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Clemson Chronicle, 1903-1904

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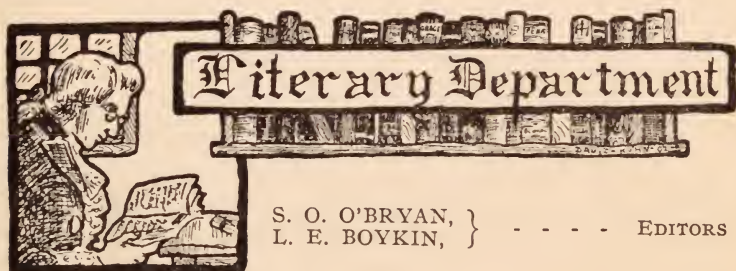
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The Trend of Empire

(CLASS ORATION DELIVERED BY JOS. H. WYSE, '03.)

When Cadmus, the great magician of olden times, introduced into Greece, from his native country Phœnicia, the sixteen letters of the alphabet, the institution of marriage, and many other civilized and civilizing arts and customs, he overcame his own art of magic.

In like manner civilized countries which undertake wars of conquest over barbarous nations, no matter how victorious their armies may be, nor how much territory they may acquire, but teach the barbarians greater skill in the arts of warfare, the end of which must inevitably be the destruction and downfall of the conquerors themselves.

The trend of Empire has ever been westward. Yet why has this been so?

Let us briefly scan the history of mankind from its earliest infancy, and see if the explanation does not lie in our pre-

vious assertion, that the endeavor of civilized nations to extend their arms over barbarous tribes and countries is not the direct cause of this phenomenon.

All authorities are agreed that Central Asia was the birth-place of man, and naturally enough the first authentic records we have of great wars and battles relate to the conflicts of the early Aryans. Gradually these warlike tribes extended their conquering arms westward concurrently paving the way and aiding in the process of the eventual upbuilding of an empire far greater and grander than their own—the power of Babylon. Predominant for a time but not for long stands this youthful Hercules who has had strength and greatness thrust upon him.

Not content, however, with mere greatness, Nebuchadnezzar aspires to conquer the entire world. But no sooner had the Babylonians reached this dazzling pinnacle of power than they became careless and indifferent, forgetting that “eternal vigilance is the price of liberty,” and we soon find them conquered by the Assyrians, a western tribe, to whom the Babylonians had taught skilled methods of warfare, which the latter had wisely and well grafted upon their virile virtues with no all-confident conceit or criminal carelessness to sap the marrow from their bones. Assyria continued to enlarge her territory by conquest until 667 B. C., when we find her *the* Empire of the world.

But as time rolls on and we continue our westward way, we find that the Assyrian Empire is of but short duration, for Egypt lies beneath the sun's rays and must, too, have a place in the great westward march. She becomes enamored of the warlike spirit of her eastern neighbors, copies them, apes them, if you will, but finally surpasses them in civilization, greatness, grandeur, everything. Again the teacher has been taught—taught by the erstwhile infant pupil.

We cannot linger on the glories of Orient Egypt with her

Obelisk, her great Sphinx, and Pyramids, Phœnicia lies before us—the next stepping-stone to the march of civilized greatness through wild but populated Europe.

This country soon takes the lead in commerce and conquest; but scarcely had she learned to realize her position, ere Persia steps in and wages war after war with the barbarian Greeks, teaching them the alphabet of warfare, until after fifty years we find Persia, the aggressor nation, forced to yield and acknowledge Sparta and Athens masters of the world. Athens after a long series of wars is finally overcome by Sparta, and Mars now issues his mandates from geographical Europe.

For more than sixty years, covering the Peloponesian and Theban wars, the Greek States had been wasting their strength in these internecine struggles, while the surrounding countries looked on learning the arts of warfare and husbanding their strength.

Now appears on the stage of history, Philip, king of Macedon, and Grecian history is no longer of her own making. Macedon steadily forges her way to the front until under Alexander the Great she held a greater empire than yet had been.

So far-reaching had her conquests been that Alexander wept because there were no more worlds for him to conquer. But with Alexander's death comes an end to Macedonian greatness, and the kaleidoscope shifts once more.

Rome is now the new star of the western horizon. The invading Macedonians under Pyrrus are finally beaten back, and Rome soon gains control of the entire peninsula of Italy. She becomes noted for the splendor of her military career, and the rapidity and extent of her foreign conquests. At last she conquers Carthage, and makes herself the sole great power of the then civilized world. Under Julius Caesar the Roman empire continued to wield the sceptre of control,

but no sooner had he cried, "Thou too, Brutus," than his dominion began to be divided and was soon overrun by the Barbarians, Goths, Vandals, Franks and Huns—people to whom the Romans for more than one hundred years had been teaching the science of war. Rome had grown too great to live. These roving barbarians continued to spread their wings of dominion until under Charlemagne they were given the title, "world-power," which only a short time before had been the undisputed of Rome. But, like all the preceding empires of the world, France was compelled to hand over the sceptre of authority to still another nation which lay in the westward march of succession.

Spain's day dawned at length, and a glorious day it was. Columbus discovered America, and Pizarro and Cortez conquered it. At home Spain overcame France, Holland, Belgium, and under Charles the Fifth all but pocketed England. She held all North and South America; and volumes have been written upon the valor and unheard of obstacles surmounted by the brave Spaniards. But the abuse of power undermines like an axe at the root. Spain is finally lulled to sleep by her own opulence, becomes careless of danger by the certainty of scores of conquests, and awakens, too late, to find that Sir Walter Raleigh and Sir Francis Drake have not only watched and seen and learned, but in the end have surpassed them in the very science of warfare.

You ask, whence came England's genius for war? Was she naturally fitted to be a military nation? In physical power—yes, as are all rough hardy races not weakened by a too æsthetic and effeminate civilization; but the inspiration and mental fitness for war was first brought to Britain's shores by William the Conqueror and his Norman followers, who invaded unrighteously, conquered savagely, and ended by teaching England how to subdue, not only Normandy, but all other powers as well.

And so young England, waxing stronger and stronger, forges steadily to the front, while all her opponents, older and stronger than she when the race began, find themselves growing older and older, weaker and weaker, and finally drop out of the race, beaten and broken in spirits.

It is the life of individual man from the cradle to the grave reproduced on a larger scale. Nations in their infancy must ever be weak and sickly. If they survive to after years, they may grow strong and healthy. Through the period of youth and middle age they are robust, careless, proud in their conceit and strength; but as old men they find themselves weak and decrepit—their organs worn out, their powers exhausted. True, some men live longer than others, so with nations. All depends upon how the body has been cared for, the energies conserved, and the vital forces husbanded through the days of health and of power.

England has had her day of infancy and childhood, of youth and mature manhood, and a long and active career, resplendent with many good and great deeds, lies behind her. But those who suppose that England cannot grow old, are blind to the lessons of history. Indeed, more than one recent chapter of that great book seems to already indicate that she is rapidly nearing her three-score years and ten.

The passing of England is a pitiable spectacle before the eyes of the world; yet it is as truly in the course of nature as that the night follows the day. The fault of England's downfall is entirely her own. Not content to play the part assigned her, she must extend her dominion to foreign lands. No need to detail her wars of conquest here—they extended to every quarter of the globe; yea, the lust after glory possesses her to this day. It was not long, however, before England was entangled in a war with the American Colonies, and less time ere she found her magnificent army defeated by this less civilized but more energetic and hardy people.

Lo! the seeds of greatness had been blown across an ocean, and the same sun that sank below the waves of the Atlantic, taking with him the hope, the light, the life and power in which he had already clothed three continents, now rose from out that same wide waste of water to smile upon his latest born—America.

And who shall say America has not now achieved greatness! We ourselves have never doubted it, and since the Spanish-American War no nation on earth has dared doubt it. Indeed, if we are not already the supreme military power of the world, there can be no doubt we soon shall be. All history has said so.

Here would, indeed, be cause for inward heart smiling to every loyal son of fair Columbia, but for the recollection that the sun does not stand still—no more on American soil than Asiatic or European—still westward lies the trend of empire. Glance at the annual movement of the center of population in the United States, if you doubt this. Open your eyes to the tremendous strides Japan is making; reflect but a moment what the final result of the Boxer uprising of China will be, in that land of unlimited population, territory and material resources.

And to aid nature, destiny, or whatever it may be that thus sends this world's greatness careering steadily westward like a dazzled eagle endeavoring to fly into the sun, it seems that we must make the very same mistake that other powers past and gone have made. Instead of husbanding our strength and building up our energies at home, we must acquire this same deplorable, unrighteous "earth-hunger," and go ten thousand miles across seas to conquer a barbarous but freedom-loving people, who in the end will learn from us how to fight and overcome us as we overcame the British tyrants.

We already see our mistake in extending our arms to the

Philippines, following directly in the fatal footsteps of our many predecessors, the certainty of our rising to supreme heights in military power, and the certainty of our downfall from these heights if we fail to learn and profit by the lessons of the past.

As we see the growing strength of Japan and the birth of a new China, let us, as true Americans, be patriotic; preserve the purity of our political system; work against "expansion;" aid in husbanding the resources and strength of the republic; be content in having America for Americans, thus perpetuating forever, if possible, the vigor and strength and power of this growing child of the Occident.

The Afflictions of Diomed

I started out to say: "Best beloved, this is a truly true story," but it sounded so much like Rudyard Kipling that I decided not to use the expression. Not that I don't think Mr. Kipling's style is excellent, but I don't like to copy after anybody. Then, too, my story is so full of real trouble that I don't feel like adding any fancy touches to it, for if I relate very simply the plain facts I shall be doing well.

I was born a year ago last August, 'way down South, in a town called Greenwood, where I lived for six weeks with three other little brothers. I have never seen any of them since; for when I was six weeks old, an old gentleman came to see us and I was carried away in a basket of soft straw. I felt sorry to leave my family, until I heard the old man say to my master: "What a little beauty he is! Full Llewellyn, too! My boy will be delighted with him; the little fellow has had fever, and I promised him the prettiest setter puppy in the county, when he was able to attend to him." You may imagine how proud I felt, and I ceased to

grieve for the home I was leaving, my thoughts were so taken up with the new one to which I was going, and with the little sick boy who was to be my new master.

We reached home about twilight. Such a beautiful place it was! There were great shady trees around the white house, and I never will forget the feelings I had when I realized that this was to be my home always. The family were all sitting on the front piazza when we drove up; there was an old lady dressed in black, and a beautiful young girl with golden hair; then my new master. I knew him at once, and as soon as I was put down on the floor I jumped out of my basket and ran up to him. He was a slender boy of about fourteen, and had the biggest, softest brown eyes that lighted up wonderfully when they saw me. He took me in his arms and patted my head, and talked to me about how much he had wanted such a beautiful dog of his very own, and of how we would hunt together when I had grown a little. It was a very happy evening, for presently when Master Dick (for that was his name) became tired and went indoors, Miss Nellie (that was the young lady's name) took me and held me close in her arms until I went to sleep. I slept in my little basket by the side of Master Dick's bed, and in the night I was awakened by hearing voices in the room. There was a man sitting by my master, holding his hand, and looking over his spectacles at him, and the old lady dressed in black was saying: "We have been very careful, doctor. You know you gave him permission to sit on the piazza and wait for his new puppy; that is the longest he has been out of his room."

I knew by the way the doctor shook his head that something was wrong, and so I scrambled out of my basket and stood looking up at Master Dick, trying to tell him I was sorry. He must have understood, for he reached out his hands for me, and when I was put on the bed, he held me

as if he would never let me go. One month after that Master Dick was buried. It seemed to me that I wanted to die, too, for I loved him as much as he loved me, and was seldom away from his room during his illness. Once I heard him say to Miss Nellie: "I am not going to get well, Nellie dear, and I want you to have Diomed, for you will be good to him." After that I looked on myself as belonging to Miss Nellie, and I soon grew to love her as devotedly as I had Master Dick; but I never forgot him, and I sometimes wonder if he knows all the trouble I've had, since he's been gone.

For nearly a year I was treated as a member of the family. I reminded them of my dead master, and nothing but the choicest things to eat were mine; I heard nothing but loving words. I used to wish for congenial and neighborly dogs sometimes, but I was so petted by my mistress that I seldom got lonely. The neighbors' dogs used to come over occasionally, but there were no fine bird dogs among them, only a few young collies, and some terriers of different kinds, so I couldn't be expected to enjoy their society very much. But I got along beautifully until these last cool days, then the smell of the damp woods, and the rustling of the falling leaves, and the whirr of the birds' wings in flight, kept calling, calling to me, until I couldn't be satisfied just lying around, eating and sleeping, so I ran off every morning, intending to stay an hour or so; but if you've ever hunted you know how time flies, and I'm sure no one can blame me for not getting home to dinner every time. Miss Nellie would scold and I would promise myself not to go so far next time, but the next day it would be the same. I didn't do anybody any harm on these excursions, but soon my reputation began to suffer, and I was accused of killing every chicken that came up missing. In truth, I never killed a chicken in my life; I would give them a pretty good chase sometimes, but never thought of killing one.

Oh, well! I'll never get to chase anything but my own shadow now. I'm chained to a big block that keeps me inside the back yard. Miss Nellie never feeds me, never pets me, she's so taken up with the preacher-man that comes here so often. By the way, the preacher-man is the cause of my being chained. I never could abide the man, anyway. Once he and Miss Nellie were on the lawn and I was standing by Miss Nellie, licking her hands (she always liked me to do that).

"I wouldn't let a dog lick my hands, my dear," said the preacher-man, and I thought to myself it would be a mighty poor dog that would want to lick *his* hands, but I didn't say anything, of course, but ever after that I couldn't bear the sight of him.

And once he told Miss Nellie I needed some one to take me out hunting, that I needed training before I would quit by bad habits. Then Miss Nellie's father told him that if he ever hunted he might take me with him sometimes. I had to laugh (to myself); the idea of that man with a gun. O, it was too absurd! I just turned round and left the room.

But this isn't telling you how he was the cause of my being chained; I am coming to that presently. It was right after my scrape with the turkeys. I was playing with the young turkeys one day, and I guess I was a little too rough, for one of them died during the game. They are such tender things and die off so easily. Of course, I was sorry about it, but I was not prepared to be accused of *killing* it. I noticed the family treated me very coolly, but it was during one of the preacher-man's calls that I found out the reason. He told Miss Nellie that it was a shame for a dog of my breeding to be allowed to grow up so, and that I'd have to be chained and kept in the yard. I never, never dreamed that Miss Nellie could be so influenced and prejudiced by

any man. I was sorely disappointed in her when she said she hated to have it done, but if I was caught at any more such tricks she would attend to it. I resolved to be careful; I knew I had been falsely accused all along, but I determined to act so that appearances wouldn't be against me any more; but the best laid plans of mice and men, and dogs, too, are apt to be broken into, for the very next day the preacher-man came over to see Miss Nellie, and brought her—what do you think? *A little snow white poodle!* And, you'll hardly believe it, Miss Nellie took the senseless thing in her lap and caressed it as tenderly as she had ever caressed me, calling it "darling" and such things. They named the creature "Fluff," and it was disgusting to see the way everybody on the place petted and pampered that dog. They even resented it because I never took notice of every little antic she cut up. I already felt myself slandered and ill treated, but I was determined not to show it; so I avoided Fluff and the preacher-man altogether. I don't see what more they could have asked, and yet Miss Nellie told the preacher-man that "poor old Diomed was *so* jealous of dear little Fluff." That made me fairly hate Fluff, and I never could forget that she was the preacher-man's gift. The preacher-man was a widower, and had two of the worst twins I've ever met with. When I was little, they got the shears and clipped me nearly all over before I could get away from them; but they doted on Fluff. They used to come over to our house and play with her the whole morning; they said she was nicer than any doll, because she was really alive, and could wiggle, and was so white and dainty.

