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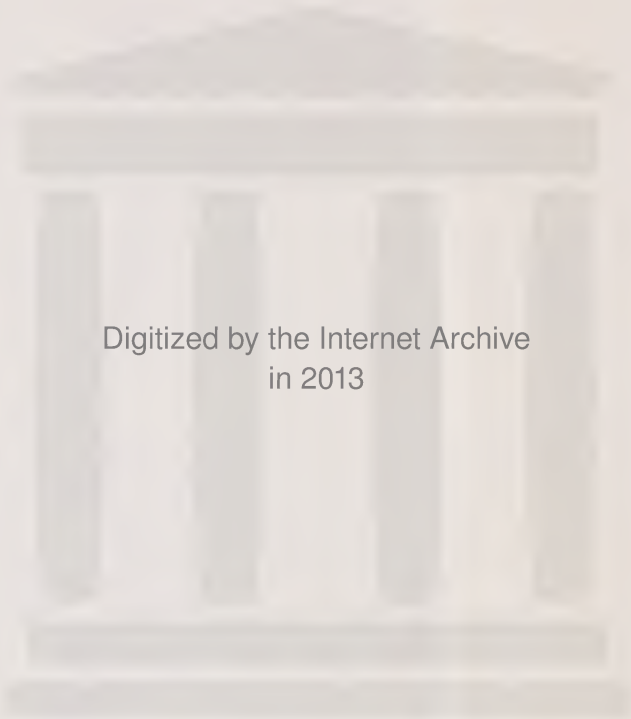
Clemson Chronicle, 1920-1921

Clemson University



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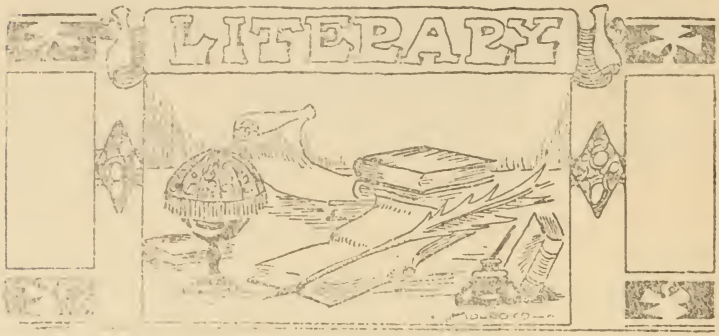


EDITORS:

W. H. NEWTON, '21. J. V. MARTIN, '22. T. W. MORGAN, '22.

THOUGHTS FROM THE PAST

Last night I sat here and I dreamed,
While softly the night breezes blew;
And mem'ries came back and it seemed
Each breeze brought a message of you.

'Tis years since you said the good-bye
That stopped the mad throb of my heart.
My soul seemed to flee with the sigh
That came, as our lips drew apart.

I watch the long days in their race.—
The days that will make a sad year;
But I always see your dear face
And wonder if you also care.

Ah, dear! Let us hope it is best
That fate did decide we should part.
But now as I go toward the West
There's still a great pain in my heart.

Ere long we'll be met by grim Death,
And pass to vast realms over there.
Still hope will come with the last breath
That, first, your dear voice I shall hear.
—L. G. P., '21, *Palmetto.*

THE BRAVERY OF RUFUS

The little Southern town, situated on the banks of the Tennessee river and surrounded by the low foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains, seemed to have heaved a sigh of relief and settled again into the "before-the-war" routine of social life and business. The great World War was over, and every man who had left the town to fight for his country and who had not given his all on the bloody fields of France, had arrived safely back home to take up the duties of civil life again.

Among the last, but in his own estimation not the least, of these heroes to return was Rufus Brown, colored. Rufus Brown had been only a private in a labor battalion, but as his outfit had stayed in France almost a year before the war was over, he had resolved to get his share of the glory and praise from the folks at home upon his return. "Hit jes' won' do", he argued to himself on the return journey across the Atlantic; "I jes' cain't affode to tell dem niggers dat I'se staid a whole year in France an' didn' eben got to shoot at a single 'Bosh'. Hit jes' won' do. Dey'll t'ink I'se a cowa'd sho' 'nuff."

Therefore, during the rest of the journey home Rufus kept himself busy manufacturing marvelous tales of his own bravery and heroism to tell the home folks on his return. "Nobody'll know no better," he argued to himself; "An' I'se jes' got to tell 'em sumpin."

On a hot afternoon, several days after his return, Rufus was sitting on a bench in front of the railroad depot, surrouded by a few white boys and a large group of ad-

miring negroes. His stories, which he never tired of telling, had had their intended effect. "Gee, but if I'd a told 'em I didn't do nuttin' but work, I wouldn' be no mo' ob a hero den a li'l fish in de sea," said Rufus to himself as he gallantly brought the tips of his fingers to the brim of his army hat in a salute to the smiling Mandy Jones who was passing. Mandy was a huge negro girl, and the idol of Rufus's heart. She had scorned his professions of love before he had been drafted into the army, but since his return Rufus noted with elation how she openly courted his attentions.

As Rufus came back to earth after watching Mandy out of sight, he again became conscious of the crowd around him and knowing that they were eaten up with envy and admiration, he determined to play to the utmost his assumed role of a returned hero. Therefore he crossed his legs, lit a cigarette, and smiled condescendingly upon the group.

"Tell us 'bout dat time you save Cap'n Henry fum de 'Boshes'," begged one dusky youth. "Yes, yes," echoed the others, "dat time when you took 'im f'um 'bout fifty ob 'em, an' had to kill 'em all befo' you could git 'im."

"Oh, dat li'l' incidence," said Rufus lightly; "well, you see, hit was disaway: Cap'n Henry, he's de braves' man I eber seen in a battle. We wuz down dar at 'Chatty Terry' and Cap'n Henry, he leads his men right in de thickes' part ob de fight. Bullets wuz flyin' la'k hail in de win', an' Cap'n Henry's men wuz killed one at a time 'til nobody but him wuz lef'. Den 'bout fifty ob dem started at 'im. I come erlong 'bout dat time an' I see dey gonna git 'im ef I don' he'p 'im out, so I gits busy. Ma gun didn' hab nary a bullet in hit, but I jes' grabs hit la'k a club an' hits one ob dem 'Boshes' on de haid, kerplack,—killed 'im daid as a hammer. Den I grabs his gun and shoots ten ob 'em an' hit goes empty. Den I grabs anoder one an' stahts shootin' wid hit. Dem 'Boshes' dey seen den dat I wuz gonna git 'em all ef dey staid 'roun' dar tryin' to git Cap'n Henry; so dey turns

on me. Gollies! but I had a time. I stuck five ob 'em thoo' wid ma bay'net, an' den pulled out my pistol an' killed seben wid hit. De res' seen I wuz gonna finish wid dem if dey didn' move; so dey jes' turned an' run fo' dey trenches. I killed eight mo' ob 'em befo' dey got dar; den I looks fo' Cap'n Henry. I found 'im lyin on de goun' lookin' la'k he's daid. I picks 'im up an' carrys 'im two miles thoo bullets thick as rain. He had a big hole in is haid right whar' de scar is now. He didn' know a t'ing, an' de doctor said 'e wouldn' ha' libed long ef hit hadna been fo' me. I staid wid' 'im w'ile dey doctored 'im up. But lis'n: don' tell Cap'n Henry dis, 'cause—" here Rufus, noticing the others' glances, looked around. A sickly feeling came over him, for there, standing a few feet behind him and listening to his story with evident amusement, was Captain Henry Brown, whom Rufus had, as his hearers thought, so heroically rescued from the Germans. "Mornin', Cap'n Henry—no, I mean good eb'nin', Cap'n Henry," stammered Rufus confusedly, at the same time coming to attention and giving a military salute, for Captain Henry still wore his uniform. "I clean forgot dem t'ings you sent me atter; I'll git 'em right now." So saying, Rufus hurriedly departed down the street without so much as a backward glance at the now astonished crowd to whom he had been talking.

"Oh, Lawd, but ain' I done played de debbil now," groaned Rufus as he walked rapidly away from the spot. "Cap'n Henry'll tell 'em dat all I sed wuz a lie, and mebbe he'll gi' me de debbil hisself fo' lyin' so. An' Mandy—" here he groaned afresh—"when dem niggers tells 'er how I done lied, she won't nebber look at me ag'in."

The prospect certainly was not encouraging, and Rufus sought the open country to think it over. As he walked along he thought of the reception he would receive when he again returned to town, and the more he thought of it the farther he wanted to get from what he knew would be certain humiliation for him should Captain Henry tell those negroes the truth. "I cain't blame 'im. He oughter

tell, an' gi' me a good cussin' too," said Rufus bitterly. "I had no biz'ness lyin' 'bout 'im so, an' 'im allus been so good to me too."

Captain Henry's father had owned Rufus' parents before the civil war had set them free. However, they were of the ante-bellum type and had stayed in the family until death. Rufus' "mammy" brought him up to regard Captain Henry as his master. So deeply did she instill this into Rufus' mind that, as a result, probably no man in the South had a more devoted, respectful servant than Captain Henry had in Rufus. His duties were to look after the old homestead while Captain Henry, who was chief engineer at the big power plant two miles north of the town, was at work. On his return from France, Rufus had resumed his duties, naturally, and without renewal of contract, for he was almost as much at home at the old mansion as Captain Henry himself.

Rufus took the road leading out of town towards the power house where Captain Henry worked. After he had walked about half a mile up the road, he heard the hum of an automobile coming up behind him. The car he recoginzed by the sound as Captain Henry's, as no other man in the town had one so high powered as his. Rufus stepped aside to avoid being seen as the huge car whizzed by and disappeared in a cloud of dust.

"Goin' ober to work wid dat machin'ry dis soon atter he come home. Gee, but dat man am energetic," mused Rufus, as he gazed afar at the great dam which was just visible between the hills. "Cap'n Henry say dat ef dat dam wuz to bus' de whole town would be washed away. Hope hit don' nebber happen while I'se 'roun' heah," he added, temporarily forgetting his troubles in his thoughts for his own safety, should such a catastrophe really happen.

However, the thoughts of his own unpleasant situation came back to Rufus only too soon, and with a heavy heart he wandered off the road and down the hillside toward the river. He soon reached a very secluded spot

on the banks of the stream and was about to sit down, when his attention was drawn to a man standing at a little distance in front of him. Looking at the man closely, Rufus recognized him as Tom Blake, who had at one time been foreman in the power plant, but who, as Captain Henry had recently told him, was discharged during the war because of his suspected disloyalty to the government. Unaware of Rufus' presence, Tom Blake was gazing expectantly up the river's edge. Following his gaze, Rufus beheld a small man of foreign appearance hurrying in their direction. "Now I jes' wonder what dey's up to; I'll git up a li'l' closer an' fin' out," said Rufus to himself, as he cautiously worked his way around close to where Tom Blake was standing. By this time the little man had come up.

"Did you get it placed, and did anyone see you?" asked Tom excitedly.

"Yes, put it right inside the floodgate. No one saw me; they thought I was fishing. It will blow that dam to pieces," replied the little man hurriedly. "It will go off at five o'clock."

"It is only ten minutes until five now," said Tom, looking at his watch. "Let's get up on the top of the hill and see the blow-up; then you can slip away tonight."

"We had better get out of here, for this place will soon be filled with water," said the little man, as they hurriedly departed up the hill.

"Oh, Gawd!" groaned Rufus, "dey done put a bum under de dam, an' Cap'n Henry an' all ob 'em will be killed." Suddenly Rufus jumped up as if he had been shot. Could he save them? It was over a mile over brush, gulleys and fallen trees, from where he stood to the dam. Could he make it in ten minutes? Even as he asked himself this question Rufus started in a run. He simply must get that bomb from under the dam and save Captain Henry and the others who would be killed should it explode. The others really did not matter so much to him as Captain Henry did; but Captain Henry must be

saved at all cost. In his haste Rufus ran over bushes and brushpiles, and stumbled over stones and fallen trees, but always picked himself up and went on faster than before. At last he reached the top of the long hill which lay between him and his goal. His breath came in gasps, for the hill had been long and steep. The dam and the power house were now in sight, a quarter of a mile down a smooth slope. Summoning all the speed at his command, Rufus dashed madly down the hill. As he drew nearer, he could see by the big clock on the top of the power house that it was two minutes until five. He would have time if he kept going at his present rate of speed. He dashed by the power house and on to the shoals. Every muscle and nerve in his body was strained to the utmost tension in his effort to get into the floodgate and get the bomb, when his feet slipped on the wet rocks and he went down clawing madly at the air as he went. For an instant everything was blackness to Rufus, who lay motionless where he had fallen. Then, stunned by the fall, and with the blood trickling from a wound in the back of his head, he called forth his little remaining strength, and rising, tottered into the floodgate. Where was the bomb? Could he find it in time? Kicking aside a pile of trash Rufus uttered a cry of joy, for there it was, with the minute hand of the time-clock almost on twelve. Grabbing the bomb up Rufus ran out on the rocks and threw it far out into the river, at the same time dropping face down upon the rocks. An instant after it left his hands there was a terrific explosion which seemed to shake the very foundation of the earth. Rufus felt a sharp pain in his back; then all was blackness.

* * * * * * * * *

Rufus slowly opened his eyes and looked around him. He was in a bed and in an unfamiliar room, but there by his bedside stood Captain Henry and another man whom he recognized as the town doctor. "Wha' is I? What's de matter?" asked Rufus bewilderedly. He tried to raise himself up in the bed, but a sharp pain in his back checked him.

"Thank goodness, he has come around at last," said the doctor fervently; "I will tell those who are waiting."

"Rufus, old man, we owe our lives to you," said Captain Henry. "You are in the hospital with an ugly wound in your back, but the doctor says you will be out soon. You are a brave man, Rufus, and I am proud of you. When you get stronger you must tell me how you did it. We are going to give you a medal for your bravery."

The mention of his bravery brought Rufus's mind back to his recent tales of his heroism and their tragic result. "Cap'n Henry," he said guardedly; "say—er—Cap'n Henry, you heard me lyin' de oder day. I'se sorry I did. Cap'n Henry; I oughter not ha' done hit; but, say, did you tell dem niggers how I lied?"

"Why no, Rufus," replied Captain Henry, laughing. "I told them that you were a very brave man; but, say, Rufus, this proves how brave you are; you won't have to make up any more stories."

At this moment the doctor entered the door. "Mandy Jones wishes to see you, Rufus. Shall I show her in?"

"Do so by all means," said Captain Henry, in Rufus' stead. "He is just dying to see her. I have to go Rufus, but I shall see about that medal right away"; and with these words he departed, leaving the happy, grinning Rufus to await the coming of his beloved Mandy.

"Oh Lawd," cried Rufus, as he placed his black head comfortably on the pillow, "ain't I de luckiest nigger dat ebber drawed bref? What's a hole in ma back when I knows I'se goin' to git my Mandy?"

—T. W. M., '22, *Columbian.*

THE DRUNKEN BRAWL

A curse, a groan, then a flash—
And on that cold and stormy night,
On the decks of the old ship, *Wavash,*
The drunken sailors began to fight.

The steam was getting low,
But the fight went on and on;
They cared naught for the engines below,
Nor heard the sound of the warning gong.

Then the lightning's sudden flash
Revealed to the captain in power
That his ship would go with thunder crash
Before the passing of another hour.

A jolt, a crash; then all too late—
The sailors ceased their bloody fight;
Soon the good ship met her fate,
Because of the drunken brawl that night.

So with us in the voyage of life;
We too shall meet this terrible fate,
Unless we, in calm or strife,
Avoid the curse of drink and hate.

—W. F. W., '21, *Columbian.*

MONSIEUR PIERRE

"Now look here, you wop!" warmly expostulated Bob as his drenched head and shoulders appeared thru the storm curtains, "if you don't like the way I'm putting on these chains, go chase yourself."

"Pardon me, dear Alphonse," I replied; "I own that my increased annoyance at the unwarranted delay was perhaps—"

"Close your face, Shakespeare," he warned, and was gone before I could offer further apology.

We were driving thru the most mountainous part of South Carolina—Bob and I. Born and reared where sea-zephyrs and moonlit beaches reigned supreme, to us it was indeed a novel adventure. A heavy rain had necessitated the use of chains. Acting in the capacity of chauffeur. I was exempt from other duty; so the illustrious Bob had undertaken the task. A few moments later he returned. Off we went. Bob has a unique temperament. When he becomes pessimistic, he is, undoubtedly, the most confirmed grouch I know. He was now. Finally, we reached a house.

"Better stop here and give the old bus a drink. The radiator is probably empty," he said.

I walked thru the pouring rain, up to the one-story structure, with my head inclined forward that it might enjoy the protection of my rain-coat collar.

"Good-morning, sir," someone greeted.

"Good-morning, mam," I returned, stumbling up the steps and maintaining the rain-coat protection. Arriving at the last tread, I hastily discarded the raincoat and then turned to confront, not a homely old lady of the mountains as I had heretofore encountered and now expected to see, but rather a most attractive young woman becomingly attired in a simple, summer frock. Her wavy black hair, dark-brown eyes, and her ruby lips parted in a welcoming smile, surprised and overwhelmed me to such

an extent that I came very nearly retracing my steps in a most awkward, confused manner.

"Pardon my intrusion," I began; "we—I—er—the car is very thirsty. Could we impose upon you by asking for a drink?"

"Certainly", she replied and was gone in the twinkling of an eye. In a moment she returned and handed me a dipper of water. As I drank, she, evidently appreciating my embarrassment, sought to console.

"You, no doubt, are not aware that this is a schoolhouse. I'm teaching about twenty children. This is indeed a beautiful country you are passing thru. I adore teaching."

"An admirable profession, Miss—er—", I began

"Burnett; and you?"

"Ralph Blaine, a native of the seashore, a wanderer in the mountains, with no specific objective; traveling with a chum who is little better than his companion and to whom the appelation, 'Wandering Romeo', is entirely applicable."

"Bob", said I as I reached the car, "don't ask questions. Come up to the house as fast as those mocking-bird legs will carry you." My one wish was to rid him of the pessimism and grouchiness which seemed to have overcome his usual good-nature. "Remember that you are Monsieur Pierre."

