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Clemson University

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The Clemson College Chronicle

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Vol. XVII. Clemson College, S. C., February 1919 No 1

EDITORS:
A. C. CORCORAN, '19
M. C. JETER, '20 M. C. SMITH, '21

SOLILOQUY ON A HERO.

The azure clouds were rolling along their endless way,
The mocking bird was warbling, and the whole world seemed at play;
The green-swept fields of clover lay sparkling with the dew,
And nature's great magnificence seemed displayed for God's own view.

A little house was standing where the winding road left off,
And the clinging vines enclosed the porch, and turned the sun's glare off;
A little path was winding to where the two roads met,
And a tinted luster hushed the scene, each day when the sun had set.

A maiden stood in the path, just as the sun went down,
And her thoughts drifted back to the days gone by when she and Jack had roamed around.
She held a letter in her hand, sad tidings did it bear,
For her brave Jack was wounded in the fighting "over there."

The letter read "I'm lying here and fighting my way to life,
For I'm anxious 'ere another day leaves to be back in the strife.
I tried to do my duty, dear, for I knew you would be proud,
To see me fight 'till victory's won, and end this black war cloud."

He did not mention the agony he was undergoing now,
Nor the terrible nights of anguish, when the fever burned his brow;
He did not mention the suffering that was more than human to bear,
Nor did he boast to his sweetheart of his coveted Croix le Guerre.

The lovely Emily's face turned pale, and her heart it seemed to stop,
And a moan of anguish rent her frame, but her courage was still her prop;
"My God," she prayed, "please spare my boy, that he may come back to me,
That we may love each other until time eternity."

Another day has passed away, since Emily heard of Jack's fate,
And she is living in doubt and fear, and praying to God for her mate.

A letter is left at the wayside box, she tears it open with dread,
She utters a moan and her senses reel—her great brave Jack is dead.

She wanders along by the little brook, where he told her of his love,
And the shaded nook by the wayside brook, where they pledged to the God above;
Her fancies roam to their childhood days when their eyes spoke more than they said,
And now her dream is ended—for her great, brave Jack is dead.

The sun is setting in the west, and silence moves o'er the earth,
And the service flag in the window, seems to guard Jack's place of birth;
For democracy has been won, by the men who feared not death,
And who died the death of heroes, with "Liberty" on their breath.

A. C. C., '19.

THE NEW LEARNING.

Every war brings forth new lessons. In the present war numerous things have been learned along chemical, mechanical, business, social, medical, and political lines. But most important of these are those things relating to the principles of justice, morality, individualism, socialism, and equality of men. We paid a great price for our new learning, by the spilling of much blood, by much sacrifice, and by the loss of property and human life. Our price has not been spent in vain, for we are benefitted very much by our new learning.

In the trenches men of all vocations and classes have fought side by side, the rich and the poor, the educated and the uneducated. They were all fighting for the same cause, and all of the men were considered as equal. Death was their common foe, and neither riches nor education could bribe death to keep away. One man is not any better than another as far as his material life is concerned; but his sense of morality and justice is what elevates him above his fellow man.

Men have seen their comrades slain. Men have gone to the rescue of their distressed comrades at the peril of their own lives, and have shown what brotherly love and sacrifice is. Men of all stations in life paid the supreme sacrifice. Rank and position does not count on the battlefield or at home; it is the principles of right and justice that we fight for.

Morality has also played its role in this great conflict. The men have come to realize the great meaning of things which are dissolute and the meaning of fairness. They have a different view of life than that which they previously had. They have been made to realize that there are great things in life worth while, besides money and pleasure. They will be serious minded men who return

from "over there," for they have seen another side of life, the things that are really worth living for. Our soldiers can not be praised too highly. They did not commit any atrocious acts or stoop to the depths of barbarity as did their oppressors. This shows that they learned the true meaning of morality.

That individual spirit has vanished; selfishness is now a thing of the past. Men offered their lives for their comrades, and they did not even stop to think of their personal danger. They cherished the fact that they could offer their lives for the sacred cause of humanity. They are proud that they had the honor of assisting in the great task of upholding the principles of right and justice. This is a new era that we are living now, and we must apply our new learning to make this a better world. Human life has not been sacrificed for naught, for we have been rewarded in the superlative degree. Principles of humanity were at stake, but we kept them from the crisis of a downfall by paying a great price. Let us all practice the principles of humanity, those things which are dearest to us, and make this land of ours a safer, happier, and better place to live in.

H. H. K., '20.

DE PARSON'S SERMON.

Bredderen and Sisters fum fur and near!
A powerful sermon you'se gwine ter hear.
Prepare yer minds fer ter take it in
Cause I know yer hearts am full uv sin—
I takes my text from where de Word says
Be ready ter journey on any dese days.

Deacon Jones, will you begin ter sing,
Tell de truff man, I loves ter hear it ring.
Well mout you shout and mourn and pray
Cause I tell you Sisters, dere's coming a day
When de brass trumpet is gwine ter blow
And dis earthly home will be no mo.

Bredderen and Sisters, a voice says to me
Dat at any moment you must ready be.
Now if de Angel Gabul fum on high
Wust ter blow his trumphet in de sky,
How many uv you dis bery night
Would be ready ter see dat glorious sight?

De streets up dere am paved wid gold,
And dere's plenty ter eat so I'm told.
All holler "I," who am ready ter go
Never wus so many "I's" heard befo.
De sperit am working in you I know;
De whole congregation am ready ter go.

Now dere was a nigger who had a possum hunting been
Dropt by de church fer a few moments ter spen.
On hearing de parson make his plea
(Dere grew close by de chuch a big oak tree.)
Dis nigger clumb up de tree and took his horn
And blew de loudest blast dat he had ever blown.

A scramble dere wus in de hall below
Ter see who wus de fust nigger ter pass out de do.
De parson gives de word, "Run fer yer lives!"
I'se done wid Mars Gabul till de day I dies.
The meeting ended in an abrupt way,
And the church is for rent this very day.

M. C. J., '20.

HARRY NEWTON'S LUCK.

In his room at ———— College, Harry Newton sat reading the daily newspaper. By glancing at the fornt page we see: "War Declared Against Germany." What Harry's thoughts were I cannot tell; but by the trend of future events we can easily imagine. He turned slowly the pages of the paper, but as evidenced by his actions, his thoughts were in another channel.

Suddenly his door swung open admitting his staunchest friend and pal, John Williams. "Hello, Harry, come, let's have a celebration over the beginning of war," cried John. They both seemed very glad that war had come. Harry jumped up; caught his pal by the shoulders; looked squarely into his eyes; then whispered something into his ear. John smiled. "We'll do it old boy—we agree —let's shake hands on it."

Three days later, during which time they had made settlements with college authorities, we see Harry and John entering a United States army recruiting office. They were both accepted, and they came out an hour later, very happy fellows. "Well, John," said Harry, "good luck eh? Let's report at once." They were assigned to the same camp, but unfortunately to different companies. So we see them part to fight for *Old Glory.*

It might be well for you to know that Harry's father was a prosperous farmer and had brought up his son as a distinct type of true Southern manhood. He was not a wealthy man in so far as money and property were concerned, but in the true sense, he was very rich. His oldest son, Harry, a big robust lad of eighteen summers, was his greatest pride and joy. Harry not only had the dark brown curly hair, the dreamy blue eyes, and small firm mouth of his father's, but he was also of his father's

temperament; and possessor of the same ideals. Briefly, they were the same in almost every rsspect.

After a hard day's work at drill Harry went into his tent to prepare for supper. One of his mates handed him a big, fat letter, saying, "From her, I guess," pointing to a small picture of Mary Scott, which Harry had placed directly above the head of his bed. Harry smiled pleasantly, thanked him, and walked away opening the precious letter. The following is part of what he read:

"My Dearest Harry, was very much surprised of course, but you know I was prouder of you than ever before. You must come to see me very soon for I am anxious to see you in your uniform, and to hear my soldier's voice." I was not allowed to read any more except the signature, "Mary."

A week later he secured a pass and started home at once. The next morning, while the day was yet young, he alighted from the train at the little village, of which Mary Scott was the belle. This little village was only about one mile from his own home. It is perhaps unnecessary to state that he lingered in the village instead of going directly home.

Mary was in the flower garden when he approached, but she did not see him. Harry very cautiously climbed upon the fence, but it groaned under his weight and his plan of surprise was defeated. She saw him, and rushed to meet him. Then—well—you know.

The uniform was at this early stage of the war, very unusual in the small village. So when Harry came out of Mary's flower garden, it had been spread thruout the town that the soldier lad was there. Many of his old friends tried to talk with him, but he consistently avoided them. His steps were bent toward the small rose-covered cottage, where he had once been the sunshine and happiness. His parents were very glad to see him

home so soon, although he had only a few short hours to stay. After the few pleasant hours, he explained that he had to be back at camp the next morning, and left home—for a long time.

When he arrived at the depot, Mary was there with some packages for him. She tried to pursuade him to stay longer with her, but he said significantly, "I'm not my own boss, or I certainly would." There came a sharp blast of the whistle announcing the approach of the train. She smiled bravely up into his face, and he folded her in his arms; at the same time their lips met in a long, lover's farewell. Then came another sharp blast of the whistle and Harry leaped on board. Where so recently had been happiness, there was nothing except a blank space of earth and iron rails—and Mary. She watched the departing train until the last curling ring of smoke died amid the clouds, and then went sadly to her home.

After six months of drill, reveille, mess, taps and furloughs, Harry's happiest moment had arrived—he had bidden all farewell and was embarking for France. He was proud to be able to represent his country at the front. In his heart he knew he was going to fight for his country, home, and Mary. He was to uphold the principles for which our forefathers gave their lines. And when the test came Harry Newton was not to be found wanting.

The ship, on which he was sailing, was almost across —in the submarine beds as it were, when she was torpedoed. Harry was hurled from the deck into the sea, by the force of the explosion, and violent lurch of the ship. Rather than try to make a dramatic story of this shipwreck, let us merely say that newspapers in the states did not fail in their duty, and Harry's name was among those reported as missing.

Mary was at first hopeful, then when it had been con-

firmed by telegrams from officials, she was convinced. She bore up well for a short time; then came the cruel realization of her loss, and painful days of grief followed. Waking from a fitful slumber one morning she suddenly sat erect in bed and sobbed out, "Hope, youth, and happiness swept away at a single stroke." After she had regained control of herself she calmly and softly murmured as if talking to her lost lover: "You have so unselfishly and unhesitatingly laid your life on the alter of service—so will I."

Mary was a singularly honest and determined young lady once she had made up her mind. So she immediately joined the Red Cross and began training. She had already seen some service as a nurse, and therefore hoped to be an accomplished nurse in a short time.

Let us now return to the war zone. To see Harry give up and die? No. for he is not made of that kind of stuff. The ship sank within half an hour after being hit, during which time Harry had been frantically swimming away from her. He knew if he did not get far enough away, he would be drawn under by the sucking waters when the dying ship took her death-plunge. Most of the crew and passengers escaped in life boats, while a few were carried down. Harry called to the escaping boats, but his voice was drowned by the rushing waters He seized a piece of the wreckage large enough to serve as a raft and climbed on. This would serve for a short time. He thoroughly realized that only a short time would elapse before the murderous ocean would swallow another victim. He tried to pray for a speedy death, but the waters seemed to be playing with him—tossing him about only to torture and finally devour him. He regained his courage somewhat upon seeing that the raft sailed very smoothly, and settled down to rowing. He knew no direction, but determined to die, trying to live

Suddenly he rubbed his eyes, sat up, and rubbed his eyes again to see if they were deceiving him, but no, it was true—the earth off to his right seemed to be rising from the bottom of the ocean to form an island. Then he realized the truth. A German "U boat" had come up to ascertain the damage done the torpedoed ship. A very cautious head came out, looked in all directions, and finally saw Harry. The head immediately drew back, and soon a boat containing two German sailors came out after Harry. He resisted their rough treatment and as a result was rendered unconscious by a smashing blow on his head. When he regained consciousness he raised himself jerkily on his elbow and looked into a dozen pairs of maliciously gleaming eyes. It seemed that he was a bit frightened at first, but the truth dawned upon him and he brazenly and contemptuously returned the stare. He was jeered at, mocked and cursed. Finally, after one of the big brutes gave him a ringing slap on the jaw, his usually quick and fiery temper leaped into a flame. He jumped to his feet and simultaneously shot out a trained fist. It went home and the big fellow measured his length on the floor. The other Germans were surprised by this act, but such characters as these pirates were, cannot lose control of themselves at the sight of a fight or blood; but instead delight in it, a wave of anger flashed over them and a look of savage intent passed from one to the other. Just as their hatred and deviltry had been spent in beating the helpless lad, a gong sounded calling every man to his post. The mob rushed out of the room leaving Harry cruelly bruised and bleeding, and of course unconscious. The men reached their posts, but too late; they had been captured by a pair of British destroyers.

A few days later Harry was rapidly regaining his strength in a Red Cross hospital in England. While his

strength was growing his desire for German blood was also growing. He had been humiliated and beaten while a helpless prisoner, and his blood boiled within him for a fair chance at those who had taken advantage of him. In a week's time he was "in the pink," except for a few scars, and was crossing the channel to rejoin his regiment. The good ship glided smoothly and swiftly thru the channel waters without a mishap, and he was again "Private Newton," to his company. He was of course anxious to go to the front at once, but his regiment was not yet well-drilled in modern warfare, and was therefore sent to a camp far behind the lines, where it was to undergo a period of intensive training. They were to prepare for the "Big Rush." The time was not yet ripe, so the men settled down to the monotonous precision of army life intenisfied. This intensive training was to transform the units into a powerful war-machine; unlike its adversary in that it had a heart. In each throb of this powerful and true line of hearts could be heard the voices of those at home, and the voices of the valient dead.

One morning this regiment stood at attention before its colonel. It had undergone two months of intensive rehersal of modern warfare. The rank and file had developed into an almost perfect state of militarism. This specific morning they recognized in their commanders face something new—the joy of being granted something after a long and tantalizing delay. The order had come and they were to be rushed up into a breach in our line, which had been made by the enemy. A prolonged and joyous shout split the air, hats went up; then came calm as quickly as it had gone. Every man was sober and thoughtful—perhaps they were thinking of their future, their past, or their homes; be that as it may, they were certainly not afraid to place themselves in the path thru which the German hordes intended to pass.

Final preparations had been completed and the regiment was on its way to the front. They were transported by rail to within marching distance of the front. Then under cover of darkness began the "last long mile." Over shell torn hills and butchered valleys it went, and by sunrise was facing the foe. Lest wa get too far off the subject let us leave regimental headquarters and hunt Company "G", 1st Battalion. I do not mention this company because it is the best in the regiment, but because our hero is in it. Harry, as well as his entire company, was eager to go into battle. The fighting dragged on during the day, neither side daring to come out of the ground. Night came and business began picking up. A great artillery duel begun and for hours the atmosphere was livid with liquid fire and glittering steel. Many tons of fire and steel were thrown from the mouths of the angry guns on either side. About three o'clock in the morning silence reigned, and it seemed as if the war had suddenly ceased. But just before dawn is the darkest and most convenient time for dark deeds. Harry was crouched in the trench waiting—waiting for ages it seemed. He could not see the crouching figure on either side of him the darkness was so impenetrable. The waiting was terrible; he strained his eyes to pierce the darkness, and altho he could see nothing the atmosphere seemed pregnant with noiseless, gliding creatures. He could hear the muffled breathing of his companions as they too waited. Then suddenly great shells began shrieking overhead. The guns were of such calibre and power that the shells passed overhead long before the thunderous report could be heard. Harry heaved a sigh of relief—the barrage had started over. The order came from somewhere to his right and he leaped over the parapet. He knew he was not alone for he could clearly see his comrades now by the light of

bursting star shells. The men were not afraid, but perhaps the least bit frightened, because the spectacle was almost supernatural. They were advancing behind a veritable wall of fire and steel. It seemed as if no insect —not even the smallest, could live under such an avalanche of refuse, belched from the stomachs of the war-gods. Yet, even men lived.

They swept over the first line without opposition, but the resistence at the second line was spirited . It seemed as if nothing could stop the rushing Americans, but they overlooked a few machine guns and their crews in the second line, being subjected to a withering fire from front and behind. Harry rushed one of the machine guns and turned it on its own crew. The second line was combed out again and a dash was made for the third, but suddenly out of the bowels of the earth came surging lines of gray. Wave after wave broke over the seemingly invincible Americans, but finally under pressure of greatly superior numbers they were ordered to fall back. The retreat was well conducted and the greatly depleted ranks of "G" company stood fast in the German second line trench. They had gained ground, but the cost had been terrible. The over-eager Americans had paid the cost of haste and rashness. The Germans had taught the Americans much, and the lesson was well learned.

It is needless for me to go on with an account of the terrible fighting which took place here; and which in the end brought laurels of glory to the dauntless Americans. It is only necessary to trace our hero thru it all. Harry went thru many thrilling experiences and many bloody battles, before the bullet with his name attached came whizzing across no man's land. He was hit by a sniper, and was sent to the rear. The wound proved so serious that he had to be sent to a base hospital in France. His left arm was shattered, but hopes for its cure were entertained. Harry was unconscious for two weeks, and

was therefore unable to know his nurse. By some freak of fate Mary Scott had been appointed his nurse. Mary recognized her patient at the very first sight, and tirelessly labored to restore his consciousness and strength. She was of course surprised to see him again, but left all explanations to the future and worked day and night to revive her patient. At last, after hope had been frustrated, Harry regained his consciousness and instantly recognized his fair nurse. From then on dates the time of his recovery. His strength came by leaps and bounds until he was able to walk alone once more.

He was given a leave of absence for one year on account of physical disability, and sailed for America immediately. He was not alone, however, but made the voyage back across with his blushing bride, who had secured a leave of absence also. Together, Harry and Mary explained matters to their parents and were gladly welcomed to their own country and homes. This is not the last of their services for their country, but we have seen them across and back again, so we will leave them to rejoice in their mutual love.

C. B. L., '21.

TO DAD.

Here's to the one,
  Who with in boyhood I went;
Who while yet a youth,
  God his frienship still sent.
Whose friends are numerable,
  And who has always bent,
To see that a good time I had
  Where'er I went.
Whose pockets I have
  Always helped to drain,
Whose heart, at times,
  I have almost broken with pain;
Who has learned me many
  And many a game,
  While I tried hard to do the same;
But in that line
  A complete failure was I,
For nothing new could I teach him,
  No matter how hard I tried.
  Whose friendship I have always had,
Who tries to be jolly,
  And not to be sad.
Here's to my friend,
My best and most cherished friend,
  "Good old Dad."

TO MOTHER.

"M" other, oh how often do I think or thee;
"O" nly of thee, mother, for you mean so much to me.
"T" riumphant am I at being able to claim thee;
"H" ow often, oh how often, have I silently worshiped thee.
"E" ver thinking of thee, mother, dear, ever thinking of thee.
"R" are art thou, mother, thinking of thee eternally.

W. S. Mc., '22.

OUR HEROES.

The returning soldier is a hero. Each and every soldier that comes back from France deserves the highest praise that we can bestow upon him. But before we say more about our soldiers that come abck to us, let us say that those soldiers who paid the supreme sacrifice for the sake of country and liberty will ever be held before us as a beacon light. They died not in vain. Their gift to the cause of right will be remembered by us thruout the ages. Peace be to their ashes.

As the soldier walks down the street, whether in civilian dress, or still in uniform we can spot him out of a hundred men. His head is high, his chest is out, and his shoulders are square. His eyes are full of light, for he can look anybody in the face and say, "I did my duty—where were you?" The people of America are beginning to realize more and more that the soldiers, the men who were ready to lay down their lives for the same cause that they were willing to live in peace for are the men that are going forward in the world's work of today. They have proven that they can take responsibility upon their shoulders, that under the greatest of difficulties they can come out victorious. Upon them the future of our country depends, and justly proud are we of such leaders, that could throw fortune, and future to the four winds of heaven, and leave home and lovel ones for the sake of humanity.

The man who wore not the uniform of his country need not look to the people for even bread—except for the sake of charity. If he was a coward we don't need him. We have real men. If he was a slacker his own conscience will torture him until there will be no responsibility left in him. Hats off to the women with the creed, "The lips of a slacker shall never touch mine."

M. C. S., '21.

The Clemson College Chronicle

FOUNDED BY THE CLASS OF 1898.

Published monthly by the students of Clemson College under the auspices of the Calhoun, Columbian, Palmetto, Carolina, Hayne, and Wade Hampton Literary Societies.

The Chronicle will be published on the fifteenth of each month during the college year. Its purpose is to encourage literary work among the students of the college, and for this reason voluntary contributions from all the sutdents, especially, and from the faculty and alumni are earnestly solicited. All contributions must be accompanied by the writer's name, class numeral, and name of literary society.

The subscription price of the Chronicle is $1.00. Address all communications to the Business Manager.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: S. C. JONES, '19

The Outlook

Due to the inauguration of the S. A. T. C. and to the unsettled condition of college activities caused by the war, it was decided that no attempt be made to publish the Chronicle during the present session or college year. But now, the war is over, and a great number of us have returned to college; so, we are resuming the publication of the periodical. We take up the work with the same zeal and enthusiasm that we would have shown had we been allowed a "punch" at Fritz; and if we can only meet with the same amount of success as has been gained by our heroes "over there," our efforts will not have been spent in vain.

Through the rising haze of the great battlefield we see a new epoch of peace and prosperity for the owrld. This

new era means a great day for man and for his activities. In spite of the great amount of destruction and loss which the great conflict has inflicted upon the earth, we must realize that the divine hand led the charge over the great precipice, the barrier over which civilization was forced to vault in order to reach the higher goal. It this were not true the blood of America's noble men would have been shed in vain. And, may it be in the future as in the past, that no American wearing the uniform of his country, fights any foe without a just cause .

To Clemson Men

With this issue the Chronicle is entering upon what promises to be a new erea in its development and progress. We regret that it is not practical to have each Society get out an individual issue as had been planned. But there is no reason why we cannot take just as much interest working jointly in the work as otherwise. We trust that every man in college is going to do his part in the making of the "Chronicle" for the remaining few months. The staff if going to do all that it possibly can, but we can't do it all. Yes, we realize that our work is being almost doubled on us, and that many other excuses are available, but "don't be a slacker." Make up your mind, be determined, resolve at once that you are going to write something for the "Chronicle." If you have the least amount of ability for literary work it is not only a special privilege and opportunity, but a duty to your college that you give to its magazine the best product of your mind.

The record made by Clemson last year in literary work is one of which we are proud. Our representatives "brought home the bacon," and our publication went

away with a higher standard. We cannot let the standard fall; it must be mounted higher and higher still. That means every man must do his share. Are you going to do your part?

Our New Department

Since one main purpose of the college magazine is to furnish entertainment to its readers, we have inaugurated a new department especially for that purpose. This new department is going to be called the Joke Department. It will furnish more variety and "spice" to the publication, and will equipoise with the editorials (?). The editor and assistant editor of the department are both excellently equipped for their work, and are going to give us some laughter of the highest class. We trust you will be pleased with their efforts; if so, take a laugh.

EDITOR: J. M. BATES, '19.

Lieut. T. M. Jordan, '18, spent this week end on the campus. "Cutie" was a block letter man in baseball, for four years, and has many friends here that are always glad to see him. "Cutie" is now stationed at Camp Gordon, but expects to be discharged soon.

Capt. F. L. Parks, '18, gave his many friends the pleasure of his presence at Clemson this week. "Hun" was one of our majors, as well as Editor-in-Chief of the Tiger. Parks is captain in the Tank Corps, and while stationed at Columbus, Ga., he still has his heart at Clemson.

Lieut. D. H. Sullivan also surprised his fellows by his unexpected visit. "Dick" was the big figure on our track team. He has succeeded in getting a discharge from the army, and was on his way home.

Capt. R. P. Jeter, '09, is in the marines and is now stationed at Christiansted, St. Croix, Virginia Island, of the U. S.

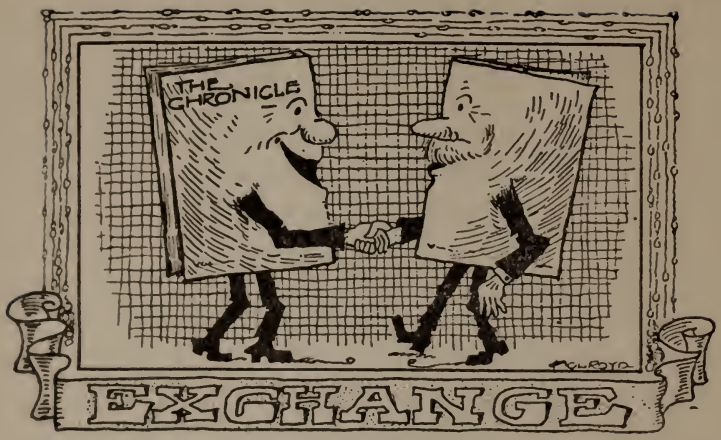
W. A. Latimer, '07, is now holding an important position with the C. N. & W. Railroad, with his headquarters at Chester, S. C. "Bill" was a true Tiger in his days, both in baseball and football.

Lieut. F. E. Makin, '18, has gotten his discharge from the army and is now working here in the creamery.

R. A. Mayes, '18, commonly known as "Doctor," is now taking a course in veterinary science at Ohio State University.

Claude Harmon, '18, is also taking a course at Ohio State University in Veterinary Science.

One of the boys has just received a letter from Lieut. R. J. Cheatham, '16. "Joe", while in school here was a bright, happy-go-lucky fellow, and in for anything. "Joe" volunteered at the beginning of the war, as a private in the engineers. They were sent across in a few weeks after his enlistment, but "Joe", with that expression on his lips, "you can't keep a good man down," is now a lieutenant, and writes as if he never was happier in his life.



EDITORS:

J. S. WATKINS, '19. F. U. WOLFE, '20.

It is with a great amount of interest that the members of the staff and also the contributors put forth this issue of our publication. The natural consequence of the recent war was the leaving of many men, the greater number of whom were energetic workers along literary lines. The various unavoidable conditions consumed much time, and all efforts were concentrated upon the winning of the war. The Chronicle, just as numerous other publications, witnessed a short period of rest. During that time, which has already elapsed, we have of course become disconnected to a great extent with the program of the publications of the other colleges, including those that did not discontinue the work. We are necessarily without a regular Exchange for this issue, which is the connecting link between our publication and those of the other colleges. The desired relationship will shortly be restored to a higher standard than ever before, and the benefits that an Exchange offers will be effectively obtained.

There are very few individuals who have a marked degree of originality. It is only by this imitation of others, continued in one circle, and by the exchange of ideas that a person cultivates his thought. Then no work is really profitable unless it shows a certain improvement over all classes of a similar nature. The ideas that we gain from others are thus of little value unless they are improved upon, criticized, and made over into a form that far surpasses the original. Thus thru this door of our publication can the expressed thoughts and emotions of the serious minded and the gay be placed in a vivid manner to reveal not only the grammatical form, but the real sentiment as well.