I felt that they were all ruining my disposition, and changing my whole nature, day by day, but I never thought to be misunderstood and unappreciated as I was a short while after Fluff came. I was lying out in the sun thinking of all my troubles, and I must say, too, that I was wishing something

would happen to Fluff; that she would get lost, or die, or something, when all at once I heard a faint little yelp. I pricked up my ears and listened; there it was again: "Yap! yap!" I knew what it was—Fluff's voice. It seemed to come from the rain-barrel by the steps. I ran to the barrel and by standing on my hind legs could just see over the rim, and there was Fluff, kicking and barking for dear life. For a minute my heart beat so I nearly fainted. "Oh," I thought, "she'll drown now!" And I was glad. Visions of Miss Nellie and myself romping as we used to do blotted out the piteous sight of the drowning dog. For a moment only, though, and then I came to myself. All the good in me was uppermost, as I put an ugly temptation behind me. I forgot that Fluff was my rival, forgot all my injuries, and determined to save her life if I could. The barrel was only half full of water, so I had a dangerous task. I scrambled up the steps and leaned way over into the barrel, and grasped Fluff in my mouth and held her out of the water. This was difficult enough, but to get out again was impossible. I made up my mind to hold on to my burden until some one came to take it from me. I remember thinking what a brave thing I had done just for Fluff, but my reward would be great enough, I thought, when Miss Nellie saw and appreciated it. All might have been well, but the twins were the first to find us, and they gave a loud scream that brought Miss Nellie and the preacher-man to the scene.

"He's a-drownin' Fluff! He's a-drownin' her!" they cried, and the preacher-man grabbed Fluff from me and pulled me out on the ground, saying:

"Well, well, I'm glad we were in time."

I stood looking up at Miss Nellie, waiting for her to clear me, but she had eyes only for Fluff. If she had only looked in my eyes! I was telling her all about it in the best way I had of speaking, but she never saw me. After awhile she

and the preacher-man walked up and down the piazza and I heard them talking.

"It will have to be done to-day," she said.

"Who would have thought a dog's jealousy would have gone so far?" he answered. "Yes, you had best have him chained until after we are married. When we take him to the parsonage I'll have a yard built for him down at the barn, and the twins can carry him his meals."

That was too much. I ran off to the lane and lay down to think it all out. While I was there, John, the hired man, came and chained me to a block and carried me back to the yard, and he told Miss Nellie that I was just "fixing to run off again when he caught me."

So here I am. There's no more sport left in me. The turkeys walk all around me, but I never notice them any more. What have I to live for? What a future lies before me, with *the twins* to bring me my meals! I have made up my mind as to what I will do: I will not eat a bite of anything they bring, and some morning they will find me cold in death. Who knows but that my spirit will be with Master Dick, and that I will once more lick his hands and hear him say: "What a brave little fellow you are, Diomed. You don't know how I love you!"

R., '04.

When I Gets Home

STANZA 1.

It's moughty tiahsome drillin' here,
In dis military laden air,
An' oftentimes I thinks, thinks I,
'Twould be a sweet ting des to lie
On a feather bed at home.

STANZA 2.

Home wharh de frien's I loved 'll say,
We've waited fu' you many a day,
Come hyeah an' res' yo'se'f, my chile,
You's done wid drillin' for awhile,
Now you's at home.

STANZA 3.

We'n I gits home, some summer day,
I low's to th'ow my uniform erway,
An' up an' down de shady street,
Go loafing, dressed so nice an' neat,
We'n I gets home.

STANZA 4.

I wish de day was neah at han',
I's tiahed of dis military lan',
I's tiahed of the lagging mont's,
I want to des clean up once,
An' go 'long home.

STANZA 5.

Oh, Pap, won't you sen' de call?
I's wastin' time fum de dancin' hall,
I's drillin' wheah de road is rough,
I want to heah you say, "Enough,
My boy, come home!"

S., '08.

Jefferson Davis as a College Student

Within the past few days many young men have left home to go off to college—some to resume, others to begin, their studies there. All our college boys may read with profit

some account of the student days of Jefferson Davis—the President of the Southern Confederacy, whom William Hickling Prescott declares to be “the most accomplished” of the giants of the United States Senate in the fifties—whom Henry W. Grady called the “uncrowned king of his people”—of whom Bishop John C. Keener, an intimate friend, wrote while the ex-President was lying “in his coffin, mourned, admired, and loved,” “Mr. Davis fills the minds and hearts of all the South this day.”

He entered Transylvania University, Kentucky, at an earlier age than usual, and made rapid progress in his studies, until at the age of sixteen, he was appointed a cadet in the United States Academy at West Point. A classmate at Transylvania—General Jones—was, after the statesman's death, asked this question: “What were Mr. Davis' distinguishing traits at college?” Here is his answer: “At college Mr. Davis was much the same as he was in after life—always gay and brimful of buoyant spirits, but without the smallest tendency towards vice or immorality. He had that innate refinement and gentleness that distinguished him through life. He was always a gentleman, in the highest sense of the word. Aside from the high moral tone and unswerving devotion to conscience which characterized his whole career, Mr. Davis was always too gentle and refined to have any taste for vice or immorality in any form. He never was perceptibly under the influence of liquor, and he never gambled. This statement concerning him, though based primarily on my personal knowledge of Mr. Davis, is not unsupported by the testimony of others who were equally intimate with him.”

“About four years and a half ago I paid a delightful visit to the South, where I divided my time between the houses of my dear old friends and comrades—Jefferson Davis, at Beauvoir, and William S. Harney, at Pass Christian. One

day, while talking to General Harney, the conversation turned upon a canard I have seen in a Western newspaper, which professed to relate an incident that took place at a gaming table at which Mr. Davis had been playing. 'It is an infamous, cowardly lie,' shouted General Harney, in his vigorous impetuous way. 'Why, everybody who knows Jefferson Davis knows that he never gambled in his life. He always looked upon gaming with special aversion. Jefferson Davis never gambled for stakes, large or small, and never was under the influence of liquor in his life. I wish I could find the man who told that story, and I'd make him swallow it.' "

Judge Peters, of Kentucky, was two years a class-mate of Mr. Davis's at Transylvania. Sixty-five years later the venerable Judge sat down some recollections of his class-mate, whose paths had not crossed in all that time.

"When I was with him he was a good student, always prepared with his lessons, very respectful and polite to the President and Professors. I never heard him reprimanded for neglecting his studies or for misconduct of any sort during his stay at the University. He was amiable, prudent and kind to all with whom he was associated, and beloved by teachers and students. He was rather taciturn in disposition. He was of good form, indicating a good constitution; attractive in appearance, a well shaped head and one of manly bearing, especially for one of his age. He did not often engage in the sport of the students, which was playing at foot-ball, perhaps, because he did not choose to lose time from his studies."

At sixteen, President Monroe, through John C. Calhoun, Secretary of War, appointed Mr. Davis a cadet at West Point. Two quoted paragraphs close this communication:

"His cadet life at West Point presented no very marked characteristics or incidents, except that it brought him in

contact with many bright young fellows who were afterwards to figure in the annals of the army, and developed his own manhood and military zeal."

A fellow-cadet thus wrote of him: "Jefferson Davis was distinguished in the corps for his manly bearing, his high-toned and lofty character. His figure was very soldier-like and rather robust; his step springy, resembling the tread of an Indian 'brave' on the warpath." W. S. M.

Vacation Ended

(ADDRESS BEFORE COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY, SEPTEMBER 18TH, 1903.)

It is with regretful hearts, fellow-students, that we give up the pleasures of another vacation to again resume the arduous duties of College life. It is, indeed, a change from three months of uninterrupted pleasure to nine months of unremitting toil; a change which means, more or less, a sacrifice to every one of us; and, yet, a change which will place at our command ample and unequalled opportunities for self-improvement.

You alone can say whether or not vacation has been as pleasant or more so than was expected; yet, I feel safe in saying, if for no other reason than to express my own feelings, that the little incidents of the past three months occupy a most prominent place in our memories to-night. It matters little as to the cause of these pleasures. They may have been the results of the kindly efforts of those to whom we are so strongly devoted at home; or, they may have been the results of the smiles and things said and done by fair, gentle and loving ones to whom we are otherwise devoted. However, be that as it may, judging from the kindly greetings

exchanged since our return and the bright and cheerful appearance of your youthful faces to-night, we all feel safe in assuming that the past vacation has measured up to the fullest expectations of every one of you, and we are glad that it has been so.

Yet, fellow-students, while these cheerful events are still fresh in our memories, and while we are still upon the threshold of the new College year, we should pause and consider why it is that we have returned here. We should consider why it is that we have left the pleasures and cheerful influences of our happy homes to take up the arduous but sacred and important duties which our coming here forces upon us. We should pause and consider why it is that we have made this institution our choice, and whether or not we will so exert ourselves, that, by a proper use of its opportunities and with the help of the Almighty, we may be able to overcome ignorance with an education, and thus be more fully equipped to meet the many requirements of life.

Not one of us can live within full reach of the opportunities offered by this institution and remain the same. It either means improvement or retrogression, and the question with you, fellow-students, is, what shall it mean for you?

Will you not decide what your character is to be? Will you not strive for the possession of a highly cultivated intellect—a possession, than which there is none more valuable or more productive of real influence? Will you not accept the opportunities which our institution, through the wisdom of its Trustees and the generosity of our beloved State, places at your disposal, and utilize them to the ennoblement of your character and the betterment of your mental endowments?

Remember, there is no moral object so beautiful as a conscientious young man. He will be watched throughout his whole career. Clouds, indeed, may be over him, but we know that his light is behind them, and will beam forth

again. The blaze of other's popularity may outshine him, but we know, that, though unseen, he illuminates his own true sphere.

Let us, therefore, be conscientious in our educational efforts. Let us set a high price on our leisure moments. When properly expended they will produce for us thoughts which will fill, stir, invigorate and expand the mind and soul, and make our education such that we will not be estimated solely by what we know, but more by what we are.

Has it ever occurred to you why it is that so many young men of early promise, whose opportunities, ambitions and resolves, we might say, are as radiant as the colors of the rainbow, fail to distinguish themselves. Is it not because they are not ready and willing to devote themselves to that toilsome culture which is the price of all great success? However bright your opportunities, however lofty your ambitions, and however earnest your resolves may be, remember, that nature conducts only the laborious to distinction. It is thought that arouses the intellect from its slumbers.

Great men have ever been thinkers as well as men of action. As the magnificent river, rolling on in the pride of its majestic waters, owes its greatness to the hidden springs and rivulets of the mountain nook, so does the wide-sweeping influence of distinguished men date its origin from hours of privacy diligently devoted to efforts of self-development.

Here in College all the avenues of intellectual development are placed at your disposal. You have at your service a well filled library of books devoted to fact and fiction, prose and poetry, and mental and moral development. Here are arranged on rows of shelves the college man's best and truest friends, and pitiable indeed is he who fails to accept their proffered friendship.

But there is still a broader and greater avenue of intellectual development opened to the college youth, a miniature

world in itself, where battles are planned, practiced and executed, with all the fire and vim of aspiring manhood—I mean the literary societies.

It is in the society hall that a man evinces his mental capacities. One may find it a very simple matter to absorb a large amount of learning by constant association with his books, but in his society he is called upon to prove how much of this learning he has assimilated, and to present to the audience in a clear and logical manner the substance of what has been learned by such associations. It is here, fellow-students, that you illustrate your ability as a thinker.

To those who are with us to-night for the first time we extend as hearty a welcome to our hall as to any other part of the college, and hope you will prove a great help to us in our work here.

Let it not be said that timidity and the want of a little courage has persuaded you not to take part or exert a good influence in this important work. Every year thousands of men die in obscurity, because their timidity prevented them from making a first attempt; men, who, if they could have been induced to begin, would, in all probability, have gone great lengths in the career of fame. But they have remained in obscurity, because their will-force did not spur them on to greater achievements. So, let nothing prevent you from making a first attempt; but with supreme courage venture forth and make the society hall the arena of your best efforts while in College.

Remember, there never was an age which offered as many opportunities as the one in which we live. The world lies as a suppliant at the feet of every young man. There is more to conquer to-day than ever Hannibal, Cæsar, Napoleon or Alexander combined aspired to become monarch of. These distinguished characters of the past were ambitious to conquer the physical world only, but the youth of to-day has

been bequeathed a higher ideal than any preceding generation enjoyed, the only requisite to the obtainment of which is to rise up in might and power to seize the priceless gift wrought by the life-blood of millions through many centuries. All great men of the present and past, of all the walks of life, have won their fame, renown and glory by earnest and persevering effort. There is no honor in idly dreaming or fondly deluding ourselves with the notion that we are men of destiny, and that by some mysterious means success and fortune will eagerly snatch us into their ample embrace, and waft us to fame's loftiest pinnacle. Success and fortune come not to any one by chance, neither are they respecters of persons.

So, fellow-students, let's rise up in our might and power and seize the priceless gift which has been bequeathed us. Let's refrain from all idle dreams and fond delusions, and take hold of our work with an uprising of lofty sentiment and a steadfastness of purpose which will enable us to surmount all obstacles and vanquish all difficulties; and, then, with truth for our watchword, and leaning on our own noble purposes and indefatigable exertions, we may crown our brow with imperishable honors.

L. E. BOYKIN.

The Clemson College Chronicle

FOUNDED BY CLASS OF 1898

Published Monthly by the

**Calhoun, Columbian and Palmetto Literary Societies of Clemson
Agricultural College**

V. B. HALL (Calhoun),	-	-	-	-	Editor-in-Chief
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O. M. ROBERTS (Calhoun),	-	-	-	-	Exchange Department
A. E. HOLMAN (Columbian),	-	-	-	-	Local Department
R. F. GOODING (Calhoun),	-	-	-	-	Local Department

Contributions are solicited from the Faculty, Alumni and Students of the Institute.

All literary communications should be addressed to the Editor-in-Chief.

All business communications should be addressed to the Business Manager.

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One inch, per year,	-	-	-	5 00

Editorial Department.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF :

V. B. HALL



The Chronicle Clemson Agricultural and Mechanical College,
is, in name and, unfortunately, in reality, a
non-literary institution; she was designed and

equipped essentially for more practical, every-day purposes, and, quite naturally, perhaps, there has ever been a tendency to push into the background all things literary, in order to make room for the "more important branches of study." The blame for this lamentable state of affairs does not lie altogether in the College curriculum; the students themselves are largely culpable. It is a fact that the majority of young men who matriculate here come imbued with the idea of "learning a trade" rather than of obtaining a College education, in the broader sense of the word—the education which broadens the mind, extends the views and implants that distinguishing culture obtainable in no other way.

However, despite these adverse circumstances, we are yet able to hold up our heads among our brother and sister colleges of more literary pretensions. In 1898, a little seed of literary enterprise was timidly planted in this seemingly uncongenial soil, and, under the care of patrotic hands, this seed has sprung up and grown and flourished, and our CHRONICLE of to-day is the matured result.

When we come to think of all these things, we naturally feel a double interest in our magazine, and, as the staff into whose keeping THE CHRONICLE has been placed for another year, we feel more heavily the great responsibility which we assume. We realize that we are inexperienced, and we cannot but make mistakes; but, whatever be the results of our administration, it shall ever be our first desire and our strenuous effort to hold THE CHRONICLE up to her past enviable record.

College Spirit The expression "College Spirit" is a very comprehensive term, conveying to the average mind, however, a very clearly defined idea, namely: that pride which a patriotic student should feel in the successes and the advancement of his College. But this

is speaking in general terms; for, as a rule, college spirit usually narrows down into about as many phases as there are tastes and inclinations among a student body. The football man and his adherents, who almost unfailingly constitute practically the whole body of students, look on the support and advancement of athletics as the very incarnation of college spirit; the arduous society man struggles and works that his college may be first at the State contest, believing this to be the acme of glory to which she can possibly attain; and so with other types of men, according, each, to his taste.