"Tell that to the marines", he said, but nevertheless arrived at the house shortly after I returned.

"Miss Burnett, allow me to introduce to you Monsieur Pierre, a French gentleman of culture and learning", I said.

Now Bob knew a few French phrases and was an excellent actor; so I was justified in expecting delightful entertainment. His features were not unlike those of the Greek storekeeper, and I rested assured that this simple, attractive shoolmarm would think them indicative of French ancestry.

"Ah! Ma'mselle", he said, bowing with becoming dig-

nity, "please and honor ees Monsieurs to meet vous. *Le Francais aime les jolie Americaines.*"

"I, also, am very pleased and honored to meet you", said our new acquaintance. So serious and perplexed was her girlish countenance that I sincerely regretted having entered upon such an adventure.

"Ma'mselle, our car, eet ees need water zat he may run."

"Yes," I agreed, "and, Pierre, suppose we fill it and leave immediately. We are occupying too much of Miss Burnett's time and therefore depriving her juvenile students of her presence and instruction." But the redoubtable Bob, having once started a thing, will not be deterred from seeing it well done; therefore, he was far from acquiescent.

"Ma'mselle, you are veree kind to ze toil-worn travelers. We sank vous much."

"Do not mention it. *Je serais toujours tres henreuse de vous aider quand Je le pourrais,*" she replied. Something in her accent brought me sharply to myself, as did her slight gesture and change of expression. She noted my inquisitive glance and blushed adorably. "I—er—studied French a little during my spare hours," she explained.

"Pierre," said I, "we must leave at once. Miss Burnett cannot spare the time."

"Mr. Blaine," corrected she, "Miss Burnett will dismiss her young scholars for recess. It has stopped raining."

Calmly I resigned to Fate. The children were dismissed. We entered and sat before the small stove.

"Mr. Blaine, do you not practice law in your hometown?" she asked. I nodded in the affirmative. "Occasionally, you write for your newspaper? Occasionally, you write short stories?"

"Madam," I managed to say, "I do; but pray tell, how did you ever hear of a most insignificant author and wellnigh unknown exponent of criminal law?"

"I am very fond of reading," she replied. "And you, Monsieur Pierre, do you ever forget France?"

"Ma'mselle, France ees een Pierre's heart all ze day and een ze dream zat he have at night."

"I love French people," continued Miss Burnett. "Let me tell you of a French woman whom I know. Leaving France before the horrible black clouds of war descended upon her native land, she came to this land of beauty. France fought nobly, not only for self-preservation, but also that the principles which she loved might remain inviolate—that nothing might mar their transcendent beauty."

"*Vive la France!*" said Bob.

"When you say that, you should add, '*Vive l'Amerique!*' America saved France."

How I longed to jump into our faithful "bus" and depart immediately! Bob surely would give himself away to this beautiful, intelligent little school-marm.

"But I'm digressing from my story," continued she. "The woman spoke English before she came to America. She entered an American college and received a splendid literary training. She began writing short stories. They were well-received. We were close friends at school, so I'm very much interested in French people. Where are you from?"

"Calais, Ma'mselle; *Calais est une tres jolie ville, une des plus belles du nord de la France.*"

"Tell me something of the French people," she begged. Poor Bob!

He talked for twenty minutes of a land and people entirely foreign to him. Meanwhile, I was observing closely the really beautiful countenance of Miss Burnett. Frequently during Bob's narrative she smiled and was greatly amused. Evidently she thought the French a funny race. Bob is a born humorist. His efforts in adhering to the French brogue were indeed ridiculous. Finally, I verily believe from lack of breath, he concluded his marvelous description of his "native land and countrymen."

"Thank you so much," said Miss Burnett. Her face literally beamed with partly suppressed merriment; her

eyes were fascinating. "My French friend decided to write a novel. But, Monsieur, she knew very little of the country folk of this country; so it was essential that she live among them for awhile. She must know how they live—their characters and the like." Here she assumed a serious expression of countenance, yet her eyes continued to twinkle in a most captivating manner. "*Je vois, Monsieur, que vous ne pouvez pas parler Francais. Vous m'avez beaucoup amusee avec votre tromperie. Quel est actuellement le President de la Republique Francaise. Respondez moi.*"

I can recall never having seen a more dismayed, bewildered, embarrased expression upon Bob's face.

"You say 'Answer me', Ma'mselle, but you no speak French plainly."

"Monsieur Pierre, if only we were elsewhere! How much I should love to teach you how to speak French as it should be spoken! Don't stop me—I'm not at all mad. M'mselle Burnett has enjoyed very much your acting. You are gifted. Monsieur," she said to me, "parlez-vous Francais?"

"Very little, Miss Burnett," I managed to say.

"Then," she said, "interpret this—*Avez vous lu cette petite histoire ecrite par Mademoiselle Le Normand?*"

I nodded in the affirmative. "Her short-stories are splendid."

"The woman I told you of is Mademoiselle Le Normand. Miss Burnett and the French novelist, Ma'mselle Le Normand, are one."

—J. V. M., '22, *Palmetto.*

"DAT OLE CHICKEN"

Whar you thinks you gwine, nigger,
Wid yo' head up in de air?
I'se got a awful 'culiar feelin'
Dat you'se doin' sump'm quare.

Dis kinda night ain' special' healthy
Fer to grab dem chickens down,
'Cause some white man's big ole shotgun
Libel fer to knock you roun' an' roun'.

What's dat you been sayin', nigger?
Say you'se been an' comin' back?
You des let me have dat chicken;
We'll go down 'bout my ole shack.

Rastus, you'se a good ole nigger,
Halfin' up wid me lak dat.
Lawdy! ain' dis chicken juicy?
Show me whar you gits 'em at.

—J. W. K., '24

THE HONOR SYSTEM

Back of every reform—social, political, industrial—every single one—is the incentive ideal, nursed in the mind of the reformer—an idealist, if you please. A reform not based on right principle and not having a lofty ideal as its ultimate goal must die for lack of courageous maintenance, for the Will of Man is weak if it has not Feeling for its ally, and it is only the devotion to the ideal involved in the reform that guides the reformer straight toward the realization of that ideal.

So, the college honor system, which, in truth, is an attempted social reform, has its ideal. No doubt the original formulation of this system had in mind, during its formulation, the idea of the better education of the college student, and not that of the reduction of the work of the faculty or the disciplinary officers, or even the students themselves, as the ultimate effect which they wished it to accomplish. They probably realized the importance of training the youth, at least in some degree, to strive toward the ideal of an inviolate personal honor. The prevailing opinion of the majority of college students now is that, so long as the professor is on his guard against dishonesty, it is legitimate, at least in so far as personal honor is concerned, for the student to use unfair means as an aid on an examination or on a daily recitation. This idea seems to be founded largely on the old familiar principle that the dishonor of stealing lies in the detection thereof. The honor system purposes to infuse into the mind of the student the idea of the sacredness of being absolutely honest in all things—the little as well as the big.

Now here is the most vital effect which the successful operation of a comprehensive honor system has: If it is pardonable, we will use an analogy. Set a great pendulum swinging by tiny, regular impulses. At first, the movement is slight and the movement could be counteracted by the weight of a feather; but, continue the taps constantly, regularly, each little impulse adding its bit

to the summation of the influences of all of its predecessors—presently, our pendulum sweeps its cousre, almost defiant of arrest. The analogy is almost perfect. Each day we may add the tiny impulse of that day's discipline and finally reap the reward of a sense of honor which is absolutely above reproach.

So, we perceive that the building of character is the disederatum of an honor system; and the development of the best character possible should always be the ideal of moral discipline—should be the shining beacon which guides us infallibly through the sorest of trials and the most perplexing of difficulties.

—A. G. G., '21.

MOTHER WAS RIGHT

When you are blue, and your ship has sunk,
And your pockets are empty, and you feel so "punk,"
Remember the words of your mother, dear,
When she held you in the big rocking chair.

"My boy," she said, "I want you to be
Just as true to yourself as your father to me;
Never do a thing that hurts your heart;
Keep in the straight road right from the start.

"If you strike bad luck and things go wrong,
Tough it out, my boy, for it won't last long.
You will always win just the same
If you stick to the right and play a clean game.

"Now think what I've said, and take it all in,
And remember your mother through thick and thin.
Some day you'll wish for the return of this night,
And say to yourself, 'Mother was right'."

—A. A. R., '24.

SALUTATION TO CLASS OF '21.

Hail to thee, Seniors, comrades and brothers,
Hark to the voice of the old college bell!
She's glad to have back, along with the others,
The boys of whose past she a story can tell.

For many a day in her old brick tower
And many a night through the summer long,
She has lain in her braces, quiet, no power
To inspire her deep throat with joyful song.

But this morn e'er the sun rose high,
The still air was filled with a gladsome strain,
The old bell had wakened and we heard the cry,
Hark! the boys of '21 have come back again.

Hail to thee, Seniors, comrades and brothers,
Look you, the campus has for us a tear,
Each shining dew-drop, along with the others,
Echoes the welcome, "I'm glad you are here."

And each falling leaf turned yellow and brown,
Made sick by autumn's cold, blasting rain,
Seems softly to say from its place on the ground,
"I'm glad to have seen you come back again."

The walks no longer look lonesome and old,
And the vine covered walls no longer sere,
The sun on the window turns each pane to gold,
And the class-rooms whisper, "We're glad you
are here."

—C. E. P., '21, *Calhoun.*

THE ANSWER

On the fifteenth of March, 1912, the *Lavinia* was plowing the English Channel on her way to Dover, England. The *Lavinia* was a third rate freighter—often referred to by the term, "tramp trader." She was a typical vessel of her kind. Sailing as if under sealed orders, she would drift into a port, pick up a cargo of anything that presented itself, and steer to a port where the greatest profit might be realized. She flew the colors of the nation to which she was drifting that she might claim the protection of that nation should any controversy arise.

Conveniences for the comfort of those who manned her were entirely lacking. The only water for bathing purposes was the cold salt water of the sea; the only arrangements for sleeping were pieces of old discarded canvas and bits of tattered blankets piled together on the deck of the forecastle; and the only conveniences for mess were a tin platter, a tin cup, and a knife and fork for each man. The food was always that which was cheapest. About the only form of cleaning ever known by the vessel was that of an occasional high wave sweeping her deck.

The crew, save one, were sailors because they loved the sea and loved the calling. They realized that the only real happiness known to man is a by-product of his labors—when his whole being is centered on the trade in which he is engaged. They were seamen because they were alike enthralled by the smooth sailing during a calm and by the rocking and pitching during a storm; because they were similarly enticed by the bitter cold and the icebergs of a northern clime, and by the intensified heat and dreadful glare of the sun on the water of a tropical sea; because they heard music in the roaring of the waters and in the howling of the wind; and because they were sensible of a beautiful attraction from the sea itself. These men spoke the English language, which they punctuated with profanity. This body of men roamed, drifted, traded, and divided spoil.

The one man different from the remainder of the crew

was the cook. From his broken dialect it was not difficult to discern that English was not his mother tongue; yet it was the only language the crew had ever heard him speak. He was young, not exceeding twenty-five years, short, thick, and stout; his complexion was swarthy, his eyes were black and piercing, and his head was topped with a mass of long, black, unkempt locks. He was melancholy and inclined to prefer solitude to comradeship. The captain had taken him aboard the *Lavinia* when he was quite a small boy and he knew nothing of the world beyond the edge of the vessel's decks. All the compensation he received was what food the remainder of the crew did not care for, and enough old cast-off clothing to hide his nakedness. As neither he nor any of the crew knew his name, they had dubbed him "Dago."

Altho the *Lavinia* was a freighter, on this voyage she carried one passenger, an Englishman, who had fled to the continent because of crime and who was now returning to his native land. The bill-of-fare of the *Lavinia* did not satisfy his palate. Tonight he was seeking Dago with the hopes of obtaining something additional; he found the object of his search on deck occupying an unfrequented place. By way of beginning, he extended his sympathy to the cook. Then he began to question Dago of his life. Dago was at first reluctant to speak; but sympathy being quite unknown to him, he opened the long-pent-up recesses of his heart and conversed rather freely. He could somewhat indistinctly remember something about a warm country, and then about starting on a voyage with a man. The man died and, after the elapse of some time, Dago had been taken aboard the *Lavinia* where he began his career as a cook. He did not know how old he was or how long he had been on the ship.

"And now I got no name just 'cept Dago," he wailed in his broken English. "For a long time I have been thinking of a warm country filled with beautiful women, a country where men quit the sea to stay with the women and to feel the sun. It is a warm country. Me no like a cold country; it hurts me. Sometimes I think I have

started to this country, but me always turn back too soon. Once me went to a place that was nice and warm, but its men like the sea; so me know it was not my country. Sometime we will sail to my country. I will hear a song; I answer it, go to shore, find her and make her my wife. Find me folks and me name," he ended with much emphasis.

The Englishman forgot his mission; he commented on the vision, but remarked that it was too good to be true. He related it to the crew. They made sport of it, saying it was just like the fool he was to be thinking such things. The unburdening of Dago's soul had made his life happier; he whistled for the first time in many years.

After touching land at Dover, disposing of the passenger, and changing cargoes, the *Lavinia* soon rested on the bosom of the mighty deep again. To express it in the words of the captain, "She is made with a bow to split the water; so let her split it." During these days, Dago attempted to relate his story first to the captain and then the first mate; but he received a severe rebuke from each of them.

"Be satisfied, dog, beggar, and pauper, that you have a place to sleep and something to eat, and that you were not left in Egypt to starve as you deserved", roared the captain. "Get back to the kitchen where you belong and forget it."

Why thus destroy the dreams of a dreamer? Why not allow him to continue to dream of things high and lofty if he can draw inspiration therefrom that will contribute to his efficiency in performing a menial duty or that will serve to add to his happiness?

Three months later the *Lavinia* is in the Gulf of Mexico, and the same crew is manning her. The warm sun had its effect on Dago. For hours he would gaze steadfastly across the water as if he were looking for something and yet knew not what it was. Then he would retreat to the cook-room as despondent as ever before. The ship was just outside the harbor of Tamiahua, Mexico, at sunset. It was the captain's intention to enter port on this after-

noon, but a squall broke suddenly as if out of a cloudless sky. Due to the roughness of the sea, the narrowness of the channel, the presence of numerous breakers, and the strangeness of the port, the captain decided to wait until the storm abated, or until the following morning, to enter. After two or three hours the squall had spent itself and had subsided as quickly as it had appeared, and the stars came out. While the crew were debating their plans for the next day, a song floated out from the shore.

It was a love song, sighing for a lost one, and it was sung by a woman in the soft and musical Spanish. The words were lost to the sailors then; but, as the round, rich, full mellow voice rose and fell thru many keys and floated over the water to them, they hushed their arguing and listened. It was a song throbbing with the emotions of the singer. The men forgot the present, turned their eyes toward the shore, and lived in the days of childhood. When the song ceased, the music of the sweet voice seemed still to vibrate the air. The silence that followed was broken by a voice coming from the "crow's nest". These men turned their gaze to see who dared to disturb such serene tranquillity.

It was Dago. By the dim star-light they could discern his form; he was facing the shore; his long locks were floating in the breeze; his chin was held high; his hand, palm upward, was extended towards the point on shore from whence came the song, and his gleaming eyes looked in the same direction. He was singing an answer to the song that had been sung on shore. He sang with equal expression, volume, melody, and refinement, and in the same beautiful language. The members of the crew stood stock still; they were not aware that he knew Spanish, and during the fifteen years he had been aboard the *Lavinia* they had never heard him give vent to his emotions thru the medium of song. When he completed the reply, he scurried down like a rat, ran swiftly over the edge of the deck—a splash, a gentle ripple, and then the water was quiet. Thus he answered the song from the shore.

The crew lowered the boat and searched diligently, but in vain.

"Well, boys," began the captain, "you know he can't swim a lick; then you know where he is. It's no use trying to find him; the water is too deep."

Early in the morning the *Lavinia* sailed into port, disposed of her cargo, and anchored that she might take on another. During the afternoon, while the captain was sauntering along near one of the Government buildings, a native woman hailed him. She was just in the flower of her young womanhood. Her rosy cheeks, her dark complexion, her ruby lips parting to show two rows of pearly teeth when she spoke or smiled, her mass of raven hair, and her fine figure, made her an object of beauty. These features, the flow of musical Spanish she employed in speaking, and her eyes appealed to the captain. Her eyes were those deep, warm, passionate, brown eyes possessed only by the woman of the tropics, and if she forsakes her native clime, they quickly lose their charming luster. Hers was a type of beauty that usurps rather than charms. Hers was a beauty of flesh. Beauty of flesh is to palpitate, to blush, to bleed; to be dark and not degrade into rustic; to possess firmness without hardness; to have its sensation and its infirmities. In admiring her the captain felt himself becoming a pagan and a lackey. Nature abhors that which develops in a day, for it is contrary to her laws. That she may revenge herself, she allows only low quality which points to easy destruction. Seeing that he did not readily comprehend Spanish, she began to speak in English.

"Signor," she began, "you are captain of the *Lavinia*, are you not?"

"Yes," breathed the captain, as tho he feared that a louder tone might terrify her and that she might vanish.

"And you had a cook named Dago?"

"Yes."

"You know he left your ship last night and has not returned?"

"Yes; poor boy, he will never return; he lies under one hundred feet of water."

"That is what I am to be telling you: he will never return to you." She faced the building and employed her mother tongue in calling, "Canta Corluo, come forth."

In response to her call a Mexican youth arrayed in the full costume of a native aristocrat emerged. He was scarce aware of his being or conscious that he was walking; he seemed to tread on the air rather than on the earth. His step was like that of a race horse as it passes the judges' stand for a review.

"Signor," he addressed the captain, "I was your cook and just Dago; now I have found my land, my family, my fortune, my politics, my name, and my wife. This is she who sang last night when I answered; now she is my wife. Good-bye to you and the sea."

"Now," continued the wife of the late cook, "you had better be leaving town, for the soldiers are anxious to know how it has all happened; and I may tell them if they insist."