As our schools are beginning to grow stronger by the return of men who have been in the service, it is with a feeling of greatest interest that our attention is drawn to the many changes that will quickly take place. It will take but a short time to fall into the ways of college life again and resume the work that was laid aside for a brief time. But the same old trails that were used before the war are no longer of any value to men who have learned the lesson of pressing forward. The winding paths that creep slowly around difficulties and obstacles are still in existence, and are dangerous to men who have yet found no straighter paths. The students that have been in the service of their country have had created within them a feeling of pride and responsibility that cannot be taken away. We then are two distinct factors in any school—one tends to continue in the same ways of contentment, while the other has a determination to originate a new program, whereby an increase in interest and standards of ideals is a certain consequence. This desire for improvement should be carefully watched

for and cultivated. The ways existing before the war and the attitude that a person showed toward work and study were comparable with the times, and severe criticism would have been almost improper. A different relation now exists between us and our duty. The great sacrifices that have just been made and the many lives lost would be all in vain were it not for the fact that a diffierent world is being formed as a result of it all. Then the indifference of men's thought only a few years ago has no place in this new age.

Thus our determination followed by a conscientious attempt to accomplish our mission builds the material for success. And this determination for improvement is not a general subject, but must be applied to each daily task and every undertaking.

During the period of war the minds of college men were naturally turned toward a course of continued preparation for service in the field. Many had the privilege of satisfying that desire while others did not. That mental and physical preparation has of course been removed, but a sense of greater confidence was left upon the shoulders of each man. This new outlook upon life must be seen working in every institution—and let us apply these few points to every-day life, and let the thought of improvement and progress be always before us. Our literary publications can now receive the time and effort of the contributors from a different point of view—from a sense of greater pride and higher ideals. If we will but remember that the height to be reached is always before us, that the benefit derived are entirely dependent upon the earnestness and quality of our work—then a success that can keep abreast with this new age of progress will be the reward of our labors.

F. U. W., '20.

EDITOR: G. H. AULL

HAS THE Y. M. C. A. FAILED?

The question of the success or failure of the Y. M. C. A. during the war is an important one. Did the Y. M. C. A. fail? Of this question there may be made two parts, " . . . in the trenches?" and " . . . in the colleges?" Yet we believe the answers will be the same. We did not have the privilege of observing the actual operations of the "Y" at the front but we do not, we cannot, believe that there was a failure there. And now for the college Y. M. C. A., and by college we refer in particular to Clemson.

September found at Clemson a condition such as never existed before. The S. A. T. C. students were "in the army" and hence the point arose as to whether they should purchase Y. M. C. A. tickets. It was decided that they were entitled to all the privileges of Y. M. C. A. members without paying the regular membership fees. These privileges they enjoyed for the first three months. As a consequence of these things a return to normal conditions left the Y. M. C. A. here practically without actual membership. Should the United War Work campaign, the canvassing of the various representatives of the Clemson College publications and other student activities be followed by a campaign for Y. M. C. A. membership? We thought not, and hence all have been invited to take advantage of the opportunities offered by the Y. M. C. A. in its different phases of work.

Sunday schools have been started on and near the campus. These are led and superintended by the students. The cmomittees are all at work, each on its separate task (if such it migght be called) yet each working towards

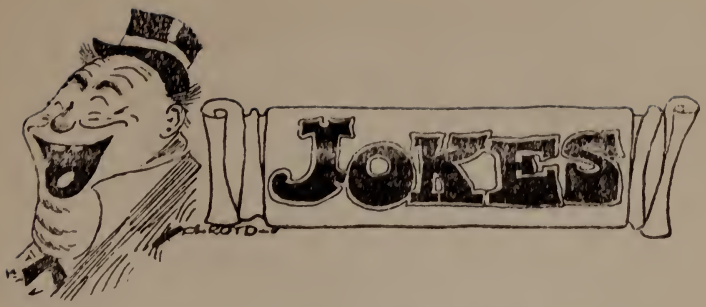
a common goal—the betterment of all and the opportunity of the human race in general.

Bible study is on the go. The classes which have been organized are meeting regularly and gratifying results are being noted. We feel that there are yet others who would like to join a class. Perhaps the leaders of certain groups have found it impossible to meet their classes. If this is the case and you want something good come down and hear the Rev. Mr. Ellis at two o'clock each Sunday afternoon. He is teaching a class for the benefit of those who are not enlisted in or attending another class. The new hour, immediately after dinner, for classes in barracks seems to be quite popular.

Another feature of the "Y" is the weekly meeting of the Cabinet. Mr. H. C. Sanders is President of the Y. M. C. A. this year and his whole heart is in the work. The plan is to begin the "inner circle" for heart to heart talks among certain students; to let these carry the work into other groups, and so on until there will be group after group of "inner circle" workers. The idea is that many men will be reached who would not otherwise come in direct connection with the Y. M. C. A. We trust that this plan will be a complete success.

The work of the "Y" is being pushed by all and especially is our old friend "Maggie" Bryant in it with heart and soul. ':Maggie" seems to be a natural born Y. M. C. A. worker. He was President of the Association in his senior year, served as assistant secretary ,and is now General Secretary. It is an inspiration to us all to see Bryant with us. May his spirit reach us all and may the spirit of the "Y" never die.

And now we ask, "Has the Y. M. C. A. failed?" The question needs no answer. So grand a cause *could* not fail—will not fail. The path has been a hard one; the discouragements have been numerous, but the past is dead, the present is full of goodly deeds, the future full of possibilities—and hopes.



Prof. Collings—"What is plasticity-coefficient?"

"Froggy" Altman—"It is the distance any thing will stretch."

Jeter—"It is the stress a body undergoes before it decomposes."

"What is the difference between electricity and lightning?" asked "Bill" McCord.

"You don't have to pay nothing for lightning," replied "Stiff neck" Smith.

"Slim" Bodie being refused, as an escort, by a young lady on the campus, said, "You are as full of airs as a a music box."

"That may be true," replied the girl, "but I don't go with a crank."

Prof. Shanklin (to "Rat" Crisp): "Well! Mr. Crisp, I'll give you zero on that board."

"Rat" Chrisp—"That's nothing."

Prof. Shanklin—"What's nothing?"

"Rat" Chrisp—"Why—zero."

'Tis wrong for any maid to be
Abroad at night alone,
A chaperone she needs till she
Can call some chap 'er own.

—Selected.

"Am I gaining ground?" to the girl at his side
He shyly spoke as they sat there all alone.
"I can hardly say that," she gently replied,
You don't even try to hold your own."

—Selected.

The other night "Rat" Langston was visiting; and Lt. Col. Porter saw him come out of a room and asked: "Which side of the hall do you room on?"

"Rat" Langston: "On either side, sir! If you go one way it is on the rigght side and if you go the other way it is on the left."

One day during his week-in-charge of the mess hall, "Mouse" Elliott was making complaint to "Shorty."

"The chicken (?) you gave us today seemed to be all dark meat."

"Yep," replied "Shorty," "we raised that chicken on coffee grounds."

As "Varsity" Bankhead was sitting down for his weekly shave at the barber shop, he asked, "Have you the same razor you used on me last week?"

"Yes, sir," replied Means.

"Varsity"—Then chloroform me first."

Prof. Morrison asked a few days ago, "Why have you boys got so much grit in you these days?" ?

"Snipe" Dunlap immediately replied: "We are still eating in the mess hall."

The following was clipped from "Gee" Gaines' talk at the "Old Maid Club" entertainment: "And for three days and nights Jonah was in —er—the society of the whale."

Mr. Jeter (an English shark)—"Professor, if Ivanhoe costs sixty cents at a book store, what is Kenilworth?"

Prof. Daniel—"Great Scoot! What a novel question."

Palmer—"Queen, what do they mean by the I. W. W. society?"

"Queen" Metts—"I won't wash."

Palmer immediately applied for membership.

Mr. Pitts—"Professor, is Prof. Daus teaching physics at the University of California?"

Prof. Speas—"Why shucks! Mr. Daus doesn't know how to teach physics. A man must know math to teach physics."

"Cat" Randle—"Well, professor, how did you come to teach physics?"

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The Chronicle

Founded by the class of 1898.

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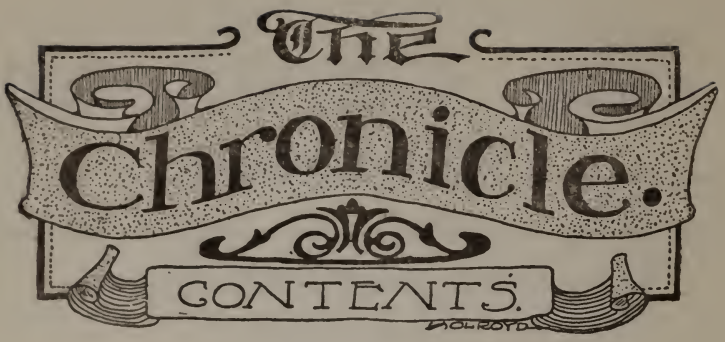

The Clemson College Chronicle

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EDITORS:
A. C. CORCORAN, '19
M. C. JETER, '20 M. C. SMITH, '21

ALMA MATER.

Where the Blue Ridge yawns its greatness,
Where the Tiger plays;
Here the sons of dear old Clemson
Reign supreme always.

We will dream of greater conquests—
For our past is grand.
And her sons have fought and conquered
Every foreign land.

Where the mountains smile in grandeur
O'er the hill and dale,
Here the Tiger lair is nestling
Swept by storm and gale.

We are brothers strong in manhood,
For we work and strive,
And our *Alma Mater* reigneth
Ever in our lives.

CHORUS

Dear old Clemson we will triumph,
And with all our might,
That the Tiger's roar may echo
O'er the mountain height.

A. C. C., '19.
Carolina.

BENJAMIN RYAN TILLMAN.

In the peaceful little village of Trenton, there now rests the remains of one of Carolina's noblest sons, one whose traditions are paralleled in glory to those of Calhoun; one who forged his way to a high plane among America's greatest men of today. This figure is none other than our beloved Tillman.

Benjamin Ryan Tillman, the son of a common planter, was born in Edgefield county, S. C., August 11, 1894. He received only a common academic education. It was his lot to witness the disorder and change during and after the war between the states. He joined the Confederate States' Army in 1864, but was stricken with severe illness and saw no active military service. He married Miss Sallie Stark in 1868. And it is said that the strong point which made him unassailable in every phase of life was due to the strong support, trust, and counsel of his helpmate. He engaged in farming until 1886. It was during this period that the farmers of the state experienced the most bitter decade in the history of their occupation. It was from under these trying experiences that Tillman ascended the stump at Bennettsville for the first time, and proclaimed the agitation for a betterment of agricultural conditions in South Carolina.

In 1890 "Ben" Tillman was elected governor of the state as a representative of the agricultural element; he was reelected in 1892. His career as governor is one of rare accomplishments and distinguished ideals. Among the things he accomplished as governor were the planning of the state institutions on a firmer basis, the authorization of the dispensary system for selling liquor under state control, and the institution of educational qualification for suffrage in the state constitution. Many people give Tillman credit for the founding of Clemson and Winthrop. As a matter of fact, he did not actually as

a governor or legislator, found either of the two institutions, but beyond a shadow of doubt the establishment of Clemson College and Winthrop College, is due to the foresight and political agitation of Tillman. And today the greatest educational institutions of the state, send their towers toward the sky—twin monuments to the memory and achievements of their father, Tillman. In 1895 Tillman was elected to the United States Senate from South Carolina. As Massachusetts' venerable senator says: "Senator Tillman did not come to the Senate in 1895, as many do, a man unknown beyond the limits of his own state. His reputation preceded his coming." He respected no political conventionalities; and before he had been in the senate one month he broke the rule requiring silence on the part of a new member, and made a speech, which earned him the sobriquet of "Pitchfork Tillman." From that day he was recognized as a factor to be considered in every important bill of legislation. He loved his native state passionately, and always guarded her rights and interests with a fiery zeal which was characteristic of all his actions. He became famous as a bold and aggressive debater, and was always ready to assert plainly on which side of a question he stood. Never did he hesitate to confront fearlessly anything he did not approve. There was no midway ground for him to stand when an important measure came up; he was always ready to fight bitterly for a measure, or throw his fiery argument against it. Though others oftentimes differed with him, they knew that he was giving utterance to his honest convictions, and no one ever doubted his moral and political integrity. He sat in the senate for almost twenty four years—a longer time than anyone else has served from South Carolina. During that time no one interested or attracted the attention of the public more than he. His name will ever live in the fame of Carolina in that body whose traditions are so glorious.

To the youth of Carolina and to that of America at large the career of Tillman should be of special interest, and especially to those who think they have not had a full chance in life. Young Tillman soon realized what it is to be a poor man without an education, and began to study at night to make up the deficiency. He entered the university of hard work and the school of experience and thus stored up his great knowledge of men and their affairs. Tillman had a knowledge of good literature and a fondness for poetry. He was a lover of Shakespeare and often quoted his lines. The life of this great man inspires us to higher things. His body rests beneath the sod, his soul has gone to its reward, but his spirit is still with us. It has risen into that higher, nobler, grander life, where he had aspired to live. What more appropriate can we say of him than this:

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

S. C. J., '1[illegible]
Colum[illegible]

MY DREAM GIRL.

Dearest, your sweet smile is to me
  As the return of spring,
When the green verdure budding forth
  Proclaim their maker king.

Your dimpled cheeks are fresh with youth,
  As well becomes thee, maid;
Your sparkling eyes appear to me
  As two huge gems inlaid.

Thy shapely arms and neck
  Would put the Trojan queen to shame.
Thou art more lovely, even,
  Than Endymion of the plain.

Your voice falls truly upon my ear,
  As though a gentle breeze
That comes and wafts it far away—
  Among the lofty trees.

For you speak in accents soft and low,
  Like an old Tyrolean strain.
There is not one with such a voice
  In all Minerva's train.

Your movements bring into my mind
  The names of fairies fair.
I would not be surprised at all
  If one were lingering there.

I see thee, as the shadows fall,
  Now standing by the quiet stream.
Oh, fairest one in all the earth,
  Of thee I'll always, always dream.

E. L. M., '20.
Wade Hampton.

THE REUNION.

He had traveled for three days. A hundred miles of the roughest road in the West separated him from what he had called home for the whole of his life—the whole save for one year. Why was he traveling? Oh, somewhere along that trail was a cabin, the place of his birth —his home for one year. Yes, he was right; his uncle said a mile below the first sight of human life in the valley. He was nearly there!

Jack Grayson was born in a humble home in the western mountains. It had not been a happy home—the facts must needs be stated—and when Jack was only one year old his uncle had come at a time when the mother was ill and the father in a drunken stupor, and Jack was carried away to grow up and live amid the wealth of the city. He had gathered in the twenty years of his life fragments of his earliest history, but until a short time before our story begins knew nothing further than that his mother died at the birth of a baby girl and that his father had not been heard from since. He supposed that the baby, his sister, had long since passed into the other and more generous world.

James Goodrich had been a wealthy man and Jack had lived in all the luxury of his possessions. He had received a good education in mining and engineering, and every concession possible for a young man to have, had been given him. Mrs. Goodrich had died a year before our story begins. She was truly a mother to her adopted boy and thru her he had learned all the essentials of manliness and right living.

Already broken by the death of his wife, Mr. Goodrich was not strong for the last blow. He had invested heavily, even to the limit of his great wealth, in a prospective gold mind in southern Utah and had lost. Jack Goodrich, for he had taken his mother's brother's name, watch-

ed at the bedside until the last breath of his dying uncle; and just before the end he heard him say: "In the safe—one hundred dollars—horse and buggy at farm—go back—a mile below first cabin—one hundred miles south—you can make it—go!" and the old man became silent, and was gone.

With a part of the small sum which Jack found in the safe, he had given his uncle a decent burial, harnessed the faithful old horse and, mounted in a high wheel carriage, turned the animal's nose toward the south—and his old home.

Tired and worn by the long ride, and with a heavy heart, Jack Goodrich was not prepared for the sudden stop of his horse, and when the animal abruptly halted he fell directly forward, his foot catching in the step of the carriage. He felt the terrible pain in his ankle and a slow drag over several stones, then he was unconscious.

Slowly he regained his senses. A beautiful girl was bending over him. "I frightened your horse," she said, "and you fell out of the carriage. Are you hurt badly?"

"Oh, it's just a sprained ankle," he thought. Then he answered. "I'll be all right—after awhile, I guess. Can you help me in the buggy?"

"But where are you going? You can't go farther until your ankle is better. Come with me. Dad will be glad to help you until you are stronger," and she added half aloud, "Dad was glad to help me."

The girl helped the crippled man to his seat in the carriage ,and then taking the horse by the reins she led the way back up the narrow trail.

The sun had already disappeared behind the mountains, but reluctant to yield to the coming night a pretty bluebird chirped his welcome to approaching spring. A mocker answered from the other slope. Farther up the trail a lonely dove cooed to his sweetheart across the valley. A chipmunk scuttled ahead along the path.

Jack was strangely unconscious of the life about him. He saw only the girl as she led his horse around the cliff and towards the little cabin ahead. Not once did she look back. He longed to say something but was afraid to speak. Never before had such a feeling gripped his soul.

At the front of the little home she stopped and turning to him said, "Wait, I think it will be all right for you to stay awhile," and she disappeared in the house.

Soon she returned following a tall, well-built man of the husky mountain type; but he wore a kind look and Jack knew that it *was* all right. He was glad, too, for his foot had begun to hurt, and he was glad too that he could pay for his board.

The girl smiled when the kind mountaineer picked the crippled man up in his strong arms and carried him into the house. A small boy took the horse and buggy around the house and gave the animal the first decent meal and the first comfortable stall he had seen in three days.

"I guess I had better tell you my name," Jack said when he was able to speak, "I am Jackson Goodrich, from Denver. I am sorry to have caused you this trouble."

"No trouble, no trouble," the old man assured him. "Glad to help you. My name's Connor"—Jack thought he had heard the name before—"The girl calls me 'Dad.' You can too, if you like it." Then to the girl he said, "Amy, get some hot water and bandages, let us ease the pain in this ankle." Jack was startled—that was his mother's name!

"I didn't mean to hurt it, son," his friend apologized, and Jack let it go at that.

Everything possible had been done to still the pain in the sprained joint, and the young man was apparently sleeping.

"Dad," it was Amy speaking, "You are *so* good. How I do love you, Dad."

"Amy, dear," the voice was tender for that of a mountaineer, "I try to do my duty to everybody. You know, Amy, that I love you too and for your sake I would do anything. I wish you would let me send you to college. Bess will soon be home and I don't feel right that you should not have every advantage that she has."

"But, Dad, I have finished high school in the city, and now I am going to take care of you. You have done enough for me already.'

"Well, remember, Amy, you can go if you want to. I know I would miss you, tho."

Days passed, weeks, the end of the first month after the accident found the man but little better. His foot had not healed as they had expected. Then brighter days came: the birds sang in the sunshine outside his window. A faithful pair had made a nest in a tree nearby and he heard the joyous song of a mother bird to her young. The girl sat on the edge of the bed and read to him. Then he grew stronger. She helped him to the porch and told him stories of the great West. With interest of the country born in him, Jack Goodrich listened as a child would have done.

"I must have been real sick," he said when the girl explained that it had been a month since she had found him and led his horse up the trail to the home.

"You have been very sick," she told him, and then she pouted, "You talked about some girl you knew in Denver all the time in your sleep." He blushed—"I won't tell her name now, but I'll watch. You are much stronger now," she continued in natural tones, "and I am going to take you with me on my walk before long. I have lots to tell you."

"I am so glad. What is your name?"

"Amy."

"That was my mother's name," he mused.

"We ought to be great friends, then, for my mother's name was Amy too." Her face was lifted for the moment and had our friend been able to follow her gaze he would have seen a lowly grave under the large oak half way up the mountain slope.

"I know we will," he said. "I believe I can walk now; won't you take me with you today?"

"Do you honestly *want* to go?" she asked.

A month of non-use had made the injured foot quite stiff, but after a little exercise, he said, "I'm all right now. What did you want to tell me?"

"Follow me," she said.

She led the way up the well-beaten path towards the grave under the oak. The girl knew the look on his face and was not mistaken when she took it for a look of *love.* She felt, also (a strangeness in her own heart but she was grimly honest and withheld any feeling she might have had, "For," she thought, "he must know my story before he can be sure that he loves me." Whatever his attitude afterwards, she was determined to show him the truth.

The girl paused a few feet from the oak, then walked slowly under its shadows and towards the mound. Suddenly she stopped her companion. He walked up to see an old man bending over the sacred spot. "Oh God," he was praying, "I caused my son to be taken from me. I killed my wife by my drunkenness. I left my baby girl to starve in these mouuntains. God! God! give me back my children. I know the sorrow of the sinful; I have felt the stings of a guilty conscience; I have changed my life. Father for the sake of this woman, my wife, let me see her children again so that I may be encouraged in my new life for Thee."

"What does he mean, Amy?"

"He has told you what I brought you here to tell; he has told you my story. I am not "Dad's' daughter. Come the man is my father. This is mother's resting place."

She took his hand in hers and led him to the grave. On a small slab he stooped and read:

"Here lies Amy Grayson. She was a good mother."

He turned and faced the girl. Slowly he knelt beside the weeping man, who as yet was still unconscious of the presence of any others besides himself, and in a voice broken by sobs he cried, "God, can it be true? Am I blessed again with the presence of my father and the companionship of my sister? My God! from the bottom of my heart I thank Thee."

The prayer aroused the older man to his feet. His eyes fell upon Amy, the very image of her mother. "Amy, my daughter!" She ran into his open arms and for a long time Jack was forced to silence. When he could speak he cried. "Father, sister, don't you know me father? I am the lost boy. Father, uncle Jim is dead. He told me, that is why I came to this place. Won't you claim your brother, Amy? Father, don't you know your own son?"

Of course! With one bound Jack (Grayson now) encircled the two with his strong arms forgetting in the jump his sore foot. For some minutes the three were silent in overwhelming joy, then with the father between Jack and Amy, the three turned their faces down the hill.

When they reached the little cabin all was still. Jack's carriage was missing from the shed and his faithful old horse was not in the customary stall. The excitement was high when Mr. Connor hove around the edge of the cliff with a young lady in Jack's buggy.

"Hello, Jack," he called, "Got a letter from Bess just after you and Amy ran off. Said she had just discovered that you were down this way and that she would be at the station when I got there—she was coming to spend the week-end at home." He winked at the girl beside him.

"I have come to spend the week-end," she blushed.

"I just thought being's she knew so much about Mr.

Jack Goodrich that I would drive his team out to meet her. She says you are a mighty fine boy, Jack. I told her we knew more than she did but somehow she don't think we do. Says she knew you in Denver."

"Well, well," Jack ejaculated, "I should say I did know Bess Connor in Denver! Why hadn't I thought of it before! Bess, why didn't you ever tell me where you lived?"

"You never did ask," she answered.

"I know, but—well, enough for that. Listen, tho, I'm not Goodrich now. I've just discovered that Amy is my sister and this is my father." He laid an arm on the old man's shoulder, "I hope it doesn't matter to Bess that I am no longer Goodrich's wealthy son?" And the girl in the carriage nodded an understanding negative.

"Well, well, Bess, here are our old neighbors back again. Get out girl, and let's shake hands.

Soon the two families were grouped in a happy circle around a large lamp emitting a pale yellow light. Jack and Bess were telling tales of old Denver. Amy sat next to her father and listened to his recollections of the past nineteen years as he recalled them to Mr. Connor. "What was it you said about that gold mind in Utah, father?" Jack butted in.

"Oh nothing except the superintendent convinced the stockholders that it was worthless and then he jumped in and is making a fortune."

"Uncle Jim was one of those he convinced. He never sold out, tho, and I have the papers showing his rights. I have some sense of duty regarding his rights and I know enough to tell a good mine when I see one," then to Bess he whispered (but the others saw it), "Let's take a little trip out there and look at the mine. Uncle gave me his interest in it and I think I should have something to say about the returns from his investment. Will you go, Bess, dear?"

Slowly she slid into his arms. Amy cried: "The girl you talked about when you were sick was named Bess. I knew it! I *knew* it!" Mr. Grayson and Mr. Connor clasped hands in warm approval.

Today Amy is in a Colorado college, while Jack and Bess are keeping house in a thriving town of the same state. Mr. Grayson and Mr. Connor have charge of the mine in southern Utah, but their welcome in the little Colorado home is ever warm and many are the times when they arrange with Amy to meet them there—to meet them there for fond memory's sake.

G. H. Aull, '19.
Columbian.

REMINISCENCES ON A MOTHER.

There is a mother dear to me, far more than words can speak,
She lives in a world that is all my own, where her faith and love I seek.
She loves me in her tender way, and I can ne'er repay,
Her constancy and solicitude, when I her faith gainsay.

When a babe I heard her heart throb and felt her soft caress,
And when I would be pettish she would show her gentleness.
I am a man since those years gone by, but I still have a tender spot
In my heart for my sweet mother, who in years forgets me not.

The years run by, her hair is gray, and she looks up to her grown-up boy,
As her special care and privilege, and her soft heart throbs with joy;
I care not for the world's great gain, if my mother be spared to me,
And we can love each other from day to day.

A. C. C., '19.
Carolina.

THE MODERN "GOOD LITERATURE."

Why does a man enjoy reading a good piece of literature? Is it because he admires the author? Is it because he believes it to be fashionable to peruse a book upon which society casts an eye of approval, or discusses favorably from every possible angle? If these are the reasons, then he fails to grasp the true meaning of the composition, and, of a certainty, he does not *enjoy* to the fullest extent, the time spent in reading the author's work. He is reading the book in order that he may be spoken of as "a well-read man, who is thoroughly familiar with the works of the leading authors," and not because he wishes to build up his education and to enlarge his views of life.

On the other hand, let us consider the man who reads to broaden his mind and to get a full realization of the treatises offered by literature. This man appreciates the books of great authors and gets true enjoyment from them. In a good book, the clarity and consciseness of expression render it possible for the reader to readily realize the facts with a large amount of activity. The scenes are vividly potrayed, and the strict chronological order of events makes the story interesting in every detail.

Very few authors treat the same subject in the same way and from the identical view point. The attraction of literature lies in its structure—its ability to transfer our thought to the topics under discussion and to hold them there. The works of Poe and those of Scott are totally different in every phase. Yet, we find as great an attraction in the weird tone which runs throughout the works of the former, as we do in the account of the battles and tourneys so common in the novels of the latter. It is the realization of the ever present master-hand which holds our interest centered on that which we are reading. Why is the description which runs thru all of

London's stories considered far superior to that of many other good authors? It is because the scenes and events are described in an unsurpassably free and easy style, which appeals so much more to an individual than the tedious amplifications which we find in so many books. The author of the present era starts his works in the most interesting and forceful manner. One cannot find the least bit of non-essential material in them. The modern novel is enlivening—full of vigor and action—and yet it contains all the strict realities that the older, and more tiresome novels possess. Don't think from the above, that "Diamond Dick" and the like are good novels, because they contain lots of vigor, for liveliness is practically the substance of them all. They are crowded with impossibilities that the covers of a well written novel do not hide.

How many people really find the long chapters of minute description and exposition a source of pleasure? One may read a book of this kind because its composer is of world-wide fame as an author, but one can't fool himself, for the seemingly endless list of big words and "dry" paragraphs weary the mind and take away much of the pleasure one derives from the story. The requirements of the present day are: *brevity, enlivenment, and reality.*

How true is the old saying, "Brevity is the soul of wit." Times have changed. The days when tiresoms and extenuated discussion was the fashion are rapidly passing, and those in which facts, and facts alone, are wanted, are taking their places. The idea of the future will be the nutshell idea. "Be brief," and keep only what is essential to the forcefulness of the composition.

E. L. M., '20.
Wade Hampton.

THE VOICE OF THUNDER.

The booming cannon's distant roar
From far off Europe came;
It crossed the sea to Freedom's shore—
America rose to defend her name.