It is a great pity that love for college, so very essential to the growth and development of such institutions, should thus contract into a thing of individual taste; that college men cannot recognize reputation and glory as reputation and glory, whether won on the gridiron or the diamond or the rostrum. But it is a fact that they cannot; and it has always been our observation that all other lines of college sports or work suffer for the advancement of athletics. We by no means wish to disparage athletics. Far from it. So important a feature is athletics that no college with a reputation to uphold can live without them. They not only should be, but *must* be, supported; however, there is another side to the good name of the college which must be upheld. How can men of true college spirit stand on the side lines yelling and tossing their caps for the fierce old "Tiger," cheering Clemson on to victory, and yet stand by contented month after month and see their college magazine struggling along, needing their support and their sympathy, and yet never thinking to lend a helping hand or speak a sympathetic word? One reason for this, we believe, is the erroneous idea prevalent among college students generally, that the staff has complete control of the magazine, while the students form the subscribers and the readers. The quicker that this notion is abandoned, and you realize that THE

CHRONICLE is *your* magazine, published by *your* societies, supported by *your* money and *your* efforts, and reflecting credit or discredit on *your* college, the better for all concerned.

Above all things, which ever branch of college spirit you may choose to advocate, show your spirit in a practical way. If you can't actually play foot-ball or base-ball, then you can give your money to their support, or can, at least, go out to the games and cheer the boys; if you are a society man, *be* a society man or resign; if you have a literary turn of mind, then support your magazine in the way that it needs support. Don't be a drone—a mere dead-weight.

**The Farmers'
Institutes**

For some years it has been the policy of the authorities of Clemson College to hold at that institution a meeting, of so many farmers as will attend, for their instruction along agricultural lines. It is encouraging in this connection to note the success which attended the meeting held during the past August. It is estimated that fifteen hundred farmers came and went during the progress of this last institute. And we repeat, that when a number of farmers, approaching in number to fifteen hundred, can be induced to leave their work and attend a meeting for purposes of instruction and education, that meeting deserves to be called a success.

These institutes consist of lectures on every phase of agriculture by the most eminent agriculturists of this and adjoining States. This year, the management was enabled to secure, in addition, the presence of men from Washington as well. Besides these advantages, the farmers attending have the opportunity of seeing and having explained to them the purpose of the different experiments in progress at the experiment farm, under the direction of Col. Newman.

The fact that such meetings as these are possible, means

that the farmers are waking up to their interests and are anxious for enlightenment. The opportunities at such meetings for increasing one's store of information are numerous. There the farmers can, not only listen to the scientific explanation of agricultural problems by learned men, but they, themselves, meeting in common intercourse, can freely exchange ideas and experiences. Such a practice, continuing from year to year, must inevitably result in untold good to the farming classes, and it is believed that the beneficent results have already begun to show themselves.

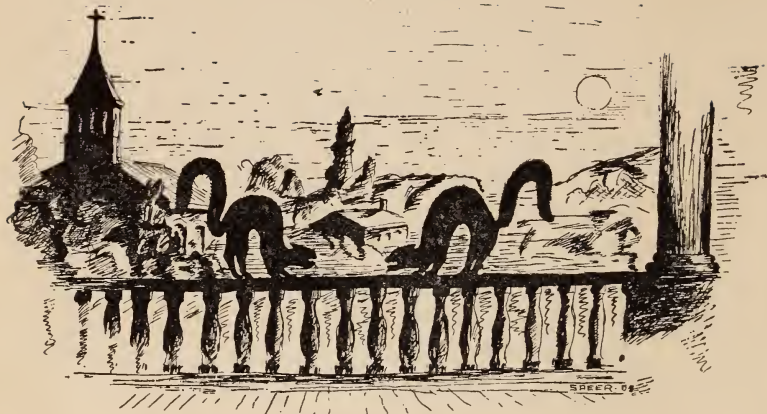
Let us hope, then, that this great work will go on, and we believe it will, now that its value has been demonstrated. One of the greatest needs of our State, at present, is for the quickening power of scientific knowledge to be introduced into its agricultural industries. We believe that the annual institute at Clemson, together with the smaller institutes throughout the State, are satisfying this need, hence we believe they should be pushed with all energy.

The Passing of General Miles

By looking over the notices of the press in regard to the retirement of Lieutenant-General Miles, we see some differences of opinion expressed as to the manner in which the order announcing his retirement should be taken. The failure of the order to make any mention of General Miles' service is the point around which the discussion centers. Some critics say the Adjutant General conformed to the regular rule in such cases, while others deny this, and cite instances to bear out their contention. Most of the criticisms that have come to our notice are from the North. The South seems to be treating the matter with comparative silence, and perhaps prudently so, for should the South speak, it must do so with the memory that Miles was the man who shackled its great chieftain, Jefferson Davis.

**The Alumni
Banquet**

At the last meeting of the Alumni Association, which was held here at Clemson in June, it was decided to give a banquet at the coming commencement. We look upon this as a wise and up-to-date move on the part of the alumni. There is something needed of more interest than the alumni address affords to attract our old graduates here at commencement. More of them should come than now do. It will do them good, and it will do the college good. We hope, therefore, the banquet will prove to be a drawing card, and that next year will see the campus full of the familiar faces of our old boys, back to attend commencement, to enjoy the banquet, and to renew their loyalty to their *alma mater*.



Exchange Department

O. M. ROBERTS, }
S. T. HILL, }

EDITORS

According to custom, and also from a necessity, this month's exchange consists only of a short introduction to the department and greetings to our fellow-editors. Our "CHRONICLE" is now being launched on its seventh voyage into the great "sea of literature," and we sincerely hope that it will stand the storms of criticism and adverse winds of circumstances as well as its predecessors.

The exchange department is worthy of more consideration than it usually receives. The literary department may show the talent and ability of the editors and contributors; the editorials may discuss topics of interest, and advance the editor's opinion; the locals may give college news and print amusing jokes; but the exchange is the one department for communication between the different colleges. Through it not only the editors, but the colleges themselves, may keep in touch and learn each other better. In it the other magazines

are criticised, thus giving each an opportunity to improve. But, fellow-editors, it is on this criticising that I desire to say just a word. We are too prone to judge a magazine by our opinion of the college; or, if we know the author of a story, we are apt to criticise it according to our liking for the author, and not from a real critic's standpoint. But our greatest fault lies in the fact that these criticisms are made too hurriedly and without proper study of the article under criticism. Often the piece which most deserves our criticism escapes our notice altogether. This laziness the exchange editors should be ashamed to acknowledge; nevertheless, it is true of too many of us. Let us all strive to raise the standard of the exchange department still higher. Let us make it a channel through which the colleges may become to know each other still better, and a means by which each successive edition of our magazine may be an improvement on the one going before it.

We hope to see all our former exchanges come in on time, and will welcome any to our table who will in return welcome us.

Clippings

They've made a wireless telegraph,
A horseless carriage, too,
And there's no way of telling what
The mind of man can do;
We'll soon be eating henless eggs,
And drinking cowless milk,
And wearing clothes of sheepless wool,
Or mayhap wormless silk.

How would you like a treeless peach,
Or a piece of hogless pork?

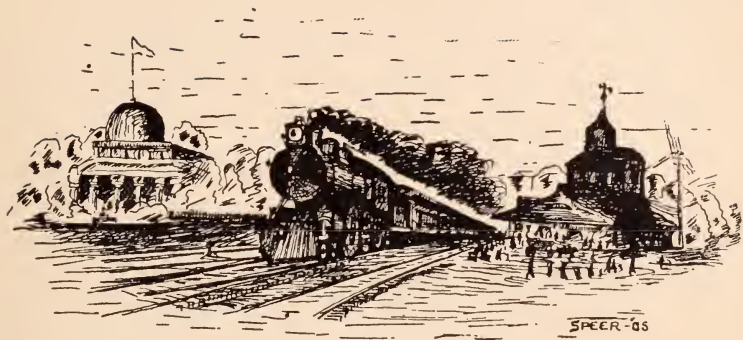
I'd be content, if they'd invent
A kind of workless work;
Or, mayhap, noiseless noise,
And I'm afraid if they keep on
They'll yet make dadless boys.—*Ex.*

HOW TO KILL A SCHOOL PAPER.

1. Do not subscribe. Borrow your classmate's paper—just be a sponge.
 2. Look up the advertisers and trade with the other fellow—be a chump.
 3. Never hand in news items and criticise everything in the paper—be a coxcomb.
 4. If you are a member of the staff, play tennis or “society” when you ought to be attending to business—be a shirk.
 5. Tell your neighbor that you can get Frank Merriwell's for less money—be a squeeze.
 6. If you can't hustle and make the paper a success,—be a corpse.—*Ex.*
-

A UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE.

L-O-V-E, the alphabet;
And sighs, the punctuation;
Possessive pronouns mainly used
In form of exclamation;
The persons, two—and quite enough,
Sufficient for all functions;
The sounds, the purest labials;
And kisses, the conjunctions.—*Ex.*



Local Department

A. E. HOLMAN, }
R. F. GOODING, }

EDITORS

On Saturday evening, September 12th, the Y. M. C. A. gave a very enjoyable reception to the new cadets. Cadet L. E. Boykin, Secretary of the Association, presided. The speakers and subjects were: Dr. P. H. Mell, the Faculty representative, "Character Building;" Prof. W. M. Riggs, "Athletics;" Prof. T. W. Keitt, "The Sunday School;" Prof. D. W. Daniel, "The Literary Societies;" and Cadet A. J. Speer, "The Young Men's Christian Association."

Mrs. Mell and Mrs. Riggs sang a duet; Mrs. Riggs, Mrs. Hook, Mrs. Brackett, Mrs. Mell, a quartet; Mrs. Brackett and Miss Rosa Calhoun, a duet; Prof. Riggs, a solo. The Clemson Orchestra also rendered several selections. The ladies of the campus served cake, lemonade, etc., from tables on the porch and on the lawn. Besides the ladies of the campus there were a number of visiting ladies, all of whom helped to make the cadets have a delightful evening.

Rev. Finley preached Sunday, September 6.

Dr. Johns, the rector of the Episcopal Church at Rock Hill, preached September 13.

Dr. J. H. Thornwell, of Fort Mill, preached on Sunday, September 20.

Prof. Brackett, we are sorry to say, met with a very painful accident while attempting to board a morning train at Liberty. He was knocked from the steps by a trunk, and his foot was badly mashed under the wheels. We hope soon to see him out again.

Junior B.: Professor, do you make this dimension one-eighth or two-sixteenths?

Prof. Houston has taken the chair of Assistant Professor of Mathematics, made vacant by the resignation of Prof. C. B. Waller. Prof. Houston is a native of Ohio, and attended school at Washington and Lee University, where he received the degree of C. E., in 1892. He followed his profession in bridge work with the Hamilton Construction and Tool Co., of Hamilton, O., but soon took charge of the Department of Mathematics at Pantops Academy, Charlottesville, Va. Afterwards he accepted the position of Director of Mathematics in the Toledo Polytechnic School, of Toledo, Ohio, where he remained until coming to Clemson.

Senior M.: What river forms the boundary line between South Carolina and Georgia?

Senior P.: The Seneca.

Cadet Vernon B. Hall, editor-in-chief of THE CHRONICLE, had his hip dislocated in the wreck which occurred on the Southern Railway, near Rock Hill. He was taken to the hospital at Rock Hill, and is now steadily improving. We hope to welcome him back at a very early date.

Rat R.: Were you late at "taps" this morning?

Miss Eloise McWhorter, of Washington, D. C., is visiting Dr. McWhorter.

Miss Janie Neville, of West Union, and Miss Jones, of Tomasee, have been visiting Mrs. Shanklin.

Prof. C. B. Grisnold has been elected Instructor of Forge and Foundry during the absence of Prof. Johnson. Prof. Grisnold is a native of Vermont, and attended the University of Vermont, where he graduated with the degree of B. S., in 1901. After graduating he was Instructor in Forge and Foundry at his Alma Mater, until he accepted a similar position at Clemson.

Newly appointed section marcher: "You man on the right, stand to *extension* in ranks."

Mrs. Shuvell, Miss Shuvell, of Nebraska City, Mrs. Hard, of Greenville, Miss Hard, of Aiken, and Miss Robertson, of Charleston, are visiting at Mr. Taylor's.

Sen. H.: Professor, how many hours does an arc lamp burn in a minute?

Maj. H.: "Arms horizontal, raise."

Coach J. W. Heisman is here, and has his men hard at work. There seems to be more football enthusiasm here than ever before. The Clemson spirit is in the air. Every man is going in to play and root for victory. Clemson starts out to win every game on her schedule. She may be disappointed, but it will not be through indifference or lack of spirit. There is material for a fine team, and Coach Heisman will certainly put out a strong one.

Col. Shanklin (to rat, who is matriculating): "What church do you prefer?"

Rat Gillam: "Sharon."

Rat L. to Major H.: "Please give me a match to light my lamp with."

We hear that Rat C. has put in an application to be made a corporal! The orders appointing him as such, however, have not yet been issued.

Rat Perrin: It's cold enough to put fire in that heater.

Rat Bryan: Is Cadet Speer head waitress?

A delightful dance was given by the cadets, in the College building, on Friday night, September 11th. This being the first dance of the season, it was greatly enjoyed by all. As dancing is the only social feature that many of the students of this College have, the cadet dances are looked forward to with considerable interest. For this reason it is the intention of the cadets to give more of these dances this session than ever before.

The young ladies present were: Misses Leora Douthit, Pendleton; Julia Moore, Auburn, Ala.; Eubanks Taylor, Anderson; Sue Crawford, Pendleton; Harley Burriss, Anderson; Liza Grawford, Pendleton; Glenola Cummings, Anderson; Bug Norris, Central; Beulah Howerton, Gaffney; May Belle Peeples, Hampton; Virginia Norris, Central; Griffia Dorroh, Greenville; Adelle Procoost, Anderson; Lucia Sloan, Greenville; Kate Lide, Pendleton; Neila Sloan, Lesesne Lewis, Clemson; Margarette Ravenel, Keowee, and Fannie Miller, New York.

The gentlemen present were: Col. E. A. Sirmyer, Prof. W. M. Riggs, Prof. D. H. Henry, Prof. J. W. Gantt, J.

Gelzer, S. T. Hill, A. M. Henry, H. R. Sherard, V. M. Williams, J. H. Williams, F. E. Watkins, W. L. Templeton, I. H. Morehead, D. H. Hill, J. A. Gelzer, W. H. Crawford, C. Coles, R. D. Graham, S. I. Felder, C. Norton, J. A. Wier, A. E. Thornwell, John Maxwell, C. F. Simmons, G. W. McIver, R. L. Riggs, M. S. Reeves, J. R. Cothran, L. C. Cummings, J. J. Fretwell, A. B. Means, D. H. Sadler, C. B. Hagood, T. S. Perrin, C. W. Legerton, L. W. Fox, R. G. Williams and J. H. Wyse.

Chaperones: Mrs. E. A. Sirmyer, Mrs. W. M. Riggs, Mrs. J. P. Lewis and Mrs. G. E. Nesom.

The Class of '04, with the encouragement and assistance of some of the other members of the corps, has decided to publish an Annual this year. An early beginning and the determination of the members of the staff, seem to foretell its success. They heartily solicit the aid of any members of the corps, either in the literary or the art department.

This book, retaining its former name "THE OCONEEAN," has been placed under the guidance of the following members of the class:

Editor-in-Chief—W. L. Templeton. Associate Editors—V. B. Hall, S. T. Hill, A. M. Henry, R. E. Miller, L. Lipscomb, S. O. O'Bryan, A. E. Holman, J. R. Connor. Art Editors—I. H. Morehead, chief; Jno. P. Tarbox, Jno. Gelzer, P. L. Elias, P. C. Cothran, J. M. Hill. Business Manager—O. M. Roberts. Assistants—C. Norton, Jno. London.

