

Why is it that in poverty, in drudgery, or toil—
In things that call for waiting, that man's soul is in
turmoil?

It is because he recognized his failure as his lot,
And his life's small trifles, he loitered and forgot.

He had his wealth, he had his fame, his property and
his creed,

But happiness he could not buy, thru all his lack of
need.

His friends were limited and few, and loved ones dear
and gone,

His charity was never known from the day that he was
born.

Oh friend, the wealth and fame is nothing in the least,
When man scorns man's fidelity, and turns into a beast.

Achievement in life's struggle is the keynote to success,
Disloyalty will turn an Eden to a modern wilderness,
The leisure that we cherish, should be after work is done,
Our failure grappled with new force is half the battle
won.

We ask, is mankind progressing, are we destined to be
great?

Let's leave aside all thoughts of failure, and all bitter
thoughts of hate.

There are many things worth living for, let's aim high
at the star,

The foreigner has succeeded tho' he came from way afar,
Books, culture, and deep learning all will help you in
their place,

But the driving force that's needed is success in life's
long race,

They called him dull, they called him dunce, said failure
was his fate,

He rose to farthest ranks of fame, and gentleman's high
estate.

A. C. C. '19

MARIE'S TWO GIFTS.

It was Christmas morning in the trenches. Altho no Christmas bells had been heard, no Santa Claus had been there, no decorations were to be seen, the roar of the mighty firecrackers across the battle-scarred plains and hills of France brought to the memory of Jean Hill the many times he had been made glad by the merry Christmas mornings back at his old home in America. Late the past night Jean had gotten back from the front-line trenches where for many days he had endured the awfulness of that fiery theatre of war. He had tried to sleep; but little had he slept that night. The shocks of bursting shells, the constant alertness, the exposure to the freezing weather, and the great strain he had endured had almost wrecked his nerves, and had completely depleted his physical strength.

Jean raised himself up on his cot. Just then his vision focused on a picture pinned to the canvas wall,—a spectre which carried his memory back to one more dear to him than all the world, to his love across the sea. He gazes intently for many moments. Tears moisten his eyes.

He well rememmbers the day when, not so long ago, he bade good-bye to Marie Davis, the girl whom he hoped to make his wife some day. It was her image at which he was now looking. Probably he had felt the touch of her soft embrace for the last time; very probably the soothing tones of her mellow voice he would hear no more; likely, he would no more look into the telling eyes or see the smiling face of Marie Davis.

These were the thoughts that pierced the mind, softened the heart, and enraptured the soul of this noble youth of the trenches. Jean lay back on his couch in despair, but soon to be aroused.

Just at this time a supply officer entered the tent

and announced that they were delivering a lot of sweaters which they had lately received from the home Red Cross. He further stated that there were not enough garments for all men in the company, and that they were dealing one out for every third man on the roll, and Jean Hill was one among that number. Jean arose, received the coat, and thanked the officer who then left the tent. It was a nice heavy coat, just the thing Jean had been in need of for a good while. As is quite natural, the next thing to do was to try it on—this he did. He reached his frost-bitten hand down into one of the fleecy pockets and there he found a little scrap of paper. He took it out, unfolded it, and read:

"To the one who may wear this sweater: I please accept this gift from an American girl. I hope it will bring much comfort to you and help bring victory to our cause. There is one among your ranks whom I love very dearly. He heard the call of duty. In tones sorrowful and low, I whispered "go". And the hero has gone. He was my greatest gift. May the God of battles give victory to our arms, and may time be so kind as to bring him safely back home to the ones who love him most—Marie Davis."

A feeling of pathos and gladness permeated Jean until he almost wept for joy. He could now understand why she said "go". He pinned the note beside the picture, and buttoned the sweater about his noble breast. And now, to Jean Hill, those three things are memoirs of the kind which daily inspire him to play the man and the soldier in the truest, noblest, and greatest sense of the word.

S. C. J. '19

THE FUTURE AMERICA.

Nations have risen and fallen. Each nation has seen its heights of ancient magnificence, and it has left its indelible impression upon the characteristics of its people. Each of these nations stood for certain principles. Our nation believes in the equality of men. The Declaration of Independence, our first national document, expressed this in every part of its provision. This is the ideal Americanism which we are striving for—the liberal-minded democracy, and the fair and sane methods of government.

Our present country stands as a test of man's determination and endurance. She started out with a settlement of an earnest few, but such was the integrity and industriousness of these pioneers; that we stand before the world as an ideal nation of to-day. Our commerce is seen on every sea, our products in every port, and our citizens are looked upon as far-sighted patriots, who have unlimited faith in their future progressiveness.

Our past has been great, our future must be still greater. The American people are not satisfied with their present attainments. They want "The Future America" greater in power, richer in resources, nobler in ideals and manhood.

In order for our country to move along the road of progressiveness, our national problems must be solved, for, if our national affairs are in good condition, we shall have little trouble in competing with the other nations of the world.

America must be fair and honest in all her relations with the other nations of the world. She should be partial to none and a friend to all. Her doctrines should be such that the smaller nations shall look upon her as a larger brother in whom they can place their trust and respect, and the larger nations will gladly cooperate

with her in the advancement of civilization and the betterment of the world. We can clearly see that if this had been the policy of the other larger nations, this bloody war would have been averted, and we to-day would be able to continue to live in peace with a clear conscience, but since we have become embroiled in this great war, it is our duty to put forth our greatest effort in order to overcome the enemy of civilization, The Central Powers, and after we have over-thrown this great militaristic power, America should set the example of an unselfish, humane government.

Our domestic affairs also demand attention; therefore, let us examine some of our internal faults.

Corruption in politics must be eradicated. We should not vote for a man because he is rich or because we will be personally benefited. Corrupt politics necessitate a weak government, and a second rate nation instead of the most prosperous nation of the world, as we are sure to become if our citizens will only do their duty. Our leaders must be men that, without any selfish motives, will spend their entire time in successfully guiding the destiny of our country.

Our future should have laws which have regard to the settlement of differences between capital and labor, for if the present strikes are allowed to continue, we shall soon face conflicts similar to the French Revolution.

Our future America must be founded upon the best ideals of the past and present statesmanship. Under Under this head we must have regard to a great principle of democracy, that the rule must not rest in titular heads, but with the sovereign of the people. The great future government must be strictly of, by, and for the people.

After the war is over America shall set the pace for the nations of the world. In order for her to maintain this leadership she must become prepared, and in

becoming prepared, she must first have an educated and enlightened citizenship. For as a stream can rise no higher than its source, it is equally true that a country can rise no higher than its average citizenship. Thus America can be no greater, no better, and no more intelligent than Americans. The future American citizen must be an educated; for an educated man is a capable man, and only capable men can handle successfully the affairs of The Future America.

We must develop strength thru an army and navy in order to protect our citizens, to enforce our laws, and to uphold our national honor; for no nation can progress unless her citizens are respected by other nations, her laws obeyed by her own citizens, and her national honor is upheld. But at the same time we must not let militarism, in any way, alter our present ideals of democracy.

We must encourage the promotion of thrift, industry, and economy. Our currency and credit must be kept on a firm basis, and we must, in every way, expend our energies in approaching our goal, perfection, as a nation.

We have viewed our past deeds and glory, and we have seen our present duties. Let us put forth greater efforts to have this nation a country of high ideals of government and citizenship. Let the ideals of our ancestors, who worked to achieve a great nation, predominate our entire souls. If this be true a promising future for our country is assured, for we have citizens who will always be true to their native land. The national governing body will still have deep-thinking, wise, and determined men. Our children will be trained to realize the value of the great honor of citizenship that is conferred upon them; and our forefathers can rest in their graves with a feeling of contentment, that the country which they worked for and gave their life's blood to make and keep, is a nation of high and holy purposes.

When the future generations have grown to be wise,

law-abiding citizens of this nation, they will take charge of a vast, industrious country—the greatest of all empires. We of the present generation shall go to our graves with a feeling that we have accomplished our share in the building of a great nation, for we shall know that our sons and daughters will gladly die to preserve the honor of our glorious country, for their sentiments will be expressed in these patriotic words:

“My country 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty
To thee we sing.
Land where my father's died.
Land of the pilgrim's pride.
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.”

M. W. H. '18



VOICES

The soldier boy lay shivering in the trench,
With a heart so lonely and sad.
The awful moaning of wounded and dying
Had almost driven the poor boy mad.

'Twas the beginning of a lonely Christmas night,
Unlike any other that he'd ever spent,
Before the answering of his country's call,
The lad from his loved ones had rent.

The last beams of sunlight had faded,
Maybe upon this lad nevermore to shine.
His thoughts turned to his dear mother,
Who oft had called him "darling boy of mine."

Then suddenly out of the deepening darkness,
The tender voice of his mother seemed to say,
"Be brave, be kind, be true, darling boy of mine."
To the Merciful God, I'm praying for you each day."

Then the gentle sweet voice of another he heard.
Twas the voice of a girl, over the ocean so blue.
He thought, as the voice came to him now.
Of this darling girl with heart so pure and true.

This lonely Christmas night, the voice came tenderly low,
"I'm thinking of you my brave boy tonight,
And my prayers each day to God ascend,
Asking that He keep you and give you strength to fight.

With this, sadness was driven from his soul,—
Greater courage entered, as if sent from above
To up and fight for the cause of Democracy,
And for the dear ones whom he should forever love.

C. S. W. '19

The Clemson College Chronicle

FOUNDED BY THE CLASS OF 1898.

Published Monthly by the Calhoun, Columbian, Palmetto,
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of Clemson Agricultural College

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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: B. H. STRIBLING, '18.

GREETINGS

The Christmas season draws near again and we shall pause for a few days in the midst of our earthly cares and worries and pay tribute to the Prince of Peace by spreading Love, Joy and Good Will among men. While we are enjoying ourselves to the fullest with our loved ones and friends at home, let us not forget whose birth we are celebrating and the supreme sacrifice He made for us. And let us remember also that half of the world has never heard the wonderful Christmas Story which has brought us so much happiness, and that the other half—the so called Christian people are grappling at each other's necks in the deadly throes of a world-wide war.

Our soldier boys mobilized in the various camps at home and abroad certainly must be remembered in our gifts and prayers at this happy time, but what of those unfortunate people with hearts so barded with hate

that they do not cherish the blessed memories of Christmas time or those countless millions who have never heard of the Star of Bethlehem? Is not His Love great enough to include these? Such thoughts are not intended to detract from the happiness of the holiday season but are suggested that their consideration may help us have a more glorious time by sharing our joys with others. May yours be the merriest Christmas you have ever experienced, made so by your kind words and actions.

DOING YOUR BIT

Our hearts are filled with pride and beat a little faster when we read of the brave young men who are leaving school in answer to their country's call, and the loyalty of the professors manifested by their offering to give diplomas to those seniors who leave college to enter the Training Camps.

Every one seems to be "doing his bit" and as sure as we make this "bit" our best under the existing circumstances, just so sure is the final victory of our noble cause. Probably our mothers, sisters, and sweethearts find it harder to do their bit than we do but they are proving equal to the task. They willingly give up their son, brothers, and sweethearts that they might fight for them, but during the long and anxious period of waiting they will exhibit as much fortitude and bravery as the most gallant soldier in the field. In order that these trying moments of suspense may be passed as pleasantly as possible they have resorted to knitting necessities for the boys in the camps; and the warmth afforded is doubled by the fact that "the girl he left behind" has woven her love into the garment with each stitch, and as long as there is a single thread left he will remember the loving hands who made it.

A young college student while visiting his sister col-

lege recently, remarked that nearly all the girls carried their knitting with them all the time. "Oh, its the style to knit now," he was informed by his talkative friend. After a moment's thought he asked, "Are they really knitting only because it is stylish?" Of course this was answered negatively for the dear girls were only utilizing their spare moments in making something to brighten the lives of those bearing the arms and needing comfort. In this way they are doing their bit just as patriotically as any one else, and to their lasting praise let it be said that they know how to keep a brave front and say it is stylish to knit for the soldiers just like the soldiers jest at going to war as "taking a free trip to France."

Here's to the girl who does her bit.

By the buying of yarn and learning to knit

STUDENT HONOR.

As another term's work draws to a close and college students are standing their examinations the "tempter" is present endeavoring by all his artful ways to induce them to use unfair means in their work in order to obtain desired marks on their reports. Thousands of students are facing this temptation for the first time, and if they could but see that cheating on examinations is as dishonorable as stealing, as ignominious as swearing falsely, and as unmanly as the despised slacker, surely they would refrain from the shameful practice and found their characters upon the enduring rock of honesty. You old students who have passed from the frivolities of your freshman year and have the destiny of the college traditions in your hands, to you is given the opportunity to instill the spirit of student honor into the lives of the new students and insure an honorable heritage for the future of the college as well as strengthen your own characters to withstand the greater

temptations you will encounter after you finish school.

There is no honorable avenue of escape in attempting to justify the abominable habit, and the student who willfully "cribs," "skins," or cheats on any of his work is certifying to the fact that his character is weak—his sense of honor and self-respect is deficient—he cannot be trusted—he will take what does not belong to him—he does not tell the truth—he is a slacker—*he's yellow*. and at time when Our Country needs men as never before, and when men are readily offering their lives for the perpetuation of the peace and freedom which we are enjoying, would it not be base disloyalty for college students to be guilty of any unmanly act or fail to develop themselves to the maximum of their abilities and opportunities?





EDITOR: T. A. FOLGER, '18.

We were very fortunate, indeed, to have Seely K. Thompkins, D. D., of Cincinnati, Ohio, speak to us for a short while Wednesday evening November 21; his subject being, "The Christian Challenge of Today." These days are days of loyalty. This is no time for drifting. Loyalty means that the whole self is gathered up, is mastered, is controlled with the highest point of efficiency, and is definitely aimed at some mark. What are you going to be loyal to? The simplest thing for any citizen is to be loyal to the nation as a whole. Be loyal to the whole, not to a part.

Have you ever realized that America has taken up the Sword in Defense of the principles of Jesus Christ. America stands for, fights for the principles of Jesus Christ. President Wilson spoke for the Allies as for America when he said we fight not for gain, but for friendly life among the nations. We are going to be loyal in these days to the things in the country that men find worth while.

A Chaplain in a Scottish regiment says that the men who go into the trenches do not fear death; never even think of it, but that they are crying, "make me certain that God is my Father; make me certain of the presence of that Person you call Jesus Christ;" and "make me certain of eternal life." These are the great foundation truths of life. These are the things that the men want and must have.

Where will you be at the end of this war? Those that come out cannot come out as they went in; they will either come out below or above. They will either lose their manly traits, come back broken, or come back higher in their spiritual strength.

"Choose you this day whom you will serve."



ALUMNI

EDITOR: S. A. ANDERSNO, '18.

First Lieutenant T. W. Thornhill of class '14 is with the third U. S. Engineers at Corozel, in the Canal Zone.

Lieutenant J. J. Sitton '16 is now stationed in Columbia. Joe is trying married life and we hope that he won't find any rough places.

J. M. Heldman '16, "Jim," is a Second Lieutenant, and is now stationed at Camp Jackson.

W. C. Bonner, '17 is working for the Government at New Orleans, La.

S. A. May '17, "Rabbit," is working for the Southern Railway. His address is Greensboro, N. C. ,

"D" Wallace '16 was on the campus yesterday. He is a sergeant and likes the army fine.

E. H. Agnew '16 "Major," is a Lieutenant at Camp Gordon. He lives in Atlanta with his wife when off duty.

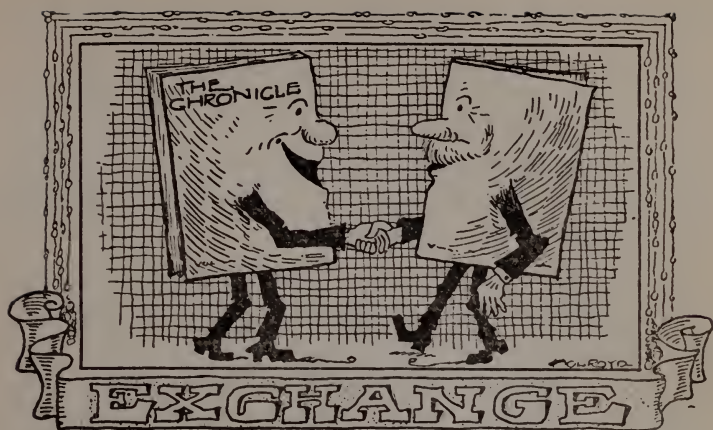
G. D. Martin '15,, is at Glassy Rock, S. C. Working on an artillery range.

"Dopie" Major '16 is commandant at the Carlisle Prep. School. "Dopie" played Varsity football and baseball while at Clemson.

D. S. Cannon '13 is an instructor of physics at Monteralla, Ala.

J. S. Cathcart '17, "Spare Ribs," has resigned his positio in the vetinary division at Clemson College and has joined the teaching force at Calhoun High School, Calhoun, La.





EDITORS:

J. N. TENHET, '18.

J. S. WATKINS, '19.

The Wesleyan for October is very short, but this is somewhat excusable on the grounds that it is the first issue this fall. It is quality not quantity which counts, however, and the portraits on the first two pages certainly show a great deal of quality.

The poetry in this issue of *The Wesleyan* is exceptionally fine. "Midsummer Song" and "O Wind That Scents of Apple Blossoms" are both decidedly above what is generally found in college publications.

"The Innocents Abroad" conceals under a veil of sparkling wit and delicate humor some excellent hints for the girl "rats." "When the Ball was Found" is an unusually good story handled in an unusually good way.

The Wesleyan is one of the best exchanges which has come to our desk; its great and almost only fault is brevity. Another story and another essay, tho, would have almost doubled the value of the issue.

The last issue of *The Collegian* (October) is very good, and is well balanced thruout. The essays are good, and

the stories are fairly so. The thing most worthy of note is the poem "Somewhere in France. The sentiment is one which appears to nearly every American today; and the poem possesses a swing and rhythm which is irresistible. It is the kind of thing that sticks to the memory, and is worthy of the highest praise.

The Newberry Stylus for October contains no article of any especial merit. The essay on Martin Luther is very long and is rather dry, but it is well written. The only story, "Sons Who Have With Thomas Bled. Sons Whom Driver Often Led," possesses a well developed plot and is very good indeed; but the idea of running a continued story in a college publication, is rather new, isn't it?

The issue carries too many essays in proportion to its one story. It would have been a considerable improvement to have substituted a short story for one of the essays.

The Clemson Chronicle is glad to acknowledge the following exchanges: *The Newberry Stylus*, *The Wake Forest Student*, *The Collegian*, *The Erothesian*, *The Orian*, *The Wesleyan*, *The Southern Collegian*, *Winthrop Journal*, *The Furman Echo*, *Wofford College Journal*, *The Mountaineer*, *The Criterion*, *The Gamecock*, *The Sage*, *Bessie Tift College Journal*, and *The College of Charles-Bessie Tift College Journal*, and *The College of Charleston Magazine*

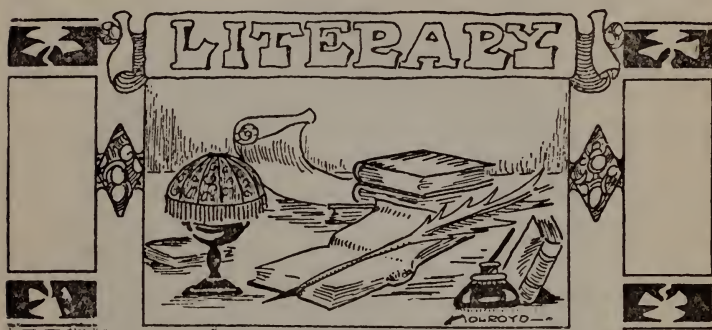
The Clemson College Chronicle

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Vol. XVI.

Clemson College, S. C., January 1918

No 3



EDITORS:

J. B. FAUST, '18.

A. C. CORCORAN, '19.

M. C. JETER, '20.

Wilson wants the soldiers, the trained soldiers,
The intrepid soldiers, the undaunted soldiers,
The fearless soldiers—

Wilson wants the soldiers with all their service
That he may down the Kaiser's autocracy
And make the world safe for democracy.

His heroes brave
He'll have them be
Fighting for freedom
And honor.

Wilson wants the soldiers.

Wilson wants the sailors, the seafaring sailors,
The daring sailors, the fighting sailors,
The careful sailors—

Wilson wants the sailors with all their valor
That he may make them good marines
To mee the emergency of the submarines.

That peaceful
The world may be
And filled with love
And freedom.

Wilson wants the sailors.

B. T. L. '19.



JOHN C. CALHOUN.

THE CALHOUN LITERARY SOCIETY

"In order to cultivate a taste for literary pursuits, to incur the proper and independent investigation of truth, for improvement in public speaking, to acquire a knowledge of parliamentary usages, and for the profit and pleasure of social and intellectual intercourse, we hereby organize the Calhoun Literary Society of Clemson Agricultural College."

In this, the preamble to the Constitution and By-Laws of the Calhoun Literary Society, are enumerated the aims with which, on July 24, 1893, a group of students organized themselves into what has since proved one of the greatest influences for the improvement of public speaking at Clemson College.

There is an interesting and characteristic little story in connection with the founding of this society. It is related that there were two groups of students, each of which was to assemble on a certain night, and organize itself into a literary society. Both of them wanted the name "Calhoun." One of the groups "stole a march" on the other, met in the afternoon instead of that night, and took by right of priority, the name "Calhoun."

This is one of the traditions of the society, and whether true or not, it might well be, for the Calhoun has certainly stood at the forefront of practically everything it has undertaken since.

In May, 1895, the Calhoun Society proposed the establishment of a literary journal. However, many held that such a publication could not be maintained at a strictly scientific school, such as Clemson. But in 1897, this movement was again advocated, and this time it was carried thru. "The Clemson College Chronicle" was established under the auspices of the three literary societies. Mr. A. B. Bryan, of the Calhoun Society, was its first Editor-in-Chief, and Mr. J. P. Minus, of the same society, its first Business Manager.

In 1903 the Trustees began awarding, annually, a medal to the best orator of the College. The first man to win this medal was Mr. H. C. Tillman, of the Calhoun Society.

In the latter part of 1895, Messrs. Gaines and Tompkins became involved in a personal difficulty, which resulted in the resignation of Mr. Gaines, and the establishment, by him, of the Columbian Society. This society grew rapidly, and in time rivalled the others in achievements.

Many of Clemson's sons who have achieved prominence since graduation have been members of the Calhoun Society. Among these are: Mr. H. C. Tillman, President of the Clemson College Alumni Association; Mr. S. T. Carter, Treasurer of the State of South Carolina (the only Clemson graduate who has ever been elected to a State office); Rev. B. R. Turnipseed, the only Clemson graduate who is a minister, Mr. I. M. Maulden, Banker and Lawyer at Greenville; Mr. J. F. Breazeale, of the Government Bureau of Chemistry; Mr. B. R. Tillman, Jr. Mr. J. C. Littlejohn; and Professors Bryan, Lee, Sease, Keitt, and Inman of the Clemson Faculty. In the Calhoun Society Hall, on the southwest corner of the third floor of the Main Building, are decided in an hour's debate the questions and problems which have perplexed and puzzled the diplomats and statesmen of all nations in all ages; here the youthful orator thrills his student audience, and, gazing on the portrait of the great Calhoun, dreams of future glory—such dreams may never be realized, but the important gift of public speaking is cultivated in the men who must become leaders in the town, the country, the state, and the nation.

J. B. F., '18.

Note—The above is taken largely from an account by Mr. A. P. DuBose, published in *The Clemson College Annual* of 1906.

THE SLACKER.

Somewhere in France.

They were in a pitiable plight as they returned to their billets that night. Having been out since early dawn attempting to build a tramway and keep the roads of communication open for supplies, they had been caught in the Hun advance and had taken refuge in shell holes. As the foe advanced, they had crept out and materially aided in repulsing these enemies with pick axes, crow bars, and such implements as they had at hand. But as this company of American Railway Engineers returned at the close of the day, their clothing covered with mud from head to foot, several of them limping or bandaged, there was an air of independence, of dogged determination which characterized their personality, despite their weariness and wounds. So soon as they got out of ear-shot of the trenches, they started up that parody, so familiar to all Americans soldiers: "We'll ride Kaiser Bill on the rail." Their weariness vanished immediately. They became jollier, more lively; their heads went up and shoulders back; their steps quickened. They were Americans once more—hopeful, loyal, bright, soldierly.

Was soap and water their first thoughts after dismissal on the small parade ground? Not a bit. The mail from home was in. Every one must get his letters from friends, parents, wives, sweethearts, anybody from home. These were hardly read before the call for supper sounded, for which they were supposed to be cleaned up and dressed, as tho they were ready to sit down to their meals at home; but today had been a big success for them and the discipline was a little lax at this particular time. Immediately after supper, several of the boys gathered around a large fire to discuss their home news. A member of the group read his letter from "one of the girls," an old schoolmate. One line

seemed to amuse all the listeners except the reader. And they were especially amused when he said, rather disgustingly:

"There's Mac home from school, having a big time, calling on Margaret two and three times a day, taking her to ride, picture shows, and everywhere else; while we are here in France fighting for our country. I never have had any use for that boy. He's nothing but a coward, a slacker, absolutely good for nothing, except to go to school and play baseball."

"Aw! Come on now, John. Mac's all right. You know he is. You know yourself that we did a fool thing when we enlisted instead of finishing up our education. We all know you are jealous because Mac is at home and can go to see Margaret and you can't. Mac's all right. He isn't twenty-one and is doing the right thing by completing his education. I can assure you of one thing—when he does finish, he will get a commission, while you and I are privates now and likely to be for a long time, unless something happens. Give the devil his dues. Still I don't blame you for being jealous of him. Neither do I blame Mac for going to see Margaret, because she surely is a nice girl and mighty pretty too."

"That's just it," replied John. "She is too darned attractive. Every boy who sees her falls in love with her—and she seems to fall in love with them."

"Believe me, boys, John surely has a bad case of it. He is about as jealous as one generally gets to be. But I guess she thinks more of you, John, than she does all the rest of them put together, with the exception of Mac."

John's fit of jealousy didn't seem to worry the others very much, for they soon started up one of their favorite songs and were as jolly and lively as possible. It wasn't very long before John added his bass to the song, also.

Somewhere in America.

Several months after the night of the above events MacDonald Burns, better known as "Mac," received his diploma and became a county farm demonstrator, much to the surprise of his many friends and the chagrin of his best friend, Margaret. They had expected so much of him. Everyone expected him to get a commission in the regular army and go straight to France. He had ranked high as a military officer while in school and it was only natural that he should be expected to go into the army. But now, he was pretending to be a county demonstrator, riding over the country, having a big time and doing little, as compared with the work of the army. His parent's political influence, coupled with a strong line of "hot air," enabled him to convince the draft board that his services were indispensable as a demonstrator.

However, he did not really intend to become a slacker, he did not intend to evade the draft law. At first it was only a question of time as to when he should enter the service. After four years of hard work, in school and during vacations, he felt that he deserved a short rest. When he found what a good time one could have in the world working for one's self with no great amount of competition, he decided, in spite of the country's dire need for men, that he would delay enlisting a while longer. The wounded began to arrive from the front. Some were perfectly helpless; some were blind, some crippled, with one or two limbs gone—and all of them were pitiful. This was the last straw. He determined never to go to France.

Soon, however, his claim for exemption was denied. His friend, Margaret, was elated and not long afterwards, during the course of a conversation with him, spoke of the company of Railway Engineers of which John was a member, and of the letters which she had received from him; telling how he was enjoying his experiences in the

trenches and behind the lines. She spoke of him as tho she were greatly interested in him, attempting to make him jealous of John, and cause him to join the service. She casually asked him when he intended enlisting and Mac told her that he had applied and expected to get his orders of the examination at an early date. He understood her meaning well enough. He was really in love with Margaret, but would not allow himself to realize it. He knew that until he did join he was a slacker in her sight; still he could not overcome the horror of being killed and buried in an unknown grave, thousands of miles from home. Sometimes he pictured a capture by the Germans and death by a horrible torture. Even the possibility of the loss of Margaret's friendship was of minor importance in comparison with such terrible hardships that he would have to endure in France.

A job in a munition plant furnished an exemption claim. So this was the job Mac sought. There was danger there, but 'twas better to be burned to death by chemicals, or blown up by powder, than killed or tortured by a Boche, several thousand miles from home. And not only did it furnish an exemption, but became so interesting to him that he became an expert in his line, receiving more salary and a better job. He tended strictly to his business, and during leisure time read and studied a great deal.

When it was announced that the president was to speak to the employees of the munition plant in behalf of the Liberty Loan Fund, he determined that he would not go. He could easily find some excuse which would keep him at the plant during the president's speech, he told himself. However, as the hour drew near, and the employees left, one by one, some unknown force, an almost super-human power, turned his thoughts and his foot steps towards the theatre. Upon approaching it, he saw some one enter just ahead of him, carrying a bundle under his arm. Mac wondered why anyone should carry

a bundle in with him and being rather strangely impressed with the features of the man, decided to get another look at him. Inside, the place was crowded, and Mac, finding no seat, leaned up with several others, against the hand-railing which surrounded the speaker's platform. The stranger was leaning in the window a few feet away and had apparently deposited his bundle behind him.

During the address by the president, MacDonald became a changed man. The eloquence of the speaker won him over from the fear of death and the selfish love of pleasure to a true-born patriot. He suddenly formed a strong desire to serve his country, be a soldier, and kill Boches. The slacker was gone. With a thrill of pride, he foresaw how proud Margaret would be of him and wondered if she would have him when he came back after the war.

Then something caused him to turn his head just in time to see the stranger who had been leaning in the window, hurl an object straight towards the speaker. The intuition of the baseball player, imbued in him at college, as a member of the baseball varsity did not forsake him now as he saw this object hurled in his direction. Just as he had done scores of times before, while playing short-stop at school, he jumped into the air and by a brilliant one-handed stab brought the object down, or rather stopped its journey. But as his hand came in to violent contact with this hard round object, there was a terrible detonation.

When the wreckage was cleared up nothing could be found of the body of MacDonald Burns. The President's life had been miraculously saved. He was thrown down and bruised, but otherwise uninjured. And Mac, slacker though he had been, had saved the life of the President, the indispensable man of the hour, the man whose loss would have been irreparable.

After all Mac did his bit. Was he really a slacker?

W. M. B. '19.

RECONSTRUCTION IN THE SOUTH

The pages that recount the atrocities committed during the Reconstruction period in the South are the most polluted and disgraceful that blot the pages of American history. This period is a stench in the nostrils of decent people, a disgrace to the country and a black stain on the character of the American people.

For eight years the South was under the iron hand of corrupt officials who had the hearty support of the Federal Government, the constant help of its courts and its administrative officers. But the trouble did not cease there. The negro, ignorant, debased, incompetent to understand his rights or appreciate his responsibilities, was vested with every power of citizenship. Was it fair to expect the white people to accept conditions which made some of their very best citizens actually inferior to the lowest type of the negro? Never-the-less the people of the South have been criticized very severely for their attitude taken when military commanders were appointed over the Southern States, and when the negro was placed on an equal with the white man and allowed to vote.

Thaddeus Stevens of Pennsylvania was the man most responsible for the severe conditions which the South suffered during this period. He favored emancipation, not so much to help the slaves as to hurt the slaveholders. He was a great friend of the negroes, and one time he said, "The only place where they can find equality is in the grave. There all God's children are equal." He favored negro suffrage on the grounds that it would continue the Republican ascendancy.

Of the theories of State reconstruction, his was the most radical. His theory called the "conquered provinces theory," looked on the South as a subjugated region, with which Congress could deal exactly as though it were a part of a conquered foreign country. He actual-

ly suggested that South Carolina, our own dear State, be divided between North Carolina and Georgia and thus obliterated from the map. Unfortunately for the South, part of his theory was adopted by Congress in the reconstruction act.

The slaves had always looked to their masters for directions, and when emancipation threw them upon their own resources, many of them were unable to earn a living. Thousands of them left their old homes and flocked into the Federal camps. Congress realized that it was the duty of the government, for a short time at least, to take care of these millions of helpless people.

Consequently, the Freedmen's Bureau was established, which was intended, through military officers, to protect the negroes from injustice, to find work for them, keep them from starving, and start schools for their education. But the system intended for the good of the negroes did harm to them. Many of them in their ignorance thought that something similar to the millenium had come. They thought that the government was going to support them forever, therefore they saw no need of working. They lounged around the offices of the Bureau; idled away their time, and many of them who had been faithful slaves became paupers and criminals.

To guard against these impending dangers, vagrancy laws were enacted. A negro who refused to work was fined, and if he failed to pay the fine, he was hired out to the person who would pay it for him. He was also fined for such offenses as malicious mischief or disturbance of the peace.

To the southern people such restraint and compulsion seemed to be demanded by ordinary prudence for the control and at least temporary discipline of a race so recently slaves, and therefore so unfit to exercise their new liberty, even with advantage to themselves, without being checked.

These laws were no harsher than the vagrancy laws of some of the Northern States; but as they were aimed against the negroes, many people of the North thought them merely an effort on the part of the Southern people to place the negroes under another form of slavery.

The North imagined that by letting the negroes of the South have a voice in the government that the negroes could protect themselves against oppressive laws; also that the Republican party would be kept in power in the South. Therefore, Congress ratified the Fourteenth Amendment which made the negro a citizen and gave him the ballot.

The South, hardly beginning to recover from the war, now had another trial before it. Years of misrule followed the giving of the ballot to the negro. The men that had been masters, and had shown to the world that they were behind no people in the highest fruits of civilization were disfranchised and shut out from participation in the government, while their former slaves were put over them.

Selfish white men secured control of the poor freedmen, who unused to governing, could only follow where others led.

The result of the new regime established in the South was such a riot of rapine and rascality as had never been known in the history of this country. Adventurers from the North poured into the South. They were called "carpet baggers" because it was said that every one of them had brought from the North all he owned in a carpet bag or valise. The few white Southerners who joined with these adventurers in getting rich through misgovernment were known as "scalawags." The public treasuries were robbed, and the States were burdened with enormous debts. In six years the State debt of Alabama rose from \$8,000,000 to \$25,000,000; the cost to Louisiana of four years and five months of carpet bag rule amounted to \$106,020,337; the South Carolina legis-

lature spent \$350,000 in one session for "supplies, sundries, and incidentals." Taxes were raised so high that people lost their property because they could not pay their taxes.

The carpet baggers formed a secret organization styled, "The Loyal League of America." Before the Freedman could be recognized as Republicans, they were required to join the Loyal League. Five dollars had to be paid on joining, and fifteen or twenty dollars, when the carpet baggers thought the freedman could raise it. In this way thousands of dollars were wrung from the hands of our people. The freedmen were assured in league meetings that the lands and all property of their former masters would be equally divided among the former slaves. These promises led many negroes to indolence. They were told that the oath which they had taken in the league was of such a nature that they could not vote for any Southern white man for office; that to do so would cause their return to slavery. This threat caused much cheating at the polls. Negro managers were in possession of the electoral machinery, were backed by the Federal supervisors whom Congress had authorized to superintend the voting, and were naturally bold to use such a situation for their own advantage.

These facts give little idea of the bitterness of the degradation that the Southern people underwent. Some states were subjected to greater damage and deeper humiliation than others. The people of South Carolina, Mississippi, Louisiana and Arkansas perhaps, suffered the most; but all underwent the humiliation of seeing their States given over to pillage by miscreants, of having their slaves put over them and kept over them by armed power, while they themselves were forced to stand bound, helpless witnesses of their destruction.

Being unable to resist openly the power of the National government that encouraged the carpet bag govern-

ments of the States, the people of the South resorted to other means which proved for a time more or less effective. Secret societies under such titles as "Ku Klux Klan," Knights of the White Camellia, Pale Faces and White Brotherhood sprang up in different parts of the South. Year by year the organizations spread from State to State, until at last there had sprung into existence a great Ku Klux Klan, an "Invisible Empire of the South" bound together in a loose organization to protect their people from indignities and wrongs, to aid the suffering, particularly the families of dead Confederate soldiers and to protect their people from unlawful seizures and from trial otherwise than by jury.

Clad in their long white gowns and with their faces masked, the clansmen had the appearance of ghosts. Not only were the clansmen disguised, but their horses also had white sheets thrown over them and their feet muzzled to prevent anyone from hearing them.

At night the clansmen assembled at their den to ride on their nightly missions. Perhaps it was to try a negro for burning a barn or whip one for his indolence and impertinence or to warn some scalawag that his presence was no longer desired in the community or even sometimes to hang a negro if the offense was grave enough.

The clansmen did not treat the negroes that way just to see them suffer, but they were forced to do it on account of the way the negroes behaved. Armed and encouraged by the Northerners, the negroes committed many horrible and atrocious deeds, until finally, being unable to endure it no longer, the clansmen were forced to use force.

It is true that some reckless and malicious fellows who had private grudges to satisfy, borrowed the methods of the clansmen and caused the death of a few negroes, but many of the charges made by the North against the Ku Klux Klan are base lies. The Northern people knew

nothing whatsoever of the trying times the South underwent during the negro supremacy, consequently had no right to offer any suggestions or express any opinions.

Thanks to the noble men of the South for their bravery during those trying times. The highest praise and honors would be too small to express our appreciation for the men that wrested the power from the negro and saved the South from destruction.

Life and prosperity have come again to the South. This is due to the wisdom, the courage, the patience and the labor of the Southern people themselves moving steadily forward under their own leaders.

As the years roll by, the fact is made plainer that the North was in the wrong, and in confessing their guilt they ask us to forgive and forget.

Time may wash the anger from our breasts, but never from our minds will be washed the memories of those horrible times that linger there.

C. A. O. '21.

WHAT LOVE WILL DO.

It was a lovely afternoon in summer,
When Rose so filled with delight
Watched from the long, shady veranda
For Ted, who would soon be in sight.
Very soon she saw him approaching,
And she called to him in a gentle voice;
For she knew that the sound of her greeting
Would make his kind heart rejoice.

Just one year had passed away
Since these two young lives had met;
And their deep affections so strongly grew
That there was nothing for them to regret.
A Love that had drawn them together
Began silently her wonderful part,
And was softly and securely hidden
In the vault of each lover's heart.

Discontented with a place of seclusion,
And longing for a world outside,
This hidden Love beamed quickly forth
And cast her light so far and wide.
The world seemed a small part of heaven
With happiness for Rose and Ted;
For just a few days must drift away
Before the hour for them to wed.