It invaded the land of a people free
With its thundering deafening sound.
It claimed the mastery of the sea;
It sought our nation's ground.

It carried a promise to Mexico
Of a large expanse of land.
It pictured to her our Country's woe
As Germany desired it to stand.

But fate uncovered the filthy plot
And opened the eyes of the blind.
America saw and appeared on the spot
In the name of human kind.

Now Father by Thy aid
In the struggles of the free,
We for democracy were safely made
And nations safe for Thee.

A., '19.
Columbian.

MY TRIP TO THE ASSOCIATION.

With much anticipation and a small amount of anxiety, I began my journey to the South Carolina College Press Association on the twenty-fourth of February. The thoughts of this date had deeply impressed my mind, for this day was going to be my first time to attend the association.

One of my co-delegates and I made the trip to Columbia together. While we were inquiring as to the best route to Hartsville, we saw the delegates from G. W. C., who were making the same inquiries. Of course, we were too timid to introduce ourselves to the G. W. C. girls, or even to talk to them.

We four Clemson delegates met in Columbia; and while there, we also met the G. W. C. delegates. This time our timidity had disappeared; for those on like missions soon come to a general understanding.

After a number of anxious moments, our train finally backed into the station at Hartsville, where we were met by the "Bashaba" staff of Coker College. It was rather fortunate for the Clemson delegates that darkness had enwrapped the earth; for, after leaving the wild hills of Clemson and then coming face to face with the fair civilization of Coker, our bewilderment would have been too great and we would have been overcome. We soon found ourselves speeding to the homes where we were to be so pleasantly entertained during our stay in Hartsville. At eight-thirty o'clock, we went to the Coker College auditorium and heard an excellent address delivered by Dr. E. W. Sikes, President of Coker College.

The next morning the executive committee met and made its plans for the association. The president of the committee was late in arriving; but, when he and his colleague did arrive, the committee realized that two important personages had arrived on the scene, and that it

would be problematical whether the play would result in a tragedy or a comedy. After the committee had finished its routine of business, it was lunch time, and the delegates slowly and gracefully marched into the spacious dining hall. The applauding of the pretty Coker girls caused some of the fellows to step so lightly that they could almost feel the floor sinking under their feet. There is a wide contrast between the dining hall of Coker and the mess hall of Clemson. There are many delicacies served at breakfast, lunch, and dinner at Coker, while at Clemson, we are "shot" "Bull a la Beef" and "Zip a la Syrup" at the three different messes each day.

At the formal reception on Tuesday evening, we were delighted and pleased to meet the efficient faculty of Coker College. We were overjoyed to find that the regent did not require us to stay on guard and keep constantly on the alert during the time of the reception.

At eight-thirty o'clock the president of the association made the address of welcome in her suave manner, which made all of us feel at home indeed. The address of welcome from Coker College, delivered by Doctor E. W. Sikes, was a most impressive one. The Doctor showed that he knew boys just as thoroughly as he did girls. The speaker delegate from Presbyterian College spoke the thoughts of all the delegates from the boys' colleges when he said that we had fallen in love with "Everything" at Coker. Mr. Lynch made a stirring address, and it was unfortunate that one of the delegates failed to hear it. Hartsville is not such a large city that one could easily get lost in, but this delegate did not get his bearings or notice the conspicuous objects along the streets to the college. The result of his neglect was that he lost his way and wandered over the town until it was too late to hear the address.

On Wednesday morning the association began its stormy session. After much discussion on matters of im-

portance, the familiar expressions, "I heartily second the motion," and "I call for the vote," could be heard rolling and echoing from the walls of the auditorium. At times during the discussions, parliamentary laws were waived aside, and would-be speakers would interrupt Madam President while she was talking.

After lunch the delegates went to the Country Club, where everyone had a jolly good time roasting marshmallows, eating peanuts, and canoeing on the lake. We had an exciting boat race for three-fourths of a mile, and of course we won, for the lieutenant was doing the rowing for the other boat.

The Coker Glee Club is one of the best in the State, and nothing would please us better than to hear the girls sing again. Doctor W. L. Poteat, President of Wake Forest College, delivered an address, which was a source of inspiration to all of the delegates. When the addresses in the auditorium were over, there was joy among the delegates, not because the addresses were finished, but because we werg going to the informal reception given by the "Bashaba" staff. These informal receptions are the best of all. One can drink just as much punch as one likes. If discipline at Coker becomes stricter, it will come as a result of the science of militarism being explained to the regent by the lieutenant. Time was passing all too rapidly, and each fellow gave a sigh, when the regent let these words fall from her lips: "Young men, just pass right out that way, and you girls come back this way. It is getting so late."

The delegates assembled on Thursday morning to complete the business of the association. Events were taking place rapidly, and we realized that our stay in Hartsville would soon end. The banquet—the thought of it was foremost in the minds of the delegates. Those delegates who had to make toasts were feeling somewhat uneasy and the least bit nervous. The borrowed dress suits added an

importance to the occasion, which made the fellows feel proud that they had been chosen to represent their respective colleges. Some of the drss suits might have been misfits, but we did not care for that: we were going to the banquet. Slowly we marched into the dining hall at ten o'clock, and such a banquet as we did have! On every hand, signs of careful consideration and thoughtfulness were shown. The waitressses were beautiful, and one wondered if one were not in a land of dreams fearing to touch the food, or even move, for fear the vision would vanish. As the courses were served, the delicious food would come and go as if by magic. The beautiful girls and the appropriate music were a combination that touched the chords of the imagination and set them to vibrating in sympathy with the real surroundings. The banquet over, we hesitated to leave Coker, but knowing the work that we had to do, we said our parting good-bye. Our bodies are back in college, but our thoughts take us from the wild old hills of Clemson to the plains of sunny Coker.

M. C. J., '20.

Columbian.

LOVE BEFORE FIRST SIGHT.

"Just think, Gresham, only two more weeks till the Christmas holidays begin! Isn't that great? I can hardly wait for the time to get here. You know Sara Cameron, the girl from Newton, the little town up in Virginia you've heard so much about, is going to spend the holidays with Emily Gage, and I'm just 'raring' to meet her. Gee, but she must be a queen!"

This conversation took place between Jim Charleton and Ghesham Morgan, two juniors at ———— College, as they came slowly up the path from the post office to the dormitory. They both lived in the little town of Gaston, which was also the home of Emily Gage, the eighteen year old girl that Sara Cameron was to spend the holidays with. Jim and Gresham were both good friends of Emily's, but neither of them knew the latter's most charming little friend, Sara Cameron, from Newton. But now they both harbored a great hope of seeing that wonderful person in a short time, and Jim secretly made plans as to how he was going to make a great "hit" with the visitor.

The next two weeks passed off rather quietly—nothing exciting taking place except the first term examinations —and the boys were on their way home, which was nearly a whole day's journey for Jim and Gresham. But as the train sped along over the rails with its rhythmical clicking, they bubbled over with joy at the thoughts of how they would soon be enjoying themselves.

"I guess Sara's in Gaston by this time," remarked Jim, after a silence of several minutes. "She was to arrive there this morning."

"Then we'll soon be seeing her, for we'll be there in less than an hour," replied Graham.

It was late in the afternoon when the train slackened its speed and the conductor called: "Gaston!" Jim's heart beat fast and he could hardly wait till the train

stopped. But at last they arrived in front of the station. There was a great crowd of young people there to see who were getting home for the holidays. Jim quickly scanned the crowd for that face he was so anxious to see, but look as he might, he could not see her. Then he hastened thru the crowd to Emily, who was standing to one side, with Gresham following close behind him.

"Why, hello, Jim," she said. "I'm so glad to see you back. Hey! Gresham. You all are just in time. There's a big party at Alice Green's tonight and I just know we'll have a wonderful time."

But there was a questioning look on Jim's face. He only smiled faintly as Emily told these things.

"Oh! I was about to forget to tell you," replied Emily. "I got a letter from her yesterday, saying that her mother was very ill and she couldn't get away before next week. I'm very anxious for you to meet her tho. She's such a wonderful girl."

"I shall be very glad to meet her," replied Jim, rather sheepishly.

Thus began the holidays in Gaston. All the young people were having the time of their lives—except Jim. He tried to enjoy his vacation as well as the others, but his disappointment was too great to be hidden . All he could do was to look forward to next week.

At last next week arrived. As Jim was walking down street early Monday morning, Emily came running out to meet him.

"Jim," she cried, "I've just gotten a letter from Sara. Her mother is much better and she will be here tomorrow afternoon.

This news was very pleasant to Jim. All he could do was to smile—and to wait till tomorrow. He was in a very happy state of mind all that day, and it might be well to add, he had some very pleasant dreams that night.

Jim was up bright and early Tuesday morning. He

could not keep still. "Would the afternoon *ever* come," was all he could think of. At last noon came, then came Emily with a disappointed look on her face and a telegram in her hand. Jim met her at the gate.

"Sara can't come," she said in a regretful tone of voice. "She slipped upon the ice and sprained her ankle so badly that she can't walk."

"Oh hang it!" said Jim disgustedly. "I almost wish we hadn't had any holidays at all. Nothing turns out the way I want it to."

"I'm awfully sorry too," Emily replied. "But she'll come next summer and stay a long time."

"Next summer!" mused Jim slowly.

The remainder of the vacation was not very pleasant for Jim. At last he and Gresham returned to school, and the other young people of Gaston left one by one for their respective places of occupation, leaving only Emily and a few others in the little town.

The winter wore on—Jim still thinking of Sara and looking forward to the time when he would see her—and spring came. Then the United States declared war on Germany. Jim volunteered at once, and was sent to a training camp in Texas. Here he stayed all summer, earned his commission, and was ready to go over-seas by October. But still he had not accomplished his great end—to see Sara.

At last Jim's regiment started for the port of embarkation. It was late in the afternoon of the second day of the journey when the train stopped at a little station up in Virginia. Jim had just awakened from a long nap, and hearing a great clamor of voices outside, he quickly looked out the window. There was about a half dozen girls with baskets of apples for the boys. One very pretty, brown-eyed girl saw Jim hanging out of the window and came towards him.

"Have an apple," she said sweetly, smiling up at him.

Jim was so charmed by her beautiful, smiling face that he could do nothing but smile in return and say "thank you" as she handed him a big red apple. Still he looked at her wonderingly. As she stood there smiling, he imagined she looked like the girl he had seen in his dreams so often. Then the train started slowly off. Again she smiled sweetly at Jim and waved good-bye to him. Then he saw her turn quickly as someone called: "Sara!" He started in amazement .

"Could it possibly—" he muttered to himself, then as he glanced quickly back at the signboard on the station, his heart gave a sudden leap, for there was the familiar name, NEWTON. He leaned out of the window and looked back. She was walking away in the other direction with her friends. The train was then swiftly carrying Jim away to the battlefields of France, but he had accomplished his great end—he had seen Sara at last!

R. S. P., '19.

Palmetto.

LIVING.

Life is, in its simplest form, a complex process. To many it is the sum-total of perplexities and question marks. The one thought which constantly occupies a person's mind is: How may I get the most out of life? One sees the great mass of people pursuing their various occupations, some happy in their work, altho bitterly protesting against the order of things which keep them there. Some of these people are really *living*, the others are merely existing. But again they ask: How can I get the most out of life? First do we really love our lives or de we love living? Stevenson once said that we did not love our lives but we loved to live. Most assuredly this is true. We love eating, drinking, thinking, loving, getting, and giving, which constitutes living. We risk losing our lives every day that we may enjoy living. We do not treat our bodies, which are our lives, like articles to be preserved; but we ride on trains which are liable to wreck; we ride on steamships which sometimes sink; we fly our areoplanes, which often fall. We love to risk our lives for the things we deem worth while. If we loved our lives more than living we would not risk losing them.

We are often told that if we are to get the most from life we must be advanced in life. Then what do we mean by advancement in life? Parents often say they wish to educate their chaldren that they may be advanced in life, not realizing that education is within itself advancement in life. Among the things usually known as advancements in life are wealth, spiritual inspiration, social standing, and political influence. But it is only as we use these things that they advance us in life. If we are wealthy we use our wealth for personal ends, for the satisfaction of the egotistic desires alone, then it ceases to advance us and becomes the tool of downfall. If we are spiritually inspired and do not use our lives for the betterment of our

fellows, this inspiration is not the potent influence in our lives it would otherwise be. Such is also true of the others. Then we are forced to conclude that the one who is getting the most out of life, is the one who is getting and giving the most, both in material and spiritual things.

We are living in peculiar circumstances. We are here in the midst of an abundant variety of things; and are filled with a insatiable longing, often consuming, desire for those things. If we are to be happy, if we are to be conscious of having done right, if we are to live and not exist, if we are to get the most out of life, we must spend it in giving as well as in getting.

H. C. S., '19.
Carolina.

THE CALL—THE RESPONSE.

The call rang loud, and long, and clear,
For men to do or die;
Brave men went out from home and life,
Without regret or sigh.

They faltered not, their cause was one,
To fight for life and liberty;
The world is safe, and owes it all
To those brave men, now free.

They fought like Gods, with life at stake;
As swift as lightening to battle they flew;
Nor dreaded they mortal wounds or death,
For they were Americans thru and thru.

To noble Belgium, to war-torn France;
To Britian, bold, and strong, and true;
To all our allies large and small,
We must now pledge ourselves anew.

The war has been won, great heroes have died,
Have unflinchingly laid their lives in the dust;
'Twas not done for honor, or glory or fame,
But simply to crush autocracy—"we must."

Believe not the war has been fought in vain,
That the labour, the money, the lives all are lost;
Believe yet in right, in God put your trust,
For 'tis true, nothing good ever comes without cost.

Now autocracy is dead, democracy lives,
And all is right with the world.
Our great God still sits on his throne above,
The ensigns of war all are furled.

Now hate must cease and love return
Since peace has come again;
Unite us, our God, with the past enemy,
Into the brotherhood of man.

C. B. L., '21.

The Clemson College Chronicle

FOUNDED BY THE CLASS OF 1898.

Published monthly by the students of Clemson College under the auspices of the Calhoun, Columbian, Palmetto, Carolina, Hayne, and Wade Hampton Literary Societies.

The Chronicle will be published on the fifteenth of each month during the college year. Its purpose is to encourage literary work among the students of the college, and for this reason voluntary contributions from all the sutdents, especially, and from the faculty and alumni are earnestly solicited. All contributions must be accompanied by the writer's name, class numeral, and name of literary society.

The subscription price of the Chronicle is $1.00. Address all communications to the Business Manager.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: S. C. JONES, '19

We did not request the exchanges not to criticise our first issue, but we took it for granted that they would be merciful, since it was apparent that the issue had been sent to the press very hurridly and with little preparation. Our motto will be to have each new issue better than the last, and we believe this copy will be received with an affirmation of the rule. We still need more material to select from, and we request that more men submit articles for publication. We would also suggest that the men take more care in the preparation and mechanical construction of the manuscripts. The mechanics of writing is just about as important as the thought.

Judging from the variety of topics found in the editorial pages of our college magazines there seems to be no limit to the field of selection. This variation must be due to the differences between our several colleges and to the different purposes for which the magazines were established. It would be very desirable for each magazine to have a fixed editorial policy, but this is practical only in a general way. The college magazine comes under almost new editorship each year; therefore, it is very likely that the character of its editorials would change along with the editors.

But we do not propose to change the ediotrial policy of the *Chronicle,* for its policy has been a very good one. Since at Clemson we have a weekly publication covering all our news and activities, it is possible to devote our space to the fundamental ideals affecting the fields of literature and the life of the students, and to the promotion of a more intelligent use of our language. The purpose of all editorials is to explain and to interpret—we will try to bear these things in mind when we write.

Springtime and Peace

What a joyful springtime this one is going to me. Nature can hardly wait for it to appear; all the little buds are beginning to swell, and the birds are getting in tune. For the boys from "over there" are coming with the spring. The girls have already packed away their war-working uniforms and are beginning to don their gay, fluffy gowns; for they will soon be taking a moonlight stroll with the heoric warrior from across the deep. Gee, girls, won't it be thrilling when he begins to parley voo about gay Paree and grand old Blightey.

Taking a mental glance back home, we see father or brother painting and oiling up the old flivver; mother is looking through the cook book and taking an inventory of

the ingredients for a stack of picnic pies; and sister is artistically arranging the parlor furniture, often glancing through the window to imagine she sees the absent one returning.

Cheer up, springtime and peace. Can you not feel your heart leap and tingle and almost sing. Peace and prosperity, springtime and joy—what a lovely conbination.

Three Questions

What does the *Chronicle* mean to the student? It gives him a chance to develop artistic ability in writing good English. it gives him a means of presenting his views and thoughts to the public, it portrays his life while he is in college, it furnishes a basis of comparison between him and the students of other colleges. What does the *Chronicle* mean to the members of the faculty? It aids them in their teaching, it reveals the standards of their teaching, it gives them an inside view into the lives of the students, it brings them closer to the student body. What does the *Chronicle* mean to the alumni of Clemson? It is a continuation of the work which they so ardently began, it is a source of consolation to them to know that their ideals are still being fostered, it is one of the bonds which connect them to their Alma Mater.

Then, does not the *Chronicle* have a great mission? Is it really worth while?

Our Alma Mater Song

Among all the things that are endearing, delightful, and uplifting in this old world, nothing is better than a good song. A melodious carol takes the discord out of life and transforms it into harmony. Robert Burns, the greatest song writer of all the ages, said that others might write the history of Scotland, but let him write its songs. And

today the greatness of Scotland is largely due to its wonderful snogs. Nothing could inculcate a greater college spirit and a greater love for our *Alma Mater* than the song which is printed in this copy of our magazine. The author of this song has rendered a praiseworthy and very greatly needed service to his college. His name will live and grow with the song, and his memory will ever be interwoven with the traditions of Clemson.

Let each member of the student corps show his college spirit by learning to sing this song. When it is played or sung we will stand with our heads uncovered as a mark of respect and a tribute to our *Alma Mater.*

The song inspires us all to higher ideals and greater things, for we know

"Dear old Clemson we will triumph,
And with all our might,
That the Tiger's roar may echo
O'er the mountain height."

At Last

It took the lawmakers of South Carolina a long time to realize that education was a public necessity. The compulsory education bill which they have recently passed is a croner stone in the development of education and in economic progress in this state. Society does not fail to recognize that illiteracy is a nuisance to the public welfare. And it is a well-known fact that illiteracy and poverty go hand in hand. If it was necessary to go to the expense of establishing public schools, is it not more important to see that the greatest amount of common good is accomplished by these schools. Compulsory education is a necessary supplement to the functioning of these schools. Our state has been at the bottom of the list too long already. We will rise up and take our rightful place with our sister states in all branches of education, re-

gardless of costs or consequences. It is up to the public to enforce this law. It is the only way South Carolina can redeem herself from ignorance. It is law and it must go. Congratulations to the men who have broken the ice. They are working for a better Carolina and a greater South.

The S. C. C. P. A. Convention

It was not the privilege of the writer to attend the Press meeting at Coker, and from the report of our delegation he must have missed a rare treat. On another page one will find a very interesting account of the convention written by one of our delegates. It is very evident from his narrative that something about the place very vividly impressed this young fellow. And we conclude that the meeting was a real success, and that it will have an everlasting effect upon the college publications of the state. We wish to express our appreciation to Coker College and, especially, to the *Bashaba* staff for the hospitality shown and for the warm reception given our representatives while there.

The Trained Mind

It is the desire of every student to train his mind to think intelligently. High and noble thoughts influence one to realize the best that is in life, while base and unclean thoughts warp the mind, so that nothing but the evil and crooked side of life is seen. Usually one's thinking determines one's actions. The untrained mind is a very pliable and easily directed organ of the human body. It does not have the power to concentrate on any one subject for any length of time. It is absolutely necessary, if one is to solve the present day problems, to have the power of concentration.

A trained mind is the most valuable asset that any one can possess. Wealth flatters people and causes them to travel the by-paths; but a trained mind directs the footsteps in the paths that lead to success. Oftentimes vexing problems present themselves for solution, and unless the mind has been trained, these problems remain unsolved. With a trained mind goes ability, with ability goes confidence, and with confidence goes the power to accomplish something. Accomplishment is the keynote to progress. Anyone who fails to make progress is a derelict drifting with the easy going current of life. We are not in college just simply to get a diploma or a degree; but we are in college to train our minds. Preparation is the whole college course, and unless the student prepares himself to overcome the obstacles of life, he will have failed in the essentials of a college course. A trained mind is a dynamic force that directs the ways of people.—M. C. J.

EDITOR: J. M. BATES, '19.

Lt. R. F. Pool, '15, commonly known as "Sarge," is now serving in France with the photographic division of the aviation corps. While at Clemson he was one of our varsity football men and stood very high in the opinion of the students and faculty.

Capt. E. L. Littlejohn, '16, commonly known among the boys as "Mule", played all-state football while at Clemson. He had many friends while here, because he always met you with a smile on his face. "Mule" is now with the 54th Division in France.

Lt. T. S. Buie, '17, while in school at Clemson made a wonderful record as a student. He was awarded the Norris medal for having the highest average grade in his class. Buie also proved to us that he could do more than study, and he is now serving his country with the 81st division in France.

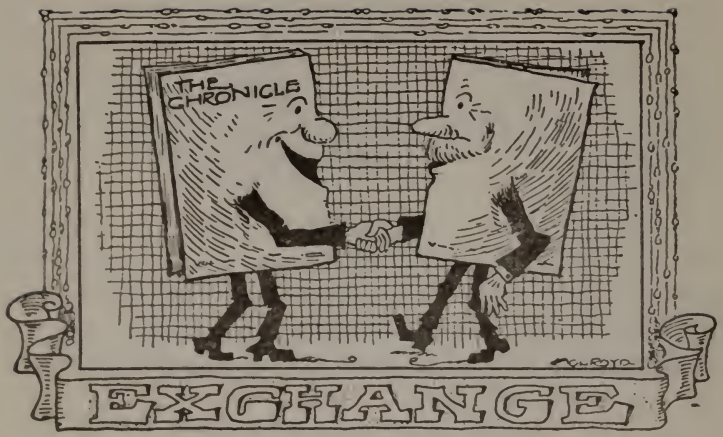
Ensign A .H. McMeekin, '18, known as "Mac," was one of our varsity baseball men last year, and stood very high in the opinion of all that came in touch with him. We were very glad to have "Mac" as one of our visitors on the campus a few days ago.

T. J. Hester, '18, is now with the civil engineering department at the Brooklyn Navy Yards. Hester was one of Hobo's civils while at Clemson and is now making good use of his training.

R. J. Ellison, '18, better known as "Roy John", has recently received his wings and also his discharge from the service. "Roy John" was a prominent nucleus around which we built our championship cross-country team. We were very glad to see this aviator on the campus for a few hours the other day.

Capt. J. B. Dick, '17, has been transferred from Camp Jackson to Camp Zachary Taylor as an instructor. "J. B.," as he is known to the boys at Clemson, was a true Clemson man. He took a leading part in athletics as well as in the college publications. He was also very active in the military department. "J. B." has seen six months service overseas.

Lt. J. B. Marvin, '18, has received his discharge from the service, and was a recent visitor on the campus. "Monk" was captain and adjutant while here in school. He was a clever and gentlemanly fellow, and made many friends while at Clemson.



EDITORS.

J. S. WATKINS. '19. F. C. WOLFE, '20.

After our week of business and unbounded pleasure at the annual convention of the State Press Association, we realize more than heretofore the purpose of the various departments of our publication. This statement is particularly true in regard to the Exchanges. It appeared to be the concensus of opinion at the convention to have the Exchange editors truly criticise the various magazines and not merely "throw bouquets" at one another; and so accordingly we shall make our feeble efforts to write in this department true criticisms of the material which reaches our desk. If, perchance, we may find a large number of defects, or in anyway do some literary aspirant an injustice, then please pardon and know that it was done in an effort to raise the standard of the South Carolina College Publications.

Among our Exchanges this month we have the "*Criterion*" for the month of January. We find here that the Editor, although having quite a variety, has sacrificed quality for quantity. As an opening number, "On the Mountain Trail" is far from a success. There are some

very good descriptive lines scattered throughout the story, (if such it may be called) but as a whole it is a story without a plot, or a sketch undeserving of a place in a publication of this class. The two poems, "The Brave Army That Died," and "The Message of the Moon" are the backbone of the entire magazine. Both are poems which show deep thought, and poems in which the spirit and rhythm correspond to the thought which they portray. It is seldom indeed that you find two poems of such excellent character in one college publication. The remainder of the poetry we need hardly attempt to criticise, for scarcely can it be termed poetry. Among the short stories we find one of real value. "Which One," shows a true knowledge of the modern girl's viewpoint of love. "My Daddy's Wife" and "The Heart of Brian Rose" are both well written stories; perhaps the plots are rather old and overworked, but their vivid pictures of life and the conversation contained in them make us forgive the authors for their plot selection and praise them for the moments of pleasure. The fact that no one connected with our Exchange department is familiar with either Cicero or Horace, we shall refrain from criticising the literal (liberal) translation from Horace. Indeed had the editor made a more careful selection of her material and eliminated that which truly belongs to a High School publication, leaving the two poems mentioned along with the three best stories, we feel sure that the publication would then have been one truly characteristic of Columbia College.

We were forcibly struck by the great number of advertisements that the College of Charleston Magazine carries. If several more stories and poems were added, the February issue would indeed be greatly improved. The little poem "Somewhere in France" has an appealing sentiment and a large degree of literary merit, but it should have been followed by others just as worthy of praise. "Pattern Making" is filled with valuable instruction for

a student who is interested in such a usbject, but it would look a great deal more appropriate in an industrial magazine. The somewhat elaborate story "Bis in Idem" occupies quite a portion of the literary space. The author, indeed, possessed a limitless flow of words, but had the continued conversation been condensed to a reasonable extent, the story would surely possess a literary quality of higher merit.

We welcome to our desk, "The Furman Echo," and "The Collegian," both magazines of representative standards. Hoping to receive numerous other Exchanges and criticisms we beg to remain,

Yours truly,
The Exchange Editors.

EDITOR: G. H. AULL

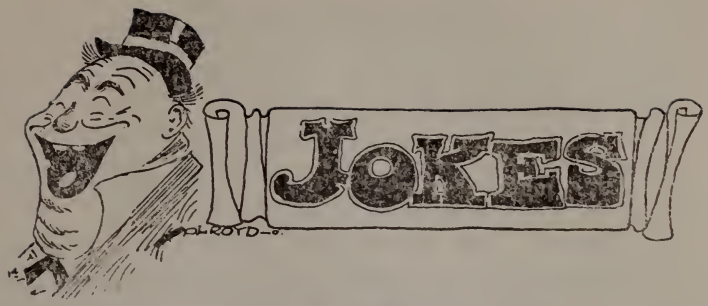
Did you ever stop to think just what the Y. M. C. A. mean to you? Or perhaps we might better ask, did you ever stop to think just what it would mean to you if we had no Y. M. C. A.? Did you? Then you know how great a part the "Y" plays in our college life; you appreciate the reading room, you are not ungrateful for the swimming pool, you enjoy the movies, and best of all you are not unmindful of the aim and purpose of the organization. *Thoughts are convincing.* Unless you allow your mind to trail the words of a speaker you cannot be convinced of his argument. The same is true of the Y. M. C. A. One often, however, in thinking of the "Y", takes the narrow view and sees no farther than the material borders of its field. This is especially true of the average student. He reads, he swims, he enjoys the games and the music, yet in his enjoyment he forgets that these are not the only, or in fact the greatest, of the Y M. C. A. offerings. He who enjoys the privileges of *any* institution without attempting to shape his life in conformity with the aims of that institution is an ungrateful parasite and an enemy to success. Let us, then, be not unmindful of the spiritual side of the triangle, but rather may we heed the silent appeal, expressed in certain physical offerings, to do right for right's sake.