The Clemson College German Club has elected the following officers for the ensuing year:

S. T. Hill, President.

V. M. Williams, Vice-President.

Jno. Gelzer, Jr., Secretary.

J. A. Wier, Treasurer.

A. M. Henry and V. M. Williams, Leaders.

The following new members were elected: J. R. Cothran, I. H. Morehead, G. W. McIver, M. S. Reeves, J. A. Gelzer, L. Cummings, D. H. Hill, J. H. Williams, S. I. Felder, E. A. Thornwell, A. B. Means, C. Norton, R. L. Riggs, J. H. Rodger, W. L. Templeton, G. R. Barksdale and J. McCrady.

Schedule of Football Games

October 10, Ga. (Univ.), at Athens.

October 17, Ga. Tech., at Athens.

October 24, Mercer, at Macon.

November 7, A. & M. (N. C.), at Clemson.

November 14, Univ. of N. C., at Chapel Hill.

November 21, Davidson, at Clemson.

November 26, Univ. of Nashville, at Nashville.

Card of Thanks

The Y. M. C. A. takes this means of expressing thanks to the ladies, Dr. Mell, the professors, Mr. Schilleter, and the many students who so kindly aided them in their recent reception for the new students. Without the help of the ladies we could not have got along at all, and we sincerely appreciate the way in which they stood by us.

Sincerely, the Y. M. C. A.

A. J. SPEER, President.

J. P. TARBOX, Chairman Committee.

Clemson College Directory

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CLEMSON COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

V. B. Hall, Editor-in-Chief. C. Norton, Business Manager.

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J. R. Connor, President. R. F. Gooding, Secretary.

COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

C. Norton, President. H. W. Barre, Secretary.

PALMETTO LITERARY SOCIETY.

S. T. Hill, President. C. Hanvey, Secretary.

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T. W. Keitt, Superintendent. V. Baker, Secretary.

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A. J. Speer, President. L. E. Boykin, Secretary.

CLEMSON COLLEGE SCIENCE CLUB.

Geo. E. Nesom, President. Chas. E. Chambliss, Secretary.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

W. M. Riggs, President. H. H. Kyser, Secretary.

FOOTBALL ASSOCIATION.

D. H. Sadler, Captain Team '02-'03. J. H. Wyse, Manager.

CLEMSON COLLEGE CLUB.

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TENNIS ASSOCIATION.

J. A. Wier, Manager. G. W. McIver, Captain.

DRAMATIC CLUB.

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GERMAN CLUB.

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J. R. London, Jr., Manager. C. V. Sitton, Captain.

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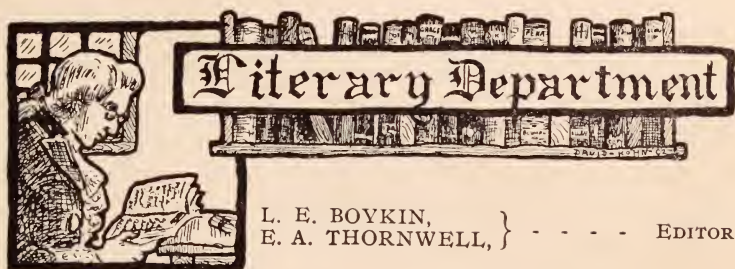
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Passing of the Summer

The summer days have gone away—
The good old summer time;
Its golden hours,
 Its fragrant flowers,
 Its birds and bees,
 Its dreamy ease
Are gone away.

The summer days have gone away—
The sweet old summer time;
Its cloudless skies
 Of azure dyes
 Are laid away
 For a distant day—
All gone away.

The summer days are gone away—
The grand old summer time;
Its tomb is hewn
In a leafy June,
And sodded o'er
With a thousand more,
All gone away.

Trains That Pass in the Night

In the little town of Portsmouth, on a dark and rainy night, the form of a man could be seen groping along the muddy streets, then suddenly turned into the walk of a neat and cozy little cottage. Presently he was met at the door by a very sweet girl, whose face was beautiful to look upon, but seemed a little troubled at this particular time.

"Good evening, my dear," said the man, who was the first to speak.

"Good evening, Mr. Gregory," came the reply rather sharply, instead of the usual greeting by his familiar name, George.

The two were soon seated in the comfortable and cozy parlor. George Gregory saw at once that something was wrong, as things seemed to be a little out of order, yet quiet,—yes too quiet. He pulled out his watch,—nine o'clock, and at ten he was to take the night vestibule to Soudan, one hundred and forty miles away. George was a young engineer, who had been recently promoted, and above all was trusted by the railroad officials, as he had won the name of being a good and brave engineer. It was his custom every night before he went out on his run, to go down to this little cottage, and there spend an hour or two with Daisy, his promised bride. But to-night, Daisy did not seem the same,

—or there was something wrong. George began talking in his usual jolly way, yet his companion did not seem to enjoy the conversation; but had a far-off, dreamy expression on her face. George noticed this, and asked, "Why, Daisy, my child, what is the matter?"

"Nothing, I suppose," came the reply.

"But there is something the matter," said George; "has any one hurt your feelings?"

"Yes, George—you have."

"Who—me, Daisy!"

"Yes—you, George Gregory," she said, with tears in her eyes.

"Please tell me what I have done, won't you?"

"You know, without my telling you," said Daisy, bracing up.

"Most assuredly I do not, Daisy," said George.

"Well, then, I'll tell you,—do you remember what you told me some time ago?"

"What, about that correspondence?" said George.

"Yes—you told me that you didn't correspond with that girl, and this evening at the depot, I saw her passing through on her way home, and she had the cheek to ask me how you were, and said that she had heard from you the week before."

"Well, now! are you jealous, Daisy?" replied George.

"No—but you told me an untruth," said Daisy, emphatically.

"That girl may have told you that, just to tease you," said George, rising. "But I told you the truth, for I have promised to be true to you, and now you may just believe that girl or me, which ever you choose—but I am going to keep my promise—that is, if you will let me. But my time is up, and if '16' is on time, I'll have to leave within thirty minutes, so good night, my dear."

Before Daisy could collect herself, the door closed behind

him, leaving her to reflect upon what she had done. "I wish that he hadn't gone so soon," she said, after a moment's reflection. "I wanted to tell him that I was not so very angry with him. That girl may have said that just to tease me, she is such a tease, any way. I wonder if George is mad with me, and just think he has got to go all the way to Soudan, and it is so dark and stormy. Oh! George, don't go, please don't, I feel as if something is going to happen," she said hysterically to herself. She then went to her room, and there by her bed-side offered up an earnest petition for her lover, who was to drive the big engine and vestibule train to Soudan.

Daisy then tried to sleep, but could not; she would catch herself weeping, for what she could not tell. Finally, she fell asleep, but her rest was disturbed by dreams, in which she could see floods sweeping everything before them—then the dark wings of night moving noiselessly over her head, then would come a terrific crash of two giant-like machines, which would cause her to wake only to hear the dreary sound of the rain pattering upon the roof. In a moment she would go back to sleep, only to dream the same thing over again.

George, with a sad and heavy heart, made his way towards the yard where his engine awaited him, ready to leave on time. He climbed up into the cab, slipped into his overalls, took down his oil-can and began to oil around. Just as he stepped down out of his engine, the call-boy came up with the doleful news that Jim, his trusted fireman and friend, was sick, and that a substitute, who was a negro, would have to go out on this run. It seemed to George that everything was going wrong on this particular night. There was Daisy, the girl that he worshipped as his companion and sweetheart,—she had spoken unkindly to him; and there was Jim, his best friend and the best fireman on the road, he was sick;

and such weather as this, too—the very atmosphere itself was damp and heavy. “I wonder if he will get well; I hope so—poor Jim, he is a good fellow.” These were the words that George spoke under his breath as he filled each oil cup along the main rods of his engine. Then the thought of Daisy once more came into his mind, and her last words rang in his ears,—“You told me an untruth, George Gregory.” George then said to himself, “Did I,—no, Daisy does not understand, I suppose; for I love her, and I never have told her an untruth, and I never will as long as I live,—but something is wrong somewhere.” As he came around in front of his engine he laid his hand upon the pilot, and looking up as it were into the face of this great structure of iron and steel, as she sat there with her head-light glaring through the drizzling rain, showing two bright rails that seemed to meet fully a mile away in the darkness; and with the steady thud of the air pump, like that of some gigantic animal breathing with difficulty—she seemed to possess real life and feelings like those of her master, who now stood looking up as it were into her face. George, still resting his hand upon the pilot, began talking to his engine as if it did really have life: “You will not go back on me, will you, Topsy,—no, you won’t; you are as true as the steel of which you are made. Soon we will leave this place, and when we come back, maybe things will be better.” With this he climbed up into the cab and waited orders. He did not have to wait very long, for soon the conductor came down to the engine and told him that nothing could be heard from “16,” since as a result of the heavy rains the wires were down; but if “16” did not soon come, they would pull out, as they were now already one hour late.

George then put on the injector, and looking out ahead called to the negro substitute, “John!”

“Yassah, Boss,” came the ready answer.

"What is the matter with those side lights? they are not burning at all, hardly."

"I doan no, sah, Boss. I is done cleaned 'em out, but dey won't burn much to-night somehow."

"Well, you had better shake down the fire and turn on the blower, for we are going now within a few minutes," said the young engineer, climbing up on the seat.

The big Mogul, that seemed before to be asleep, now aroused herself into new life; the air-pump began working under full pressure, pounding heavily as it forced the air into the reservoir, while the blower kept up a continuous roar through the stack, and the big engine, life-like, seemed eager for the long run before her. Soon the shrill whistle of the conductor was heard towards the rear of the long train, and George, leaning out of the cab window, saw the signal from the lantern, to "Go ahead." He gave his engine a little steam, and she slowly moved off, slipping once or twice upon the wet steel, and then began to settle down to work, carrying the heavy sleepers and mail cars swiftly over the rails. The lights of the yard and switch-posts were soon out of sight, then last the lights of the little town of Portsmouth slowly faded away into the darkness. George, to drown his thoughts, caught the reverse lever and setting it up another notch, caused the big Mogul to drive ahead with the speed of a meteor and with a roar that was deafening beyond description.

The rain that had been falling before as a mist now came down in torrents, and vivid flashes of lightening shot across the dark sky. But the train with its crew dashed unheeding through the storm, with brave George Gregory's hand on the throttle and his ever active eye upon the rails. Station after station was passed, but still the train, with its invaluable cargo of passengers and baggage, hurried on,—on to the terminal. They were now rounding the curve at the

head of the long grade that led to the river; and as the thought of the dark and much swollen stream, together with the long trestle, came across George's mind, he felt a little uneasy; but the bridge had been reported safe, and as it was a new one, George expelled this idea of uneasiness from his mind, and gave his engine more steam in order to take advantage of the long grade in making up time. The fireman had just shoveled in several scoops of coal and had taken his seat on the fireman's box, and began to peer out the window into the darkness ahead, when all of a sudden, as flash after flash of lightning lit up the dark sky, from one which seemed to the engineer the sharpest and most vivid of them all, and which appeared to fall right in front of his engine, out of it there shot the form of a woman dressed in pure white, and with the swiftness of an eagle swept down and blew out the head-light of the engine. At the same time the negro fireman dropped upon his knees before the young engineer, and exclaimed, "Lord, Mas George, you hab killed a woman."

George, though he had felt no jar from the engine, saw what happened, and immediately applied the emergency brake, and bringing the ponderous train to a stand-still, swung down out of the cab, where he was met by the conductor, asking excitedly, "What's the matter, George?"

On being told, the engineer and conductor started back up the track, followed by the negro fireman, who was shaking from head to foot with fear,—to see if any trace of a human being could be found. Not a thing could be discovered,—not even the slightest trace whatever, could be seen that looked like a human being or anything else that had come in contact with the engine. They gave up the search, and concluded that it must have been an optical illusion; yet John, the fireman, swore that it was a woman that he had seen; and George, too, brave as he was, felt that something very extraordinary had happened. Just as he was about to climb

back into the cab, a thought struck him,—if anything had come in contact with the engine, more than likely there must be blood on the pilot or boiler-head. With this thought in mind, George walked around in front of his engine—

“Horrors—great God, was it true,—yes, but saved, just in the jaws of death.” There, not two steps off, rolled the dark river, and the bridge wrecked and washed away. One more stroke of the drivers would have hurled the whole vestibule train into eternity. What, then, was it that put out the light of the engine,—was it the hand of Providence?—who knows; strange, but true, something had stretched out a hand and stopped this flying train from crossing into the great beyond.

But there was something else to be done; the 4 o'clock train, “No. 42,” from Portsmouth to Soudan, would soon be due. What must be done? “Tap the wires to Portsmouth; maybe they are not down on that line,” said the conductor. “We will have to hurry; for if ‘42’ has left, she will be here before we could get a flagman to the top of this grade.”

A piece of wire and pliers were got and a man sent up the tall telegraph pole to attach the wire, while the conductor and trainmen rigged up the instrument. Though the storm that had been raging with so much fury during the night was now gradually becoming quiet, yet the lineman at the top of the pole found some difficulty in making the connection through the blinding mist. In a moment the instrument clicked, showing that the connection had been made. “P’ts’-moth,—P’ts’moth,” clicked the little machine. “O. K.,” came the answer. “Hold ‘42’—bridge gone—train ‘16’ is”—“Snap,” went the wires, and all connection was broken. The conductor tried and tried in vain to get the rest of the message through but could not; not even the slightest “click” could be heard. “Well,” said the conductor, “we are saved, and the only thing to do is to back in Portsmouth

very cautiously, and keep a sharp lookout for extras, for I don't know how much of that message was received."

George again climbed up into his engine and soon the train was moving at a good speed, yet cautiously, back to the terminal. The storm died away and a gentle breeze took the place of the rushing wind,—the clouds that for some hours before were dark and threatening now broke up, and the stars began to twinkle through the blue. It was not yet day, but there was evidence enough that the dawn would break forth into a beautiful spring morning, as if nothing at all had happened during the past night.

Back at the little cottage, which commanded a splendid view of the long stretch of track that led out of Portsmouth, just as the first rays of the rising sun dawned through the moist vines that climbed in profusion up the lattice work of the veranda, we find Daisy gently picking flowers from the vines, with the breeze fanning her fevered brow, and every now and then glancing, with a longing expression in her eyes, far up the railroad track leading to Soudan. She had stood in this same position many a time before, and watched the big Mogul engine and cars come thundering into the station, with George Gregory as engineer, and as he would pass, with a smile and a waive of the hand, which meant so much to her. But now he was away,—and she had spoken unkindly to him;—but she did not mean it, only to tease him a little, that's all. "But I do wish his train would come; if it was only time," she said, walking to the other side of the veranda.

Down the street leading to the yard where the cars and engines are overhauled and cleaned up, near the office, could be seen a group of railroad men, talking excitedly over something of deep concern. To see a group of railroad men talking this way was an unusual thing, unless there was something wrong on the road. Daisy from her position on the

veranda could see the men, but could not hear what was being said. She longed to ask if all was well on the road, but no one was near enough at that time, so she waited. Soon from behind the long line of cars, and from under the storage shed, there came an engine glistening in the morning sun, and pulling cars loaded with rope, blocks, tools and derricks. This was too much for Daisy, for she knew only too well what this meant.

She started—then stopped—and as she saw the night watchman coming off duty, she called to him, “Is it the night vestibule?”

The watchman, knowing her situation, replied, “I don’t know that it is.”

“Tell me the truth—is it George Gregory’s train?” she said, turning pale with anxiety.

“Well, if you must know, then, yes,—but it may not be bad, as all the news has not been received,” said the watchman; and to avoid any further conversation, which was painful to him as well as to his hearer, he walked rapidly on up the street.