It was a hard blow to the captain for the woman he had adored a few minutes before to speak to him in such a manner. She looked at him; he perceived how glitteringly loveless her eyes had grown. It was his punishment; and tho his enamored heart protested, he accepted the situation. His eyes flashed powerless; his shape seemed to narrow; he tried to speak, but his tongue failed him. He perceived a group of soldiers approaching; he turned slowly away from the two young Mexicans and went towards the place where his ship lay at anchor. As he neared the water front, he noticed that among the many ships that lay in the harbor not a one save the *Lavinia* floated the Mexican colors. Also, he noticed a large group of natives lying idly in the sun. Basking in the sun, drawing the blessing of health from its rays, and not having a thought of anything more. Then he realized that he was in Dago's dream-land and that the vision of Dago was now fulfilled. Feeling like a whipped cur, he went aboard the *Lavinia;* his ship had been wife and fam-

ily to him for many years and now he was turning to her for consolation.

As the last rays of the sun were playing on the summits of the snow-capped peaks, transforming the simple white into many brilliant hues, the *Lavinia* hoisted her anchor and carefully picked her way out of the treacherous harbor, even tho she had not obtained a cargo. When she had cleared the port, she pulled down the Mexican flag and hoisted the colors of Argentina at the gaff.

—A. R. K., '21, *Carolina.*

COLLEGE LIFE

The month just past has been a wonderful month to many a boy. He has been getting a taste of that far-away something called "college life", which he has been thinking of and expectantly awaiting as he came up thru high school or country school.

A college is a small world, we might say, with a little less, perhaps, of stern necessity to drive us on toward our goal than we find out in life. With some men this is not true, however, for they have said, "I must, I will have an education!"; and so they have come up among the "hills" to the best college in the land, we think. They may not have money—few of us have—but they have the dogged determination to do things and to forge ahead against any odds—that determination so characteristic of Clemson men and of Clemson College.

College life will be to us what we make it: "A little study, some athletics, more society?" No, the exact reverse of these. The opportunity is ours; the opportunity knocking "unbidden once at every gate", if we answer not, turns back and "returns no more". Let us look on college life, then, as a most valuable opportunity—ours but once—and see to it that we make the very best of it.

—C. E. P., '21, *Calhoun.*

THE LOST LOVE

'Twas one year ago we met;
Her smile was bright and fair.
Her eyes looked as if never wet,
And her face seemed free from care.

Those eyes so blue, so deep,
And that soul so true
Awakened me from my boyhood sleep,
And I said, "I offer my love to you."

With smiles she accepted me
And placed me above the rest.
Never would she forsake me,
For others that loved her best.

But later there came a city lad
With many a winning smile;
He took her from her dad,
And left me grieving, on the stile.

Those blue eyes now so cold,
Tell of many conquests for her hand.
But her stone-like soul
Has crushed the pride of this land.

—W. F. W., '21, *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 session. Its purpose is to encourage literary work among the students and uphold the ideals of the College; for this reason, voluntary contributions from all the students, especially, and from the alumni and faculty 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 $1.50. Address all communications to the Business Manager.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: J. M. KING, '21.

DO YOUR PART

Are you doing your part to help make your literary publication what it should be; that is, a magazine which is representative of the literary talent in the corps? *The Chronicle* needs the cooperation of the entire student body to become representative. There are, no doubt, many men in the freshman class and also some in the other classes that are good writers, who never have tried to write for their magazine. If you have a good subject for an essay or a good plot for a story, put it on paper and develop it. If your first attempts do not prove successful, try again and again. You have no idea what talents you may possess until you have tried.

WHAT'S YOUR PURPOSE

Your purpose in attending college, no doubt, has an important bearing upon your success or failure. Every college has in its student body men who are there for different reasons. Some students attend college because they are forced to do so by their parents; some attend because they desire the social pleasures of college life; and some attend because they think it the proper thing to do. There are still others who attend in order to find out things—to become prepared for life and its battles.

Those students who are required to attend by their parents usually take no interest in their studies; they become dissatisfied; they continually wish they were somewhere else. Those who attend in order to be in the social atmosphere lay more stress on the social life and are apt to neglect duties in the class room. Their time is mostly taken up by subjects other than those in the books they are supposed to study. Those who attend just to be in college spend all four years without applying themselves. They merely become exposed to learning without grasping the important views of life. But the students who are eager for an education; those that realize how much their parents are sacrificing in order that they may have a chance, and those who themselves are sacrificing pleasure in order that they may be able to take advantage of the opportunities that present themselves, utilize every moment to the very best advantage. They are the men who get value received. To them a college education proves a paying investment. Are you getting value received? Are you applying yourself to the best advantage? What is your purpose?

o o o o

FRIENDLINESS

There is nothing that adds more to the pleasant conditions which should exist in a large body of men than does friendliness. Friendliness does not include in its

meaning the existence of close friendship or great affections, but implies a condition of real cordiality—a harmonious state where everyone has a feeling of kindness toward everyone else in general. The state of friendliness, wherever it exists, encourages men to be truthful, helpful, and sincere. The student body at Clemson stands as one unit in every phase of college life; and friendliness, we are glad to acknowledge, prevails throughout the entire corps.

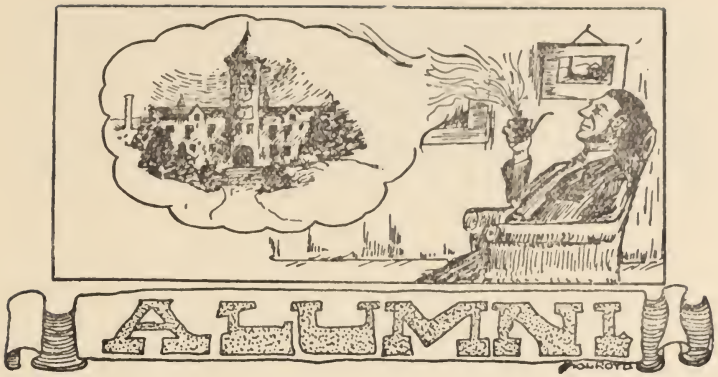
At times, however, some few students worry over trivial inconveniences and tend to become despondent. Their countenances do not fail to reveal a look of grouchiness. But when everyone else is smiling and speaking words of cheer, there comes an incentive to join the friendly throng. "Smile and the world smiles with you."

o o o o

ARE YOU CHASING SHADOWS?

The other day when I was riding on the train, my attention was suddenly attracted by an endless procession of shadows which were racing after each other along the top of the car. Everyone has seen this, for an embankment on the side of the road caused the sunlight to be reflected through the car windows. As I sat, half asleep, my mind was suddenly filled with this thought.

Is my time occupied with a never-ending chase after shadows and sunbeams, or have I some real great end in view? It is pleasant to go after sunbeams, but cloudy days will come when the sun doesn't shine. If the sun did not give us light, we would have no shadows and no sunbeams. Thus it is with every enterprise with which one is connected. There are small positions; but there are the big positions which control the small ones. We should not be content to occupy some small position, but should always strive to reach that which is highest. We should not chase sunbeams, but should reach out after the great sun, grasp for that which is highest and noblest.



EDITOR: W. A. CARVER, '21.

J. F. Berry, '17, and J. M. Heldman, '16, are in the automobile business at Greenville, S. C.

"Noisy" Kay, '19, is farming near Easley, S. C.

M. D. Berry, '13, is with the Southern Bell Telephone Company at Charlotte, N. C.

Doyle Hendrix, '20, is attending the University of Wisconsin.

Albert Whitesides, '08, is superintendent of the Victoria Cotton Mills, Rock Hill, S. C.

G. H. Durham, '17, has a position in the Electrical Department of J. E. Sirrine Company, Greenville, S. C.

Goode Bryan, '18, is with the State Mutual Life Insurance Company in Greenville, S. C.

Tom Jackson and Oliver Going, '20, are with J. E. Sirrine Company, Greenville, S. C.

"Rip" Sanders, '20, is attending the Kansas State Agricultural College, Manhattan, Kansas.

Frank Kolb, '20, is secretary of the Y. M. C. A. at Sumter, S. C.

C. S. Patrick, '13, is manager of the Clemson College farm.

EDITOR: O. B. MILLS, '21.

The boys are now back from the Fair and are settling down to their routine of class work; but the many pleasures they enjoyed, the many happy hours they spent, and the many friends they met while in Columbia are still in their memories.

Many things helped in making the boys enjoy their short encampment, and among those things, the "Y" tent was prominent in adding most to the pleasure and comfort of the boys. This tent was supplied with the very latest magazines and papers; it was supplied with writing paper, envelopes, checker-boards, and seats. There was always a crowd of boys sitting around the warm fire in front of the tent, reading, writing, or playing the victrola. Even at the late hours of night many boys were gathered around the large fire in front of the "Y" tent. There couldn't have been anything more appreciated by the students than a good warm fire to sit before while enjoying a few moments of physical and mental rest. This fire in front of the "Y" tent was especially appreciated by members of the camp guard. In fact, every sentinel, while not on duty, was hovering around it. Practically every convenience was supplied to make the boys enjoy themselves and to make the time pass pleasantly.

Probably no pastime was more pleasing to the boys than that of sitting and looking at the large "taters" that were lying around the fire roasting in the hot ashes. Of course, every boy had an opportunity to become a cook; and every boy was watching to see that the "taters" did not burn. Besides potatoes, milk and apples were also ready and waiting to be consumed. It is always a great

occasion when a barrel of apples or a large can of milk is set before a group of boys, especially a group of college boys.

The great comforts and accommodations furnished by the "Y" tent at Columbia are the results of the effort put forth by "Holtzy" and Hines. They were always on the job—ready and eager to serve the boys and to assist them in any way. They showed the sons of Clemson, not merely by word, but by deed, what real service is. It was a great deal of trouble and expense to carry a tent to Columbia, to equip it properly, and to keep a fire burning night and day; but, no doubt, by doing this great service the Y. M. C. A. touched a tender spot in the heart of each and every boy that attended the Fair.

o o o o

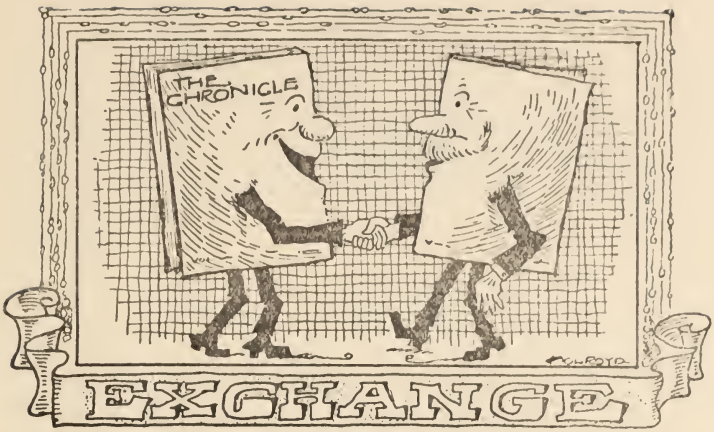
An unusually large crowd attended the regular services in the Y. M. C. A. auditorium last Thursday evening. Every seat, including those in the gallery, was occupied and many of the boys had to stand. The speaker at this meeting was Wade Hampton Bryant, better known as "Maggie". Mr. Bryant graduated from Clemson in the class of '18, and served as General Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. during the session of '18-'19. "Maggie" gave us a short, but very impressive, talk on "Margins." He emphasized the fact that it is only through carelessness and neglect that we approach the danger line. It is our duty to push ever onward and upward and shun being close to this "narrow margin" beyond which lies sorrow and destruction.

We were indeed fortunate in having Misses Martha Galt, Letitia Withrow, and Lenine Lusby from G. W. C. at this meeting. Miss Galt gave us several selections on the piano; Miss Withrow sang several numbers; and Miss Lusby played several selections on the violin. This most highly appreciated program given by the three young ladies was cheered from the bottom of the heart of every boy present.

It will pay each and every one of us to save Thursday night for the Y. M. C. A. program. Fred B. Smith will be here December 11, 12, 13, and 14. We can't afford to miss the message he has for us. These lectures are an ever helping asset to our college education. We get in a few minutes the experiences of men who have stood the test—men who have made a success in life.

o o o o

The Bible study classes are progressing well since the Fair is over, and they are now doing real work. The attendance so far has been unusually good. Let us continue to keep a good record. Remember that it is only one month before these classes will cease until after "Xmas", and in order that we get the most benefit from them, we must give some of our spare moments to reading and prayer. Let us make this great work a part of our college education.



EDITOR: J. O. COVIN, '21.

We are glad to note that a few exchanges have at last made their way to the desk of the exchange editor, but we are very sorry that the number is so small. We, the members of the staff, heartily welcome every exchange that comes to our desk; but we wonder why some of the exchanges are so late in arriving. We should like to get these exchanges just as early as possible in order that we may have more time to read carefully their contents.

We have received the following exchanges during the past few weeks: *The Wake Forest Student, The Carolinian, The Furman Echo, The Emory Phoenix, The Newberry Stylus,* and *The Lenoirian.*

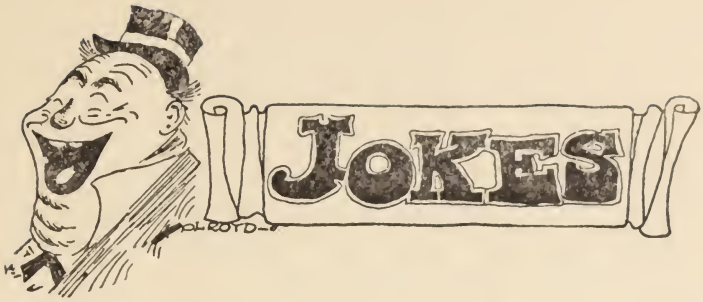
The Wake Forest Student was the first magazine to reach our desk; therefore, we have had more time to peruse its contents. The poetry as a whole is very good. "Thoughts o' Long Ago" and "'Tis Good to Live" are indeed excellent poems and are well worthy of commendation. These poems will strike a responsive chord in everyone's heart. "To the Whippoorwill" is also worthy of mention. We would suggest that, if a short story had been substituted for one of the essays, the magazine

would have been more balanced; however, this effect might have been brought about by adding a short story instead of making a substitution. The story, "Liz, Fer Short", has a very poor plot and lacks originality, having been used time and time again by scenario writers. We would suggest that the writer strive for more originality.

The outstanding article of *The Carolinian* is the poem, "Carolina—Alma Mater." This poem represents good thought and careful construction. "La Belle Nuit" is very good, although it is rather short. "To a Rose" does not contain much thought and is lacking in smoothness and rhythm. "His Greatest Gift" is a very good short story. The plot is good and is handled in a creditable manner. "Three Roads" is a rather good short story. It clearly shows that its author has the vivid imagination that is necessary to the good short story writer.

The Furman Echo is a magazine of high standard, and the last edition did not lower its record in the least. The only defect was the lack of a sufficient number of poems to give the edition balance. "The Majesty of Manhood" is a well-written article. Such an article is a valuable asset to any magazine. We note with pleasure that this article was written by an alumnus. This fact shows that the magazine still holds attraction for the graduates. It also shows how much better we could make our college magazines, if our alumni would contribute articles to their college magazines. "The Unfinished War" is a splendid essay. We hope that its author will continue to contribute articles as good in quality as is this one. "The New Hired Man" is a well-written short story. "College Spirit" embodies excellent thought and sound advice. We heartily agree with its editor on that subject, for we believe that college spirit does more than any other one thing to stimulate love for one's alma mater.

Thank you for the exchanges!



EDITOR: G. A. HARRISON, '21.

Burglar: "Don't be alarmed the least bit lady; I will not touch you. I only want your money."

Old Maid: "Merciful heavens! You are just like all other men. Go away!"

o o o o

B. C. Cobb (on a straw ride): "How would you like to squeeze in here?"

She: "It would be wonderful, but what would the chaperone think?"

o o o o

Barber: "Will you have anything on your face when I've finished?"

Wop: "I don't know, but I hope you will at least leave my nose."

o o o o

WE SHOULD BE THANKFUL—

That there are only nine months in a scholastic year.

That sixty-six demerits don't ship you.

That Clemson is on the Seneca instead of the Hudson.

That Col. Cummins has only two eyes.

That Christmas is a holiday.

That—oh, well—we should be thankful.

o o o o

Cadet (in a cheap show): "Say, Manager, haven't you a Hula dancer in this act?

Manager: "Yes, but she is in the dressing room where she ought to be."

You tell 'em, Columbia, that was Fair enough.

o o o o

She was different from most co-eds. The hour was growing late. Finally, after a desperate pause, he managed to ask, "Won't you love me—even just a little bit?"

"I might," she murmured, "if I didn't have an eight o'clock class in the morning."—Ex.

o o o o

"Chris" Chappell: "How was the snap-shot of Mabel in her bathing suit?"

"Bone" Lawton: "No good."

"Chris": "What was the matter?"

"Bone": "Too much exposure."

o o o o

Pinckney: "Is a chicken big enough to eat when it is three weeks old?"

Rosa: "Why, of course not."

Pinckney: "Well, how does it live, then?"

o o o o

Sam Hayes: "When did you first realize you loved me?"

Mary: "When I began getting angry every time father called you an idiot."

o o o o

Joe Frank Freeman: "How many times were you engaged this summer?"

Susan: "I started with a quota of six, but I only got one ring."

o o o o

Imagine a husband getting this message. He was a traveling salesman and got this "wire" from his wife: "Twins arrived to-night. More by mail."

o o o o

Sallie: "Did you tell the minister that I did not wish him to kiss me after the ceremony?"

Louis: "Yes, my love."

Sally: "And what did he say?"

Louie: "He said, in that case, he would only charge half the usual fee."

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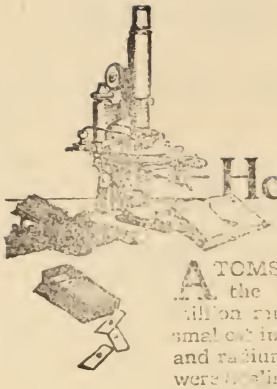

How Large is an Atom?

ATOMS are so infinitesimal that to be seen under the most powerful microscope one hundred million must be grouped. The atom used to be the smallest indivisible unit of matter. When the X-Rays and radium were discovered physicists found that they were dealing with smaller things than atoms—with particles they call "electrons."