Then as they sat on the steps together
In the shadows of the maples tall,
Ted's eyes brightened as he spoke to her
To tell her of his country's call.
He thought of his comrades who crossed the sea
To protect the rights of their land;
And as the meaning of duty came to him,
He must go with the fighting band.

The strong and the tender hands clasped gently,
As he told of the choice he must make;
But promised that her truest love
Across the sea he would gladly take.
"Rose," said he, "When a love for country
Holds tightly the heart of man,
There's a conscience that is unyielding,
And it bits him do all he can.

"So I must answer the voice that is calling;
And tho parting ends happiness so near,
I'll remember when on the field of battle
That your love for me is sincere.
The cherished love you have given me
Seems more wonderful each day it grows;
But the time has come for us to part,
And I must leave you now, dear Rose."

Then silently they stood in the sunlight
As the rays were adorning the west,
And walked into a bed of roses,
Since Rose had made the request.
Thus thrilled by the fragrance of the flowers
And the joy that was changed to grief,
She told Ted of his real greatness,
That proved true in him her belief.

She took a rose bud white and pure
That was waving in the breeze above,
And close to his heart she pinned it
As a memento of their love.
In outstretched arms she found herself,
Entranced and soothed by his tender embrace;
But suddenly she was all alone,
And saw no more his kind, sad face.

As the weeks and months crept slowly by,
 Ted was a soldier in the fields of France;
And no danger that was fierce and great
 Could destroy his zeal in the swift advance.
He toiled thru the roar of battle,
 And heard the cries of dying men;
But bravely he overcame all trials,
 And into the struggle he plunged again.

One day while the conflict was raging
 And Ted was in the midst of the fight,
His strength grew faint as he climbed the top;
 But still he worked with all his might.
Then as the men rushed forward
 Across a sheet of shot and shell,
Pierced thru the arm and shoulder,
 On the crimson field he fell.

He knew not the joy of victory,
 And the pain that war had made;
For beside his faithful comrades
 He had fallen in the cooling shade.
Not knowing that light follows darkness,
 And that thoughts are more real than they seem,
Beneath the trees he closed his eyes
 And fell into a wonderful dream.

The home and friends across the waves
 And every beautiful place he knew
Flew suddenly to the distant shores,
 And clearly fell into his view.
Such a lovely landscape was near him,
 And it seemed so real and bright!
But the picturesque scene of his country
 Faded into the darkness of night.

The charm of the scene had vanished
As he slept in a delirious rest;
For the one he loved had gone away,
While he was enduring the test.
"Oh where is Rose?" he gasped,
As his dry lips began to burn.
"Will she remember our sacred promise
And be waiting for my return?"

Then he was found and taken away
By a hand that knew no fear;
And while he was resting on a couch,
The haze of memories was soon made clear.
He lifted a small, faded rose bud,
When the day was beginning to close;
And he opened his eyes to see it,
But beheld not the faded rose.

Close beside him was a Red Cross nurse—
The Rose who had saved his life;
And each unfolded in the other's arms,
They forgot the deadly strife.
Each heart kept firmly to its promise,
And held the vow so high above
That the hopes of his dream were found at last,
And they realized the mystery of their love.

F. U. W. '20.

A MAN'S LUCK.

"Hey, fellows, come over here," yelled Long Jim, "We are rich at last."

The person who uttered this was a tall, lanky fellow not over thirty years of age. After looking at him for a while it could be seen that he was not one who originally belonged to the class that are out fortune seeking in the mountains of California. Although his clothes were badly torn, they still bore the traces of once having been well fitting and stylish among the lads from the city. He had the expression and dignity of having been well bred. Even if he had gone astray along some lines, there was one thing that his pardners and other men of their trade thought peculiar of him, he would not taste a drop of whiskey under any circumstances. He was here among people whom he had never seen before, a lad from the city. Why? This was the question which puzzled all who knew him. The only name he would give was Jim, and from this and also his build, his pardners had developed the name of Long Jim. He had drifted in one day in April six years ago, in a shower of rain.

When he came, his pockets were lined with money, but now, such was not the case. Luck had been against him, he had spent all his money and not one trace of gold had he found. But at this moment, he was sure luck was with him, he built more air castles in those few moments than it would have been possible for workmen to have built in years. There was one which loomed up big in his mind, tho really, considering its dimensions, it was the smallest. He could see before him the image of a young girl, arms extended, and saying, "I am still true to you. Are you coming?" His face beamed as it had not before in six years, and that was when he last saw her the night before he left for the West.

The persons to whom he called were two rough mountaineers. They had been born and raised in such

surroundings as could easily be seen by the way in which they carried themselves, the language which they used, the way in which they handled a revolver, and the way in which they used the mining utensils. It was by mere accident that he became associated with them. It came about in this way: six years ago, he had taken the stagecoach in the nearest village to go to a small mining town further up in the mountains. After they had gone about two-thirds of the way, the horses became frightened, ran away, and tore up the coach. As it was not many miles to town, he decided to walk. On the way, one of those April showers overtook him. He was wet to the skin, the road was becoming muddy, making it almost impossible for him to travel. On a hill in the distance, slightly off from the road, he could see a faint light. He turned his steps in this direction and plodded wearily on over the stones and other obstructions that hindered his progress. At last, he struck a trail which went in the direction of the light. Hope was on his face, for he was nearly exhausted. After some time, he reached the cottage from which the light came. He knocked and pounded upon the door several times and was about to give up when he heard a sound as if someone walking on barefeet. The door opened and there stood before him one of the men who was now his pardner.

"What can I do for yer?" said the man.

"If you have any place, just even a corner, where I could stay for the night, I would appreciate it," said Long Jim.

"Well, let's see," said the man, "I got an extra blanket, and you could roll up close to the fire and be tolerably warm. But come inside, it's darn'd site more invitin' in here."

"Thank you, that will suit me all right. And say, if

it would not be too much trouble, have you got a little something to eat? "

" No trouble, we had a little left over from supper. What's yer name, young feller?"

"Jim."

"Aint thar some more?"

"That's enough for now. May I ask yours?"

"They have a way in these parts of namin' yer what they please, and they give me the name of Skinny, jest 'cause I aint, and my pal over there they call him Lucky Pete fer the same reason. He aint never found over five dollars worth of that yeller metal at one time in his life. How came you wanderin' out here?"

Jim sat with his head in his hands. His mind was in turmoil. The last question Skinny had asked caused him to think of things that had happened in his past life. What could they have been, that they should put him in such a mood? Finally, he replied, but his eyes showed that there was something he was keeping back.

"I am out here to seek my fortune. I have spent the past few years of my life bent over a desk, making only enough to feed myself. I became tired of this, got a fever for money and here I am. Do you know where I might make a beginning?"

"If yer aint got no place picked out yer could settle down here with me and Lucky Pete. Our claim aint no big one, but three wont be too many. What yer say about staying?"

In the meantime Skinny had placed before him some cold bacon and bread, which, altho' quite different from what he had been accustomed to, he relished. They sat there before the fire and talked of many things; but never once could he get Jim to mention anything about his past life or why he came out there. When any such question was put to him, he seemed to become confused and would turn it off by talking about something else.

After talking some time, Jim decided to stay with them and try his luck whatever it might be. Day in and day out he had toiled without reward. He had been there exactly six years on the day he called to his pardners.

"Hey, fellows, come over here. We are rich at last."

He was at work in the bottom of a gully which looked as tho it had once been the course of a stream. He was busy with his pick, when he hit something hard, and saw a small spot of yellow glittering before his eyes. There beneath the soil, he saw his fortune; his head swam as he pictured himself returning home a rich man. His thoughts drifted back to years before he came to the West, to the girl for which his heart was yearning. Eagerly he dug at this spot and was regarded by finding a large nugget of gold which in his estimation was worth thousands of dollars. Skinny and Lucky Pete came up just as he removed it from the earth. The three carried it to town that afternoon and returned home with more money than they had ever dreamed of seeing. Around the fire that night, each told what he intended doing with his share, except Jim. He sat in the corner with his head in his hands as he had the night he came. There was a question running thru his mind, "Can I go back?" Why could he not? Here he was a rich man; but with a better understanding of his past life, it can be seen what was causing this question.

He was from a small town in Virginia which had a population of nearly four thousand. His family was considered one of the best there. All his life, he had been brought up in the best society. During his last year in high school, he had met a young girl whom he admired very much. This friendship soon developed into their engagement. In the meantime, a friend of his became his rival. The boy's friendship came to an end suddenly, they would not speak to each other on the street, and it had been rumored that they had been on

the brink of a quarrel a number of times. One night as Jack Ross, this was his rival's name, was returning home from her house he had been shot. As he was in an unconscious state, he could not give them any clue as to who did the shooting. Therefore, the suspicions of the people naturally fell on Jim. Who else would have done such a thing? Jack was a clever fellow and made friends with all those who came in contact with him. There was no one in town whom they knew who did not like him except Jim. Linking one thing unto another, the police finally decided he was the one and begin looking for him, but he made his escape from the rear of the house. He went from there to the girl's house to try to prove his innocence to her. He knocked nervously upon the door. The door opened slowly and there stood Nell Camp, the girl to whom he was engaged.

"Why, Jim, what in the world is the matter with you? You don't look like yourself," she said.

"Nell, I suppose you have heard about Jack's having been shot while on his way home tonight. As you know Jack and I are not on good terms; so the suspicion was cast on me. The town police are looking for me now; but I am going to do my best to escape. When I have enough money to come back and demand a fair trial, I am coming back, clear myself and claim you. Nell, I came by here to tell you good-bye and also to let you know that I am innocent. Do you believe me?"

"Jack, in my heart, I believe you are innocent; but to retain my place in society, I shall have to break my engagement to you. But remember that I still love you."

"Good-bye, Nell, I hear them coming now. Remember, some day I shall return to you."

She stood in the door some minutes gazing in the direction he went. She loved him, she knew she did; but she had herself to look after. To continue her engagement to a criminal would have been her ruination. Trusting

and hoping that some day he would return to her, clear from all stains, she finally went to sleep.

Jim hastened on thru the darkness, stumbling and staggering on till he reached a little station about five miles from where the deed was committed. It was about thirty minutes before a train came through; but each minute seemed like hours to him. Several times he was on the brink of fleeing when he imagined that he could hear the angry shouts of the crowd pursuing him. At last, the train came, he boarded it as if he were afraid that it would leave him. How much rest and peace to him as he sped on, leaving the scene of the crime many miles behind. He journeyed on till he reached California, where we saw him before.

Tears stood in the eyes of the three pardners as Jim told Skinny and Lucky Pete good-bye. He was leaving for the town in the east from which he had fled. He was going back to clear himself and to build in reality the air castles which he built in his mind when he first saw the nugget of gold at his feet. He left his pardners, took the stagecoach for the nearest railroad station and began his journey eastward. Oh what joy it brought him as the train sped over each mile bringing him nearer to Nell. That was the thought which whirled in his mind. He would have the right to claim her once more, as he was sure his past life would be clear. Late one afternoon he arrived at his home town and began walking up the street. Everything looked as if he had only been away a day. A boy was crying out the afternoon paper for sale. He bought one and began glancing over the head-lines, his attention was arrested on one of the lines. He saw these two words and no more. Camp-Ross. He did not need to read any more, for he knew the rest. With a sad expression on his face he said, "But such is man's luck."

T. H. B., '20

HONOR.

Honor is that sense of right which prompts a man to be self-respecting, to uphold truth and justice, and to be free from deceit and treachery. Without honor a man cannot be honest, and unless he is honest he is far from having the essential qualities which go to make the highest type of man. The man who lacks honor lacks a most valuable asset, for honor is the foundation on which character is built.

Anything obtained falsely or under false pretenses is dishonest. The dishonest person lacks the respect of others and is not to be trusted in matters of importance. No matter whether it is cheating, representing things falsely, swindling, or stealing that is practiced, it is all dishonesty. False representations may be made in various ways and desired ends obtained under false pretenses. No matter what the method used or the end sought, if false representations are used, the method is dishonest.

In school the type of dishonesty mostly practiced is that of obtaining information by unfair means. In the first place this tends to develop a dishonest tendency in a person's nature. Aside from being wrong itself, it leads to greater wrongs. It is doing harm to the one who practices it by weakening his ability to stand up for the right. This affects not only the one who makes use of it, but it also affects his fellow students.

Two students may have practically the same brain power, yet one uses unfair means and makes excellent grades, while the other depends upon his own resources and makes poor or only medium grades. One student may spend hours in digging out a problem and another student may copy it in a few minutes. They both get credit for the same amount of work. This is unfair to the one who really does the work. On examinations or in the classroom the student who obtains his answers from

any source other than his own brain and labor is playing unfair and is obtaining his grade falsely. The person who does this is lying, and a liar is certainly far from being the highest type of man.

The man who has a sense of honor and who lives up to it has the satisfaction of knowing that he is living on his own merit and is not depending on someone else for his thoughts and work. In the end, acting fairly and squarely proves to be the best way, and the only way, in which a person may have the proper amount of self-respect, and also may be worthy of the trust and respect of others. We hear people say that honesty is the *best* policy. Honesty is not alone the *best* policy; it is the *only* policy.

J. J. W. '19.

UNCLE BEN'S RETURN.

Old Uncle Ben Green, a well known negro of the neighborhood had died,, and the negroes had planned to have a big "settin-up."—For the benefit of those who have never heard of a "settin-up" I will explain that it is a custom among the Southern negroes of sitting up all night long with a dead body. Usually both the old and young attend, and the negroes look forward with pleasure to the time when they can sit up together all night long. The young people sometimes make a frolic over the affair, but the old ones, especially the relations and close friends of the deceased, faithfully moan over the loss of their companion.

The negroes had gathered from far and near and the little church was crowded. The old people were all on the front benches, while the younger ones occupied the rear. Reverend Joyner, the presiding minister, had his congregation well in hand bemoaning the loss of their beloved brother. The time passed quietly until about midnight, and then, while there was a lull in the singing and praying a slight noise was heard from the coffin. The preacher seemed not to hear the noise, but several old women on the front bench looked very suspiciously at the coffin. The preacher called for another hymn, but the leaders on the front bench failed to make a sound. The sudden silence attracted the attention of the young people, and they began whispering to each other. Some were laughing, others were serious, and a few seemed to be getting very nervous. The preacher, not hearing the noise repeated, put on a bold front. "Brethren," he said, "dere aint nuthin to hurt you in dis here church. The livin am de ones you should fear." Just then a low groan came from the coffin. Reverend Joyner, forgetting his advice to his flock, quickly stepped down from the pulpit and started toward the door. A second groan from the coffin, louder and more pronounced, caused the open-mouthed congregation to stampede for the

door. The door being small and the crowd not being willing to proceed slowly caused a very great congestion at the door. Those inside could not get out, and as the noises from the coffin were still to be heard, they decided that the windows were the best exits. Luckily the sashes were all up because the negroes did not have time to stop for such a slight barrier as glass. In spite of the confusion at the door, the church was empty in a very short time.

As Reverend Joyner was the first one out of the church, he reached home sometime before his wife did. When she got there, very much out of breath, she was much surprised to find her noble helpmate in bed with his head under the cover. "Sam," she said in a very scornful tone, "how come you leave dat church so quick, when you done said dat no one should fear the dead."

"Yes, Susan, I said dat, but I neber heard a dead man do dat way befoe. I'se afraid he might come outta dat coffin. A natural dead man is all right, but when a dead man begin to groan like dat I aint goin to have no settin-up over him."

The other negroes were in the same frame of mind that the preacher was, and consequently the coffin and its contents were left alone in the church.

Jack and Tom Benton, coming home from a dance, heard someone calling from the church. "Lemme outta here!, Oh-O-O-O!, Oh-O-O-O!, lemme out!" They went over to the church and broke open the coffin. A very much frightened old man crawled out.

"Thank you Cap," he said in a grateful tone, "dem fool niggers want to put me in ma box befoe my time cum. I bin callin for de las haf hour and none of dem would let me out."

The next day it was a hard matter for Uncle Ben to find any of his friends. He was somewhat short-sighted and the negroes, seeing him first, would get out of his way. Finally when he did get hold of Reverend Joyner he impressed it very firmly on the preacher that Ben Green was still alive and kicking.

R. L. V. '19.

LET THERE BE LIGHT.

It was night. Darkness still and profound had covered the deep. There was no sign of light; the air hung motionless, and over it all there brooded the heavy wings of night. Then came those marvelous wonder working words: "Let There be light," and over the face of the formless deep, driving out all darkness that filled the void, there swept a pure morning light. When man came to appreciate this wonderful new substance, he loved it and it came for him a symbol of love, hope, and purity—even of life itself.

We have become so accustomed to this form of symbolized and physical light until we become blinded by mere words, but I would like you think for a little while of another kind of light and another darkness—very near to us since they concern our own State; this darkness comes from ignorance, prejudice, and from unused and wasted possibilities.

We of South Carolina are proud of our traditions—proud of our wonderful past and the possibilities of a brilliant future. We speak of the ignorance of foreign nations; and we pity our neighbors next door, yet my friend, did you know that we are the second most illiterate state in the Union? Our name has become a by-word among our sister states; and the pity is, we are unashamed. Somehow, tho, it doesn't seem to worry us any; we have heard the same statement repeated so frequently that it becomes trite, and we merely hope that things will change by and by. Yet, taking as example Laurens county, a county supposed to be a leader in education, there are 1500 illiterates—one thousand five hundred people who cannot read and write, one thousand five hundred people living in danger of becoming criminals, for ignorance breeds crime; and the resultant crime will cost our state much more than it would to educate them. In this same county—a supposed leader,

mind you, there were seven hundred men in the last election who made their majority (and the percentage is higher in some other counties)—seven hundred men helping to decide who shall make our laws, who shall guard our place, and who shall stand for the dignity of our state! Why are we urged to vote more money, to pay better salaries, to keep better men and better women in the important profession of teaching? We need them because we need better citizens, we need better citizens because we need better laws, and we need better laws because we need better citizens—thus on the cycle would go.

I have said that we need better government, and by better government, of course, I mean better politics—cleaner and purer politics, to make up that government. We of South Carolina think ourselves a peculiar people, blessed by the Almighty and truly we are blessed—yet our little state, bordered 'round with cloud-kissed bills and sunlit sea of which the whispering pines or the stately palmetto might either be a proud emblem, has for years been a byword politically among the other states. It is not necessary for us to bring up our history for the past six years to prove this point. Our political mind and attitude is a well worn topic, newspapers and politicians having ridden the topic until it almost totters to collapse, yet it is well to refresh our minds at intervals, for the subject is not dead, but resting—it can never die so long as we have the politically blind voters, who place the authority of our state into the hands of the unfit or the unclean. The fault lies primarily in the individual, in the voter, who is not entirely to blame. He has no guide, save his own misguided comrades—he has no leader, save the politician who tickles his vanity and appeals to his class prejudice and to his race hatred.

We are living in a very interesting age, although the public mind is at present concentrated on the greatest

of all wars. Yet in time, this must finally be over, and again, we will be confronting the problems of education and government, and since America is destined to become the leader of all nations under the rule of democracy, it becomes doubly important that our government be as near perfect as human minds can conceive and plan. This, my friends, can only be done by our being governed by an educated and honest citizenship. Did you ever stand before a great monument standing four-square to all the winds that blow, a very emblem of strength and beauty, then did you ever think that deep down below that polished surface are huge masses of uncut and unpolished stones—and but for these that great structure would fall and become as common clay? So it is with the government—it is just as essential that the government to have a common people who are intelligent and sound in principle as it is for a great monument to have a sound sub-structure.

More and more, we are coming to study the people whom we ought to have studied long ago, whom we might have served better for the knowing. Let us, therefore, gird up our loins and say in the name of the Giver of all light—I say unto you, lawmakers and leaders of South Carolina—"Let there be light."

J. W. W. '18.

PATRIOTISM

True patriotism is pure love of country that leads us to make any personal sacrifice for its welfare, to offer our lives in its service, to consider ourselves but mere units compared with the great whole we call our country.

Under all conditions true patriotism desires the highest good of the country.

True patriotism will desire to see all public positions filled by the men who hold the good of the country at heart.

True patriotism will accept no public office whatever unless satisfied that the administration under such control will be for the public good.

False patriotism will peril the destruction of the entire country to advance personal ambition and aims; of which bad trait, we have a most striking example in Miltiades of old, who, having won the faith of his people, took advantage of his popularity and had fitted out, at the cost of the state, a fleet, for which purpose he used solely to avenge a private misunderstanding.

False patriotism will seek office and commissions for private interest.

False patriotism will accept bribery. Those pages of history which report to us of the treasonable act of Benedict Arnold have never become cleansed by time.

False patriotism will suffer party spirit to take precedence of public interest.

The love of country is one of the noblest impulses of the human heart. Broadly speaking it is next to the love of God.

Augustus, Curtius, and last but not least Junius Brutus, whose story is best told in his own words are examples of patriotism: "If there be any dear friend of Caesar's, to him I say that Brutus's love for Caesar was no less than his. If then that friend should demand why Brutus rose against Caesar, this is my answer not that

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I loved Caesar less but that I loved Rome more. As Caesar loved me I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice, as he was valiant, I honor him; but as he was ambitious I slew him." All these men were distinguished for patriotism.

George Washington exhibited a most commendable patriotic spirit in wrenching our land from the cruel hands of tyranny. Abraham Lincoln's love for his country was shown in his efforts to maintain that often quoted adage "United we stand, divided we fall." The patriotic spirit of President Wilson in the present crisis needs no explanation.

Robert E. Lee was a patriotic soldier.

John Paul Jones was a patriotic sailor.

Webster, Clay, and John C. Calhoun were patriotic statesmen; these three men were not always in harmony, it is true, but they were always patriotic.

Alfred the Great was a patriotic ruler.

Robert Morris after contributing his vast fortune to the cause of the Revolution died a pauper.

Patriots in the past have died for their country. Cato, rather than survive the down-fall of the Roman empire, committed suicide.

Women may show patriotism as well as men, Joan of Arc, who is seen at the head of a large army, saved France. Nancy Hart and numerous others, which space and time both prohibit, have demonstrated patriotism.

All Americans should be true patriots. It is the only country where true freedom for all exists. The National institutions are such as to excite a feeling of pride in the hearts of all lovers of liberty.

The history of the world cannot produce a prouder list of patriots than those who rescued the American colonies from tyranny, and led the way to freedom and prosperity.

No other country can rival us in extent of territory, just laws, ingenuity of inventions, and national liberty.

"Still one great clime, in full and free defiance,
Yet rears her crest, unconquered and sublime,
Above the far Atlantic. She has taught
Her Essau brethen that the haughty flag,
The floating fence of Albion's feeble crag,
May strike, to those whose right red hands have bought
Rights cheaply earned with blood."

J. B. M. '21.



THE KID.

"Drake, what you need is a rest. The city's frivolities have been too much for you, and unless you engage yourself in some other kind of work, your health will soon be beyond restoration."

The speaker was Dr. Thompson, to whom Dick Drake had gone for advice.

Dick, a member of the East Jersey society set, had been on a great strain. Every night after supper he would leave home in order to be with the boys and to make a night of it. At every dance Dick could be seen on the floor until the orchestra played its last note, and on returning he always stopped by "The Greeg" to get, as he called it, the advice of "Dr. Tardy." But the strain of his nights out, always followed by a visit to the Gregg, had proved to be too much for him; and upon realizing his condition, he finally turned from "Dr. Tardy" to Dr. Thompson.

A full minute elapsed before Dick made an answer to Dr. Thompson's advice, and then he only said—"Well, if I must give up, I must;" and before departing from the office of Dr. Thompson he asked, "Would you advise a man to go West to recuperate?"

"I think the West is a great place for one to build up his health," replied Dr. Thompson, "and, furthermore, a man in your condition needs to be out in the open. The West provides this condition."

Dick left the office shortly and determined to start on his westward trip the following Thursday. He was very busy during the remainder of the week getting ready for his journey, for he intended to stay all summer if everything ran along as he had planned.

The night before he left Dick was at the club with the fellows, making his last night of it for the summer; and the next day found him at the terminal, waiting for the train which was to carry him on his trip westward.

Dick had not decided, before he departed, which place he would visit. All he wanted was a quite, secluded, little village, somewhere near the Rockies; where he might find complete rest, and relief from the strain and rush of the city. He had asked the conductor to suggest a place which might serve to provide him with the conditions he desired; and the only place mentioned, which struck Dick as being ideal, was "Crescent Pass." Somehow Dick just liked the name of the little village, and he pictured it in his mind as being an excellent health resort.

After two days of continuous travelling, Dick was aroused from reading a magazine, about nine o'clock in the evening, by hearing the porter yell out, "Crescent Pass." Dick gathered his belongings together and prepared to get off as soon as the train stopped.

When the big locomotive pulled into the little village of Crescent Pass, everything was in darkness. Dick alighted and began looking around the deserted little railroad shed, hoping to find some one who might give him some information as to where he might find a lodging place. Around on the back side of the little village station, Dick saw a fat red faced little man, sitting on a dry goods box, reading a paper by the light of a dim lantern which sat beside him. Between his teeth he held a short burnt-out cob pipe from which issued odors of home-raised tobacco. He had not seen Dick approaching him, and had apparently paid little attention to the train, which, had just left the village.

"What place is this?", Dick inquired, and the little man jumped as tho he had been awakened suddenly from a prolonged sleep.

"Wot cha say?", asked the little man, who was now viewing Dick from every angle.

"What place is this?," Dick repeated.

"Land sakes mun, you don't know whar you got off at?", and the little man snickered to himself as he puffed

large clouds of white smoke from between his lips.

"Is there any place in this town where I can secure lodging for the night?", Dick asked, for he did not care to dwell upon his first question, since the little man had succeeded in turning it into a joke.

"Wal less see," replied the little man, after a pause of several minutes, "the widdy Jones down at 'The Gap' might take yo; bein's yo aint got no whar to stay. I'm gwine down that a way now and ef yo wan' ter go 'long wid me, why, I don' mine yo bein my comp'ny."

Dick readily accepted this invitation and, after walking for about a mile from the little railroad station, the two came to the Gap.

"Thar's the widdy's house now," the little man said, pointing to a little four-roomed dwelling, situated just to the side of the road.

Dick thanked his friend for the attention he had given him, and then approached the house to which he had been directed. He was not long in making arrangements for the night, and after a light luncheon he retired to his room for a good night's rest.

The following morning Dick decided that he would see something of the village at which he was stopping, and left his boarding house for the little settlement up the road from the Gap. A crowd of men dressed strictly in the western style were standing at the corner of a building, over which hung a sign with the three words, "The Bull's Eye," painted in large black letters. They were all joking and laughing together. As Dick came wandering by, all eyes were turned on him as tho he were an escaped convict, seeking refuge in the far west. Dick walked on by the crowd and then sided up to the window of a small frame building, just below the corner where the crowd was standing. A big husky fellow about six feet tall was also leaning against the building a short distance from the place where Dick was standing. When his eyes fell upon Dick, he came nearer and began inquiring as to how he came to be there.

"I came West for my health," Dick began. "My home is in New Jersey, and during this summer I have been on such a strain that the doctor in my town advised me to take a complete rest. When I came here, I had no idea of the kind of place at which I was stopping, but I merely let the conductor of the train decide a place for me."

"Wal, whar's yo' stain, at,?" the big westerner asked.

"I am now staying down at the Gap, I believe Mrs. Jones is the name of my landlady," Dick said, after a little hesitation.

"Yo mean tha widdy, I s'pose. By tha way, yo aint no r'lotion of hern, is yo?" asked the big fellow.

"No," Dick replied, I never heard of her until last night. Our names are not even the same. My name is Drake," Dick said, for he thought it a good time to get an introduction to the big westerner.

"Drake, yo say? Wal, mos of um 'roun here calls 'me Jim. My hin' names ben changed so much in the pas', I hardly r'members wot 'tis now, but gener'ly I ans'ers to Hill; jest plain Jim Hill."

While the two were thus busily engaged in conversation, Dick happened to glance across the street and saw a young girl, just in her 'teens, approaching.

"Who is the young lady," Dick inquired.

"That un comin' up tha stret?" said Jim Hill.

"Lor', I thot evybody in tha village knowed 'er; but since yo aint ben here long, I s'pose she's new ter yo," the big westerner continued. "I don't know as she's got no name perticla; cause ef she is, she never gits it. Everybody here at tha Pass jest calls 'er 'Tha Kid.' Her foks com' out here when tha Pass—wal, yo might say, wuddn't no Pass. Tha ol' lady never lived long attter tha com' west, cause fev'r got the bes' uv 'er. Tha ol, man and tha kid lived 'bout two miles frum tha Gap up to 'bout' fourteen year er go, when he got bad on' nite an' shot up tha

sheriff. He had ter leave and aint ben herd uv since. When he lef', tha kid, she wus jest lef' fur tha whole village ter take ker uv, an tha widdy Jones is ben pervidin' a place fer 'er ever since. I s'pose some day tha kid an me'll git married, for tha whole village seems sot on makin' tha match. Tha even wants ter run me fer sheriff nex' yer so's I ken begin ter git ready ter provide fer 'er."

Dick listened attentively to the story of "The Kid" and wondered how it happened that he had not seen her the night before at the widows. Finally he said, "Well, I guess I had better be getting on back down to the Gap, for dinner will soon be ready."

So bidding Jim good-day, he started back down the road to the Widow Jones' boarding house.

That day at dinner Dick got a good look at The Kid for the first time. She was sitting just opposite him and her dark brown eyes, gazing out from beneath a mass of brown curly hair, stayed fixed upon him during the entire meal. Dick had never before seen a more beautiful face than hers and he began to realize more fully the meaning of the term, "Love at first sight."

One evening, about a month after his arrival at Crescent Pass, Dick was sitting under a large oak tree situated just to one side of the widow's house. Beside him sat The Kid. They had been talking about and discussing very nearly everything, as they thought, when Dick said something about Jim.

"O, don't mention that brute," said The Kid, "I despise him, I hate him," and she looked up at Dick with tears in her eyes. "The whole village thinks that I should marry him," she continued, "just because they are going to elect him sheriff next year, and I'd rather be dead than to have to live with such a thing as he for the rest of my days."

Dick and The Kid sat there until nearly dark and then went into the house. Before eight o'clock, however,

Dick decided to go up to the village Post Office to see if the night train had brought him any mail. On his way from the Gap, he met Jim Hill.

"Looka 'ere, Drake," Jim began, "I've ben er herin' frum tha boys an seed myself that yo are er payin' too much 'tenurn to the Kid. I kinder thot when I fust seed yo, yo wus goin' ter give us trubble, and we jes' aint er gonna stan fer it. Yo city dudes thinks yo can cum out 'ere an r'juvenate tha wes' jes' any time yo gits ready, an ef yo don' cut out yo foolishness," he said, flourishing a large pistol in the air, "why I'll fill yo carcus so full a holes as to make one uv them German center-meters er shame uv his self. 'Bout tha bes' advice I can give yo is ter git out uv town by tomorrow, er yo'll wisht yo hadda."

Dick listened to all Jim had to say and then proceeded on his way to the Post Office without answering him, and returned in a short while to the Gap.

The following morning, about ten o'clock, Dick Drake was seen headed for the little railroad station at Crescent Pass, having evidently taken the advice of Jim Hill, to avoid trouble.

At twelve o'clock the same day the little village of Crescent Pass was all astir. Every one was on the street and Jim and his crowd were gathered at the window of "The Bull's Eye" reading a telegram which was pasted on the glass. It read like this:

Waycross, Kan.

To the people of Crescent Pass,

"My heart goes out to all of you good people, and especially to mother Jones, for all the good things you have done for me. Dick and I are both enjoying life."

Mrs. Richard R. Drake,

(alias. The Kid.)

Jim Hill gazed at the telegram without saying a word, but finally turned to his companions and said, "Wal, boys, he got it on me that time; les' all go in and drink to the health uv Tha Kid."

W. J. K. '19.

The Clemson College Chronicle

FOUNDED BY THE CLASS OF 1898.

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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: B. O. WILLIAMS, '18.

NEW YEAR GREETINGS!

We have happily spent another Christmas vacation with our loved ones at home, and another New Year has presented itself with all its splendors and its possibilities. While we were spending these days so pleasantly and joyously amidst the comforts and attractions of our homes, our thoughts should have given place to our neighbors and fellow countrymen who are offering their lives and who are being deprived of their comforts in order that those who survive may live in peace and happiness.

May we as students take the golden opportunities now facing us and use them in ways which will make our parents, our Alma Mater, and, this the greatest nation of all the world, proud of us. Now of all times our country is looking for leaders, men with purposes as

true as steel—men with sterling characters to back up their purpose. Let us all pull together as one man, and the concentrated resources of our country will furnish power to drive our principles and motives into all parts of the world. Each man who bravely plays his part will have a bright and shining star added to his crown.

ANSWERING THE CALL.

Altho it is with a deep feeling of sadness that we have seen a number of our fellow students depart from their college career to answer the call of their country, we fully realize that they have been inspired by a spirit of "Love for Country" and we certainly admire their stand. The "Chronicle" will greatly miss the splendid work of its former Editor-in-Chief, Mr. Stribling, who is among this class. The staff and readers of the publication have seen the great efforts put forth by him, and they bid him a fond adieu.

The cause for which they have left is greater than any cause which Americans have ever fought for, and we know that they will be heard from at the front and elsewhere. The student body was greatly disorganized by the leaving of these men, but their ranks are being filled and a reorganization is well on foot.

Many lives will have to be spared in winning this war, and distress will necessarily result, but we know that all things work together for good, and let us hope, trust, and pray that it is so ordered with these our fellow-students, whom we so earnestly and sincerely admire. Our greatest desire is that they may help win this war and return to their dear old father-land where they may live in peace and happiness and enjoy the fruits thereof; for "Peace hath her victories, no less renowned than war."

MID-WINTER.

We are now passing thru one of the roughest winters this section has ever seen, from the standpoint of weather conditions. There are always some students who regard such a time as being unfavorable to the best progress of their College work; they think that the freezing temperature carries with it a tendency to weaken their interest in the things required of them. There are others who consider the ice, snow, and cold as a stimulant. They get inspiration from viewing Mother Earth with a coat of snow over her surface, and consequently are encouraged to put forth all their efforts in trying to be as efficient as possible. It would certainly be a great thing if we could all realize the evil effects of being idle. True it is that "Idleness is the Devil's work-shop" and from this, may we get a vision that will prompt us to utilize every minute of our precious time in being as serviceable as possible. May we take the chilling breeze of mid-winter and use it to quicken our brain and to strengthen our initiative.



EDITOR: W. H. BRYANT, '18.

Lieutenant B. H. Lacy, Chaplain of the 113th Field Artillery at Camp Sevier, gave one of the best talks we have had this session at Vespers, Sunday January 21st. Chaplain Lacy played quarter-back on the football team while at Davidson, and here he first came into close contact with Clemson when his team was defeated 20 to 0 by the Tigers. He was a Rhodes scholar in Europe when the war broke out. Mr. Lacy discussed "The Need of Men" from several standpoints, using the passage, "Behold I go the way of all the earth; but be thou strong, therefore, and show thyself to be a man," as his text. What the world wants today—right now—is men; not a mere male human being, but a man with the character that will carry him thru war and peace alike and not lose his manhood. Of particular interests to college students was the story of David, who could play so well upon the harp that he had hardly an equal in all the land, and who could use a sling so accurately that to miss a hair at one hundred feet was a bad shot. If young David had follyed away his time while a lad on the Judean hills, as most of his comrades did, do you think he would ever have made a man known the world over? How continuously and assiduously did he practice with his slig! And as with David, so with us, "In the period of preparation comes the greatest test of all." If we in our "period of preparation" folly away our time, letting things slip by, half done—half learned, even more so will the best things of life slip over our heads, never to be enjoyed by us, for

"The life that counts must toil and fight
Must hate the wrong and love the right,
Must stand by the truth by day, by night;
This is the life that counts."



EDITOR: S. A. ANDERSON, '18.

L. A. Sease '96 "King" is associate professor of English at Clemson College. He was an engineering student, but being too "bulky" to make a good "pole climber" he decided to teach.

I M. Mauldin '96 is a prominent Banker and Lawyer of the Piedmont section. He is also a trustee of Clemson.

C. F. Inman '10 "Doctor" is now teaching Chemistry at Clemson. While in school he attained many honors among them were *Chronicle staff*, *Editor Tiger*, and member of the "Hot Chocolate Club."

B. R. Turnipseed '96 is a foremost leader in the Methodist Ministry.

A. B. Bryan '98 at his graduation intended to become a farmer, but realizing the amount of labor attached thereto he changed his mind and took up teaching as his life work.

T. E. Keitt, '06 is among the leading agricultural chemists, of the South. "Tom" was one of the leaders of his class, and is now teaching at his Alma Mater.

R. B. Waters '16 "Brice" is a First Lieutenant in the National Army. "Brice" was a very popular student while in school, both with the boys and the faculty.

D. E. Monroe '16 "Gene" is now seeing active service in France as a lieutenant in Uncle Sam's Army.

A. B. Carwile '16 "Major" is now doing farm demonstration work in this State.

D. F. Folger '16 "Dag" is with the Y. M. C. A. at Camp Sevier, Greenville, S. C. "Dag" was president of the Y. M. C. A. while in school, and was instrumental in securing our magnificent building.

(Note) : The following letter was received by a student in barracks from C. A. Wilcox, Jr. who is in active service in France. He would have been in the present Junior class, had he not entered the service.

Nov. 26, 1917.

Dear boy,

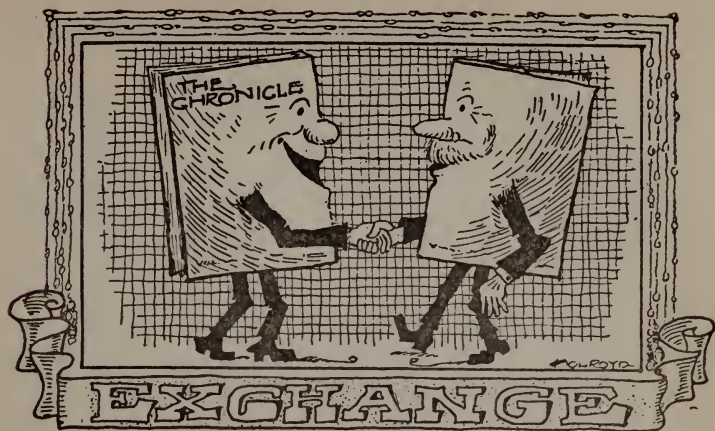
I wish you could be with me now, you and Bum and Rob and the other boys. We have seen something and don't you forget it. I believe I wrote you about my trip to New York City with Edward Harner. We saw it all, believe me, from the top of the Woolworth to the subway, visiting the Aquarium, the Metropolitan Museum, the Hippodrome, and Carnegie Hall, where we heard Anna Case sing.