This was enough. Daisy heard nothing but the first of the watchman’s story. Her mother came to the door just in time to prevent her falling, as she then fell fainting into her mother’s arms, and was carried inside to the sofa. She lay in an unconscious condition for some time, while her mother, doing all in her power to revive her child, was also deeply touched by the seeming sad news. At length she was aroused by the sound of the whistle of an approaching train, and sitting up, looked her mother full in the face, and with pleading eyes, said, “Mother—oh, mother, where is George?” and again sank back on the sofa and lay quiet.

A few minutes later, the sound of one could be heard walking across the veranda and into the parlor. They, supposing that it was one of the neighbors who had come in to see

if anything could be done in the way of assistance, did not look up until he spoke, "Daisy,"—

She opened her eyes. "George,"—and springing into his arms; "George, have you come back to me?"

"Yes, my child; but tell me what is the matter," said George, gently brushing her waving hair from her fevered brow, and kissing her tenderly upon her hot cheek. "Tell me, Daisy, what's the matter?"

"Oh,—its all right now," she said; "you are not hurt, are you, George?"

"No,—no; I am all right."

"Then come sit down and tell me all about it," said Daisy, slipping her little hand into his large strong one.

The two together sat on the sofa, and George told his companion the whole story,—how the train was saved by the strange phenomenon, and how the message over the wires was broken and misunderstood. Then she told him of her sleepless night and of her prayer for his safety while out in the storm.

"Yes," George Gregory at length said; "it is strange and hard to understand,—but still, who knows but that it was the hand of Providence in answer to your prayer."

SPEER, '05.

The Negro Question

To every one who has followed the trend of events within the past few years, in reference to the negro, it is obvious that public sentiment has undergone a decided change within this period, largely in the last two years, in regard to the race question.

The fact that lynchings are no longer confined to the South, but have extended to the North as well, proves that

the instincts of white men are the same in the North as they are in the South, and that the white man in the North will do the same thing under the same circumstances that the white man in the South will do. The disturbances, bickerings, and exhibitions of ill will as between race and race that have occurred, notably, within the past two years, are largely assignable to the political course of the President, and go to bear out the contention of the South that the negro is better off when not allowed to mingle too freely in political matters.

Besides, it is believed that the political treatment accorded the negro by the President has acted to his positive injury. The conditions in Mississippi are put in evidence. Some years ago, when Major Vardaman, of that State, made the race for Governor on a platform opposed to negro education, he was defeated. This year, making the race on the same platform, he was elected by a good majority. Now, it is true, that voters are influenced by numbers of causes. Major Vardaman is said to be a magnetic man, and some of his increased support may be due to that. Still, as his position on the negro was the paramount issue, and as he is best identified by his ideas on the negro question, we are reasonable in taking the position that the most of his added strength came by virtue of his views regarding the negro.

Then the question arises, why this change of sentiment in Mississippi? This question brings up the memory of the Indianola postoffice matter in that State, and the memory of matters of similar character in other Southern States, and we think we have the answer.

On the whole, however, we believe that Northern opinion has undergone a change respecting the negro, and that there is rapidly forming a disposition in that section to leave the negro to the South. We are glad to see this sensible view being taken by the North, for we always thought the course of wisdom would lead the North to this determination.

M. E. ZEIGLER, '02.

Cupid Conquers

Jackson Mark was a boy whom all the folks in his community termed "bashful." Born and reared in the country, and being the only child, it was perfectly natural that he should acquire this selfish disposition. He enjoyed being alone, and his favorite haunts were places of serenity and solitude. He had splendid opportunities for a common school education, for he lived near one of the best country schools in that part of the State. He did not care to become a close companion with any of his school-mates, consequently, he devoted a large portion of his time to his books, and in a few years he was fully prepared to enter any of the leading colleges of the country.

After much discussion between his parents, it was decided that he should go to W—. In that town was, also, located one of the most prominent female colleges of the State.

That same disposition of being alone, which Jackson had acquired while a bare-footed country boy, was retained upon entering college. On that account he was not a favorite with the other boys—in fact, they rather disliked him; some said that he was "So conceited." But he attended strictly to his own business, studied hard, and made a fine record the first term.

The girls at the female college gave public entertainments in their chapel every Friday evening. Jackson was very reluctant to attend these exercises, and not until after the mid-year examinations could his room-mate persuade him to go. Finally, however, he consented, and after that he never missed a single meeting at the chapel. The exercises did not seem to make any unusual impression upon him, but in about a month he was heard to ask his room-mate, "Say, Charles, who is that pretty little girl who sits on the rostrum and sings alto?"

"Why, Jackson," replied his room-mate, "you are not really inquiring about girls, are you? But, since you have asked me, I shall tell you. She is a Miss Landgrave—Ione Landgrave—and she is the sweetest girl over there, too. Old man, I admire your taste." And so she was, a perfect brunette and an ideal beauty.

Some of the boys who knew Miss Landgrave told her how bashful Jackson was, and asked her to wink at him the next time he went to the chapel, and see what would be the result. Like all college girls, in for as much fun and amusement as possible, she consented to try their plan. The following Friday evening Jackson was present, but sat up in the gallery. This, however, proved an advantage to her, because it enabled her to see him much better. He kept glancing at her sidewise, as if he were afraid she would see him looking at her. At length, however, she caught his eye, and then yielding to the temptation, she gave him one of those coquetish winks which college girls alone can give. Jackson was so thunder-struck and made such a start, that his friends began to inquire, "Why, Jackson, what is the matter, are you asleep?"

"No, no, no," stammered Jackson; "I think I am sick—I don't feel well at all."

The next Friday night a repetition of the previous exercise was the plan that was to be followed. But this time it did not have such a startling effect upon him, because the ice had been broken. During the remainder of the session, Ione continued her flirtation, seemingly, with much pleasure; while Jackson was thrilling with true love for her, and felt as if he could not live without this "Black-eyed beauty."

When the honor roll was read at commencement, it was found that Jackson had made the highest average of any student in college; and Ione Landgrave was the first one to congratulate him on his excellent record. He asked her to

give him a bouquet in order that he might remember her when he returned to his home. This she very cheerfully did, and to the flowers was attached a little card:

"With best wishes from Miss Ione Landgrave."

He pressed the flowers with the card still attached, and kept it as a precious treasure.

Jackson returned to college in September. The female college did not open until October, and when it opened, Jackson tried to meet every train, hoping to see his first and only love. But, to his sorrow and disappointment, no Ione came. The remaining three years of his college career passed slowly by. College life had lost all of its charms, and at times he felt that life was not worth living. At length, however, he cheered up with the hope that he might some day see her again.

After graduating, he hung out his "shingle" in a Virginia town and began the practice of law. His clients increased so rapidly, that he soon began to feel the need of a stenographer and type-writer. He advertised, through the medium of an agency, for a young lady to fill the position. Numerous applications were received in reply to this advertisement, but the one that attracted his attention most was signed "H. A. Landgrave."

He began to consider this application: "Wonder if she is any relation to the Miss Landgrave whom I knew at W. At any rate, I'll employ her, and perhaps I may be able to get some information regarding Ione. I know she can't be the same, because there is no 'I' in this lady's initials."

So, Miss Landgrave was asked to come at once and take the position. When she arrived and was ushered into his presence, to his amazement and exceeding joy, he found that his stenographer was none other than his Ione of the past. She had not changed in the least, except that she had grown prettier and sweeter—so Jackson thought.

He tried to conceal his happiness at seeing her whom he loved with all of his heart, but he found that impossible. She sat down and for a while they talked of the past; she told him that her father had failed in business and on that account she could not return to college.

After a long talk he told her to go to the hotel and rest and be ready to report for duty at nine o'clock the morning following.

During the remainder of that day Jackson's mind was not on legal affairs, but upon a theme far more important to him just now—the initial letter being the same. This day, *love* was the question uppermost in his mind. He could think of nothing else but “Beautiful Ione,” as he thought of her. After carefully considering the matter, he decided to settle the question the next morning by asking her to become his life companion.

When she reported the following morning, he told her that he had an important letter to write, and that he would dictate it to her. It was to a young lady—the name was omitted—and it began by telling her how dearly he loved her, and ended by asking her to be his wife.

Ione thought it very strange that he should have had her to write a letter of that character; however, she did not say anything until it was finished, and then she asked, “To whom is it to be sent?”

“To Miss Hermian Landgrave,” he blushingly replied; “and what is her answer?”

In reply she simply wrote “O. K.” on the back of her notebook, and afterwards all was well—it was Cupid's day.

The Scholar in the State

We, Americans, are not a scholarly people, but we devote

to the honor of literature some of the loveliest of our days. To-day, we are gathered together to celebrate the jubilee of the scholar. From all over the State, men and women have come to take part in this celebration. Outside, all the world is green; there is plenty on the earth, and the splendor of midsummer is everywhere. And not only here, but at a hundred other colleges, this summer sun beholds the same spectacle of eager expectant throngs. To those who are still persuaded that educated intelligence moulds the State and shapes its policy, no day in the year is more inspiring, more significant, than this—our annual college commencement.

But it is not the *day* that we are here to discuss. Its lesson has been learned by all. Rather let us investigate the influence which the scholar should exert in the affairs of his commonwealth,—his place in the State. When our system of government was established in 1776, it was distinctly an experiment. It was an extraordinary “experiment which gave to the majority the almost exclusive control over the lives, property and well-being of a community.” Yet it has received more hearty praise than any other form of government now in existence. It came at a time when the people were tired of the kingly prerogative, and was but the outcropping of the feeling of unrest then existing among the civilized people of the world. This feeling showed itself in the awful civil revolution in France, in the later years of the eighteenth century. In other countries it was not so marked, but for all times the power of kings and emperors received a shock from which it has never recovered.

The question is often asked, will the United States follow the example of so many of the empires of the world in its ultimate decay—after having reached the zenith of its glory? will not its republican form of government, putting as it does absolute authority in the hands of its citizens, be a bulwark against the downward trend? What the answers to these

questions shall be, the future alone can tell. Our government has stood the test of a hundred years, but a century is a short time in the histories of nations. Our republic is now a ship with towering canvas spread, fanned by the gentle breeze of prosperity, wafted over a smooth and sparkling sea. Because we are Americans, we have no peculiar charm to steer us safely around the treacherous shoals. Our ship may, indeed, be strong, but it is not as much the ship as the skillful steering which insures a safe voyage. Our safety lies in the skill, the educated intelligence of the pilot; and hence that the ship of State may be kept from the dangerous breakers which line the sea of the future, we must look to the educated men—the scholars—for our leaders.

The *century* upon which we have just entered bids fair to be one in which sociological theories will be tested. Great questions of labor and capital; of the distribution of land; of the immense power of corporate wealth; cast their shadows upon the future. These are problems requiring close study and thought. Is the scholar not more capable of discovering the faults and flaws than another who has not had the same training of mind? Search the pages of history, and the answer is obvious enough.

Look at the great statesmen of the nineteenth century who have shaped the politics of the world: Cavour, whose monument is United Italy; Bismarck, who raised the German Empire from a name to a fact; Gladstone, the "grand old man" of England,—these are a perpetual refutation of the sneer that higher education unfits men for practical affairs.

The politics of our country are administered chiefly through the agency of two great parties. They have become such an intimate part of the public system, that one who betrays his party is considered almost as a traitor to his country. The zealous partisan, holding the ascendancy of his party as essential to the public welfare, merges patriotism

into party. If a man fails to vote with his party, even though he sympathizes with it, he is reviled as a renegade and a fool, while the air hums around him with the cry of "the grand old party." The same party spirit denies the patriotism of the opposition; seeking only its own success, the other is looked upon as a public enemy. Instead of recognizing the great fact that where there is no difference of opinion a dullness soon appears, they blindly charge the opposition with advocating measures which will overthrow the government. We are accustomed to talk about "the good old times of long ago," when patriotism was the guiding star of a united people. Let us not be deceived by the flattering voices which speak to us of a "Golden age" in the past. The strife between the Federalist and their opponents was as fierce as any now recorded between the parties of our day. And on the day that Washington retired from the presidency, the newspapers of the opposition thanked God that the country was now rid of the man who was the source of all its misfortunes. No, my friends, the "castle of hope always shines along the horizon. Our fathers saw theirs where we are standing; we behold ours where our fathers stood."

It is because of this condition of affairs that the educated man should seek constantly to assuage party spirit and take care that the party is always subordinated to patriotism. It is for him to assert the dignity and independence of the private citizen, and to prove that the party was made for the voter and not the voter for the party.

It has sometimes been claimed that the scholar is not patriotic. He is denounced as a coward. Humanity falls among thieves, we are told, and the college Levite, the educated Pharisee, pass by on the other side. It is the old accusation; but is this humiliating charge true? Does the educated class in America deserve this condemnation of a lack of patriotic

sentiment? There are no more conspicuous examples of pure patriotism recorded anywhere than the scholars who became soldiers during the great war between the States. When it began, no youth in the land was more eager to doff his citizen's clothes for the soldier's uniform.

Of the great deeds of the war none are more inspiring than those told of the college boys who became soldiers. Take the catalogue of any of the older universities,—of Virginia, or of any Southern State,—and name after name upon page after page bear the words, “wounded at Manassas; killed at Cold Harbor; killed at Seven Pines.” The scholar loves his country, and is willing to die or live for it, because it embodies those principles which represent eternal and infinite relationships.

Then the scholar should exercise his influence for the moral good of his State. Some one has said that “piety and virtue are generally the offspring of an enlightened understanding.” And so, too, the higher education promotes a higher national and local life. The colleges and academies of our country are fountains of wisdom, and there is no more fatal enemy of free government than the man who derides and scoffs at the higher education of its citizens.

The continued increase in the number of colleges established and of students registered shows the loyalty of the people to the idea of a liberal and comprehensive education. To them the word “college” stands for a great and noble influence. They see plainly that no community serves its interest best where the vocation of the scholar is not honored, and where local prejudices seek to check the influence which the educated man should exert.

Take from our country the educated influence in all its degrees; erase from the curriculum the languages of France, Germany, Rome, and Greece; and blot out the art, the literature, the philosophy of these countries; seal up again the

mysteries of the great sciences, discovered only through patient research through ages and ages; reduce the standard of education to reading, writing, and the elementary rules of arithmetic; grant that the common school furnishes the American citizen with all that he should know,—would you think that you had blessed or cursed the land? Would you have given the national mind a moral uplift? Would the national character be stronger, purer, better? It is one of the blessings of this commencement season which summons us from the fierce passions of political controversy, from the fret and toil of daily life, and bids us climb up the mount of vision, where we can meditate upon the divine decrees and see clearly the inevitable truth that it is not riches nor empire nor any form of material prosperity, but eternal loyalty to the moral law, which is the sure foundation of great States and which will forever renew the American Republic as the celestial order of nature renews the glory of midsummer.

The new century cries out for men of wisdom in legislation. It cries out for men of appreciation and ability who can solve the social problems. It cries out for moral men, men of "piety and virtue," who are not led on blindly by the greed of wealth. It cries out for men of light, and men who, in this light, can become leaders. The call is to us. Let us go forth determined that we will do our share in the elevation of party spirit and in the uplifting of our fellow-men to a higher and nobler sense of life.

G. F. NORRIS.

The Soldier's Story

The train on the Potomac Central was crowded with passengers of every description. Tourists returning from the mountains and other summer resorts sat to themselves chatting gaily; immigrants seeking employment in the South oc-

cupied a great part of the car and their jabberings was continual; I alone had no companion. As the train stopped at a small station, an old gentleman entered, and there being no other vacant seat, asked if he might share mine. I gladly consented, and before we had traveled far, drew him into conversation. "There," said he, as we passed an old fort that had been used by the Union forces during the Civil War, "is the only place where I ever allowed a Rebel to escape from me, and for over two years I was in charge of prisoners." I, being an old Confederate soldier, at once became interested, and asked him for his story, which he gave me with evident enjoyment.