Atoms are built up of electrons, just as the solar system is built up of sun and planets. Magnify the hydrogen atom, says Sir Oliver Lodge, to the size of a cathedral, and an electron, in comparison, will be no bigger than a bird-shot.

Not much substantial progress can be made in chemical and electrical industries unless the action of electrons is studied. For that reason the chemists and physicists in the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company are as much concerned with the very constitution of matter as they are with the development of new inventions. They use the X-Ray tube as if it were a machine-gun; for by its means electrons are shot at targets in new ways so as to reveal more about the structure of matter.

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Years may thus be spent in what seems to be merely a purely "theoretical" investigation. Yet nothing is so practical as a good theory. The whole structure of modern mechanical engineering is reared on Newton's laws of gravitation and motion—theories stated in the form of immutable propositions.

In the past the theories that resulted from purely scientific research usually came from the university laboratories, whereupon the industries applied them. The Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company conceive it as part of their task to explore the unknown in the same spirit, even though there may be no immediate commercial goal in view. Sooner or later the world profits by such research in pure science. Wireless communication, for example, was accomplished largely as the result of Hertz's brilliant series of purely scientific experiments demonstrating the existence of wireless waves.

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XXIV
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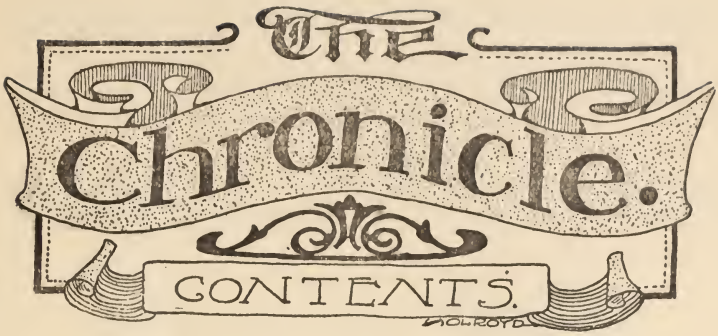

The Clemson College Chronicle

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Valeat Quantum Valent Potest

EDITORS:

W. H. NEWTON, '21. J. V. MARTIN, '22. T. W. MORGAN, '22.

CHRISTMAS

Think, thou sons of the Carolinas,
'Tis a month of joy and cheer,
For December brings us tidings
Of a new and happy year.
Yes, it's almost time for Christmas
And it's none too soon to yearn
For vacation's pleasant hours
And to see the home fires burn.

None too soon; the leaves are falling;
None too soon; the days are cold;
For it's almost the time, dear folks,
To have a new year for the old.
We've just imbibed the Christmas spirit
Back from days of long ago
When old Santa filled our stocking,
And the ground was white with snow.

Christmas! Christmas! merry Christmas!
We'll be happy when you're here,
And we ask for nothing better
Than the good old Chrismtas cheer;
Yes, that cheer that makes us happy,
Makes us feel we're kids once more;
Makes us feel so good we're daffy—
Give us Christmas evermore.

—J. W. K., '24.

THE SUMMER SPENT

As the sunny days of the spring of 1920 spread their warmth over the campus of Clemson College, the thoughts of the members of the student body naturally turned to commencement and plans for the following summer. Many opportunities to spend this vacation with both pleasure and profit offered themselves, making it very difficult for us to decide what we really wished to do during this summer.

Almost unbelieveable stories had been told us of the fabulous wages paid for work in the wheat fields of the Central West, this information coming in the form of a circular from the farmers of that region and from men who had worked there during previous harvests. These men who had worked there also informed us of other conditions of which the before-mentioned circulars had said not a word; this was that the weather there during the harvest season was intolerably hot and that the work was so hard that no one except a very strong man physically could stand it very long. However, this discouraging information daunted us not at all; and, after much discussion and deliberation, a small party of us decided to go to the wheat fields.

Therefore, in accordance with our plans, one week after commencement, we boarded a train amid the predictions

of our friends for an early return on our part, and started for Kansas, sometimes called the "Sunflower State", the center of the great central-western wheat belt. The route we followed led us by way of Atlanta, Georgia; Birmingham, Alabama; Memphis, Tennessee; Springfield, Missouri; and thence to Wichita, Kansas, our final destination.

The journey to Atlanta was made through country with which we are all familiar; therefore we were in good spirits as to the trip we had undertaken, regarding it as a lark. However, upon emerging from our berths in a sleeping car the next morning in Birmingham, we found ourselves "strangers in a strange land", and as a result the hitherto good spirits of the party began to wane, for we realized that we had undertaken a venture which we could not well give up and escape the ridicule of our friends at home. In spite of these feelings, however, we spent half the day viewing this "iron and steel" city, and at noon boarded the famous "Kansas City Special" and were rapidly borne northward to—we knew not what.

Early the next morning we reached Springfield, Missouri. We had been compelled to spend the previous night in a day-coach, and the feelings of the members of the party had by this time reached such a point that we cared little what happened. After spending a few hours in this city, we boarded a slow train and completed the last lap of our journey, arriving at Wichita that night at ten o'clock. We immediately sought a hotel and went to bed. Our spirits had somewhat revived upon arrival at our destination, for we expected to be picked up in a body the next morning by some anxious farmer whose wheat was overripe and who could not procure hands to harvest it. We went to sleep amid dreams of pleasant work amid golden shocks of grain, five meals a day, and rolls of money as our reward at the end of the harvest season.

We arose early the next morning, donned our overalls, and went out into the street. There we were impressed

by two things: first, the entire absence of anyone looking in the least like an anxious farmer; and, second, the hundreds of idle men dressed in overalls as we were. The city, though from every appearance a prosperous one, had on this particular morning every characteristic of a resort for hoboes, for never in our lives had we seen in one place so many idle men apparently looking for work. After walking the streets for an hour in search of a farmer needing harvest hands, and failing to find one, we resolved to visit the Government Employ Agency, hoping to find that institution in touch with farmers who would employ us. Therefore, to the Employment Agency we went, and after standing in a line of overall-clad men for half an hour, awaiting our turn, we at last reached the window and asked the official for a job in the wheat fields.

"Why, you're a week too early for the wheat harvest here," curtly replied the official, "though you might be able to secure work one hundred miles south of here in Oklahoma."

"Nothing doing down there," said a by-stander; "I came from there just yesterday, and in every little town I saw crowds of idle men waiting for work in the harvest."

"Well, how about a job a week from now when the harvest opens here?" we asked hopefully.

"I'll do the best that I can for you," replied the official, "but there are hundreds of applications ahead of yours."

"But we were told that there would be work for ten thousand men in the state of Kansas on this date," we insisted.

"If you believed that, it goes to show that you know nothing about the Kansas wheat growers . They advertise for ten thousand men in order that they may be sure of five thousand," stated the official, heartlessly. "Next man."

With this discouraging information, we were forced to leave the office and go again into the street to consider

our situation, and indeed it was a serious one. Every man of the party was practically "broke". We were fifteen hundred miles from home in a strange city, without work, and with seemingly little chance of getting any at an early date. Prospects were anything but bright for us; and, as we considered the best course to pursue, our predicament was reflected in the low spirits of the members of the party, for we were a "blue" and disappointed bunch.

As we discussed the best course to pursue, it soon became apparent that here the party must split up, for we could not decide on any plan of action which was satisfactory to all. Therefore, two men of the party set out for Kansas City in hopes of securing other work, while the remaining five of us started farther westward to Hutchinson, Kansas, where we had been told we could get work stacking alfalfa hay until the opening of the harvest season.

Upon our arrival at Hutchinson, we again consulted an employment agency and were told that there were no jobs open for any kind of farm work, but that a construction company just outside the city needed men for light grading work on a hard surface road that was being built, and that, if we so desired, we might begin work there at once. The wages offered were much lower than those we were expecting to get for harvest work, but our financial condition had become so acute that we could not well afford to turn any offer down. Therefore we gladly accepted the job and early the next morning proceeded to the scene of the activities of the construction company. Once there we were immediately put to work—work which had every characteristic stated by the employment agency except lightness.

After a hard day of toil, a supper such as was afforded by the company for the workmen, and a view of the dirty bunks which we were supposed to occupy for the night, we resolved to hit the open country and look for a job

on a farm, even if we received nothing in return except three meals a day and clean straw for a bed. Once out in the level country and away from the road camp, we were encouraged by the great fields of ripening wheat lying on either side of the road, and therefore stopped at the first farmhouse we reached and asked for a job as harvest hands.

"I have already engaged men for the cutting season," replied the friendly farmer in answer to our request. "However, Riley, who lives one mile south and one-half mile east from here needs hands and will probably employ you."

The words, "one mile south and one-half mile east", had no meaning for us; so further inquiry as to what he meant was necessary. We soon learned, however, that this is the common way of giving directions in that part of the country where all roads run north and south at intervals of one mile, and east and west at intervals of the same distance. We followed these directions and soon arrived at Riley's home where, much to our joy, two of us were employed and were told to come on the following Sunday. It was then Friday night. Another member of the party was employed at the next farm we reached, thus leaving only two of the party without harvest work in view. We returned to the road camp and worked the next day. On Sunday the party again split up. We who had obtained jobs in the harvest went to our respective employer's homes, while the other two returned to Hutchinson, announcing their intention of working their way back home.

Late on Sunday afternoon we reached Riley's home and reported for duty. During the first few days of our stay with him we were kept busy performing various duties about the farm, such as repairing machinery and cutting weeds in his cornfield and garden, receiving for this work three good meals a day and a bed of alfalfa hay in the loft of his barn at night. Then on the third

day of our stay we were told to be ready to begin shocking wheat early the next morning.

During the remainder of my life may the horrors of that first day never be repeated. We began work early in the morning and for a while all went well. But as the morning wore on, the sun began to beat down upon us without mercy. Our feet became blistered from walking over miles of stubble. Our tongues became dry and our lips parched from the intense heat, and water imbibed in great quantities failed to quench our burning thirst. The sweat which ran from our bodies in scalding streams seemed heated almost to the boiling point by the sun and a hot wind. The bundles of wheat became heavier and heavier until at last, when we had almost reached the limit of our endurance, the binders stopped and we were told to quit and go to dinner. After a good dinner, a smoke, and a few minutes rest we again went to work. During the afternoon the horrors of the morning were repeated, and when, after seemingly ages of walking and shocking the large bundles, night came, we were barely able to drag our weary and aching bodies to the farmhouse. Once there though, we readily conceded to Mrs. Riley the honor of being a past-mistress of the art of feeding tired and hungry men, for we sat down to a supper which would have been a credit to any housewife. The best of food was there in quantities sufficient to feed a crowd at a southern "corn husking", and cooked in a way that caused the very aroma to bring to us memories of home. We attacked the meal with appetites such as we had never had before, and soon had our employer casting anxious glances in our direction to see if we were going to leave the dishes. After supper we took only enough time for another smoke before we "hit the hay", and, "believe me", the hay felt good to our tired, sore bodies that night.

The next day, and every day, except Sundays, for two weeks we went through the same gruelling hard work, building endless shocks of wheat which we were to soon

tear down for the threshing machine. At the end of two weeks we finished shocking wheat and enjoyed several days of rest before Riley began threshing. Then during three weeks of threshing we worked as "pitchers". At this job we were each equipped with a three-pronged "bundle fork" with which we pitched the bundles of wheat from the shocks into the "bundle wagons". A "bundle wagon" is made by placing a large frame, generally about eighteen feet long, eight feet wide and seven feet high, upon the running gear of a common farm wagon. The bundles of wheat are transported by these wagons from the shocks to the threshing machine, which is generally set in the middle of the field. Here the bundles are pitched into the threshing machine and the wheat is separated from the straw. Our work as "pitchers" was even harder than that of shocking, but we had by this time become more used to the hot sun and wind and more hardened to the work, therefore we endured "pitching" with much more ease than we had done the first few days of shocking.

While threshing, we went from one farm to another, and everywhere met the same reception: plenty to eat and a bed in the barn or in a strawstack. However, we became used to these sleeping quarters, and if some farmer had offered us a bed in his house we would have been greatly surprised and in all probability would have declined, for no bedchamber can rival the leeward side of a strawstack on a hot night.

At last at the end of five weeks' work, we decided to start again for our dear old "Palmetto State", and start we did.

We left the wheat fields without reluctance and travelled down the beautiful Arkansas River to Tulsa, Oklahoma, the center of the oil producing industry of the world. We spent a day there, viewing that great city of oil refineries and millionaires—a city still showing numerous signs of many booms resulting from the dis-

covery of oil and the growth of the refining industry for which it is famous.

From Tulsa we traveled southward through a country honey-combed with oil wells to Sapulpa, Oklahoma, a railroad center. While there we had the privilege of mounting to the cab and getting "inside dope" on the largest locomotive in the world, now running on the Frisco railroad.

Leaving Sapulpa on the following day, we started on our homeward journey proper, viewing on our way the sight of many of the large southern cities and arriving home on the fourth day of our journey. Upon our arrival at home we were duly welcomed by our parents and friends, who listened to our tales of the "Golden West" with varying degrees of belief. We agreed among ourselves that we had had a wonderful and invaluable trip, but all united with Poe's Raven in saying "Nevermore."

—T. W. M., '22, *Columbian.*

CHRISTMAS DAY

The tide of the time has brought us near again to the anniversary of that momentous day when Christ was born. That day stands out preeminently as the beginning of a new era. It marked the beginning of a new force which has been felt even to the uttermost parts of the world. It is the abiding story of this day that has always inspired a feeling of happiness and thanksgiving throughout the world, regardless of economic, political, or civil conditions.

It is true that in this modern age we fail to realize the real significance of the anniversary. However, the mighty influence of Christmas day has not been entirely forgotten. This is proven by the fact that during the Christmas holidays our thoughts instinctively turn to those we love. Love was the dominant characteristic of

the Master's life. We also have a desire to express our love through gifts. Christ immortalized the spirit of giving by the sacrifice he made of his own life. Christmas day should mean more to us than a mere holiday. Many of us have come to regard it as a day on which secular duties may be set aside, and a carousing time realized. What will the day mean to you this year? Will it create in you a feeling of love, friendship, and generosity?

One of the strongest ties that bind the family is the home-coming of all its members during the Christmas holidays. Truly it is a period that every college boy or girl anticipates with much joy. Even the humblest homes experience, to a limited degree, the joy that accompanies Christmas.

Our parents are usually responsible for the many joys and comforts experienced during the Christmas holidays, and at this time may we not forget to avail ourselves of this opportunity to pay homage to the best friends we have in the world.

The tide of time has brought us near
To that momentous day,
When Christ on earth appeared
In a meek yet noble way.

He brought a message full of love
To every one in need,
He paved the way to Heaven above
With his life, his friendly deeds.

I look with joy upon his life
That still stands out alone,
And wish amidst my toil and strife
That such could be my own.

—W. H. R., '21.

"OUR STANDARD"

Carry high the standard that you bear,
Let it not drag in the dust,
Ever on into the battle of life,
March on to the front, we must;
Straight into the thickest fight,
Onward, "be a hero in the strife",
Never turn from duty nor from the right.

Always bear high that standard;
Grasp it with a hand that is firm.
Right is the word on that standard;
It is the standard that all should love.
Carry it with you thru the battle of life;
Urge others to carry it, too.
Laugh at those who would stop you;
Tell them your banner is best;
Utter the shibboleth as forward you go;
Run up your flag on the highest crest,
And there let it wave both day and night;
Let it never be lowered, for it is right.

Clemson gives you her standard
Out in your life to take it.
Lift high that dear old standard;
Live so that you can keep it
Ever by "Old Glory", shining and bright.
God will sustain you in your work,
Every duty to do, for it is right.

—W. T. F., '22, *Carolina.*

CHRISTMAS EVE WITH THE CAP'N.

Christmas Eve! But the proverbial "not a creature was stirring" was indeed not applicable there, for the Cap'n's pack of fifteen strong was exerting every ounce of its energy in an effort to catch the fleet-footed Reynard. Their cries echoing thru the woods, the encouraging yells of the hunters in their wake, the cold perfect night—all served to inspire the little group of mounted men in the road.

Even the redoubtable Mr. Boone could not refrain from smiling in appreciation. Mr. Boone was a man of distinctly original parts. Perhaps six feet, four inches tall, he weighed approximately three hundred pounds. While he could not justly be termed a pessimist, his inability to appreciate a joke, especially one on himself, could not be denied. Mr. Boone, having no occasion to execute manual labor, possessed no worn clothes in which to hunt. So it was that the mischief-loving Cap'n had attired his friend in the most ill-fitting old clothes he could find, assuring him thru-out the procedure that each addition added to his attractiveness. Mr. Boone's gaunt steed, furnished by the Cap'n, was an animal worthy of description. Upon it, the appellation "Bonaparte" had been bestowed. "Bonaparte's" long ears never moved together. They possessed the remarkable property of receiving sound waves from almost every direction so recklessly did they maintain incessant and almost instantaneous change of position. But, while it could be said that "Bonaparte" heard all, it could not be said that he saw all, for his eyes seemed ever fixed upon the silvery moon above. Not only was he "sway-backed", but his sadly bent legs seemed ever ready to discontinue supporting his bony form. Horse and rider presented an almost weird appearance.

"They've turned," informed the Cap'n as the cries suddenly became less distinct. "Jim?"

"Yassuh."

"I'll wait here in case he doubles back. I want Mr. Boone to see the fox tonight. Take him down near the wharf. It'll probably cross there,—and Jim?"

"Yassuh."

"Mr. Boone is a born horseman. Take a short cut over that field and don't lose any time getting there."

At his being called a "born horseman", Mr. Boone's breast swelled with pride. "I'm off, Captain," he said, "to ride my steed to the place named." He suddenly applied the great spurs he wore to the ribs of "Bonaparte", whereupon that animal shook himself, flourished his tail, threw up his head, and straightway departed.

"Ride, Henry, ride!" time after time called the Cap'n.

Upon hearing each call, Mr. Boone would again apply the spurs to "Bonaparte" until finally his efforts were rewarded by a comparatively fast lope. A moment later "Bonaparte" tripped and fell. Mr. Boone continued until gravity drew his mammoth-like body to and deposited it unceremoniously upon Mother Earth.