THE CALL OF THE BLUE RIDGE.

In the spring of every year the restless desire for freedom fights its battle against the dormant life of winter. The outbursts of noise and song from every faithful throat, the life and activity of every insect, the bursting buds, the renewing green of every forest tree—all are but mild indications of spring when compared to the swelling of the human breast in its cry for more freedom.

Nestled in the heart of the Blue Ridge, surrounded by a semi-circled mountain range forming a great natural amphitheatre, there is situated what is known as the Blue Ridge Association Grounds. Embracing some fifteen hundred acres, including some of the most picturesque and attractive sights in America, this proves to be one of the most ideal spots in this country for summer outings.

Back of it all are the Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations. Every summer these organizations send their representatives to the association grounds for a conference of a week or ten days. The most noted men in America are there; some of the best college students are there; it will be the best ten days of your life if *you* are there. To live in the Blue Ridge atmosphere is in itself a great privilege, and when the breath of that historic range is sweetened by the purest thoughts and words of so grand a company as that assemblying there each summer—why it's a *new* life to the person who breathes it.



EDITORS:

R. C. HICKS, '19 L. D. HARRIS, '19

Land lady of hotel to visiting senior: "You must leave by a quarter of twelve.

Landlady (seeing the senior next day): "Well, what time did you leave last night?"

Senior: "Quarter of twelve."

Landlady: "The very idea of you prevaricating to me. I was up, and it was three o'clock when you left.

Senior: "Well, isn't 'three' a quarter of twelve?"

Young wife: Dearest, you know you haven't kissed me in six weeks.

Abesnt minded husband: "Good heavens! Then whom have I been kissing."

Dentist: "Now which tooth is it that troubles you?"

Cadet (who rode to Greenville in a pullman): "Lower five, sir."

"She refused him because she was sure that he would propose again."

"And did he?"

"Yes, but to another girl."

Cadet (who was enroute to Anderson): "How's things this morning?"

Conductor: "Oh, fare."

Why is a gas commissioner like a poet?
Because he regulates the meter.

Dr. Brackett: "Mr. Metts, you are pulling some mighty deep stuff in my class room lately."

Mr. Metts: "Yes, sir, Doctor. I have been drinking Deep Rock Ginger Ale lately and you know a 'gas' expands and water seeks its level; therefore it flows to the top."

Mr. Gray to Rat Adicks: "So Miss Ethel is your eldest sister. Who comes after her?"

Rat Adicks: "Nobody ain't come yet, but pa says the first fellow that comes can have her."

Motorman to Rat Snead (who was in Greenwood on permit): "Smoke on the other end, sir."

Rat Snead: "I can't, it's lit."

"Pint", being "tight" the other night hit his nose on a telegraph pole near the postoffice, and said: "I wish that pole was in H——." Major Agnew, who was standing near by said, "Better wish it somewhere else or you may run into it again."

Why is Prof. Morrison's classroom so much like a Ford?
Both have a crank and are full of nuts.

I handed the editor a few jokes the other day and I noticed that he began punching holes in the sheet of paper. I asked, "What are you doing that for?"

Editor: "That I may be able to see thru them."

Cadet (happily): "And was my present a surprise for your sister?"

Little Willie: "You bet. Sis said she never imagined you'd give her anything so cheap."

Don't waste any time trying to figure out why a black hen lays white eggs. Get the eggs.

So it is with my jokes, if they aren't any good, laugh any way. That's what they are intended for.

What causes that bad odor around the post office? Someone said that it must be the dead letters.

Diner: "Is there any soup on the bill of fare?"

Waiter: "There was, sir, but I wiped it off.—Selected.

SINCE "CRUNK" BROWN HAS SOLD HIS SPURS.

(With apologies to Edgar Allen Poe)

Once upon a fornight dreary, while we studied tired and weary,
O'er many new and curious volumes of Prof. Crandall's lore,
While we studied, always napping, there came a tripping,
Oh some "Ex-Shave Tail" cutely skipping, skipping outside our door,
'Tis some Ex-Louie, Rob, we muttered, just outside the door,
'Twas only Brown and *Nothing* more;
Only "Crunk" No SPURS—No more.

—Kindness of the Crandallites.

ALUMNI NOTE.

J. B. Bankhead, '19, is back from an extended visit to the Hotel Hill.

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J. C. Littlejohn ---------- Registrar

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H. M. Elliott ---------- Athletics
J. P. Voight ---------- Assistant Athletic Reporter
R. L. Varn ---------- Alumni
J. J .Wolfe ---------- Literary Societies
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M. M. Cornwell ---------- Art Editor
W. J. Kennerly ---------- Satire Editor

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W. H. Bryant ---------- General Secretary
M. P. McClure ---------- Assistant General Secretary
H. C. Sanders ---------- President
R. S. Plexico ---------- Vice-President
R. F. Kolb ---------- Recording Secretary

The Calhoun Literary Society

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H. D. Montgomery ---------- Vice-President
W. H. Washington ---------- Secretary
A. F. Martin ---------- Treasurer

The Carolina Literary Society

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J. F. Thomason ---------- Secretary
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The Columbian Literary Society

S. C. Jones ---------- President
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R. F. Kolb ---------- Secretary
G. H. Singleton ---------- Treasurer

The Hayne Literary Society.

L. C. Garrison ---------- President
J. D. Rush ---------- Vice-President
A. F. Holly ---------- Secretary
L. C. Garrison ---------- Treasurer

The Palmetto Literary Society

H. M. Elliott ---------- President
S. P. Clemons ---------- Vice-President
R. M. Barnett ---------- Secretary
M. H. Kirkpatrick ---------- Treasurer

The Wade Hampton Literary Society

R. G. Gaines ---------- President
W. L. McCord ---------- Vice-President
J. P. Voight ---------- Secretary
E. G. Hubster ---------- Treasurer

The Agricultural Society

H. C. Sanders ---------- President
J. M. Bates ---------- Vice-President
S. P. Clemons ---------- Secretary
J. L. Baskin ---------- Treasurer

The Athletic Association

Prof. D. H. Henry ---------- President
H. M. Elliott ---------- Vice-President
W. K. McGill ---------- Secretary and Treasurer
J. S. Watkins ---------- Historian

The Football Team

F. M. Wallace ---------- Manager
B. C. Banks ---------- Captain

The Baseball Team

W. H. Wallace ---------- Manager
G. G. Thrower ---------- Captain

The Basket Ball Team

J. H. Robertson ---------- Captain and Manager

The Senior Class

J. B. Bankhead ---------- President
W. W. Gordon ---------- Vice-President
R. L. Varn ---------- Secretary and Treasurer

The Junior Class

T. H. Roper ---------- President
L. D. Harris ---------- Vice-President
R. F. Kolb ---------- Secretary

The Sophomore Class

J. M. King ---------- President
O. S. Poe ---------- Vice-President
J. R. Shank ---------- Secretary and Treasurer

The Freshman Class

J. C. Schilletter ---------- President
A. P. Cole ---------- Vice-President
W. R. Irwin ---------- Secretary and Treasurer

Clemson College Orchestra

P. L. Tollison ---------- Leader
C. P. Roper ---------- Manager

Chemistry Science Club

W. J. Short ---------- President
R. M. Barnette ---------- Secretary

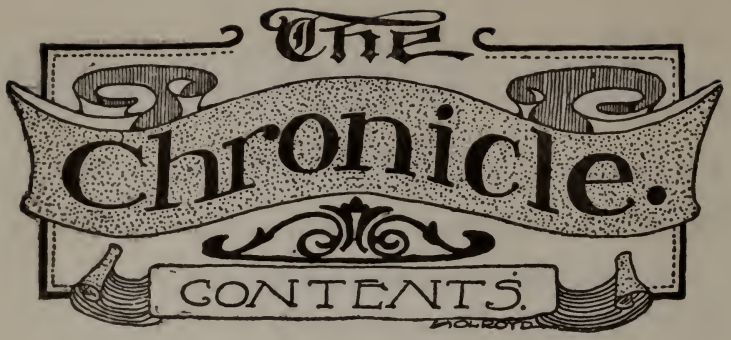
The Glee Club

R. L. Varn ---------- Manager
C. P. Roper ---------- Director

The Chronicle

Founded by the class of 1898.

Published by the Calhoun, Columbian, Palmetto, Carolina, Hayne, and Wade Hampton Literary Societies of Clemson College.



The Clemson College Chronicle

Valeat Quantum Valent Potest

Vol. XVII. Clemson College, S. C., April 1919 No 3

TO THOSE WHO FELL.

Your duty done,
The glorious victory has been won;
Valiant sons, you gave your all,
You answered our country's service call.
Those ideals for which you fought,
With the price of blood were they bought;
Those ideals that we hourly cherish
Never from our land will perish.

Gone to rest,
Your memories in our hearts are blest.
Your sacrifices urge us on to greater heights,
Our better powers assert their rights.
You suffered and bled, and had to die
That the Peace of Righteousness might draw nigh.
Your noble works will endure to the end,
Freedom and Democracy will surely blend.

A foreign soil
Holds the blood spilled by your death toil.
With the determination to destroy humanity's foe,
Many a wooden cross stands row after row
Commemorating the spot sacred to us all
Where the truest of men did bravely fall.
In that brave country lies American dust;
The expression of the ideals in which we trust.

Our brave sons,
You destroyed the kultur of the cruel Huns.
Rest in peace as the sun sets o'er the western hill;
Your untimely death has not been nil.
Gone to the place where mortals fear to tread,
Your souls live with us tho your bodies are dead.
Sacred in our hearts are your memories true,
In highest praise we offer thanks to you.

M. C. J., '20,
Columbian.

IN MEMORIAM.

Realizing the great service rendered the world, and desiring to show our appreciation for this service, we, the student body of Clemson College, dedicate this number of *The Chronicle* to the memory of Clemson's heroic sons who paid the supreme sacrifice during the Great World War.

The students and faculty extend their heartfelt sympathy to the relatives and many friends in their bereavement.

Those who paid the supreme sacrfiic are:

R. L. Atkinson, '19—Died.
C. S. Garrett, '17—Killed October, 1918.
H. C. Horton, '18—Killed September, 1918.
R. H. Johnson, '15—Killed October, 1918.
G. L. McCord, '11—Killed October, 1918.
J. M. McIntosh, '14—Killed September, 1918.
A. A. Madden, Jr., '18—Died.
D. E. Monroe, '17—Killed, 1918.
R. R. Pearce, ex-'17—Died.
S. M. Richards, '15—Died.
J. B. Ryan, '08—Died.
O. T. Sanders, '11—Died.
F. P. Salter, Jr., '14—Killed.
F. S. Stewart, ex-'21—Killed.
H. L. Suggs, '16—Killed.
J. A. Simpson, '15—Lost on Ticonderoga.
G. B. Taylor, ex-'15—Died.
A. M. Trotter, '15—Killed, 1918.

(Likely this list is incomplete, and other names will be added when the statistics are complete.)

FOR HIS COUNTRY.

The little village of Ravon lived through the days of 1914, unmoved, untouched and unheard of. Her people were selfishly enwrapped and dwarfed. They sought no sympathy or assistance and received none. The idle tales of old women's tongues were worse to be feared than sad accounts from the battle fronts. More than once, character and good name had gone down before their malicious utterances, and it seemed as though their slanderous appetites would never become satisfied.

Among this race of pigmies there dwelt an unfortunate being—a youth who had learned to detest the hour their venomous organs had been unloosed upon him. Like a wild beast seeking blood, just so did their evil reports dog his footsteps and overshadow his every attempt to rise. These poisoned darts had pierced the soul of Robert Acker, and he lived a seemingly aimless life, a life which had become the victim of slanderous tongues. With no one to pity and with no one to cheer, he went in and out, doing faithfully the menial tasks offered him. Oh! Why must he live and die a miserable, unappreciated and unloved outcast?

Fifteen years previous to this time, Acker's father was arrested and charged with an unpardonable offense. The mother, a lady of rare personal charms and accomplishments, fled from the little town, leaving her falsely accused husband and baby son to the mercies of a cold world and an ungenerous people. After a few days of languishing in prison with none to pity or advise, the unhappy man was taken from the keeper and was hurried away to a lonely spot not far removed from the village court of justice, where an angry mob riddled mercilessly with bullets the body of the unlucky prisoner.

And now at the age of eighteen, Robert suffered horrors from the unceasing ridicule and contempt of the

public. Nevertheless he had been looking up with a steadfast hope, and having been a serious student, he had, even at this young age, attained a fair degree of mental development. With a son's interest, he had gone over the career of his father with a painstaking scrutiny and a concentrated attentiveness and had found no fault with it. The facts, as they had unfolded to his gaze, were these: His father, a poor man, had won the heart of a girl of wealth and aristocratic descent. The elopement was secretly and successfully carried out, and the two were married. A disappointed rival, a competitor of affluence as well as influence, planned revenge, and he at last caused the parent to be arrested, charged with a heinous crime—a crime, however, of which he was truly innocent. But public opinion turned unluckily for the unhappy man and demanded his life; and the mob, with the stricken man in their hands, had drunk deep of revenge. Even the father's only son had never ceased to suffer the taunts, sneers and jeers of the village "wiseheads," and as he gradually grew older more and more did the side glances of the populace cut into his soul; but ambition was living and growing within his bosom, and he knew that somewhere the air was free and pure. Robert dreamed of the day when he should make the world prove their charge or give to him a respectable place among the inhabitants of the village. He was determined to show those with whom he came in contact that he was of no low ancestry.

Slowly but surely he felt himself growing in strength, and day by day the prize grew brighter and more beckoning. But the trend of human affairs were destined to cause him to cast his early days with others than among those with whom he had grown up. As the months grew into years, closer and closer was his own country drawn to the verge of that precipice beyond which were war-torn lands, homeless children, and flowing blood. At last

the insults of the hyphenates could be withstood no longer, and America was forced ultimately into the great war. Then came the call for men, and the outcast son of Ravon left the unfriendly streets of his home, and joined the colors which were destined to float victoriously over the enemies' ramparts.

He had gone—not a hand nor even a look of encouragement had been extended to him. The villagers missed him but were glad that he was no more among them. They considered him a good riddance, and therefore they rejoiced. Robert's joys were no less than theirs. In all the pride of his young manhood, the orphan son realized the day when he should do something real for his fellow man, and within a few weeks he had found himself in the foremost trenches of Flander's fields.

Ah! he had found comrades and could be one himself now. The whistling of flying steel jackets and the bursting of shrapnels exerted a strange fascination over the young soldier. They discovered to him not danger, but companionship; and to Robert their music was sweet. The common danger had drawn men together, and the far-away hum of allied planes and the distant flash of explosives spoke beautifully.

He had come to believe that it would be far, far better to give his life on European battlefields than to return again to the unfriendly sights of his native village, and, due to this fatalistic view, the youthful soldier developed a courage surpassing reckless bravery. No mission was so dangerous that Robert would not offer his services, and so alert was he in the accomplishment of these tasks that only short intervals of time had ever passed and found the adventurer away from his own trenches. His delight was in the completion of tedious tasks in record time.

Luck is not destined always to attend the warrior's efforts, and it was not surprising that the first gray dawn-

ing of a day in the early summer of 1918 found the young patrolman in enemy territory. Thoroughly aware of the precariousness of his position, he crawled steadily along hugging the ground and noticing particularly his immediate surroundings. Suddenly, he found himself hardly more than twenty feet from a German officer. The young American, maintained control of his senses, and, having a slight speaking knowledge of the enemy's tongue, determined to attempt a capture of the foe. Robert surveyed cautiously the immediate vicinity, and seeing no aides, he slowly arose and in an undertone demanded surrender. For a few brief moments, Acker hardly knew exactly the best thing to do under the circumstances. At this point, two voices sounding low from behind, commanded the daring scout to lower his rifle or die. Robert, believing the supreme hour of his life had come but resolved not to surrender, replied, "Shoot, but I'll get your commander as I fall. Guess he's worth something to you living."

Following this brief exchange, Robert heard no more and concluded that the argument had had the desired effect, and, still covering his man, he cleverly withdrew to one side. Then, like a flash, he got his opponents in line and ordered the two to drop their pieces. They did so, and having turned their faces toward the allied trenches, he moved swiftly away with his three prisoners. The two enemy patrolmen seemed inclined to aggravate Robert by lingering, and thereby playing to their own advantage but to the disadvantage of their captor. Young Acker was however not to be trifled with, and without further persuasion, he dispatched the two on the spot. The report of the rifle seemed to arouse a sleeping host, for the little messengers of death began singing dangerously near, but the youthful American was determined at all costs to get his captive to friendly trenches. He therefore commanded the prisoner to face the Hun lines

and with both arms extended vertically to walk backward, and by keeping the muzzle of his rifle against the officer's spine, Robert very dexterously precipitated a speedy retreat to his own front where hundreds of comrades stood ready to receive him.

The two were now in the trenches. Intelligence officers had taken charge of the German prisoner and were closely examining his personal effects. Within his uniform there were orders from the German staff to attack with ten thousand men this particular front. Two more hours and the first guns were to be fired upon a poorly protected sector. Time was not so far gone, however, that strong resistance might not be planned. Big cannons of allied batteries were trained upon the field the attackers would cross; and experienced veterans, men who knew how to use the rifle and machine gun, poured into the front lines ready to meet the planned onrush. Soon the gray hordes, moving like a machine, clambered out into No Man's land and came steadily forward while a heavy fire fell just to their front. The enemy had schemed a surprise attack, but were destined to meet exactly the reverse of what they had intended. In quick order, the engagement became general, and the two opposing sides grappled and clutched one of the other. Bayonets glistened in the rising sun, shells burst all around, and the groans of dying men filled the air. The fight grew fiercer and fiercer, and soon it developed into a life and death struggle. The Huns, appalled by the unexpected turn of affairs, began to withdraw and were followed in their headlong retreat by the victorious Americans.

The fight was over, and the battle was won. To whom was the glory? Surely so successful a combat was not haphazardly planned, and the commanding officer set himself to the task of uncovering the details. He soon learned them: An American lad, Robert Acker, had brought in the German officer whose hosts were to attack.

The methods and procedure of the intended assault were found thoroughly outlined among the German's secret papers, and, therefore, resistance was made accordingly.

Where was the young hero? Nowhere was he to be found. But after a close search, his comrades glimpsed him lying severely wounded, with both hands clutching firmly his rifle and with face toward the enemy. So splendid a contribution to one's country is seldom made, and soon the news of the heroic act had found its way to the little village of Ravon.

Robert was to return home. He would never again meet the enemy on the battlefield, and so it became his great desire to see America again.

In the late summer, decked with all the honors of a daring soldier could desire, he sailed for New York. His fame had preceded him, and as he stepped from the gangway of his ship, a stylishly attired woman and an old gentleman caught his arm.

"I know you by your resemblance to your father," said the lady, "and this is your grandfather who is so delighted with the record you have made."

The young man understood and was happy. No more would war, and no more would ridicule blight his existence, for he had found his mother and had been taken into a home of wealth and luxury. Ravon forgot her former accusations and hailed him as her hero.

The youthful veteran is today making a name for himself, and his way is destined to be strewn with success and happiness.

J. A. H., '20.
Columbian.

COMRADES.

Comrades, in the Khaki and the Blue,
Comrades, who fought for a cause so true
Praise to each one and all,
You who have answered a nation's call
We doff our caps to each mother's son
Who has fought for Liberty, and has won.

Comrades, who have died for France's right,
Comrades, who have fought against German might
Memories of you we hold and cherish
Never from our hearts to perish,
In reverence we bow at your honored name.
You who have fought autocracy and shame.

Comrades, who have sailed the great blue span,
Comrades, who have sailed from land to land
May you ever be as happy as the seaman's yell
"Aye, aye, sir, all is bonny and well."
To you a smile we will always give,
You, who the life of a seaman live.

Comrades, who have worked and toiled over here
Comrades who have toiled with a smile of good cheer
You who have battled with might and will,
You have battled against German skill,
The handshake of friendship we extend to each one,
Your task was hard but you have won.

R. M. B., '20,
Palmetto.

THE UNIT SYSTEM OF COLLEGE HONORS.

Among the requisites most conducive to the success of the modern institution of learning, a well organized and up-to-date system of students' activities is one of the most essential. The college that does not foster athletics or the university that does not have successful literary societies is not popular nor well patronized; while the most popular colleges are the ones that have the most highly developed and most comprehensive systems of students' activities. It is almost universally true that the leaders in all phases of college life are members of the senior class, and this is best for a number of reasons. They have been at college long enough to understand the necessity of the continuance of the best practices, and they have witnessed the success or failure of others and are familiar with the traditions of the college. The seniors are older usually, and, in addition to being better qualified by their experience, they have more time that can be utilized in doing extra work. Then the question naturally arises: What is the best method of selecting leaders for the various organizations in college life from year to year?

The student best fitted to promote the ideals of a particular cause or to assume the responsibilities and duties of a certain position is the first one considered in awarding college honors. Members of the under-classes often assist in the work they are most interested in and thus have an excellent opportunity to display and develop any talent they may possess for a certain class of work. The brightest student may spend his time indoors and never attend an athletic game, and the best athletes often are so timid that they can scarcely address a few remarks to the other members of the team in an intelligent way. The junior editor of a publication, the assistant manager of an athletic team, or the secretary of a society are gen-

erally the best fitted to take the lead in these phases of endeavor when new leaders must be chosen. But lack of previous training might not necessarily disqualify a student if he becomes interested and does his best.

In addition to fitness, the good of the cause must be taken into consideration when an honor is being bestowed upon a student. The best football player may so utterly disregard the welfare of the other members of the team that he is unfit to become its captain. The most original and productive writer for the different publications may lack executive ability which would prevent his becoming anything save a valuable contributor to these publications. No one but a successful debator would be nominated for chairman of the debating council, unless he was interested in persuading and assisting others in the important art of arguing and reasoning he would be unsuited for this position. The religious work in a college requires leaders that are conscientious and sincere, for if any cause could be hindered by hypocrites, this one most certainly would. And upon the president of the student body rests one of the heaviest weights in college. Unless he is able to hold the student body together and secure concerted action necessary for its welfare, he will fail in this all-important task. In all these instances, as well as numerous others, an unpopular student would accomplish very little and defeat the purpose of the different activities. The best leader must not only be qualified and interested in his work, but he must prove himself tactful, friendly, and agreeable to all as well.

The time that a student can devote to work other than class work should certainly influence the selection of a person for any extra duty. The senior in college ordinarily specializes in one subject and uses quite a bit of time in doing research work and extra studying in his chosen line. It has been said that the man who is so busy that he cannot do all that he has to do is the very

one who can do the most. But if this be true with college students it is not wise to work all the time. There is a limit to human endurance, and unless a man has time to forget his urgent duties occasionally and enjoy some pleasures and recreate himself, his efficiency is affected, and more harm than good results. Of course some college honors are such in name only and require very little time or thought; but some require quite a bit of time and thought throughout the entire school year. The editor of the college weekly must be "on the job" the whole session and of necessity must devote some time to his studies. If he should have anything else to claim his attention, one of the three would be obliged to suffer. Although some of the duties of college students in the various activities are good business courses, they should not be allowed to supersede the regular courses, or the purpose of the college would be defeated. The time given to extra endeavors of any kind yield abundant returns if restricted to spare time so as not to prove detrimental to one's success in his studies. It is evident that the time required and the time that a student has at his disposal should determine whether he will undertake extra responsibilities if placed upon him.

Although time-honored customs and very successful practices may differ with it, the unit system of awarding college honors is probably the best that has ever been used. This system allows for each college honor to be rated at so many units and then limits the number of units that one student may receive. The managership of the varsity football or baseball team, the presidency of the student body, the editorship and the business managership of the weekly, monthly, and annual publications, the presidency of the Y. M. C. A. or the Y. W. C. A., and others possibly, are generally considered as major honors, for they require so much extra time and thought. The other or minor honors are rated according-

ly to the importance as well as the time they require and vary in value from one to several units. And the limit to the number of units that one student may receive is so placed that he could not receive two major honors. The advantages of this system are obvious and it is in practical operation in a number of the leading colleges throughout the country. The highest honors are voted upon the most worthy and best qualified usually, but very seldom if ever, is a student capable of "holding down" two major honors and keeping his class work up if his classmates should desire it. But if so honored, he would make an honest effort and do his best; however, it would be much better for the cause and the student if he did not have to divide his attention and so exert himself. If this unit system were used the activities would assume more democratic proportions; for a larger number of students would be taking active parts and a larger number would become interested. Almost any student can fill one position creditably if interested at all, and would have much better success than a much better qualified student who has several other duties to attend to also. And if there were a limit to the honors that one student could hold, his classmates would be more careful to suit his tastes and honor him with the position in which he would take the greatest interest and prove the most value to his class and college . Of course previous training and interest are very necessary to insure a good leader, but many valuable "finds" would result if the honors had to be placed upon a larger number of students. There would be fewer "idols" and still the various phases of college life would be carefully looked after and prove more successful. The unit system of awarding college honors not only allows but assists in the selection of the student best fitted for the position, and warrants his success and that of the cause or organization by preventing excessive work being placed upon him. Each phase

of college life is benefitted in having the undivided attention of its "livest" member directed towards promoting its welfare. Under such a system all the students' activities would prove more popular and beneficial and the students and the college would be benefitted thereby.

B. H. S., '18
Palmetto.

THE UNMARKED GRAVE.

No slab doth mark the lowly grave;
No wooden cross is there.
No blooming flowers, no bird songs wave
Their tunes o'er land so bare.

For 'neath that sod, so clean and cold,
Three feet or more, doth lie
The ruin of what—God pity his soul—
Was once a German spy.

Unknown, unnamed, he met his end;
'Twas just at break of day;
'Tis hard to do but warns the men
Who walk in the self-same way.

G. H. A., '19
Columbian.

A SUPERSTITIOUS ORDERLY.

The everyday-expression, "The only good negro is a dead negro," is a mistake, at least in a few instances. In observing a crowd of negro soldiers as they come into camp, the scene is amusing and at the same time pitiful. Some of the brown skins have never seen a city. It was my luck to have a company of negro soldiers, and of course the one that would come in contact with me most would be the orderly. His name, as he would have it put, was Private Earl A. Taylor, formerly of the 24th Infantry, U. S. A. This negro was born in Mississippi, but reared in the North, and was spoilt as most Southerners would say. After a few days of official military business, I had the occasion to talk with this coon while we were watching a company of sick negroes who were laid out with the "flu." A conversation followed.

"Sir, I'se would like to know how fer down below de line you'se come from?"

I replied, "South Carolina, Orderly."

"Yessa, I sees, right where de lynching fever is de worst, where a nigger ain't got a dog's chance."

"No, not exactly that condition exists," I said, "but where blacks and whites have a distinction, where a social equality line is drawn."

"Well I wants to ask yer a question, Lieutenant."

"Let's have it," I replied.

"Well, sir, Lieutenant, we, I means you, and dis here company am gwine ter France and den to Germany; and we'se gona gibe dem German Boshmen hell in more ways dan one, ain't we?"

"I hope so," was my reply.

"Well, are you going over de top like you is now?"

"No indeed," was my reply, "I am going to look as much like a negro as possible."

"Well you'se gwing to camaflage, was yer?"

"Yes, if that is what you call it."