Our trip across the Atlantic was delightful in spite of the fact that our quarters were rather crowded and that we had to stay in the hole most of the time. Several of the boys got awfully seasick and I got somewhat swimmy in the head, myself, but I didn't "feed a fish." We had some very rough days outside, the transport rolling and jumping sometimes like a log in spite of its great length. We were all mighty glad, however, when we sighted land early one morning. The blinking light-house which welcomed us looked like "home, sweet home" to us land-lubbers.

We next took the train for our destination, the mysterious "Somewhere in France." We travelled in box-cars, the funniest little cars you ever saw. Our cars would hold about three of them. We had three squads to a car and, believe me, we had to pack in at night when we slept, or rather tried to. They made excellent observation cars, tho, and we saw France by the whole-sale. To say France is beautiful is putting it too mildly. The vineyards, quaint stone-houses, and green meadows are so odd and different to us Americans that it is charming. In spite of the fact that we didn't sleep much on the trip I spent almost every moment looking in the daytime. The country made a continious series of pictures, each lovely in itself, as we rolled along.

We bade the boxcars farewell without shedding many tears and shouldering our packs, hiked to a neighboring village several kilometers off. We spent several days there in lofts of houses which was quite a novel experience to us and one which we enjoyed. From there we came here and are now in barracks. Our location is a few hundred yards from the village in a valley surrounded by lovely hills. We had sleet yesterday and it is usually cloudy or dainy but we all feel fine and are in capitol spirits. Read this to Rob. Tell him his letter was dandy, write when you can to your old friend,

C. A. W. Jr.



EDITORS:

J. N. TENHET, '18.

J. S. WATKINS, '19.

The contents of The Wake Forest Student for December is rather above the average. The stories are quite interesting and are fairly good, altho the "Dubs" strikes us as a little unusual. The characters in this story seem just a trifle overdrawn. We have had some *rara avis* among the "rats" at Clemson, from time to time, but surely the greenest, rawest freshman that ever matriculated, would never dare to disregard the rights of the college athletic association after he had been at college one week. If one should dare, the upper classmen would certainly stop it very quickly.

The two poems in this issue are both good in nearly every respect. The first, "To England: Afterthought" appeals to everyone; and who has not at some time felt the subtle charm to be found in strolling down an old road in the twilight?"

The essays are unusually fine, and it is seldom that one comes across such interesting and well written ones. The author of the sketch on "Riley," however, seems to be a little misinformed concerning hussars. His state-

ment that the Hoosiers were "descendants of the adventurous Hussars of Europe," certainly seems to imply that the hussars were a distinct race, or at least type of people. This is a mistake. Hussars were simply one branch of the cavalry and were found in every army in Europe. They were no more adventurous nor of a distinct race than the dragoons, lancers, or any other branch of the service.

Taken as a whole, this issue of the Wake Forest Student is unusually good for a college publication, and it is well balanced throughout. It would have been much improved, however, if some of the articles had been more appropriate to the Christmas season.

The College of Charleston Magazine is very short this issue and contains no essays at all. The stories, "The Failure" and "Wings of Fate" are very interesting, exceptionally well written, and both have well developed plots, but the authors both seem to be suffering from an attack of melancholia at the time of writing. It scarcely seems appropriate in the Christmas issue, to have the hero of one story commit suicide and the hero of the other go insane from grief.

The contents of the letter to the college men of the South receives our heartiest endorsement. Every word of it should be taken to heart. It is time that the South was awakening to its responsibilities to the negro race.

The poem "A Literal Translation of a Thought" is one whose humor and sentiment will appeal to every student of foreign languages who has ever felt the need for a ride on that far famed animal, the pony.

This issue as a whole is not well balanced; needing one or two essays to round it out. If these were supplied, the magazine would be tremendously improved.

The Clemson College Chronicle

Valeat Quantum Valent Potest

Vol. XVI.

Clemson College, S. C., February 1918

No 4



EDITORS:

J. B. FAUST, '18.

A. C. CORCORAN, '19.

M. C. JETER, '20.

DAWN

(A Fragment)

At the break of day,
All the world looks gray
And the east wears a first faint blush
And the dew shines bright
In the dim half light,
On every tree and brush.

Then the towering lines
Of the sentinel pines
Thrust their arms athwart the blue
And the rosy gleam
Of the sun's first beam
Illumines their darksome hue.

Then the lilting note
From the mock-bird's throat
Seems to pulse thru the whole wide worl';
And the sweet perfume
From the jas'mines' bloom
Throws one's senses in a whirl.

J. N. T. '18.

THE FATHER OF OUR COUNTRY.

It seems only fitting, during these days of strife and turmoil, that we should study for a moment the life and character of "The Father of Our Country," because it will probably give us greater courage and enthusiasm in the task that is now confronting us—"Making the world free for Democracy."

George Washington was born in Westmoreland County, Virginia, February 22, 1732, the son of Mary Ball and Augustine Washington, but according to the old style of reckoning time, he was born February 11, 1732. He was the oldest of a family of six children. Owing to the limited educational facilities of his day, his early education was very poor; however, by reading all the books that he could secure on the subject of surveying, he soon became widely known for his accuracy and proficiency in his line of work. Early in life, he formed the habit of regularity, and he also wrote a set of "Rules of Deportment." The most often quoted of these rules is: "Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire, caled conscience." Doubtless very few know the author of this wise saying.

In his early boyhood he delighted in all kinds of outdoor exercises, especially horse-back riding, and this, with the experiences gained while surveying the frontiers, was invaluable in the great task which he afterwards undertook. However, his greatest desire was to be a sailor, but he soon gave this up because it was against his mother's wishes.

He always kept in close contact with his friends by letter-writing, and his letters, found since his death, are very interesting from a literary as well as a historical point of view.

His life began in earnest in the autumn of 1753 when he was sent in charge of a body of men from Virginia to the rescue of a party of English traders, who had been imprisoned by the French in the Ohio valley. Altho

he did not succeed in this undertaking, the people did not lose confidence in him, and when the English government sent Braddock over, Washington was appointed as his aide because he knew the nature of the country so well. Washington warned the British officer against the intrepidity of the Indians, and if Braddock had listened to him, history would have had a different story to tell.

After peace had been secured between the English and the French, Washington returned to his old home on the Potomac, and on January 6, 1759, married a young widow, Martha Curtis.

His quiet, peaceful life did not last long because Congress, indignant over the many acts of tyranny of the English, declared war and Washington was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the American forces. Without a murmur he accepted this honorable position and with great bravery led the American patriots thru the darkest hour at Valley Forge to victory at Yorktown.

After the army had been disbanded he again returned to Mt. Vernon, hoping to get a much-needed rest, but his country called him again in the capacity of president, and he faithfully served for eight long years, bringing his country thru the most trying period of history, and making the voice of America heard around the world.

He refused the presidency for a third term, establishing a custom which has been adhered to by all of his successors. He then returned to his old home where he was visited by people of noble rank from foreign countries; he has been immortalized by foreign pen.

After a brief illness, he died December 14, 1799, at the age of sixty-seven years, and it can be truly said of him that he was "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

Therefore, as we are celebrating the day of his birth, let us pay tribute to his memory and rejoice in the fact that we have the privilege of fighting for the same principles for which he fought.

J. M. M. '18.

"GREEN JIMMY."

Jimmy acquired his epithet upon entering college because of the many ludicrous mistakes he made.

He was a mountain lad, his home being back in the wilds of North Carolina. The fact that he lived twenty miles from the nearest town, or railroad point, together with the fact that his home was in the mountains where green vegetation was all he commonly saw, should account for his title, "Green Jimmy."

The first significant fact of Jimmy's life occurred when the county superintendent of education visited the school where Jim was spending five miserable days a week. The Superintendent came to all the schools in an automobile, and as this was the first auto that had ever been in that portion of the country, it frightened the children, so that when he came up in front of the door, they went out thru the back window and escaped to the near-by woods. They were finally convinced that the "terrible snorting monster" at the door would not hurt them, and ventured to return to the school-house. The visitor then gave a speech in which he emphasized the importance of school work. He told them that each one should strive to get a college education and then they could be leaders in the world; for they were endowed with the best natural resources of any people in the world. Then in very flowing language he described the splendors surrounding them, and urged them to make the best of the many opportunities lying at their door.

At the conclusion of the speech, the Superintendent asked if any one had any questions to ask. Jim arose and said:

"Say mister, if I was ter go to college could I own one of them are annmules like you drive? And could I use as many big words as you do?"

The Superintendent, very much pleased, told Jim that

he could own an auto, and could use even bigger words than he had used. Then Jim fired his final question, which was:

"Well, would I have to look like you? If so I hant hankering fer an edication."

After much laughter by the school, and confusion on the part of the visitor, Jim was assured that no such calamity would have to befall him. He then announced his determination to go to college some time in the future. We shall see that he kept firm to this determination, even thru many hardships.

At last the time came for Jim to leave for college. This was the happiest day in his life. However, he did not appear to be a bit happy after getting on the train, for this was his first ride. A young man noticing his discomfort asked if he was afraid the train would jump the track. Jim replied:

"No, but I was just thinking that if the thing was to balk they surely would have a time to make it go, for it hasn't got a tail to twist like our old oxen, Bob. Then, too, I am afraid the dern thing wont stop at——to let me off."

The young man then asked if he was going to —— to work. Jim, with much pride in his voice, announced that he had started to —— University to take a course in law. Jim's companion then introduced himself as Jack Dall, and told Jim that he was a student in Trinity College. As it happened these two young men were representatives of the two biggest rival colleges in the State, but Jim only knew that he had run across a college student; so he proceeded to ask Jack all kinds of questions about college life. Jack Dall, seeing a chance to have some fun, proceeded to fill Jimmy with all kinds of rediculous advice; telling him that above all he must not appear green. He told Jim to go to "Oakdale Fraternity" the best fraternity house at——University, and to tell them that he had come to try them out,

and that, provided he liked this one best, he would join it later.

Of course Jim was not aware of the fact that fraternities choose their members, not members their fraternities. Therefore upon reaching the university to go directly to Oakdale Fraternity, he strolled up to the porch where a crowd of boys sat, and called out:

"Hello boys! I am Jim Farmer from Possum Ridge, North Carolina, and I have come to pay you a visit. After I look over the other lodges, if I like yours best, I shall join it."

The listeners were too astonished at first to reply, but one bright fellow saw a chance to have some fun. Winking at the others, he stepped out, introduced himself and told "Green Jimmy," as he was dubbed from hence on, how glad he was to see him. The other followed his example and soon made Jim feel very much at home. Then the group spread word to the other fraternities that they had the "greenest boob on earth," and asked all the rest to help them play the game to the finish.

Even the co-eds entered into the plot, and would even ask Jim to go with them to church and theatres. Soon Jim found that he seemed always to be the centre of attraction.

He thought that for some reason he had made a hit, and felt sorry for the other new fellows who did not appear to be so popular. He even wrote to his mother that college life was a snap, and that the only trouble he had was in finding time to study.

This continued for about two weeks and then came the rude awakening. This was in the form of a card to some of the boys which read as follows:

"Trinity College, N. C. Sept. 25, 1917.

How is the green boob from Possum Ridge coming? If he believed all the dope I handed him he must be a corker.

(Signed) Jack Dall."

By chance Jimmy got hold of this and saw what a fool he had made of himself. But he had the grit, a characteristic of the mountain people, to determine to show the fellows that he could make good. Then he was determined to have revenge on the man who had caused him to be the laughing stock of the university.

For a whole night he lay awake planning how he could get even with Jack Dall. Then suddenly remembering that Jack Dall was Trinity's quarter-back on the football team and was reported to be the best football player in the South, he determined to play against him in the big Thanksgiving game. This was no little resolve, for Jim had never had a football in his hands. However, he confided in no one, but the next afternoon he presented himself at the training room got his outfit and went out in the field, half an hour before practice was to start. The coach saw that he had the physique necessary to make a good player, and more than that, that he possessed an unusual amount of enthusiasm. Therefore, he began to give him special attention. From that time Jimmy was always the first on the field and the last to leave, and he also spent all of his spare time reading the rules of foot-ball. Soon it became apparent that in time Jim was going to be a star. However, chances for his playing in the Thanksgiving game, the biggest of the season, did not seem possible.

Finally the date for the big game rolled around, and both schools turned out in force to cheer their teams to victory. From the first, the game was one of unusual interest, but neither side seemed able to score. At the beginning of the fourth quarter the score was 0-0. However Trinity's team was on their opponent's three yard line and nothing seemed able to stop them.

Suddenly the quarter-back of ———— University was knocked out and the coach substituted Jim in his place.

There was a murmur of dissent from the side lines, but Jim did not notice this.

As soon as Jim was in place, the playing was resumed. The ball was passed back to Jack Dall, who eluded the line and started for goal. However, Jim met him and threw him for a loss to Trinity of three yards. For the next two downs neither side gained. On the fourth down Trinity's team tried a forward pass, but Jim intercepted the forward pass, and started for Trinity's goal. Suddenly he found his path blocked by the stalwart figure of Jack. The crowd expected to see Jim try to dodge the quarter-back, but instead they saw him stiffen himself and make straight for Jack, hitting him with such force that he easily downed him. Finding no more opposition, he raced down the field and crossed the goal just thirty seconds before the time was up.

There arose from the side-lines a great cry, and then before he knew what had happened, Jim found himself borne off the field on the shoulders of those who so recently had ridiculed him.

Shortly after this, a committee from Oakdale Fraternity called on Jim and asked him to join them. Jimmy thanked them, but said that he still believed a fellow should be allowed to choose his own fraternity, not the fraternity the man. Much disappointed, the committee left him, and, as they were going, one was heard to murmur

"Isn't he the greenest boob you ever saw?"

C. E. B. '18.

FRANCE LIES BLEEDING.

The dawn of day is breaking o'er a land that once was
free,

Where people lived in happiness and calm security;
The lovely valleys, hills and dales, resplendent in their
spheres,

All lie in charred and ruined heaps, and drowned in
human tears.

An alien host with mighty arm swept o'er this land of
free

And brought to this land of Sunny France eternal
misery.

Here lies the wrecks of once fond hopes, where nature
left its charms,

And out of the stillness of the night came the cry "to
arms" "To Arms."

To arms to repel this savage host, that challenged your
national creed.

To arms to the doer of horrible crimes, that wrought
havoc and direful need.

Fair France called forth to her glorious sons, and they
answered with loud acclaim,

And o'er the valleys of the river Marne, they drove the
Hun to shame.

The cries of agony mixed with the roar of guns, can be
heard on every hand.

And the beautiful France of days gone by is a wreck of
her former land,

The birds' bright song lay hushed in their throats, and
the flowers have drooped; are dead.

And the very air is hushed and still, where just before
was the martial tread.

Oh France your heart is bleeding, but your soul is not
shaken with fear,
And the Marseillaise still playing for the souls who conquer and dare;
Democracy upholds her challenge to men, and her soul's
light is shining still,
For the France that has dared to conquer and die, and
her sons their prophecy fulfill.
Across the broad Atlantic's roll can be heard the answering cry
And men are coming from another land that France may
not perish and die
The Goddess of Liberty has sent forth her sons, and they
march with determined tread,
And France's pray of justice is answered for the requiem
of the dead.

A. C. C. '19.

WHAT OF OUR BROTHER'S PANTRY?

It has been seen in the past few months that if Germany is to be defeated, and the world made safe for democracy, America must help her Allies in every possible way. She has sent, and continues to send, men over to aid in the struggle. But men alone cannot win the war. Other things are needed. Perhaps the greatest of the food materials needed is wheat. The wheat crop of the Allies amounted this year to 400,000,000 bushels. This is considerably under the average, and they will therefore have to, if they can do so, import 600,000,000 bushels. If the people of the United States continue to use as much wheat as they have used in the past, they can arrange to let the Allies have 200,000,000 bushels. Where are the other 400,000,000 bushels coming from? Only one thing can enable us to let our Allies have the amount of wheat they need. This thing is conservation. Some people, it seems, have a mistaken impression regarding conservation. They seem to think that they are helping to conserve the food supply by hoarding it. They do not seem to realize that the soldiers are facing dangers, while they sit around at their ease. Neither do they realize that by hoarding, they are perhaps taking the bread out of the mouths of the soldiers.

Among the most noticeable of these hoarders are the tenant farmers, both white and black. But they are, by no means, the only offenders. When the government set a maximum price on flour, the wholesalers dealing with the country stores and plantation commissaries, urged the country merchant and big farmer to lay in an extra supply of flour, assuring them that it would be hard to obtain later on. Since the margin of profits had been cut, they felt that they must turn over an extra quantity of merchandise in order to make their usual profit. To help along with this unpatriotic evasion of the law, the report was circulated among the tenant class that, while

they had some money which they had made on cotton, they had better buy flour, as they would probably be unable to obtain it later on.

As the consequence, many of them have, at the present, five or six barrels of flour, while many people in cities and small towns are paying high prices for flour, and even in some localities the sale of flour has been temporarily discontinued.

We must not only refrain from hoarding but we must conserve to the last bread crust. Much food is thrown away which could be used to advantage. Even the soldiers have seen the necessity of cutting down the amount of waste. In several camps they have taken it on themselves to investigate and check the amount of waste, and this amount is becoming less and less every day.

There are many people who cannot be influenced enough by appeals to their patriotism to make them quit hoarding. What should be done with this class of people? Should the government make inspection of people's houses to see whether or not they are hoarding? A bill has been passed against hoarding, but this in itself will not check it effectively. Things have indeed come to a bad pass, when the government is forced to hire men to inspect the houses of its citizens, because it cannot depend on their patriotism. Such a state of affairs is disagreeable and ought not to exist. What then will stop this practice? Perhaps the only effective way is for the citizens of every community to have a meeting, and to have it understood that such a practice must not continue. All overt violations of the law against hoarding should be dealt with as severely as the law, backed by public sentiment, will allow; but all infringements of the spirit of the law, all evidences of extravagance and self-indulgence at the expense of our fighting men, and patriotic citizens, and our Allies should be frowned upon as conduct little short of traitorous. Brand the unpatrio-

tic citizen who insists upon the right to self indulgence, as a gluttonous chure whose god is his belly, and whose fit companionship is that army of shadow Huns, who would blow up our factories and in every way strive to evade the laws of our government.

If this practice can be stopped, and stopped it must be, we will have hastened the successful close of the world war.

R. E. G. '20.

THE EVOLUTION OF TRANSPORTATION

From the days when the ape-man roamed the forest of the infant world, until this day of grace in the year of our Lord 1918, one of the greatest problems of life has been that of transportation.

When our pre-historic ancestors first descended from their arboreal abodes and walked erect, they had no possessions; their only weapons were the nearest stone or the handiest stick and they slept in almost any cave or large tree which happened to be near when night overtook them. This period soon passed, however, and in a few years we find man living permanently in one cave, possessing a stone-headed club and possibly even a crude, stone-tipped spear. At this early date, transportation began. When our first human ancestor, "Ung" or Adam, or whatever you care to call him, hurled his rude spear into the side of one of the tiny wooly horses of the period, tracked the wounded animal two miles thru the dense semitropical forest before it fell exhausted, and then realized that he had to pack his game home on his own furry shoulders, he faced the first problem of transportation. Doubtless Ung cursed heartily in his primitive click language, and wondered why he could not trap one of these same small, spotted horses, in a pit, and make the horse carry his burdens for him. By the time Ung reached his cave home with his heavy load, he was wondering still more why he could not train some animal to carry his burdens; and ere he rolled the rock door of his house into place for the night, and sought his couch of leaves, he had fully determined to give the matter a trial on the next day. But perchance the next day it rained, perchance Ung's memory was short; at all events he never carried out his intentions.

Many, many years rolled by; and one morning the great great grandson of Ung, clothed in furs and armed with bow and arrow, his stone-headed battle-axe, stepped

forth from his cave and started out on his daily hunt for food. He was young, and as he crouched beside the path leading to the water-hole, the same idea occurred to him which many years before had occurred to his great grandsire. Why could not one of the little horses be trained to carry things for him? "One Ear," however, had more initiative and a better memory than his ancestor, and that evening when he slew a mare with a colt at her side, he did not kill the colt also, as he would have done the day before; he caught the young animal and after much effort succeeded in getting it to his cave. The colt, protected from the terrible sabre-tooth and his many other natural enemies, thrived and grew tame very rapidly. As the months passed the little four-toed whippers reached its full size. He was now nearly as large as a New Foundland dog, and by dint of much persuasion, in the form of a stick, he was taught to carry a burden on his back. And lo—the second stage of evolution was complete: the pack-horse had arrived.

Centuries later, a band of white-skinned, fur-clad, savages managed to separate a huge-tusked mammoth from his herd and finally drove him over a cliff. Later, when the spoils of the chase were divided, the chief found that he could not tie all of his share of the meat and one of the great tusks, besides, on the back of his diminutive horse. So he conceived the idea of hitching the animals to the butts of one or two small saplings, tieng the spoils on to the busy end of the saplings, and letting the horse drag them. Thus was formed the first "drag," the forerunner of the sleigh, and the third stage was complete.

For a short time after this, development was comparatively rapid. A rude form of the "travors" soon appeared, and was quickly followed by various forms of sleighs. After many years, the sleigh, in turn, was followed by a clumsy two-wheeled cart, and then for unnumbered ages the matter rested. There seemed no more progress

While man was training the horse to carry his burdens, he was at the same time learning to travel by water. When "Ung" wished to cross a stream, he lay flat on a log and paddled himself across with his hands and took a chance on being caught by an alligator or a crocodile. Years later, when the brother of "One-Ear" wished to cross the same stream, he wondered why he had to cross on a log and be in danger of losing his life every minute. One day he tied two logs together with withes and pushed them across the stream with a long pole: making the first catamaran. Not long after this, someone hollowed out a large log with stone and fire and found that his "dug-out" could be propelled by the use of "paddles" or broad, flat pieces of wood. About the same time it was discovered that by stretching hides across two poles and holding them up against the wind, the wind could be made to drive the canoe along. And this brings us to the dawn of history. An era which began with wheeled vehicles, and ships driven by oars and sailing before the wind.

What need is there to dwell on the discovery of steam and the development of railroads and steamships? The veriest school child knows about this. What need is there to speak of our modern automobiles and aeroplanes? These are so modern that any college student can remember when they came into general use. But isn't it a far cry from the foot-sore "Ung," carrying the spoils of the chase home on his own broad back, to the great modern tri-plane which can carry fifteen passengers, besides stores and fuel, thru the air at the rate of a hundred miles an hour?

J. N. T. '18.

A WOMAN'S FORE-SIGHT.

It was dusk, and William Horton was sitting in the parlor of his old home discussing the experiences he had had at the Aviation Training School, prior to his appointment as First Lieutenant.

"Son, have you any idea when you will be called to go to France?" was the question asked by the anxious mother. But the question remained unanswered, for footsteps were heard on the front porch. William leapt to his feet in a joyful manner, for he was expecting an old college chum, but to his disappointment a messenger boy handed him a telegram. He went back into the parlor and as he read the telegram, his characteristic smile came to his face, and then solemnness took possession of his features. Dick, his younger brother, at once asked "What is the trouble William?" William replied, "listen to this."

"Be prepared to leave country in twenty-four hours; report to headquarters at ten o'clock,"

(Signed) Major Thornwell."

Mrs. Horton let out a little cry, but realizing that she must control herself, and that preparations would have to be made, told William to go bid the people in town good-bye so that he might be at home for the last few hours.

William went around to his many friends, and bid them a sad farewell. He then turned his footsteps to the brick house on the corner. As he approached the steps, his heart beat rapidly. He rushed up the steps and rang the bell. After a few minutes Ethel Brown came to the door, and gave William her hand, and asked him to come to supper.

"I wish I could, dear, but read this and you will understand." Ethel looked at the telegram and said:

"William, it is needless to say that I hate to see you

leave, but my wishes cannot alter the circumstances. Remember that I will always think of you."

William's eyes filled as he replied:

"No! I will not make you any promises, so please go;" And she went into the house.

William left the house in a fit of anger. He then became solemn, and determined to go out into the war without fear and ready to take the most dangerous risks.

The next morning William bid his mother good-bye, and went to the station with his brother. Just as he was about to board the train, an old colored man brought him a letter with the following typewritten envelope: "To be opened after you pass thru a dangerous experience." He thrust it into his pocket and hastily jumped on the moving train.

Three months have passed, and William is in consultation with his fellow-aviators. The ranking officer is reading the following message: "The Germans are heavily entrenched three miles in front of our line. A new siege gun, more dangerous than ever before produced, is ready to be put into action by them. Unless something is done that will weaken their lines, the Allies will be forced back for at least ten miles."

Everyone turned pale and occasional remarks could be heard. William suddenly stalked out of the headquarters, and hastened to his room. He grabbed a large box which he could have been seen examining and working on for the last week, until the late hours of night. He hastened back to headquarters, and said to the officers "I am going to take a flight. It will possibly be my last, so good-bye and God bless you all.. But before I go, have Jones wire General Sanders that if anything strange occurs to be prepared to charge the German trenches."

He left the amazed officers and rushed back to his shack. Grabbing a letter off the table he thrust it into

his pocket. The officers tapped their foreheads knowingly. "Poor fellow," said the Flight Captain, "his affair at home must have gone too hard on him."

William leaving his shack went straight to his machine and started the motor. His fellow officers watched him ascend and go higher, higher, until he was over the German trenches. Guns were turned upon him but none of them apparently had any effect. After he had flown directly above the first line trenches, he made a quick descent and as he did, he grabbed the strange box and opened it. He picked up two bombs and hurled them up and down the trenches below. He grasped the rheostat in the box and threw it open. He then dropped the box into the trenches, and with a quick turning movement rushed to meet an opposing plane. He was fired upon, but just as the gun was fired he dropped about two hundred and fifty yards and fired at the enemy's place from below. His antagonist fell to the ground a wreck.

In the meantime the commanding officer had received a strange message, and altho he had expected nothing he ordered his men to be prepared to charge. When he saw an American aviator taking perilous risks he was amazed. He was further astonished as the aviator flew off, to see an electric spark shoot over the German trenches. Then came an explosion which shook the earth for miles. The word "charge" was given and the Allies rushed on and on until what was left of the first line of the enemy was killed, and the second and third line was forced to retreat for about twelve miles.

Word of the bravest deed of the war was flashed over the entire country, and great was the rejoicing, but nowhere could the hero of the war be found. A close search was made for two days, but that was all. By accident on the third day the brave aviator was found delirious in a swamp, with a letter clutched in his hands. The contents of the letter were: "My actions may have

been queer, my dear, but if I had, as my soul called out for me to do,—told you that I loved you on that memorable night, you would never have become the man that you are. May God bless you and keep you for me.—From the girl who thinks more of her sweetheart and country, than her herself—signed Ethel.”

William was hastened to a hospital but all was in vain, for on the following night just as the sentinels gave their eleven o'clock cry, the shadow of death stalked into the sick room and robbed brave Ethel of her hero.

M. W. H. '18.

EARLY SPRING NIGHTS.

There are hosts of pure delight
In an early springtime night,
When all the creeping things are still:
And the noises of the rill
Are the spring-frogs croking, shrill.

The nightingale does not sing,
As he does in later spring;
The fragrant flowers have not yet sprung;
The singing birds have not yet come;
Nor their sweet melodious music sung.

Then the fairies like to play;
Then we see the milky way;
And the stars with radiant beams
With the moon's to us it seems
Do compose artistic gleams.

Then lovers like to rove
Into the naked budding grove;
The 'tis natural we should love;
And be peaceful as the doves,
While in mating build and love.

Then out upon the restless sea
The white-capped wavelets you can see;
And 'tis bright as open day,
So the happy sailors say,
As the ship plows on its way.

Not a twig does seem to stir,
All is scented sweet as myrrh.
Nothing mars these pure delights
That fill an early springtime night,
When all is still and bright.

H. S. C. '19.

"THE LINK OF NATIONS."

Ivan Czaronowitz was a first lieutenant in the Siberian Fusileers. His regiment was now stationed in Finland. It was a small army post, with just a regiment stationed there as a sign of Russian dominance. The place did not appeal to Ivan's restless disposition as he was used to the glamour and excitement of St. Petersburg and Odessa. The Finns hated the Russians with a deadly hate, for they were the usurpers of their national independence. Consequently, the Czar's soldiers did not lead a very sociable existence in Helsingfors.

The thoroughness and incessant activity of army life did not leave much time for brooding, as Ivan was constantly on the go. Active drill and heavy mountain practice drill were the routine of the Czar's little force in Helsingfors. When the Russian Black Eagle was raised every morning to the strains of the Russian National anthem, the Czar's soldiers were the only spectators of the scene.

Ivan was a lonesome man in his own way. The strict reserve that was drawn between rank was upheld as always. There were only several officers of his own rank at the post, and his guitar and books were his solace in this environment. The soldiers were looked upon with suspicion, and the boys playing on the street would draw to one side when any soldiers passed by, looking with suspicion and awe on what they regarded as intruders on their personal and political independence. As a boy Ivan's ambition was to enter the army. He was clever at school and around his home town. He was the idol of his family, and his father and mother looked with regret upon his boyish inclination. His father, a big merchant of Moscow, had given up all hope of ever having his son to take charge of his business when old age had arrived, and he was trying to interest him in entering the diplomatic service in which Russia is so excellent.

At the age of eighteen he went to one of the military training schools outside of the city of St. Petersburg. This was the last blow to his stern father, and for a year he discarded all thought of him. His little sister, Olga, never gave up hope of winning over her father for her brother's sake. After a year the old man softened, and reconciled himself to his son's course. Ivan had been home once in the four years that he had been in the army. He was warmly greeted by all of his family, and the handsome dashing soldier was the social lion of the town.

On his return from his furlough he was sent with his regiment to Helsingfors. He was popular with his men, and the stern commander, Colonel Raschnik, took a liking to the young officer. "If I ever had any mission that had danger and discretion attached to it, I would send that cool-headed bean brummel, as his coolness and system in putting down the strike in Odessa opened some of his suuperior's eyes in that line."

One day while on a marching test from Helsingfors to Tammerfors a heavy blizzard started up. Ivan became separated from his company, and wandered two days thru the snowy wastes trying to find a road or path that would lead him near some habitation. On the evening of the second day he wandered across a sleigh that was half buried in the snow, and beside it lay the body of a half frozen girl. He dug the girl out with a superhuman effort, and used the restorative methods that were taught in the army, and poured some brandy down her throat. Brandy is one of the important things in the travelling kit of a Russian soldier. After two hours steady work the girl opened her eyes. She started in dismay, and looked at her rescuer. "Don't be alarmed, Madam, you are entirely recovered from your almost premature death. I came across you in my wandering, trying to find some road back to Helsingfors. I am Ivan Czaronowitz now stationed with my regiment at Helsingfors."

When Ivan finished speaking, the girl looked at him in wonder.

"I don't know how to ever repay you for your kindness. It was very thoughtful of you to take so much pains with a stranger. My name is Erma Telensk and I stay in Helsingfors. My brother will be passing this way soon, as he is the mail dispatch rider between Helsingfors and Viborg. As it is nearly morning, we won't have long to wait. So you are really a Russian? I did not think that a Russian would bother with a Finn."

"My heart has always been with the Finns in their troubles, and right now it is more than ever inclined that way," answered Ivan.

A blush stole over Erma's face. "You are the first Russian that I have ever heard talk that way. If all the Russians would only think like you, Finland would have some rights given to her."

The next morning the worn-out half-starved Ivan and Erma were picked up by Tirzah, Erma's brother. He started in alarm, on seeing that the man with his sister was a Russian officer,

"This is Lieutenant Czaronowitz, Tirzah, who rescued me so gallantly last night. I don't know what would have happened to me, if he hadn't happened along in the nick of time. I suppose I would have been a corpse in the frozen ground this morning.

After five hours of hard riding, the party landed in Helsingfors. When they reached Erma's home, and Ivan had almost carried Erma into the house she seemed recovered. Her parents were profuse in their thanks to Ivan.

"You don't know how much my little girl means to me Lieutenant Czaronowitz," Mrs. Telensk said. "She is the life of our household, and if she were lost last night, it would drive us all to destruction.

"I agree with you Mrs. Telensk," Ivan answered. "I

would have felt like a wild deserter, if I had not found Miss Telensk in the snow and rescued her."

After two hours of talking, Ivan made a move to leave.

"I will have to report back to my commandant, and see what is left of my command. I guess they have given me up for lost after that terrible storm."

"I guess you think I must be a very important personage after the talk you heard inside," said Erma as she accompanied him to the gate.

"There is no doubt of it in my eyes," said Ivan. "And I hope I may get the chance to see a great deal of this very important personage. Good-bye Miss Telensk, and I hope that you will not experience any bad effects from your recent peril."

"No I think you have driven away any bad effects, for I have certainly enjoyed your company Lieutenant. I only wish some of the Finns were as nice as the gallant Russian I met yesterday."

In the spare time that Ivan would have in the afternoons, his thoughts would turn to Erma. He tried to put them aside "What foolishness—a Russian and a Finn, two distinct races different from each other in every way." find him wending his way towards the Telensk home. he said to himself. However, every afternoon would Erma would meet him at the gate, and they would stroll about the town.

"I wonder if Russia is like this country?—has it the ideals that the people of this country have, and are the people as determined in their governmental beliefs as we are in this frozen country?" Erma asked Ivan.

"There is a mistaken belief about Russia," Ivan answered. "It is not the people of Russia, it is the government itself. The people of Russia have a warm sympathy for the struggling Finns. I am well contented now in Finland, and am more than satisfied with my post, and hope that I will not be transferred."

"What is your reason for you becoming infatuated with your dreary post all of a sudden," said Erma laughingly. "I thought it would seem a little lonesome for you."

"There is a certain inspiration that makes me like this post," he told her with a side glance at her.

On the day that the army inspector came on his tour, the commander held a dress parade in his honor. Erma and her mother were among the spectators on the outskirts of the parade ground. The stern army inspector and the general, standing at a distance, presented a picturesque appearance in their dress uniforms with their gold braid and bars. As the companies filed by, the picture was complete in its exactness. When Ivan passed the reviewing officers, the handsome young officer seemed to fit in as part of the picture.

"What a dashing officer Lieutenant Czaronowitz is," said Mrs. Telensk. "Why Erma I haven't seen you take your eyes off the Siberian Fulsileers since the parade began."

"Oh I am so interested in the maneuvers—doesn't Lieutenant Czaronowitz present a striking figure with his military deportment?"

Erma's mother looked at her with a knowing glance. "I certainly have enjoyed it, but my dear we had better hurry home, the parade is over with and it will be dark before we know it."

One night as Ivan was taking an evening stroll on the outskirts of the town, he almost collided with Tirzah. He was coming out of an old house on a deserted street. The man slunk away in the shadows, without uttering a word of greeting. Ivan thought it mighty queer, and looked at the house again. Not a light was to be seen in the house. He walked on and dismissed the matter from his mind.

Ivan and Erma were together a great deal. He would spend all of his afternoons at her house. They became

deeply infatuated with each other, and one night as they sat in the shadow of the moon he told her of his love.

"I love you also my handsome soldier;" she said, "but how could it ever be. My home is in this frozen land where the hatred against the Russians is so bad. Besides you come from a people who are aristocrats, and who would never favor such a marriage."

"Aristocrats have nothing to do with it Erma. I am offering you the pure love of a simple man. The shams of society are nothing to me little girl,—I want a soul-mate who is my ideal, and who is in sympathy with my ideals."

"It can never be Ivan. My mother and father are intense haters of the Russians. The race hatred has not yet died out. If Finland were free from the grip of the Russian autocracy, it would not be a hard matter."

The next morning as mother and daughter were knitting, as is the custom with all Finnish women after their house work is finished. Erma after several attempts to make a start, at last made the break,

"I have something important to say mother, but I don't know how to start."

The older woman looked at her thoughtfully. "Tell me what it is my dear. What is it that is troubling my little girl."

"Ivan proposed to me last night, mother. His heart is true, and mother I love him. He is a Russian, but mother he is a Finn in his ideals of government. He has offered to resign his commission in the Czar's army, if it will satisfy your and father's wishes."

The older woman gave Erma a look of despair. "My child what you say can never be. Do you call yourself a loyal Finn, and here you are almost committing treason by wanting to marry a Russian. Ivan is a fine fellow, I admire him—but little girl it can

never be. Think of the misery and desolation that your fathers went thru at the hands of the Russian government."

Erma looked with downcast eyes. "But mother let the past be the past;" she said, "I would be happier with him than with some Finn of this country.

Whether it is against your wishes or not you can't stop me. I am a woman with all of the prudence of a woman's existence. I will assent the independence that God has given to every free creature of his handiwork. I do not wish to go against your wishes, my dear mother, but let fate take its course."

"I will never forgive you if you take any rash step Erma," her mother said "I have said all that I wish to say on the subject, let the matter drop, but little girl bear each word in mind what I said."

"To change the subject, mother, I wish that Tirzah would stop going with those Swansks and Zorsks men. I have seen him several times on the street going in the direction of Zane street. They are suspected of being Nihilists, and I am afraid that Tirzah will be suspected of being in with them."

"Yes," answered Mrs. Telensk, "I have noticed that he is hardly home at all now. When he comes in from the mail trip, he eats his supper and is never seen until the young hours of the morning. I wish he would stop such suspicious movements, he has been very friendly lately with the Swansks and Zorsks."

Several weeks after the conversation took place, Ivan was walking past the house where he had formerly seen Tirzah, he saw a woman come out of the house with a shawl wrapped closely around her head. He stared at the woman, and as she passed him hurriedly, he recognized the woman—it was Erma Telensk. A feeling of horror came over Ivan. He tried to catch up with the girl, but she had vanished like a shadow.

The following Sunday Ivan stopped at the Telensk home. Erma met him at the door.

"Why, what has happened to you, Ivan? I haven't seen anything of you for five days, have you been sick?"

"No," he replied with a grim smile, "three of the officers are off on furloughs, and the remaining ones had to do double duty."