"When the war broke out, I enlisted as First Lieutenant Co. K, 2d New York Volunteers. I served with my company as such until September, 1862, when I was promoted to Captain, and assigned with my company to guard prisoners at Fort M—, which we have just passed. I remained on duty there continually until January, 1865, and during that time had hundreds of prisoners under my charge.

"But the incident of which I began to tell you, happened in June, '64. At that time there was an epidemic of small-pox over the whole country, and we had many cases in camp, especially among the captured Confederates. One day two scouts were 'bagged' and brought in. They were assigned to a tent to themselves within the lines, as all other quarters were full. They remained there several days, and as they were unusually well-behaved and obedient to orders, I gave them more privileges than the rest, and among other things gave them a candle to use at nights. They had been in camp about a week, when one night the sergeant in charge of them came to my tent and said that both of the men were sick, and he thought they had small-pox. I hurried to their tent to investigate, and upon glancing at them, saw an eruption upon their hands and faces, which I, too, at once took to be small-

pox of the worst kind. I immediately ordered them to report to the pesthouse, which was outside of the lines, and as they were in such a bad condition, did not require a guard to go with them. Thinking that they were safe in the pesthouse, I thought nothing more of the matter until the next morning, when I inquired of the surgeon if he gave the men the proper attention. He then informed me that he had not seen them or knew nothing of them. I then went to their quarters at once to see if they had remained there, but instead of the sick prisoners I expected, I found only a short piece of burnt candle, a piece of wire, and a little note, which read about as follows :

“ ‘Capt. Means, In appreciation of your kindness, we could not leave without giving you something by which to remember us ; so please accept this little candle and wire, which will give the worst form of small-pox by simply heating the wire in the flame and applying to face and hands. We have tested this and find it to be correct.

“ ‘Your two

REBELS.’ ”

When my companion had finished his story, I grasped his hand heartily, and said, “My friend, since my escape thirty-nine years ago, I have had a constant desire to meet my Yankee Captain, and it is with the greatest pleasure I now shake your hand.”

“SQUIRE,” ’04.

Political and Civil Associations

This is the only country on the face of the earth where the citizens enjoy unlimited freedom of association for political purposes. It is the only country in the world where the continued exercise of the right of association has been introduced into civil life, and where all the advantages which civilization can confer are procured by this means. In all countries

where *political* associations are prohibited, *civil* associations are rare. It is hardly probable that this is the result of accident; but the inference should rather be, that there is a natural and perhaps necessary connection between these two kinds of associations. Certain men happen to have a common interest in some concern—either a commercial undertaking is to be managed, or some speculation in manufactures to be tried,—they meet, they combine, and thus by degrees they become familiar with the principle of association. The greater the multiplicity of small affairs, the more do men, even without knowing it, acquire facility in prosecuting great undertakings in common. Civil associations, therefore, facilitate political associations; while, on the other hand, political association singularly strengthens and improves associations for civil purposes. In civil life every man may, strictly speaking, fancy that he can provide for his own wants; but in politics he can fancy no such thing. When a people, then, have any knowledge of public life, the notion of association, and the wish to coalesce, present themselves every day to the minds of the whole community. Whatever natural repugnance may restrain men from acting in concert, they will always be ready to combine for the sake of a party. Thus, political life makes the love and practice of association more general. It imparts a desire for union, and teaches the means of combination to numbers of men who would otherwise have always lived apart.

Politics not only gives birth to numerous associations, but to associations of great extent. In civil life it seldom happens that any one interest draws a very large number of men to act in concert. Much skill is required to bring such an interest into existence; but in politics opportunities present themselves every day. Now, it is solely in great associations that the general value of the principle of association is displayed. Citizens who are individually powerless, do not

very clearly anticipate the strength which they may acquire by uniting together,—it must be shown to them in order to be understood. Hence it is often easier to collect a multitude than a few persons for a public purpose; a thousand citizens may not see what interest they have in combining together, while ten thousand will be perfectly aware of it. In politics men combine for great undertakings, and the use they make of the principle of association in important affairs practically teaches them that it is to their interest to help each other in those of less moment.

Men can embark in few civil partnerships without risking a portion of their possessions. This is the case with all manufactures and trading companies. When men are, as at present, well versed in the arts of association, and are fully acquainted with its principal rules, they readily use it as a powerful instrument of success. They, however, more readily join political associations, which appear to be without danger, because they venture no money in them. But they cannot belong to these combinations for any length of time without finding out how order is maintained amongst a large number of men, and by what contrivance they are made to advance, harmoniously and methodically, to the same object. Thus they learn to surrender their own will to that of all the rest, and to make their own exertions subordinate to the common impulse—things which it is not less necessary to know in civil than in political associations. Political associations may therefore be considered as large free schools, where all the members of the community go to learn the general theory of association.

But even if political association did not directly contribute to the progress of civil association, to destroy the former would be to impair the latter. When citizens can only meet in public for certain purposes, they regard such meeting as a strange proceeding of rare occurrence, and they rarely think about it. But when they are allowed to meet freely for all

purposes, they ultimately look upon public association as the universal, or, in a manner, the sole, means which men can employ to accomplish the different purposes they may have in view. Every new want instantly revives the notion. The art of association, then, becomes the mother of action, studied and applied by all.

I do not say that there can be no civil association where political association is prohibited, for men can never live in society without embarking in some common undertakings. This leads me to believe that freedom of association in political matters is conducive to the welfare of a nation. If a certain moment in the history of a nation be selected, it is easy to prove that these associations perturb the State and paralyze productive industry. But take the whole of a people, and it will perhaps be easy to demonstrate that freedom of association in political matters is favorable to the prosperity and tranquility of the State.

These principles are very forcibly illustrated in the present political and industrial systems of our country. They were recognized at the very beginning of our country's history by the lonely pilgrims who landed on Plymouth Rock—set forth in the Mayflower Compact. They were no less clearly recognized by those eminent statesmen who figured so conspicuously in the early history of our country, and who, with infinite wisdom and foresight, framed for our country a plan of government which deeply involves these principles. And, too, they constitute a part and parcel of our industrial system; and, in the past, have given to our industries strength to withstand competitions and panics and advance rapidly forward to their present state of development. So, it is to the application of these principles of political and civil associations that the success of our government and industrial pursuits is due and that the United States to-day stands foremost among nations in point of civilization and advancement.

L. E. BOYKIN.

The Clemson College Chronicle

FOUNDED BY CLASS OF 1898

Published Monthly by the

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Editorial Department.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF :

V. B. HALL



To Our Readers For the purpose of encouraging a greater literary effort among the student body, "THE CHRONICLE Staff" wishes to make the fol-

lowing offer, open to all the corps,—with the exception of the immediate members of the staff :

We offer three cash prizes of \$10 each,

“*First*, for the best short story to be submitted during the session ;

“*Second*, for the best poem, and,

“*Third*, for the best essay, submitted during the same time.

“These prizes are to be awarded upon the decision of a committee of three, chosen from the Faculty.

“A winner of any, or all, of the above prizes, may, if he so desire, receive his reward in the shape of a gold medal to be presented at commencement.”

We sincerely hope that the above offer, already published to the corps through the adjutant, will serve to stimulate a little literary zeal among some of our readers, and will elicit from them at least an effort along this line.

The Athletic Outlook

Once again over the Southern Athletic Arena are beginning to resound the roarings of the Heisman Tiger. Up to the present date our “Tiger” has made only one fight; but, as is his custom, he did not fail on this occasion to send back to the six hundred pairs of eager, waiting ears, his glad, though somewhat stereotyped, tidings: “*Veni, vidi, vici.*” We are, of course, cognizant of the time-honored adage, “A good beginning makes a bad ending;” and, from the simple fact that Clemson met and defeated Georgia U’v. by a score of 29 to 0, we would scarcely feel justified in predicting for the team a brilliantly successful season. But there are other grounds—good, strong grounds—on which to base most sanguine predictions; for, quoting from the “Sporting” columns of one of the leading Southern journals:

“Clemson again has undoubtedly one of the strongest

teams in the South, and unless a decided reversal of form sets in, the Southern championship banner will fly from the Heisman flag-staff. With six old men back in the game and veterans of the type of Sitton, Maxwell and others of like character, it is hard to see how the South Carolina athletes can meet defeat this season."

This comes to us as the opinion of an expert and a disinterested outsider.

The ground upon which, perhaps, we chiefly found our expectations of holding for a second year the championship of the "S. I. A. A." is the fact that we have with us this season six of last year's powerful eleven—three of them, by the way, being members of the "All-Southern" Team. It is said that men fight best when defending their own ground; and it is in just that position that our boys now find themselves. Having won the coveted laurels of championship, and having fondled and gloated over them for a year and learned to love them, it will be a hard fight, indeed, that the fierce old "Tiger" gives before a rival lays hand upon them; and when he gets down to hard fighting, something interesting usually happens.

So here's to the "Tigers!"

"Clemson! Clemson! Rah! Rah!

Clemson! Clemson! Rah; Rah!

Hoo Rah! Hoo Rah!

Varsity! Varsity!

Rah! Rah! Rah!"

Long live the "Tiger."

Modern Literature

With the prodigious strides that are being made in the present age along mechanical and scientific lines, can it be possible that the profession of literature is on the decline? This question is, indeed, a difficult one with which to cope, and it is one over

which modern critics, and, indeed, the whole vast reading public of to-day, are very much divided in opinion. Certain it is that there is no deterioration in the *quantity* of matter produced; for never before in the history of the world have such veritable floods of books been poured out upon a long-suffering people, as those, which in recent years, have inundated the reading public. The question is one, not of quantity, but of quality; is the modern novel, or, to use more common parlance, the "new book" of to-day, up to the high literary standard set years before by Balzac and Scott and Hugo? Some think so, many think not; and, doubtless, prejudice largely shapes the opinions of both classes. Prevalent among a large majority of present-day readers is an idea that the so-called "new book," whatever its type or character, is a kind of fungus growth sprung up in the garden of literature—a short-lived, unstable and altogether worthless creation when compared with the scores of grand and noble works that have weathered the criticism of centuries and are now undoubted fixtures in the world of letters. Because it is "new," it is worthless, they say, and because all new books are worthless, then literary work is on the downward road. This would, indeed, be a lamentable fact—if it were a fact at all; but we believe that it is not. The trouble, we hope and sincerely believe, lies in the unwillingness or the inability of the adverse critics to look upon the century's production as a composite whole, discriminating between the wheat and the chaff. Because the solid grains, there and here, are much hidden and choked by the chaff, they fail to see any grain at all. They forget that every literary master-piece handed down to us from back centuries, that Chaucer's poems, that even Shakespeare's matchless plays, were each, perhaps, the one work in a thousand worthless productions that survived their little day, and now live. We can see only the best works of the past; we see both the good and the bad of our own day; and there is, doubtless, much bad.

It is to be hoped, then, that when future generations of critics come to view the output of our age, the worthless thousands of books will have died, and the few real, sterling works will stand out so pre-eminent that they cannot fail to see that, as we now sincerely think, there is much good in us.

**The New
Discipline**

The "old men" among the student body—those of us who have been making our abode in barracks for the past three or four years and have been witnesses of the countless infantile efforts on the part of the authorities and cadet officers to place militarism on a higher basis,—cannot help noticing the vast change that has taken place this year. It seems verily that military discipline of the regular approved West Point type has come among us, and come to stay; and there is no doubting the good results of the change. The strenuous efforts on the part of the commandant, splendidly seconded by the cadet officers, are building up a military system that will, in time, come to be a source of pride to both students and friends of the College throughout the State.

The change, doubtless, most closely affecting the student body as a whole is the very effective stoppage of the time-honored habit of visiting from room to room during study hours. No longer does the earnest student find himself handicapped in his studies by the frequent, and oftentimes prolonged, interruptions of friends "dropping in to 'gas' awhile."

Of course, along with the good effects of this new regime, we experience most keenly the inconvenience of the restrictions which are naturally imposed; but, taking the viewpoint of a patriotic college man, we cannot help thinking congratulations in order.

There is, among the student body, considerable disappointment over the fact that we are to miss our regular annual trip to the Fair this year, and already the more energetic members of the corps are beginning to cast about in search of a possible substitute outing; and, quite naturally, many longing eyes are turning in the direction of St. Louis' leviathan Exposition. Of course, nothing—not even rumor—has as yet taken any definite shape, and probably none of those who has expressed his opinion on the subject, has taken the trouble to look into the possibilities of the trip from a really practical point of view. It may, or it may not, be possible for the corps to attend the Exposition; but, whatever be the case, we feel that we need give ourselves no great concern, as those in authority, ever on the alert for any move tending to promote the interest and the pleasure of the student body, and the educational advantages of the institution, will not fail to give some attention to the matter, and to act in the way most advantageous to all concerned.

We wish to take this occasion to call attention of all CHRONICLE readers, both among the student body and the Faculty, to our advertisements. We should not forget, when we have money to invest, that no very small part of the expenses of the magazine are defrayed by the money of those kind enough to place advertisements in our pages: and it is our plain duty to patronize those who patronize us. We hope that our readers will think of this, and will, so far as practicable, choose their goods from the list of houses to be found among our "ads."



Exchange Department

S. T. HILL,
O. M. ROBERTS, }

EDITORS

The number of exchanges that have come in are few; however, we cannot complain, for we were behind in sending ours out, and we intend not to preach that which we do not practice. We sympathize with the other magazines in the struggle to get out the first issue. Inexperienced editors and a short time are a great drawback to a college journal. We do not know how many editors have realized this, but some of the journals show that it is a "sad reality."

Believing that "the last should be first," we begin our criticisms on *The Winthrop College Journal*. The journal does not deserve special praise; but, on the contrary, shows that there is room for improvement. However, we shall not point out the deficient points this time, and give the editors "one more chance." It is not our policy to lavish praise undeservingly on *anything*, and if we say harsh things about

you, just "grin and endure it." Many, in fact, nearly all, magazines contain some speech, debate, or essay written at close of school last year. This is a good practice, and we endorse it. Some of these are good, such as they are; all of them are nothing more than a compilation of thoughts taken from more distinguished compilers, and possibly a few from the original. But there is nothing original now, and the writers, some of them, are to be commended on the way they have collected and framed these compilations. We must give *The Winthrop Journal* credit of having one of the best, if not the best, essay of this sort of the month,—certainly the most entertaining. This piece, which is a debate on Co-education, contains good argument, well and impressively expressed. This piece, though written by a *girl*, when compared with those written by boys, demonstrates that "she is proving herself a fit peer for her brother." We are impatiently awaiting to hear the other side. Other parts of *The Journal* deserve a little praise. We think it strange that it did not contain one of those silly love stories, generally found in college magazines, which encourage all who are not in love, but disgusts all lovers.

Of *The Erskinian* it may be said that "the high degree of excellence attained unto by our predecessors" was not reached in this issue. "The Mill Laborer" shows the least originality and reason of any article that has come to our notice this month. While the author may have spent some time in preparing for his essay, he certainly has only differently expressed what has been said by more able writers many times before. We leave it to the editors—can such an essay, containing what every one has heard a thousand times and expressed far better, be of interest to the readers of the magazine? An article, to be of credit to a magazine, should be interesting, instructive and well expressed—this has none

of these essentials. "Nothing Great in the Universe but Man," is particularly poorly written; the sentences short, weak and not to the point. The writer attempts to prove that "man is the greatest thing in the world," which is an undisputed fact, but the author fails to prove it. "Zeke's Letter" is the only article worthy to be even nick-named *literature*. Zeke shows a marked talent, and more of his contributions will help the magazine. The editor made a fine beginning in his two editorials, but the editor-in-chief of the paper of such a college as Erskine should certainly be able to publish more than *two* short editorials.

We are unable to criticize *The Red and White* this time. We do not claim to have the ability or disposition to undertake to express our opinion on the work of Shakespeare and Ingersoll; hence we let the magazine pass. We think, however, that original articles composed by the students would be much more appropriate for a college magazine.