"Ride, Henry, ride!" called the Cap'n.

"Captain, I abhor swearing," yelled he in reply, "but how in h—l can I ride a horse that's up-side-down?"

And so it was. "Bonaparte" was lying back-down between two rows, his bent legs frantically describing curves in the night air in a vain endeavor to plant his feet in the soft earth beneath him. Even in this embarrassing predicament, his eyes remained fixed upon the moon and his ears maintained their nervous twitching.

. . . . . .

Around the fire were gathered the hunters. The glorious race was over; the fox caught. From the Cap'n's bugle-like horn issued a plaintive call to those of his pack which were to leave the woods and, incidentally, the chance of catching another fox. Mr. Boone, unhurt in his late adventure, sat near the fire with his hands outstretched that they might enjoy the warmth of the

flames. Will, the Cap'n's son-in-law, and Charlie Webb, a gentleman famed for his marksmanship and modesty with regard to it, feasted on sweet potatoes recently procured from the nearby field and baked in the ashes of the fire. Several mountaineers, down to enjoy the low-country hunting, talked incessantly of the wonderful race.

"Boys," said the Cap'n, "I'm not a braggart, but I'd like to see the animal on four legs that could out-run that pack."

"'Minds me, Cap'n, of ole Wheeler," said an old mountaineer. "Wheeler, sar, was the bes' dawg thet I ever had. One night ole Wheeler jes' opened up and I knowed thet thet meant a fox. Well, suh, I hed a young chap with me, an' when we got nar whar ole Wheeler was he ups an' says as how ole Wheeler is a-lyin'. Ef he'd called me a liar 'stead of ole Wheeler, I'd a been less mad. So I says to him, 'Bout three miles down thet road is a house and in it is ole Sal. The house has been mine for near 'bout thu'ty year, an' ole Sal has been my wife jest thet long. Now ef ole Wheeler is a-lyin' you kin step down thar an' take both an' I don't say a word!' When we went near ole Wheeler what did we see but thet ole boy a-sittin' on his back legs a-howlin' an' thet fox ridin' on them shape's back!"

"Give me another drink on that," requested Mr. Boone, after the laughter had somewhat subsided.

"Watch your step there, Henry," warned the Cap'n; "It don't take much to make you happy."

"Gentlemen," said Will, "I've a story to tell which puzzles me very much. I do not understand it. Upon one of my numerous fishing trips, I fished for some time with no luck whatever. Finally I landed a big trout. I unhooked and threw it to the bottom of the boat. Contemplating its size and beauty with no little pride, I was astounded to note in its eye a most pathetic expression. Suddenly, tears streamed from it and, before long, it looked so pitiful that I could not refrain from throwing

it back into the water. The next day, I was again fishing at the same spot. Much to my surprise, I caught fish after fish. My curiosity finally compelled me to look into the water. What did I see? The very fish I'd thrown overboard the day before driving the fish to my bait! Can anyone explain it? Gratitude, gentlemen, even in a fish!"

"Pardner," dryly observed Wheeler's lord, "I reckon as how you won't take no offense et my 'splainin' hit to the crowd?"

"None whatever, sir," assured the dignified Will.

"Well, suh, hit's jest a demned lie."

"Next!" cried Charlie Webb.

"Stop, Charlie," exclaimed Rigby, Charlie's boon companion, "or he'll tell us something of shooting. Cap'n, tell us about 'ole Liz'."

"'Ole Liz'," began the Cap'n, "was certainly a wonderful old hen. Charlie, gentleman, will bear me out in what I say and you can rely on Charlie's truthfulness. I've always had a flock of pedigreed White Leghorns in my yard. Wishing to ascertain which of these were not laying, I put soot in the nests. The hens which had no soot upon them I killed. 'Ole Liz', who had long since passed the laying stage, soon divined by motive and sat upon the nest to save her neck. On another occasion, a rainy, cold day, she found her way into the kitchen, and Mum Rosa, the cook, found her under the stove. She was lying on her back and holding her cold, wet feet up to the stove. Another time, she—"

"Enough, Captain!" interrupted the now tipsy Mr. Boone, as he unsteadily arose. "Sir, the delightful spirits has rendered me inestimably exhuberant. Merry New Year! Happy Christmas! I feel like a butterfly, and—"

"Then sir," advised Will, "your feelings are not in harmony with your person."

The sincerity of Mr. Boone's professions was soon to be lamentably confirmed. Shortly after, he wandered down the road, singing loudly as he went. When he reached

the wharf he stopped and, with blinking eyes, gazed alternately at the river in front and the sky above. He walked out on the wharf. The moon's bright rays produced a shadow at the end of the wharf making it apparently of greater length. Mr. Boone was easily deceived and stepped upon the shadow, thru it, and into the icy waters below. The quiet of the night was suddenly broken by intermingled splashing and yelling as the tremendous Mr. Boone wildly sought to regain the wharf. When his efforts were finally rewarded, he was a sober man and returned to the fire as fast as his fat legs were capable of carrying him.

It was a most fitting climax to Christmas Eve with the Cap'n, the memories of which I shall never forget.

—J. V. M., '22, *Palmetto.*

UNCLE GABE

Young Marse Tom am a-feelin' fine.
He sho' got 'nuf to 'spire.
Hit's Christmas ebe an' de moon a-shine
As Ah piles oak on de fire.

Hit ain't been mo' dan t'ree day since
He been one anxious man.
De young Miss mak' 'im feel conwince
Dat he'd nebber win huh hand.

She wanna know ef he lub her much.
Ah guess She *know* hit now.
His haid de pillow nebber touch
'Til dey took de sacred vow.

Dat sweet young Miss dar by he side,
De lady ob he h'a't.
Am now my missus and he bride;
I'se yere to play ma pa't.

To gib dem de adwice ah has
To mak' de long lane smooth,
To mak' ma chillun bliss be as
De calm mill-pond dat soothe.

Young Massa an' de young Miss seem
To feel dat dar moon-shine;
Dey's carryin' on de wust I'se seen;
Reck'n Ah better be gwine.

But fo' Ah goes, jes' lemme say
Ah wish dis fo' de two—
Dat lak Marse Ben an' ole Missy
De Lawd'll dey lub hol' true.

—J. V. M., '22, *Palmetto.*

THE MEETING

"Why, Betty," remarked the indignant auntie, "the very idea of your going with Henry Lawson is absurd. Stop and think a moment; remember who you are. The royal blood of the Stuarts flows in your veins. The idea of mixing such blood with a common man's is preposterous. Your great grandfather Prayson was a noble and honorable man. Henry is nothing but a poor, common, country boy."

"But, auntie," interposed the blushing Betty, "I know he is only a country boy, but that is all anyone can say against him."

"I'll have you to know, my little lady," retorted Mrs. Anskon, "that I'll have no relative of mine, and especially not my own brother's daughter, mingling with such common, poor people. Look at his ancestors! They were neither rich nor famous; they have been digging all the time and haven't gotten anywhere, and he is only another of the kind; he is only one of the rabble. His sort are numerous. I am going to carry you back to Atlanta with me; and when you have been introduced into society and have met people who have ancestors they are proud of, and people who are cultured and refined, Henry Lawson's acquaintance will become a nuisance to you. You will soon forget him, for he is just one of the herd of common cattle, and you are a Prayson."

The majority of people claim that aristocracy does not exist in America today; and nationally it does not, but it is to be found in the hearts of a few scattered individuals. Mrs. Anskon was one of these. She peered so deeply into an individual's lineage that she became blind to his virtue and only knew if his ancestors were wealthy or famous; if the individual's forefathers were what she considered worthy, this light so dazzled her vision that she could see no short-comings or faults of the person in question. Her special delight was discussing and commenting on the ancestry of someone. She spoke of them

as a modern swine-breeder would speak of the pedigree of a hog he wished to sell. But she took great precaution to discuss but one line of her own lineage; she tried to forget the fact that another line did exist. The other branch of the family tree was a people of limited means, and many of them did not measure up to the standard of integrity and honesty. When any member of the family achieved distinction or accomplished a difficult feat, she would always say, "That is the blood of the Prayson showing itself"; and when anyone chanced not to measure up to her standards of living and conduct, she made a similar remark concerning the other source of the family tree.

Betty did not attempt any further reply to her aunt, but her belief in the virtues of Henry Lawson remained unshaken. Betty and Henry had grown up together: they attended the same public school, went to the same Sunday school, listened to the same preacher, and enjoyed the same entertainments and amusements. The spirit of comradeship bound them together before they grew to discover that a deeper affection existed. What is so artless, yet what is so pure, as a first love? In one's first passion one loves one's lover; in all others, all one loves is love.

Mr. and Mrs. Prayson did not interpose in the plan of Mrs. Anskon to save Betty, as she thought. In fact, they were anxious for the very procedure; therefore, the wilful aunt had her way. One morning in July when Mrs. Anskon was returning from her summer visit, Betty bade adieu to the little village and its inhabitants, and accompanied her haughty relative to the metropolis of the South.

The first weeks of Betty's stay in the large city charmed her. The dinners, the balls, the theater parties, the dances, and the teas set her unaccustomed brain in a whirl; and momentarily she forgot there was a world outside the small circle in which she moved. Mrs. Anskon was delighted. Betty had forgotten all about Henry, as

she had predicted; besides, it was some distinction to be an aunt of one of the most charming belles of the city. But as time rolled on the novelty vanished, and Betty's mind began to divert to her home in the little village and to Henry. She desired to return home; but her father, mother, aunt, and many of her newly-made acquaintances implored her to remain. She listened to their clamor and obeyed.

But soon she and Henry were carrying on quite an extensive correspondence. To her it was a pleasure; to him it was an inspiration. His only consolation was the receipt of passionate letters from Betty to whom he wrote every day. This means of interchanging ideas continued until the devoted aunt came to suspect the truth and to investigate to ascertain for herself. Betty's father had all but forbidden his sister to interfere with the correspondence of the two youngsters. The crafty kinswoman bribed the postman and captured all incoming and out-going epistles. Each of the youths wondered what had happened to the other. Several notes of inquiry were sent from each to the other; but, there being no answer in return, these ceased.

"Well, Betty, my dear," remarked the auntie with deep sarcasm, "you see that it is possible to have a world without a Henry Lawson or any of his kind in it, don't you? Now you see how silly it was for you to ever care for him. He has stopped writing you hasn't he? I doubt if he ever cared for you except as a means of realizing his selfish ambitions. I guess he has found a girl of his own kind and has forgotten you, entirely blotted you from his memories. To-day you have the opportunity of marrying into one of the best families in the South. You see where I was right, don't you?"

He has broken faith with me," replied Betty, "and I am glad he has. Now I see how silly I was for ever admiring him. It is very well that he has forgotten me, for I have forgotten him." These remarks wrought a smile over the perplexed countenance of Mrs. Anskon.

Betty thought that Henry had broken faith with her. Women do not allow their lovers to descend from their pedestals; a god can not be pardoned for the slightest offense. But a love that is interrupted thus slumbers along like a volcanic fire.

Fifteen years later Lawson has finished a law school and is one of the most eminent lawyers in the state. He has married and is the father of two children. The haughty aunt is in her eternal abode; also Betty's father and mother have passed away. Betty is a saleswoman in a clothing store. Betty and Henry have not seen each other since the former left her home town to go to Atlanta.

Cries for Lawson thrill the air; he has been elected governor by an overwhelming majority. After he had served as governor for two terms, the people would have no other but him to represent them in the national congress as United States senator.

After Lawson had been in the capital city for about a year, he returned to his native state to visit his relatives. He and Betty chanced to meet on the street. Changed as they both were, each recognized the other. She showed decided change, a change such as takes place in a flower which, accustomed to air and sunshine, is suddenly transported to darkness and shade. His features were not so decidedly changed; he looked a little older and a little grayer. Their only greeting was a grasp and their only expression a glance; and they passed on. They alone know all the possibilities in the way of tenderness, mutual understanding, wrath, and malice contained in the modification of that soul-laden ray of light. A thousand desires, wild wishes, and passionate longings are compressed in a glance. The form of the lady covers the reality of the soul; therefore, no bystander was aware of the fact that they had noticed each other. This was the moment to arouse and fan into flame that spark each of them possessed. Poets may sing of young love; but

only the old have time to love; the young are too busy roaming in the galleries of ambition.

Lawson returned to Washington to resume his duties, but the incident in his native town haunted him. He attempted to run away from it by going to Boston for a short stay, but it followed him there. One evening as he was reading the local newspaper from his old home, the words, "fatal accident," arrested his attention. Reading the article more closely, he saw that Betty Prayson had been struck by a street car and that she had died almost instantly from the injury. As he read it again the Betty of his youth loomed before him. He laid the paper down and strode out into the night seeking consolation. His wandering steps led him to the quay. His shadow became riveted on a space in the sky far out over the water. "Dear Betty," he began, "here on earth they kept us separated. Now you are gone and I am gone. Now I am coming, and we shall never be separated again. I am coming," he repeated enthusiastically as he ran over the edge of the quay and disappeared in the water.

—A. R. K., '21, *Carolina*.

THE UNCROWNED KING

Down through the long ages of history there has walked, majestically and tranquilly, an uncrowned king, whose authority has never been questioned and whose kingdom has never been overthrown. This King, the King of Love, has more subjects who bow to his decrees and obey his mandates than have all other kings combined. This king has caused nations to decay and empires to topple, and has filled more charnel-houses than all other forces in the universe. This king is more severe in his commands than the great god, Moloch; he is stronger than Hercules; and is more powerful than Jove. He has the power of forcing nations to be swallowed up in the chasm of Immorality and also has the

power of lifting nations to the highest pinnacle of Morality. This king walks hand-in-hand with the King of Death and the King Moloch, and gloats over the graves of his victims in the same way. Such is the King of Love.

In the mountains of Western North Carolina, located on a hill surrounded by three large mountains, lies the little village of Mona. There, shielded from the storms and winds, and excluded, as it were, from the outside world, nestles Mona, tranquilly and peacefully. The view of Mona from the mountains is very picturesque. As the eye scans the village from the north to the south, the beautiful farms, the cottages, the stores, and a little church rapidly come into view.

In the center of Mona, near the church, is a cottage which is occupied by a little, old and wrinkled lady—Mother Wren—who is the most beloved lady in the community. She adopted earlier in her life an orphan boy, Melvin Bradford, who now is a fine young lad preparing to enter college.

On the opposite side of the street lives the community minister and his only daughter, Vivian. This young lady is the very embodiment of innocence and purity. She and Melvin have been sweethearts since childhood, and it has been understood by all in the community that they are to marry as soon as Melvin finishes college.

When the day arrived for Melvin to depart for college, he spent most of the day with Vivian. Promises were made by each. After a fond embrace Melvin left his little sweetheart. Kissing Mother Wren and promising her that he would be a good boy he left for the station.

Life in college held no happiness for the brave young lad. Thoughts of home, mingled with the idea that he couldn't see Vivian for a long time, added to his discouragement. However, he realized that Mother Wren and Vivian wished him to remain in college; so his heart was strengthened.

The home life of Vivian was not as pleasant as it had been; the old home had lost some of its charm since Mel-

vin had gone away. Pleasant memories of her happy childhood added to her loneliness. She never for one time hinted to Melvin that she was so lonely, because she wanted him to remain in college. The love of these two young people never diminished in the least. In fact, separation only strengthened their love for each other. Thus the weary months rolled by.

. . . . . .

When Melvin was a senior in college he was very popular and stood at the head of his class in scholarship. His love for Vivian had been strengthened through the long years. College days did not materially change his attitude of life. He still realized his humbleness and was not in the least ashamed of his little mountain home.

Vivian had become an accomplished and cultured young lady. Her father had been dead for a year and she went to live with Mother Wren.

After graduating, Melvin went back to the old home to claim his bride. There was great rejoicing in the little village when Melvin made his return. Numerous parties and dinners were given in his honor. It was like the returning or home-coming of a war veteran.

Upon the suggestion of Mother Wren, a quiet church wedding was held. The entire community turned out in full force for the wedding. Melvin, who was the happiest man in Mona, resigned himself to the joy and pleasure which Vivian and the little village of Mona afforded him. Several days later he received an offer of a position in a bank from an influential business man in Boston. After due consideration, he accepted the offer and departed for Boston a week later. Vivian was left at home with Mother Wren, with the assurance that she would be taken to Boston as soon as Melvin met with any degree of success.

This lad made a very serious mistake in allowing his employer and his co-workers to assume that he was single. He let this false assumption go until it was almost impossible to correct it without a great amount of em-

barrassment. Melvin, who was every inch a gentleman and who possessed the dogged determination to win, made a remarkable success at Boston. His success was so marked that he was promised a more responsible position. He made frequent trips to Mona and stinted himself in order that he might send money to his wife.

One year later, Melvin was placed in charge of a branch house in Paris. Before going abroad, he visited the old home again and told Vivian of his success. He promised to come back soon and take her with him. His love for her continued to hold sway over him.

After being in Paris for about six months, Melvin was visited by the director of the firm. The director, Mr. James McGregor, expressed his admiration for the splendid success which the young man had attained. Mr. McGregor, with his wife and daughter, Mary, decided to spend the remainder of the winter in the French capitol. Melvin was invited out to the apartments of the McGregor's on numerous occasions, and at the end of a month's time he became a habitual caller.

Here unkind Fate took a hand in the destiny of our young hero.

Melvin was so lonesome at times and so closely and intimately associated with Mary that he found after a short time that his visits to the McGregors' apartments were fast becoming a daily occurrence. He admitted to himself, though very reluctantly, that he had very strong affections for the director's daughter. He was almost dazed when he realized that he was in love with another woman. He tried to stem the tide, but it was not possible. He wrote to Vivian more often and thought he loved her just the same.

In the meantime, Mary had fallen desperately in love with Melvin. She was engaged to Jack Curry, a millionaire in Boston, but she wrote for a release from her promise. The director was very much pleased with the new love affair and added encouragement to the romance.

Jack Curry appeared in the French capitol a little later to push his case. His love for Mary had not diminished, and he was determined to make her his wife. He begged and pleaded with her to reconsider her decision, but she emphatically refused, saying that she loved another. Jack's jealousy was fast making him a madman. His enmity for Melvin was growing beyond his control.