"Well, now Lieutenant, I see where you have been thru de war and you is still my C. O. and we both have done been decorated."

I interrupted, "You mean cremated, Orderly."

"Naw, sir, be serious, Lieutenant. Be serious. Dis am a real vision, I had, and I wants to ask your opinion on de matter. In dat vision I saw, well I remember the tough times we had wid them d—— Germans, and how it was once I saved your life, now what does you think of me, sir?"

"You are a good soldier," was my reply to him.

He immediately asked, "Would yer ever save a nigger's life?"

I told him,"yes," but it was a hard matter to convince him that I would. He would always say, "No, because you come from a section where a nigger ain't got a dog's chance, and de lynching fever is worse."

I asked him what did he think of those shrapnel, those bullets, that gas and other weapons of war, that may have had Lieutenant ———— or private Taylor's name on them?

He replied, "Sir, I don't agree wid yer. So many of dem bullets don't habe mine ner your name, but dey bears de inscription on dem dat says, 'To whom it may concern.' "

He went on with his conversation, "Now, sir, de war is ober and we have come back wid honors ,and you is down in Dixie, and at a theater wid a lady friend, and de show is about de hardships dat de soldiers had to go thru wid on the terther side; and de play brings some black soldiers into action. Now, sir, Lieutenant, you will explain about de way your black boys fought and how dey stayed wid yer, and you mentions how good you treated em—,and at this moment I walks in wid my wife. Now, Lieutenant, be honest wid yer God, wouldn't you

knock h—— out of me?"

I replied, "No." He seemed amazed and didn't seem to understand. I explained to him how the youngsters would have given him a good bouncing when he started in the theater door.

He replied, "Jest like I told yer, even the small chillen have got the lynching fever round dere. Lieutenant, I can't understand why so many niggers can afford to stay in a country like dat, my vision is jest what I thot 'twould be.

H. M. E., '19,
Palmetto.

OUR DEBT TO WOODROW WILSON.

On March 3, 1917, at Washington, D. C., a quiet, rather reserved man stepped forward to receive the oath of office. As one would look upon this "College Professor," one would see a man of average height, who had passed the middle age of life. He had a kindly face, with a massive chin and a high forehead that told of a great reserve force of power and intellect. A smile was upon his lips, and everything about him seemed to turn to sunshine. There was a magnetic power about him that draw all his hearers to him, and everyone listened to his words without a murmur, lest he lose a single word of what this man of extraordinary ability was telling him.

Our President outlined the work that he was going to do, and in closing his address, said that he wanted peace, but not without honor. He wanted the countries of Europe to cease in their bloody conflict, but not while there was a chance of freedom being trodden under the foot of autocracy. He wanted the whole world united, but he wanted freedom for all.

He carried his plans to perfection, and he even had to send America's manhood into the struggle to throw the balance in favor of the right. And today to this far-sighted man of power we owe our present free existence. We owe to this believer, in the highest ideals of manhood, this master-mind, the presentation of our honor; and the world owes to this mighty genius, this builder of nations—a world free from strife, a world in which to build anew, nations with purer thoughts and nobler ambitions.

To Woodrow Wilson, America and the world, owes a debt of gratitude which only time can ever repay.

M. C. S., '21.

Calhoun

THE GRIM REMINDER.

As I gaze at yonder cannon
  Guarding o'er the green-sward mound,
It now comes clearly back to me—
  How my comrades all went down.
Once, they rallied 'round the monster;
  Now, it overlooks their mound.

'Twas in Flanders—mud and water!
  When the Hun beset our line,
God! Such fearful gore and slaughter
  'Fore we turned them to'ard the Rhine.
Thousands died that day, and gladly,
  For the welfare of mankind.

All the shrapnel were exhausted
  And our shells were running low,
When, with eyes a'gleam for slaughter,
  There "came down the serried foe;"
Numbering, seemed to me, a thousand,
  Others said that there were more.

Fierce the fight raged 'round the cannon.
  No more missiles left its bore,
All were stabbing, hacking, slashing;
  We were needing help—and sore.
Men were falling all about me,
  Meeting *Death*—and nothing more

Everything seemed lost to Britain,
  When o'er a hill's grass-covered brows
Charged the Scots, in "kilt formation."
  I can hear them yelling vows.
On they came—no hesitation.
  Every man fulfilled his vows.

Fled the Huns, in grave disorder,
  Lingering not to wildly say
"Kamerad!" ("Save me from slaughter.")
  Sons of Bruce spared none that day.
Revenging sweetheart, sister, daughter,
  Brawny Scots had won the fray.

In this world of sin and sorrow
  I am left—the others, slain.
Loved today, but will the morrow
  Bring me joy, or only pain?
Peacefully the brave men lie
  Safe beneath their mother sod.
For each hero—proud to die—
  Served his country and his God.

E. L. M., '20,
Wade Hampton.

THE MOUNT ZION SOCIETY.

In the general statute of the State of South Carolina, for the year 1777, we find an act for incorporating a society to be known as the Mount Zion Society. The preface to the rules of this society was taken from Isaiah, the 18th verse of the 60th chapter, and the 3rd verse of the 61st chapter:

"Violence shall no more be heard in thy land, wasting nor destruction within thy borders; but thou shalt call thy walls Salvation, and thy gates Praise." To appoint unto them that mourn in Sion, to give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness; that they might be called trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, that he might be glorified."

Previous to the year 1824, Zion was spelled with an "S," as in the verse from Isaiah. In the minutes of the meeting of the year 1824, for the first time the word was spelled with a "Z." The object of the society was to promote the cause of learning.

We do not know the particular person who started the idea of organizing a society for the promotion of education throughout the State of South Carolina. The Mount Zion Society was established in the city of Charleston, January 9th, and was incorporated February 12th, 1777. This was the year after the battle of Fort Moultrie. The enrollment of the society in 1784 totaled 433. Among the list of members are many names which are famous in the history of our State. The following are a few of the most noted: Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, General Wade Hampton, Colonel Thomas Taylor, and General Andrew Pickens.

The headquarters of the society was changed from Charleston to Winnsboro in 1824. In 1785 General Richard Winn, for whom Winnsboro is named, gave to the

Mound Zion Society 100 acres of land for the establishment of a school at Winnsboro. This school, which was known as the Mount Zion Institute, had a very high academic standard. There were a certain number of poor students educated free of charge every year. The rules governing the student body were very strict. Such things as gambling, blaspheming, horse-racing, also unlicenced visits to taverns, and the playing of any musical instrument except for sacred purposes on the Sabbath were forbidden. The old school existed at the time when each man carried his own corn to the mill, and when each mother knitted hosiery for her family. Now, in this day of specialists, the school has conformed to the changed conditions, and continues to maintain its high standard of education.

Among the list of famous teachers are: Captain Moultrie Dwight, Prof. R. Means Davis (under whom the school was changed from a pay school to a graded school), D.C. Webb, J. Woods Davidson, and James W. Hudson. Mr. Hudson gave great fame to the school. Many boys came from Charleston and from other parts of the State to study under him. Among these were Dr. Porter, who established Porter's School in Charleston, and W. A. Clark, of Columbia.

A monument erected to the memory of James W. Hudson stands in front of the school, at the head of an avenue of ancient oaks, which adorn the college green.

W. B. B., '21,
Palmetto.

A TRIP TO FRANCE.

During the war, the censorship rules were verp strict. This was especially true in reference to the transporting and convoying of our soldiers to France. The sailors on a ship could never tell one day where they would be, or what they would be doing, the next day. But we always had a good way of finding out when we were to sail, but couldn't tell where we were going.

So, near the middle of June, 1918, the crew of the U. S. S. Charleston knew that a long trip was soon to begin. We had just finished filling all the coal bunkers, and had stored about five hundred tons of coal on the top decks. Now we were taking on enough spuds, it seemed, to feed the entire German army for three weeks. The boys, who had gone ashore, were told to be back at mid-night. These three things were sufficient proof to us that we were to sail within a day or two.

It was a sad and lonely crew that bid the Statue of Liberty a reluctant farewell the next morning as we steamed out of New York harbor. Some of our officers ventured the prediction that we would never get back in safety, while all knew that it would be at least a month before we would again have the pleasure of strolling thru Central Park.

All who were not busy were up on decks enjoying the sunshine and gazing long at the beautiful residences and scenery along the banks of the river.

But we were not to sit around long, for a few minutes after we had passed thru the submarine nets, the general alarm gong was sounded. Every man hastened to take his assigned position on his gun. Orders were given to bring up and secure sixteen rounds of ammunition for each gun. When this was accomplished, and each gun loaded ready to fire, we went back to rest in the sunshine.

We were now getting almost out of sight of land. The

sailors were talking whether we were to escort transports or merchant ships. We hoped that we would escort transports, for then we would travel faster and thus get back to the "States" sooner. However, our curiosity was soon satisfied, for we saw two navy dirgibles and the mastheads of several ships. Upon getting a few miles nearer we could see eight transports, which were loaded to the fullest with soldiers, one destroyer, and several submarine chasers. The chasers and dirgibles turned around sometimes during the first night, for the submarine chasers were too small and light to venture out far from land.

The weather was fine and the sea smooth for the first few days. During this time we had nothing to do but go thru our regular drill every morning, which generally lasted for about forty minutes, and stand watches at the loaded guns. These guns were always kept loaded and ready to fire at any obstacle at a moment's notice from the lookouts who were posted in the crow's nest. Much of our time was spent in talking of what we were going to do when we got back to the "States." Strange to say, not a word was ever said about the probability of a submarine attack and of what we would do in the event that this should happen. So, with no new things to observe and no excitement, we were getting somewhat careless about our lookout for submarines.

But, this was not to last very long. One morning, about five o'clock, we were suddenly awakened by the ringing of the general alarm gong and the blowing of "torpedo defence," on the bugle. Everybody was excited, for we knew that a submarine had been sighted. In less than a minute we were out of our hammocks and at our gun stations. The three-inch guns on the port side, were firing at the sighted periscope with all their speed. The engines were now running at full speed, and we were trying to circle around the submarine. But look now!

What is this coming? In the smooth sea we could clearly see the white wake of an approaching torpedo. Our speed had saved us, for this torpedo narrowly missed our stern, while its partner (for they are always fired in pairs) was further to our rear. Now the six inch guns on the port side and those astern were helping the three inch guns. The noise was almost deafening. In the meantime the destroyer, that was with us, had been firing her guns and dropping depth bombs. The transports had changed their course so that they were fast getting out of danger. Now the submarine disappeared and all the guns ceased firing. We thought that we were now very nearly above the submerged submarine, so that our captain gave the order to drop some depth bombs. The first one failed to explode, but the next three exploded in rapid succession throwing up great clouds of water. We then slowed down to see if they had accomplished any good. As the water became smooth again we could see that it was covered with oil. From what we had heard about the presence of oil on the water, we knew that the depth bomb had proved fatal to the submarine. Naturally this made us feel very proud of our achievement in this first submarine attack. Everything now settled down, our transports resumed their regular positions, and we were, apparently, sailing along just as if nothing had happened. But we were excited now, and the lookouts evidently had submarines, and other enemy craft, in their eyes, for frequent reports came down from the crow's nest, warning us of the presence of a submarine. These reports kept us busy during the remainder of the day, running to and from our guns. At every suspected submarine we would fire several shots. No one expected to sleep much that night, but when it got dark the lookouts could not see the submarines so easily, and we were not disturbed at all.

The next morning the submarine scare was over and

we resumed our daily routine. Everything remained quiet now for a few days, and we were making good speed towards France.

When Sunday came we arranged our mess benches along the side of the ship preparatory to holding our church services. Just as the chaplain was beginning the opening prayer we were startled by the firing of one of our three-inch guns. We didn't wait for the chaplain to finish the prayer, but every man ran to his gun station. This time the submarine was about three thousand yards away and on our starboard side. We knew that we would have to dispose of this one for our destroyer had left us. So we started towards the submarine at full speed, firing as we went, with all the guns we could train on it. In the meantime the signal was given to the transports and they changed their course in order to get out of the way. The firing got too hot for the submarine so she submerged. We could do nothing now for we were too far off to drop any depth bombs. But we kept on in the direction we were going, hoping that we would get another chance. We were in too big a hurry, tho, for suddenly the submarine popped up almost midway between us and our transports. We were now in quite a predicament for we couldn't fire at the submarine for fear the shell would ricochet and hit one of the transports. We turned as quickly as possible in order to get between the submarine and the transports. But the submarine had lost no time and, before we were in position to begin firing she had fired several torpedoes. No serious damage was done as no direct hits were obtained; however, it was later learned that the rudder of one of the transports had been slightly damaged. After several minutes of firing and the dropping of six depth bombs, we succeeded in driving the submarine off. After this we were unable to sight it again. Most of us went back to the church service, and by noon everything was quiet.

We were becoming accustomed to submarine scares now, and such boats did not cause very much excitement.

We were now getting over in the real submarine zone, where we expected to see a good many submarines. We were also expecting to meet several destroyers that were coming out from France to assist us thru this submarine infected zone. We could plainly tell that our captain was beginning to feel uneasy. He was on the bridge all day and night without a wink of sleep. The next morning at sunrise he was too sleepy to watch any longer, so he left orders with the Officer of the Deck to report any sighted craft to him at once, and went below to his sabin, hoping to be called back soon. But he was disappointed for he soon went to sleep and was not disturbed before noon. When he had eaten his dinner he came back on the bridge and said that he would either stay until he either sighted the destroyer or the coast of France. However, he was to have a long watch, and he was about ready to go down to his supper when his expectant ears heard the report. from one of the lookouts, that smoke had been sighted off our starboard bow. Soon other tiny clouds of smoke could be seen just on the horizon. Now everybody was expectant. In about thirty minutes we could see the mast of the foremost ship. In another thirty minutes this destroyer was alongside our ship and our captain was giving her commander orders. Then you should have been there for it was a wonderful and thrilling sight to see the swift destroyers gathering around the transports and forming a dense smoke screen. My! But those soldiers did seem happy then, and such cheering I have never heard. They felt much safer now that the destroyers had come. It was dark when the twelve destroyers had assumed their proper positions in the convoy. and we were again sailing rapidly towards France. That night it was so dark that we could not see the ship that was nearest us. Our great fear now was

for mines, for we felt sure that the destroyers could easily protect us against any submarine attack. So two men were placed in the eyes of the ship to watch for mines. But it was either too dark or there were no mines here for no report came from these men. We were going very slowly now for fear of running into one of the other ships. When morning came we were lucky to find each ship in exactly its proper position, thanks to the good weather and smooth sea! As soon as it got light we began having some fun firing at floating mines, for they were getting rather plentiful. In fact they were so thick that it made us shiver to think of having to run thru there at night. But we hoped to reach France before sundown and thus avoid this disagreeable task.

When we were within about sixty miles of the coast of France, we had a real battle with some submarines. Three of them attacked us at once. But they had probably never tackled any of Uncle Sam's destroyers before, for they were too slow for our boys on the destroyers. The destroyer soon disposed of them. However, we could not get to help, for the destroyers were so much faster than we were, that they had driven them off before we knew what was happening. The destroyers fired five inch guns, dropped depth bombs, and fired torpedoes. Suddenly we saw a white wake headed straight towards a submarine. We watched it very closely for we knew it was a torpedo from one of our destroyers. Then we saw it hit its mark and heard a terrific explosion. It was a perfect hit and a destroyed submarine was the result. This was too much for the other two submarines, so they submerged.

We were now ready to leave the other ships for we were going to different ports. So all the ships brought out their bands and raised their flags. With the bands playing popular airs and the boys shouting, we went our way and the other ships went theirs.

As the sun was setting we were dropping our anchor in the harbor of Brest, France; with the dropping of the anchor, many boys were blessed with the return of something that they had sadly wished for for several days—an appetite.

G. H. M., '20.

The Clemson College Chronicle

FOUNDED BY THE CLASS OF 1898.

Published monthly by the students of Clemson College under the auspices of the Calhoun, Columbian, Palmetto, Carolina, Hayne, and Wade Hampton Literary Societies.

The Chronicle will be published on the fifteenth of each month during the college year. Its purpose is to encourage literary work among the students of the college, and for this reason voluntary contributions from all the sutdents, especially, and from the faculty and alumni are earnestly solicited. All contributions must be accompanied by the writer's name, class numeral, and name of literary society.

The subscription price of the Chronicle is $1.00. Address all communications to the Business Manager.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: S. C. JONES, '19

As an attempt to express gratitude to our men who lost their lives in the war against German autocracy, we have dedicated this number of our magazine to their memory. But we would not forget the battle-scarred heroes who are returning home. We glory in the part which South Carolina's men played in the winning of the war. They upheld the chivalrous traditions of the South to the last letter. Nothing but words of highest praise come from the lips of the commanders under whom they served. They have won undying fame.

Nor should we forget the men who served in the navy, and the men of the army who served on this side. They were just as much devoted to duty, and served with just as much fortitude as those who reached the other side. We very heartily welcome them all back home. They

may be assured that the value of their service is recognized; and we trust that we may never fail to pay our highest tributes to their patriotic devotion.

We heartily endorse the policies of the man who so skillfully guided our country through the war. He stands for the League of Nations, and for everything else that is uplifting and beneficial to all peoples of the earth. We stood by the President in war, we will stronger stand by him in peace. We are for Woodrow Wilson. And we will support the League of Nations that the ideals for which we fought may be carried to the ends of the earth.

The Supreme Sacrifice

In olden times it was customary for the people to place upon a burning altar the life of a human being as a living sacrifice to their Diety. Thus, in making a sacrifice today we do something that has a sacred origin and something that remains sacred to this day. There are many ways in which we give sacrifices, and there are many kinds of sacrifices to give; but the greatest sacrifice of all is life.

When our country called for men to rally beneath the flag and to defend the honor and the high ideals for which that flag stands, many answered the call. Love of country, patriotism, prompts men to glorious deeds.

Two millions of these American sons crossed the sea to fight for the freedom of the world. Some sixty thousand of these now occupy a lonely grave in France. And a little wooden cross guards the calm resting place of each who gave his all. "When can their glory fade?" They willingly and readily sacrificed all upon the altar of their country. What deed could be more unselfish,

what act more glorious, what sacrifice greater than to die for one's country?

When we think of what these men have done and of the great price they have paid, we realize how little was our part in the struggle for the freedom of the world. As Lincoln has said, we must dedicate ourselves to the task which they have thus far so nobly carried on—to the task of making the world free from oppression and safe for democracy.

As we pass by the grove of sturdy trees which we recently planted to the memory of Clemson's sons who have paid the supreme sacrifice, we realize that there is glory in valor. Like the trees, their memory will remain fresh and green, and their spirits, the ideal for which the supreme sacrifice was made, shall grow greater and soar higher as the years go by.

The Glee Club

The college glee club plays an important part in the college world, and it must be recognized as a leading branch of college activities. Its mission is of no less importance than that of the other college activities. With it we learn to sing our songs, give our yells, and send our troubles flying through the air. It is the embodiment of our college spirit. Everyone who can sing well or who can otherwise entertain well should try out for the club. It is an honor to be one of its members.

Although we are taught very little voice, expression, or kindred subjects here at Clemson, our glee club is able to give the public an exceptionally good program. We appreciate their efforts; therefore, let's support the glee club in every way we can.

What Shall I Write?

How often do we hear boys say, "I would write something if I knew what to write about." Yea, we have heard it so often 'til we believe that inability to decide upon some subject is actually a reason why many men never try to write anything for the publications. Many times when a subject or theme is selected it is of such a deep nature that a doctor of philosophy could hardly give it justice. We must look near us if we would find something that we can handle well. The apparent little things which interest you will perhaps interest others. It is the things we actually do, the facts we actually know, and the objects we actually see that we can best write about. It is foolishness to imagine that you must originate a new world before you begin writing a story.

It might be wise to suggest a few kinds of material that we desire for *The Chronicle.* Of course we want poetry, short stories, sketches, and essays. And since we are technical students, we can see no reason why an essay on some phases of our training or some scientific subject would not prove interesting to our readers. Very often we find scientific articles in the popular literary magazines. Hence, if you are too scientific to write fiction, write a scientific article. History and biography are very desirable. In this, as in many other things, the neglected and forgotten lives and epochs often prove most interesting to the reader . One act plays, sketches, anecdotes, parables, fables, and various other types of literature ought to furnish a fitting form for any amateur writer. In general, try to write something in correlation with the course in literature. For example, if you are studying the short story, try to write a short story. And just remember that there is not so much in the subject selected—it all depends upon the way it is developed. Any old mixer can spatter ink on the canvas, but it takes an artist to paint a picture.

EDITOR: J. M. BATES, '19.

On October 5, 1918, R. L. Atkinson, a distinguished member of the present senior class was stricken with influenza. On Sunday morning, October 20th, "Chief" was called to his reward by the Divine Power. He was an unexcelled student. Had he been spared he would in all probability have won the Norris Medal for scholarship. In his quiet and unassuming manner he was loved by all. The loss of such a noble and upright christian character is deeply felt by all.

R. H. Johnson, '15, was born in Union county. He was highly thought of as a student by both faculty and classmates white at Clemson. Johnson, after receiving his commission at the second officers' camp, Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia, served a few months in this country before "going over." While on active duty at the front, he was killed in action, in October, 1918.

Osborne T. Sanders, Class '10, contracted influenza while a lieutenant in the Field Artillery at Fort Sill, Oklahoma. This developed into pneumonia, and death claimed him on October 14th, 1918. His remains were sent back to his home for interment at Hagood, S. C.

Steven M. Richards, '15, known to the boys at "Watermelon," was one of the most popular men in his class. As soon as war was declared, "Watermelon" volunteered for the Officers' Training Camp at Oglethorpe. Here he took advantage of his experience as Cadet Captain, and Business Manager of "Taps" while at Clemson, and was commissioned a 1st lieutenant. Richards was with the 87th infantry at Camp Dodge, Iowa, when he was claimed by pneumonia.

J. A. Simpson, '15, while at Clemson was a quiet young man of gentlemanly bearing and appearance. He was from Chester county, and before joining the army was connected with Clemson in state agricultural work. Simpson was a member of the Field Artillery, and lost his life when the Ticonderoga was sunk on September 30th, 1918.

Harry C. Horton, ex-'18, spent two years at Clemson before he signed up with the University of South Carolina. While at Clemson, Harry was president of his class as well as a good football player. He went to Carolina and was their mainstay at tackle. Harry received his commission at the second officers' training camp, Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia, and volunteered for immediate overseas duty. It was on the battle fields of France that this noble, daring, twenty-two year old lad gave his life for the cause for which his country was fighting.

Claude S. Garrett, '17, was killed in the month of October, 1918. This daring aviator was killed while making a flight over the German lines. Claude was a leader; and numerous honors bestowed upon him by the students showed the confidence and respect in which they held him.

Arthuh A. Madden, '18. No one dreamed that upon graduation day he would never again see his alma mater. Immediately upon graduation, he enlisted in the navy, and was sent to a naval school in Philadelphia, where he was in training for a commission. It was while he was in training that he was stricken with pneumonia. death coming soon afterwards.

David E. Monroe, '17, upon receiving his commission at the first training camp for officers at Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia, volunteered for immediate service in Farnce. After intensive training, he went to the front lines and was wounded on the 19th of July. He returned to the trenches where he received his death wound on September 19, 1918. "Gene" was held in high esteem by the whole student body. He received numerous student honors while in school.

Frank P. Salter, '13, left a good position in Memphis, Tenn., to enlist in the aviation corps and was sent to Waco, Texas, for training. He was in training for his commission when the plane he was piloting collided with that of another student. Both Salter and the other student were hurled to death.

A. M. Trotter, '15, better known as Massenburg, received his commission at the second officers' training camp, Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia. He was killed leading his men "over the top" between June 15th and June 22nd, when the Germans were making their supreme stroke, against the allied armies. He was an excellent officer, and was deeply loved by his officers and men.

J. B. Ryan, '08, received his commission at first officers' training camp, Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia. He was stationed at Camp Wadsworth, Spartanburg, South Car-

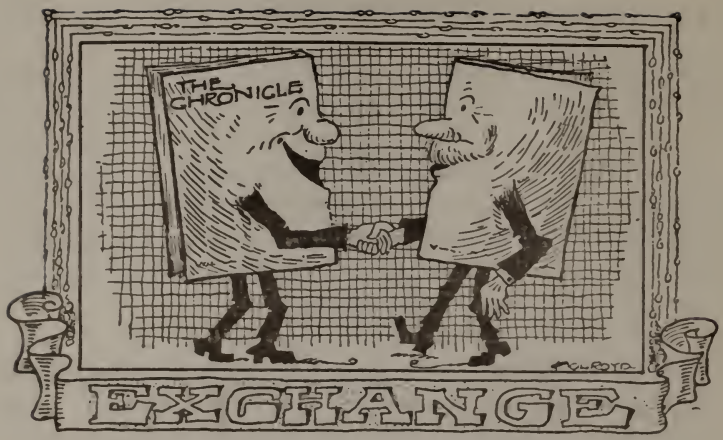
olina, when he contracted pneumonia. He was called out of this life on October 4th, 1918.

F. S. Stewart, ex-'21, answered the call to service and enlisted in the navy after finishing his freshman year at Clemson. He was drowned while on board the ship'Mantauk," when it was wrecked off the coast of Florida, during a severe storm in August, 1918.

George L. McCord, '11, "Mac," made many everlasting friendships while at Clemson. He was a bright, jolly fellow from Abbeville, S. C. "Mac" gave his all for his country in France, in October, 1918.

John McKenzie McIntosh, '14, "Mc," was a typical Scotch-Irishman, from Columbia, S. C. His bright, ready wit, and congenial nature, made friends for him everywhere he went. This noble son was killed on the fields of France in September, 1918.

Henry L. Suggs, '16, who was a big, manly fellow, who came to Clemson from York, S. C. "Suggie" took an active part in all college activities and was held in high esteem by all that knew him. "Suggie" played varsity football for three years, then served his country in the aviation until his death in October, 1918.



EDITORS:

J. S. WATKINS, '19. F. U. WOLFE, '20.

Now, after having had a month of pleasure reading the varied productions of literary talent from numerous colleges, we come to the difficult task of praising and finding fault with them. We first wish to acknowledge the following exchanges: *Winthrop Journal, The Concept, Wofford College Journal, The Collegian, The Orion, The Wake Forest Student, The Criterion, The College of Charleston Magazine,* and *The Pine and Thistle.*

By far the most striking features of *The Winthrop Journal* are the editorials and the local news . The writers of the editorials have shown a true knowledge of the value of editorials. They have discussed questions of national interest and then brought these questions home to the student in his or her relationship with fellow students. It is indeed both pleasing and beneficial to read and study the true thought of such editorials. The value of the *Journal* as a Winthrop magazine, a paper to build up college spirit and interest in college activities is inestimable. The short discussion and description of the College Museum certainly tends to build up interest in

such an undertaking. The Y. W. C. A. notes speak out for the wonderful work which not only this organization but Winthrop as a whole has and still is doing. The Athletic Department falls far behind the standard set by the others and we sincerely hope to see it improve as the spring months come in with their energizing influence. "Universal Regulations a La Winthrop" is especially appealing to fellow students in uniform and mingles with its wit and a true meaning of Regulations; and the Locals end it all—a more fitting ending could not have been found, for it enables the reader to go back through the calendar and live again those days which have gone to return no more. If other colleges would only follow the ideas set forth by the February issue of *The Winthrop Journal* in the live editorials and local news, we feel sure that they would improve the value of their publications fifty per cent. Space alone prevents us from praising the prose and poetry of this magazine of merit; and we merely say to the contributing seniors and sophomores, that we have enjoyed to the utmost their Class Journal.