Clipping

"My daughter," and his voice was stern;

"You must set this matter right.

What time did that young Sophomore leave,

Who sent his card last night?"

"His work was pressing, father dear;

His love for it was great.

He took his leave and went away

Before a quarter of eight."

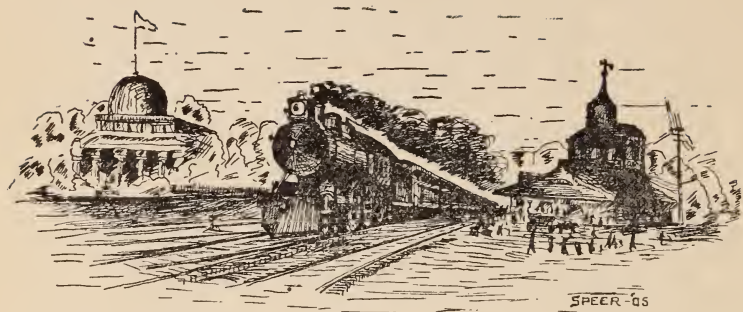
Then a twinkle came to her bright blue eye,

And her dimple deeper grew;

"It's surely no sin to tell him,

For a quarter of eight is two."

—*Ex.*



Local Department

A. E. HOLMAN, }
R. F. GOODING, }

EDITORS

We are glad to welcome Cadet Vernon Hall back. He was detained from entering College by a dislocation of his hip, in the wreck near Rock Hill, but is now able to resume his work.

On Friday night, October 10, our lecture course for the session of 1903-1904 was opened by Dr. J. Wm. Jones, whose subject was "Lee, The Model Man." Dr. Jones, whose present home is Richmond, Va., had been associated with Gen. Lee for many years, being his Chaplain during the war, and was closely connected with him afterwards at Washington and Lee University. We feel sure that none of those who heard Dr. Jones were disappointed in his lecture.

In addition to this lecture, our course for the year offers the following attractions: Dr. Walter H. Page, Hon. Thos. E. Watson, Mozart Symphony Club, Dr. John B. DeMotte, Hahn-Parke Quintette, Maro's Magic and Music, Dr. Henry VanDyke, Dunbar Hand Bell-Ringers, and Chicago Glee

Club. Besides these, there will probably be several minor attractions interposed throughout the year.

The societies (literary) have changed their time of meetings from Friday nights to Saturday nights. We hope under this new plan to have a large attendance, and that, too, the speakers will put more time upon the preparation of their speeches.

The Dramatic Club has commenced its work. The club will present several plays this year under the guidance of J. W. Heisman, who is an actor of marked ability.

Prof. Furman: Mr. Faris, what does "Et tu Brute," means?

Cadet Faris: It means, "And you my son."

Cadet Preacher (submitting explanation): "I respectfully state that when second bell 'wrung,' " etc.

Cadet J. R. Connor has been appointed Adjutant of the corps, and Cadet A. E. Holman has been appointed Captain in his place. Cadet H. W. Crouch has been appointed Lieutenant.

Mr. Harry Sloan and family, of Greenville, have been spending some time here with Mr. Sloan's father, Dr. P. H. E. Sloan, and relatives at Pendleton.

Mrs. V. M. Flemming, of Newport News, Va., is here visiting her sister, Mrs. P. H. Mell.

Miss Julia Moore, of Alabama, is here with her sister, Mrs. W. M. Riggs. She has charge of the Clemson Academy.

Prof. F.: "Mr. DuPree, what is Westminster Hall?"

Cadet DuPree: "A large dancing hall in London."

It is reported around barracks that we are to go on a camping trip in the spring. We sincerely hope that this report is true.

It is said that "Squire" is much worried over the fact that he has a dangerous rival in the field.

We are all very much interested in the experiment now being conducted by Prof. Newman. He is endeavoring to make a cross between the honey bee and the fire-fly, in hope that the bee, fitted with her new lighting apparatus, will be able to carry on her work in the dark.

Cadet S. O. O'Bryan, we are sorry to say, has had to leave College on account of ill health. He was a member of THE CHRONICLE and THE ANNUAL staff. Cadet E. A. Thornwell has been elected a member of THE CHRONICLE staff to fill this vacancy.

On the 1st of October was organized a club which supplied a long missing link in the chain of wants at Clemson College. This club is known as the Clemson College Mandolin Club, under the excellent directorship of Cadet J. W. von Hasseln. The club is composed of the following, with their instruments:

J. W. von Hasseln.....	1st violin
K. M. James.....	1st violin
E. P. Crouch	2d violin
P. L. Elias.....	1st mandolin
T. H. Bissel	1st mandolin
J. M. Symmes	2d mandolin
W. Schachte	2d mandolin

Davis	2d mandolin
O. H. Bissell	Guitar
W. R. Smith.....	Guitar
H. Holmes	Guitar
J. H. Roger	Guitar
F. E. Cope	Guitar
S. L. Webb	Guitar
T. F. Ray	Guitar
M. T. Scruggs	Banjo
J. M. Pauling	Violincello

THE ANNUAL Staff is getting material together, and hope to have the greater part finished by Christmas.

At a meeting of the Class of 1907, in the Columbian Society Hall, Saturday night, October 11, 1903, the following men were elected to serve for a term of one year:

President, F. M. Furtick.

Vice-President, H. B. Ellis.

Secretary and Treasurer, W. H. L. Homesly.

Chaplain, S. L. Fort.

Prophet, C. F. Simmons.

Lawyer, B. C. Hester.

Historian, S. A. Boozer.

Poet, R. N. Reid.

The class adopted for their colors the blue and gray.

Football Notes

The first game of the season was played against the University of Georgia, October 10. The score was 29 to 0 in favor of Clemson. We are sorry that we are unable to write this game up in this issue, but will write it up for the next.

GEORGIA TECH VS. CLEMSON.

On the 17th of October, the second game of the season was played by Clemson against the above named college. As the result of this, Tech was literally wiped off the Southern foot-ball map by Clemson Tigers.

Yards Gained.—Clemson made 51 points in the first half of 25 minutes. Tech rallied slightly in the second half and Clemson's force attack gave down, for but 22 points were registered in the fifteen minutes of play. In the first half Clemson rushed the ball for a grand total of 450 yards, an average of nearly 15 yards for each trial. Tech during this period rushed 20 times for an aggregate gain of 18 yards.

In the second half, Clemson rushed 20 times for a total of 210 yards, an average of 10 yards every signal call. Tech rushed 10 times, with a gain of but 10 yards.

All told, Clemson in both halves rushed the ball 615 yards against 28 yards for Tech. And while Clemson scored first down 55 times, Tech made the required five yards but twice.

It is hard to pick out any individual stars for Clemson, so well merged was the entire squad into one writhing, seething mass. Hanvey's work in hurdling was excellent. Maxwell's work at quarter was superb, and his long runs, ranging from 30 to 70 yards, were among the most spectacular of the afternoon. The ends had little to do, but did that little well, while the line was a stone wall in defense.

The Game.—Clemson won the toss and chose to defend the east goal. Clemson kicked off, and Tech was unable to gain the required distance. In two minutes four plays had sent Clemson the intervening 40 yards for the first touch down. From then on touch downs fairly rained from Clemson's sky. Hanvey was carried over for first score, and two minutes later Cogburn repeated the trick by hurdling tackle for 10 yards. Score, 11 to 0, after four minutes play.

Wood and Cogburn scored again in rapid succession, and

with ten minutes left to play, Tech attempted to punt from the 10 yard line. Sadler blocked the kick and jumped on the ball for another touch down.

Only once during this half was Tech able to gain any ground, when a long pass by Brown netted 10 yards. When the whistle sounded the end of the first half, Clemson had scored 9 touch downs and kicked goals. Not once during the game did Clemson punt, as they were never checked in their pace across the field.

The last half was cut down fifteen minutes, and Rasor and Bruse were substituted for Hanvey and McKeown, as they were winded. Maxwell opened the half with a spectacular dash down the field for 80 yards and a touch down forty seconds after play had resumed. Rasor and Sadler scored again, leaving the final score 13 touch downs and 8 goals, or a grand total of 73 scores in forty minutes of play.

The two teams lined up as follows :

<i>Clemson.</i>	<i>Position.</i>	<i>Tech.</i>
Garrison.....	Center ..	Gregory
Forsythe.....	Right Guard.....	Burns
Derrick.....	Left Guard.....	Roberts
McKeown (Breese) ..	Right Tackle.....	Thrash (Capt.)
Cogburn.....	Left Tackle	Moore
Sadler (Capt.).....	Right End	Hughes
Ellison.....	Left End	Strong
Furtick.....	Right Half	Brown
Wood.....	Left Half	Clark
Maxwell.....	Quarter Back.....	Monsalvatge
Hanvey (Rasor).....	Full Back.....	Davies

Touch downs—Cogburn 3, Sadler 2, Hanvey 2, Wood 2, Maxwell 2, Rasor 1, McKeown 1.

Time of halves, twenty-five and fifteen minutes. Referee Tichenor. Umpire Manly.

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L. E. BOYKIN,
E. A. THORNWELL, } - - - - - EDITORS

Christmas Bells

Melody floating out into the night,
 Into the dark, chilly night;
Bells, bells, musical bells,
 Pealing with vibrant delight.
Swinging and ringing and bringing
 Strains from the anthems above;
Sweet notes from seraphim throats
Breathed out in accents of love.
Pealing and reeling and swaying with feeling;
Glowing with gladness and sadness and madness,
 To and fro they rhythmically go;
Dancing, glancing, entrancing tones fall
Down from the steeples and people the walls

With silvery echoes and challenging calls;
Shaking the night and waking the light,
Hidden, unbidden, under the snow.
Peace and good will ring the bells to the night—

Peace on the wings of the night!
Bells, bells, happiness swells,
Bursting your hearts with delight!
Easing and pleasing and seizing
Sorrow, and banishing care,
Low, low, melody flow,

Burden not even the air!
Softly and slowly on lofty and lowly,
Sweet notes descending and blending and rending
Miserly groans and pauperish moans.
Sweet intonation! happy vibration!
Streaming and teeming with beaming elation;
Bringing out, ringing out peace to the nation!
Rolling away to the dawn and the day,
Peace-giving, long living, pulsating tones.

R. E. M.

The Decline of Purity in Politics

The nations that have passed away have left behind them examples, which like stranded wrecks lying upon the sands should serve as beacons to warn those that come after. History's pages are filled with stories of the decline of nations as if they had fallen by some fixed law. Notwithstanding this, statesmen have failed to duly consider the existence of these laws but have allowed their respective countries to go down in shame and degradation. They have followed in the footsteps of the leaders of the political world from time immemorial, and the result has been that no nation has ever en-

tirely survived the lapse of years under the working of this universal law. All have sooner or later tasted the bitter dregs of defeat and succumbed to hopeless ruin.

To a careful student of history, this law assumes the aspect of a self-evident principle. He finds case after case where countries have begun life poor but pure. He sees time after time where wealth increases and purity wanes. He finds further, that in nearly every instance where wealth has introduced luxury, it has also fostered corruption and that this corruption has marked the beginning of the end. Corrupt politics is but the natural consequence of wealth; for wealth is generally used to rule the minds of those men whose intellects are stronger than their morals. The wealthy classes naturally desire to increase their wealth and allow their greed for gold to over-shadow their manly qualities. With their money they buy up the corrupt politicians and with them, debauch the morals of a nation.

Let us look at Rome. Beginning her career of greatness with patriotism as her guiding star, she gradually allowed her desire for wealth to quell her patriotic impulses. The days of Regulus, Curtius and the elder Brutus had passed away and no more was Rome to see the good old days when

“None were for a party,
And all were for the State.”

The halls of the capitol which had once been consecrated by love of country unparalleled in the records of time were defiled by selfish greed and Roman society, as painted by Juvenal, was so foul and flagrant with vice, that even savages would have been ashamed of it. The Rome of patriotism was gone. The Rome of vice has come to stay, to forever leave its stain upon the annals of Roman civilization.

Perhaps the most striking example of what wealth, luxury and corruption have done can be found in the histories

of France and Spain. The former was at one time master of all Europe, and under Napoleon, ruled it. But even this great man could not withstand the ambition for gain and glory, and when Waterloo was reached it proved to be the place where his imperial star should go down forever. Under the reigns of Louis XIV. and XV., France reached the point where luxury and vice disgusted the entire people, and in the French Revolution, we see the most hideous and horrible of all revolts. Blood coursed down the streets of Paris like streams of water. Crime was on every hand and France emerged a country desolate and dishonored.

Spain's history is filled with similar lessons. At one time, to be a soldier of Castile, was the height of every youth's ambition, but Spain became too rich. The wealth which she acquired from the Indies, soaked her very heart with corruption, and to that wealth and corruption alone can she attribute her downfall. The wrath of God's winds tore her Armada to pieces. Reverse followed hard upon reverse, until now bereft of all her colonies—helpless and dishonored, she sits amid the nations, no longer thought worthy of a place among the great powers of Europe.

These two countries are examples showing where success failed to succeed simply because success was transformed into excess. Their grandeur will never return. Their greatness will always be a relic, not a reality.

And so it is with nearly all the nations. With wealth and luxury come corrupt politics and with corrupt politics inevitable downfall. Then why should not the United States heed the example of the other nations? Why should we not show the nations of the world that America can lead them in righteousness and truth as well as in commerce and trade? Are our institutions going to fall as have the institutions of the other nations? Are we, the coming citizens, going to stand by idle when our country needs our hearts and minds to aid

in upholding her standard of purity and morality? Are we going to allow these United States to become the corrupt home of greedy politicians?

Already there is a very decided tendency in that direction. Men and positions have been bought and sold, and in some localities and even States the governments are rotten to the very core. What would our forefathers say if they knew what mean and sordid doctrines are preached from coast to coast? They began in 1776 with patriotism and freedom as their motto and who will dare assert that they ever wandered from the ideal. From the time when the old liberty bell sent its thrilling tones echoing round the world until the last red-coat was driven from these shores, the American was a type of purity untarnished. His politics were ruled by principle and not by pelf. His political creed was not blotted by dollar marks and promises of bribes. He was a man.

Note the contrast one hundred years later. In 1876, the most infamous political blackguards that ever schemed together were to be found in the South. The North, intoxicated with the wines of victory and the nectar of success, had forgotten that the remaining Southerners were human. They turned loose upon a desolate country a pack of thirsty curs, who endeavored to drink the very life blood of this torn and bleeding Southland. The day of Reconstruction was the day of the black man and the black guard. It left a stain upon the annals of our purity that all the orators cannot bleach or remove.

Since that time, this country has been well nigh ruled by money. Its influence has been felt in all sections, by all classes. In the North and East entire States are ruled by "bosses." In the West offices have been bought and votes sold as if the honors of this country were mere commodities. Even in the dear old South, "the only American part of America," the dazzling influence of wealth has been used

by the men who have claimed to be statesmen. There are hardly any localities where riches have not been used with sinister motives and for selfish purposes.

New York has her Platt, Pennsylvania has her Quay, Ohio has her Hanna, and Delaware her Addicks. All are slaves to the whims of these political chieftains and never were masters served more faithfully by their henchmen. St. Louis has been sold in shame. Minneapolis has been governed by men who secretly licensed gambling dens and hell-holes of vice and debauchery. Numerous other cities and towns have lived to blush at their own folly in the choice of municipal officers. Public franchises have become Mecca's around and for which the greedy scramble and kill.

And yet we hear America spoken of as the "greatest, grandest and best." We are the greatest and grandest, but our methods in politics will have to be completely revolutionized before we can become the best. To say that we are the best now, would only be looked on as a statement born of exceeding self-conceit.