The love which Melvin had for Mary was unlike the love which he had for Vivian. He loved, worshipped, and idolized Vivian just as much as he ever did, and wrote to her just as often, but still his love for Mary was so strong that he couldn't control himself. Melvin realized that he stood between Mary and her happiness; he realized that he loved her and she loved him, but he didn't feel that he was strong enough to tell her that it was impossible for him to marry her. He realized that it would bring disgrace to Vivian, Mary, and himself if he married again. However, he was being swept on by that irresistible power, Love, and it was impossible for him to stop. He was never satisfied unless he was with Mary. Each night he prayed to the great God for guidance and prayed that he could be true to both the women he loved. Sleep would not come to him at night. He was haunted in his wild dreams by the outstretched hands of the two women he loved.

After spending two months of almost unbearable agony, Melvin decided to offer his hand in marriage to Mary, believing that he could love both Mary and Vivian and be true to them. One week later they were married.

. . . . . .

Back home in Mona, Vivian had given birth to a child —a little boy. Vivian still loved and believed in Melvin. She still thought that he was true and brave. She wrote regularly to him and encouraged him in his work as much as she could. Then came the letter saying that he was coming back to her.

Melvin and his new bride, Mary, took up their abode in Boston, where Melvin went to work in the same place. He made a short visit down to Mona—wearing some old clothes—to see Vivian and the boy. He found that he loved her just as much as ever and that she was the same true, loving wife. It was very hard for him to leave her. He told her of his disappointment at not being able to take her back with him, but said that he would be back soon to stay unless he succeeded in his work.

Melvin didn't visit the home town for a very long time after that trip. His letters still came regularly and always were very discouraging. In his last letter to her he said that he was ill; so the brave little lady gathered her possessions and went to find her husband, whom she thought was making such a sacrifice to save money to take her with him. She arrived in Boston one evening and started in search of his office.

Melvin and Mary had been living in "high society" since their return to the States. Melvin was the most unhappy man in the world. Mary and Vivian were happy in their love for him. On the same night that Vivian arrived in Boston, Melvin and Mary attended the opening of the Grand Opera. After a midnight frolic they started home.

The taxi which they were to ride home in was driven by a man whose eyes were blurred and whose manners were peculiar. He appeared like a man who had come upon a prize long sought for. On the road to their home was a river, and when the driver arrived at the bridge, he turned the car towards the bank and exclaimed: "I have you both now." The car turned over and over, and rushed down the bank into the river, carrying with it to their deaths, the occupants. The driver of the taxi was Jack Curry; he had been driven insane by his mad love for Mary.

The bodies of Mary and Melvin were carried to their home. On the following day, a stranger, accompanied

by a little child, entered the room where the corpses were. This stranger was Vivian. She had learned that Melvin had proved false, but in order that she might shield the name of the dead lady, she said she was Melvin's sister. She threw her arms about her dead husband's neck and wept.

She returned to her home in Mona, and there told her story to Mother Wren. Three months later she died of sheer grief. Thus the four who were entangled in the love affair, met an untimely death.

The King of Love still walks over the graves of his victims. His power is not questioned and he still reigns supreme.

—W. J. E., '21, *Carolina.*

SUCCESS

The complaint is often made by those who are down and out, or who are merely dissatisfied with existing conditions, that the world is cruel, that the present state of affairs is unjust, and that one is held down by the existing social and economic conditions. In such cases the fault lies with the man with the grievance and not with the world. The attitude of the general public is sympathetic and not hostile, as the pessimists say it is. If anyone wishes to succeed and tries hard enough in the right direction, he can always do so. Of course, success may not at first crown his efforts; as a matter of fact it seldom ever does, but by constant, untiring effort he can always secure results. It was Edison who said that success in inventing is one per cent. inspiration and ninety-nine per cent. perspiration; and this is true of every phase of work. If you do not get as great a measure of success as you first expected, be content with what you do get. Aim high and, if you fall short, try again; and, if you never reach your highest goal, think of those who fell short of you. Hitch your wagon to a star, but be content to follow at a distance. If you have done your best, the world will be proud of you.

R. N. G., '22, *Carolina.*

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 session. Its purpose is to encourage literary work among the students and uphold the ideals of the College; for this reason, voluntary contributions from all the students, especially, and from the alumni and faculty 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 $1.50. Address all communications to the Business Manager.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: J. M. KING, '21.

A GREETING

The Chronicle staff takes this occasion to wish you all a merry Christmas and a happy New Year. We sincerely hope that the holidays will have in store for you a most enjoyable time. We realize that the economic conditions of our state are not the best at present, and no doubt this realization will have a tendency to impair our usual Christmas happiness, but let us assume an optimistic attitude as far as possible toward these conditions. Life is not made of pleasure, happiness and prosperity alone, but holds for us some disappointments and failures. Let us then be happy that conditions are

no worse than they are and let us hope for the best, for sometime again prospects will be brighter. We again wish for you a merry, merry Christmas and a happy and prosperous New Year.

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Why You Should Remain in College

All of us are aware of the fact that these are very serious times. No doubt quite a few of us have given some thought to the matter of staying out of school for the remainder of the session on account of the existing conditions. While entertaining these thoughts, we should also give place to the importance of remaining in college. The matter of only a few years of time will disclose the fact that college men are to be the leaders in thought and action. During the past few years the uneducated man has been able to compete with the educated man in both responsibility and wages in nearly all industries. This condition was due to the abnormality of the times and is now fast becoming a thing of the past. The educated man is bound to forge ahead in the world and he is the logical man to do it. The world realizes the value of the trained man and gives precedence to him. When we see what an education means to us, we should make every effort to continue our course in college even if it does call for sacrifices. Let us strive to finish our education and to make the most out of every opportunity during our college career.

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The Christmas Wish

About the best thing we can do during the Christmas season is to have a good wish for every one we meet. The Christmas wish spreads good feeling and happiness wherever it goes. It has grown to be a custom to wish

our friends "A Merry, Merry Christmas!" and it is a pleasant and refreshing greeting. However, if it were merely a custom and had no meaning, it wouldn't be worth the breath and trouble it takes to say it; but when it is an earnest wish, there is nothing more appropriate.

It is the proper thing to be merry at Christmas time. We all like to be merry at a friend's birthday, and this is the greatest birthday of them all, for Christ was born on the twenty-fifth day of December just nineteen hundred and twenty years ago. Then let us all be merry and strive to make everyone about us happy.

Whether we wish the happy wish with a diamond-studded necklace or with a two-cent post card or with just a smile as we pass a friend, it doesn't matter. It is the fact that we are wishing someone a happy time that really counts. If we want somebody to be happy and tell him about it, he will at least want to make himself happy. It cheers a fellow up to have someone greet him with a smile. Besides, we feel a great deal happier ourselves if we know that we have brought happiness to others.

Perhaps the times are hard and everything seems to go against us, or perhaps we have had some reverses which have made us feel despondent. We must not let these things make us down-hearted; but we should try to be merry over the many blessings which we have.

We are wishing with all our heart that you, dear reader, may have the merriest and cheeriest time ever this Christmas.

—W. J. S., *Columbian.*

EDITOR: O. B. MILLS, '21.

The Vesper service at the "Y" on November 11th was one of the most interesting services held this year. The auditorium was filled to its capacity. Everyone present was held spellbound by Miss Pitts, who sang several selections, playing her own accompaniments.

The speaker for the evening was Mr. Folger, an alumnus of Clemson and secretary of the Alumni Association. Mr. Folger took for his subject the word "Life", and discussed it from many viewpoints. He told us in a few words the things that go to make life worth while. Character building and Christian living, he said, will stay with you forever. Mr. Folger said that the word "Life" written with a small "i" represented the feeling of a freshman; the word written with a capital "I" portrayed the feeling of a sophomore; the business-like word "Life", written with every letter having the same emphasis, represents the dream of a junior; and lastly, the word written with the "IF" capitalized represents the thoughts and wishes of each and every senior. If I had only studied a little harder; if I had only done my duty; if I had only taken advantage of every opportunity that presented itself, how much better would be my preparation to begin life. He emphasized the fact that the many opportunities that knock at our doors while in college depart forever in case we do not grasp them.

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Many of the students spent a very happy Thanksgiving at the College. They did not have a chance to get homesick or blue because the time slipped by before they realized it. The field meet held on Riggs field and the apple scramble which followed did much to furnish entertainment for the boys.

Did you ever stop to think just what it would mean to you if we had no Y. M. C. A. at Clemson? And did you ever try to find a college in the South with a better "Y" building and better equipment to meet the needs of a crowd of boys? We are indeed fortunate in having a place to go to pass the time comfortably and pleasantly, especially one that is surrounded with a Christian atmosphere. Visitors have often asked, "Why is it that the furniture and walls of the "Y" are not carved and disfigured by ill treatment?" It is because every boy at Clemson has the greatest respect for what the "Red Triangle" stands for. The boys regard the "Y" as their home, and there isn't a boy here that does not feel indebted to the Y. M. C. A.

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It should be a source of much gratification to the students and others interested in Clemson to know that fourteen Bible study classes had perfect attendance during the first term. This is the first time in many years that Clemson could boast of such a record. To show the members their appreciation the Y. M. C. A., under whose supervision these classes are conducted, gave an oyster supper on last Saturday night. A quartette from the Columbia Theological Seminary furnished those present a high form of entertainment. Speeches were made by Mr. Fred B. Smith and several members of the faculty and of the Y. M. C. A.

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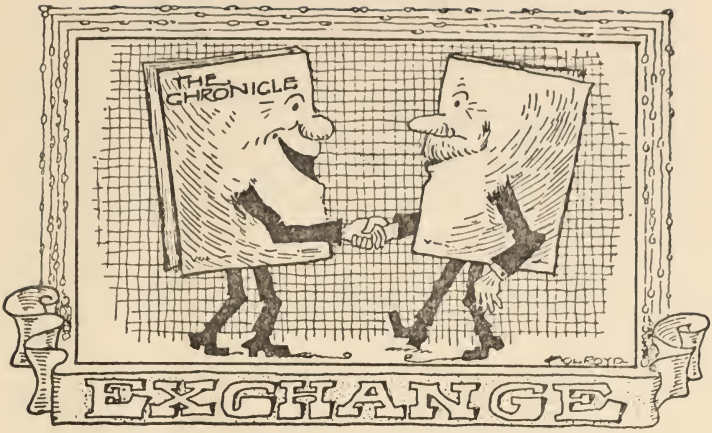
It is quite a privilege and an honor to have Mr. Fred B. Smith deliver addresses at Clemson this year. Mr. Smith is a business man of New York but spends much of his time touring the world giving lectures to college men. The only two colleges in the South that will have had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Smith this year are North Carolina A. and E. and Clemson. Mr. Smith is one of the most forceful Christians that has ever visited Clemson.



EDITOR: J. O. COVIN, '21.

The College of Charleston Magazine, though rather lacking in quantity of material, exemplifies some very creditable work. The poem, "A Lover's Despair", is indeed an excellent production. This poem shows the author's ease of expression and his ability to present his thoughts in a striking manner. "Remorse" is a very good poem and is well constructed. "Crazy Yin" is a good short story and is well developed. It contains just enough mystery and excitement to make it interesting. "The Workshop of America" is a splendid oration. This article indicates the expenditure of considerable time and thought upon the part of its author. "A Treasure" has some of the fundamental requirements of a good short story, but the plot was not developed as well as it should have been.

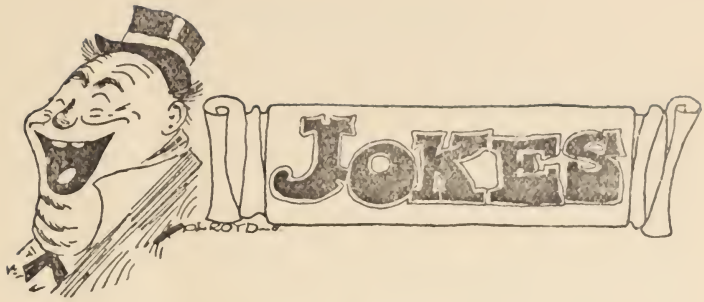
We wish to commend the staff of the *Winthrop Journal* on the new form of their magazine. This new form has several advantages which the old form did not possess. one of these being a very material improvement of the advertising department. The November issue contains some good material, but it is rather lacking in quantity of poetry. Another poem would have added very considerably to the balance of the edition. "Exiled by

His Own" is a very interesting story, which illustrates the descriptive power of its author. We trust that she will continue to contribute to her magazine articles as good in quality as this one is. "Burleson's to Blame" is a very good story, having a rather humorous ending. "Scandal" is a very pleasing poem, although it treats a rather light subject; however, it is very well constructed with the exception of a few lines which are lacking in smoothness. "Rubber-necking Washington" is an interesting sketch.

The November issue of *The Newberry Stylus* is entirely too thin. The fact that the student body at Newberry College is not large makes it all the more important that the students should strive to better their magazine by contributing more articles. "The Public in 'No Man's Land'" is a well written essay and embodies some excellent thought. "Choosing a Vocation" is a good essay, although it is rather short. The editorial department contains some splendid articles, all of which are on subjects that should be of general interest. We would suggest that a few poems and one or two short stories would have made the edition more complete and would have enhanced its value considerably. We are at a loss to know why this magazine has no exchange department.

The November issue of *The Orion* contains some really good material. "The Edelweis" is a very creditable poem. It is well constructed and presents some excellent thought in an admirable manner. "Aunt Jane's First Experience in a Hospital" is a very amusing sketch. "The Afterglow" is an excellent story. It is well phrased and embodies some very fine thought. "Forgotten" is a well developed short story that is interesting throughout.

We wish to acknowledge receipt of the following exchanges: *The Criterion*, *The College of Charleston Magazine*, *The Newberry Stylus*, *The Furman Echo*, *The Wake Forest Student*, *The Orion*, *The Bashaba*, *The Winthrop College Journal*, *Wofford College Journal*, and *The Collegian*. We are glad to see that the number of exchanges has increased considerably.



EDITOR: G. A. HARRISON, '21.

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are dainty forms and pretty ankles, too;
If you can kiss without one quickened heartbeat,
When lovely eyes are looking up at you;
If you can look, without one extra longing,
At the sweets just waiting to be won,
Yours is the grave, for you're a dead one—
It's a cinch you're not a *man,* my son. —Ex.

o o o o

Eunice W. "John, you remind me so much of Venus de Milo."

John Schroeder: "I don't see your comparison, dear; I have arms."

Eunice: "Oh, have you?"

o o o o

If We Could Only See Ahead.—In the year 1610, the Indians sold Manhattan Island for a keg of whiskey.

1920.—The citizens want to trade back.

o o o o

"Pillbox" Smith: "Have you ever heard of ether?"

Geraty: "Why, certainly."

"Pillbox": "Well, don't ever breathe it."

o o o o

"Where is the kid of yesterday who wanted to be a train robber?"

"Oh, he is still with us, but now he wants to be a dance hall sweeper."

"Why is it that the husband of today has a hard time handling his wife?"

"He has a hard time getting a good hold: the hair is cut short, the dress is so tight, and the beauty cream is so slippery."

o o o o

No Hope.—"Where have you been?"

"To the cemetery."

"Anyone dead?"

(Gloomily) "All of them."

—Tiger.

o o o o

TIME TO GO

If she wants to play or sing,
It's time to go;
If o'er your watch she's lingering.
It's time to go;
If she wants your signet ring,
Frat house pin and everything,
(Speak of Death, where is thy sting)
It's time to go.

If the parlor clock strikes two,
It's time to go;
If her father drops a shoe.
It's time to go;
If she sweetly says to you,
"Stay a little longer, do!"
Get your hat and then skiddoo—
It's time to go.

—California Pelican.

o o o o

"Farewell, dear. I will never be able to feel the same towards you again."

"Heavens, Lieut. Richardson! What have you done?"

"Why, darling, I have just had my mustache cut off."

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What Is Air?

BEFORE 1894 every chemist thought he knew what air is. "A mechanical mixture of moisture, nitrogen and oxygen, with traces of hydrogen and carbon dioxide," he would explain. There was so much oxygen and nitrogen in a given sample that he simply determined the amount of oxygen present and assumed the rest to be nitrogen.

One great English chemist, Lord Rayleigh, found that the nitrogen obtained from the air was never so pure as that obtained from some compound like ammonia. What was the "impurity"? In co-operation with another prominent chemist, Sir William Ramsay, it was discovered in an entirely new gas—"argon." Later came the discovery of other rare gases in the atmosphere. The air we breathe contains about a dozen gases and gaseous compounds.

This study of the air is an example of research in pure science. Rayleigh and Ramsay had no practical end in view—merely the discovery of new facts.

A few years ago the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company began to study the destruction of filaments in exhausted lamps in order to ascertain how this happened. It was a purely scientific undertaking. It was found that the filament evaporated—boiled away, like so much water.

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THE CHRONICLE

~~XXIX~~

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Valeat Quantum Valent Potest

EDITORS:

F. E. TAYLOR, '2 . R. W. COARSEY, '23.

B. F. ROBERTSON, '23.

MY DEAR OLD C. A. C.

Vacation days are drawing nigh
And tho I'm rather glad,
I know that when I say goodbye
I'll be a little sad.

Oh! yes, I'm glad some rest to get
As happy as can be,
But I'm the one who won't forget
My dear old C. A. C.

With pride I'll bear her standard high
Wherever I may go,
For it must always to my eye
Be spotless, white as snow.

J. W. K.

THE PART SOUTH CAROLINA PLAYED IN THE CONFEDERACY

State rights was the principle for which South Carolina always stood; and from 1828 until 1860 she was the recognized political leader of the South. She was represented in national government circles by Hayne and Calhoun, her great orators, and by McDuffie, her economist. During the troublesome days of 1828, Calhoun said that the Carolinians loved the union but held the state supreme. As one author says, "the logical inference from such a policy was secession," when the state authority was endangered. South Carolina believed that any state could withdraw from the union, at any time, and still remain within her rights as a sovereign comminwealth. The question of state soverignty shifted to slavery. This state felt that the election of Lincoln capped the climax of northern domination. Accordingly a convention was assembled in Columbia, but it immediately removed to Charleston. The members of this body decided that for the benefit of the citizens of the state, South Carolina should quietly secede. The ordinance of secession was passed on December 20, 1860. The convention delegates clearly realized their precarious position. Calmly, they turned to face new conditions and sent to the other Southern States for support.