It is with a degree of disappointment that we turn to the last page of *The Wofford College Journal;* not that we have enjoyed it to that extent, but simply because it is far from the Wofford standard. From the number of contributions, the length of each—(or rather the lack of length), the poor quality of each we certainly believe that the magazine lacks the cooperation of the student body. The cartoons are the same character as the material—showing carelessness on all sides, lack of variety and unusually inappropriate subjects. The two poems, "Twilight," and "A Billetdoux," are the only interesting and valuable contributions. The discussions of important men of the past are well written sketches; but they become uninteresting when we find too much of them in

one magazine. We find in the editorials, that the editor realizes the poor quality of this issue and we hope he will pardon our criticisms, and realize that they were deserving. One fact remains, and that is, no cartoons are much better than those of the qualities exhibited in this magazine.

Once again we wish you all much success and improvement in future issues and thank you for your exchanges.

"The Editors."

EDITOR: G. H. AULL

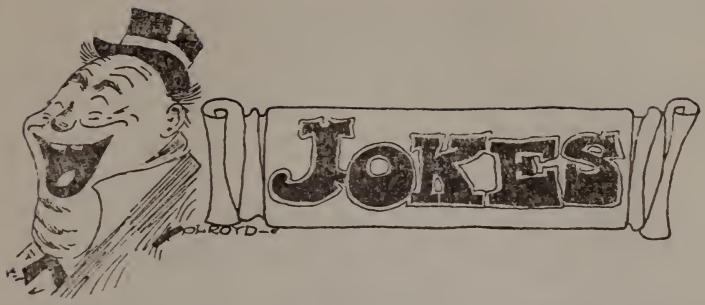
THE INTERNATIONAL IDEA.

When a man becomes large enough to look out beyond greater service in other countries than his own, then man makes the first step in the International direction. Suppose that Columbus had not perceived a greater world than his own; suppose that Isabella had not agreed to outfit the party which discovered *our* country; do you think that Columbus could have pushed the *Santa Maria* off the sands of Palos on August 3, 1492, and from the Canary Islands five weeks later, if he had not been inspired with an International idea? Are you sure that America would be known today if *someone* had not been International? The second step in the movement corresponds to the part played by Queen Isabella of Spain in the discoveries of the fifteenth century. This is our greatest step.

Mr. O. E. Pence, of Constantinople, spoke to us a short time ago on the subject, "My War Experiences in the Near East." Mr. Pence is a well versed man and an interesting speaker. He outlined the world situation to us briefly, and then told us of his varied and thrilling experience during the past war. Mr. Pence had previously discussed the problem of world fellowship to a committee composed of three Clemson men who decided that our efforts at making the "Students of America for the Students of the World" should be centralized and made to apply to the "Students of Clemson for the Students of Roumania," and so the Roumanian problem was

given most attention. The plan is for the students of Clemson to make possible the work of a Christian Secretary in the newly discovered Democracy of war-worn Roumania. This decision is based on a careful study of Roumania's needs; her war accomplishments; her vast resources, only needing the help and guidance of Christian instruction to direct them into the channel of Godliness and right living. The committee realized that Clemson men were as a whole international and that they were willing and anxious to help in this movement, but the problem was how to present to them a clear view of the proposed plan and need. The canvass idea had been worked to death, and so there was put on an advertising campaign such as has never been at Clemson before. Everywhere it was "BE INTERNATIONAL," "THE STUDENTS OF CLEMSON FOR THE STUDENTS OF ROUMANIA," "GET THE IDEA"—all done so attractively and skillfully that even the most careless were interested. The plan was put thru and much good work has been done, for which Clemson will always be praised by the Students of Roumania. Clemson men *are* international; they have gotten out even from the narrow shell of nationalism; they realize that "Most of humanity is elsewhere."

Have you decided to attend the Blue Ridge Conference? Listen, fellows, Blue Ridge needs you but most of all you need Blue Ridge. Don't miss it. We used to think that an education consisted merely in getting a diploma—it doesn't. Your education will be vastly incomplete unless you attend the Blue Ridge Conference at least once during your college course.



EDITORS:
R. C. HICKS, '19 L. D. HARRIS, '19

"Isn't it terrible the way we have to work these days?"

"Rather, why yesterday I wrote so many letters, that last night I ended my prayers with 'yours truly.'"

Rat: "What are the silent watches of the night?"

Senior: "The ones which the students forget to wind."

Varsity, Varsity, don't you cry,
She'll be back by and by.

Tell me, Is he such a fool as he looks?
No, indeed, more so.

Rivers Varn: "All ready, run up the curtain."

Rat Cobb: "What do you think I am, a squirrel?"

She: "Oh, dear! Please stop walking to and fro, you make me nervous."

He: "All right, I will reverse it and walk fro and to."

"Bott" Wallace read the folling from a newspaper: "President Wilson sails on George Washington. When he reaches Paris, he will occupy the Kaiser's former suite."

Looking up says: "It is all right for the president to sail on the George Washington, but I don't think we

American people should stand for his wearing the Kaiser's suit.

"Major" Thrower (to his best girl, while walking down Peachtree Street): "You look sweet enough to eat.'

Lady: "I do eat. Where shall we go?"

Prof. Shanklin (who had installed a line of musical instruments): "Now, Mr. Quattlebaum, if some one comes and wants to look at a mandolin, banjo, flute or guitar, would you know what to show him?"

Bill: "Yes, sih."

Professor: "And if he wanted to see a lyre?"

Bill: "I'd send at once for you."

"H. T." Mays: "I see in this paper that more than one-half of the world's population is feminine."

Harry Montgomery: "I don't believe it. If it were so, how do you account for the fact that one-half of the world does not know how the other half lives?"

"Runt" Roper (walking in music store): "Have you 'The Three Tramp?' "

The music dealer looked thru all of his music and could not find the piece of music. He asked "Runt" to sing the first line. He began: "Tramp, tramp, tramp the boys—"

"Stiff neck" Smith: "Rat, get my overalls for me. I have to go to electrical lab.

Rat (returning with overalls): "Stiff, is electricity very dirty?"

"Whitey" Barnes: "Polly, do you know how to fire this boiler?"

Maj. Gamble: "Ah, Whitey, get your small-arms-firing manual.."

B

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For Students Paying Tuition	$189.00
For Students Having Free Tuition	149.00
For Scholarship Students	49.00

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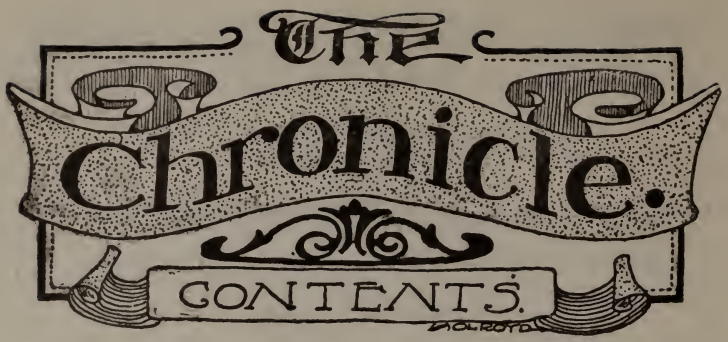
The Chronicle

Founded by the class of 1898.

Published by the Calhoun, Columbian, Palmetto, Carolina, Hayne, and Wade Hampton Literary Societies of Clemson College.



The Clemson College Chronicle

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Vol. XVII. Clemson College, S. C., May 1919 No 4

EDITORS:
A. C. CORCORAN, '19
M. C. JETER, '20 M. C. SMITH, '21

SPRINGTIME REFLECTIONS.

With all her beauty and her meaning,
With a thrill for every heart,
Spring returns to cheer and brighten
As winter's dreary days depart.

The earth that once was cold and bare
And in winter's robe was dressed,
Was touched by Nature's magic hand,
And with beauty has been blessed.

Spring called the birds and the flowers,
And they answered the tender voice;
For 'tis their mission in the world
To make each life rejoice.

Thus each flower arose with brightness,
Left its bed of sleep and rest;
Spring then gave her warmest welcome
To each flower as her guest.

They gave out their lives for others
As the spring days glide away;
And the gay and the modest colors
Give a light to each cloudy day.

Each tiny face bears a message
As it shares the sunshine and the rain;
And each message bears a lesson
That should not be taught in vain.

The trees and the vines thruout the land
Have yielded to the touch of Spring;
And over the earth lies a mantle of green
That only her touch can bring.

Then as all of Nature's beauty
Sends new life o'er all the land,
Forgotten memories come before us
As they yield to Spring's command.

Now's the time when thoughts will wander
Back to some moment in the past,
Now's the time when memory lingers
Upon the joys that always last.

The childhood home and hours of play,
A life free from toil and care,
The years that seem as yesterday
Flash before us and disappear

Youth with its valued pleasures,
With each free and easy way
Takes a place that sorrow might hold
And in memory will ever stay.

As thought brings back the happy hours,
Loneliness quickly steals away;
And you see the face of a dear one
That will greet you again some day.

Then Spring is a real beginning
Of a season that gives pleasure to youth;
And the beauty that comes from Nature's work
Reveals lessons of promise and truth.

And you think of life in its spring-time,
The days of brightness and light;
And a zeal to secure the best of life
Takes your aim to a greater height.

Thus the thoughts for hours might wonder
And scenes of other times might bring;
But still the heart will always long
For the reflections of the Spring.

F. U. W. '20.

HIS FATHER'S SON.

IN ONE ACT.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Mr. Henry Humbert, a country gentleman.
Mr. Ben Humbert, his son.
Aunt Dinah, an old servant.

SCENE ONE.

(Dining room with appropriate decorations on walls. Father and son just finishing meal at table in center of room.)

S. (pointing to picture on wall) There is a reminder of an amusing little incident.

F. What do you have in mind?

S. It suggests to me the time I attempted to harness to my toy cart your much-prized Plymouth cockerel. Such a stir was never raised before; however, my intended victim was saved by your timely arrival.

F. Yes! your reference is a reminder of another bird tale you brought to light. It was only a short time after this episode that you returned one evening, having been gone all day, and began telling of how great a hunter you had proven yourself to be.

S. I never was remarkable for the George Washington style of narrative, but anyway, what did I say?

F. You told of how you had been down in the grove and of how you had shot "lots of birds," but that they had all fallen into a nearby wheat field; and consequently, you were unable to find even one of them. I whipped you for that day's mischief, didn't I?

S. No, but you surely warmed me up that noon after I had been hiding from mother all the morning.

F. Why, what happened to be the trouble on that occasion?

S. That was the day I came near laying brother out when I slugged him with an iron rod. (Enter Aunt Dinah, preparatory to clearing off the table, in time to hear Ben speak.)

A. D. Lawdy, yes! You shorely like to a kilt Marse Tom dat mornin'.

F. Because of that whipping you became quite sullen and slipped away from home and was gone all day—

S. And I carried my gun along with me, too, didn't I?

F. Yes, and that afternoon when I came home I went to look for you; and suspecting where you'd be, I tried to approach you without being discovered.

S. What did you find me doing?

F. Why, you were sitting, seemingly very unconcernedly, on a great log; and your gun was several feet away leaning against a tree. At that moment a number of boys were heard driving a wagon thru a nearby cornfield. I saw a mischievous smile spread over your face, your hand went to your nose, and at the next instant you gave a shrieking squall—quite like that of a wild cat.

A. D. Bless gracious! Ole Uncle Tom was de one who teached you all dat prankiness.

S. Yes! I remember how those boys stopped all sound for a moment or two. Then I gave another cry. The poor fellows, becoming frightened, jumped into their wagon and hurried home.

F. Wishing to see what you'd do next, I watched you from a secret place. But in a few moments you slipped down from the log, caught up your gun, and started home. Going by a different route, I met the boys who had been so lately excited, returning to the field, each of them carrying a gun.

S. Did you say anything to them?

F. Yes, appearing very innocent, I asked if they were going out on a hunt. They replied that they had just seen a tremendous wild cat, one fully two feet high, and

that they were going back to look for him. I looked astonished, but said nothing, and came on home where I found you innocently employed, just as if nothing had happened.

A. D. Dat de way you allus wus, Marse Ben.

F. It was the following Fall that I sent you to school in the city where you had your first love affair.

S. Oh yes, I remember that well. You purchased me a splendid horse and buggy, and I went away in style.

A. D. Oh, man! dat sho wus some hoss.

F. Everything went well that year till late in the spring when you began coming home late evening after evening.

S. You came near catching me one of those evenings, too.

F. I think I did catch you. Let me see if I can't tell you how it happened.

S. All right, go ahead.

F. One afternoon as I was going into town, I saw you at a distance starting out with a young lady. At the same time you espied me; and, not wishing that I should catch you in company with the girl, you (being somewhat bashful) hurriedly put her out, came on meeting me, passed very unconcernedly, and went on home.

S. That was a very costly occasion to me, for she was a long, long time in forgiving me of that offense.

F. She revolted, eh? That was what made you so mean, wasn't it?

S. Yes, I thought my sweetest revenge lay in joining the "midnight crew," so I cast my lot with them.

A. D. It must have been a "*midnight crew*," cause you'd move 'round kinder careless-like all day, but when night come on you'd prick up your ears and git skiddish.

F. You can make light of it now, Aunt Dinah, but you were frightened into spasms that night when Mr. Wilson's house was blown up.

A. D. You need not laugh at me, boss, 'cause your knees were shakin' dat night like a poplar leaf 'fore a March gale.

S. I came pretty near getting scared myself when that dynamite went off and that house went up.

A. D. Yes, sir. We heard it clear here.

F. You have never told me about it. How did it happen?

S. Well, we had become so accustomed to taking chickens off the roost and then getting away before the shot could catch us, that we decided to pull something really exciting; so we thought we'd simulate blowing up a house, and as old Uncle John Wilson and Aunt Mary never had anything to amuse them, we decided to give them a little midnight carousal. Accordingly, we bought a half-dozen charges of dynamite and prepared to set them off at one o'clock.

F. They went off on time all right.

S. Yes, I think they went off a little ahead of time, as I had not gotten out of the danger zone when the explosion came, and a piece of the timber got me on the side of the head; but I managed to get away.

F. I never was able to understand why you left town so unceremoniously.

S. I knew I would be apprehended, and was also afraid you would refuse to lend me assistance in the case.

F. Why son, I had never failed you, had I?

S. No; but I had never tried you out under just those circumstances before, and really I couldn't face the crowd.

A. D. I'd 'er thought you had 'nough spunk to do anything.

F. And you never let us know where you were going, and from that day until a few minutes ago we had never heard a word from you.

S. Yes, I realized that my life here had been a failure; and I didn't care to appear before you again until I had made myself worthy to be called your son.

F. How did you and Ethel ever straighten out matters over that fatal afternoon's ride which we spoke of a while ago.

S. At the annual banquet of the Cincinnatti Golf Club, held last April, I was introduced as superintendent of the Leval Mills to a Miss Ayers, whom I immediately recognized as the one who had figured in my first love affair.

F. I thought that she would never have spoken to you again.

S. She now met me as a man and not as a ruffian, and from then on things went lovely.

F. Well, I am glad you were able to bring her back.

S. Not half so much as I, Dad.

(Some one calls Henry from the outside.)

F. There! Your mother is calling us now. (Exit F. and S.)

A. D. I knowed all de time dat Marse Ben would git dat gal; but old Boss, he kep' lamentin' 'bout losin' his son. And now Marse Ben is back with a beautiful Missus on one arm and a barrel of money under de other—what more could white folks want?

(Curtain falls)

J. A. H., '20
Columbian

G. B. P., '20.
Palmetto.

A PLACE IN THE SUN.

It is with deep thought and great interest that a man of today pauses for a moment to look back over the history of past ages. Let us briefly review the great drama of the past, remembering that out of the old civilization is created the new. In the beginning man was given the rightful desire of pressing forward into a new and broader field, and of passing on to his kindred the God-given qualities of love and brotherhood. This relation between man and brother existed for just a short time, when the shadowed spirit of hatred burst forth and the first drop of human blood was spilt. Here we see the relation of individuals—and it is not strange that as tribes, provinces, and nations were being formed, this same spirit of supremacy was the dominating hope and dream of each people. Numerous small countries were created in the Ancient East, and as we behold them in our mental picture, to us they seem but flowers that grow up in the spring and perish with the autumn.

Small countries sprang up around a center of learning and culture, flourished for a day, began to realize their ambitions, and were suddenly swept away from the face of the earth by a mightier power. It seemed not to be a question of right or wrong. Each nation held firmly in the heart of her people a destructive jealousy and a determination to gain by means of conquest the possessions and rights of others. By the power of force, represented by military strength, the weak peoples, struggling for existence, were thus brought to subjection.

As the acts of history pass by, we see that the nations of the East rose to a height of political and intellectual greatness, only to fall and crumble in the dust at the feet of their conqueror. The centers of learning and art were thus transferred from one city to another, not by

virtue of intellectual and religious principles, but by the fortunes of war. We see Athens at the height of her glory, followed in succession by Sparta and Thebes. Then, influenced by an ambition for worldly gain and supremacy, Alexander the Great dreamed of world dominion, and, while realizing his dreams, prayed for more worlds to conquer. Political power with all its influences was shifted to the mighty Rome, and here the enmity of the human being was still to be found. Thus the years sped quickly by; and, as the screen falls, concealing from view the mighty past, a new act is suddenly presented. Tho the records of early nations are buried in the pages of history, we see clearly that the spark of ambition, hatred, and oppression was likewise planted in the heart of Germany—the land of crushed vanity.

Thus the desire for worldly gain and dominance began to creep into the national life of Germany while she was yet in her infancy. The minds of her children were brought beneath her care, and each became a factor in the development of her ideals. Towns grew to be cities, schools to be universities, and lords to be emperors. The population, under the guidance of those principles of injustice and might, began to increase and to verge into the realms of other countries. After a brief time had elapsed, this element was to be discovered in any of the neighboring lands. The places of importance were entrapped by that iron arm of force, and as the weaker peoples beheld the ever-increasing peril, barely could they think of further existence. The strategy of Germany was revealed, not only in her own territory, but even in peaceful lands false friendship rose to the surface. To other nations she seemed a great example to be imitated. In no other land did literature, art, and science flourish as in Germany. A center of learning was being formed, and students from various countries sought the ideas of this enlightened race with the purpose of securing the

best. But the real character of Germany was well concealed, and only a short time ago were her true motives and hopes laid bare. In the schools we see her children taught that culture which lasts only for a life-time. In universities and in all literature are the elements upon which her civilization was founded.

A day then came when her dreams must be carried out, and she plunged the world into a sea of blood. Toward the west lovely France stretched forth her fields to the glowing sun. The lands of Italy, Russia, England, and Belgium seemed a real garden in which to display the passion of greed. Then across the waters Germany gazed with secret jealousy upon the beautiful America. Her dreams must come to pass. By virtue of the words of tradition—"blood and iron"—the eyes of the world must be opened to the mysteries of that culture. The nation, chosen of God, must bring under her protection the peoples of the world. She dreamed of German supremacy, and a realization of that dream must come to pass—indeed, she must have "a place in the sun."

On the high seas the lives of men were placed in peril, and those words, "Might makes right," became her key to every undertaking. Vessels of neutral nations were the prize of war. More terrible grew the tortures when vessels carrying women and children became hopeless victims of the iron grasp, and the cries of the helpless were hushed by the waters of the sea that closed over their heads. We see the gates of her military power thrown wide open, and into the realms of peace rushed the flames of destruction Little Belgium, standing before the mass to safeguard her principles, gave her sons in the desperate defense, then toppled and fell—not forever, but for only a day. Across the fields of France swept the German glory, and for weary months the sons of England and France kept securely in their hearts the sacred traditions of home and peace. As the months

crept slowly by, the over-hanging cloud of fate hovered closer to the allied brave. But from across the sea the great and tender voice of Liberty came with the assurance of victory. With a sense of their mission, her sons stepped upon the soil of France; and as their leader knelt before the sacred tomb and said, "Lafayette, we are here," the hearts of France and America became one. The duel between civilization and barbarism must be finished, and thus the blood of America, as well as that of others, washed the battlefields with crimson; and into the sea of fate drifted the power of Germany. Thus the dreams of what she termed greatness were crushed at the feet of Liberty.

From the doorway of Europe let us depart and view another land, for after thinking of Germany can we better appreciate our America. How thrilling it is to think of her birth, the principles upon which her foundation was laid, and the ideals that she holds sacred! Her beautiful hills and valleys stretch from ocean to ocean as a home for the rich and poor alike. Under her sky dwells the virtue of pure home life, and in her churches burn the altars of a Christian people. Never has she gazed upon another nation with envy; but in her people has been created a respect for others that will be a protection to the small nations of the world. Only for the safeguard of liberty will her army and navy be brought forth for battle. The stories of the sons of America are the stories of heroes, and wherever her fallen lie, there also stands an everlasting monument to some just cause.

When the cloud of war was bursting, America was on the field to contribute her portion of the sacrifice; and now, as the mighty roar is being stilled, we see the great leader of nations guiding the destinies of men toward an earthly peace. As he weaves the countries of the world into a mighty league, we see the strong arms of war locked together by the chain of friendship that will link

all peoples together; and the shadows of war will be brightened by the light of peace. Thus as America sees the great regions of opportunity before her ,she too, dreams of "a place in the sun." But how different is the meaning of her dream from that of Germany! The home, the school, and the university fill the mind of the youth with the broadest science, purest literature, and truest ambition. Here we behold a different ambition—not a power to subdue nations and be a leader of armies—but to lift high each principle of right that the structure of civilization may be made stronger each day. The ambition of America even reaches to the shores of foreign lands, and in those fields the qualities of brotherhood have shown to heathen nations that there is a Light to follow.

Thus for generations America will travel on her sacred mission; the standards of valor will grow more perfe- in worth as she dreams of a national perfection. Then the heart of man may become weary of the battles of life, and the thoughts may reflect with contentment over the glories of the past. But her aims and labors must be centered upon the needs of mankind today. The entire world is crying out to some power for a guiding light that will give each nation the freedom and enjoyment of liberty. Shall the civilization of America be that light? Restless people are beginning to realize that life is not a battle between nations—not a life of selfishness for the individual. Nations are beginning to feel an' understand the power of love and brotherhood—two elements of man's creation that have been secluded throughout past ages. And shall people who are in darkness be given the peace for which they yearn—the enjoyment of friendship and a view into the future life—the great eternity? The ideals of America must furnish the truth for which others are seeking. Her flag will ever float in the breeze, and the real meaning of this emblem will

be given to the world by her people. Thus the most valuable heritage that one generation can pass to another is a standard of true life and service. Then the individual will some day learn that the comfort for which he longs cannot be secured from worldly pleasures, nor yet from the real promises of nature. Man will realize that the mysteries of life cannot be solved by Nature's voice, for there is a Voice more perfect than that of Nature by which man's destiny is guided.

Upon the pathway of the new dawn will fall the shadows of the past, but the darkness will fade and disappear as the American ideal rises before us. That ideal must illumine our way; and in each soul must be created the desire "To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield." The past is now but a vision, but the future is a world of opportunity. The standard of life has grown purer and nobler, and thus the dreams of yesterday cannot be the American ideal of today. The new dawn is now approaching, and what does the transition mean to us?

"Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

"Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

"Ring out false pride in place of blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

"Ring in the valient man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be."

F. U. W., '20.

(This is the oration given by Mr. Wolfe, Clemson's representative at the South Carolina Intercollegiate contest, 1919. We predict that Wolfe in 1920 will do exactly what "Cotton" did in the spring of 1918.—S. C. J.)

THE UNSUNG HERO.

Since war's great horror in the realms of man,
We sing and chant of man, the hero king,
And often do we let our memory bright
Forget the woman, and fancy takes its wing.
The shells were shrieking over Flander's Field,
And lives were ebbing with the evening tide;
And ambulances wheeling their wounded freight
Were crowding where the reigns of death reside.

She sat amid the throes of ghastly sights
And looked at the wrecks of once fond hopes and lives.
She calmed the fever of the heated brows,
And staunched the life blood that they might survive.
The roses on her cheeks were slightly pale,
And softness took the place of tired strain,
For were these not her brothers from her fair land
That came across the sea that peace should reign.

Then suddenly the earth was shaken as if God's wrath
Had loosed the material realm of life on high;
And then the cries of wounded filled the air,
And rack and ruin followed the Hun's wild cry.
The Hun's wild lust was sated and destruction came,
And murdered, wounded, choked the small domain;
Louise stayed with her wounded to the last
And carried her charges to the hospital loft,
Where fevers were soothed with words of comfort soft

The fires from the nearby buildings made a scene
That would cover the ravings of a maudlin queen;
And Louise stayed and watched and prayed for help,
That God would send relief ————

Then suddenly following the stream of shrapnel's scream
A familiar cry made her stand still in a dream;
It was the Americans charging the hated Hun,
And a veritable hell of lead made the Germans run.

A terrible fight ensued and American's fought
With all the courage that could not come to naught.
Louise stood transfixed as she watched a soldier lone,
Combating with three Boches and hacking bone to bone.
She forgot all fear and crept to the terrible raid
She searched in the ruins and found a hand grenade.
The Boches spied her wandering and uttered a dreadful curse,
And shouted with glee at the woman who seemed a harmless nurse.

The one soldier struggled against his foes,
And was knocked down in the strife,
And they grinned and laughed and waited,
Then they prepared for the rush at his life.
When suddenly a terrific explosion boomed
And three hated Dutchmen went down to their doom;
Louise stooped and lifted the wounded man's head.
And started—"My God, Frank, I heard you were dead."

He gazed up into her care-worn face
And she kissed the wounded man with a heart full of grace;
"I left you, my dear ,when we quarreled that night.
And wrapped up my sorrows in the fight for the right."
The sunset is glowing o'er the sad remains of strife,
And a silent scene has settled with the ebb of outgoing life,
The hearts of two are peaceful for the horror of war is dim,
And memories of reunited life makes the past grow faint and glim.

A. C. C., '19
Carolina.

YOUTHFUL LOVE GROWS.

As the sun peeped over the eastern horizon, Billy awoke and hastily dressed. This was the first day of school of the session of 1915-'16, and Billy was anxious to be the first one to get to the schoolhouse that he might get the best desk in the schoolroom—the one that had the greatest number of initials cut into it. The young scholar was deeply interested in the desk; for the one who sat in it always had the prettiest girl in school for his sweetheart.

Having accomplished his purpose, Billy Smith read the verses of poetry that had been written on the blackboard at the end of the previous session, and then walked out into the yard to see if any more scholars were coming to the schoolhouse. He saw his pal, Johnnie Lawson, coming up the hill as fast as his legs could carry him. While he was greeting Johnnie, an elderly man drove into the school-yard and helped his daughter out of the buggy. The hearty greetings were suddenly stopped when Billy felt his heart lodge in his throat and his pulse beat more rapidly.

He whispered to Johnnie, "Who is the new girl?"

"I don't know," answered Johnnie, "but you bet that I am going to find out. Gee, isn't she a peach?"

After telling the principal of the school of the number of grades that his daughter had completed, the father promised that he would drive by for her when school was dismissed.

The newly arrived scholars were staring at the pretty girl from every side, and numerous comments could be heard. Billy's voice could be heard above the rest. He was telling of his success in getting the best desk, and how he had beat "Old Johnnie" to the schoolhouse that morning. It was his desire to attract the new girl's attention,

but whenever she would glance at him, he would look in another direction and move uneasily on his feet. There was something in the girl's eyes that was bewitching, and Billy was exceedingly conscious of it.