He did not tell her of the struggle that he had had with himself. It had been a blow to his trust to have seen the woman that he had loved coming out of a suspicious place at a late hour. Not that he had doubted the virtue or love of Erma, but the place was under surveillance as a Nihilist resort. He thought he would ask her about it anyway.

"Did you go out anywhere Tuesday night, little girl? I met a lady on Zane street, and she looked so much like you, that at first I thought I had met you."

Erma looked up with a start and a look of fright. "I was out Tuesday night, but it was to a place I cannot tell you of. You trust me don't you dear? I will tell you some time when it is all cleared."

"Yes little girl I will trust you to the death's end. Are you not the trust of my life? I will love you no matter what might happen."

The following week, as he was walking up the path to the Telensk home, he saw Erma standing at the gate with a troubled look on her face.

"What is the matter sweetheart," he asked, as he took her in his arms.

"I don't know how to start dear, but I will tell you all. My brother Tirzah was arrested this morning and carried off to prison by the army authorities. He was accused of plotting against Russian government. Ten men were arrested along with him on the charge of being Nihilists. Will you try to help him out of this trouble for my sake?"

A wave of awakening came over the soldier. "You say he was seized this morning? I never knew a thing about it. It must have been done very secretly, for no officer at the post mentioned it to me. I will do my best to aid him Erma, though it will be disloyalty to my country."

She threw her arms around his neck. "My God, to think what you are doing for my sake—disloyalty to your country and flag for the sake of me."

He looked up with an air of determination. "I will see Tirzah to-night. I will try to see you the day after tomorrow."

Ivan went to the jail to see Tirzah. After a great deal of discussion they arranged a plan for Tirzah's escape.

"Why are you doing so much for a Finn, and we have always treated you and your soldiers so cold?" asked Tirzah.

"It is for your sister's sake that I am doing it. I love her, Tirzah, and would conquer the world for her, if I could. Do not thank me Tirzah. I am willing for her sake, and I ask you to follow out my instructions carefully."

The night that Ivan was on duty as commander of the guard, he went down the corridor of the prison. Remorse came over him, but he unflinchingly slipped to the door and unlocked it. Then he summoned the sentries, and questioned them as to some previous orders the commandant sent, and sent them for further orders. While the sentries were gone he slipped the bolt, and Tirzah escaped through the corridor that lead to the drill ground. When Tirzah's escape became known, suspicion fell on Ivan, as he was seen talking to him the day that he passed Tirzah's cell, and on account of being a visitor at the Telinsk home. He was court-martialed, and the trial was to come off the following Saturday.

On the morning of the trial, the court room was thronged with the friends of the Telensk family. As he entered the court room between two armed sentries, his proud and courtly manner brought admiration from the throng. Stripped of his epaulettes, he looked as if his station in life was the same as before. The composure of his manner was wonderful before the iron-moulded faces of the court. He saw Erma in the corner of the court room. Their eyes met, and it seemed as if all the love in her soul was imparted to him in that look.

The usual formalities of the opening of the court were gone thru with. Then the trial began. All of the evidence was heard, but nothing substantial could be proved against him. Due to the lack of absolute evidence he was acquitted, but was reduced to the rank of second lieutenant on account of the suspicious character of the affair, and being a friend of the Telensk family.

As he walked out of the court room he was met at the door of the court room by Erma. He took her in his arms and covered her with kisses. She looked up into his face. "You have sacrificed your reputation and ambitions for my sake, how can I ever repay you?"

"The only reward I could want is to have you as my wife," Ivan answered. "I will not let anything interfere now. You must meet me at the station at three o'clock this afternoon, and we will go to Tanimerfors and get married, and then no human power can keep us apart."

At three o'clock they met at the little wayside station. Erma's mother had gone out to a neighbor's house and she watched her chance. On the dresser in her room she left a note telling her mother of the course she had taken. She saw him in the corner of the waiting-room. He seemed to be in deep thought.

She touched him on the shoulder. "I have come to you Ivan, and will go with you anywhere, if it be to the end of the world."

He looked up and smiled, "I have been counting the minutes sweetheart, and now we will start on an independence of our own."

Over the frozen country they went. On arriving at Tanimerfors they were quietly married by a priest.

As they stood on the porch of the hotel that evening, they stood silently looking out into the busy street.

"The bond of nationality is now complete," Ivan said. "We are one regardless of nationality."

As he spoke a messenger came up with a telegram to Erma. She hastily tore it open with a surprised look on her face.

"What is the message my dear?" he asked.

"It is a message from my mother saying for both of us to come home at once as she wants to see her two children.

"All right Erma we will leave for Helsingfors tomorrow, and make our home there."

As the sun went down, they stood arm in arm gazing at the landscape, and as the reflection of the sun's rays fell over the two, it shone on a happy mated couple of two nationalities bounded together.

A. C. C. '19.

HIS RIVAL.

The great cantonment was a scene of hustle and excitement. A large division of Rangers were coming in from the West to receive their last touch of training. The 217th Artillery had been ordered to entrain the next day for "Somewhere." The soldiers and officers were rushing like mad ants whose hill had been disturbed. Everyone seemed to have something that he must do in that particular moment. Yet, every face bore that determined and aggressive expression which characterizes the American soldier.

Private John Bartow of the 217th. Artillery came out of this place of martial air and started rapidly down the road which led to a beautiful old farmhouse in the vicinity of the camp. This young soldier swung along with an easy and graceful walk, enjoyed only by those who possess athletically trained muscles and almost perfectly proportioned bodies. Large and smiling eyes added to his handsome young face, but his mouth had a peculiar little twist which suggested an unruly temper if once aroused.

As he strolled down the road, he pictured the sweet girl whom he would in a few minutes ask to be his wife.

Jane Inghow, a typical country girl, had a sweet and expressive face, tinted on each cheek with a slight dash of color apparently extracted by her Creator from a sister of the delicate red roses which grew in her garden. This, together with the finely carved chin and cheery lips, made a picture before him that well-deserved the dark crown of curly black hair from which a saucy ringlet was always escaping and dangling before her pretty brown eyes.

But now he could see the low farm house almost hidden by the scrubs and large rose bushes. At the

sight of these familiar objects, his pulse began to beat faster, and he involuntarily quickened his pace. He would soon see her—the girl of his dream.

Halt!—There Jane was in the old rose garden. A large and stalwart soldier was clasping her in his arms and eagerly kissing her.—John's face lost its healthy reddish tan, and he seemed on the verge of giving away under this cruel disappointment. But the demon of jealousy laid his ever-ready hand upon him instead. His clear young eyes turned dark with a deadly hate and his lips began to curl savagely. By all the Gods! Revenge would be his. He was a madman. After making his direful resolution, he turned and walked blindly back to camp, leaving the couple in the garden unaware of his visit.

That afternoon he was lounging in the shade of the trees just behind his tent still brooding and planning some means of revenge that would appease the passion that had taken possession of him. Before him lay the camping place of the Rangers, the new arrivals from the West. They were laying out their grounds and preparing for the night. Suddenly John sat upright. Just to his left was his rival placing the stakes for his tent. John clinched his hands, and his eyes gleamed fiercely. Here was his chance. He would slip across to the tent tonight and kill the man as he lay sleeping.

That night he lay down only to rave and brood until the hour should come when all were asleep and he could reach his victim without danger of being seen. At times he became almost sane and tried to throw off the evil spirit that gripped him, but all in vain.

While her lover was fighting this losing battle, Jane was sitting in her bedroom rereading a very interesting letter, which she had received the day before. However, only the parts that are of interest to the reader are given below:

"Dear Niece:

It has been a long, long time since I have seen you, but I have good news for you now. As you already know, perhaps, I joined the Rangers several months ago and today we received orders to entrain for Milledend. So, Jane, I am expecting to be with you soon.

Goodbye; I will expect you to meet me at the station, little girl.

Your Uncle,

George Inglow"

She turned the letter thoughtfully in her hands. Then she went to her window and stood gazing out upon the beautiful moonlight night as if expecting some one. After a moment she burst out passionately, "O why has John so disappointed me? I have been expecting him all day. He has taken all the joy out of my uncle's return. Yet, it is not too late; perhaps he is busy and will come tomorrow before they leave." With this thought she turned away and went to bed to dream of her soldier lover.

Let us now steal back to the great camp. A little past midnight the insane creature that had once been the kind-hearted John Bartow arose from his restless cot and drew his glistening bayonet from its sheath. Feeling its keen edge with a savage delight, he crept noiselessly across to where the object of his terrible hate lay peacefully sleeping. He pulled the loose tent-flap aside and gazed for a second upon his intended victim. Then he sprang forward and fiercely raised his heavy weapon over the man's breast. But his arm remained poised in the air. He was powerless to strike. He saw Jane Inglow weeping for a dead lover. He saw a brave and noble looking man going to an untimely grave. Why, the man's heavy, black and curly hair made him think of the girl he was about to wrong in his madness. Then the bayonet fell unused to his

side. He had conquered the demon within him and he had come to his real self once more. Feeling his shame deeply, he turned away from the tent and cried out, "What a fool I have been. But thank God for the power that stayed my hand before it was too late. If I cannot have her myself, I can at least live and let live for her happiness."

The next morning he arose early and started again for Jane's home. He had resolved to bid her a friendly adieu, and keep his disappointment a secret forever. Jane and his supposed rival were out in the garden again, seemingly enjoying their new happiness. However, this time no pangs of jealousy wrung his heart. He did not feel exactly happy, but he rejoiced in his victory of only a few hours past.

Seeing him entering the garden, Jane called out to him eagerly, "Oh John, I'm so glad to see you. Come here and let me introduce you to my uncle, who returned yesterday from the West after being away many long years."

Here the reader may think John acted very strangely again, yet we can hardly blame him. Instead of speaking to Uncle Inglow he gathered the willing girl in his arms and claimed the reward of a manly victory.

J. F. T. '20.

THE NEW RENAISSANCE.

Before the year 1517, when Martin Luther posted his ninety-five theses, the then-known world was dead so far as progress was concerned. Nations and churches were undergoing internal strife, and all of the learning which it had taken hundreds of years to acquire was forgotten in the desires and greed of men. Tyrannous monarchs held the sway of power over crushed and helpless people. The whole period may be summed up in one word—OPPRESSION. The people were ground down by taxes and many useless and selfish wars. Kings warred against kings, and sometimes brother against brother. Confusion was everywhere. Treaties lasted only a few days, and the loud clanking of arms was heard thru the many vales and valleys of Europe. The turmoil was not fast growing better and it seemed as if civilization would be destroyed.

Just as it seemed that the worst had come, there came a man who was responsible for the world being set on its feet again. That man, who rescued the world from its chaos, was none other than Martin Luther. Soon after Luther nailed his theses on the famous church door at Wittenberg, the world slowly began to change for the better. The people caught the little fire of freedom and it spread quickly thru all of Europe. The conflagration spread from the mainland to England, and the common people everywhere began to cry aloud for their rights. The rulers could not stop the cry, and seeing that trouble was brewing, began to make reforms. These reforms were not enough in some countries, and kings were overthrown. Republics, in which unlimited freedom abounded, were set up while progress in every way began to spread by leaps and bounds. Wiser and juster laws were made, and many new inventions were brought to the light. It

was in this period that the humanitarian movement was started, and much was done to better the conditions of the poor. Great educational institutions were started, and science greatly advanced. Such progress was made that the period was rightly called "The Renaissance." During this period the world advanced farther than it did in all of the previous years since the world was made.

Today the world is getting in almost the same condition that it was before Martin Luther. Men and nations have become so greedy that nothing is left undone in order that they may accomplish their covetances. Nations are at war with nations, and man is striving to make machines to destroy his fellow man. Nations have come to the place where their word of honor cannot be relied on. Treaties are treated as scraps of paper. Corrupt and evil practices are brought to light on every side. Wealth and riches have brought on many vices which will keep the forces of the right battling for many a day. Men of modern times have been known to commit atrocities which even the barbarians of a thousand years ago would have shuddered at. In many ways the world is turning backward, and much of the good accomplished in the past is being destroyed. The time has come when something is needed that will start the whole universe on the right track again.

The "New Renaissance" has come. America, the Martin Luther of the "New Renaissance," has tacked her theses on the great door of justice, right and liberty. Beset with all kinds of difficulties, America has entered the great struggle to make the world safer and better to live in, and has set forth ideals that have startled the whole world. She stands today as the living example of a great and righteous nation. "Uncle Sam" stands for the rights of the small nations as well as

the rights of the big powers. By her example, America is showing the rest of the nations how to make the world "safe for Democracy." Thus, we see the good old U. S. A. at the head of the movement that will place the world where she belongs. The progress of the old "Renaissance" was very great. The "New Renaissance" will surpass the old so far that there can be no comparison. Things, thus far undreamed of, will come to pass. Nations will become more brotherly, and Tennyson's "Parliament of man will be a reality while "The war clouds will throb no longer." They shall beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks; nations shall not lift up swords against nation, neither shall they learn war any more." There will be a "federation of the world" in which everybody will unite to make this old globe worth living on. There will be industries everywhere, and many new things will be discovered. The people will be given greater freedom, and the word oppression will be entirely forgotten. Greater institutions of knowledge, will be built, and learning will be universal. Everything will be done to aid the sick and suffering, and many diseases will be annihilated. Everything that destroys happiness will be battled against with unending fury, and this world will soon be an ideal place. Business will be flourishing, and the tillers of the soil will reap crops that will easily fill the storehouses of the world. At last, there will be a great brotherhood of nations, each ready to aid the other in time of need. When a peep is taken into the home of the nations, a great number of brothers will be seen; but the noblest of all will be good, old "Uncle Sam."

O. F. C. '20.

AMONG MEXICAN BANDITS.

The commencement exercises were over and the boys were in a hurry to leave on the noon train.

Cecil Courtney had just finished four years of hard work, and was now preparing to visit his uncle in Texas before going to work. Cecil had spent all of his life in a city, and had missed many of the outdoor sports that the country boy usually has. One of his greatest desires had been to visit the "Wild and Woolly" country, and at last his wish was to be gratified. His uncle owned a ranch near the Mexican border, and had asked him to come down to see the rounding-up of the cattle. For the last week he had been thinking about his trip and could hardly put his mind on examinations. However, all were over now, and he did not have anything to worry about.

Racing to be among the first at the train, he hastily stuffed the last few articles in his satchel, and rushed out to the sleighs where the boys were piling in. Satchels were tossed in first, and then the crowd got on top. Often there was a general mix-up, and only a leg or head could be seen. The whip cracked, and the fleet horses started across the snow with their load. Everybody was joyful. The horses could not go fast enough for them. A few minutes' ride and they were at the station. Cecil parted with many of his old college friends and took a train going South.

Three days later Cecil had arrived safely at the ranch. He was impressed by the great droves of cattle, and took special interest in the cowboys. He had become attached to Pedro, a youngster of his own age. Pedro was of Spanish descent. He was a natural born athlete, and had soon taught Cecil some of his stunts. Cecil could ride a horse very little at first; but, after getting some hard falls and sympathy, as well as aid,

from the boys, he was soon riding as good as the average.

The time was drawing near to round up the cattle. Cecil could hardly wait. He knew it was going to be thrilling from what Pedro had been telling.

"And above all things you better keep your head when you get a thousand or two bunched," he said. "If you get excited and let one or two start toward you the rest will follow and gore you to death."

"Also, Cecil, you must not ride below Sand Creek for that is Mexican soil, and there is no telling what you will run into," said his uncle, a good jolly old man.

Early Monday morning they started out. Cecil was riding his favorite pony, and beside him rode his chum, Pedro. They were to circle around to the South, passing along the northern bank of the creek. Everything went well until they reached the creek, when the leader of the herd made a break for the water. He rushed into the stream and began to drink.

The herd, tho, thinking he was going across, followed, and before the boys could stop them, the cows in the lead were fairly pushed across by the bunch behind. Five got across but the boys managed to get the remainder back.

Say, Pedro, we will turn the herd over to the boys—I see them coming now—and then we will go in search of the five that got across."

"Not by your life. I am not anxious to get my neck stretched by those bushwackers."

"Well, I'll go by myself then."

Pedro tried to persuade Cecil not to go, but all in vain. The Spaniard finally gave it up and decided to go also. They turned the herd over to the other boys, and crossed the stream. They searched for several hours but could not find a trace of the cows. It was beginning to get dark and they were far from the ranch.

"It seems as if we are going to spend the night out here," said Pedro, as he crashed thru some bushes.

"Yes, it looks so," replied Cecil. "If we could only find a cabin we could——"

"Halt!" rang out a Mexican voice in front of them.

"Wheel to the right," whispered Pedro, and, to suit their words to action, they wheeled and dashed for a small grove of trees.

"Bang!" went the rifle and a bullet passed across the pommel of Cecil's saddle.

"Rather close," muttered Cecil as he drew his pistol. "Put it to them Pedro," and they emptied their pistols in the direction of their enemy. They darted into the trees only to land right into the camp of the bandits. Before they realized their situation they were dragged from their horses.

"Ha! Americano," hissed the leader as he thrust his face close to Cecil's.

"And the dog of a Spaniard who refused to join our band," muttered the rest.

At this moment the sentinel was brought in with a wound in his arm.

"We will make your blood pay for this," he said.

"Put them under guard," said the captain. "We will show them how to swing in the morning."

Their hands being bound behind their backs, they were marched to a small stone cabin in the center of the camp. As they passed along, they noticed about six score of men sitting around the fires preparing their supper. Each man in turn glared at the prisoners in such a manner that made the chills creep over Cecil.

They were shoved into the hut and the door bolted. Neither spoke for several minutes. The Spaniard seemed to be in deep thought. Then he moved over to Cecil.

"Let us put our backs together," he said. He began to run his fingers over the knots. Ten—fifteen minutes he tugged with Cecil's bounds, and was finally rewarded. Their captors had been too hasty in tying them and their hands were soon free.

They tried the door and windows but found them well barred.

"We will have to try the walls and floor," said Cecil. He felt over every inch of surface but only a small stick was found.

"This is our only hope," said Pedro. "It is about time that they send our supper, and I don't think they will send but one man with it, because they expect us to be securely bound. We will trust to luck. I will stand behind the door, and if there is *one* you cough. The light will be dim and he will not notice my absence at first. If we get rid of him we'll have to trust to luck getting out of camp."

They did not have to wait long. Approaching footsteps were soon heard. Pedro took his station behind the door and Cecil sat directly in front with his hands behind his back.

How long it seemed before the door began to open. Pedro was waiting for the signal. Cecil looked out of the door for a second or two and then coughed. Pedro raised his stick, and as the Mexican stepped into the room the stick descended. At that moment the Mexican stumbled, and to save himself from falling, he dropped the pan containing the food. Pedro was true to his aim, tho, and knocked him senseless, but the pan in falling raised such a noise that the Mexicans around the fires jumped up and came running to the hut.

"Come on, we'll rush them," commanded Pedro.

They ran thru the door, but before they got fifteen paces they were overpowered, and daggers were pressed against their breasts.

The leader came up and began to rave about the

prisoners not being bound securely the first time. This time he made sure by binding them himself. They were then marched back to the hut and a guard placed at the door.

"Luck failed us," muttered Cecil. "I guess we will have to stay and see it well done tomorrow morning."

They tried their best to contrive a way of escape. They even called the guard in, and tried to bribe him to set them free, promising him a place of safety beyond the border, but all in vain. They finally had to settle down to their fate. There was very little sleep for them and they lay awake thinking.

Hours passed and finally the sun began to peep above the horizon. The bandits began to stir about camp. It was not long before a guard of six men came for them. They were marched to a tree about fifty yards from camp. There they saw two ropes thrown over a limb and nooses tied in the ends. A shudder ran over them. Cecil tried to reason with the captain. He told them that if he was killed Uncle Sam would surely settle with them.

"He'll never know," the leader shot back.

It was all in vain. They beseeched and threatened but to no effect. They were shoved under the limb and the nooses thrown over their heads.

"Tighten!" yelled the captain.

The men tightened on the ropes.

"Up!" he roared.

The band had been so intent on their work that they had not noticed a troop approaching.

"Hold!" rang out a commanding voice, and every member of the band jumped to salute.

Cecil and Pedro breathed a sigh of relief. They turned their heads and saw a short stocky man.

"Would you have the hornets flying around us by hanging these men? Place the captain under arrest, men."

"By jingo! General Villa," said Pedro.

"Just in time, eh, boys?" smiled the general. "I am sorry that my captain placed you in such a predicament. Two of my men will escort you to the border to see that you are not troubled again."

He shook hands with them, and the boys thanked him gratefully. Mounting their horses, they were escorted back to the creek, and just as they were crossing the stream they met the cowboys coming out to search for them. The five cows had been found a little farther up the creek, so they did not return empty handed after all.

The uncle did not get after them for going into Mexico, because he was too glad to see them safe again.

L. H. G. '18.

A PRAYER.

As the mariner looks to his compass;
As the Wise Men looked to their star—
So we, walking ever in darkness,
Look up to Thee from afar.
Thou art strong, but we are weaklings
Heavy burdened, full of care;
Oh Father, all wise and all seeing,
Hear this our humble prayer!

1.

If we have strayed from our duty;
If we have quitted the trail;
Thou said that Thy love was boundless;
Thy mercy would never fail.

2

We have striv'n to walk uprightly
Thru many a day and night;
But we have stumbled in darkness,—
Oh Lord God give us light!

3

Thou knowest if we have fallen
That we have been tempted sore,—
Our Father, grant us forgiveness,—
Oh Lord God, pass it o'er!

4

Give us strength to do our duty;
Help us to keep to the trail;
Grant us strength to lift the fallen,
That right may ever prevail.

5

And when all our work is finished,
And our race on earth is run;
Oh, bring us safe to Thy glory,
Far beyond the setting sun.

—For Thou art strong but we are weaklings,—
Heavy-burdened, full of care;
Oh Father, all wise and all seeing, —
Hear this our humble prayer!

J. N. T. '18.

The Clemson College Chronicle

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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: B. O. WILLIAMS, '18.

THE GIFT OF THE PEN.

It is usually considered that being able to express one's thoughts in writing is a fine art, and the statement is in all probabilities true. The discussion may be viewed from two standpoints, one constructive, and the other destructive. From the constructive standpoint comes all the writings which tends to build up the problems of the social and business world. Herein are dealt with such matters as education, morality, and every practical issue which stands out for the betterment of the human race. Man is working with man and for man and the result is a mutual advancement.

What power is expressed in the pen! Generation after generation has been debating the question as to whether "The pen is mightier than the sword," and we see that no definite conclusion can be reached.

During certain periods the pen will rule, then there will come a clash, and the sword will be resorted to.

From the destructive standpoint we find men writing against one another, each striving to subdue his opponent. We see competition springing forth; whether dealing with politics, materialism, trade, commerce, or whatever the case may be, and producing jealousy, rivalry, and anger among the parties involved. Even at a time when the very life of a nation is at stake, we find traitors creeping in and, by the use of the pen, damaging the organization of the nation. They either lose sight of the fact that they are merely "cutting off their nose to spite their face," or else they are guided by some fraudulent spirit.

May we as students analyze every situation which confronts us, tear it to pieces, look it over, and then strive to use the constructive plan of expressing our thoughts. College graduates have a noble chance for promoting iron-clad principles. May we all realize this, and educate ourselves to use the pen successfully.

SUPPORTING THE PUBLICATIONS

It is not necessary to make any remarks upon this subject by way of criticism, but merely to call attention to the fact that students sometimes get careless and unconcerned with regards to some of their most important duties. Students ought to realize that work done on the college publications is work done to promote their own welfare; for, student-bodies are sometimes judged to a great extent by the publications which they get out. A good publication always shows a certain element of the College spirit which it represents. Never let that spirit fall below the highest standard.

There are many ways in which the other students may aid the staff in putting out a publication. In fact,

the staff should serve only to gather up and prepare the subject matter for the press, and to carry on the finance. The students ought to be glad to work in a financial way to aid the staff. They should prepare and submit an extra amount of material for each issue, so that selection could be practiced. The most important point, and the one which it is intended to stress is that it requires a complete organization of all the students, and a close cooperation between the students and the staff, to put out the best issue of any publication. Let's all wake up to this fact!



EDITOR: W. H. BRYANT, '18.

Mr. Ray. T. Jenny, Y. M. C. A. Physical Director at Camp Wadsworth, Spartanburg, S. C. gave a very interesting and inspiring talk at Vesper Services February, 17. Mr. Jenny spoke from the experiences he has had with "the boys" in camp, which gave his talk a gripping effect on his hearers. Using the word Sincerity as the central thought of his talk the speaker showed why every man should be absolutely sincere right now if never before. To win this terrible and mighty war that our country is now fighting every man of us has got to keep on giving until it hurts and then give until it stops hurting,—give our time and money and even ourselves. Just the opposite from sincerity is hypocrisy, the common conception of which is that of a man appearing better than he really is. But an even worse kind of hypocrisy is for a man to appear and try to be worse than he is. What a common fault of a great many college men is this kind of hypocrisy! It is expressed in cursing, swearing, and a great many other evil habits. We ought to cut out this thing, and as Phillips Brooks put it "If we ought, we must."

The sailor has a dread and fear of derelicts—old forsaken ships aimlessly floating around, which are likely to cause a wreck at any time. Many college men are veritable derelicts, without a definite purpose or aim guiding them. And the fault would not be so bad were it not for the fact that these men not only harm themselves but they pull many another man down. Work hard, play fair, live clean—such a purpose will help you, as well as the man next door to you.

Before the men of France held the Germans out of Paris under such great odds, half the world thought that the Frenchman had lost his valor and fighting ability. But although the French soldier realized that there was no glory in the hell of war—all the glory being in the cause for which he was fighting—still his line of steel backed by resolute hearts kept the Germans from breaking through. The French soldiers fought with a sincerity of purpose that did not know defeat. Such is the spirit of the Christian—humanity and others first, myself last.



EDITOR: S. A. ANDERSON, '18.

V. O. Pruitt '17 is working with the Armour Company at Wilmington, N. C. His address is the Y. M. C. A. He was the Treasurer of the Carolina society during his senior year.

G. M. Lupo Ex. '19 has cast his lot with Uncle Sam's navy and is now running down "U" boats.

J. C. Miller Ex. '20 has gone to serve in France with an American Red Cross Company.

A. Hardin Ex. '18 is now stationed at Camp Jackson, Columbia. "Annie" was a well known figure in football circles. He won his block by plowing the line.

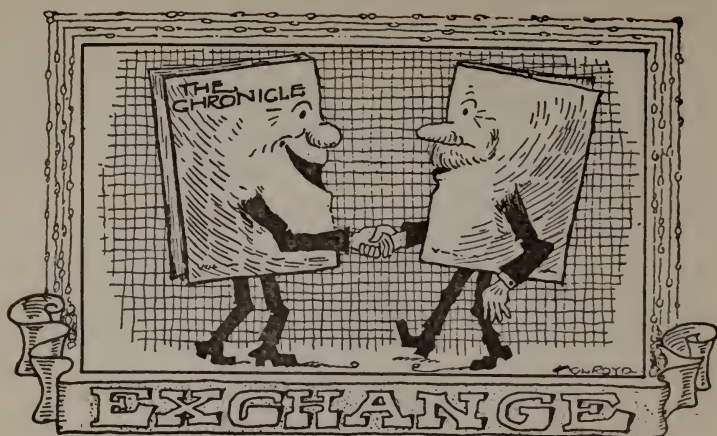
T. L. Ayers '18 "Tom" is now in training at Ft. Oglethorpe. We are expecting great things of "Tom," because he is a hard working concientious lad.

D. Crumpler '17 "Dean" is now a lieutenant at Camp Jackson. No doubt he will soon be on his way across the pond.

L. C. Fletcher '17 "Lucy" is now with the Westinghouse Company at Pittsburg, Pa.

J. P. Durham '17 "Peter" is now at the Third Training Camp at Columbia, S. C. While in school, he was captain of "B" company.

H. H. Quattlebaum '16 "Preacher" is teaching at Carolina this year. He was assistant in the Physics division the year after he graduated here.



EDITORS:

J. N. TENHET, '18.

J. S. WATKINS, '19.

The Junior Number of *The Newberry Stylus* is very short, and would be greatly improved by the addition of one more essay and another poem.

The poem, "Stubborn Pete," however, is good. The dialect is handled quite well and the piece is rather humorous.

"A Tragic Mistake that Almost—" is unusually good. It is seldom that one finds a story in a college publication handled better than this one. The style is good; the pathos appealing; and the unexpectedly happy ending is a proper finish to such a story.

The essay "American Patriotism" is very good. It is well written and expresses what many of us have thought, perhaps, but have never been able to put into words.

The last story, "The Rescue," is decidedly amateurish, and is remarkable for nothing else. To one who was raised in the great swamps of the low country, the description of such a place, in the story, seems lacking in many respects. Also, in this day and generation such a plot is decidedly out of date. One doesn't hear of a band of "moonshiners" deliberately murdering, or attempting to murder, two men, merely on the suspicion that they are Government officers. Such acts cannot be done without calling down the vengeance of Uncle Sam, even had

they been revenue officers, upon the perpetrators of the crime; and criminals know this. Even the Blue Ridge mountains, of which so many tales have been written, are more civilized than this now.

"*The Basaba*" for the first quarter is also very short, but what it lacks in quantity it makes up in quality.

The two poems, "The Slacker" and "Classification" are both good; the sentiment of the former appealing to each and every one of us.

The story, "The Girl after His Own Heart" is one of the best stories we have seen in a college publication this season. The plot is good and well worked out; the style is excellent; the diction is fine. It is the kind of story that draws attention to itself and adds greatly to the value of a publication. It is remarkably true to life and is just the kind of thing likely to happen every day; this is what, in a large measure, constitutes its appeal.

It does seem, however, as if a college the size of Coker could put out a publication each month in place of only one each quarter. Moreover, if it is only possible to publish *The Bashaba* every quarter, it certainly looks as if Coker ought to be able to publish a larger issue.

We are glad to see among our January exchanges the first issue of the revised "*Castle Heights' Herald*." We congratulate the student body of Castle Heights upon the revival of this magazine. Every college, worthy of the name, possesses some publication and altho Castle Heights is only a "prep" school it is true, still, many high schools are now putting out monthly publications.

There is nothing in this issue especially worthy of note, except possibly "A June Fantasy." This little humorous story is rather good.

The brevity of the *Castle Heights Herald* for January is excusable on account of its being a first issue, but the staff should try to get out a larger issue next month.

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The Clemson College Chronicle

Valeat Quantum Valent Potest

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No 5



EDITORS:

J. B. FAUST, '18.

A. C. CORCORAN, '19.

M. C. JETER, '20.

WHEN?

When rains shall cease to fall
And lightnings cease to flash;
When thunders cease to roar,
Then will nations cease to clash.

When suns shall cease to shine
And winds shall cease to blow;
When stars shall cease to gleam,
Then Death's cold blood will cease to flow.

When nights shall cease to be
And moons shall cease to glow;
When day shall never die,
Then war shall be, O nevermore.

When waters flow for every kin;
When mock birds chirp in every tree;
When angels live on earth with men,
Oh peace shall then forever be.

G. H. A. '19.

THE LIFE OF A MAN.

The life of a man may be divided into three periods. The first period embraces his childhood days; then comes his boyhood and young manhood life; and lastly comes the period after he has reached the age of maturity.

Let us first consider the childhood days of a man. It is during this period that he is developing most rapidly in physical and mental strength. Take the child that rocks in the cradle by his mother's side. Suppose that child is carried away to an isolated district and left to be fed by the beasts of the field. Would he, like a bird, grow up, possessing the same characteristics and speaking the same language as his parents? I dare say he would not. Heredity plays a part in determining what the child's future shall be, but his environment shall play the greater part. In order to grow into a big man, mentally, morally, and physically, the child must be taught the right principles of living. A scholar once said that he visited the homes of two large families. In the first home that he visited, there lived two little boys. When the night was growing late and the eyes of the little boys were growing heavy with sleep, the father put them to bed as a dog would put her puppies to bed. In the other home there also lived two little boys. When the hour of bedtime arrived, the old father called them to his knee, and after hearing their evening prayers he kissed them goodnight and put them gently to sleep. Which of these boys will develop into the right kind of a man?

As one approaches manhood he begins to put away childish things and becomes more serious and thoughtful. The question of his life's work comes into his mind. The young man should realize that he is talented in some particular line of work and he should do everything to develop that talent and prepare himself thoroughly for the work he expects to follow. Too many of us do not

realize this important fact and "We spend our lives as a tale that is told." We do not realize that God put us here to accomplish something worth while. If we fall short of this our life has been a failure. One should, as Josh Billings says, look upon life as a great game; each man must play the cards dealt him; he is not the best player who wins the game, but he who plays the poor hand well. Each man should make the best of his opportunities and do his very best.

The young man who goes to college should have some definite reason for going. He should go to better equip himself for the battles of life. The student in college should avail himself of every opportunity for making a more useful man of himself. College life is no time for idleness. It is the busiest period of a man's life. The way he spends his time here determines how he shall spend his future life. He who sets sixty per cent as his standard at college shall have the same standard throughout life. The student who expects to get thru college by using unfair means shall have the same expectations in his future life.

When one has reached the age of maturity and has prepared himself for his life's work, he should realize that his task is very great. He should look on his work not as a means to a selfish end, realizing that success is not measured by the accumulation of wealth but by service to our fellow-man. As the poet, Bryan, has said: "So live that when our life's work is done and we are summoned to that other world, we may go, not as the quarry slave, scourged to his dungeon at night, but approach our grave.

"Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

R. L. A. '19.

HER SACRIFICE

In the early part of February of 1916, when the German Crown Prince was making ready his terrific drive for Verdun, he issued an order to one of his Zeppelin commanders that he must go on a bombing expedition behind the French lines.

The commander of the Zeppelin had his headquarters near the small Alsatian village of Zabern. He visited the village often to talk with the people, trying to persuade the French sympathizers to believe in the greatness of the German fatherland. In the village lived a lovely French-Alsatian maid, the belle of the surrounding country. Her sympathy was with the French, yet she dared to show it in the presence of Germans.

Thinking of the pleasure he would receive from seeing railway stations and villages blown to pieces, the commander was so enthusiastic over his romantic mission, which he was going to take that night, that he did not keep it a military secret, but told the villagers of the mission that he was going to take for the cause of the fatherland.

When the Alsatian maid heard of the raid that was going to take place that night, she gave a deep sigh and tears came into her eyes. She loved her French people, hated the cruel Germans, and would willingly have been fighting in the French ranks, if she could have had the opportunity of getting there. With a deep feeling of love of country in her breast, and sacrifice in her heart, she thought long and earnestly how she might keep her people from being destroyed by the ruthless Huns. Dressing in her prettiest gown, and wrapping herself in her warm plaid shawl, she slipped over to the commander's headquarters. The powerful engines of the Zeppelin were already being tested when she arrived, and every thing was being made ready for the flight. The commander

and the second officer were studying a map, when the pretty Alsatian maid tapped the commander lightly on the shoulder and in stammering German asked that she might go with him in the flight that he was going to take.

Somewhat bewildered, the commander did not know how to answer her; for he was pleased with her lovely form, and thought of her as an ideal companion during his flight. The disciplined sense of duty forbade his taking her with him, but the thought of duty was quickly forgotten, and he heard only her gentle pleadings that she might go with him.

The mechanics reported that the engines had stood the test, and that everything was now ready for the flight. With, "All ready," the commander beckoned to the maid to climb into the gondola. Showing her to his compartment, he told her of the romantic flight they were about to take, and of the pleasure he received in dealing destruction to other people in the cause of the fatherland. The powerful engines had their maximum speed now, and the mighty Zeppelin began to rise. Higher and higher it rose until the altitude of ten thousand feet was reached, the Zeppelin flying onward on its mission of ruthlessness and terrorism.

Hastily the mechanics were arranging the bomb dropping apparatus to drop a bomb on a railway station far below. The bomb was launched, and the observer saw that it hit the target, the railway station was blown to pieces. The charming maiden thought quickly and desperately how she might save her country from further destruction. Already the giant searchlights of the French had found the Zeppelin, and the shrapnel from the anti-aircraft guns were feeling out the enemy. The Zeppelin quickened its speed, but now the armored motor cars had come into action, and were following the Zeppelin trying to get its range. Soon the range was found, and the shrapnel and incendiary shells began

bursting over the huge gas envelope of the Zeppelin. The maiden could see the flashes from the bursting shells, and she resolved that now is the time to make the sacrifice.

Coming shyly to the commander, she kneeled before him, took his hand and kissed it, imploring him to turn back from his terrible mission. She used every member of her facial expressions in her pleadings; those soft dark eyes radiating the light of love and devotion. The commander's telephone rang, but he did not turn his head to answer it. His eyes were fastened on the beautiful maiden; he heard nothing nor saw nothing but the lovely visage and the kneeling form before him.

The second officer ran hurriedly and wildly into the commander's compartment crying, "They have got our range! they have got our range!" It was too late now, an incendiary shell had found its mark, and the blaze was rapidly spreading over the huge gas envelope. Suddenly the commander jumped to his feet giving the startled cry, "We are lost! we are lost!" Falling gently forward on her face, the maiden uttered a prayer to God, and dreamed of her beloved France as a land of peace and happiness.

Seeing the Zeppelin ablaze and rapidly descending, the French gunners gave a yell of triumph. The remains of the Zeppelin fell near a little village behind the French lines. On the next day when the French engineers were examining the wreck, they found among the ruins, the charred remains of a small foot.

The gunner that brought the Zeppelin down received the Cross of War, and his heart throbbed with pride as it was pinned on his breast. Yet to this day, he doesn't know that with the destroyed Zeppelin, he also brought down the Joan of Arc of new France.

M. C. J. '20.

WHEN SPRING APPROACHES

The green blade of grass, its slender form,
Raises its verdant head above its earthen home
To kiss the rays of sunshine as they speed on their way,
Waking each little seedling to the light of day.

The timid little violet from among the leaves doth peep;
Vigilantly the biddings of nature does it keep,
Wafting its fragrance on the cool, soft breeze,
Making the whole earth beautiful with modest ease.

The baby blossom in its cradle does awake,
Of itself, a fragrant flower to make,
As it unfolds its petals in the warm sunlight,
Causing the selfish world to be thoughtful and bright.

The buzzing bee wings through the air
In quest of nectar from the flowers fair
To fill with honey the octagon cell
That, when winter comes, all will be well.

The birds in their gladness fill the woods with song,
As they vie with one another all the day long,
Displaying their plumed feathers of every hue
Calling to the gentle mate to obey the love song true.