The leaders from the Palmetto State were very reserved. Though all the prestige and glory rightfully belonged to their state, the sentiments o fthe Carolina representatives were expressed by Langdon Cheves at an assembly in Nashville when he said "Virginia is the Mother of the state; to her belongs the leadership." After the other states had withdrawn, South Carolina sent messages to them for the purpose of holding a council for perfecting some plan of organization. On request, this convention met in Montgomery, February 4,

1861. Robert Barnwell Rhett of South Carolina nominated Howell Cobb of Georgia as president of the convention. At Montgomery, Rhett proved himself to be one of the most capable, efficient men in the Confederacy. The ability of all the South Carolina representatives was clearly evident. Memmenger from Charleston was appointed chairman of the committee to adopt plans for the new government. Rhett was chairman of the constitutional committee. Thus the two most important—the two most responsible positions of the convention were held by Carolinians.

Memminger was afterward chairman of the committee on Foreign affairs in the Richmond Congress, and Rhett was afterwards appointed Secretary of Treasury by President Davis. He held this position until 1864 when he was succeeded by George E. Trenholm, another Charlestonian. Barnwell and James L. Orr represented the state in the Confederate Senate.

After the Secession Ordinance had been published in the papers, Major Anderson, who commanded the Federal garrison at Fort Moultrie, moved over and occupied Fort Sumter. This chief position commanded the principal city of the state, so Governor Pickens sent Pettigrew to demand that Anderson return to Moultrie. This demand was refused, so the state prepared to use force. This was the first time that a state had gone so far in her measures, but the citizens felt that the situation demanded drastic action. In the meantime, the "Star of the West" had been dispatched from Washington with reinforcements for the garrison at Sumter. As the vessel approached the harbor, Major Stevens of the Military Academy, with his cadets, fired at her and caused her to retreat. Thus single handed, South Carolina began the memorable struggle. Major Anderson remained at Ft. Sumter until thre months later when, after a terrific bombardment of thirty-three hours, he was forced

to surrender. Though constantly under fire, the fort was never recaptured until the very last days of the war. Then the fort was evacuated only after the entire coast line had been abandoned. It was during one of the sieges of Fort Sumter that the torpedo boat was first successfully demonstrated.

In November of 1861, the Federals began their operations on the coast, a fleet of seventeen vessels with twelve thousand men under General Sherman occupied Port Royal and Beaufort. At this period, Beaufort was one of the most beautiful and one of the wealthiest towns in America. The entire region was plundered and pillaged. A band of unionists attempted to cut the railroad between Savannah and Charleston, but the Condederates under Hagood foiled their plans at Secessionville, on James Island and again at Pocotaligo. About this time, McClellan started his Peninsula campaign and great consternation was felt over the safety of Richmond. All plans were made to move the Confederate seat of government to Columbia, but the storm passed.

Charleston Harbor, at the time of the War, was regarded as one of the finest and best protected harbors on the Atlantic coast. It was guarded by four powerful fortresses and was further protected by the Confederates until it was nearly impregnable. The first secessionist flag to fly over a national fortress was the blue flag of South Carolina. The Washington Government regarded Charleston as the most strategic city on all the Southern coast and in 1862 again prepared for its reduction. Hatred and abuse were heaped on this fair city as Washington looked on it as the seat of rebellion. The Yankees knew that the Southern morale would be greatly affected by its capture. The harbor was an important center for blockade runners and valuable foreign supplies were received there. Fort Wagner, commanded by Col. Keitt and sixteen hundred South Carolina men, resisted and attack of eleven thousand Federals, who

were supported by a large fleet. The ship "Palmetto State" worked great havoc among the enemy's vessels. After fifty-eight days, the northerners retired. Charleston was besieged for five hundred and forty two days but successfully withstood the storm until the last days of the war. Comparatively, little fighting was done in the state, due to her geographical position, but her districts which were subjected to occupation were ransacked and plundered as badly as the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia.

In 1864, General Sherman presented Savannah as a Christmas present to General Lincoln. South Carolina, weary from four years of strife, with the flower of her youth scattered on many battlefields, lay before him, defenseless. Sherman attempted to cut the Charleston-Savannah Railway, but at Honey Hill his detachment under General Hunt was defeated by a small band of militia under Major Gen. G. W. Smith. This delayed an attack on Charleston from the rear and gave Gen. Hardee time to retreat from Savannah. On February 1, 1865, Sherman began his destructive march. He passed over the middle portion of the state, through a region from fifty to one hundred miles wide. The general destroyed everything, and left the proud state with her beautiful capitol in ruins. Not more than twenty thousand confederate men could be raised and they were poorly clothed and underfed On February 17, Gen. Hampton began the inevitable evacuation of Columbia. and Sherman folowed immediately behind and took possession. With the exception of the state house, which was damaged by cannon balls, the general left the capital a smouldering mass of charcoal. It has been officially proved that Sherman diliberately burned the city. The political head of the state was in Federal hands, and on Febrnary 18 Charleston, the commercial head, was taken. The fall of Charleston marked the

fourth anniversary of the inaguration of Jefferson Davis. Such was the irony of fate. The fall of these two cities was profoundly felt in both the North and the South and also in Europe. The Yankees were elated and planned a great celebration in Charleston at which Henry Ward Bucher was the principal orator. Next to the Confederate capital, the United States Government desired to posess the principal cities of the old Palmetto State. Sherman then advanced unopposed up the Broad and Catawba Rivers toward Greensborough, N. C. He continued his depredations, leaving Bennettsville, Cheraw, Camden, and Winnsboro in a devastated condition.

South Carolina produced some military celebrities of marked ability. Gen. J. Johnston accredited Gen. Wade Hampton with the Battle of First Manassas. Gen. B. E. Bee, who gave Jackson the name "Stonewall," lost his life at this first engagement. Among her long list of men appear the names of Anderson, Butler, S. D. Lee Huger, Kershaw, Eliott, Gary, Jenkins, Hagood, Preston, Ripley, Bratton, Kennedy, Mannigault, McGowan, and Trapier. After Gen. Stewart's death, Hampton was made chief of Lee's Cavalry and developed into one of the best cavalry leaders of the world. Longstreet, Hill, Law, and Young were among the noted list of Carolinians serving from other states.

South Carolina contributed more than her due share in men and money. It is hard to state the exact number of men who served, since the official records were destroyed in Columbia by Sherman, but it has been approximated that seventy-five thousand soldiers were sent to the field and that ten thousand more served in the home militia. This is remarkable, as her entire white population was only two hundred and ninety-one thousand One male out of every three people, male and female, served for the Southern cause. This state was the first to feel the sting of war. The cost for the defense of the

South Carolina coast was greater than that of any other state. Of all the Confederate states, South Carolina and Virginia were left at the end of the war most destitute and impoverished. Many of the women removed to the western Piedmont region of the state for protection. They suffered untold hardships and privations.

Many of the South Carolina women sat up late at night making garments for the wounded and would then rise early the next morning and work in the field all day to raise provisions. A goodly number of the state's girls were seen moving through the hospital wards in Richmond. The manner in which the South Carolina women fought for the cause is as noble a credit as can be paid to any civilized state. Many old negro slaves remained faithful to their masters and were relied on as great aids during these penniless days.

South Carolina troops were engaged in nearly every battle of the war. Gen. Hill commanded the Confederates at Big Bethel. The divisions of Hampton, Bonham, Butler, and Lee were at Bull Run. Hampton was wounded. Sloan's Regiment of Evan's brigade withstood the brunt of the batle for over an hour. Gregg's division was added to the Army of Northern Virginia. Gregg distinguished himself at Cold Harbor and was killed at Fredericksburg. South Carolina troops were at Seven Pines, Mechanicsville, Cold Harbor, Frasier's Farm, Malvern Hill, Second Manassas, Sharpsburg, and Gettysburg, in the East; and at Shiloah, Chicamauga, Lookout Mt. Murfuesborough, Missionary Ridge, Resala, and Kennesaw Mt. in the East. The first flag raised at Gettysburg was one of the South Carolina Regiment's emels. Everywhere they quitted themselves like true sons of the Carolina.

Time has passed and has healed the wounds of Confederate defeat. Time has also shown that Southern defeat has ended for a greater national glory. We believe that

South Carolina was justified in her stand. It is now for us to live so that we may maintain the glory and valor of our state as well and as magnificently as did our grandfathers of the Confederacy. South Carolina, though defeated, has nothing of which to be ashamed, and she has resumed her position not only as a leader of the old South, but also as a prominent member of the forty-eight American Commonwealths.

B. F. R., '23.

I HEAR THE MOUNTAINS CALLING

I can hear the mountains callin'
Come on up to where it's cool,
Where the cabin still awaits you,
And the fish play in the pool,,
Where the squirrels leap the treetops,
Where the music sweetly trills
From the mockin' bird so softly
Down the valley cross the hills.

Coolin' breezes always blowin'
Round old Baldy's treeless knob;
So I must get to the mountains,
Can't be bothered with a job.
Let me fish in Pigeon River
Sittin' on that bank o' sand,
Hook a trout an' start a runnin'
For my lard and fryin' pan.

That's the life for me in summer
Far away from city's roar;
There my appetite gets bigger
For I'm always wantin' more;
Then the birds are always singin'
An' the air is fresh an' cool
An a bath is so appealin'
In that shady little pool.

Gosh! it's hard to wait so long tho,
For the weather's gettin' hot
An' I'm gettin' awful lazy;
Don't know whether I'll wait or not;
But, believe me' when I get there
I'm gonna raise some sand;
That's the best place in the summer—
Take me to that mountain land.

J. W. K.

"AS A MAN THINKETH"

The winds of chance are blowing, and the swiftly shifting sands of time are changing the very shape of the earth. Just a few days ago men ventured in a balloon and were carried from place to place by drifting winds. It was only after one of these winds had driven a balloon far from its course, that men thought of applying power to the balloon. Now men drive aeroplanes straight on their course regardless of wind conditions. In the first instance, man rode on the wings of the wind; in the second, they rode on the wings of power. Man has turned the wind and the wave to serve him, but not until he learned to believe in his possibilities did he really impose his will on dynamic energy.

Any of us may drift with the winds, traverse continents faster than drifting clouds. But there are few among us who can forge ahead, true to our courage, in the complex currents of human life, and boldly and proudly proclaim,

> I am the captain of my soul."
> I am captain of my soul"

Just as the physical powers can, when properly applied, be made to overcome the laws of the natural sciences; so the mental, moral, and physical powers of the human dynamo can be raised above, higher and stronger than all forces that play around it.

"As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he," is a saying that has proved itself true to life. A man's thoughts and his actions are closely connected. To govern a man's thoughts is to govern his actions. And two sets of facts seem to stare a man in the face at some time of his life. One set is: That this is a good old world in which truth and honesty are in the majority; that the sun rises every morning on a new day, and sets every night only to be herald in another day; that the seasons bring

forth their fruit, and whoever is worthy of life will live. The other set is: That this is a bad old world; that men deceive and steal; that nature brings forth crimes and destruction; that it does not matter what we do, or how we do it, as it all ends in death. Both sets of facts have the backing of history; for from the beginning man has gone through crisis after crisis, and setbacks are recorded on every page. Moreover, in the history of every age vast numbers of men and their institutions have put forth efforts, have survived all evils and even prospered in times when prosperity seemed an absurdity. Today as in all ages there are men building fame and fortune while others are losing that which they have built.

After all then there is only one set of facts. But there are two sets of men. The facts are: That good and evil are in all things and at all times; that in each field of endeavor each day and age has its opportunities hedged in by drawbacks. The two sets of men, however, separate these facts into groups to suit their peculiarities.

The type of man now coming forward and into his own, who sees the best in all things and does his utmost in all circumstances, is the man that has been diligently studying the future—its possibilities and probabilities. The type of man that has been occupying the center of the stage for the last few years, now passing from power and prosperity, is the man who neglected the future and tried to cheat the world out of a fortune while every thing was prosperous. His thoughtlessness of the future is costing him tremendously. There are those who are apparently losing out and the only cause seems to be a lack on their part of business ability.

No man is a better man than he thinks himself to be, and until he has gained a reasonable amount of confidence in himself he cannot hope to inspire a great amount in others. Study the biographies of great men—

belief in themselves and their ability to do a certain thing breathes itself into every page. Belief in self is one of the first essentials of greatness. It is one of the first requisites of success. Self belief does not imply egoism. There is a great difference in being justly proud and being egoistical. Just pride is a great asset of man, while egoism is one of man's greatest enemies. A man may accomplish a thing and let it be known that he has accomplished it without becoming egotistical. Convince a man that he is a man, and he will be the better for knowing. On the other hand, convince a man that he is a wreck, that he is a failure, and you have a most pitiable sight.

Business men and captains of industry are continually exerting effort that they may know just where they stand. They take stock and make trial balances, and as a result they get a true indication of their standing. Individuals can apply this principle to the finding out of their merits as a man. It takes only a short time for one to sum up his failures and accomplishments. When the balance is struck, the credit side will, as a rule, show up the largest. But there are sure to be failures, mistakes, and set-backs on the debit side. These should be looked over and studied. Nine out of ten of the failures were due to the individual himself. This balance shows the man just where he stands in comparison with a perfect man doing the same kind of work as he.

Now that the man has measured himself by the standards of a good man, he is able to draw conclusions. If he measures up favorably, he will be a better man for the comparison. If he finds that he is not so good as he thought he was, he will become better by seeing his mistakes and getting busy to remedy them. The future efforts of the man depend on the way he uses the knowledge which he has obtained about himself. Moroseness and lack of courage are two characteristics that a man should struggle against in his own life. And yet we see men day after day who, when they have the least setback,

think that the whole world is down on them. If a study of these men is made, it will be found that they soon become obscure molecules in the stream of human life. They never attempt to do things, simply because they are afraid of making a failure. They let well enough alone for fear they will make bad matters worse. They congregate around the tree of life always tasting the green fruit and complaining because it has not the savor of the ripe. In fact they are very undesireable persons with whom to come in contact.

If a man is to succeed, he must learn not only to do things right but also to do them, even tho poorly. Perfection is all right as a goal but imperfection is essential. Failures do not spell disaster. They do however, to a certain extent, show the misapplied energy. For instance some of the most useful inventions were made when the inventor made a mistake causing a failure to obtain what he wanted, but giving him something that he had not dreamed of getting in that way. Mistakes form the foundation upon which we build our character. The apparent failures of today are food for the brain of the growing man of tomorrow. Who has not felt at the close of the day that he has not accomplished all that he had hoped to do on that day? Who has not resolved to make tomorrow a better to-day? Every day is a birthday; and every sunset, a judgment.

You have played the fool.—WHAT NOW? Why, up Your back aches. You have made wrong investments. you have played the fool.—WHAT NOW? Why, up and try again. The man that wins is the man that convinces himself that he has not lost so long as there is still a heartbeat left. Say to yourself: "I am unconquerable. I will succeed. I will be a friend and not an enemy to myself. I shall never say to myself that I am beaten. I am a man; and, so help me GOD. I'll play the part of a man!"

J. A. D.

A THOUGHT

As I sat and gazed from my window,
I mused as in a trance the while;
Sweet visions danced through Memories regal hall,
As golden fancies they came from the ethereal realms.
And, while graceful trees did sway in gentle breeze,
Each single leaf flashed back the glory of the morning sun,
Memories and visions flowed and mingled and merged
As reflected beams of gleaming sun-light from their myriad sylvan prisms.
Each swaying tree, each singing bird—all nature seemed attuned
To the harmony of a celestial melody
Wafted down on the wings of light;
And even I seem an integrant part of a world
Moved by universal law made by Universal Mind.

And then a shadow flitted across the radiant argent,
Symbolic of the shadows which, ever and anon,
Do cross our litle span of life.
The little sylvan mirrors, made bright by morning dew,
Lost their magic power and became but leaves again.
So, oft, when sorrow's shadow falls across our lives,
We cease to give back the sun-light and become mere integrans parts
Of a universe moved by universal law made by Universal Mind.
But shame on us that we should give the preference
To 'The man in God' and not to the 'God in man."
Tis not by reflected light we shine;
But we are each an orb apart, yet imbued with
A portion of that eternal sun—the Universal Mind.

A. G. G.,—*Calhoun*

THEIR AGREEMENT

Somewhere, upon a beautiful summer morning, by a little stream a young man sat upon a rock at the water's edge. He sat there in the cool shade paying no attention whatever to the things about him; his mind seemed to be wholly inactive. The bubbling of the water over the rocks, the twittering of birds and the chattering of squirrels in the trees, all soothed and quieted him and he soon fell asleep. He dreamed beautiful dreams that only peaceful sleep can bring. He dreamed of a beautiful woman, of many brave deeds he performed to please her, and of how he finally won her for his bride. This peaceful sleep and dreams lasted for only a while; then he awoke and found how unreal it all was as all dreams are, but the sleep left him in a state of mind that made clear thinking possible. He began now to think about himself, and of the part he had been playing in the world. He remembered that he had finished college a year before, and that since that time he had been at home on his father's farm, doing nothing but acting as driver for his father's automobile. He had attended dances and parties night after night, and work had never interfered for one moment with his pleasures. As he sat there and thought over the past there came to him a realization of how little were his accomplishments in the world. Then and there was born in him a determination to change that way of living. He had the inborn spirit of a doer, and not for long could such a man live as a parasite.

With a determined resolve to change his mode of living the young man arose and made his way to his home, which was not far away, and from which he had sauntered that morning with no particular plans in view. The next matter to be considered was a plan to be followed in carrying out the contemplated change. The first solution that offered itself to the young man was that of

marrying the girl to whom he had been paying attention for several years, and then to settle down in business in partnership with his father. With this plan in mind he set out for his sweatheart's home, which was just a short distance from his own. He found her in her garden of roses and immediately began to tell of his plans. It was an easy matter for him because he had asked her to marry him several times before. She answered him as she had always done, "I do not know whether or not I love you enough to marry you, but I do not love anyone else." All his pleadings were of no avail. He was determined to make some change, however, so he suggested another plan. This was, that he would go away for six months, and during that six months they would each try to find someone that they loved more dearly than each other, but that neither of them would get married until the six months were past. No one was to know of the plans, not even his parents, and she must not know where he was going. She agreed.