The tenth grade was an important one this session; for Billy Smith and Johnnie Lawson were both members, and they were the two brightest boys in school. When the teacher called for the tenth grade, Billy almost pinched the blood from Johnnie as the new scholar arose from her seat. It happened that she sat down beside Billy; he blushed, his mind went blank, his mouth flew open, and he pushed both of his hands as deep into his pockets as he could get them. The teacher asked a question, but the bashful boy did not hear him. Johnnie started it, and the smothered giggle was begun by all in the classroom; every one was glancing at the half-conscious Billy and the embarrassed girl. A bad beginning makes a good ending was all the consolation he could acquire from the present situation.

The teacher had called the girl, Evelyn Graham. Billy thought this the most beautiful name that he had ever heard, and there were thousands of questions in his mind to ask about that name; but somehow he just couldn't put his thoughts into words. He thought that he would talk to her that afternoon after school; but he could not even say a word of praise, for the ever increasing volume of Johnnie's compliments. When the father came by for Evelyn, Billy had planned to make some favorable comment about the horse; however, one look from the father made poor Billy forget every word that he had planned to say. He was feeling miserable, yet he had noticed that Evelyn glanced back at him as she rode away.

For some reason, Johnnie seemed to be more of a lady's man than Billy, as he could always think of something to say and Evelyn would always laugh at his

"cute" expressions. Although he tried to do his best, Billy made a blunder whenever he tried to use a pretty phrase. "Determination" was his motto and he would think late into the night how he might get ahead of Johnnie. Probably she would appreciate a bunch of flowers; with this thought in mind, Billy searched the flower-yard and found one little rose that seemed to be blooming as a remembrance of the passing summer. He plucked the rose and took it to Evelyn. She gladly received it and exclaimed, "Oh, thank you, Billy! This rose is just like you." (Billy's eyes brightened and he felt important.) "It looks like the last rose of summer." The gracious Billy was astounded. He wondered why God made such cruel creatures as girls, especially one girl. The heart-broken lover resolved that he would never say anything more to Evelyn as long as he lived, no, never!

Days passed by. Billy's indifference grew less and less, while Evelyn's indifference seemed to increase. The boy was letting the girl beat him at his own game; he was exasperated; he did not know what to do. One day when she was eating her lunch, Billy decided to pass by her and look just as mean as he possibly could. He walked hastily by her looking all the while at some spot on the distant horizon.

Evelyn called him, "Billy, wont you come and eat some of my fudge?"

"No, I don't like fudge," was Billy's answer.

"Oh, Billy, please do come and have some fudge with me. I was thinking of you when I made it."

This plea was a little more than his indifference could overcome. He went to where Evelyn was sitting and ate two pieces of fudge; however, he could not say a word but, "This is sure good candy." He soon excused himself, for a lack of something to say, yet that old time

love had flared up again. When more fudge was brought to school, she gave Johnnie the biggest pieces, or at least Billy thought so, and this act on her part inspired him to write his first poetry. After much hard thinking Billy wrote these lines:

You are like a butterfly
  Flitting here and there,
But of your love for Johnnie
  I am fully aware.

and handed the note to the too popular girl. Even after the poetry was written, Johnnie seemed to share the majority of Evelyn's favors; though Billy received enough encouragement to keep the love-spark burning.

A torrential rain was falling when Evelyn drove into the school yard; Johnnie saw her, but hesitated to go out into the rain to hitch her horse. Billy was the man of the minute; he helped Evelyn into the house and then hitched her horse out of the rain. Though he was drenching wet, he came into the schoolhouse smiling. In Evelyn's mind he was a hero, and she did not fail to express her thoughts in one of the sweetest notes that she had ever written. The boy's love was unbounded as he saw "Old Johnnie" dropping to second place in the girl's affection. The ardent lover made many flights to the seventh heaven and built air-castles innumerable.

Billy was sure that he and Evelyn were just as much in love as any of the other "grown-ups" in the town, and he could not see why he should not call to see her. He, with the aid of his elder brother, composed a letter asking for a date on the following Sunday night. The answer to that letter was anxiously awaited; Billy wanted to go to see the girl, yet he did not want to go, as to just what he would talk about was not clearly in his

mind. Hastily opening the answer to his letter, he read, "Delighted to have you call." The boy thought of a thousand things that he must do before Sunday night: he must get a skull cap to train his pompadour, he must have his suit pressed, and he must buy a new pair of shoes. The fulfilling of the date was going to be a great adventure, and he was going to keep it a secret.

The memorable Sunday evening came at last. It took Billy about three hours to dress, but when he did come down stairs, he looked like a picture on the wall. My, wouldn't Evelyn think him handsome. He walked hurriedly to Evelyn's home, almost tip-toed up the steps and rang the door bell. Evelyn greeted him most cordially and soon made the somewhat bashful boy feel perfectly at home. So many things came to the boy's mind to talk about that he was rather displeased when the old hall clock struck that doleful eleven.

Billy arose from his chair and said, "Well, I spec I had better be going, cause mother told me not to stay later than eleven o'clock."

Evelyn teasingly asked him, "Billy wouldn't you like to have a Yankee Dime?"

"No," answered Billy, "cause I heard father say this morning that we must conserve everything during these war times, and you can just give it to the Red Cross."

It was difficult for Evelyn to keep from laughing before Billy left the house. The serious boy did not know who told the incident of the Yankee Dime, but for months afterwards, every one in the town was teasing him about war-time Yankee Dimes. Another date was asked for after the teasing had subsided somewhat. The date was granted him and he felt confident that their affairs were progressing nicely. Of course Evelyn told him of her devotion, but Billy was not satisfied with verbal assurance only. Evelyn wore a beautiful ring with a Tiffany setting of topaz. If she would only let him

wear her ring, he would then know that they were really in love. He was bold enough to ask her to let him wear it, and with a wish, she tenderly placed it on his finger. The people of the town would be sure to tease him about the ring, and naturally Billy did not like to stay in their company. The ring was receiving the best of care, when one night the wearer failed to remove it from his finger before retiring. Some time during the day, he noticed that the beautiful setting was gone, it had been torn from its place by getting caught in the blankets. What would Evelyn say if she knew that the setting had been lost? Billy wished that he had never asked her for the ring; for everything seemed to be interfering with their love affair. The setting was replaced, but the loss of the original one always remained a secret.

The school session was drawing to a close. Billy had put more interest in his school work this session than during the previous one. The two young people completed their grade with honors, and both decided to attend college the next fall. Billy passed the entrance examination and entered ———— College while Evelyn entered ———— College.

They could hardly wait till Christmas time; but when the holidays did roll around, there were two happy students in an important little town. Now Billy does not ask that the Yankee Dimes be given to the Red Cross, he appropriates all of them himself. College days are long and wearisome, but there is always that consoling thought of the holidays and vacation time.

Thinking of the future, Billy sees a cozy little bungalow nestled among green fields and flower gardens. He asks himself the question, "How long will the time be?"

Sweet are the days of youth
When innocent love
Reveals the whole and simple truth
Of the laws above.

Growing steadily day by day,
It assumes a proportion,
Which fills the paths along our way
With mutual devotion.

M. C. J., '20.
Columbian.

FAREWELL.

Had you realized the fact that that long-looked-for day when we shall receive that priceless reward for our four long years of toil is almost here? When we look back over the time, it seems a very short while ago when we came back here with the ultimate determination of making good; but many of our comrades have fallen by the wayside, or have gone out from here for various reasons; consequently the famous Class of '19 is considerably less than half in number than its total enrollment in the fall of 1915. But it is remarkable that we have many of our classmates back with us this year when we consider the large number of them that were serving under the "Stars and Stripes" at the beginning of the session. We are proud of our class largely because more men of the Class of '19 have worn the uniform and insignia of the United States than any other during the history of the College; therefore, it is truly the "War Class;" and it is the only one to have a satisfactory honor system, which we hope will not die out.

I am fully convinced of the numerous benefits that are derived from an honor system; but to make it entirely satisfactory it is very essential to have the most earnest cooperation of the faculty as well as the students concerned. Besides eliminating the moral wrong in cheating, an honor system puts all the students on an equal basis; for the majority of students are opposed to cheating, but they feel that they must do it to make a comparative grade—because the others are doing it. It induces the student to study, for then that is the only way to make a satisfactory standing in his class; without an honor system it is possible by persistent, shameful, and systematic "Skinning" to get a diploma from this College with but very little real work. Then isn't it dis-

loyalty to your Alma Mater to go out into the world as a fair specimen? The person that cheats may make higher marks than a student that really has more intellectual ability; and as a result the dishonest student is more highly recommended for an important position. He accepts the position, but fails; is this not reflecting an undue shadow on your college? The success that you will have in after life largely depends on the real success you have in college, and the impression you leave on your fellow students. They may not think much about it now, but would they be willing to trust you in a large business of theirs when they get out into the business world? I am sure every member of the Class of '19 would be delighted to see every class put in a real good-working honor system; and it would be a source of endless pleasure in after years to look back at the good work that they started.

It is almost time to say farewell to our beloved comrades that we have been laboring with these four years. And as we come to the end of the way, what can each one of us say of the good we have done for ourselves, for our college, and for our comrades? Can you say that you have bettered yourself by coming here? Can you say that you have made the college better by your being here? Can you say that you have made a friend of every one you met? If you have done all this, you have made a brilliant success in college life; and your success here is only the prelude to the great success you will make in later life.

It breaks our hearts as we say farewell to each of our friends and comrades; and let each one of us

"So live, that when thy summons come to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take

His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

W. M. D., '19.
Calhoun.

CYRUS ANONYMOUS.

(1898-?)

A COMEDY OF SPRING.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Err Ell, president of the institution.
Fac Meeley, commandant of cadets.
Poe Turr, first assistant.
Agg Knu, second assistant.
Owe Burg, captain of contraband.
Brim Slodie, Sheba Kennersee, staff officers.
Other members of the staff.
Various cadets.

ACT I.

Scene I.

(A hall in barracks: discussion by three cadets.)

First cadet: "Methinks the time of the clipping hath arrived once again."

Second cadet: "Yea, it seemeth to be inevitable. Woe is me that I doth be a 'rat.' "

Third cadet: "Verily, verily, thou hast spoken the truth. Come thou unto my abode, and I will 'tend to thee."

(Exit catets.)

Scene II.

(Office of the commandant: entire staff assembled. Enter Fac Meeley, with clouded countenance.)

Fac Meeley: "By my beard! The inmates of yon barracks doth raise my rancor up."

Brim Slodie: "How now, sir?"

Meeley: "I fain wouldst have this nonsense ended. Look ye unto it."

Sheba Kennersee: "Sir, to what hast thou reference?"

Meeley: "To the undue degradation suffered by the honorable freshmen of this institution. The clipping of the hair is expressly forbidden in the *Cadet Regulations,* and, despite this fact, I have observed a number of such heads being carried about the college campus.

Owe Berg: "Captain, if I recollect correctly, the same occurrence took place last year. I would offer an opinion that such an appearance is but the beginning of the new spring styles."

Fac Meeley: "Pooh! Foolishness, foolishness. This is direct disobedience to instructions specifically laid down in the regulations. I will have it stopped immediately, *immediately!* See that ye do all make it your business to lurk within the shadowy places and observe all that takes place within sight or hearing. Go ye to your stations, remembering, always, that I be master here, and that *my* word is law."

Poe Turr: "Your orders will be obeyed, sir."

Agg Knu: "To the letter, sir; for I doth enjoy, indeed, the privilege I doth hold of applying them."

Scene III.

(Room in barracks: a number of cadets busily occupied therein.

New Boy: "Why cuttest thou my hair?"

Old Boy: "The custom of this time-worn institution must be perpetuated; and thou art no privileged character."

New Boy: "Proceed. What must be, must." (Knock.)

Cadet: "Who the 'ell is that?"

Voice: "Open, in the name of the commandant."

Door is unlocked—Poe Turr enters.

Poe Turr: "What meaneth all of this? Know ye not that the punishment for such a crime is shipping? Report ye all under arrest."

(Depart cadets, for guard-room; Poe Turr for Commandant's Office.

Scene IV.

Hall in barracks: cadet, with regulations in hand, accosted by Agg Knu.

Agg Knu: "What learnest thou from the book which thou carriest in thy hand?"

Cadet: "I doth learn that to shave the head is unlawful; but I fail to find that to clip the head is such, tho such seems not to be realized—considering the manner in which the authorities doth seek us out for punishment."

Agg Knu: "Why, the words 'shaved' and 'clipped' can be taken to mean the same thing, just as the words 'maniac' and 'fool' are synonymous."

Cadet: "Yes, but from the appearance of what I can see now, *all* fools are not maniacs."

(Exit Agg Knu, in haste.)

ACT II.

Scene I.

(College mess hall: cadets assembled for dinned: adjutant reading:)

"General Order No. 8999: The attention of the cadets is called to par. 313, Regulations for the government of Cadets. The word 'shaved' is to be hereafter taken to mean 'clipped,' as well. Any cadet found clipping the hair from the head will be punished accordingly."

First cadet: "Behold! A new Webster. Are we to obey the written words, or doth we follow their *intended* meaning?"

Second cadet: "It doth seem to be the latter."

First cadet: "Let not that worry thee. These tufts, which now we see about us, shall all be doffed ere morn.

Second cadet: "List thou; I doth have a plan which pleaseth me mightily."

First cadet: "Unfold thou it unto me."

Second cadet: "This it doth be: while yet the shadowy folds of night doth lie upon the land, stealthily will I creep within the chapel walls, carrying upon my back a bag of that fine lichen which so profusely grew upon the domes of knowledge. Unto the seat of power will I haste me. Then, with lavish hands, will I hide its roomy depths in hair."

First cadet: "Well thought, thou good and faithful cadet."

Scene II.

(President's Office: president and commandant seated therein.)

Fac Meeley: "I see my influence fast waning. The Bosbeveeki doth steadily gain in power. Something must needs be done, or else my dominion over them will not be worth one iota."

Err Ell: "How cometh this about?"

Fac Meeley: "My orders are as chaff to the wind. The cadets have found an opening in that clause of the regulations which doth refer to the cutting of the hair; and they follow the clause, just within the bounds of the law. All orders will avail us nothing until the wording of the statement be changed."

Err Ell: "I doth comprehend the situation fully, and I will make a change in the wording by this time, two days hence. The sanction of the trustees need not be obtained."

Fac Meeley: "Be it so. Meanwhile, I doth intend to vacate this place, in order that I may take a needed rest. Things will, of a certainty, have blown over ere I return." (Exeunt.)

Scene III.

(Within the chapel, "two hays rence:" Student body assembled, as per orders) Fac Meeley (gazing at hair promiscousuy bestrewn in and around his chair): "This

wanton act doth cap the climax."

Err Ell: "I echo thy words, most forcefully." (Turning toward student body: "Be it known unto ye that from henceforth, and forever, the removing of the hair, in any manner other than that which dost result in a strictly military cut, will be considered as a violation of par. 313, Regulations for the Government of Cadets, and, also, mark ye well that the cutting, clipping, shearing, shaving, or, in anywise removing of the hair of a freshman, *with* or without his perimssion, will be taken as an offense punishable by dismissal from college." (Q. E. D.)

Fac Meeley: "Captains dismiss your companies."

Aside to Err Ell: "'Twas not so bad as I hadst anticipated. I should needst o'erlook such petty follies, for 'a little pleasure, now and then, is relished by the greatest men.' "

First cadet (aside): "Trouble not thyself, sir, for 'to err is human.' "

Second cadet (aside): "And forget not that, in a great democracy, the majority doth rule."

FINIS.

Note: (With all good will and intent to those concerned.)

E. L. M.
Wade Hampton.

OUR TASK AWAITS: SHALL WE PREPARE?

For many years the world had a bright future. High were the hopes of those who desired to make all men friends. But a dark cloud has ever hung over their horizon, and at last it has descended, bringing with it a tremendous darkness. Far blacker is this darkness than any the world has ever experienced. Before this, the night has only endangered nations, but now something far more valuable than nations is at state, the equality of men. This awful darkness can not last much longer, for dawn can not be far off, and it brings powerful light. This is only the black night before dawn.

At last, men have realized that they deserve equality; therefore, class lines must be erased. They have not much longer to wait. It is only a short time before this dark and terrible night will be driven from the world by a wonderful and glorious light, Democracy. The rays will come from one common center. They will flow from that structure which makes every true American's heart swell with pride—the monument of liberty in New York harbor.

At the breaking of this great day, a tremendous struggle will begin. A struggle greater than that which now goes on in Europe, but it will not be one of bloodshed. It will be a commercial struggle. Each nation is going to strive to place herself in the highest commercial seat.

As time passes, through commercial disappointments, old national wounds are going to become irritated. Then nations are again going to make excessive military preparations. Soon they will feel their great strength and become restless. Then the world will be dashed into another war, a costlier and bloodier war than that which now darkens the world—but this must not be. *Too* much blood is now being poured upon Europe's fields to prevent such horrors again.

Humanity has spilt enough blood because of aristo-

cratic jealousies. As a relief, humanity cries: "Down with autocracy; raise high the banners of Democracy." Liberty commands nations to disarm and accept international law. Humanity demands just and supreme laws for the settlement of national disputes. It asks for a court which nations must recognize and obey. It is that she might obtain this that she has let the world be cast into this dreadful darkness.

Humanity is going to fight this war to a glorious end; an end in which all will be benefitted; an end in which the German People, though their government is destroyed, will receive the greatest reward; an end for which they will ever thank their enemies, who are, in reality, their deliverers.

The United States, Humanity's greatest companion, is going to continue this war until a correct peace is obtainable. That peace must be a universal peace, which will stand the wear and tear of ages. This will bring an era of good feeling.

We look back over our national history and speak of our own eras of good feeling. This great era that is about to dawn will not be confined to the boundaries of the United States but will spread to the limits of the world. When difficulties arise, learned men will peacefully settle them through the international court.

The great royal jealousies that have always existed, and that caused the present great crisis, will have been destroyed. It is true there will be many causes by which old jealousy-infected wounds may be disturbed, but friendly rivalry will neutralize them. When a nation surpasses another nation, it will mean that the surpassed nation will strive the harder to place herself again abreast and ahead of the advanced nation.

In this great struggle trained men are going to be necessary. They are essential to a nation's prosperity. Educational doors are going to be thrown open, and the

masses educated. Alms houses are going to close their doors; criminal courts, the dockets. All men will be recognized equal and independent, but united into a great brotherhood for mutual benefit. There will be misery from neither want nor wealth. Why such wonderful achievements? Because neither monstrous poverty nor monstrous opulence will exist.

At last, when men will have dwelt a few years in universal peace, and look back over the miseries they have suffered they are going to realize their greatest needs. They are going to see the benefits derived by each of the states by being a member of this great Union here in America. They will ask: "Why cannot the nations of the world be united into a similar union?" They are not going to be able to see a reason why not are going to demand it, and are going to have it.

It is for this that humanity struggles so desperately upon European battle grounds. But the greatest task will not confront her until the guns are laid down, and the swords sheathed. It is then that the world must be remoulded; but there will be no surplus help to aid humanity in this great reconstruction, which is near at hand. She will have many enemies. Many obstacles will obstruct her path. But she is going to overcome them. Why? Because that Great Ruler of the Universe has grown weary of the present relations men show one another. He has said: "Classes must be destroyed. Men must be equal." Oh, how proud you feel when you picture this great and glorious future. How you long for the darkness to break. But do you realize that you are then going to be called upon to perform a great task? Humanity has a tremendous task and asks your aid. A mother's love demands your aid. A sister endeavors to lead you to the aid. Your brother cries out to you from the trenches, "Brother do not shirk humanity's cause. A sweet and gentle maiden who will some day share

your joys and sorrows is ever asking: "Will you fail?"

Duty, that sublimest of words, says that you must not fail. Duty to your mother, duty to your sister and brother, duty to your sweetheart, and duty to your God demand that you succeed.

Humanity is going to be successful whether your help is obtained or not. But you are the one who has been chosen. Did you ever think why America is not the scene of this wholesale bloodshed? Did you ever ask the question, "Why am I not in the trenches?" Your brother is there; why are you not there? It is not because you are not patriotic; neither is it because you are a coward. It is because the Great Director of Destinies has a greater task awaiting you. It is for this that you have been spared. You have only a few days until you must begin your part. These are given you that you might prepare yourself—and you must prepare now. When you take up your part, it will then be too late. Then you must succeed or fail, and failure is inevitable unless you are prepared.

This is not merely a training in good letters and manners, but is a true scientific and practical education. It is a training by which young men must perform old men's tasks. It is the great intellectual development for which the world has ever searched. It is a training in three essential elements.

With either of these lacking, failure is bound to be our reward. They are physical training, mental training, and moral training. That neither is complete initself, nor that no two alone are complete, is seen by looking over the records of the world. If we study prehistoric man, we find our ideals of a physically developed man; however he was but little higher than the beast with which he combated. We look to Germany and there we see a wonderfully trained people, a people supposed to be the greatest scientific people upon the earth. But

there is something lacking; therefore they are doomed to defeat. That something is moral development.

We have only to read the history of our Puritan fathers to learn that moral training alone is not sufficient. We can not help but smile at some of their follies, even though it makes us sad. Thus these three elements are necessary to us, or we fail.

Young men, this is the training we must give ourselves. We must not fail. We have only a few hours left in which to acquire it. We must lose no time. Minutes today mean hours tomorrow. Humanity is going to gain her end. Your reward is going to be according to your part, and in proportion as to your success or your failure.

Our brothers in the trenches are not going to win the victory, but are going to clear humanity's path of the greatest barrier, so that we might win the victory. Since they give their lives that we might adjust humanity's cause; are we going to fail?

Know you our single duty upon this earth; which is to serve God. Therefore let us render true service to our country, for true service to our country is true service to our God. However difficult our task may seem let us perform it with all our might and all our soul. Then we—whatever our lot might have been—can calmly await our summons to join

"The innumerable caravan that moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
We go, not like a quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach our grave
Like one wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

H. S., '20.

THE CALL OF SPRING.

The golden shafts of charming sunshine;
The sparkling dewdrops on the lawn;
The twittering of robins in the tree-tops;
All speak of spring here—winter gone.

We can but think of winter's death—
Of the dawning life of the new-born king;
For even the smallest of all the birds,
Give joyous herald of the coming spring.

Even the mention of the very word
Conveys thoughts of sunshine, joy, and love;
We dream of illumitable skies of blue,
That span the boundless space above.

We wake at dawn with cheerful hearts,
And see the sun rise in the east.
We prepare to work with all our might,
So that we may rest that night in peace.

Sparkling dewdrops cover the trees;
Fresh perfume laden breezes stir;
Bees drunken with the nectar sweet,
Now everywhere lazily, buzz and whir.

The day wears on and noon-tide comes,
With it the warmth of the glorious sun.
The hum and drone of lazy life
Unite and sound as all in one.

The atmosphere teems with the joy of life;
The birds are singing in the shade;
They seem to tell the tale so old—
"That breath shall wake, as breath hath made."

The slanting shadows tell us of evening,
And constantly lengthening on the lea;
Bring thoughts of a gradual waning life,
Beautiful, tranquil, calm, and free.

The golden orb sinks down at last,
To sleep in the glowing, yellow west.
We regret to see him leave us so,
But know he's gone to a well-earned rest.

Twilight has come, and evening stars
Are lighting the heavens overhead.
All is still, and rest, and peace;
The songbirds all are now in bed.

A pale, full moon has risen now,
Throwing its beams in thru the window.
The night is almost light as day;
The stars seem very young and tender.

The moonlit paths of shining white
Wind in and out among the trees.
It seems a sin that we tonight,
Must stay in our rooms—*to please.*

The pale, full moon seems to smile;
The night is beautiful and serene.
The smallest stars now wink and twinkle,
And shed their golden, shining beams.

The tiny lamps which hang aloft,
And watch steadfastly thru the night,
Seem lonely, far-away, and sad—
Yet they remain true—and give us light.

There is something in the night,
  That speaks of things which are to be;
The golden day shall soon return
  With all the charm for you and me.

The beautiful springtime goes on and on,
  Over its course of joy and love;
Giving happiness to all the world,
  As was intended by the God above.

C. B. L., '21,
Palmetto.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

Have you heard the story of the Ideal College, whose name and home and date of existence will not be told? The number of students in attendance at this unusual institution at the time it reached the zenith of its career of perfection happens not to be remembered; but this, like the home, name and day, is of minor importance. What attracted the eye of the most unobservant visitor was something of more consequence than the size of the student body. He noticed that each one was an important member of the whole; that the normal functioning of the entire organization would be greatly interfered with should a single member fail to do his duty, which, however, never happened. Each one had a part to do, and he did it.

In this college, all of the various associations, societies, and organizations worked together, without friction, for a common purpose, that of making the place a pleasant one in which to live and work, and at the same time equipping each one with the necessary armour for life's battles. Every man in school was a member of a literary society, and everybody was present at every meeting. Everybody attended every game of football, basketball, baseball, etc., played on the campus; their athletic association was not cramped for lack of funds. Their Y. M. C. A. had a one hundred per cent membership and attendance at all lectures. And their college publications! Why, the editors turned down piles of material weekly—not because it wasn't worth publishing, but because there wasn't room for all of it. This college owed its success to the fact that every individual in the student body had real college spirit; and also that each one found out what he was best fitted for doing, and he did that thing.

Had you ever stopped to think that there are things around your college to be done that are as of as much importance as your studies—not discounting their value one bit? It's easy enough to drift along with the squadron who do nothing out of the ordinary, but it takes a genuine man to lead the fight. If you don't mind, the men who get in the habit of leading in college will continue to do so in later life. So get in the branch of college life you consider yourself best suited for, and strive to lead others!

R. F. K., '20,
Columbian

A PLEASANT DREAM.

The sun was slowly setting, illuminating strangely the fleecy clouds which were floating about in the sky. The gentle stirring of the breeze among the small shrubs and a few scattered cactus trees gave the scene an appearance of life, and in truth was the only sound audible on the great plain. This was a typical spring evening on the plains of southern Arizona. The day had been a scorcher, but the cool refreshing evening had come and was giving new life to all vegetation. Far off toward the south a lofty mountain reared its head into the clouds as if to stand guard over the great plain. The setting sun cast its last long rays thru the rifted clouds and seemed to place a crown of gold on the mountain's head.

Far too soon the golden orb sank from view and I at once dismounted from my mustang and began to pitch camp. I was two hundred miles from Phoenix, and many miles from my uncle's ranch, which I had left that morning. Incidentally, perhaps my knees trembled a little at the idea of spending the night alone on the plain. In a little while I had eaten supper, such as it was, and had gathered enough fuel to keep a good fire thruout the night. The day's ride had been very tiresome, so with dry twigs and grass for my bed, a saddle blanket for my pillow, and the boundless and incomparable western sky for cover, I was soon asleep.

I don't know how long I slept, but I awoke perhaps about twelve o'clock. My bones were aching from lying on the cold ground and I was almost numb. The fire had gone out and the cold night air was almost going thru me. I jumped up and threw on more wood and soon the flame was leaping joyously at its prey. I could hear the coyotes howling and barking, far off toward the foothills of the mountain. My horse, which was picketed

nearby, sent up an anxious whinney to me. I shrugged my shoulders and sat down before the fire. Just back of me was a large rock, which served as a sort of shelter, and behind which I had hitched my mustang. The side of the rock next to me had been worn until it was concave. This rock on one side and the fire on the other, described almost an entire circle with me as the center.