The lads and lassies in innocent fun
Do woo and coo as the older ones.
Bashfully conscious of their first timid love,
As Cupid with his darts does over them hove.

M. C. J. '20.

WILL POWER.

One of the most valuable assets a person can possess is a strong will power. Not everyone possesses a strong will power, and he who does is indeed very fortunate, for he possesses the power of assiduity, of carrying out his will, and of forging ahead. He may be benefited mentally, morally and physically.

Nothing is more important in the classroom than concentration. This is obviously shown by the fact that the best scholars are largely those who exercise the power of concentration. They are determined to be attentive, and they make their wills submit to their determinations. No obstacles can retard them from carrying out their purposes, because they have the power to drive their wills on tenaciously. They are so bent on accomplishing their desired results that nothing discourages them.

It has been justly said, that the greatest word in the English language is No. This is in a large measure true, because when confronted with temptation, unless one possesses that potent power of exercising his will, he will invariably say, yes; although he knows that he is doing wrong. But if he possesses a strong will power, he is capable of combating with the temptation, and triumphantly will say no. He is master of his will and actions at all times, and can sustain the right, regardless of the temptation. Thus it is shown that it pays to cultivate a strong will power.

A man is benefited physically by having a strong will power. He is able to abstain from dissipations, and things which are detrimental to him physically. He knows he ought not to do certain deeds which are dissolute. Had not Demosthenes a strong will power, he would never have gone down to the sea-shore each day and talked with pebbles in his mouth until he overcame his stammering. His mind was intent on success, and

he executed his will power until he did succeed.

Will power is a keynote to success, whether it be in the social, financial, or commercial world. Many men who are discouraged, strait, or unsuccessful could succeed if they had only a strong will power; if they would only resolve to go ahead. The burdens and hardships of life are easily overcome by those who resolve to succeed, and have the power to force their wills to put forth their utmost efforts unceasingly. The well known adage, "If you don't at first succeed, try, try again," is appropriate for those who have not strong will powers, for if this proverb is followed, then their untiring efforts will ultimately be rewarded with success.

H. H. K. '20.

JESSIE'S CHOICE.

"Good-bye, you darn slacker."

These were the words of Jim Hanes as he left his room-mate at college, on his way to a training camp. He and John North had entered school together, and had been room-mates for their four years of school life at the University. Before entering college they had been real good friends, and they became more attached to each other for the first two years off at school. They had spent many nights of the summer together. In fact, where you saw one, the other was sure to be near.

After going together for several years, they met Jessie Holt, a girl that was liked by all. Jim and John were both carried away with the attractiveness of Jessie. Jim decided that he was really in love with Jessie; so he began to be a frequent visitor of Jessie's. He did not want even his best friend, John, to go with her; but John did not notice it, for he never dreamed of such a thing. This made Jim very jealous; so it was the cause of the harsh good-bye. Jim had no right to be jealous, for John withdrew from the race just as soon as he realized the state of affairs.

Jim was very successful at the training camp, for at the end of three months he was awarded a first lieutenant. In the meanwhile, John went to work at home after his graduation. It was not long before his health began to give way, and the question came up in his mind quite often, as to whether he was a real slacker or not. The agony of all this, together with the loss of his best friend and a sweetheart, caused him to decline in health very rapidly. At last he decided he was not doing what he should for his country, altho he was told by his firm that he would be of more importance at home than on the firing line.

After suffering from bad health for sometime, he decided to consult the specialist. John was told that he

would die in less than three weeks if he wasn't operated on. He did not have any money on hand; so he decided to die on the firing line in France, if possible. Due to a hurried examination he managed to pass it, and his regiment left for France in two days time after he was enlisted as a second class private.

Before leaving for France, he called on Jessie. She treated him very cold, for Jim had "bamboozed" her that John was a real slacker, and unfit to associate with her. John quickly told Jessie all. Of course she showed him the sympathy that she would have any other man who was going to die soon. There were a few things that he wanted to impress upon her before he left. He first gave her the straight of his and Jim's falling out. He then said that he was not mad at Jim; but still he felt that Jim had treated him wrong. He next told her that he sincerely hoped that Jim would return to his own, and that they would always be happy.

He then said, "Jessie, I don't suppose that you ever knew it; but really, I love you dearly. Of course after you and Jim became engaged, I tried to forget it all; but I just couldn't. As I am expected to die soon, I never hope to see you again; but remember this,—The last words that shall pass my lips will be, "Jessie, I loved you."

John soon landed on the firing line in France. He did not die in three weeks, neither in three months, for at the end of that time he was appointed Top-Sergeant. His quick rise was partly due to his military training which he had had while at college. He went "over the top" several times, but it seems that he had made up his mind "not to die for his country, but to live for it." On account of his bravery and gallant service, he was soon promoted to a captain. He didn't stop at this, but at the end of a year's service in France, he was head major in his regiment.

One rainy night, Major North was walking alone by a

stream. He was thinking of his old pal—Jim, and his mind had also wandered back to Jessie. All at once, he saw by the dim light of the moon shining thru the watery cloud, the form of three men tying a man to a tree. He slipped up closer and saw that it was three Germans, about to brutally murder Lieutenant Hanes. With a shudder he pulled out his revolver and shot the three brutal Germans, but this was not all: he felt the fire of two bullets from behind. He fell, and luckily an American party came to his rescue at once. Of course Lieutenant Hanes wanted to see the wounded American that had saved his life. When he looked into the ghastly face of Maj. North he was dumbfounded, for he did not know whether John was really in France. At first he seemed a bit shame-faced, but just as soon as Maj. North became conscious, Lieut. Hane said,

"John, I had rather have died than for *you* to have come to my rescue."

John replied by saying, "Well Jim, you may have called me a slacker, but I am a true blooded American; and, not an American would have stood by and let his brother American be killed when he could come to his rescue, regardless of past personal difficulties."

Back in America, Jessie had spent many sleepless nights after John had left. She began to realize that her love for John was growing, while that with Jim was rapidly waning. She wrote to Jim asking him to hunt John for her. Of course this made Jim angry, and Jessie immediately told him not to write her any more. This explains his harsh thanks to John for saving his life.

Jessie became very impatient, and she decided that she would hunt John herself. She joined the Red Cross, expecting to go to France at once. It happened that she arrived just before Maj. North was wounded. She did not know of his successful career until she was told in

France. She immediately hurried to the base hospital of his regiment.

Early one morning, while walking among the patients, she saw a familiar face in a corner. Maj. North saw her at the same moment.

He called, "Jessie."

She ran forward and exclaimed, "Oh John, I have found you at last."

Of course John was dumbfounded, for he thought that Jessie had forgotten him. Jessie immediately told him all, and asked him to forgive her. John forgot that he was a wounded soldier, but it seemed to him that all was heaven, as the sun rays stole silently thru her golden locks; and he was heard to whisper,

"Oh Jessie, my dreams have come true."

M. P. E. '18.

THE CALL.

I think as I sit in the twilight
Of the need of men "over there;"
And I hope that I will answer
The call without flinching or fear.

I think of the men who before me
Have given their lives and their all;
And I hope that I will not falter
When my country sounds the call.

The call now comes clearer, nearer,
I can hardly fail that call;
I must, like the men before me,
Respond and leave my all.

God help me to serve in the battle;
God help me to face the strife.
And, if, in the roar and the rattle
He will take away my life,

Why all I can do is to answer
For my Pilot is sounding the call;
And, if it is His will for me,
I can serve Him after I fall.

E. M. B. '18.

AMID THE SHADOWS.

Ken Melbourne looked at himself in the large mirror for the tenth time in the last five minutes. There he stood, a handsome young man of a score and two years, proud and ostentatious in his bearings. A lofty feeling could be seen in the conceited smile on his face as he looked at his own haughty self in the glass. He straightened his tie, pulled his coat somewhat higher on his shoulders, placed his hat carefully to one side of his head and proudly walked from the room. He was soon passing out of the gate of the yard surrounding the Melbourne mansion.

From a much simpler home on the opposite side of the small settlement, Thomas Stevens had walked some thirty minutes before. Tom was a tall, broad-shouldered young chap—a match for any man in the community. Walking erect, head forward and shoulders back, he made his way to the home of his heart's desire.

The beautiful dwelling of the Carsons' was soon plainly discernible in the grove that surrounded the house. The interior of the old Colonial structure was worthy of the protection of those splendid walls.

Lucile Carson, dressed in a beautiful and suitable frock, was anxiously expecting Tom to come over that night for supper and she had prepared everything with that thought in mind. Lucile was a slender, graceful girl, and dressed as she was, we agree with Tom in saying that she was very pretty. The older sister, Ruth, was equally as pretty as Lucile, but she lacked the attraction which her younger sister enjoyed. She was dressed in simple style, wearing a blue skirt and a blue and white middie blouse. A sad, far-away look was in her eye and we know she was not happy. Her long, golden hair hung in heavy curls over her shoulders and reached half-way down her back. She slowly turned and entered the house.

From early childhood Ruth Carson had admired Kendrix Melbourne. Just lately she had confessed to herself that she loved him—yea, with her whole heart. She loved him in pity; why did Ken persist in loving her sister when his love was unappreciated and unreturned? Ruth quietly put her hand to her pretty blue eyes and wiped away a large tear. "Oh! Ken, Ken," she sobbed, "if you only knew how much my sister hates you and how much I love you! If you only knew, if you only knew, Ken!"

Tom had arrived at the house and soon he was busily engaged in conversation with Lucile. Ruth did not enter the room that night. She crept up stairs to her bed, not for a moment did she go to sleep. She lay there conscious of every noise and movement outside.

Walking rapidly down the long road between the homes of the two most wealthy families in Kingsbury County, Ken Melbourne was soon in sight of the Carson home. "I bet that fool, Tom Stevens, is with Lucile tonight," he muttered when he saw a light in the eastern end of the old mansion. He was right in his conjecture; Tom was there and he did not plead his case in vain. It was clear that Tom's Love was appreciated; his presence desirable. Not to be outdone, Ken walked upon the long porch and Lucile, herself, met him rather coldly. When Ken saw Tom in the parlor, his look changed to one of anger and revenge. He sat down but was very uncomfortable, and soon he left the house. As soon as he had gone, both Tom and Lucile breathed a sigh of relief.

All that had taken place below was noted by our heroine up stairs. She had noticed the sudden arrival and the more sudden departure of the vain Kendrix Melbourne. Again she laid her head on her pillow and cried until it was wet with grievous tears. "O God!" she prayed, "how long, oh how long will he be in ignorance? Give me some way to show this man my love for him." And little did she think that her prayer would be answered that very night. She, seemingly in an un-

conscious state of mind, pulled herself from her bed, opened the door of her room, and softly stole down the stairs and out into the night air and the soft, mellow moonlight.

Ken Melbourne did not return to his home when he left the Carson dwelling. When he first left the house he wandered around the yard as if reluctant to leave. He occasionally would pass quietly by the parlor window and cast a jealous glance at his rival who had almost forgotten that Ken had been near that night. Then, with his mind made up, Ken turned into the path leading to Tom's home, just as Ruth appeared in the doorway and caught a faint glance of his shadow as it fell behind the oaks in the lane separating the home of Tom and his lover.

Ruth followed; why, she knew not, yet she watched his every movement in the moonlight as he wound his way down the path. Ken suddenly stopped and turned. He was standing in a narrow opening in the wood. A searching ray of the soft light had found his face and contrasted itself with the mad countenance it revealed. Ruth saw the expression and read written across the face of her lover M-U-R-D-E-R. Ken stepped back twelve paces and marked both the place where he had stood and the point on which his twelfth step had fallen. Ruth conceived his purpose and the shock completely overcame her. She fainted and fell unnoticed behind the large oak where she stood.

When she recovered, she did so with a start. Was that a pistol shot? She quickly roused herself and peered from behind the tree that sheltered her. As she had expected, there in the light of the shadows a duel had begun its fatal program. Ken stood on the point nearest her, while Thomas Stevens held his position twelve paces away. Pistols in hand, they stared one at the other. Tom waited for Ken to fire again. There has never been, nor will there ever be, any word to describe the ghastly

look in Kendrix Melbourne's face. Tom stood calm and cool in his tracks. He had not wanted to fight; he begged that Ken adopt some other method of taking out his jealousy, but the mad lover was determined to fight. He did not know Tom's steady nerve; he did not know his own shaky arm. Tom saw and withheld his fire. He was not afraid of being shot by the nervous form before him. But Ken did not know that Tom saw his unsteady arm and he looked for every moment to be his last. How glad he would have been had he not given Tom that fatal weapon! Why had he not shot him from ambush as he had at first decided? Kendrix Melbourne, why were you so foolish as to challenge Tomas Stevens to a duel? Love, blind love, was the answer. Just as these thoughts went to his brain, just as young Melbourne was about to fall in a nervous fit, Ruth Carson ran from her hiding place, caught the poor boy in her arms and placing her own breast towards the mouth of Steven's gun she said one word—"Shoot!" Ken felt the support of his lover, but he was too weak to speak and he merely looked up into her eyes and smiled a smile not soon to be forgotten by Ruth; then he sank into unconsciousness. Tom ran to help Ruth support the senseless form. He briefly explained the reason of the duel. It was that Ken was jealous because Lucile loved Tom and did not care for him. Like an adder's sting that thought went deep into her heart. Would Ken ever love her? "God grant it," she whispered, as Tom caught the death-like man in his strong arms and beckoned her to come and aid in affecting the recovery of the one for whom her prayer was raised. Tom led the way to his own little home, and there they nursed the man to his senses.

Fortunately Mrs. Stevens was not at home. She would know nothing of the difficulty. Slowly Ken's mind came back to him. Ruth listened eagerly to him speak. She smiled, as he said for the first thing on recovering, "Ruth, my dear, did he shoot you?" Ken then looked up

and saw the friendly Tom besides him. Again he spoke: "Tom," he said, "forgive me for what I have done." Thomas Stevens held out to him a hand that one hour before would have been justified in firing Ken's own pistol, and thus ending the life of one who had forced him to an undesirable combat.

Ken recovered, altogether a different man. He was preparing to return to his home when Tom said that he and Ruth would walk as far as Ruth's home with him. Ken looked at the girl in silence. The moonlight searched her face thru the latticed porch of the Stevens' home. Her hair hung more loosely than ever over her shoulders, and the light played among the tresses until they sparkled like so many jewels. A new and heavenly smile now lighted her countenance. Like an angel she stood before Ken, never raising her eyes to his, even tho she felt his piercing gaze. "If Ruth does not mind," Ken spoke at length, "I can save you that walk."

Ruth did not mind. They stepped out under the stars and the old moon smiled down upon them, as did Tom when he saw them wander, lover-like, into the beautiful land of supplication on his part and of forgiveness on hers. And soon the darkening shadows of the woods closed from view the two hearts united by the undying love of woman.

G. H. A., '19.

ORIGINALITY.

"We have gathered posies from other men's flowers,
Nothing but the thread that binds them is ours."

In the public life of today, the world over, there are those personages who stand out as leaders, those men and women of whom we can sincerely say that they have made a success in their respective places of action. Do we not inquire why these people have attained success? Then, I submit an answer like this, they are original. They are men who stand upon their own feet, men who use other men's thoughts only to stimulate and to supplement those thoughts of their own, and try to color those thoughts with the hues of their own individuality and style.

Someone has wisely said that the ancients have stolen our best thoughts. Another thinker has strikingly said that there is hardly one person in a thousand who once during his life thinks an original thought. Therefore, in a more restricted sense, we may say that man is original who thinks. Though he may not be a creator, a thoughtful writer can never be called a literary thief. If my mind receives a thought from the brain of another man, digests it, and upon opportunity gives it out substantially in the same words as those in which I found it clothed, I quote; otherwise, I steal. Again, if your mind receives a new thought and is stimulated by it, if you clarify and remodel it, and upon giving utterance to it stamp it with your approval, "image, and superscription" you are original; otherwise, you are a copy-cat.

Now, where and how is originality to be found? Nature is the same today as it was when Robert Burns lived and rhymed. Human beings are almost the same creatures today as they were when Shakespeare so wonderfully created his great characters. There needs be found the vigilant, receptive mind which can transform this

natural wealth into pieces of art. This may be justly called the age of brevity. The greater part of mankind do not take time to think consecutively. "The power and habit of reflection is one of the tests of education." Yet, a book that requires reflection and consecutive thought is usually laid aside as dry and worthless. And still the crown of originality awaits him who is willing to think systematically. He who would produce original ideas must fertilize his mind by contact with the epoch-making thoughts of all ages. In a few books will he find those thoughts awaiting him, those thoughts that have aroused and animated the mentality of all mankind through many ages. Surely if there is any originality in a mind such companionship would call it from its place of repose.

Last of all, the original mind and the original man dare to be themselves. Emerson has said as a guard against fate, "Insist on yourself—never imitate." It is left for each to choose whether he shall adopt the easy-going way of artificiality that leads to the icy harbor of the lifeless imitator, or whether he shall cast artificiality to the winds of the earth and walk alone in his own created way to the palace of originality where he shall become just as original as the natural capacity of his mind will allow.

S. C. J., '19.

THE LAST HUNT.

There lies below Columbia, on the banks of the Congaree, a dense swamp known as the devil's orchard. No one who finds himself in this region feels merry, for there domesticated animals have grown wild and men have degenerated into idiots.

One evening, my friend and I, each with a rifle, were hurriedly making our way along the brink of the river in quest of shelter from an impending tempest which we saw was soon to break upon us. From out of the gloomy depths already mentioned, there came the sound of the human voice. Turning halfway around, we saw an old man of medium stature facing us. After mutely eyeing us for an instant, he generously invited us to his abode. Whereupon, he turned into the woods—my companion and I following. He led us to his home—a little hut of one room. Those who have visited this locality may possibly remember this small hut, though it is passing away as its former occupant has long since done. A few more freshets and a few more gales will sweep away all that is left of it.

I observed that our benefactor was in an uneasy state of mind. He rocked to and fro on his seat and shuddered not unfrequently.

"The deafning peals of thunder, the blinding flashes of lightning, the roaring of the wind as it rushes on down the river—all these are but reminders of the days when I too was a youth," said the old gentleman.

We were speechless and he proceeded uninterrupted, seemingly pleased that he had some one to whom he might pour out his troubles.

"Many years ago I was a student at one of our leading universities. Christmas time had come, but I was not to go home. My friend and I were bound for Cuban plains where we would chase the wild boar.

"I call my associate my friend because he was one, indeed. We had played the game together, we had opened our hearts to each other and we had determined to hunt together; so I was never happier than that morning when our train pulled out for Florida.

"From the land of the Flowers, we embarked for Cuba, and upon arriving things were soon got in readiness for the hunt. Each of us at length were mounted upon trained saddle horses and with a pack of hounds as fine as ever hit the trail of a boar, we journeyed forth. Being eager for the chase, the haunts of our intended prey were soon reached, and almost as quickly, we had jumped him. For a brief moment, we were able to see him flying, from before us—the dogs close in pursuit, but soon the sedge and underbrush obstructed our view and we were content to follow the sound of the dogs.

"My companion's horse in some way had become lamed and was forced to quit the chase. We parted with the understanding that after a few hours we were to sound our horns at frequent intervals—to ascertain if possible, our whereabouts and get together again. After riding for some time, I found myself upon a once splendid turnpike, though creeping wild vines had partially covered it. At length coming to a knoll, I pressed my horn to my lips and gave a loud blast and waited for an answer. None came. Putting spur to my horse I galloped on.

Dark black clouds had begun to gather around. Occasional gusts of wind unsteadied me in the saddle. Sadly in need of shelter, and meditating over what I could do, I came in sight of a delapidated mansion. A tornado accompanied by floods of rain, was upon me. Hitching my horse, I bounded to the piazza, opened the door and walked in. The roaring of the wind and the creaking of the old house made me quiver. I have never witnessed such a night. I was horrified, and to add to my terror, a silent figure stepped into view. Overcome with fear of

being attacked, I commanded the apparent phantom to leave me. With tears, I plead for it to flee. It would not. Raising my rifle, I fired. At the same instant a vivid flash of lightning illuminated the room and I saw my friend fall at my feet. Paralyzed with fear, he had been unable to answer me or to move and having forgiven me, he passed away. I knew not what I did, until I found myself here, dragging out a miserable existence, praying that I too, might go away with the next storm.

H. D., '20, and J. A. H., '20.

ARE WE DOING OUR BEST?

Sometimes we think that we are doing all that we can do. If we stop and think of what we are accomplishing, we will clearly see that our efforts are small and our tasks are large. We fail to realize that we have great opportunities knocking at our door, and that we are intrusted to do great things. To do this we shall have to labor and wait—never ceasing in our toils, and do the best that is in our power. One of the main objects to learn in building a character is to be thorough in every thing that we undertake to do. In this we should endeavor to do our best at all times, in what ever phase of work that we undertake. I am afraid that too many of us fail to meditate over the motto, "Stop, Look, and Listen." The failure to do any one of these things may be the cause of trouble, hardship, and grief. Incidents to these facts may be easily multiplied, and we all no doubt have many of them in our own minds at the present time.

There are times, no doubt, in a young fellow's life, when he thinks that there isn't much that he can do to become great. If we think and recall some of the greatest men of the present time we will see that they always had high ideals in mind. They took advantage of every opportunity that confronted them, and never failed to do the best they could at all times. We may never be as great, but we never can tell what the future has in store for us. There is one thing that they did and certainly we can do, that is do our best, and that is all that anyone asks. Failure never comes to the person who does the best that he can do. He may fail to become great, or he may not accomplish his high ideals, but this is not failure, he will be respected and honored by his fellow-men.

We are sometimes hardly sincere and true to ourselves and to others. I believe that I am safe in saying that

very often we neglect too much of the work that we are supposed to do, and intend doing, just because we put it off to some convenient time. This time never comes, then when we have a great deal on hand, we do what we can at the present time, thinking that we have done our best,—but do we think that we have? We are merely deceiving ourselves—not intentionally, but just because we are too willing to put off until a later date what can be done now, letting well enough alone.

If we were to enumerate the things that we are doing each day, people would believe us and think that we have a very hard time. We think that we are over burdened, but are we really doing what we are supposed to do? Are we utilizing all of our time in doing something that will be more beneficial to us or to someone else? Are we spending a part of our valuable time in telling or listening to dirty jokes—which will injure our high ideals and corrupt our morals? We should consider and make some simple plan or schedule so that we could divide up our time to the best advantage. We should divide our time and talents in such a way that we will derive all the benefits possible to acquire from our training. If we do this our life will amount to a great deal more and we will be a credit to our families and to our country.

We should remember to develop, to the best of our ability, our spirit, mind and body—neither of which will amount to much if the other is lacking. If we just stop and think of the prominent men of today, we can see that some of them are lacking in one or more of these fundamental principles of a great and serviceable life. Just think of the men who have allowed their spirits and hearts to become so sinful and hard that they will wage war and destruction on innocent and helpless men, women, and children. What do you think of such people? We don't know what is coming, but if we allow ourselves to become idle and get into simple ways we do

not know what we are liable to come to. There are a great many illiterate people in every community, that have not had, or failed to grasp, the opportunities for equipping themselves for better service. This is a time of service, and we should help others to serve—to do this we must first of all render services ourselves. We help to destroy our strong and healthy bodies by doing things that we ought not to do. We may be intemperate in many ways unknown to others and we are the only ones that can make the condition better. If we would make up our minds and stick to it thick and thin we could break ourselves from anything that is now a draw-back to us.

F. M. D. '19.

The Clemson College Chronicle

FOUNDED BY THE CLASS OF 1898.

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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: B. O. WILLIAMS, '18.

STICK TO THE TASK.

The time is now at hand when the trees are beginning to sway back and forth with the breezes of the March winds. We are soon to find Mother nature creeping forth, clad in her coat of green, commanding the love and admiration of every creature that has the power of appreciation. Even the cattle on the ranches and the birds of the air are made to rejoice. Think of the time when there is fragrance and purity in the air, when the dew sparkles on the grass blades, when the flowers lend us their precious odor and beauty—then, how is it that man, who has dominion over all these things, will submit to a mental and physical sluggishness, called "Spring Fever?" Is this not a sign that he is handling himself in a careless and unconcerned attitude? Now, of all times of the year, we are being put to the test. The man who proves to be worthy and efficient is the man who is able to ac-

comply most when he is being tested. Society never considers a person as conforming to its highest standard when he tries to run a bluff. The man who stands most prominent in the estimation of his fellows is the man who bursts thru stonewalls in order to carry out his intentions. Hence, as spring draws nearer and nearer, strive to equalize the effects of the "spring fever" by building up your courage and by stimulating your initiative. "Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire, called conscience." This statement, coming from the father of our country, should serve to emphatically impress upon us the importance of "sticking to our task."

THE VALUE OF READING.

Man gains most of his knowledge thru the channels of experience, conversation, productive imagination, and reading. He naturally gains a certain amount of his knowledge by experience; by virtue of his contact with other men, he is thrown into conversation; he is forced to do a bit of productive imagination; and it is left for him to control that sphere of his knowledge which he gains thru the channel of reading. Very few of us put forth the effort which we should in gaining information thru reading. We are too greatly inclined to depend upon the process of "absorption" as a method of obtaining brain food. How easy it is for us to let the hours pass by unused, when we could have been quickening our brain by reading some valuable and interesting books. Time is too precious for us to sit idly by. The hour of service is upon us, and we are being given a noble chance to prepare for that service. It is easy for one to cultivate a desire to read, and who would let the door of opportunity open into his midst, without, at least, taking some advantage of the opportunity?

In a period of time like this thru which we are now going, it is appropriate and necessary that we read as much as possible, and thus gain a knowledge of the facts and issues which are so rapidly going down in history. We want to be able to relate the story of this great war, and a condensed statement of the principles causing it, to the future generations of our land and country. To do this, we must read about these things—not for the pleasure of reading—but for the purpose of obtaining knowledge. “Read not to contradict and confute; nor to believe and take for granted; nor to find talk and discourse; but to weigh and consider.”

We students have at our disposal a magnificent library, the purpose of which is to furnish reading matter that we may become more efficient and deserving of the name of College Students. Are we using it? Are we utilizing the many other types of reading matter at our access? If not, why not?



EDITOR: S. A. ANDERSON, '18.

J. P. Adams, '16 is now a First Lieutenant in the Marine Corps. He was last stationed at Pantico, Va. J. P. was a very popular foot-ball man while at Clemson.

T. B. Robertson, '16, "Johnny" is an Ensign on the U. S. S. Los Angeles. He says he likes the navy fine and has already been across the pond several times.

F. W. Dugar, '16, was on the Campus last week. "Dugie" worked with the National Lamp Co. for awhile, but he soon gave this up and went to selling aluminum

W. C. Ward, '16, "Orderly" is a First Sergeant at Camp Sevier. He came over to visit his Alma Mater last week.

W. O. Davis, '15, is county demonstration agent of Horry County. Most of his time is taken up in teaching the farmers how to grow better crops.

C. R. Emerson '14, is now trying for a commission at Camp Jackson.

A. L. Brunson, '16, has joined the Engineers Corps and is now stationed somewhere in Virginia.

W. H. Neil, '15, took the students course of the Southern Bell Telephone Company. He has been made assistant Traffic manager of the same company and is now at Savannah, Ga.

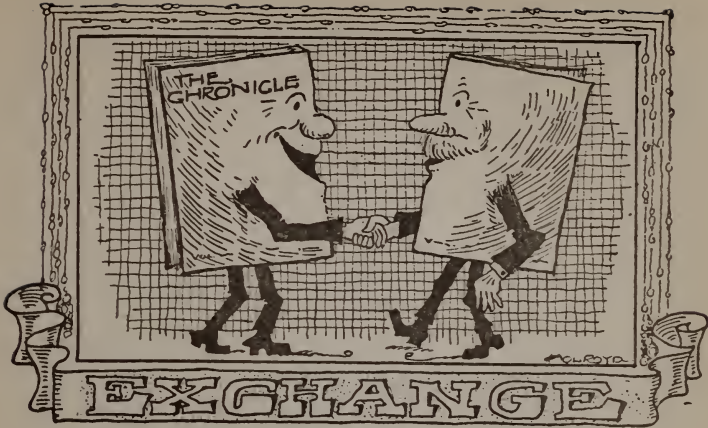
J. O. Erwin, '14, "sook" is in training at Camp Jackson. If "sook" makes as good a soldier as he is a dancer he will be a good one.

O. P. McCord, '11, has been made a lieutenant in Uncle Sam's flying corps.

W. F. Lachicotte, '14, "Bill" is working with the Curtis Aeroplane Co. at Long Island. "Bill" was captain of "G" company during his senior year at Clemson.

J. R. Clark, '16 is county agent of Richland Couty. He was at the last meeting of the demonstration agents.

F. L. Bunker, '15, is now engaged as an electrician with the Westinghouse Company at Pittsburg, Pa.



EDITORS:

J. N. TENHET, '18.

J. S. WATKINS, '19.

The Wofford College Journal for February is among the best exchanges to come to our desk this month. The cover design is very attractive and the subject matter of this issue is unusually good, but there is too great a preponderance of essays for a well balanced publication.

The two stories "The Ray of Light" and "Circumstances Prevented" are both fine. In the former, the plot is a trifle worn and thread-bare, but the story is so well written that this can readily be overlooked. The latter story is even better than the first, and is well worth the reading. It is seldom that one finds a negro story handled in such a manner.

The three poems, "Daylight Comes," "Dear Little Lad," and "Liberty" are all good, altho possibly the first two are the best. All of these poems are too short, however. There is very little, if any, criticism which one could make of their rythmn and metre, but they are greatly lacking in length.

The essays are good, but better still, are interesting. There is one great and glaring mistake, however, in "Reconstruction." Probably it was just thoughtlessness on the part of the author, but it is a mistake that could never be passed over by a South Carolinian. It is indeed a surprise to hear a Southerner speak of "The War between the States" as "The Civil War." It was not and never could have been a *Civil War*. Every thinking man of today acknowledges that the Southern States had a right to secede. Once they had seceded, they were no longer in the Union, but were "sovereign and independent states." Now a civil war is a war between parts of a single state, and, as the seceded states were no longer a part of the United States, there could not have been a civil war. To admit that it was a civil war is equivalent to admitting that our fathers and grandfathers fought, bled, and died for a false cause.

The February issue of *The Orion* is also good. It is only of medium size but the articles are so short and there are so many that it makes this issue seem a good deal larger than it really is. This is much to be commended in *The Orion*, for short, snappy articles double the value of a publication. This is especially true in the case of essays, and it is a great pity that more would-be authors do not keep this fact in mind.

Among the stories, "Watermelons" is the only one worthy of special note. It is well told and of rather an unusual type to find in a college magazine. We would like to see more of the same kind.

We suppose that "The Soliloquy of a True Blue American" is meant to be an essay, but it is so interesting and so well written that it seems like a story. The "Infant Department" is something new but to our mind it is far and away the best part of the magazine.

The two poems "Little Boy" and "Little Cousin of Mine" are both considerably above the average, and are well worth commenting upon.



EDITOR: W. H. BRYANT, '18.

The Rev. P. S. Ellis made an address at Vesper services in the auditorium recently, using as his subject, "Influences of Christianity."

In ancient history little value had been placed on human life. Very often greater value was placed upon a dog or other animal than upon the life of a human being. Jesus Christ changed this idea, and today, all over the civilized world, the greatest estimate is placed on human life. Christ also brought into the world a new conception of power. Since the world began, personal power and glory had been praised and vaunted forth. But Christ taught that the stronger man is he who can kill enmity and not the enemy. Anybody can return evil for evil, but it takes a strong man to do good for evil.

Very often we hear men say that Christianity has failed—else we would not be at war. The fact that civilization is at war is one of the surest signs that a better day for Christianity is dawning. In one of our colleges, a big husky red-headed senior was pouring out his ill-fate to one of his professors, saying that he had applied for entrance into the aviation corps, and had just been rejected because of a slight defect in one of his eyes. And now he was so torn up and unsettled that he could not get down to his work again. The professor became interested, and asked him why he wanted to go to France and fight. The red-headed senior answered:

"Because I want to see the principles of right and Democracy rule in the world."

"Who first gave to the world this idea of holding up for

the weak, and making right, not might, rule," asked the professor.

"Why, Jesus Christ, I suppose," answered the senior.

So it is that the whole world is fighting for the principles of Christ. A new and better day for Christianity is sure to come.

The Clemson College Chronicle

Valeat Quantum Valent Potest

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Clemson College, S. C., April 1918

No 6



EDITORS:

J. B. FAUST, '18.

A. C. CORCORAN, '19.

M. C. JETER, '20.

A CALL.

Today I greet you, speaker divine,
Hear the call of this society of mine,
Echo the call by joining next time.

Her call many boys have heard,
And her cause all the college have stirred.
You come join our noted and loyal few.
Never be a slacker where there is speaking to do.
Each day needs a leader, why not you?

Some have gone to fight the Huns,
Ought not you to help with your tongue?
Causes are not always won with the gun.
In this age of great progress
Each must do his bit and do it best.
Train your tongue to utter correct words,
You are the one that tomorrow rules the world.

C. D. C., '19.

ROBERT Y. HAYNE.

Robert Y. Hayne was born on the tenth of November, in the year 1791. He was the fourth son and fifth child of William and Elizabeth Hayne, who at that time and for some time afterward lived at Pon Pon plantation in Colleton district.

The Christian and middle name of the child were derived from an uncle by marriage, Dr. Robert Young, to the care of whose widow he was confided from the period of his birth until about his tenth year. For nine years he lived at Beaufort, South Carolina; but in 1800 he came to Charleston, where he entered first the school of Mr. Mason, and later that of Dr. John Smith. Silent, thoughtful, and self-controlled, he developed the quality of observation and the power of memory, in no way exhibiting any precocious traits.

At the approach of the war of 1812, Hayne, although he had not attained his majority, enlisted in the Charleston Cadet Infantry, and within a month after the declaration of war was made a lieutenant. However he saw no active service. Even at this early date there seems to be the impression that he delivered a notable address before the assembled troops; but this is evidently a mistake, or has been confounded with his offering a toast to the American soldier. He was admitted to the bar in October, 1814.

At the age of twenty-two Hayne married Miss Frances Henrietta Pinkney, the daughter of Charles Pinkney. It was also about this time that he first gained political prominence. His first oration was delivered before the "Revolutionary Society," on July 4; and whatever its merits were, it unquestionably struck a popular chord. From that time on he comes more and more into prominence. First he was made Attorney-General, and from this place he went to the United States Senate. Just

about this time the Tariff of 1824 was creating quite a discussion. Hayne was very bitterly opposed to this tariff and made a very memorable speech against it. In 1828 he was re-elected to the Senate by a unanimous vote. This was something which had not happened in more than a decade in South Carolina.

Hayne was one man who was able to oppose a great orator like Daniel Webster. No student of history can help being familiar with the fame that he established in his famous debate with the New England senator. History, however, does not give him as much credit as it does Webster, or as much credit as it might. As there were no formal judges appointed to make a decision, no one is able to say just which man was the better debater.

On December 13, 1832, Hayne was chosen Governor, without opposition. He had just attained his forty-first year, having been senator for ten years. Mr. W. C. Preston has left this account of Hayne's resignation of the senatorship and elevation to the position of Governor: "When towards the close of General Hamilton's administration the progress of the South Carolina controversy with the General Government seemed to lead to a dangerous collision; all those in the State who were actively engaged in it, with one accord, turned their eyes to General Hayne as the leader in the approaching crisis. There was no division of sentiment, no balancing between him and others." This only goes to show how much the people really thought of him as a leader during this critical period.

The latter part of his life was devoted to promoting a railroad which was to run from Charleston to Cincinnati by way of Louisville. He thought that this road would join the South to the West, and that there would be a better feeling of co-operation between the two sections. He said, also, that this road would be a means of preserving the Union. Hayne also had a great interest in the Charleston-Hamberg line, which at that time had not

been fully completed, and the part that had been finished was not yet on a paying basis. He did not live to see the completion of the Charleston-Cincinnati road, but as we all know this route is now in successful operation.

Hayne died of fever in his forty-seventh year, the only man since the death of William Lowndes, who was strong enough before the South Carolina public to hope for any success, when differing from Calhoun. The Charleston Courier of that date declared, "that Hayne, at an early age was born into public life on a flood-tide of popular favor, and retained it, without ebb or abatement, to the hour of his death."

S. A. A., '18.

THE HAUNT.

One Monday in August Tom and Jim decided to go on a fishing trip, on a river about ten miles from their home, for a weeks time. They got together their tent, provisions, hooks, lines, etc., placed them in the wagon, and started out.

They arrived at the river about night and quickly pitched their tent, which was about a quarter of a mile from a negro graveyard.

Tom's brother, Robert, promised to come to see them on Friday evening and carry them back home on Saturday. On Friday morning they caught a nice string of fish for a stew. Robert came as they had expected, bringing a negro yard-boy to drive and help them pull up stakes. The boy hitched the horse to the back of the wagon and then helped the fishermen in the preparation of supper.

After they had finished supper, they sat around the campfire telling fish tales. All of a sudden the negro cried out, as if frightened, "De horse see haunt, de horse see haunt."

Tom looked at the horse and found that he was gazing intently, with ears pricked forward, in the direction of the negro graveyard. Jim thought that it was a wild cat, or some other wild animal, so he led the horse in the direction of the graveyard, fired the gun, and led the horse back to the tent. However this did not satisfy the horse and he continued gazing toward the graveyard.

All of a sudden Jim cried, "Yonder is the wildeat."

Tom looked around, snatched up the gun, and fired at the "would be" wildeat. It did not move, so he went up to it and found, to his dismay, that he had torn up a pan of cornbread, which was left on a pine stump.

They could not sleep that night for the negro; nor was the horse satisfied until they drove him off the next morning.

F. P. L., '18.

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Old comrades, dear, as we reflect o'er days that have
flown past,
Before the shining colors called you by the bugle's thrill-
ing blast,
We think of pleasures manifold and of trials, too,
That we often shared together e'er the mighty army grew.
It was sad, that time of parting, when you left to join
the flag,
But that dauntless Tiger spirit we are sure will never
fag.
While you march beside Old Glory as her stars and
stripes shall wane;
As you fight in miry trenches her proud honor for to
save,
We know that some brave spirit, the one which knows no
fear, will be ready, ever ready, to fight, to do, and
dare.
Soon we hope again to join you on the battlefields of
France,
Moving on to final victory with a resolute advance;
And may our courage never falter till we've proved be-
yond a doubt
To majestic Kaiser William what he seems perplexed
about,
That it's not the German Army soon to rule and hold
full sway,
But undying Deomocracy led by the flag of the U. S. A.
J. F. H., '19.