True to his agreement, the young man went away, no one knew where. They only knew that he would be away for six months. Why he went away under such conditions only he and the girl knew. Where he went only he himself knew. Probably he went to Africa, to Australia, to South America, or to any place; it doesn't matter. We only know that after he left home he began to live an independent life. He accepted a responsible position somewhere and began a real life's work. Then soon came a time when he had only one wish, that for the girl he left behind. Did she care for him? Would she find some one that she could love more than him? But he must keep his promise; he could not go back before the time agreed upon.

But what was she, the girl, doing all this time? Soon after the young man left, she began to participate in social activities more freely. She became very popular and many were her suitors. She seemed to forget that there was one who went away.

Just five months after their agreement her name appeared in the social news as a bride of the following month, the date of the wedding was on the day following the end of the six months. Apparently she had found one she really loved, while he still cherished the memory of her in his heart. He read the announcement with bitterness. The whole world held nothing for him then. He resolved, however, to go back and congratulate her upon her wedding day. In the mean time, at his old home, every one became interested in the coming wedding. They helped to decorate the old church and did everything to make all a success. There was, however, one thing that no one could understand, that was the bride; she did not take any interest in all the preparations. When the subject of her wedding was brought up, she would always turn it aside with some light remark. Finally the day arrived for the wedding. Every one from around the neighborhood was gathered at the church. The time passed into minutes before the ceremony. Then whispered questions were passed around: who was the groom? Where was he? These questions the young bride had asked to be kept silent until that day. The bride now became restless and nervous. Her hope was that he would return—the man who went away. She had found that she really loved him. Would he return in time to be the groom? Feverishly the bride waited; she had placed all her faith in him that he would come in time. He did come in time, just a few minutes ahead of time. She quickly explained to him that he was to be her groom. He accepted the situation with gladness, and marched up to the alter as if he had planned it all before. They were happily married and went away to take up his work again. His work became *their* work.

The two lives became one life, and his agreement and her agreement became *their* agreement.

W. T. F., '22.

Carolina

AMERICA'S MISSION

If it were possible for an artist to paint a picture which would represent peace, joy, and serenity among all the peoples of the world, he would produce a picture which would show no trace of man's mistakes, jealousy, and dishonor. It is impossible for man to portray a scene which would approach perfection, because of the vice, greed, and depravity of men. Ought it not to be the duty of any nation which has it in its power to do so, to improve conditions among those people who have suffered so much in this war, because of those men? Many small countries have given their all that "rule for the people, and by the people" might not perish from the earth, and that this world might be a better, safer, and more beautiful place in which to live. We have seen the effect of the iron heel of militarism upon the poor, weak, and feeble peoples. This despoiler who represents only one of many parasites that preyed upon the world was unleashed for four horrible years. The people of those torn, ravaged, and bleeding countries need our aid.

America, alone, has the power to undertake any help- and resources; but have we the heart? This is a question and resources; but have we the heart? This is a guestion which each individual must answer for himself. Are you willing to do without a little, that those who are suffering from the ravages of war may have actual necessities? That little which you can give means, in many cases, the difference between life and death. We can either take or leave this great opportunity. Suffering peoples are not demanding it as their rightful reward for what they did for mankind. Those countries which we are asked to help, stood as a barrier between us and the enemy for over two years. If we let this opportunity of helping the distressed people of those countries go by, it will probably never come to us again. It is possible

for us to create a bond of friendship among the people of the world such as has never existed before. Ought we not to repay an obligation as a debt of honor?

Our great nation is as a city set on a hill. The countries of the world are looking to America for help. America has within her control the destinies of the people of many small countries. We can mold their future into what we choose. The smaller and weaker countries are expecting us, as a world power, representative of all that is fair and good, to protect them from the intrigue and selfishness of powers stronger than they. One country by certain acts of its allies has even lost its existence as a separate nation. Serbia has made many attempts in the past to secure Montenegro as a possession; but has only recently succeeded in her evil designs. These independent, free-loving people withstood, for many years, all attempts to take away their freedom; but at last succumbed to the unfair means which were employed to accomplish the deed. Helpless and without fighting men, she was forced to vote herself into the so-called Slavic Union. Is this small country which sacrificed so much in the recent war worthy of no better protection than that? America's protest would have done much to help this small country in time of trouble. We could repay these small countries for what they suffered for us during the war, by aiding in the reconstruction of their homes, and by the protection which we could give them. Was not President Wilson influential in the creation of the League; which championed the rights of weaker nations? Why then does this great country stand idly by and see injustice and tyranny practiced upon such small countries?

India, which is in posession of Great Britian, has been benefited much by the aid given her by the United States. We have aided India in so many ways that it is hardly fair for us not to aid some of the much more needy countries. China is struggling in the throes of

famine, disease, and death. Unless we go to her aid, many hundreds of thousands of her people will perish. The people of India were grateful, but how much more so would the Chinese be, whose need is much greater than that of the people of India. Is it the old prejudice against the Chinese that still lingers in our breasts which makes us delay? In this day of sorrow and death for those people, we have no right to allow ourselves to be influenced by such low motives. Our duty as Christians is plain, and the failure to preform that duty will make us accountable at the bar of justice. If we stand by and see that thousands of Chinese dying from hunger without exerting every effort within our power, to help them, this nation will no longer be able to stand before the other nations of the world and command their respect and esteem.

Our allies and even our enemies could not help admiring the swiftness and clocklike precision with which our soldiers were trained and sent abroad after our entrance into the war. There is no doubt but that it was this army that brought the war to such a successful close. We do not have to go to a foreign country to see the awful effects of this struggle upon humanity. There are men in every community who went abroad in good health, but who came back with marred physical powers. This country can never fully repay these men for the noble sacrifice which they made. Money will not compensate for the loss of a limb or an eye, or for any other serious injury. The government has made plans to help these wounded men by giving hospital treatment, by allowing pensions, and by educating them; but the red tape through which it is necessary to go in order to get this aid works a hardship upon them. Are the tasks of helping these men of no more importance than this? Are not their comforts worth the consideration of a separate department in order that hey may receive immediate aid instead of having to wait for it for months.

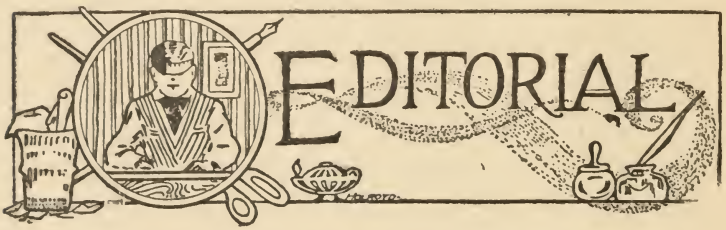
The Clemson College Chronicle

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 session. Its purpose is to encourage literary work among the students and uphold the ideals of the College; for this reason, voluntary contributions from all the students, especially, and from the alumni and faculty 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 $1.50. Address all communications to the Business Manager.



EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: T. W. MORGAN.

EDITORIAL

This is the first attempt on the part of the newly-elected staff of 1921-22 to put out an issue of the *Chronicle*, and while we do not approach the task with proverbial "fear and trembling," it is with a feeling bordering on suspense that we await the outcome of our venture.

Our work in connection with the *Chronicle* will be by no means free from faults and errors. However, we pledge our-selves to put our best into the effort and to remain open to suggestions. With this in view, friendly criticisms on the part of the readers, especially the students, alumni, and the faculty, are earnestly desired. If

There are many duties in this day and time which require the attention and competent consideration of every loyal American citizen. There is no duty equal in importance with that which I have mentioned. The need of reform in some of the great commercial, agricultural, and political departments is apparent.

When it is so necessary that maximum efficiency be attained in every industry, in order that the world may be clothed and fed, we cannot allow any clogging in this great machine to mar its efficiency. The fate of the world will be decided by the greatest nation. Henceforth, America will be the hinge upon which the rest of the world will turn. It is incumbent upon you and upon every other American to strengthen rather than to abuse that trust which the other nations of the world have in us. This we can do only by being absolutely fair in our dealings with those of our own men who fought our battles for us and by showing sympathy and giving help to those impoverished nations that are struggling to rebuild the waste places made by the ravages of war, and who are trying to restablish law and order where bolshevism and anarchy are holding sway. To this end every loyal American should rededicate himself in the service of his country and of his God.

C. T. Y., '23

anyone has any knocking to do, though, keep away from the staff to do it, for nothing can be more discouraging than unmerited censure and fault finding. Thorough co-operation of the students and also of the alumni in this work is our request, and with this spirit we cannot fail to put the *Chronicle* at the top among the college publications.

The present session is drawing rapidly to a close. The short time between now and commencement will pass only too quickly, and then we shall each go his own way through the summer. For the men of the class of '21, this summer will mark the beginning of careers; for the men of the three lower classes it will mean a brief vacation—a recess between periods of work. Wherever we go though, and whether we are alumni or students, let us remember that we are Clemson men, and that the record that each of us makes for himself will influence to a great extent the opportunities of future Clemson men. And then, when we return to Clemson with the days of autumn, let us come with renewed "pep" and vigor and with the determination to put our Alma Mater first in work, first in sport, first in clean manhood and character, and first in the hearts of the people of South Carolina.

We gratefully acknowledge the invaluable aid so kindly given by the retiring staff in the publication of this issue of the *Chronicle*. By their labor and achievements in behalf of the *Chronicle*, they have set a standard which we must live up to or fail in the performance of our duty. Our hats are off to you, staff of 1920-21, and our sincere wishes for your happiness and further accomplishments follow you as you go out from our midst.

me."

EDITOR: H. S. ALTMAN, 22.

"Bone" Lawton: "I'm so sorry. I'll not hold you so tight next time."

Prof. Oakes: Mr. Robinson, give us the definition of syntax.

Robinson: "W-e-l-l, it's the tax on whiskey.'

The only feminine characteristic that Vince Martin has is—he's always talking.

When you are down in the mouth, just think of Old Man Jonah and cheer up. He was further down than you are, yet he came out all right.

—Selected

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these, it's beans again."

Spot-shot Rast: "Finley, your head of hair looks like a stack of hay."

Finley Garrett: "I thought so, from the way the Jackasses were crowding around."

Encyclopedia Insomia

DUST—Mud with juice squeezed out.

ECHO—The only thing that can cheat a woman out of the last word.

MOON—The only lighting monopoly that never makes money.

HOTEL—A place where a guest often gives good dollars for poor quarters.

KISS—Nothing divided by two; Meaning persecution for the infant, ecstasy for the youth, fidelity for the middle aged, and homage for the old.

KID—Either a boxing glove or a first horn. In either case, hard to handle until well tanned.

—Exchange

John Geraty: "I can make a worse face than you can."

Quattlebaum: "Well, look at the start that you have."

Talking about men feeling at home, you ought to see Chris Chappell and "Navy" Langford in a Bull Pasture.

Louis Solomon to Barber: "Can you cut my hair with my collar on?"

Barber: "Yes—I can cut it with your hat on."

It is said that the three greatest mysteries in the world are "women," "love," and "hash."

If Eve wrote a column of figures would Cain be Able to Adam?"

Wade Ramsey: "Helen, do you think that you could learn to love me?"

Helen: I might, I learned to love my step-mother.

Daddy Ryan: "Ned, I thought you took Physics last year."

Ned Williams: "I did, but Prof. Speas encored me."

Prof. Daniel: "A man must know the art of public speaking at least twice in life: (1) To pop the question. and (2) to question the Pop."

EDITOR: H. E. ROBINSON, '22.

Many interesting stories have been told of the unsurpassable Christian atmosphere that surrounds Blue Ridge, and many stories have been told of the new acquaintances made there that later became romances. This is mere history and should not be mentioned here; but there is something in the atmosphere at Blue Ridge that I have never found at any other place. It is there at this Student Conference that boys from the different colleges of the South join in athletics, hikes, and conferences.

One of the first things that I noticed upon my arrival at Blue Ridge was the swimming pool. A large group of boys and girls were enjoying an afternoon plunge in the fresh sparkling water that came right from "High Top". The first sight of this pool made me want to take a plunge; but it was getting late, and I had to hurry and matriculate. Of course matriculation seemed an easy matter compared with the one I was familiar with at Clemson. In a short time I was on my way to the Clemson-Winthrop cottage which was situated near the foot of "High Top". I found my way to this little cottage in a short time, and was resting comfortably when I heard the notes of "mess" call in the Lee's Hall. I arose and hurried down to supper. There's where I first learned the art of co-operation in the true sense of the word. College girls from all over the South were there to serve us, and to join us in the afternoon in

rooting for our representatives in athletics. There's where I fell and there's where I learned how to clear the table of dishes; but nothing gave me more pleasure than to do this bit of service.

Time passed away hurriedly, and I was soon fast asleep on my bunk number thirteen, in the north western corner of Clemson-Winthrop cottage. Just beneath my window I could hear the murmuring of a little mountain stream which would soon lull one to dreamland; and I could hear a hushed whispering of the rhododenrons in the cool, crisp mountain breeze just up the ridge from the cottage.

It is useless to say that this first night passed hurriedly. I awoke, unusually early the next morning, and took a short stroll up the ridge to locate the different ranges and the different buildings near he cottage. I soon found that I was almost surrounded by a very high ridge. I decided that very morning that I would climb to the top of that ridge, for I had been told that one could look over into South Carolina, Georgia, Tennessee, and other adjoining states from some high point near where I was, and of course it naturally followed that I presumed the high ridge that I spoke of to be the place where one could see so much. It was now getting time for the conferences to begin; so I made my way back, thinking of what a dandy hike I would have that afternoon.

Some of the best talks I've ever heard were delivered at these conferences. Time passed by very quickly and time came for lunch all too soon. Not too soon by the time that our appetites kept, but too soon by the time that one's interest kept.

The afternoons were devoted entirely to athletics, hikes, and the like; so, sure enough, I started out right after lunch to climb to "High Top"

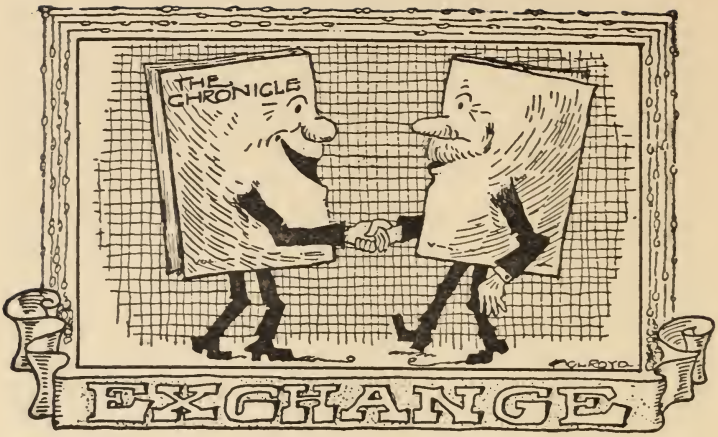
When I arrived at the summit of "High Top," all the adjoining ranges seemed higher than the one that I was on, and especially the one to the southwest, upon

which Welb's tower is situated. I journeyed on and finally reached Welb's tower. I climbed to the top of this tower and viewed the surrounding country as far as the eye could reach. You can bet your boots that I was tired when I arrived back at the cottage.

Every one of the ten days that I spent at Blue Ridge had a particular characteristic which added a new experience. The only thing that I hated was that the ten days passed too quickly.

It was with considerable difficulty that the cabinet for 1921-22 was selected. There were so many good men mentioned for the different positions that it was hard to decide whom to put on the various jobs. The following men, aside from the President, D. K. Summers; Vice-President, H. E. Robinson; and Recording Secretary, Ned Williams who were elected some time ago, were selected to constitute the new cabinet: W. T. Fripp, Chairman of Mission Classes; D. K. Summers, Chairman of Committee on Conferences; W. R. Wells, Chairman of Committee on Entertainment; L. A. Burckmeyer, Chairman of Committee on New Students; H. E. Robinson, Chairman of Bible classes; J. K. Dorman, Assistant Chairman of Bible Classes; F. E. Taylor, Chairman of Committee on Social Service; H. F. Tate, Chairman of Committee on Membership; F. M. Zeigler, Chairman of Committee on Programs; and E. F. Gettys, Chairman of Committee on Church Relationship. Heretofore, it has been customary to elect a man for the purpose of editing the Hand Book, but this year this was not done. Instead of one man editing the book, the entire cabinet has the job.

We do not think that a better group of men could have been selected. Every one of them is a hard worker, and is earnest in his endeavors. With such a cabinet as this, together with "Holtzy," Fox, and the Advisory Board, surely, there must be a bigger work for the "Y" next session.



EDITORS:

W. J. STRIBLING, '22. C. T. YOUNG, '23.

The new exchange editors of The Chronicle feel a little hesitancy in commenting on the work of our exchanges, but we are grateful that we have such good material with which to begin our efforts.

The Furman Echo for April displayed some real ability in essay and sketch writing. A few more stories would have aided the poems in making the magazine more interesting. The poem "Isaqueena Falls" should have the main thought expressed more clearly.

The March issue of the Columbian College Criterion contains one good example of verse and several interesting short stories. "The Three Months of Spring" has the old familir plot but has a unique and pleasing form which makes the story interesting. The Exchange Department is noticeable for its lack of volume and contents.

In reading The Orion, we come to the conclusion that clubs and departments are emphasized more than liter-

ary contributions. We fear that the majority of the contributions come from the staff of editors instead of from the student body. "The Secret Club" is an enjoyable sketch, and is, we suspect, founded on facts. The writer of "The Heroic World Citizen" should be commended for her essay.

We were pleased to receive the following other Exchanges: The College of Charlston Magazine, The Emory Phoenix, The Lenoirian, The Erskinian, The Newberry Stylus, The Winthrop Journal, The Isaqueena, and the Concept.

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