The night was beautiful beyond description. The great expanse of blue was dotted with myriads of shining diamont points, which flickered as about to go out, but still shone on with steadfast faith. I wondered why the nights were more beautiful *there* than *here*. Perhaps it was because everything there was natural; nothing artificial had been erected to mar that which had been made by God's hand alone. I also wondered how beautiful the picture would have been if the moon had only been shining. But I will leave the Western night to be written of by poets, and continue with my story.

Was it only superstition, or was it possible that the cries of the coyotes were really drawing near? I was afraid to consider this, so I threw on more fuel and lay down again. The soothing warmth of the fire soon had its effect. I was, or must have been asleep. The night wore on, drawing nearer and nearer to its death, which the new day was to bring.

Suddenly I awoke and leaped to my feet—I was only a few yards from a half-dozen hungry, whining coyotes. Their wickedly gleaming eyes shone thru the fire as if they intended to come thru. I crouched against the rock and gazed fearfully at the semi-circle of eyes, which seemed to be drawing nearer and nearer. Finally I recovered from the shock and heaped on more dry twigs. The blaze burst out with renewed vigor and the beasts, being somewhat surprised by this act, retreated a few yards. Taking advantage of this opportunity I rushed out and

around the rock to where I had picketed my mustang—he was gone. I realized that it was too late to get back under cover of my "fortress of fire," but where would I go? There was nothing to hide me except the great dark plain, and what would flight avail me? Those yelping beasts would overtake me before I had gone any distnce. It might have been natural instinct, anyhow I began running—running for my life. If I had been thinking, of course I would have known that the small animals would not have harmed me, but under certain circumstances anyone will lose his reasoning power. I ran mile upon mile, never tiring, yet too tired and frightened to stop. My feet moved mechanically; I had neither the power to move my feet nor to keep them from moving. I knew I was pursued, that is all. My legs finally, and of their own will, ceased to move, and I fell. My mustang was grazing nearby. He came and rubbed his soft nose against my face. This waked me from the stupor, and I was barely able to get on his back. The pack of howling beasts was almost upon me. My mount becoming frightened, leaped into the air, and since I was too exhausted to hold on, he went on alone. The half dozen angry coyotes came swiftly running up and—"Gee, this floor is hard! Who 'turned' me, old lady?"

Fortunately it had all been a dream. The last call for reveille was ringing.

C. B. L., '21
Palmetto.

THE POWER OF FORGIVENESS.

How often it is that some trifling harm is done to us, and with no legitimate reason whatsoever, we nurse a grudge against the person, merely, oftentimes through prejudice, when we could so easily *forgive* the wrong doers, and forget the harm done. Forgiveness means literally giving for. That is, for unkindness, give kindness; for hate, give love; for criticism give blessing. Surely, "it is better to give than to receive."

To forgive is to loosen the bonds of limitation; to set free. Hatred, malice, envy, sickness, and sin are all contracting and binding conceptions of the mentality, resulting from a lack of understanding. As forgiveness sets free three conditions of mentality, and thus the outer expression, it becomes the elixir of life. It brings a feeling of peace and rest and freedom which is deeper than any physical sense, and thus language is unable to describe it; it is that "peace which passeth all understanding."

But where shall you begin? With yourself. You have criticised your body and found fault with it; and every little ache or pain you have claimed as your own, by saying that you were sick; you have been sensitive to the opinions of others, and have really all of the time been waiting for something to be said that would hurt your feelings; you have not thought in harmony with the divine law, the law which if used aright brings you the fullness of all good. You have practically become a bundle of self condemnation.

The power of forgiveness is within yourself. Forget your little personality, and try to see yourself as others see you.

If you have committed a wrong that you wish to be forgiven for, *it is not necessary for you to proclaim your shortcomings to other people.* But if you honestly re-

pent, turn about, change your thought, and the same result is obtained within yourself, and you have not made anyone unhappy by the recital of your misdeeds. When you have done this, you are free indeed, for you have been your own jailor. In speaking from personal experience, and the experiences of others, let me say this; that which is past is gone forever; however much you may lament some error, some grievous mistake, you can never change it; but you can wipe out the remembrance of it, and you can redeem the condition in which it has placed you. You now see a new light; a better way. Then take this better way and begin life anew, and let the "dead past bury its dead." The only way to redeem the past is by the right use of the present.

When your consciousness sees that your shortsightedness has placed you, and you are ready to profit by your experiences of the past, then by the very acceptance of that lesson you are forgiven. Your own consciousness wipes out the past.

Happy are you, if you forgive your own transgressions, for God has said, "thy sins and thy iniquities will I remember no more." When you truly forgive, you let the error drop out of your thought, so that you no longer remember it, for as long as you recall it to mind, you are subject to it.

When you have learned the lesson of how to forgive *yourself,* then extend your forgiveness to others. But if you truly forgive yourself by putting into expression something better and higher, you won't find anything in others to forgive.

W. S. M., '22.

SOUTH CAROLINA AND EDUCATION.

The great war has been fought and won: the boys are rapidly returning to the States and to loved ones: everything is gradually adapting itself to a normal state of progression—but are we contented with these facts to the degree that we have no other cares? It is just and right that we should be happy over the outcome of the war, but aside from this, we have a state of affairs facing us which should cause us to turn at once with a firm determination to blot it out, *and which condition, if allowed to continue, may be our ruin.*

How many people in South Carolina realize where our state stands in the way of education? From the interest shown in educational work, in taxes for educational institutions, and in other similar activities throughout the state, it is evident that the majority of the people are not as well informed on the subject as they might be. It is shameful, as well as an appalling fact, that our state is next to last in the union in education. The statistics given out by the War Department show that an unbelievable number of people of this state are unable to read and write. Hundreds and hundreds of men, old and young, were forced to ask their officers in the cantonments to write letters for them to their loved ones. Think what a trial and embarrassment it must have been to those men to be forced to ask their officers to do a thing which any ten year old child should be able to do! And what is worse, those men are now at home: they are the men who are to help elect the statesmen who will uphold our rights; and yet these men, when they cast their ballot will not know in reality for whom they are voting. Does the average man in South Carolina realize that such conditions are in existence in our beloved state? If so, he should bend his energy and influence towards bettering those conditions.

Some have been so bold as to say that we should not receive a criticism on our condition without a reply; that our state has furnished great and brilliant men as leaders in the past, and that we still hold a prominent place in governmental activities. It is true that our state furnished in the past some of the most distinguished men of the nation—such as Calhoun, Pinckney, Simms, Timrod, and Hampton—but those men were only great in their day. They would hardly be such leaders and educational men today as they were when they were living; furthermore, they were only a very small percentage of the population, and they had better educational advantages than the average person of that day. Taking everything into consideration, we must consider the fact that we can not expect to progress on the reputations of a few men who *have* made themselves famous. As the political, the economical, and the social elements progressed, so have the educational requirements progressed; consequently, we are demanding modern men to meet the modern requirements of governmental and state institutions.

There is no one who can doubt for a moment our possibilities as a great educational state. In the undeveloped minds of young South Carolinians is a potential power that can not be measured, a depth that can not be fathomed; and the one needed thing for a demonstration of such power is mental cultivation—a cultivation supplying the proper nutrients essential to the making of a great mind as the final product. The future demands of the present age the development and the training of the young minds, for the time is not far distant when educated men and women will be the only persons desired in any walk of life. We owe the future South Carolina a gigantic effort—one which, in the end, will be a success that will blot out all illiteracy in the state. The future men and women must not be permitted to look back upon their childhood days with the thought,

that they were not given every opportunity to acquire an education. South Carolina has a big educational battle to fight, but she will "go over the top," and when the next census is taken she will have risen to heights unknown by her past citizens in educational achievement.

A knowledge of the illiteracy of the people in the state will not alone suffice. There must be an earnest effort upon the part of every man and woman to make education first with every child in the state. South Carolina must be distinguished in the future by the low percentage of illiterate people. Education is obligatory, so it *must* become fashionable with the lowest as well as with the highest, the poor as well as with the wealthy, and the mountaineer as well as with the lowcountryman—an education which will be felt from the hills to the plains and from the mountains to the sea. The word "knowledge" must become attractive to every normal person in the state, and there must be no limit to anyone's acquirements in the task that is to make a new South Carolina.

The college man of today has a big role to play in this educational drama. He is naturally expected to become a leader and instructor in some definite *line* when he has finished school. He can be a great aid both directly and indirectly; if he has the ability to teach, he should make of himself an educational missionary and help blot out ignorance in all its ugliness and misery, or, if he is not so inclined, he should make his accomplishments such that others would see and know the benefits derived from mental training. And when the task is completed, when victory is won, when "Democracy is safe for the world," when there is a common understanding among men, when South Carolina is in her rightful place in the educational field—then there will be peace and love and happiness in our own beloved state.

W. D. M., '20,
Columbian.

The Clemson College Chronicle

FOUNDED BY THE CLASS OF 1898.

Published monthly by the students of Clemson College under the auspices of the Calhoun, Columbian, Palmetto, Carolina, Hayne, and Wade Hampton Literary Societies.

The Chronicle will be published on the fifteenth of each month during the college year. Its purpose is to encourage literary work among the students of the college, and for this reason voluntary contributions from all the sutdents, especially, and from the faculty and alumni are earnestly solicited. All contributions must be accompanied by the writer's name, class numeral, and name of literary society.

The subscription price of the Chronicle is $1.00. Address all communications to the Business Manager.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: S. C. JONES, '19

With this issue the eighteenth volume of the *Chronicle* closes, and the present staff disbands. This will probably be the smallest volume in the history of the publication, but we hope that it will serve as a connecting link in the greater chain. We are frank to say that we have not accomplished what we would like to have done in producing these few numbers. We console ourselves, however, by saying that we feel that we have done our duty in hard work. It has been a pleasure for us to serve the college through the *Chronicle*. We thank the students for the hearty support they have given us in producing the material and in financing the magazine. We are especially indebted to the publishers and to Professor McDaniel, who censures the material, for their

many courtesies and faithful work. We thank the advertisers for their support, and we trust that the boys will be somewhat partial to them when the opportunity comes. The financial condition of the business is left very promising; and next year's financial problems will be more easily solved.

The new staff will soon be elected; and we trust you will give them very strong support in the work. The faculty members of the English department can do a great deal towards making the publications better; and we would especially appeal to them to cooperate with next year's staff. You may think that we have criticised and found fault with everything in college in our short editorial discussions; but we are of the opinion that just criticism is a better incentive to improved work than praise is. We have tried to arouse greater interest in college activities, especially in the publications. We trust our readers will forgive all our short-comings; and we bid you, one and all, a farewell.

ESPRIT DE CORPS.

Esprit De Corps is a military term adopted from the French. It is used to express that feeling of good will, loyalty, and friendship existing between the officers and men of a military organization. It is that feeling of pride which we have in the organization of which we are a part. To what extent is *esprit de corps* developed at Clemson College? Are we, as students, doing all we can to promote that feeling of good will and harmony among the students and faculty of our college? Are the faculty doing their full share in making the *esprit de corps* at Clemson what it should be?

During the present year there has been striking evidence of bad relations between the students and authorities of several colleges. What is the cause of this? Some

writer has suggested that it was the expression of unrest and the desire for greater advancement due to the revolutionary atmosphere of the times which prompted the students to such action. Another writer has dared to say that it was Bolshevism pure and simple. Whatever may be the underlying cause, it must be plainly seen that there is need of a better spirit between students and faculties in all the colleges. Now, we are not contending that there is a great gulf fixed between the students and faculty at Clemson College. Such is not true. We realize the great need of a good spirit between the two factions; and it is our desire to increase this spirit. We believe that we express the opinion of the corps when we say that it is the desire of the students that the faculty take a a more active part and a greater interest in college activities. We, as students must do our part in the right way; and, to be sure, the faculty will do all they possibly can to promote an ideal *esprit de corps* at Clemson.

Esprit de corps is based upon traditions to a great extent. It is the history and traditions of all the great colleges and universities of the world that attract the thousands of students to their doors. No college can expect to become great unless it builds up traditions that are worth while. Is our college building up traditions of honor, fairness, and clean sport? Are the examples that we are setting and the customs that we are fixing exalted enough to be called a standard, and finally to be called a tradition? Let's make *esprit de corps* a dynamic force at Clemson College.

THE HONOR SYSTEM.

At the beginning of the third term of last session the present senior class inaugurated an honor system in class work. As all seniors will testify, the system has worked wonderfully well. Now, it was not due to the

fact that there was more honor in our class than in the other classes that we established the system; we simply realized the value of and necessity for such a system. We have never tried to force it upon the other classes; for we know that, to be a success, an honor system must come from those who are to abide by it.

We are not going to write an elaborate argument for an honor system. That has become an old story, and all are faimliar with its theme. What we would like to do is to present our system to the other students as a practical illustration and let them consider its worth. Ask the professors what they think of it, ask the seniors if they are pleased with it, consider its value. Would the college be bettered if the system were adopted? Is the example set by the seniors worth following? It is the desire of the present senior class to do all we can for the upbuilding of the college. We leave the honor system question with the other students; we feel that we have done our duty—they may do as they wish.

EDITOR: J. M. BATES, '19.

J. P. Marvin, '18, received his discharge a few weeks ago from the army and is now in Pensacola, Florida. "J. P." specialized in Animal Husbandry while at Clemson and is now superintendent of the Richland Farms, and is engaged in raising pure bred Jersey cattle.

J. W. Burgess, '18, has recently received his discharge from the army and is now holding a position as assistant instructor in the Animal Husbandry division at Clemson. "Joe" was capable of holding a Lieutenancy in the army for several months and is well fitted for the position he now holds.

W. F. Howell, '18, is now in France with the Regimental Intelligence Department, 54th U. S. Infantry. "Ford" was a bright, but quiet, innocent lad while at Clemson and perhaps had as many honors as the next one bestowed upon him. "Ford" was President of the Agricultural Society, Eidtor of the Agricultural Journal, and a bright, moral figure in all student activities.

H. S. Johnson, '08, who was a captain in the Infantry in France, has returned to this country and has received his discharge from the service. He is now engaged in extension work in the lower part of the State.

C. L. Williams, "Babe," '18, is working at a Dupont powder plant in Wilmington, Delaware. He was recently injured and had to stay in the hospital for several weeks.

F. H. Jeter, '11, is now holding a position as "Farm News Editor" at Raleigh, N. C.

D. T. Duncan, '16, recently visited his parents and many friends at Ninety Six. "Dan" is now an ensign in the navy, where he has been serving since the beginning of the war.

Arthur Shealy, '15, is working with the State Veterinary Department, with his office at Columbia, S. C.

EDITOR: G. H. AULL

"WHERE THE BLUE RIDGE YAWNS ITS GREATNESS."

Truly the Blue Ridge *is* great. Men, the crowning feature of your education—your life—will be a ten days' outing at the Young Men's Christian Association grounds, Blue Ridge, N. C. In such a climate health of body cannot but exist, and amid such surroundings health of mind and heart is a natural tendency, fully realized in a new life. To read of all the beauties of the mountains, to see the loveliest pictures of the high hills, to listen to the stories of romance and adventure—all are but as dew to the mighty deep when compared with the actual realities of the glorious Blue Ridge Conference grounds. The call is "Come;" the heart's echo to thee is "Go!"

THE UNGRATEFUL MAN.

Perhaps one of the greatest curses upon the modern race is that of ingratitude. Read Luke 17:17, 18; Christ says, "but where are the nine? There are not found that returned to give glory to God, save this stranger." Christ himself felt the sadness caused by an ungrateful heart.

Many of us are indifferent and unconcerned about the world's welfare, but we forget that we are also a part of the world, and that we owe a debt of gratitude to the land which we call home. Many of us are forgetful of the sleepless nights which we caused father

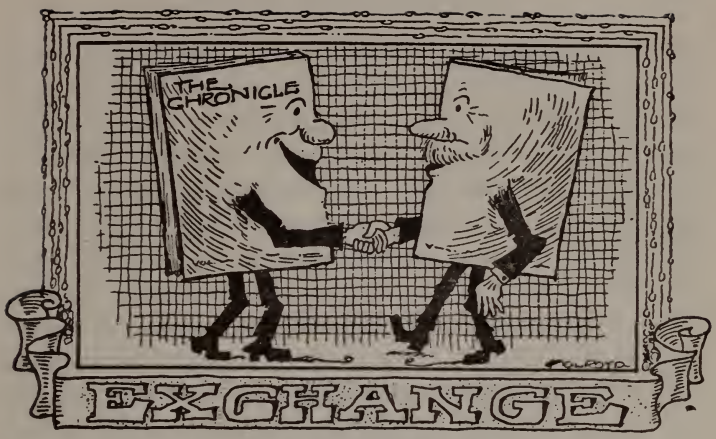
and mother; we recall not the sacrifices made for our existence. Remember the parents who gave you birth and be not an ungrateful son. Many of us receive, enjoy, and eventually *depend upon* the pleasures and pastimes offered by the "Y," and yet when the *real, soul-winning work* of the Y. M. C. A. is mentioned the ungrateful beast is man will pass it lightly with, perhaps, a sneer at the organization and those who are attempting to make it go. When asked to join they offer the same argument as presented by one approached on the subject of church membership, and when one of the social features of the Association is cut off for lack of funds, *they* put up the biggest howl. It is the ungrateful beast in man to do it, the spirit of ungratitude. Not general, perhaps, but outcropping in every group of men. It is not man's *nature*. God pity a man who is naturally ungrateful!

Last, but not least, be not the one to show God the ugly spirit of ingratitude. It is the sin of lowest depth. Let it not be said of you, "There are not found that returned to give glory to God," but let your prayer be

> "God grant that the woman who bore me
> Suffered to suckle a MAN."

During the course of the last month some of the most inspiring, as well as the most instructive talks ever heard at Clemson have been made in the "Y" auditorium. The speakers come to us with a message which every man should hear and it is a duty, as well as a God-given opportunity to listen to these men. The small audience at Vespers is not representative of the Clemson spirit. Avail yourself of every opportunity and be able to say with Tennyson

> "I am a part of all that I have met."



EDITORS:

J. S. WATKINS, '19. F. U. WOLFE, '20.

Before rendering what we term fair and just criticisms, we desire first, to express many thanks for the exchanges and to say that it was with real pleasure that we read and enjoyed the following: "Winthrop Journal," "The Criterion," "The College of Charleston Magazine," "Wofford College Journal," "The Isaqueena," "The Concept," "The Furman Echo," "The Collegian," "The Pine and Thistle," "The Orion," and "The Wake Forest Student."

As we turn the pages of the April issue of "The Furman Echo," it is quite an easy task to withhold a certain amount of severe criticism, and instead to display an attitude of praise. The most striking characteristics of the issue are the amount of material and the variation in selection. One is immediately impressed by the deep thought of many of the masterpieces, and the fact that the quality is a great improvement over preceding efforts is only characteristic of the rapid strides of this day. Thus it should be carefully understood that improvement is only a natural consequence of a determina-

tion that raises higher the standard of efficiency in our literary work. It is evident that the contributors ascended to the clouds in various phases of thought, and in several of the shorter poems they sacrificed metre for exactness and meaning. That, however, should depend upon whether the author wishes to write a poem that is merely entertaining and pleasing to the imagination, or whether he desires to present a real message to his readers. The principal thought in the little poem, "The Mocking Bird's Song," is found in the title, for certainly those words suggest a limitless variation of sweetest thoughts and emotions that can hardly be expressed in words. If one can view the many thoughts associated with the words, then one can more deeply appreciate the poem. "The Romance of Immutability" is rather strikingly set forth, and the place of the scene camouflages to a great extent the unoriginality of the romance. The author must have been prompted more strongly by imaginary ideas than by actual experience. He should know that a girl does not decide such an important question in one sentence; nevertheless, we enjoyed also the part that was omitted. A person is naturally inspired when he reads of the lives of great men—and in "The Public Career of Woodrow Wilson," Sidney Lanier" and Theodore Roosevelt—The Typical American," the exemplary character of each is clearly described by the respective authors. "The English-Sjeaking Peoples" can, indeed, be called an excellent oration. The length tends to make it even more interesting. The poems, "Easter," "The Clouds," "England's Renunciation" and "President Wilson in Europe" show no appreciable amount of poetical merit, but we trust that other trials will prove successful. "The World's Easter" compensates for the lack of quality in some of the other poems. The encouraging sentiment is worthy of careful attention; and the structure and the rhythm of the production reach toward the

ful plan to follow. We are glad to see that the efficient work of "The Concept" is being improved.

Barely had we turned the first page of "The Isaqueena" before we reached the last. "The Call From America" is the redeeming feature of the issue; and the little poem, "Music," must be given praise for its metre and thought. The remaining pieces seem to be surface currents, but they are, nevertheless, enjoyable.

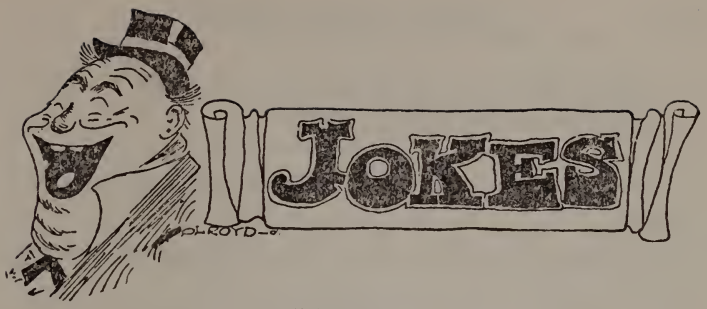
Since this issue of "The Chronicle" closes the door of the Exchange for this year, we feel obligated to express our appreciation for the Exchanges of the various colleges. They have been a source of valued help. It is true that a publication must be criticised in order that it may succeed. Then we thank you for conscientious criticisms. If, by too severe remarks, we have crushed the air castles of some laboring literary pilgrim, we trust that a determination for greater success may be the result of it all.

Again we always welcome the Exchanges and feel sure that next year will begin a new life of the college publications.

—The Editors.

standard that we desire. We trust that "The Furman Echo" will be more clearly heard in the future, and that the April issue be used as a standard.

After reading "The Concept," we feel that no tribute greater than that found thruout the pages of the issue can be presented to our State. The early traditions of Carolina are found to be growing dearer to her people, and it is quite appropriate that this issue should begin with the verse, "To South Carolina." "Ye Olden Days" gives a clear conception of the colonial home and the life of the sixteenth century upon which has been built the modern state. A feeling of pride is quickly created as one reads "The Glory of the Fighting Thirtieth." The essay is long, yet it would not be proper to omit any of the quotations or the words of praise that The Thirtieth so justly deserves. The two plays, "The Birthright Ball," and "A Completion of Happiness" are very entertaining and are characteristic of the colonial dys. It is quite proper that the screen should fall after the fatal scene that happens so often today. Far be it from our purpose to criticise the merit of the one-act plays, but we encourage the development of that line of literary work. The principal source of instruction is found in the essays, "Some Modern South Carolina Writers," "South Carolina in Times of War," "South Carolina in Literature," and "South Carolina's Birthright." These selections are almost purely historical, but are written in an interesting form. Each sets forth the high ideals that our State should strive to maintain. The authors of the poems "The Fisher Fleet," "Wappo Creek," "The Ghost Tower," and "The River Keowee" displayed more of a desire than an ability to be successful producers of verse; however, each poem possesses real interest. As a whole the issue bears on one line of thought as was evidently intended. It has been proved that variation is a success



EDITORS:

R. C. HICKS, '19 L. D. HARRIS, '19

"Slim" Bodie: "Colonel certainly made us a long talk today."

"Varsity" Bankhead: "What did he talk about?"

"Slim": He didn't say."

Student: "You must excuse me today, professor, I feel like thirty cents."

Professor: "Food was not the only thing that increased in price during the war."

Mr. Littlejohn (to cooperative committee): "You students don't understand how much it costs to run the mess hall."

Committeeman: "Yes, we agree with you, if we did we would not pay $18 for board."

"Look here, Dick," said "Tubby" Alford, who had been reading "Rat" Dick's letter to his father asking for a much-desired check, "You have spelled ' jug,' 'gug.' "

"I know," said "Rat" Dick, "but you see I need the cash, and don't want the old man to think I'm putting on airs, that's the way he spells it."

"Jack, I wish you would give that young brother of mine a good laying out; it's time he was thinking about choosing a career."

"Judging by the hours he keeps I thought he was studying to be a nightwatchman."

Professor (to student): "I see you are turning Bolsheveek."

Student: "No, sir! But if I don't get some sleep I will be *weak*."

T. Mays, while coming to reveille thought about leaving his watch in his room. He immediately felt in his pocket for his watch to see if he had time to go back to his room to get it.

Why are all women a sight?
Because they attract your eyes.

Instructor: "All animals have either biting or sucking mouth parts."

Joe Frank: "What kind has a chicken?"

Instructor: "I don't know, do you?"

Professor: "When I was in Chicago, I went to a bar room and saw a pair of cow horns ten feet long."

Junior: "Where did you see it?"

Professor: "In a bar room."

Junior: "You didn't see it, you imagined it."

A FABLE IN SLANG.

Once upon a time (it was about the time the $60 bonus made the post office windows so popular) there was an exgob hibernating near the banks of the Seneca River. At the last call of the draft board for volunteers, he had inserted himself into Mister Daniel's outfit, and only the signing of the armistice prevented his career as a deck

scrubber. His silver half-stripe decoration gave him the undisputed authority on all naval affairs, and his connection with the Naval Unit of the S. A. T. C. was proof to the listening rubes of his thrilling experiences with the U-boats on the briny deep. As a side-issue, this knight of the baggy trousers had chosen his abode on the Seneca to preserve his sea-going habits, but the main idea was to acquire with the least effort and energy, a sheep-skin in some brand of Technical dope.

Whether it was a natural-born instinct or the hereditary right of the American gob, our Hero was a bear among the skirts, and the sight of a skirt was unto him as the daylight would be to a blind man. Even the extra ranks, the dress parade, or the retreat formation were no barriers to him if a jitney load of Janes appeared on the scene. He was the first to pay his tribute at the shrine of the running board, and it mattered not if they were Dewdrops or college widows, he had their respective telephone numbers, home addresses, and pedigrees when he gave them the GB's.

The mutterings in his sleep were evidences that the eternal feminine was the subject of his drams at night, and in the class rooms he built air castles with himself as champion and protector of the fairer sex. The professor, in the expounding of the theory of falling bodies and moments of inertia, presented a diagram (that the gob's imagination) assumed the shapely form of his dame ideal. He burned the candle at both ends in the search for phrases of description for the beauty of his current flame.

And thus it came to pass while his fellow keydets were recuperating from those nerve-racking ordeals called exams, the skirt-chaser found on his report rating enough F's to allow him to specialize in his class the coming year. (Moral: You can't mix the skirts with an engineering course.)

L. P. S., '21.

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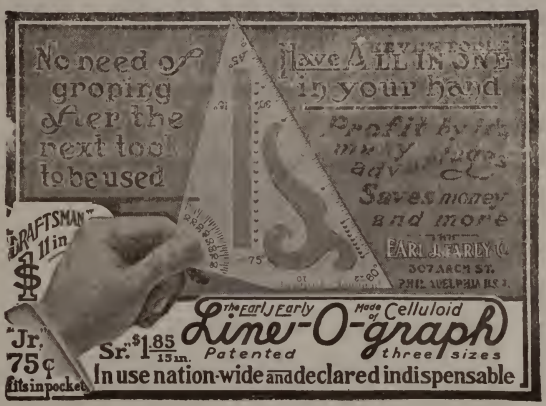

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