OUR NATION AND THE WAR.

Glancing back over the pages of history, we find that they are spotted very frequently with the accounts of disagreements between men, disagreements between nations, and of contentions, battles, wars, and bloodshed. Probably there has never passed a year during the history of the world, but that some human blood was shed in some forms of controversies.

Every sensible man possesses an instinct that causes him to be desirous of protecting things which are in his possession. Still other men—not the highest type of men, however—possess in their minds a desire for gain principally. Similarly, the more honorable nations of the world have a desire only to protect their possessions, while others want gains and conquests. In the days of ancient and medieval history, it was a very common thing for one nation or country to engage in war with another with the sole object of conquering territory or other possessions. While this spirit among nations has grown considerably less striking, some still exists—and that is what accounts for the present great struggle.

There is a decided contrast between the two most outstanding forms of government that exist in the nations of today—namely, Democracy and Autocracy. On the one hand we have this dear old honorable nation in which we live, which is under the rule of a true Democratic form of government, a government by the people and for the people; while on the other hand there is Germany, a nation decidedly unworthy of the territory that she occupies, with an ideal Autocratic form of government, having a greed for gain and conquest, and no doubt for world dominion. Just for a moment I would have you imagine with me that if the world were brought under Germany's Autocratic rule, what a disagreeable revolution would take place. If this were possible, most

probably it would be the greatest calamity that has ever befallen the human race during the history of the world. However, there are three principal obstacles to hinder the progress of this movement, namely, France, Great Britain, and the United States, who are willing and determined to contend until there is no further opportunity for the existence of Autocracy.

In order to uphold her honor, to fight against Autocracy, and to contend for Democracy, the United States entered into this, the greatest war in the history of the world. After carefully considering the conditions of affairs that existed in 1861, and those of today, we would compare the Civil War with the present one. It is very evident that the cause for which our soldiers are fighting so bravely is even more noble than that for which the Confederates so bravely and fearlessly fought. If every citizen would seriously weigh this fact in his mind, he would certainly feel the necessity of every man's putting his shoulder to the wheel. It is positively the duty of every citizen of the United States to take advantage of every opportunity offered him in the way of rendering his services to his honorable nation. No doubt destiny will bring about the downfall of Autocracy; and then Democracy, the most desirable and logical form of government in existence, will reign supreme.

Since launching out upon the sea of time; Uncle Sam's old ship of state has encountered several fierce storms of war. But now she is ensnared by the most terrible gale that has ever arisen in the history of her voyage; and at this strenuous time, we should be very proud and grateful that we can depend upon such a skillful pilot as Woodrow Wilson.

In behalf of Democracy, in behalf of the welfare of the world, and in behalf of humanity, we should do everything in our power and take advantage of every opportunity that would in any measure assist in winning the cause for which our brave soldiers are fighting—namely, the destruction of Autocracy.

L. C. G., '19.

A MISUNDERSTANDING.

Bill Ackerman had, for a long time, a desire to join Uncle Sam's forces and see service in France. He decided to wait until after graduation, as he was in the senior class and a natural leader in all college activities. He received a letter one afternoon from one of his old pals at home saying that Jack and Nellie were married.

Bill was not the kind to brood over small things, but this came to him as an electric shock. He read the letter over and over again trying to think such a thing was impossible, but didn't he have the letter in his hand that said that Nellie Marshall, his Nell, the girl he had loved so well since childhood, had married Jack Crawley? Yes it was all true, she had deceived him. The one girl in all the world whom he thought could not stoop to such a thing. But it was all over now, and he had to make the best of it.

Bill was never the same fellow after this. The bright cheery smiles and care-free ways were supplanted by a look of grim determination into which no one, not even his best friends could fathom. He became restless again and longed to be in the fight "over there", far away from the familiar surroundings where he could forgive and forget. This chance came sooner than he had expected. The President called for college men to man the great fleet of air planes that were soon to be used in France. The college authorities had already agreed to give any man in the senior class a diploma who entered the service.

Bill saw this as his one great chance to have his dream realized. He immediately enlisted, and went home for the few remaining days that he had left before going to the training camp. When he went home, all his friends wondered at the sudden change that had come over him. He did not chum with them as he had done before, but

instead, would take long walks out in the country by himself, sometimes not returning home until late into the night. His mother and father also wondered at his strange actions, but they had attributed it to the fact that he would soon leave them for far away France.

Bill was soon notified to report to the training camp at once, and he left without even seeing or talking with Nellie. He applied himself at camp with the same grim determination that had characterized his last days in college. No problem, however long, was given him that he did not master, and he soon became to be recognized as one of the most brilliant men in camp. He very soon began to make short flight by himself, and long before the allotted time was out he had completely mastered the art of flying. He received his commission, and was among the first to sail for France. There he was put through another course, much more intensive than any thing he had previously experienced. He went through this course with flying colors, and soon had the reputation of being the most fearless and daring aviator in the whole squadron.

From this training camp he was commissioned a Captain and sent to the battle lines to do scout duty. Nothing pleased him better than this, for he was eager to see the real fighting.

Many thrilling adventures followed one after the other too numerous to give here. He was a regular terror in the eyes of the German people, and would often chase them far into their own territory. On one occasion he had gone out with several of his fellow aviators to destroy an ammunition base far behind the enemies' lines. A severe storm came up, and he was separated from the rest of his companions. Knowing that it was useless to go on by himself, he headed his machine back towards his own lines. He had gotten over the trenches again, when he saw three of the enemies' air planes bearing

down upon him from the side. This was no new experience to him, as he had, time and time again wrought destruction to the enemy when he was greatly outnumbered. He at once began to maneuver so that he might get above the enemy. This advantage was soon obtained, and one of the enemies' planes was soon brought down with his machine gun. He then turned his gun on the other two and had gotten in such a position as to render his fire effective on one of them when the second machine shot by him, and rained a steady stream of steel into his machine. This completely demolished the propeller of his own machine, which sent him crashing to the earth.

Luckily his machine fell behind his own line, where he was found pinned beneath the engine. He was quickly moved to the base hospital where he remained in an unconscious state for several days. The surgeons used all their known skill, but nothing seemed to help him. They at last saw the one spark that had been almost extinguished, flame up again. It was a long time before he regained consciousness, and the most skilled nurse was sent to care for him during this period.

Bill awoke one morning, from what he thought to be a dream. He could not remember ever being in such a place before. Then it all came to him in a flash of how his machine had been wrecked. He suddenly turned over, as he thought of how the Germans had worsted him. His eyes met those of another, who was sitting quietly at his bedside, reading a magazine. Could his eyes deceive him? No, for there sat Nell. She was the one Red Cross nurse that was sent to nurse him back to life, when the doctors had almost given up all hope for his recovery. He was dumfounded and did not speak a word until that same saucy smile that he had loved to see so well when they were playmates together back in the states, came over her face.

The only word that he could speak was, "Nell."

"Yes, this is Nell who has been nursing you all these many days. I could not bear to think of your being so far away risking your life for us, while I was at home idle, so I came."

"But, Nell, I thought that you and Jack were married," said Bill, as a new light began to shine in his eyes.

"No, we were not, and did not hear of that awful thing that Frank told you, until after you had sailed. Both of them saw it now. The base trick that had been played on them in fun, had turned out just the opposite.

Bill recovered from his wounds rapidly, and as soon as he was able to walk again, he and Nell were married.

After a three weeks furlough, Bill went back again to spread a reign of terror throughout Germany, and Nell took up her work with the American Red Cross.

Let us hope they will both live through this horrible war and return to America, some day, the same jolly, carefree Nell and Bill.

C. B. G. '18.

AMERICAN IDEALS.

It is one hundred and forty-two years since the adoption of the Declaration of Independence. It is one hundred and nineteen years since America took her place among the nations of the earth. Prior to the happenings of these events, great struggles for human liberty had waged through the ages, yet no concerted movement, to the support of which, the lives, honors, and fortunes of all the people pledged to its support, was ever undertook before the happenings of these two great forward movements. With us it was an experiment, and the future historian must write the chapter as to whether the form of government set forth in these immortal documents is an assured success.

At the risk of their own lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honors, our forefathers declared, "That all are created equal, that all are entitled to equally enjoy life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, and that all just governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed." On these two sacred principles our government rests today. They were the beginning of a true democracy.

These indestructible principles should never perish from the earth; on them rests a democracy governed by justice. They point the way to every man who has justice in his heart, teaching him how to render service to his fellow man.

That we are a great nation is conceded by all; great in wealth, great in knowledge and wisdom, great in social progress, great in all things that make a nation great. History has no record of any nation approaching ours in efficiency. Some feebly point to Rome, Greece, Babylon, and Egypt of the past, and seek to compare them with ours; but there is no comparison, no rule or measure whereby we can compare our govern-

ment with that of the past or the present. Unique and alone she stands in all the world, the wonder and admiration of all throughout the history of the past and for all future time to come.

What makes our nation great, and what must we do in order to maintain its greatness in the future? Is it due to the fact that in one short century of time we have accumulated wealth aggregating nearly two hundred billion dollars? No; while this is a contributing factor to our greatness, it is far short of the rule by which to measure our present greatness.

It is due to the fact that we have one-half of the total mileage of the steam railroads of the world; that we raise more corn, wheat, barley, oats, and live stock than any other nation; or that we build the highest buildings, the biggest battleships, the longest bridges, span the deepest rivers, tunnel more mountains, and build more miles of sub-railway than any other nation? While these things are all evidences of greatness, and great things done by great people, they are far short of the greatest things we have accomplished.

There are two little countries near Turkey, so small they are lost on any map of the world, but are perhaps the greatest nations the world has ever known; and have probably influenced the world more than all other nations combined. One of them consists mostly of sea-washed mountains and islands. She has no railroads, no bridges, hardly any material wealth, yet Greece stands forever wonderful, crowned with glory; for Greece gave the world a truth which underlies the whole fabric of civilization and has been inwrought into all the worlds thinking. Greece taught the world forever that the quest of the ideal is the one quest worthy of the human beings; that the human soul is greater than the whole universe of dead matter.

There is another country whose glory outshines that of Greece. It has no railroads, no mines, no rich soil,

no buildings, no wealth of any kind, not even art, yet every child who ever lived in Christendom could tell us all about it, and has probably known its history better than that of its own land. What country, with the treasure in things that some have had, with all the greatness of armies and conquests in wars that some have achieved, has influenced the world more or been called greater in comparison with the little strip of barren soil we call Palestine? And why is Palestine so great? Simply because she gave, along with her great men and women, a great foundation truth on which Christian civilization has been reared. She taught the world that back of, and running through all creation, was the Eternal Goodness, and that His right name was Father, and that men were the offspring of this Father, made in his image, therefore sons of God; that all mankind was comprehended in the infinite love and mercy of God; that the world was not at the mercy of fitful fates and blind matter, but that it moved upward and onward to some divine consummation under the impulse and guidance of the indwelling spirit.

The United States will be the greatest nation in the world, if, like Greece and Palestine in the ancient days, she can in these modern days give the world another truth that shall be woven into every warp and woof of its destiny. And I dare venture to believe that God has called our country to speak some great word, just as he called Greece and Palestine to teach the righteous, or Rome to teach an organization under law; and is not this great truth just the one for which all the world is even now asking, praying, and seeking for? The truth of the brotherhood of man, not the mere saying of it, not as an unattainable ideal to be always approximated; but as a possibility, a reality, an achievement, an object lesson to all nations. The very statement of the fact is God's voice calling America to its high destiny to-day.

There can be no lasting kingdom built on force and power. It is the unseen things, good will and justice, which are eternal. Force and power can be overcome by force and power. Nations resting on the swords will finally perish on the sword, but nothing in heaven or on earth can conquer justice and the spirit of good will. Let justice and good will between man be taught in our public schools, proclaimed from the pulpit, declared by the forums, and there will grow up a nation of people not taught to hate their fellow man, but to love, revere, and respect him.

J. W. A., '20.

TO AMERICA.

Here's to dear old America;
 May she always be as now,
Encircled with wreathes of victory
 From her feet to her noble brow.

May she always stand as stately,
 And gaze at the rushing world
Which sweeps down through the ages
 With her banner yet unfurled.

May she firmly tread to music,
 Fit for the dance of gods,
While the joyous cries of victory
 Greet her as she onward plods.

Here's to our judicious President;
 May the nations, as the years go by,
Honor and bless his memory
 While their banners fly.

Here's to the sons of America;
 So valient, so trustworthy, so true,
May their lives not be offered in vain
 As a sacrifice for democracy and you.

Here's to our fathers and mothers;
 Of America, the land of the free,
May their noble services continue
 Till democracy be crowned with victory.

S. C. G., '18.

PATRIOTISM AND SERVICE.

The largest task has its beginning, and to perform efficiently that task, requires effort, action, and service. Man is made up of cells, each of which, through its harmonious action with the other, gives to the body life, action, and service. Nations are made up of individuals, and any man who nourishes great and heroic aims, and gives his service in carrying out these aims in his own sphere, is patriotic in that he is helping to build a better world, to bring in a brighter day, and to establish a prestige that shall be honored and praised in the future.

The world must be saved from autoocracy, and to accomplish this great task every one must do his bit. Now is the time for us all to be patriotic. Patriotism does not merely mean love of one's country, for that may be a selfish illiberal sentiment. True patriotism is the passion for the growth of mankind—a passion for humanity. In every one who really grows, all the noble hopes and passions of manhood settle in mature life into one great passion, the passion for humanity.

It was this passion which filled the heart of Christ and made him come into the world to sacrifice his life on the altar of humanity. It was this passion which filled the heart of Nehemiah and made him leave the king's court to take up the hard task of redeeming his ungrateful countrymen. It was this feeling which filled the hearts of Washington and his countrymen and enabled them to win America's freedom. It is this passion which is filling the hearts of the peoples of the allied nations today, and making them sacrifice their time, labor, lives, and in fact, their all in the prosecution of this great war.

If ever the world called for every ounce of power with which the Creator has endowed his people, that time is now; therefore, it behooves each man, woman, and child to be awake to the fact that humanity is at stake. The

peoples of America, England, France, Italy, and other intelligent thinking nations are realizing this fact, and are manifesting their patriotism in the great services which they are rendering during the present time.

Along with the allied nations, America is preparing to uphold the principles for which democracy stands. Her armies are rapidly going to the fighting front, and will continue going in greater numbers. Her resources are being mobilized just as rapidly as possible, and her whole strength will be put into the war to help free humanity from the threats and attempted mastery of autocratic rulers.

The passion of the peoples of the allied nations for justice and self government is no mere passion of words, but is a passion which has been set in action, and will not be satisfied until democracy be crowned with victory. Men, women, and children of every allied nation are suffering hardships, risking their lives, bleeding and dying, and giving their services in all the ways they are capable. The farmers, merchants, financiers, and in fact all the people are mobilizing their forces, preparing to make a charge for human liberty. Patriotism is the passion which is filling the hearts of the peoples today and causing them to think, to act, to dare, and to give their services in response to a noble and worthy call of humanity.

The world today is in the springtime of a new era, democracy is in its youth, and the passion which fills the hearts of the democratic peoples of today must continue after this great war, if democracy brings universal peace and happiness. Humanity is seeking a peace which we all can unite and maintain and to guarantee freedom and justice. The era which the world is entertaining now places at humanity's disposal a certain length of breathing years, in which men shall write great books, build great cities, and make the world familiar with the principles that underlie a democratic civilization.

The youth of today must prepare to be the artist, poet, thinker, searcher, builder, and master of the civilization that is beginning to dawn. When we make a survey of all that the people of the war have been doing, and of all they are doing now, it becomes for the youth of today a solemn and important question. "What am I to do to make the civilization of the new era a civilization that shall be worth while." The important duty of the youth of the twentieth century is to educate himself in order that he may be able to shoulder the responsibilities that shall be placed upon him, to organize and cultivate the forces with which he is endowed to the extent that through his services the world may be set free for the democracy not only politically, but economically and socially as well. It behooves youth of today to be in earnest to the extent that the twentieth century shall not close in clouds of confusion, injustice, and savagry, but shall close with a morning hope for the disinherited and the forgotten. May the young men of today prove true patriots, building up the broken walls of humanity, winning for the needy his rights, and wresting from the tyrant his spoils; but to do this, we must be men as one of our poets called for in the following poem:

"God give us men! a time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands!
Men whom the lust of office does not kill!
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy!
Men who possess opinions and a will!
Men who have honor—men who will not lie!"

S. C. G., '18.

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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: B. O. WILLIAMS, '18.

THE LITTLE THINGS IN LIFE.

"The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they while their companions slept
Were toiling upward in the night."

It seems that there is a natural instinct in man which causes him to look for the big things in life. He desires to advance by leaps and bounds, never taking time to look into the details of his advancement. Instead of living each hour and each day so that he might be trained for the greatest service, he chooses his goal and thereto directs all his thoughts. His sole aim is to accomplish this object and he dwells only on those things which enable him to reach it in the quickest time. He is thus prompted to deal only with the bigger problems which lead to his ultimate success. This would be all right, if

he knew that he were going to accomplish that which he was planning, but he does not. He is more liable to be forced to change his plans. If, on the other hand, his time and attention were directed towards the little things, he could change his plans day by day and his goal, or ultimate success, would care for itself. We should so conduct ourselves that every little part of our lives will be a living inspiration to us, and should come to realize that, after all, the chain is of no value, should the smallest link be missing.

A jury may convict a man of murder and his very life be sapped from within him, just because of a little defected spot in his character. A huge ship may be sunk by a small bomb. A battle may be won by the successful operation of some small invention, or it may be lost by the failure to carry out some instruction of seemingly unimportance. Thus we see why it is that so many men spend their time working on the little things of life. Little though they may seem, in the end they have dimensions huge as high Olympus and of values unseen by human sight.

FAIR PLAY.

"Oh what a tangled web we weave, when first we practice to deceive."

This statement is one which should set our minds to thinking. Just imagine a person who directs all his thoughts and actions towards deceiving his fellowmen. See him as he falls into a low standard of morals, which is sure to be his destiny if he practices deceit, and see him lose all hopes of ever being a leader, or even a man of high purposes and ideals. Can you not imagine what a terrible condition of affairs a person would be in, if he had spent all of his life's work in attaining a high position, and then by virtue of the fact that he had been

dealing in an unfair and deceitful manner, lose his position, and even good will of his fellowmen? His life is not a blessing to humanity, but rather a curse. He does not elevate the standard of human progress, he does not promote the efficiency of the social standard, neither does he deal properly with his Creator. God has given us our life to use as we may see fit. We can either make good or fail to make good. We can either rise or fall. Our services may be of value to our fellowman, or they may be invaluable to him. The world may be better off by having cherished us and carried us through its existence, or it may be unbenefitted and even worse off by our having lived in it. There are only two ways, the right and the wrong. The right way is attained by a system of fair play, honesty, and conscientious effort to do the right things. The wrong way is thrust upon one by deceiving his fellowmen, by an unfair system of play, by cowardice, evil, and by immoral activities. We may choose which way we will, but he who is wise and thoughtful will choose the right way.

THE HIGH STANDARD.

Since the Cadets are being clad in khaki, and since we see that on account of the great drive which is being made by the Germans, we are going to have to be taxed to the utmost in order to win this war, we must by all means realize the honor and high efficiency which will be required of us in order that we may never let the standard of the uniform fall. This means more to us than we can possibly imagine. Men, just think of the tremendous responsibility which rests upon this uniform. The world at large is dependent upon a successful drive by the "Boys in khaki," and it is up to us to do our share. We have on the regulation uniform and we must conduct ourselves as units of the great army upon which rests so much responsibility as to the future of our great country.



EDITOR: W. H. BRYANT, '18.

Rev. R. E. Gribben, volunteer chaplain at Camp Sevier, spoke at Vesper service in the Y. M. C. A. auditorium Sunday evening, March 17th. Mr. Gribben is an old Citadel man, and knows college men like a book. He used as his subject the parable of the excuses, found in Luke 14, 16:24. There may have been a time when excuses were acceptable, but that is certainly not the case now. "Men are asking for deeds, positive actions which mean something, not excuses." Many of us make promises, and then because it costs us hard work, fail to fulfill them, giving all manner of excuses for our failure. Such a thing is no longer accepted by man, and certainly not by God. The habit of making excuses soon results in an inability to distinguish between the true and the false, the right and the wrong. What do we think of a man who is that narrow as to get his own personal desire so mixed up with his duty that he thinks desire is duty? Hardly worse is he than a man who makes excuses until he finds it hard to distinguish between the true and the false. The habit of making excuses keeps us from doing our best.

OFFICERS FOR NEXT YEAR ELECTED.

At a business meeting of the Y. M. C. A., last Sunday evening, the officers for next year were elected. Mr. I. W. Duggan was elected president; Mr. H. C. Sanders, vice-president; and Mr. R. F. Kolb, secretary.



EDITOR: S. A. ANDERSON, '18.

N. G. Thomas '15 has the distinction of being the first president of the Hayne Society. He is now demonstration agent of McCormick county.

L. W. Verner '16 "Luke" is now farming near Seneca. "Luke" was a great track man while in college.

R. M. O'Neal '15 "Mike" is a sergeant with Uncle Sam's army in France. The Irish in him will make him a good soldier we feel sure.

S. K. Singley '17 went to the first training camp at Fort Oglethorpe and, like most of the other Clemson men, got his commission.

F. Grant '17 is now in training for a commission at Chattanooga Park. He was captain of "F" company last year.

W. C. Herron, '17 "Runt" is assistant in the Botany department at his Alma Mater. He was one of the Varsity baseball squad last year.

J. D. Blair '17 is now teaching military science at Lanier High School, Macon, Georgia. J. D. was Alumni editor of the Chronicle '16-'17, also captain of "D" company.

E. C. Bruce '17 entered the first training camp and received his commission as first lieutenant. He is now stationed at Camp Jackson, Columbia, S. C.

J. M. Eleazer '16 is now doing demonstration work in this state. He attended the last meeting of the state demonstration agents at Clemson.

D. E. Swineheart '15 is now a first lieutenant at Camp Custer, Mich. "Swine" was a very popular man while in college, being president of the senior class and Editor-in-chief of "Taps" '15.

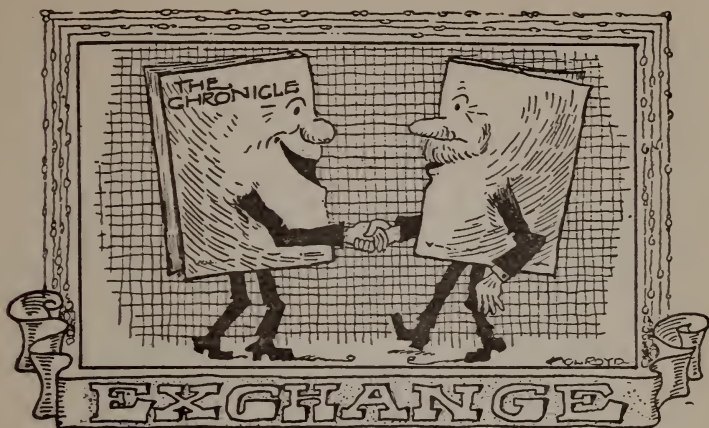
F. W. Hardee Ex-'18 is a lieutenant and is now stationed at Camp Jackson.

S. C. Bond '03 is with a regiment of Engineers in the "Rainbow" Division now in France.

"Joe" Brown '14 is a candidate in the Officers Training School, Camp Jackson.

T. A. Fridy Ex-'18 is in the Ambulance Corps at Allentown, Pennsylvania.

R. R. Shedd Ex-'18 is now in France. "Railroad" is perhaps facing the big guns.



EDITORS:

J. N. TENHET, '18.

J. S. WATKINS, '19.

The Criterion for March is a fairly well balanced issue, although the stories are all entirely too short. The essays are far and away the best part of the publication. "The Blessings and Opportunities of Womanhood," "The Qualities That Make a Good Teacher," "War Prohibition," "Virginia's Noble Son," and "The Earth's Beginning," are all good. The first named is deserving of especial mention. In this day of "Woman's rights" agitation, the great blessings and opportunities which the women of this country possess, do not receive the recognition due them.

The essay, "The Earth's Beginning," is an interesting one, but it is too long drawn out; and the explanation of the Nebular Hypothesis, which is the main thing under consideration, is not explained as clearly and concisely as it should be.

The poetry, as a whole, is far from good, but there is one redeeming article. "To You" stands out head and shoulders above everything else. It is real poetry; something very different from the doggeral which only too often masquerades under that name.

As we have said before, the stories are all too short, and only one needs to be mentioned. "The Fortune Hunter," brief as it is, possesses one or two good points. This story is passably well written and does at least have a plot; a thing of which none of the other stories can boast.

Taken as a whole, this *Criterion* is only rescued from mediocrity by one or two essays and one poem.

The Collegian for March is unusually short, but if it is the brevity which is responsible for the quality of the articles, this fault can be readily excused.

The two stories, "A Brave Hun," and "Pour la Patrie," are both excellent. The plots are well developed and the style and the diction is good.

"How the Stars Came To Be," is a poem of unusual merit, but there seems to be a little inconsistency in it. We have always been under the impression that the god of the sun was the creator of day, and, when he came, day came also. It is evident, therefore, that he could cross the bridge at any time, as he was the day.

The one essay, "The Re-united States," is very good, but it also makes one great error. The War Between the States never was and never could have been a civil war. To deny this fact is equivalent to admitting that our fathers and grandfathers fought and died in an unjust cause. This same mistake was made some time ago in the Wofford College Journal. Of course we know that it is just thoughtlessness, but it is a great pity to see thoughtlessness on this subject in a southerner from a South Carolina college.

We are glad to acknowledge the receipt of the February number of *The Sage*. It is a publication of which a high school may well be proud, and is just about as good as some college publications which come to our desk. The stories in *The Sage* are good, the poetry is fairly good, and the one essay is very good. The issue would be much improved by the addition of another essay, however.

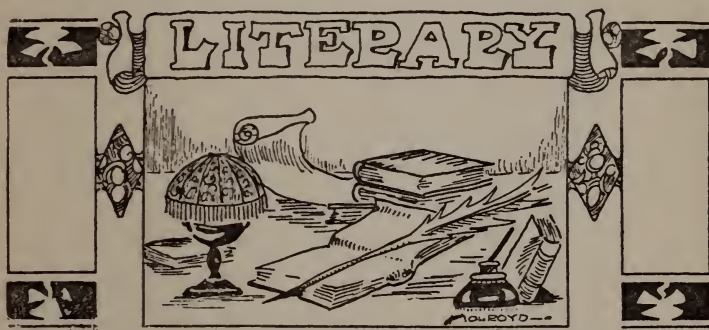
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EDITORS:

J. B. FAUST, '18.

A. C. CORCORAN, '19.

M. C. JETER, '20.

THE CALL.

The Muse of Music, sweet and fair,
Sends from her lyre thru the air,
A note so sweet, so soft, so clear,
That every nerve is strained to hear,
Such magic music casts a spell
O'er the heart and mind as well.

As each note rings out so sweetly,
Ere the echo dies out completely,
The heart with utter rapture fills,
And every nerve within one thrills.
No earthly music of mortal strain
Could ere the heights of this attain.

As the last note dies away,
Softly as light at end of day,
Suddenly from the lyre's throat
Broke forth a harsh and martial note,
And as each note would harshly ring,
The lyre loudly seemed to sing:

"America, arise, arise!
Fling your banner to the skies,
Ere your freedom be at stake
And as a slave you scourge and shake,
Let Patriotism burn, as of old
In every true American soul!"

R. M. B. '20.

THE OLD STONE CHURCH AND CEMETERY.

No more sacred landmark stands in the upper part of South Carolina than the Old Stone Church and its burying ground near Fort Hill, Oconee county. This was one of the first churches to be established in the northern part of South Carolina. The property consists of 16.94 acres of land which was given by John Miller, "The Printer," or his son John Miller. The first house was built of logs about the year 1790. It stood not very far from where the present one stands. This church was organized by a few men who moved from Abbeville. They sent a petition to the Presbytery of South Carolina in 1789 to be supplied with a pastor. At the meeting of this Presbytery. John Simpson was appointed to fill this new place. The growth of the congregation, in later years, rendered a larger house of worship necessary. The foundation of the Stone Church was laid by John Rush, father of the late Senator Rush, in 1797, and was completed in 1802. It is said that the principal contributors were Gen. Pickens, Gen. Anderson, Geo. Ruse, Wm. Steele, Capt. McGriffin, Hardy Owens, Mr. Whitner, Mr. Calhoun, and Gen. Earle. Gen. Pickens individually furnished the seats and pulpit. The first chosen Elders were Gen. Andrew Pickens, Gen. Robert Anderson, and Major Dickson.

Tradition has it that the first church (the log church) was burned by catching from burning woods. The woodwork of the Old Stone Church was burned about the middle of the last century, again catching from burning woods. The wood part was rebuilt very soon after being burned. The covering is very badly worn out and leaks. The gallery in the rear, where the negro slaves sat during the services, is still intact. The slaves entered by a flight of steps leading from the ground up to the door on the outside. There are two entrances, one in the rear of the church, and the other on the side near the pulpit.

Sunday school and preaching services are held in the church almost every Sunday in the year, as in times of old.

Now we turn from one relic to another, the cemetery. We have the ashes of some noted men in this hallowed spot. A few of the noted men who were laid to rest in this place are Gen. Pickens, Ruse, McElhenny, Murphy, and McBryde. Roberson, the man who hauled the first stones for the church sleeps here. Two tall pines mark the grave of Bynum, who was killed in a duel with the young B. F. Perry, afterwards one of the governors of South Carolina. John Miller, "Printer," John and Crosby, the givers of the land on which the church stands are buried here.

It is not necessary to relate the history of these people, because you are familiar with the lives of most of them. But I will tarry to speak of one or two of them. Gen. Pickens moved to South Carolina when he was a small boy. He had no educational advantages, except his occupation, hunting, farm work, and Indian warefare, in which all citizens were trained and toughened for later life-work. The settlement, Long Cane, was nearly broken up by the Cherokees, in 1761. Pickens escaped with the Calhoun family and later married Miss Rebecca. He drew up a peace treaty with the Indians, known as Hopewell Treaty, at his home near Old Stone Church. In the fighting line Gen. iPickens was the same in the up country as Marion and Sumter were in the low and middle country of South Carolina. He was of great service in the battle of Cowpens. A tombstone in the Old Stone Church cemetery bears this simple inscription: "Gen. Andrew Pickens was born 13th September 1739, and died 11th August, 1817. He was a Christian, a Patriot, and a Soldier. His character and actions are incorporated with the history of his country. Filial affection and respect raises this stone to his memory."

Thomas Ruse came to North Carolina when he was young. He studied under Dr. Joseph Alexander and Mr. Benedict; and entering Princeton, graduated in 1768. His intense application to his studies injured his health. He accepted the pastorship of Pendleton District in his old age. He expired in 1796, leaving behind him the character of a great scholar and an eminently pious man.

The cemetery is surrounded by a stone wall. Some of the graves are enclosed with walls covered with vines, which give it the appearance of a sacred spot. This historical spot should be visited by all who are near enough to do so. It is very interesting to walk thru the place with some old gentleman, who knew the older people personally, letting him point out the different mounds and tell you a few facts about each one. I dare say that there are people who live or stay near this place most of the year and have never visited it. Everyone should go and look thru the cemetery. The time will be well spent.

J. D. J. '20.

OUR NATION'S CALL.

On account of the great conflict which is now being carried on in Europe, the United States, and the world, cries for men. And it wants men faster than they can be produced. So, what is to be done? The only solution which presents itself is the enlistment of boys in men's positions.

Our country *needs* men. It needs men for the army, men for the navy, men for the aviation corps, men for the various other branches of service; it needs men for the manufacture of war munitions; it needs men for raising the food necessary to feed the great army and the millions of people who are "doing their bit" at home. To furnish men for the different branches of service, a selective draft act, drafting all physically able men between the ages of twenty-one and thirty-one, has been in force. About one-third of these men will probably have to leave their places at home and go to Europe to fight for our liberty.

The men who do go will leave several million positions unfilled. These positions must be filled in order that our industries may go on. Every industry of ours which is forced to close down will give that much advantage to the Kaiser. But who will fill these positions? Some have been filled by women, but the greater part of them will have to be filled by younger men and boys.

Then, it is our duty to tackle everything which comes our way with the seriousness never before shown by boys. This is no time for play; our government needs men—capable men. If boys are to answer the call, they should begin early to train themselves for the duties before them. In raising our large army, it became necessary to make many young men officers. In the continuance of our manufacturing and farming industries, young men will have to fill many important positions. We can not let our industries go on the decline. So let us prepare our-

selves for the tasks before us. Now is the time to begin. This does not mean that we should go around with long faces, but we should not look lightly upon our every day tasks. They are necessary for our training. It we begin *now* to prepare ourselves for our duties, whatever may be our place, our country will surpass the greatest expectations of other nations in regard to the part it takes in this great war, which will strengthen the feeling of respect other nations hold for our country.

H. H. F. '18.

THE ROMANCE OF THE AIR.

High among the clouds in a powerful biplane, Lieutenant Ross and his companion, Sergeant Baggott, swerved and turned to the northeast of London. The cold wind bit their faces and snapped past, but each long ago had learned to endure this commonplace of flying. It was the duty of these two men to report the approach on that side of the city, any German plane; and always the Lieutenant and his aide maintained a keen lookout.

"Most—three—weeks," shouted Lieutenant Ross, the wind fairly tearing the words from his lips, "since—th' last—raid. 'Nother one—'ll be made—soon."

"Don't—doubt—it," the sergeant roared back, "'n' no better—chance—than now. Fog's—heavy—t' night."

"Be ready—slightest notice—wire—batteries—any approach," was the Lieutenant's quick reply, or at least all of it that Sergeant Baggott heard.

Hardly were the words out than the characteristic buzz of a plane was heard through the fog. Far to the right, dimly loomed the bulky forms of six Zeppelins led by an immense biplane.

"Quick! Quick! Get the battery!" was the hoarse shout of Ross, the airplane careening sharply toward the enemy.

Zzz—zz—zz—zzzz went the sergeant's instrument in vain. No acknowledgement came from the London battery. For once the Marconi had failed.

"No answer," jerked the sergeant.

"We must—attack—ourselves—then," announced the Lieutenant feverishly.

So saying he taxed his powerful Mercedes engine to its utmost, and the biplane leaped toward the line of German aircraft. The Germans, evidently, were not aware of the English biplane for at the first crack of the sergeant's machine gun the German plane veered unsteadily to one side, but soon regained control. Turning from its

course the German biplane speeded with all its might toward the British plane. The Zeppelins, unheeding, passed on to their deadly mission.

"All is lost for London," thought both the lieutenant and sergeant.

"We'll make away with this one anyway," yelled the lieutenant.

The German plane bore down upon them and gained the superior position. A rain of shot poured in upon the helpless Englishmen. For a few seconds it seemed as if all was over with them as well as with London, but suddenly from the mist above the German plane appeared a small, insignificant looking American type of plane. It was then that the German felt and heard bullets rattling on his own machine and seeking safety allowed the English plane to recover and assume a more advantageous position. It was two to one now, although any one of the combating planes looked only a fly beside the mighty German plane. Swerving, turning, and darting, the small American-looking machine ever kept the supremacy and directed its overwhelming fire on the enemy ship. Lieutenant Ross likewise gained an advantageous position and added to the fire concentrated on the German. Suddenly the American plane shot high above the German and accurately dropping bomb after bomb at last sent him, a blaze of fire, crashing to earth. Then, as quickly as it had come, the American was away; but whence, neither Lieutenant Ross nor Sergeant Baggott could learn.

Descending quickly to the battery Lieutenant Ross arrived in time to warn the city against the Zeppelins. Thousands of lives and much property were saved, and Lieutenant Ross was highly commended though he disclaimed that he it was who had saved the day.

"I would rather know the occupants of that small American-looking plane," he remarked later when enjoying his evening pipe, "than to be King of England."

"Probably this privilege will be granted you," replied Sergeant Baggott from his smoke-encircled chair.

The next day broke clear and beautiful over the city. Lieutenant Ross and Sergeant Baggott went their rounds of duty, but no attempt of an attack was made by the Germans until far into the afternoon. As Lieutenant Ross made his last tour of duty he noticed three planes some distance away. On nearing them he discovered that two were German planes and one was a huge foreign hydroplane of unknown make. The Germans were doing their utmost to demolish the foreign plane but on the arrival of Lieutenant Ross, one of the former steered for him. The battling planes sailed high over the English channel in their maneuvers for the superior attack. After some effort the foreign plane defeated the German plane opposing it, and at once, turned to help the English plane, which had not been so successful. Whereupon the German fired one parting shot at the English plane and was off.

Unfortunately, though, this last round rent the wings of the English plane, slightly wounded Lieutenant Ross and killed instantly Sergeant Baggott. All control now being lost, the plane dropped like a stone. Wounded Lieutenant Ross and his poor dead companion seemed doomed to a watery grave. Just before the helpless plane struck the water the lieutenant jumped clear of the plane and sank deep into the water. He was a powerful swimmer but his wound hampered him and soon exhausted him. Despairing of aid he ceased to fight and sank twice and was about to sink for the third and last time when the foreign hydroplane settled near him. Its aviator skillfully brought the huge affair close to the now unconscious lieutenant and lifted him clear of the icy waters.

When Lieutenant Ross awoke he found himself in what appeared to be a stateroom on a ship. The linen of his berth, he noticed, was clean and soft and his wound had been dressed. He looked about further and at once per-

ceived a lovely American girl nearby knitting a sweater.

He stirred slightly, and she looked up.

"Where am I," he demanded, "and who are you?"

"You mustn't talk," she replied softly. "You are too weak."

She put down the sweater and poured a little of a dark fluid into a teaspoon.

"I know," he persisted, "but tell me where I am and who you are."

"You are safe and sound on board a ship," she replied evenly, "but who I am you must not ask—not yet—but you may know that I was the one who rescued you. The other man had sunk. Now take this and rest so you can be well all the sooner."

And he did. Lieutenant Ross soon returned to health under the excellent care of the beautiful American girl and the ship's stewards, but he never could get her to say who she was. On deck was the small biplane which had figured in his first rescue and floating by the ship's side was the huge hydroplane which was the means of saving his life the second time.

After a delightful two weeks with this charming companion, Lieutenant Ross at last reluctantly announced that he must return to the service of his country. On parting he said, "I must return though I owe much to you and wish I could pay you in some way."

"You may pay me by remaining silent," was her reply.

That night she carried him in the small biplane to a beach near Liverpool, and as soon as possible he reported for duty. Though questioned by the War Department as to his astonishing reappearance—because he had been reported as missing and supposedly dead—he stubbornly remained silent on the exact nature of his rescue. All else he talked freely of.

About a week after his return, Lieutenant Ross was reading a copy of the *Illustrated London News* when he was startled to see featured a picture of his savior and a startling headline announcing the capture of a suspic-

ious foreign ship with this woman on board. "This woman," the article read, "who professes to be an American but will not give her name, claimed to be the ship's owner, but because of her taciturnity, she is being held as a suspicious character until the authorities can find out more in detail about her."

Thrusting the paper from him the lieutenant rushed to the Tower and easily securing permission visited his savior in prison. Behind prison bars! This hurt Lieutenant Ross to the quick, and hastening to the proper authority told his story. The authority, a personage high up in the War Department acted on his own responsibility and on the testimony of Lieutenant Ross, immediately ordered the release of "Lieutenant Ross' Savior," as the papers later called her for her name was still unknown.

The mystery surrounding her identity soon leaked out and under Lieutenant Ross' influence she became the rage of London's society. On one clear afternoon Lieutenant Ross claimed her from a busy social program and took her for a drive to the north of the city in his high-powered automobile. It was there at a lonely and idyllic spot that he secured her promise to marry him.

"Probably you will want to know whom you are marrying," she said, teasingly.

"Naturally, dear," was his reply. "Who are you?"

"I am Eunice Van Upton, the only daughter of the American coal king, Richard Van Upton."

Of course the wedding was the social event of the season in London, and the war was hard pressed to secure front page space in the large city dailies. Even King George sent his congratulations.

Captain Ross and his lovely American bride both take keen delight in their daily spin through the clouds during his leave of absence before reporting again for active service. It is suspected that his bride will be his mechanic in his future campaigns.

R. M. B., '20.

LUCK.

Father and mother he knew not,
Nor place nor time of his birth,
And very little he had ever learned
And half of this he'd forgot;
He'd worked and toiled from day to night,
Pushing forward with all his might,
Yet striving and toiling from day to day
Luck never seemer to come his way.

Then came a time of hopeless despair,
He cared not what came,
He cared not what went,
For his burdens were more than he could bear;
And then somehow as though by chance
He joined the army and left for France,
In a solemn mood he performed his duty
Nothing in life to him was beauty.

One day on the plains of France
A bloody battle raged,
The bullets flew as thick and fast
As the notes to a tenderfoot's dance;
Then came the charge and over the top
A soldier ran and suddenly dropped,
From beneath his shirt came a stream of red.
For one great cause this hero bled.

He came to with a groan and a sigh
After many silent hours
In an unconscious state,
His first words were "Why can't I die?"
A girl stood over him and spoke kind words,
The sweetest in his life he had ever heard.
The days went by and at last strength came;
Hope had been lost; but love was a gain.

But where there is love, hope must be,
And ambition soon must come,
He cast off his burdens with a smile
And began as a man brave and free,
He fought and loved with his fellowman
And finally won the fair maiden's hand.
By loving and hoping from day to day
Luck, at last, came his way.

E. M. M. '19.

OUR FORGOTTEN CAPITAL.

The little sleepy village of Jacksonboro, situated on the western banks of the Edisto River, was once the capital of South Carolina. A General Assembly which was chosen after the Revolutionary War convened at this place. Among this group were Sumter, Marion, Pickens, and other brave Carolinians, who played a conspicuous part during the war. This town was rightfully described when a traveler stepped from the train and said, "This is the limit." It was laid off in streets, but there are now mere traces of these. The large old, live oaks hanging with moss, mark the places of some of the old homesteads. The population of the town is composed mostly of negroes.

Near Jacksonboro are the ruins of an old historic church. The bricks that compose this building were brought from England. This historic old relic was burnt by Sherman while on his famous march through the South; the only thing standing now is the front and back walls which are overgrown with vines. A tombstone in the nearby cemetery tells a ghostly tale. Upon this slab is inscribed the common name, John Smith, 1772. Above the name and date a cross-bone and skull give quite a gruesome effect to the quiet, lonely churchyard.

To one unfamiliar with this section, the surrounding country is of peculiar and fascinating interest. Tourists are especially attracted by the old colonial mansions and beautifully laid-off plantations. The avenues, on either side of which are massive oaks, the branches intertwining overhead, leads up to the once beautiful homes. The negro cabins remind us of the time when hordes of slaves tilled the fertile soil, which gave forth a bountiful supply of the finest rice. The grand life of these old aristocratic farmers need not be mentioned because everyone is familiar with it.

Among the most important industries is the shad industry. Every year many people are employed in catching shad from the Edisto River and shipping them to the large cities of the state. The government also has a fish hatchery here, in which the small fish are given a start. Stock raising is also playing an important part in this section. The plantations and waste lands, which were used as hunting reserves, are now being stocked with the best of cattle and are showing bright prospects for the future. From the foregoing facts we are led to believe in a brighter day for this historic old community. The demolition occasioned by the terrible storm of '96 when human life and property were literally swept away, is being gradually but surely overcome. With the rise of the stock raising industry we may look forward to the time when the once fertile rice plantations shall be covered with numerous grazing cattle. This will awakeen the community to her undeveloped possibilities, and Jacksonboro will once again attain her rightful place as the home of the aristocracy of the South.

A. L. D. '20.

THE GHOST.

A prominent man in the neighborhood died quite suddenly; and the community wanted someone to sit up over night with the corpse. Five young men, all about the age of twenty, volunteered to do this and were immediately ushered into service.

This night, by chance, happened to be one of those warm but dark nights which so much characterize the month of July, when obscure objects of unknown identity are frequently seen walking around, as if they were looking for something which they were not able to find. Naturally, the climate, the suspense, and the wierd stories that were circulating concerning such nights as this one was, made the boys feel just a little creepy and uncomfortable. Now you understand, these boys were not afraid for they were brave young men, but they felt somewhat like something hidden and hitherto unseen was going to appear before them.

As the weather was firecly hot, the boys, in order to be comfortable, had attired themselves in white night-shirts. They were sitting around the room cracking jokes and trying to forget themselves and their queer circumstances; accordingly no notice was taken when one of the boys went to the well for a drink of water. Just as he got in the doorawy on his return, he accidentally made a little noise which caused the occupants of the room to look up. Being startled suddenly and seeing this white figure in the doorway was more than they could bear. Each one, without taking a second look, jumped out of the window and ran for dear life. Jack, the boy that went for the water, seeing the others run off and not realizing the cause of their fright, thought that surely a ghost had appeared. He, therefore, adopted his friends' actions and followed in their wake. Everytime the four boys summoned enough courage to look around, they saw the white object, and this sight gave them more in-

spiration for the race. Jack, seeing the boys hasten their speed, quickened his also, and so the race became a very interesting one. Finally, the four boys seeing that flight was useless and as they were all out of breath, they decided to stop and await their fate. Now can you picture their dismay when their fate arrived in the form of Jack, their comrade and friend? With much laughter and attempts to throw the joke on the other fellow, they casually went back to their watchful duty.

C. B. F. '18.

MOTHER'S ADVICE.

In the fall of the year 1910 Luke Bonner's ambition to attain a high stand in life reached its culmination. He was a boy of strong determination and fixed ideals. During his last year in high school, he exhibited traits indicative of a football player, which caused the colleges throughout the state to use their influence to get him to cast his lot with them the following year. Having carefully considered all the offers made by the various colleges, he decided to enlist with the state institution, which was the largest within the bounds of the state at that time.

Luke went through his Freshman year guided by the same high purpose that had prompted him to enter college. He won recognition on the gridiron early in the season, and by the close of a successful year in football, he was expected to take the position of full-back, which was made vacant by the graduation of an old player. In complete accordance with all predictions, Luke was promoted to this important place on the team. The write-ups of the games played this season were invariably characterized by statements relative to the long gains made by ——'s fast full-back.

The close of the football season during Luke's second year at college reveals a vast change in his once admirable character. Instead of his former studious inclination toward the routine collegiate duties, he allowed himself to become lax, careless, and largely sought the line of least resistance. His associates exercised a detrimental influence upon him, and he readily accepted the principles characteristic of a thriftless bunch of idlesome students. The lofty ideals were now being rapidly replaced by scandalous intrigues of infamy.

On the day prior to vacation for Christmas, he was caught cheating on an examination. The regular punishment was in no degree withheld. The most prevalent and

perplexing problem which now confronted him was how he might conceal the disgrace from his parents. Just at the time he was making his departure, a telegram was handed him. His father was dead. The once seemingly difficult problem was now made simple, for it was evident that Luke would have to stay at home to provide for and live with his mother. This question suggested itself: is this lad who had so recently revealed such a base morality, capable of assuming this responsibility? To intensify further this arduous situation, investigation disclosed the fact that there was an enormous debt owed by the estate. Luke resolved to tell his mother of the trouble which he had gotten into at college, but could he tell Ruby Street, the girl he loved so ardently? He knew that mother would continue to love him regardless of the disgrace, but would Ruby still care for him, was a question of ultimate consideration. With a grim determination, he resolved to uncover the secret to both of them.

Dusk, with a dense fog, settled cold upon the house by the road; the cross-road light blinked like a weak beacon through the heavy mist—and another December night had come. On the hearth, a bright flame played hide and seek thru the hugh oak logs, and crackled at intervals like miniature cannon. With dextrous fingers the mother plied the knitting needle, and as her thoughts roamed over days gone by, a faint smile played about her mouth, but always there was lingering that deep hovering gloom in the back ground. Gazing vacantly into the fire, his inner soul torn by a thousand conflicting agonies, and his thoughts running rife thru the days of chaotic deeds, sat Luke. Then in a voice strained, hoarse, and faltering:

"Mother—mother—I must tell you my secret."

An anxious, comforting look from her, the expression characteristic of no one except a kind hearted and tenderly loving mother, and the complete confession was made possible.

CLEMSON UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

"I am very sorry, but you are going to make good anyway," was her brief reply.

These words burned their way into the very core of Luke's heart. Then and there, he made a resolution that he would make a man of himself. He decided not to put off telling Ruby of the affair any longer; consequently, he was soon ready to start upon his way to the Street home, which was a half mile down the road. Ruby was not anticipating the call, but she was ready in a few minutes to meet him. The task of relating the details of the affair had grown much larger than it had been in the previous case, and he spent more time trying to impart his mission to Ruby than he intended. Passing hours are forcing his departure and he must accomplish his errand. Within ten minutes he must leave. Five of them pass, and silence predominates. The last minute is up and the usual good-night is in order. In the door, his hat in one hand and her hand tightly gripped in the other, with a quivering, tremulous voice he began:

"Ruby, I must tell you of my disgrace."

Interruptedly she exclaimed, "Disgrace! What! Yes, tell me."

With renowned accuracy Luke related the details of the entire proceeding.

"Luke Bonner, do you, in whom I have put so much trust, and to whom I have given my undivided affection, mean to tell me that you allowed yourself to become enveloped by the fangs of such a disgrace? From this moment, consider our relationship severed," was her retreating remark.

With his heart throbbing and feeling as though it weighed tons, Luke slowly, silently and sadly returned home.

His first engagement for the next morning was to recount to his mother Ruby's attitude relative to his college misfortune. Then with the expression on his face which had on the previous night, rendered him so courageous,

duplicated, she in simple words told him that it was now up to him to make amends for this degraded act.

From this time, we find Luke the possessor of a revolutionized character. He set out with three objects in view: first, to pay the debt owed by the estate; secondly, to return to college and there establish a record which would brighten the blot made a few days prior to this time; and thirdly, to show Ruby that he was a man and win her again.

Two years later, we find this energetic lad with his first object obtained; and after three more years we see him asking for admission to the college that had dismissed him. When admitted, he set out to attain the heights of honor that towered above him. His first work of recognition was his instrumentality in the establishment of a much needed honor system. From the date of his reentrance, with most college activities was associated the name of Luke Bonner. Then came his senior year; and finally commencement. Luke deemed it an opportune time to remind Ruby, who had been a silent partner in his endeavors for these many years, that he still thought of her; accordingly he sent her an invitation to the commencement exercises. She had long since wished for an opportunity to tell Luke that she loved him yet; therefore, she immediately notified him that she would gladly accept his invitation.

The last day of the exercises was on; the president of the college had gotten up to announce the first honor graduate. The suspense of the audience was released at the utterance of the name, Luke Bonner. Had he made the satisfactory amends?

H. M. K. '19.

AN APPEAL.

Did you ever stop to think, in your daily rambles thru life, how many times you have needed the training of a Literary Society? Do you realize why it is you stutter and stammer, using "and—er" almost after every word, when you are called to speak? That is because you have not been trained to speak your thoughts in a systematic manner. That training can best be obtained in a Literary Society. To speak successfully, you must know your subject, and then speak it without hesitancy.

A great many of us will leave our Alma Mater and go out into the world in pursuit of a vocation. But in every one, you will find use of the training you received in the old Society Hall. It matters not whether you are foreman of a section gang or director of a corporation board; farm demonstrator or manager of a cotton mill, you will have to speak. To manage labor successfully, you must be able to put your thoughts before them so they will see clearly what you mean.

Not only will you feel the need of the "force of speech" in business life, but also in social life. Suppose you were attending some banquet and suddenly it should dawn upon you that you are needed for a talk; would your mind then go blank or could you respond? If your friend, the table, should not support you, you would sink thru the floor. Such incidents as these can arrive in a moment's notice. Are you prepared?

As a rule, the men who receive the highest commissions from the training camps, are men who have cultivated their voices so they can be heard when giving a command.

The greatest men of today are noted speakers. For instance, take Wilson, Bryan, and many others. They have gained prominence by their ability to do what they say.

This appeal is made to you who are just starting your career in your Alma Mater, and not to those who are nearly finished or have finished. Do not wait, but join

a Society now, for you will never regret it, and as you tread the many paths of life, your society work will come back to you.

W. D. T. '18.

REFLECTIONS.

One day I sat enwrapped in dreams
And watched the sun sink fast;
The brilliant gold was flung in streams
And o'er the sky was cast.

The sun sank low and lower still
Into the glowing West;
He sank behind a verdant hill
As if to seek his rest.

But when the sun had sunk from sight,
The golden glow still shone,
And lit the earth with its soft light
To guide some wanderer home.

So are the lives of men we know,
So good and great and grand;
Though Death has struck and laid them low,
Their deeds will always stand.

I watched the sun another day
Race down the azure dome;
No cloud was cast o'er his pathway,
No truant breeze did roam.

But ere Old Sol had sunk from view
The earth was filled with fright;
For seething clouds of blackest hue
Had turned the West to night.

Down toward this mass he slowly sank
As if he knew his lot,
Then dashed behind the raging bank,
His light by all forgot.

Thus are some men in this great land:
With hope their lives are bright,
But down they drift along life's strand
And soon plunge into night.

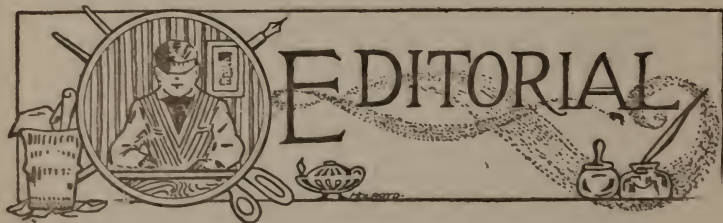
L. G. P. '20.

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: B. O. WILLIAMS, '18.

TO THE INCOMING STAFF.

The system of publishing the "Chronicle" under the direction of one of the Literary Societies has proved to be very gratifying this year. The staff has been greatly handicapped by the lack of funds with which to work, but we feel sure that the members of the Literary Societies have given us their heartiest support and co-operation. In behalf of the staff, and the publication at large, the Editor wishes to thank you for this assistance. He realize his mistakes and short comings, but feels that by his experience he has gained a great deal of information which he can hand down to the next year's Editor.

No one can obtain valuable knowledge without making some sacrifice, neither can he make progress without coming into contact with obstacles and downfalls. It is he who overcomes these things that will obtain greatest success. Next year, tho at times the way may seem dark

and dreary, and you feel as tho the publication will have to struggle to even exist, work harder than ever, lest your feelings lead you to lose faith in your efforts. And this applies to all the publications at Clemson. If you want to see a greater and bigger Clemson; if you want your alumni to look back upon their Alma Mater as you would if you were an alumnus; if you want the name of Clemson to ring in the ears of all who hear its name; if you want your college to be at the head of the column; publish a good volume of each of the publications. Our fellow class-mates in the army look forward to receiving these publications with the greatest of pleasure, and they read them with a soul full of interest and enthusiasm. They are eager to know how old Clemson is fighting her battles, and the college publications offer the best source by which this news and information can reach them.

We trust that the play which is going to be given soon will relieve the "Chronicle" of its financial deficit and that the next year's staff will not be limited with lack of funds. The members of the staff will be elected soon, and no stronger appeal can be made to them than this: It is your duty to your college and yourself to offer the best services within you in order that the standard of the publication may be better than any other of its nature. You *can* do it, *will* you? The present staff is willing to help you in every way possible.

COLLEGE SPIRIT.

We often hear students speak of the college spirit which exists in the institution which they are attending, and it is right and proper that they should so speak. When a boy leaves the high school and places his name on the roll of some college, he is taking one of the most forward steps which he will ever have to take. Every institution has its traditions, and is different in many re-

spects from that of every other institution, no matter how similar they may be in the course of study which they offer. There is a difference in the attitude of the student towards their instructors; there is a difference in the atmosphere of the campus; there is a difference in the college athletics; and, in fact, the differences are more outstanding than the similarities.

These things indicate why it is that a boy should have such a deep feeling of college spirit towards his college. A large number of boys making up a student body is very similar to that of a smaller number of boys making up a skating party or a camping expedition. The purpose is quite dissimilar but they are prompted by the same ideals, and work together under the same spirit of cheerfulness and friendly rivalry. We should not look upon our college course as a matter of work and hardships, but rather as a matter of personal development and pleasant experiences. The manner in which we treat our visiting athletic teams is suggestive of a good type of college spirit; the manner in which we deal with our fellow-students is suggestive of a good type of college spirit; but the best type of college spirit is exhibited by the amount of respect and reverence which we show the ladies who visit our campus. It has occurred to the Editor several times this year that he should mention the fact to the student readers of the *Chronicle* that at times there is too much profanity used by the cadets while they are passing across the campus. This is purely a matter of negligence, but should be strictly abolished. Altho it is done unconsciously, it creates a wrong impression upon the people of the campus and visitors.



ALUMNI

EDITOR: S. A. ANDERSON, '18.

Bunker, F. L. '15, better known as "Tin" is working for Westinghouse Electric Co., East Pittsburg, Pa. While at Clemson he won fame as a good worker in the literary society, and during his sophomore year, he attained great honor by "wiring Easley."

Barron, A. A. '17, better known as "Ric" is with a surveying party at Chattanooga, Tenn.

Norman, A. I. '17, known as "Daddy" has won a partial achievement of his military aspirations as Captain of the Field Artillery, Camp Jackson, S. C.

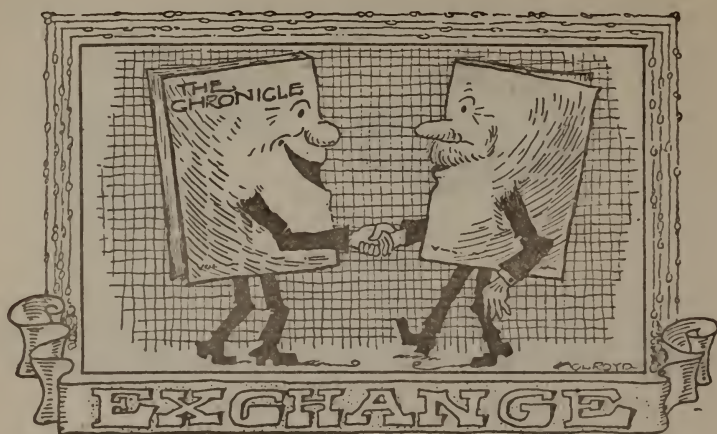
Gee, C. F. '15, better known as "Mutt" is Captain of Field Artillery, Camp Pike. "Mutt" was a football star while in college, and was a very popular student.

Cox, M. E. '16, is a First Lieutenant in the Engineers Corps in France.

Hardin, L. G. '17, known in his senior year as "Winch" is Lieutenant of Aviation school at Park Field, Wellington, Tenn.

Garrett, C. S. '17 is with the 23rd Aero Squadron, American Expeditionary Forces. If Claude makes as good a pilot as he is dancer, we know that a number of Huns will make a quick flight to their graves.

Sellers, A. R. '17, better known as "Sarg" is 2nd Lieut. of Ordinance, Springfield Armory, Springfield, Mass. "Sarg" was a wide awake student and took a leading part in literary society work.



EDITORS:

J. N. TENHET, '18.

J. S. WATKINS, '19.

The Bessie Tift Journal for April is an unusually good publication. It is indeed a pleasure to read such a magazine, and its good points are so many, and its bad points are so few, that it is difficult to find anything in it to criticise.

The essays are all good, and, altho it seems rather strange to find two essays on exactly the same subject, the two conceptions of "Satan as Portrayed in Paradise Lost," are handled in such entirely different ways that perhaps this fact may be overlooked. "Kipling's Idea of Heaven" is another very good essay. It shows thought; and the author is evidently quite well up on her Kipling.

The poetry in this issue is good but scarcely worthy of especial comment. "Somewhere" possesses fine sentiment but it lacks rythm; it is too jerky and staccato. "A Spring Rondeau" and "Cauldron Visions" are both good.

The essays and poetry of the April issue are well up to the standard of the average college publication; but the crowning glory of this magazine is its story. "The Mother Face" is so good that it would seem almost out

of place in a college journal but for the other stories in this number. The diction of this article is almost flawless, the plot well developed, and the story is so well written that it draws one's attention. "Cured" is another story of unusual merit, and, altho it is altogether a different type of story from "The Mother Face," it is very nearly as good. "I Got 'Em" and "A Dream" are both fine but cannot compare with the two stories mentioned above.

The April issue of *The Criterion* has just come to our desk, and, as we found cause to criticise *The Criterion* a good deal last month, it is only right that this month we give them the praise which is their due. The improvement, especially in the stories, is so great that it is certainly worthy of comment. If it was our criticism to which this wonderful improvement is due, we are tempted to try the plan upon some of our other exchanges.

As a whole, the issue is exceedingly well balanced. The poetry is probably the weakest part of the publication but there is enough of it, and "Exams" is rather clever. "The Girl He Left Behind Him" is also really good.

The essay "Woman's Work in War Time" is very long but it is on a live and interesting subject, and it is unusually well written. The author's position is well taken and when so many of the able-bodied men are at the front, there is no reason under the sun why the women could not, and should not, do such physical labor as they are able to do. "Events Leading to The War Between The States, 1850-1860" is another exceedingly good article which shows considerable thought. The objection might be raised that this is scarcely the time for such an article, but it is well that we should be reminded occasionally of the things for which our fathers fought and bled. We, their sons, will not fight the worse for such knowledge.

The stories in this magazine are especially good. "An Emphatic Hint" is a very amusing picture of the workings of a girl's mind. "Cupid's Dart" is also a very fine short story. It is rather difficult now, however, to find an ex-Clemson man who is a private in the army. Another interesting little sketch is "The Coming of the French," and if all of us could only write such a letter as " 'Warming Up' to the Subject", we would not find it as difficult to make a touch on the "Gov." when such a thing is necessary.

The Clemson College Chronicle

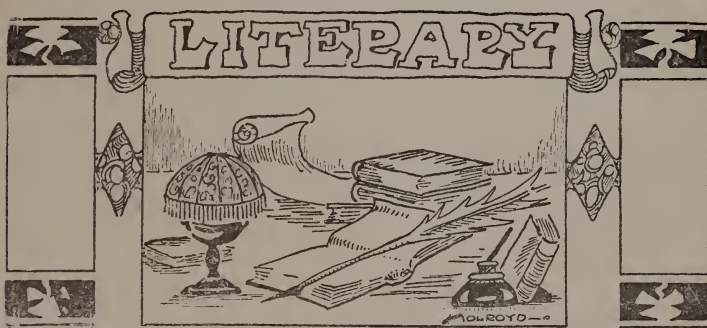
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Vol. XVI.

Clemson College, S. C., June 1918

No 8



EDITORS:

J. B. FAUST, '18.

A. C. CORCORAN, '19.

M. C. JETER, '20.

"DAD"

There's ever a poem to Mother, and never a line to Dad;
And we speak of her sacrifice always, forgetting the
 hardships he's had.

We tell of the worry and toil, and the love she always
 has bore,

But we forget that his heart also quickens at the thot of
 his own darling boy.

You're his pride, tho you never suspect it; and as he toils
 with all his might,

He has but one reward for it—that your life be pure and
 white.

He puts you above the vices, and crowns you king of the
 throne

Of the ideals and joys and visions he has held for you
 since you were born.

The war looms up in the distance, and he knows "good-by" must be said,

But he prays that the cup may pass you, and that they take his life instead—

Yes, that they leave his baby to live for the little Mother at home,

And be a provider for her, long after he is dead and gone.

He has given his all, his life-blood, that you may have a chance;

Now are you going to fail him, or come up and fight to the last,

That the hopes he has always cherished be realized, and his life blest

As he lays his head in the last soil, by knowing his work a success.

J. M. N. '19.

THE CHALLENGE OF THE UNDONE.

To the great military and political geniuses of every age has come the challenge and each has dreamed of the creation of a world empire, each in his way has striven with incalculable labor and with the sacrifice of countless lives to unite all mankind under a single rule. Still this remains undone.

Almost before the dawn of history, we see Hamrabi consolidating the city states of Chaldea, and extending his kingdom and influence so that to the present day Babylon "remains a symbol for magnificence and dominion."

Down in the valley of the Nile, the challenge came to the great Seti, and he marched his Egyptian warriors to the gates of Carchemish on the Euphrates, forming the first political union of the East. But in the North the power of the great Khita remained unbroken, and the succeeding years proved that the mighty Pharaohs were not the destined rulers of the world.

Again a great power arises in the East, Sargon of Assyria sweeps victoriously toward the Mediterranean and a real world empire seems assured. However, the Persians led by Cyrus wrested the scepter of empire from Assyrian and Babylonian hands, and under Darius, the great organizer, the Persian empire with its splendid machinery of government, stretched from the Hellespont to the Indus. Darius then demanded the submission of the civilized world. Who would dare to be so bold as to defy the "Great King"? From the mountains and valleys of Greece came the reply. These liberty-loving Greeks, men born with the idea of individual freedom, would not yield and on the field of Marathon the despotism of the East gave way to the democracy of the West, in the first great conflict between ideals.

To Alexander of Macedon was bequeathed this idea of

world dominion; his was to be a conquest greater than before, a conquest of language, customs, race, ideals, as well as of arms, a conquest that would promote a spirit of unity. But death cut short his triumphant march and the dream was ended.

To the mighty Caesar the dream again returned and the victorious Roman legions swept triumphantly through the centuries, unifying the civilized world and spreading Roman culture from the mountains of Scotland to the Valley of the Nile, from the Pillars of Hercules to the borders of the Euphrates. But what single man is strong enough to rule the world, and what race of men so superior that the rest of mankind should be subject to them? The Roman bond was the military bond, the "Pax Romana" was the peace of death. Rome failed to unite the world under her leadership for lack of men. For "when there were none left but cowards and slaves to breed sons for Rome, the barbarians overwhelmed and destroyed them." Out of the Teutoberg woods had come Herman with his small band of Germans, destroying the Roman legions under Varus, and in the succeeding years again comes the conflict of ideals. One by one the western provinces of the Empire fall into the hands of the young German race.

Now Charlemagne "flashes like a meteor between the eleventh hour of the dark ages and their eclipsing midnight," his career being made all the more splendid by these contrasts. Yet, great as was his genius, his empire was a name only, an idea restored by Otto the Great, and fought for by the princes of France, Spain, and Germany.

The conflict of ideals, religious as well as political, destroyed Spain's hopes of world dominion. Though her princes were "the converging point and heirs of four great royal lines," she lost her supremacy during the brutal reign of Philip II, the king who would slaughter

men rather than "grant them the privilege to choose their own way of life."

Not alone to the princes of the civilized world, but to the Huns under Attila. to the Moguls under Genghis Khan, "the Universal Sovereign," to the Saracens under the followers of Mahamet. to the Turks under Bajazet, came this vision of a world empire, this lust for conquest, and the world has been soaked in blood to satisfy the ambition of some mighty leader.

Napoleon, "flung into life in the midst of a revolution that quickened every energy of a people who acknowledged no superior," saw in the restless spirits of mankind, awakened by this revolution, the opportunity to create this dream of the ages—a world empire. But forces alone cannot bind men together, and tho by a series of the most brilliant victories his success seemed assured, a lonely man on the island of St. Helena, he saw his dreams fade away, and his victories meant to him only the waste of human life, the loss of human treasure. Napoleon's work, evil as much of it was, was not wholly vain. "Through his means Spain, Portugal, and France have arisen to the blessings of a free constitution; Italian patriots were inspired with the vision of a united Italy: superstition found her grave in the ruins of the Inquisition; and the feudal system with its whole train of tyrannous satellites has fled forever," for with the French armies went the ideas of liberty, equality, fraternity, and the seeds of the French revolution were scattered broadcast: the people learned that "there is no despotism so stupendous against which there is no recourse."

While these great ideas were taking hold of Europe, there had grown up across the waters of the Atlantic, a young republic that bade fair to become a giant in strength, in influence, and in resources, and the European mind, prepared as it was by the wars of Napoleon,

began to watch with great interest the development of a government where the sovereign will is the will of the people. Nations began to catch the spirit of America and the age-old challenge to produce a world empire based upon the genius of a single man was met by the counter-challenge to create a world union, a new international order based upon broad and universal principles of right and justice."

But lo, even while men were working for this world federation based upon peace, justice, and the rights of humanity, the old vision of a world empire founded upon might was burning in the heart of Europe. Strange as it may seem, men failed to catch the import of what was going on in Germany until suddenly the storm of a world war broke upon them. Then it was that they realized 'twas no idle boast when Wilhem the Second said: "From childhood I have been under the influence of five men—Alexander, Julius Caesar, Theodorick the Second, Frederick the Great, and Napoleon. Each of these men dreamed a dream of a world empire—they failed. I am dreaming a dream of a *German* world Empire—and my mailed fist shall succeed!"

Men had forgotten that for generations the hope of the Hohenzollern was to make Germany the heart of Europe in truth, and from it to dominate the world. Men did not realize that in the schools the German children were taught that "Germany's mission in history is to rejuvenate the exhausted members of Europe by a diffusion of German blood," that for the ultimate good of the world Germany must *rule* the world. This was the philosophy of her children from the cradle: "that to a state there is her universities, the religion of her pulpits, instilled into only one kind of right, the right of the stronger."

From the pulpit and the press comes these words: "Take heed that ye be counted among the blessed, who show declining England, corrupt Belgium, licentious France, untruth Russia, the unconquerable youthful

power and manhood of the German people in a manner never to be forgotten. Brethren, make an end of this generation of Vipers with German blows and German blows and German thrusts." "Must Kultur rear its domes over mountains of corpses, oceans of tears, and the death rattle of the conquered? Yes; it must. The might of the conquerer is the highest law before which the conquered must bow." The German people greet with fervent assent the declaration of the Kaiser: "I am God's sword, his agent! Let all the enemies of the German people perish. God demands their destruction—God, who by my mouth, bids you do His will." Thus does the self-styled agent of the pagan God of War answer the challenge of the undone.

And now the call comes to us to save the world from this terrible fate, save the world not from the Kaiser alone, but from the whole German nation, and to save the German people from their rulers and themselves.

Let us not lose faith. "A hundred years ago the wars of Napoleon shocked men's faith as the war with Germany has shaken it today. The finest young men of Europe bled to death, the wealth of civilization spilled in war to satisfy one man's crazed ambition. Why were such things allowed to be? Was there no just God in Heaven to put a stop to such a sacrifice? In trying to find an answer to this question men everywhere lost faith. But there was one man who did not. To Baron Stein "Napoleon's career was challenged to the Almighty and therefore it could not continue." Against Stein's faith Napoleon fought in vain. "We have passed thru trying days; we face days even more difficult. It is time to know and feel as Stein knew, that we fight to win because there fight against us those whose whole career in this war has been a challenge against the Almighty—such a challenge as never has prevailed and never can finally prevail."

To save the civilization of the world we must win this war at home, "we must emerge from the war a thriftier nation, living more sanely and wholesomely; we must become a more unselfish nation, trained to sacrifice; we must live a more spiritual nation, dedicated to a great ideal." We must uphold the idea that in national life as well as in individual life the command of the Christ must be a paramount: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

Why should we take up the challenge; we, a nation afar from the battlefields? Was it simply to protect our property and our lives? Was it simply to preserve our honor? No. It was to prevent the substitution by German force of autocratic forms of government for the free institutions which our forefathers have left us. We know that our democracy is a pearl without price; we must protect it with life itself, because we understand the sacrifice and suffering by which our liberties were gained, the sacrifice and suffering by which the American continents were made safe for democracy.

Today we, the American people, are about to finish the work our forefathers so well began, to put an end forever to the idea of the divine right of kings, to establish with finality the principle that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed, that there are certain inherent and inalienable rights possessed by all men and all nations, to make real to the world the mighty dream of human brotherhood that began when our nation was born. "We fight for the ultimate peace of the world and for the liberation of its peoples."

Therefore let us strive to keep our priceless heritage pure and undefiled, remembering always "that the right is more precious than peace."

So shall the challenge be answered—a federation of the world blazed upon love and the brotherhood of man; and the old challenge of a world empire based upon force will forever remain undone.

J. S. W. '19.

WHAT SMALL THINGS WILL LEAD TO.

"Seven, come eleven!"

"Didn't do it! My money."

"I'll get it this time. What did I tell you."

Such were the words of John Hammond and Harry Bertrum as they continued to shoot crap. They did not see a pair of eyes looking at them from a window of another part of barracks. Therefore, they were greatly surprised when a knock was heard at their door, and the commandant of the school walked in.

"What are you fellows doing?"

"Nothing," was the reply.

"Well, I saw both of you with dice in your hands and money on the table. Report under close arrest."

John and Harry did not report under close arrest; but packed their suitcases, drew what money they had in the bank, and, after asking a couple of friends to send their trunks, took the first train for G——. They arrived in G—— about ten o'clock at night, and put up at the hotel. Before going to bed that night, they discussed plans for the future. Neither of the boys would go home; so they decided to go to a camp which was then in construction and get work.

Harry and John got good jobs and worked, but they liked to gamble and soon lost all the money they had. They did not know what to do—no money and nothing to eat. They were talking this matter over as they were about to leave the camp for the night. Just at this moment some one summoned them to the paymaster's office. The paymaster paid them for the last two days, and said that their services would no longer be needed. The paymaster then put what money he had on hand into the safe but forgot to lock it. He then got his hat and coat and walked out of the office with the boys.

When they got outside it was raining hard; so the

boys had to stay in the shelter of the porch in front of the office. The paymaster went home in his car. The rain continued, and a cold wind sprang up and chilled the boys to the bone, but they dared not go out in the rain to seek a warmer place. In this dismal condition and especially after having lost their jobs, they began to think of how things had gone against them. Harry turned to John and said, "John, look here, everything is against us. Why did they want to turn us off at this time? Wish I could do something to get even with that boss of ours."

John replied, "Oh! let them go to the devil! All I want is some money to get out of this place with. We have got to go somewhere and do something to live. Say, I wish I had that roll of bills old H—— put into his safe tonight."

"Look here, old H—— didn't lock that safe."

In order to create some humor, John then made the suggestion that they break into the office and get the money. Harry was not in any turn of mind to catch the joking way in which this was said, and taking it seriously said, "Come on, we can get in by this window."

John followed Harry and they opened the window and went into the office. They got the money and had just got out and closed the window when the paymaster drove up. He went into the office, and the boys heard the bolt of the safe click as he opened it. Time for action, well, I guess so. The boys had to get away and in a hurry. John solved the problem when he pointed to the paymaster's car and said, "Let's take it, it's our only chance to get away."

So, into the car they went.

Two years later, we find them amongst the common burglars, safe crackers, and gamblers of New York. They are going under assumed names. Not a bit of work have they done since leaving the camp, but they have lived by gambling and stealing.

In the mean time sad things happened to their homes. Both mothers grieved themselves, so that they died within a year and a half after the boys ran away. The fathers' gave up business and devoted all their time to a search for the lost boys. They went all over the country, but no where could they find any trace of their sons.

After five years have passed, we find the fathers asleep at a friend's home in the suburbs of New York. A slight noise is heard at the window, and it is seen slowly rising. Then two men come into the room and search the house for all the valuables. The men are just going out of the window when a cop appears at the foot of the ladder they had used. The men run for the door, but find it locked and the key withdrawn. By this time the sleepers awake and jump from their beds. They attack the two men and try to hold them. The cop climbs the ladder and comes into the room. One of the robbers fires at him: he in turn fires two shots, and the fathers of the two boys fall dead. The robbers then open on the cop, and he is killed. The robbers—now murderers—are caught as they are escaping, and carried to jail.

At the trial of the robbers, they are sentenced to death in the electric chair. In two months' time the murderers who are no other than John and Harry are executed, and thus was ended that which started in a small crap game.

H. D. C. '19.

MEMORIES.

As the sun on yonder mountain
Shot slanting rays of burnished hue;
I sat and dreamed it was a fountain
That poured forth golden thoughts of you.

But now the sun has slipped away
And bid the mountain side adieu,
But tomorrow's moon will own its sway
And bring back my thoughts of you.

So in life, we both may go
Back to dreams that oft come true,
And perhaps some time you'll know
That my thoughts are still of you.

J. H. B. '20.

A NIGHT IN THE TRENCHES.

Night had laid her ebon shades o'er the land. Stillness brooded low in the trenches. Occasionally a low song broke the monotonous quiet. Now and again could be heard the sucking sound so familiar to the men—a boot being drawn out of the mud, when some tired soldier changed his cramped position. The time passed slowly on; and the moon began threading her way between the clouds that were scattered thickly on the sky. There was a network of trenches in the valley. The German first and second line lay down in the lower part, while the "big ditches" constructed by the British lay across the brow of a low hill. Fighting had been going on all day. Attack and counter attack had tired the dauntless opponents, and, at last, nature had demanded a hill in the efforts of both. The last attack had been made by the British, but it met with a failure. A counter by the Teutons was expected before morning. The night wore on. Silence became intense, deathlike. It seemed to forbode some coming doom. It was the calm before the storm.

Just before dawn, a dark mass arose from the German trenches and swept up the slope of the hill. They were counting on a surprise, but a veritable storm broke in their faces—the lightening struck. Star shells burst over No Man's Land; and, with a crash, the whole line of British trench open fire. The Teuton, in massed ranks, came on. Mauser answered Enfield. The British machine guns wrought destruction among the approaching soldiers. Their sputter was incessant. Men fell by scores under the leaden hail. But nothing stopped that charge. The men in the spiked helmets reached the ditch of fire and death. The clash of steel mingled with the crack of revolverers. Hand-to-hand the fight went on. Gun butt and bayonet played their part, to say nothing

of carnage wrought by the trench knife. But it all could not last. Slowly, at first, and then with a rush, the Britons swept the foe before them. The invaders fled in wild order. At the moment of tense fighting, the Britishers from the second-line trenches swung forward at double time. They reached the first trench, just as the German attack turned into a rout, and they followed upon the heels of their companions. The fleeing Teutons reached their positions, and, with their reserves, put up a heavy resistance; but they were driven out by the British bomb-throwers. A number of field guns now opened fire upon the Germans, were in advance of the English. Hundreds of prisoners were taken by the Tommies, and, after consolidating their former with their present lines, they sought a well-earned rest.

Silence reigned once more in the valley.

E. L. M. '20.

DRIFTING—WHITHER?

A soft, mellow breeze ripples over the vast expanse of water, and the drifting boat wends its way along the path of least resistance—the path of ease. But the boat, a ship without oars, sails, or a helm cannot but answer the laws of nature—it is without a brain.

But let us turn from the ship adrift at sea and look at those on board. A jolly crew, well supplied with wines, liquors, ales, and everything that goes into the make up of what we call a good time; a spirit and atmosphere of recklessness prevailing the whole. But one thought reigns supreme in the minds of all—drink and be merry for tomorrow we die. This is the state of many a man's mind today, and even as the ship drifts further and further from the paths of travel away into the unknown, so drifts this man in the sea of life—caring not whither he goes or how, when it ends or where. Just drifting.

All things must end, and only too soon the crew find themselves without the vices in which they have so freely indulged, find themselves lost in the vast expanse of sea, their friends gone and without means or a guide to get back again to the paths from which they have so far drifted. Then follows the days of misery and suffering, the days in which death is welcome, anything but the privations from which each suffers. They curse the folly that caused their plight, curse the winds that blew them about, curse the universe, and even the God that gave them life. The last twilight fades upon a scene of ruined and ill-spent lives, and darkness follows—the darkness of the unknown grave. This is the ultimate end of the man who drifts.

Friends, our days of childish dependence have passed, we must look upon life thru the eyes of a man, we must learn to see clearly and decide for our-selves. Tomorrow we will be men of the world, men with a place to fill in

the great play of life. How we act will be entirely up to us. This responsibility cannot be cast aside, all puerile illusions are vain, they must cease to be. We each have a life-work, (even tho you have heard this many times it is still true), some task, be it small or great, that we must accomplish. Every second from your very birth has been used to train you for this work, every lesson you have learned has been but a part to this one complete work. This task is waiting for you. Have you decided what it is? Have you laid a plan for your future? Have you given it one serious thought? Or are you like a man of the boat, adrift to where, you know not? This is the time to decide, tomorrow never comes. Think about it, but what ever you do, don't drift. The current of life is strong and only live fish can swim against it—all others are swept down to the cataract where all is ruin and destruction.

J. M. N. '19.

STEVE'S ESCORT.

The dying summer breeze rustled thru the first golden leaves of autumn; from the evergreen fir, the robin called anxiously to his mate; the last, lazy, loitering beetle started and shot away in a bullet-like flight; and the rabbit jumped wildly, sat for a moment to survey his surroundings, and darted, like a bird, into the undergrowth.

With arms interlocked, heads bent low in earnest conversation, and bodies swinging lightly to the beat of the sighing leaves, they stroll slowly down the wooded lane. He, a determined, clear-thinking youth of twenty, in his senior year at college. She, an impulsive, modest girl of eighteen, brilliantly talented, with two more years of school and a bright future before her.

More than a year had passed since they met, and that thru a rather awkward situation. Stephanie, better known as Steve, had gone to a dance with Bill Allen, an irresponsible, thotless, but ardent admirer. Everything went well till about twelve o'clock, then the boys decided to put a little more life into things, and the bottle was tipped too frequently. Bill was, as always, in with the boys, and got over intoxicated.

Jack Thomas had just recently moved to Cedarview, and had become acquainted with only a few of the boys there. This night of the dance they were returning home from a moonlight row on the nearby lake, and seeing the dance hall lighted, decided to go and introduce Jack to the girls and boys who might be there. The dance was rather disorderly, and Jack noticed at a glance what was the trouble. Some of the boys were trying to sing, and with each breath floated out the odor of liquors. Steve was sorely perplexed, and turned to acknowledge Jack's introduction with a look of despair that went to his heart. In his handshake, she realized that here was

a boy that would help her out of the difficulty. He held her hand possibly a little longer than is good custom, but to Steve this was lost in the wild chaotic thots that rushed madly thru her brain.

"I am very grateful indeed for this introduction; and would I be asking too much were I to ask for this dance, Miss Long?" she heard him saying.

Then rousing herself to meet the occasion, "I think not. Shall we start?" as he held out his arms for her.

They whirled gracefully away, to the beat of a perfect waltz; and his friends found partners. Things seemed gay, but always there was that disagreeable oror and hollow rasp of strained voices sifting thru the music. Ever that oppressiveness that weighed upon the spirit of the girls.

The conversation drifted: how long had he been in town, whom he had met, places they had visited, customs in other lands, the war and the possibility of our entering it; but their thots always traced back to the singing boys.

Thru courtesy, no one claimed her for the next dance; and he asked that she sit it out with him under the palm avenue decorated with various shades of many soft colored lights. An enchanting place, and made even more so by the atmosphere within the hall. They found an old rustic seat, screened by a palm that obstructed their view of the dance. He rubbed off the early dew and they sat down.

"You find Cedarview rather lonely, don't you Mr. Thomas?"

"Yes, rather. You see I know so few boys, and you are the only girl I have had a talk with since leaving Beverly. However, I hope that I may have this pleasure again."

Just then they heard footsteps grating on the gravel walk; and saw Robert Howard, the boy who had intro-

duced Jack, coming towards them. Jack rose and stepped forward to meet him.

"Excuse me, Steve, but I would like to have a word with Jack."

"Of course."

They withdrew a few yards.

"Jack, Bill Allen, Steve's escort, is beastly drunk. When the dance breaks up, will you take her home? She lives in the red house on the bluff."

"Sure, I'll be glad to take her, but fix things so she will be expecting me."

"I shall. Then we will depend on you, as we have several other girls to look after."

When two o'clock came, Jack got Steve's wraps and went to her. He found her with several other girls on the portico. She was expecting him and accepted his escort with apparent ease and convention. They said good-night and left. The walk home was uneventful, but each and every word brought them into a closer relationship, and when they reached the red home they were rather good friends. At the door, as he was taking his leave she said, "I appreciate your kindness very much, Mr. Thomas; and I feel at loss as to how to thank you."

Then, being like most boys in this respect, he replied, "Really I am pleased to have been of service to you, but I do not care especially for the circumstances that made the opportunity."

This September morning as they walked thru the fast turning leaves that herald the coming of autumn and the passing of summer, possibly their thots were living over again the scenes of this very night, possibly they were looking into that misty beyond that we call future and there picturing in all the vividness of imagination, everything that they would have that distant time mean to them, or possibly still they were wondering what the other's thots might be. For a space they walked in silence, and as they turned one of the many bends in the

ever winding path they came upon two mourning doves basking in the trees. The pause was mutual, and they stood in cautious breathlessness lest they, by a slight sound, destroy the scene into which they had so unconsciously intruded. The doves, unaware of their presence, continued to coo and kiss. The man and the maid gazed intently, impressed by the sincere atmosphere that pervaded this scene of God-made beauty and purity. Then, rather than disturb this picture that they could not make, they turned and started to retrace their steps. Given new courage by what he had just witnessed and by the light that flashed from Steve's eyes as they turned from the doves, Jack determined to settle now for once and always the question that had for months run thru his daily thots.

"Steve—" She turned quickly at that note in his voice that she had noticed before but never so strong.

"Steve, will you listen, without interrupting, and believe what I wish to tell you? Will you little girl?" as emotion got the better of his self-control.

She felt what was coming, and looked away as tho she was debating in her mind the answer to make.

"Yes, you have never given me any cause to doubt what you tell me," with a shy glance of maiden modesty.

"For months I have loved you, you have been the uppermost thot in my mind, and, dear, I am sure that you are the only girl I have ever really loved. When I picture to myself the girl of my dreams, you are always the one that appears; when I am away from you there comes that feeling of loneliness and desolation and my whole being calls for you. And, Sweetheart, if I may take the liberty to call you that, for in my dreams that's what you are, will you wait for me till I am in a position to ask you to be my wife?" Then fearing the answer he ran on, "I realize that this a great deal to ask and that time is uncertain, but darling, I can't ask you to be my

wife now and you mean so much to me that I just can't lose you."

She continued to look away into the dense mass of foliage. Then turning to him with a blush of scarlet that mounted to her hair and traced with ever-changing hues across the perfect contour of her face, blending now with the velvet complexion of youth, then bleaching to a pure white.

"But Jack, this is so sudden. I want to say yes, and yet I feel that—give me till day after tomorrow to think."

"Then may I have a date for Wednesday morning?"

"Yes."

Tuesday morning found Jack the victim of many conflicting emotions. At breakfast, his mother noticed that he acted peculiar and looked as if he was ever gazing blankly at something in the distance. She asked if he was feeling well, and he said he was; but still there was that unrest in his manner. Shortly after breakfast, the phone rang. Mrs. Howard, Jack's chum's mother, wished to speak to Jack.

"Good morning, Mrs. Howard. How are you this morning?"

"I am glad to hear that. How is Robert?"

"Why no. Nothing that I know of at present."

"Could I come over tonight and help you entertain Miss Pollock? I shall be glad to do so. You said at eight, didn't you?"

"I won't promise to be a success as an entertainer, but you can depend on me that I will do my best."

Mrs. Howard had invited Miss Pollock, a close friend and college chum of her daughter's, to spend a week with them.

The day dragged slowly for Jack. He wished to be alone with his thots, and kept to himself. For this reason he was not a member of the group of boys that planned a dance that night in honor of Miss Pollock. To make the dance more of a success the boys decided to make it a surprise. All preparations were made, and Robert was to engineer things with Miss Pollock. Robert inquired at the Thomas home for Jack, but found that he had gone into the country to take dinner with an old friend, and would not be back till about seven o'clock.

Eight o'clock, and Jack, prompt as always, rang the bell at Mrs. Howard's.

In the meantime, Bill Allen went to see Steve, and by careful and deceitful talking made Steve believe that Jack had sought to go with Miss Pollock to the dance. Steve refused to go to the affair, and went to her room to brood over Jack's neglect.

The dance was a success, and so was Jack as an entertainer. He threw off his expression of perplexity, and did his best to show Miss Pollock a good time.

The next morning Steve heard of it all, and every word concerning Jack's attentions to Miss pollock helped to aggravate her anger. At last, she became enraged, and determined not to see Jack again or to speak to him.

He reached for the old fashioned knocker that he had used so much during the past pear and a half, but as the thud of its impact echoed thru the hall he felt his heart beat wildly in his breast and his head whirl into an uncontrollable dizziness. After an almost unbearable silence, he heard footsteps softly falling in the hall, but Steve did not open the door. Instead, as the havy oaken panel swung slowly on its hinges, he stood facing the cook.

"Is Miss Long in?" he asked.

"Yas sir. She tell me to give you dis," handing him a small envelope.

With trembling hands he opened it, and took out a neatly folded note. It read:

"My dear Mr. Thomas:

After your conduct last night I feel that you were anything but sincere in what you said Monday. Consider any relations, friendly or otherwise, at an end.

Respectfully,

Stephanie Long."

September 13, 1916.

Jack steeled himself to the moment; thanked the cook, with a great effort, and left.

That night, when alone with his thots, he wrote Steve this letter:

"Dear Steve:

Since receiving your note this morning, I have gone over in my mind each and every detail of my conduct last night, and in no place can I find anything that should have given you cause to act as you have. Mrs. Howard asked me to come to her home to help her entertain Miss Pollock, and as I was not to see you again until Wednesday, I saw no reason why I should not act as I did. As to the dance, I didn't know that the boys were going to give one. It was a total surprise to me. I feel that you will believe me when I say that had I known they were going to give a dance I would certainly have asked you to go with me. After accepting the invitation to go to Mrs. Howard's home, I did as I felt I should—give Miss Pollock the best time I could. I am sure that if you will reflect for a moment you will see that I could not have done otherwise. I am more than willing to discuss with you any act that you may think was not in keeping with what I asked you Monday morning. I love you as I always have and always will. I am indeed sorry that things happened as they did, and if you will see me tomorrow morning at eight o'clock, I will be glad to show you that I have been sincere in everything that I have told you. However, I do not intend to go thru

another such scene as I experienced this morning at your door, the situation was indeed disagreeable and I was on my merit as a gentleman not to do or say anything that might be repeated by the bearer of your message, so, if you will see me, meet me at the palm avenue in front of the dance hall at eight o'clock.

Hopeing to meet you in the morning, and clear up any misunderstanding, I am,

As ever,

Jack."

September 13, 1916.

Jack waited around the palm avenue until long after eight o'clock the next morning, but Steve did not come. Then he went to the postoffice in hope that she may have written him, but there too he was disappointed.

The following morning he left for school, to go back to study in a half-hearted way and dream over the sweet days now a part of that great epoch of our lives that we call the past, that time that can never be retraced even though we would gladly give our life to live over just one moment that it holds fast in keeping forever.

Later in the week, Steve also left for her college, but not the same Steve that had so joyfully said good-bye to her many friends in June. She too was dreaming over times gone by, and would gladly have given everything she possessed to have the relation between Jack and herself brought back to the standing it was at on the previous Monday morning.

And thus we see two lives pass from each other even as the stream in its many crooks and turns, divides and re-divides, but always traces back, before it reaches its ultimate goal.

The situation with Germany had become intensely strained and any overt act on their part meant the declaration of war by the United States. Jack had watched with great interest the march of events that lead at last to this declaration. Then it came, "UNITED STATES

DECLARES WAR ON GERMANY—UNRESTRICTED SUBMARINE WARFARE, ENDANGERING AMERICAN LIVES CAUSES UNITED STATES TO ENTER. Many Men Needed."

In this roaring headline of a paper, Jack read the call of duty and determined to enlist. He selected the Aviation Corps as the branch in which to do his bit. That night, as he sat writing a letter to the War Department, his mind traced over the days spent with Steve. He sealed the letter, and then turned and gazed vacantly at the cold, dismal darkness outside his window. The rain that had varied from a thin drizzle to a torrent of down-pour all day, continued into the thickening shadows of night, and with the coming of darkness a slight wind had sprung up and now whistled mournfully around the corners of the barracks. Thru the heavy mist and blackness he could see the Mechanical Building rearing its head in somber silhouette like a stern sentinel, against the southern sky. Now and again, as the wind waved the interposing trees, he could see the campus light blink weakly as its silvered the raindrops in their downward flight to earth, and sent its shining, pointed rays into the ghostlike blackness. He saw again the night they had met, the day they had gone for a picnic to the other shore of the woodland lake; he recounted the dances—who had been there, what Steve had said, and the walk home after each, the trip in the racer to the show at Coosaw. Thus he sat late into the night, long after the last strains of Taps had floated out and mingled with the constant patter of the rain on the roof; he sat dreaming of what might never be.

On May 15, 1917, Jack received notice to report to training camp at Miami, Fla.

Indirectly Steve heard of what Jack did; and she was proud and pleased to see him step out as one of the first to offer his services to our country. In the days that followed, she kept in constant touch with his whereabouts

and actions,. Shortly after school was out she heard that he was going over, and would in all probability not get home before he went. Jack's mother and father were going to Miami to see him before he left, and Steve determined to go with them and see him also. She felt that she was to blame for their breakup, and that with her lay the responsibility of making things right. She had been stubborn at first, but now that he was going over and might never return, she was more than anxious to have him know that she loved him and was ready to be his wife or wait as he saw best.

The party arrived in Miami on a bright, July morning, and went immediately to the training camp. There, after a series of "red tape," they were allowed to enter and find him. Overhead the many planes darted like huge birds thru the air, and to those on the ground came the constant buzzing of the engines. The plane from Jack's hanger was missing, but they found his mechanic and asked for him.

"Come outside, and I'll show you where he is."

They followed him to the rear of the construction; here he stopped and pointed into the sky.

"Do you see that speck to the right of that dark cloud? That's him."

As Steve gazed at the miniature speck shooting swiftly thru the air, she knew that encompassed within its fuselage was the man that she held more dear than life. Up and up he circled, till now he was lost from sight. Then as they strained their eyes to catch a glimpse of him; they saw him shoot like a bullet from the mist of cloud. His plane was turned on end and was spinning like a top. Down and down he fell, and falling we will leave him.

Did he get righted? I'll leave that for your imagination.

J. M. N. '19.

DETECTIVE MACK.

A tall, rather good looking man of about thirty-five years stepped into the office of the Chief Revenue Officer at Diston, Kentucky.

"Mack's my name," he said as he stepped up. "You sent for me, I believe."

"Good," exclaimed the chief, "Detective Mack, eh."

"Yes," was the reply.

"Well, you are just the man I want. There's a still being run up near Rose Creek in Wilson, Du Pre County. At least, we suspect it. Now, we have raided the place several times, but the distillers always get wind of the fact and never find a thing. Several detectives have already been killed while scouting around up there, but I have great confidence in your ability. Are you willing to take the job of breaking up the gang?"

"Sure, I am," was the ready reply. "The more danger, the better."

"Good! Now, here's a picture of the man who heads the gang, Sam Wilson—"

"What! Let me see that picture—It's him! He used to be an old college mate of mine."

"So you know him, do you?" put in the chief.

"I sure do," Detective Mack replied. "Just leave it to me. I'll get him. Don't worry!"

"Good! I'm banking on you. I have told these police that you are the only one that can do it."

"Thank you. Don't say a thing about this now and forget about me until I come back. Good-bye."

"Good-bye. Good luck to you."

With this Detective Mack left the office as quietly as he had entered

The little town of Wilson, where our next scene is laid, is situated in the mountains of old Kentucky, and has the reputation of being the worst since the days of

the "wild and wooley west," many years before. It had derived its name from Sam Wilson, who was mayor, sheriff, and proprietor of the bar room and hotel. In the early years of Sam's life, he attended college, but had been shipped for forging a check on a fellow classmate. In those days, he first became notorious through his gambling ability and his dissipation. His reputation had stuck to him right along.

Strangers were very rare in Wilson. In fact, the death rate among them was rather high. This was no doubt due to the fact that since Wilson was a "moonshine" community, all strangers were suspected of being revenue officers and were dealt with accordingly. Of the last ten visitors to the town, eight were found dead, either near Rose Creek, or after they had been seen in that vicinity. The other two, a preacher and a school teacher, both of whom tried to raise the morals of the community, left on their own accord after a couple of weeks stay.

The population of this town were engaged in two pursuits—mining, and agriculture. The main crop raised was corn. "Moonshine" was the main thing mined. All of the "mining" was done in the cave up near Rose Creek, on Sam Wilson's "mine." This "mine" was well guarded during the day, and only Sam's men were permitted to go near. In the night time, the guard was removed, but "the ghosts from the grave yard all rose up and danced around and no one dared venture near. These ghosts shone forth with a bright, white light all over their bodies, and could be plainly seen from the town at all times of night.

One day a stranger blew into Wilson in a strange attire. He wore the stripes of the State Penitentiary and was immediately taken into custody by Sheriff Wilson, who escorted the prisoner to his office, pulled down the shades, locked the door, and started to question his prisoner.

"Well, Joe Mack," he said, "I never thought you would come to this. What were you up for?"

"It's like this, Sam," replied the prisoner, "I was cashier for the bank up home. Some time ago, I made way with some of the coin, but they got me, and so I spent my time lately crushing stone. A few days ago, I skipped the pen and now I'm free again for the time being."

Sam scratched his head for a while and then drolled forth. "See here!" he said, "I'm boss around these dig-gins, and what I say goes. I'd hate to send you up again; so I'm going to give you a chance. I won't turn you up if you'll do me a favor. How 'buot it?"

Joe's face lit up brightly. "Good! What do you want me to do?" he asked.

"It's like this. I run a still up in the cave at Rose Creek. These mountaineers don't know it as I keep them from around here without any trouble. They think I have a mine up there. Now, last night two of my men got in a brawl. One of them got crowned and we buried him this morning. I need a man that I can trust to take his place. It's night work, but there's nothing hard about it."

Joe enthusiastically broke in, "I'll do it if it kills me, old chap," he said.

"All right! Here's your job. You are to be one of the ghosts at Rose Creek. I have the stuff for you up there. All that you have to do is to put on a white robe, rub it with phosphorous until it shines bright, and act as skooky as you can. That's the way we keep people from prowling around at night while we work. Of course, if a person persists in coming on, we usually find a way to stop him."

"I'll do my best for you," Joe earnestly replied.

"Very well. Come along then."

They left the office and stepped into the street. Sam procured horses, and with a final word they rode off.

When they arrived at the cave, Sam introduced Joe to the gang and told them to keep mum about the new man being with them. This they agreed to do, but they did not seem pleased over the prospects of having the stranger with them. However, they treated him all right and furnished him with a new outfit to take the place of his striped suit.

Joe became Sam's right hand man in a very few weeks, and was soon one of the big bosses around the cave. He was transferred from the job of being a ghost and put to superintending the men at the still. This, however, did not suit the gang, and so under the leadership of Gyp Jordan, they determined to have him put out. Accordingly, they held a meeting one Sunday when both Sam and Joe were away, and determined to take action against the newcomer who had "become so all fired important all of a sudden." Therefore, on Sam's return, Gyp went up to him and abruptly broke forth, "Look here, Boss," he said, "I want to have a word with you."

"Well go one," Sam impatiently replied.

"It's this way, Sam. The boys are getting rather sore over the actions of yonder stranger. He hasn't been here but a month and you let him roam all around here. Cap'n, it ain't right! You don't know him well enough to be letting him run this place."

"Listen to me," Sam replied, "I knew that fellow a long time ago and he's all right. Besides, he knows how to handle the stuff. He has sold more booze lately than I ever have. Don't worry about him. He's perfectly safe."

With this assurance, Gyp left and went to tell the gang. They accepted Sam's explanation and again quieted down.

When Joe was told of the gang's complaint, he determined to make it all right with them. Consequently, he got Sam to declare next Saturday night a holiday. He then promised to give the boys a big spread on that day,

and preparations were immediately made for the coming event. Everyone looked forward to it the entire week, and Joe even went to Diston to get some stuff for the banquet.

When Joe got to Diston, he immediately went up to the chief's office and without waiting for further ceremony, spoke up:

"Chief," he said, "Have about a dozen men up to Wilson's hotel about eleven o'clock one Saturday night. Come prepared to make a haul."

The chief was dumbfounded, but succeeded in saying, "I'll do it; but, tell me, where were you? We thought you must have been dead by now and were about to send for your body. I'm sure glad to see you again, Mack. How did you do it?"

But Joe didn't stop. "Never mind that," he replied, "You be there and don't argue now. I have to go. Good-bye."

"You aren't going again, are you?" Chief asked, but he was too late. Mack went out out, and returned to Wilsons.

Saturday night, the whole gang assembled at the hotel. No one was left to guard the still, as the presence of the ghosts on previous nights was expected to be enough to keep away strangers. At about eleven o'clock, when the feast was about over and the men were pretty well stewed, a couple of automobiles were heard outside. Immediately after the door opened and eight officers of the law, fully armed, rushed in. Every man in the gang, with the exception of Joe Mack, promptly raised his hands. The leader walked up to Joe and said, "Wlel, old top, that was good work. You sure lived up to your rep. You deserve a big raise for this. We have already been up to the still and seized all of the paraphenalia."

And then Sam broke loose. "So you squealed on us, did you! You contemptible, damn dog! I didn't think

it of you, Mack, after I saved you from going back to the pen."

"Shut up," commanded the Chief as he turned around to the police and said, "I told you that if this gang was ever busted up, Detective Mack would do it, didn't I."

And all Sam Wilson could do was to mutter, "Detective Mack! so you are Detective Mack, eh! I'll be damned!"

A. W. W., Jr. '18.

“REFLECTIONS”

The twilight shadows deepen, as the sun sinks slowly
away;
And the eve with its noises so mystic, blends soft with
the close of the day
Then the thots in that world unbridled, that world of the
re-lived past,
Reconts, in the past darkness, each thot by a deed made
fast.

Dear Mother now grown feeble, from toil and worry and
care;
And Dad with his kindly indulgence, and head of silvery
hair;
Little Sis, the pride of the family, all modest and faith-
ful and true;
And Bud in his man-size position, now has a man's work
to do.

The visions come and vanish, each in itself a whole:
The blacksmith that lived in the alley; the widow that
died from cold;
The little red store at the crossroad, shattered and beeat-
en and worn;
The trip to the ancient pump shed, thru the first early
dew of morn.

But that is ever a cycle, and its source ever the same,
Returning like birds to the willows, and streams back to
the main.
“Her” face flashes before you, all's lost save the sweet
incense
Of the fresh jasmine that blossomed when you met by
the rude rail fence.

You see again each movement, each modest blush of red;
You hear again her dear voice, and every word she said.
In the distant misty future, your dreams of a home and
her
Beams brilliant thru the darkness, to your thot a syno-
sure.

Yes, that dream that has been your guidance, since you
met near the robin's nest;
That dream now an idol shattered, forever a hurt in
your breast.
And then as tho to rouse you from dreams and the
prayer of Fate
Comes the plaintive note of the whip-poor-will, calling
for his mate.

J. M. N. '19.

WHICH?

"Jack Hagne, where are you going?"

"Mother, I am going down by the drugstore and see
the boys."

"Yes, I guess you are," answered Mrs. Hagne. "How-
ever, whenever I have sent there for you lately,
they always tell me you had gone on down the road to-
ward Colson's home."

This was the summer of Jack's junior year at college,
and like all boys he had reached the love age. Jack was
unusually bashful and was ashamed to let the folks at
home know of his first case. In this he failed; for like
all mothers, Mrs. Hagne soon found out her son's pre-
dicament, but, with a mother's love, she kept quiet.

Edith Colson, Jack's malady, sincerely cared for him,
but with her devilish disposition, she teased Jack to dis-
traction. Jack's bashfulness was her best tool. Conse-

quently when Jack returned to college for his senior year, he hardly knew where he stood in her estimation. When Christmas vacation came, Jack found mettle enough to plead his case, but Edith continued to tease him saying, "Jack, when you can say what you now say, without stammering and turning red as a beet, I may listen to you."

All Jack could answer was, "Well, Edith, I mean it."

Time rolled on and commencement came. Jack signed up to work for a firm up north. He wrote Edith this fact just before going home, and told her that life was now getting serious, so in accordance, she should also become definite. Jack remained home two weeks before going north. Most of this time was spent with Edith, and when he departed her words were upmost in his mind, "Jack, when you return, I shall be waiting."

Jack became popular with the firm; his frank, open ways won him hosts of friends, and through his dilligent work he gained a small position in the office. Here he met the approval of the president, and in time was on intimate terms with the executive. The president often invited Jack to visit and dine with him; one evening when Jack accepted an invitation at the president's home, he met the president's daughter, Jean, and it was infatuation for both at first sight. Jack was infatuated with her striking beauty and fine dress, while Jean admired our heroe's fresh, manly physique, in comparison with the sated souls of her cast. After their meeting, Jack visited the house frequently, and with these visits started his decline. He plunged into social life, and society columns often referred to him in connection with the capitalist's daughter. These social functions soon had him living up to his salary. He had long squandered his savings account and was now just getting along. Worse of all, he unconsciously forgot the pure, innocent girl at home, who sincerely loved him, and expected great things of him. After a few months of reckless dissipation, Jack

came to his senses. Then the faces of the two girls loomed up before him, one pure and innocent; the other, beautiful, but fast fading through social customs. Ever with their faces would come the unanswerable question, "which?" Finally the day came when he must decide. He was granted a vacation of two weeks, and Jack knew when he arrived home Edith would be awaiting her answer. The night before leaving for "Dixie," he weighed the two girls in a balance, and found Jean wanting. Never before did Edith seem so near to him as now. She had been a source of inspiration to him and he now came to realize it. Nevertheless, he decided to give Jean her just trial, and that night he went to see her. Evidently Jean expected him. She was more beautiful that night than ever before; this fact she knew and was determined to use it. She played on his emotions until Jack entirely forgot the purpose of his visit. He proposed and received her answer, "Jack, the day you can afford the life I lead; the day you can afford my desires for a higher place in society; that day I may answer you."

Then Jack knew. There would be no more. "Which?" The next day he journeyed home, and in a quiet country church Edith Colson became Mrs. Jack T. Hague, Jr. And as all romances end, they lived happily ever after.

C. H. S. '18.

A RECONSTRUCTION INCIDENT

In the late sixties when South Carolina had reached her darkest hour of reconstruction, there was a secret organization formed all over the South, known as the Ku-Klux-Klan. Often between sunset and sunrise, a mean and disturbing negro was said to pass out of existence, to be heard of no more.

It was about this time that a very mean negro who had quite an influence over the blacks in disturbing the

whites, was disposed of one night. In the disposal of him, Dr. Moore, a prominent physician of the little town of Wilkes, S. C., was said to be connected. There was a warrant sworn out for the doctor from the United States Court, and placed in the hands of a marshall by the name of Salford. Dr. Moore was arrested by Salford one night, but managed to escape. He went to Canada, took the oath of citizenship of Great Britian, settled in Condon, Ontario, and resumed his practice as a physician. He had been there only a few months when, one afternoon, while out walking, a marshall by the name of Conwell, who had been hired by Salford, slipped up behind the doctor and with the aid of a hackman threw him down and handcuffed him. Dr. Moore asked him whom he was arresting and for what purpose. "Show me your authority," he said.

The marshall replied, "We know what we are doing."

Dr. Moore said, "Show me your papers, you d— rascals."

They refused to do so.

"I'll make you pay well for this," the doctor said. "I'm a citizen of Canada and a British subject, and I will call upon my country for protection."

Dr. Moore was taken back to his home at Wilkes, and, having a friend in court, was able to secure a bond. He immediately went to Washington, D. C., called upon the British Minister, who in turn referred the case of kidnapping, to Queen Victoria. The Queen immediately through her minister, demanded the release of Dr. Moore. General Grant, then president, saw the importance of immediate action, and promptly honored the Queen's request. Dr. Moore, after spending a few days with his family at Wilkes, returned to London, where he afterwards moved his family.

R. B. B. '20.

The Clemson College Chronicle

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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: B. O. WILLIAMS. '18.

A PARTING WORD.

After a student enters college he looks forward to the day of his graduation with a great deal of pleasure. He can see a bright future gleaming up before him and a goal crowned with success. He thinks college life is a very difficult life, and thinks he is solving the most difficult problems which he will ever have to meet up with. But the nearer he comes to graduation the more he realizes that he is deceiving himself. He finds that he is just beginning to face the largest problems, and that his trials are great. We wonder why it is that a boy enjoys his college course to such a great degree. Is it because he is so closely associated with his fellow students? Is it because he realizes such great pleasures or has so many experiences? No. These are very important features of ones college life, but there is one outstanding

thing which causes a boy to take such great interest and enthusiasm in his four years at college. He is equipping himself with a robe of preparedness which will enable him to attain success in his future life.

No stronger appeal can be made to the students who are to take up the work of seniors than this: You have a great responsibility resting upon you, you are to uphold the high reputation which has been placed upon the college by the alumni, and you are to set a standard for the underclassmen. Will you do it in the best and most efficient way? Conditions are very uncertain and you are not able to make definite plans. But, above all, remember that today is the greatest day for service and that tomorrow never comes. Face the future with a strong determination, shape your plans to meet the needs and not the needs to meet your plans.

We seniors bid you all a fond adieu! Altho a great number of our class have offered their lives to the call of the flag, and many more will do so before the war is over with, we will look forward to the time when there will be a great home-coming at Clemson and we will meet again with our fellow students and classmates. Let us all work together, and let us have as our goal a bigger, better, and greater Clemson.

WINNING ORATION IN THE INTER-COLLEGIATE ORATORICAL CONTEST OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

In this issue is printed John Stanley Watkins' oration "The Challenge of the Undone." This oration was delivered at the State Oratorical Contest held at Greenwood, S. C. and won the victory by a unanimous decision. Clemson should feel proud of the fact that she won this distinction among the colleges of the state. This is the second time that we have "Brought home the Bacon" and we feel confident that this record will be supplemented by many other similar victories in the future.

"THE PRIVATE SECRETARY" A SUCCESS.

"The Private Secretary" was given in order to clear the *Chronicle* of the debt which has been keeping the publication from being up to the standard which it should be. It is hoped that the next year's staff will have plenty of funds with which to work, and there is, indeed, a prosperous future in store for the publication. The *Chronicle* wishes to extend a vote of thanks to each person who took part in the play. It was due to their sacrifice and pluck that the play was made a success, and there is no doubt but that their names will remain stamped upon the pages of the publication so long as it goes by the name of the *Chronicle*.



EDITOR: S. A. ANDERSON, '18.

"Dag" Folger '16 is doing Y. M. C. A. war work at Fort Screvens, Ga.

"Tom" Folger, Ex-'18 is doing Y. M. C. A. war work at Camp Sevier.

J. M. Garriss '16 is in the Naval Reserves, and is stationed at Charleston.

"Sixty" Rivers '17 is in the Pioneer Corps at Camp Sevier.

D. B. Peurfoy '07 is a lawyer in Walterboro. He represented Clemson at the State Oratorical contest one year.

J. B. Shumate '98 is farming in Walterboro. He is one that will aid in winning the war with food.

"Archie" Muckenfuss Ex-'20 is stationed at Charleston. He is with the Naval Reserves. "Archie" had a deep feeling for this place, for he started his career at the beginning; that is in "Prep".

"John Silver" Owens Ex-'18 is in the aviation corps at Pensacola, Fla.

"Drat" Walker '16 is stationed at Camp Sevier. He is in Battery B, Artillery Branch.

"Jim" Henderson '16 is a Lieutenant in the Marine Corps, and is stationed in Texas. Jim offered his services the day after war was declared.

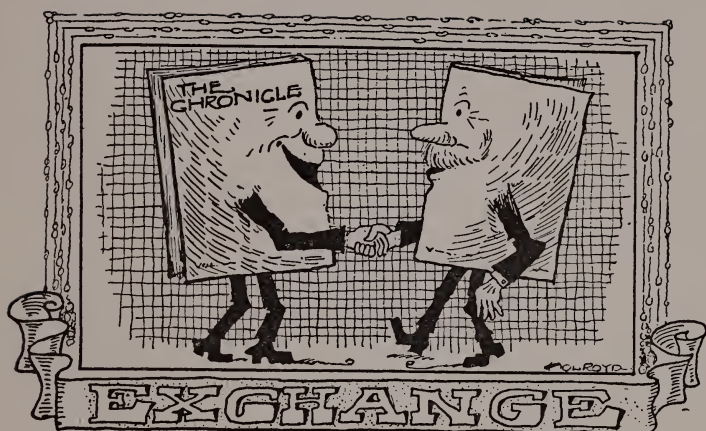
"Pete" West, a member of this year's senior class has left for an Engineer Officer's Training School.

P. S. Chape, Ex-'18 is in a Motorcycle Division at Camp Sevier. This ought to suit him, for he was a cyclone student at Clemson.

A. S. McCord '17 was on the campus last week. He has been teaching at Henderson, Tenn.

"Mary" Johnson '10 is a Lieutenant at Camp Greenleaf, Chickamauga Park, Ga.

Johnny Johnson '06 is doing Y. M. C. A. War Work. After graduating here, he went to Yale. He graduated at Yale, held a professorship, and recently married. He is a man "who shot 'em all."



EDITORS:

J. N. TENHET, '18.

J. S. WATKINS, '19.

Owing to the almost unprecedented rush of work at Clemson for the last week of so, we are forced to make our exchange very brief. For this we crave our readers' pardon.

The Wesleyan for April is very short, but as usual, nearly all of the articles are excellent.

The two poems "The Debut of the Class of Lavender and White" and "Respectus" are both good, but the meter is rather poor. "The Maiden From an Unknown Land" is far superior to either of them, however, and is fine.

"Strayed, Lost, or Stolen" is rather a well written little story, but is slightly amateurish. "Good Company" is splendid. The author is one of those very rare persons who seem to have a perfect insight into the mind of a small boy. She is certainly to be congratulated and we hope to see more of the same kind of stories.

This issue is lacking in essays, having only one, "Our War Class." It is a great pity that such a good magazine is lacking in this respect, for this is the only serious fault to be found with this number.

The April issue of the *Winthrop Journal* is also greatly lacking in one respect: there is no poetry in it at all. This alone is a terrible fault. Surely in a college with a thousand students there is someone who can write poetry, and certainly no college publication can be well balanced without one or two poems.

"A Present-Day Hero" is a very fine sketch of the life of Pershing. He is a man in whom everyone is interested, and the author has handled an interesting subject in an interesting way. "The Position and Influence of the Women of Russia" is worthy of mention.

Among the stories, "The Fib" and "A Thoughtless Pancy" are especially good. Indeed, it is seldom that we come across so well told a short story as "The Fib." It is worthy of the highest praise. "Making the World Safe" is also very good, but, altho the excellence of the stories goes some distance towards doing so, it can never atone for the entire absence of poetry.