With this ever increasing tendency before us, is it not time for the men of America to call a halt? We have allowed our country to be ruled long enough by this insatiable and un-Godly desire for gold. We must stop this corruptness in our politics or America will pass on to an ignominious end. Our government will become a government of money, by money and for money. The eagle will give way to the vulture and the flag will become the standard of a few. Its stars will fade away and its stripes will become the symbol of the crime of gold. We will forget the Declaration of Independence and the sufferings of the men who fought and died that its principles might enlighten the civilized world. They will have died in vain and America will no longer be called "the land of the free and the home of the brave."

Summing up, then, we find ourselves face to face with a

terrific current of selfishness and corruption. What are we going to do? Are we going to do our duty? What is that duty? some may ask.

It is our duty to ourselves, our State, and our country to check the flowing of this foul current. We must lead the people back to the right. Our only salvation is to make righteousness one of the fundamentals of our politics. We, who on the morrow, become citizens of this great republic, must, with the help of all true Americans, turn back from this hideous pathway paved with dollars. We must go back to the righteousness that created the Declaration of Independence and amid the guns that enforced its teachings. We must return again to the political arena where greatness and goodness predominate. We must all, North, South, East and West, remember and pray,

“Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, Lest we forget.”

H. C. TILLMAN.

Charmed by a Rattler

The common belief in the power of certain animals, especially snakes, to exert a peculiar influence over human beings has been discussed again and again by scientific men as well as by those uninitiated in philosophic mysteries. It has been generally agreed among learned men that snakes do not possess any influence over persons; and all stories of the strange doings of oriental snake-charmers are discredited. Be this as it may, however, the following true incident may be interesting to those who have never experienced like sensations.

Two generations ago the upper part of South Carolina was comparatively unsettled, and its small population was scat-

tered over a wide territory. There were practically no large towns, and the little villages were few and far between. The railroad, with its modern system of fast mail carriage, was then unheard of, and the only way of communication the people had was by means of the semi-monthly or weekly trips of the mail carrier. The position of mail carrier was one of considerable importance, for, when news was scarce and slow in traveling, the mail carrier's coming was looked forward to with more than ordinary interest. The work of the post rider was difficult and required men of known integrity and trustworthiness. John Logan, then a young man of twenty-five, possessed these qualities in a remarkable degree, and was well known and respected throughout his section. He carried the mail over a route of about ninety miles for a number of years, during the course of which he met with many and varied experiences. When an old man he was fond of relating his adventures, and many of the inhabitants of the town in which he lived have heard him tell the following singular incident probably a hundred times, each time without varying it in the slightest detail:

"While I was riding along a stretch of rock road, so common in the upper part of the State, my horse shied and stopped suddenly, directly before a big rattlesnake. As I was always afraid of such reptiles, I seldom passed one without trying to kill it, so I dismounted, tied my horse to a tree by the side of the road, and picked up several large rocks to kill it. As I got near the critter, I suddenly thought of a story I had once heard of a man's being charmed by a snake, and, while I had not believed it possible, yet now, I thought, is a good time to see if this animal has any influence on me.

"I went up toward the snake until almost within striking distance, and fastened my gaze on his little round eyes. Whether in fancy or not, they seemed to return my stare

in an intelligent manner, and, as I looked, they became more and more attractive, and I felt myself irresistibly drawn toward them. I was perfectly conscious at this time and aware that my horse was moving restlessly about, and I could see the road and all other surroundings. It was on the snake, however, that my thoughts were centered to the exclusion of everything else. Try as I could, it seemed well-nigh impossible for me to withdraw my gaze from those cunning little eyes. They held me spell-bound.

"I then gradually became unconscious of everything but those fiery, shining, beady eyes, that seemed to pierce me through and through. Their intensity increased, and, glowing like stars, they grew larger and larger, and started toward me. A dreadful fear seized me and I longed to escape from those terrible balls of fire. I tried to move, but found it impossible. Some irresistible force still held me to the spot. Then, when almost upon me, the fire balls disappeared, and I was left in total darkness.

"Then, from the place where I had seen the snake, there appeared to my strained eyes the most alluring sight they had ever beheld. It was nothing more nor less than a pair of rosy, ripe, blushing lips. There never have been lips like those before, nor do I ever expect to see their equal again. During my life I have looked on many handsome women, famous for their beauty, but at no time have I gazed on a woman's face that had lips to surpass the beauty of those. An intense, uncontrollable impulse seized me to kiss those lips. If I could only reach them and imprint on them one kiss, then my desire would be satisfied, and I would be willing to undergo any possible punishment. It seemed that this was the sole object of my life, and, if prevented in any way, it seemed like I would die. Then, too, something told me there was evil in those lips. To approach them would be destruction, but I was in such a state of mind that

I could dare anything to get to those lips, whatever might be the consequences.

"I started toward them, but something stopped me. Whatever it was that held me entranced so long now seemed to assume definite shape, and held me, as it were, in a human embrace. I struggled to free myself, but could not. It appeared that some one of gigantic strength had me in his powerful grasp. 'You must not go. It will be destruction,' the Being seemed to say. 'I will go,' was my agonizing cry, and I deliriously put forth almost superhuman efforts, struggling with my tormentor until it seemed I must surely win. The torture I underwent surpassed in intensity any possible form of bodily suffering, but still I fought on and on against the overwhelming power that was restraining me, hoping that in some way I might possibly get free. All this time I was facing the charming sight that had enchanted me, and my eager gaze was steadfastly fixed on those lips. How long this one-sided struggle lasted I cannot tell; but after what seemed an age of suffering, in desperation I turned, the better to strive with my adversary, and lost sight of the lips. Then I suddenly came to my senses, and found that I was standing exactly in the same place where I had stopped, and neither sight nor sound of a human being near me. The snake was slowly crawling out from under a stone that had been in my hand. How it came to be lying on the reptile's back I could not tell, as I had no recollection of throwing it.

"Weak and trembling from the effects of the trance, I could barely walk, and sat down to regain my strength. As soon as I was able, I followed up the snake and killed it with a stick. So vivid had been the impression made on me that I could not realize it had been imagined—sought for some signs of the struggle and looked behind every large tree nearby to find the man that had held me. There was no

signs of a conflict and no living thing in sight but my horse. My own tracks were the only witnesses to the adventure."

ANDERSON, '06.

A Romance of Early Carolina

It is the last day of October in the year seventeen thirty-eight. A lovely autumn has been gradually changing into a mild winter; and the pleasant, beaming countenances of a hardy band of settlers on the Savannah River show that they are well satisfied with the result of their year's labor.

The mild climate is quite a contrast to the severe winters of the Fatherland, whence they migrated; and they determined to withstand the threatening Indians and hold to their adopted home. Two years before this these German settlers had left their homes in Southern Germany, and, partly from hope of religious freedom, partly from expectations of easily amassed wealth, they turned their course to the sunny shores of Carolina.

The short day is rapidly drawing to a close. A group of girls are leisurely sauntering down the path toward a herd of cows which are standing knee-deep in the grass, meditatively chewing the cud. We fancy we can hear the girls laughing and jesting, as only girls can. They seem to be teasing one of their number, who receives their puns very good humoredly, as she walks along in an unconcerned way, seeming lost in reflection.

Presently they reach the herd of cows, and, then amid a rattling of tin buckets and cups, they settle down to milking. This proves a light task for their deft fingers, and long before dark they have finished and are on their way back to the little village—all but the one whom the girls were taunting a short while before. She was the fair daughter of old

Malcolm Stroder—Norma by name—and a general favorite among the young and old alike. Having a greater number of cows to milk, she was always left behind.

This evening she wished to be left alone, anyway, and she watched with pleasure her companions depart, for she was really annoyed by their jests. So she went about her task in an absent-minded way, not noticing the approach of twilight nor dreaming of the strange experience it held for her. She had almost finished milking the last cow, when she was startled by a hand laid on her shoulder—not the soft, girlish hand of one of her companions, but the rough red hand of an Indian warrior. She was too much astonished to speak. She gazed on him in mute amazement, and for some moments neither spoke. She was not like other girls, this Norma Stroder; she presently recovered from her fright, and asked the Indian what he was doing there. Imagine her surprise when back came his reply in broken German, “I am looking for Norma Stroder; can you tell me where I shall find her?”

“That is my name; but what do you wish of me?” she said.

“You shall know, very soon,” the warrior replied, and putting his hand to his mouth he whistled a peculiar note, then turning to the maiden again he said, “Maid, I am not going to harm you, for my life depends on your treatment; but I have come to carry you out of danger. Before many more suns the Indians will sweep every paleface out of this land, for the Great Spirit has bid them slay every one; but our paleface brother bade me take you out of danger, and for that purpose I am come.” He finished speaking and started to seize her, but she sprang back, and tried to avoid him in the darkness. He soon came up with her and seized her arms. She tore herself free, and, catching a heavy knife, stuck in his belt, with all her strength she struck him

a blow in the breast, but the blade glanced off as if she had struck it against a stone. The warrior took advantage of her astonishment and caught her, securely pinioning her arms to her side. The form of an immense horse loomed up in the darkness, and in a moment the Indian had placed the maiden on the horse's back and had sprung up behind her, and they sped away through the darkness. The horse turned his head northward and entered the great, unbroken forest of Carolina. "Christian Priber shall soon see his little cousin again," she heard the Indian mutter, as the gloomy forest began to envelop them. In silence, save for the regular beat of the horse's hoofs, she meditated over her strange captor, and his stranger words. How did this Indian know Christian Priber? And how came him so familiar with the German language?

Leaving them plunging onward through the dark, dense forest, we glance back a few years, and gather up some facts that will throw light on these dark places and clear up the mystery that perplexed Norma Stroder.

* * * * *

In the early history of Carolina, the Spaniards of St. Augustine gave the colonists great trouble. Besides doing the colony harm directly, the Spaniards induced the Indians to do the English all the harm they could. The Yamassees, a powerful tribe west of Charleston, openly assisted the Spaniards in one of their incursions on English territory, and for their misdemeanors were driven out of their country by the English colonists. The old chief and his little children, a boy and a girl, took refuge near St. Augustine. Dying shortly after, he gave his children to the Spanish Governor's wife, and she had them trained as servants in her house. On account of his bright red color—altogether different from other Indians—she named the boy Ruber, and she called the little girl Nassa. There for the next few

years we find them as members of St. Pedro's household. Ruber was the subject of such kindness as few people enjoy. His mistress treated him as if he had been her own child. In turn he revered her as a dog would its master. He grew to be a giant. When he reached his twentieth year, he was the largest man in St. Augustine, and in strength his equal could not be found.

Chancing to be roaming among the relics in the old armory one day, Ruber found several suits of armor belonging to some member of the ill-fated DeSoto expedition. Upon his exclamations of delight, his mistress gave him a suit of it. Determined to use it, he made a deer-skin robe which would conceal it entirely. Afterwards it became a part of his apparel; for whenever he left St. Augustine on any lengthy expedition, as he often did, the invisible coat of mail was sure to cloak him. He lived quietly in his adopted home until he was nearly thirty years of age. One day some wandering Indians brought news of a mighty confederacy being formed of all the Indian tribes in the northeast. Growing tired of his quiet life, he bade his mistress goodbye, and, taking his sister Nassa, together with two fine horses—his mistress' gift—he set out for the great city of refuge, said to be somewhere in the northeast. For six days he pursued his way through trackless forests, across great rivers, through tangled, boggy swamps, until, at last, he came in sight of his destination. His remarkable career then began. Before getting within the bounds of the city—for a city it was—something happened which forever made him an object of reverence to the Indians of the great league. Coming upon one of the Indians, stationed as a guard or sentinel, he was suspected of being a spy on account of his deep red color. The sentinel immediately let fly an arrow at his breast, and, at the close range, it struck him with great force; but instead of bringing him off his horse, the arrow

bounded back with its stone head shivered to pieces. Yelling as if he had met a demon, the sentinel fled to the city and told his extraordinary story. You can imagine the awe with which the superstitious Indians beheld him as he rode into the city with his sister. Mounted upon their magnificent steeds, and dressed in half-civilized, Spanish clothing, they were looked upon as Divine beings. Priber himself—for this was his city and this league was his work—was astonished at seeing them. Ruber noticed his commanding appearance, and rode up to him. He greeted Ruber in the Creek tongue, but Ruber did not understand; then he tried Cherokee. Ruber was still in the dark. Finally, Ruber addressed him in Spanish, and the look of wonder on Priber's face was a study. Priber spoke Spanish fluently, and soon they retired to his house, and their long journey was over.

Pause now and reflect. Here is a meeting of two great forces—two forces which were to unite, harmonize, and together accomplish great results. One represents alertness, wisdom, sagacity and farsightedness; the other energy, shrewdness, and dogged persistency. One could plan; the other execute. Ruber had already impressed the Indians as some mysterious being; he soon produced a different but equally favorable impression on Priber. In him Priber saw a fulfillment of his long cherished design of making a native the head of the great Indian Confederacy. Ruber and his sister were established in comfortable quarters in the outskirts of the city. There they dwelt in peace and security, for no Indian was bold enough to enter their domain.

At length the sentinel's story came to Priber's ears, and one day while visiting Ruber, he carelessly inquired of him how he frightened the Indian. Throwing open his deer-skin suit, Ruber revealed his coat of mail, and showed Priber where the shaft dented it. Priber's astonishment was as

great as it had been when he heard Ruber speak Spanish. "Ruber," he said, "you are a wonderful man. I see in you the utter destruction of the English Colonists."

Mastered by the desire to exterminate the German and English settlers in Carolina and Georgia, Priber had cemented the Indian tribes, from the Ohio River to the Gulf of Mexico,—the Creeks excepted—into a solid league. His motive was not the love of power, as one would suspect, for he manifested tenfold more hatred for the Germans, his own people, than for the English, who were far more numerous. This would seem strange to one not acquainted with the character and nationality of the man. His real motive was revenge.

When Priber was but a boy in his German home, the scene for this act was laid. He was the son of wealthy parents, and being very precocious he was educated in all the arts and languages of that time. While at Bologna, studying astronomy, he became a convert to the Jesuit order of the Catholic faith, consequently he was treated with great disrespect by his own people upon his return home. Finally he was proscribed by the government, and, all his people being Lutherans, he fled to France. It is claimed that he loved his little cousin, Norma Stroder, whose father was chief of his persecutors and mainly instrumental in his proscription.

About the year 1730, the immigration fever swept over Europe, and, among others in Southern Germany, old Malcolm Stroder left his home for the new world. Priber heard of this movement, and immediately set about concerting plans for revenging the wrong done him by his people. We know the story of his coming to this country; of his joining the Cherokee Indians, living their rough life, dressing and painting himself so like them that he would deceive even a white man. He studied their character; became proficient

in their several languages, or dialects, and little by little welded the different tribes into a common union for the sole purpose of repaying the Germans their cruel treatment.

At first the Indians distrusted him, but he finally proved his entire devotion to their cause (so he claimed), by marrying an Indian woman. This woman was none other than Nassa, Ruber's sister. This strengthened him in two ways: it rooted out the last vestige of suspicion on the Indians' part, and bound him closer to Ruber.

Knowing the Indians' desire for power, he refrained from taking any responsible places himself, but selected chiefs from various tribes to dictate laws for the league. Until he had seen Ruber, Priber had never found an Indian capable of ruling the immense horde of savages; but Ruber, as luck would have it, had all their love and admiration thrust upon himself, when the warrior spread the news that he bore a charmed life. Knowing the strength of Ruber and his versatility, Priber encouraged this respect toward him, with the idea of making him King of the Cherokee League. In order to fit him for the place, Priber taught him the various languages of the Cherokees, and, later, he taught him to speak German.

At length the great league was completed, the Creeks having expressed a willingness to join it, and Priber told the Indians that before many suns they will steal away toward the South and wreak revenge for the many fancied wrongs done them. One morning while the two friends, Ruber and Priber, were sitting together perfecting their plans, Priber unfolded a secret to Ruber. It was this: Priber mentioned his home in the Fatherland, and spoke of his cousin, whom he had not seen in many years. He told Ruber that this girl was even now in the settlement which they would shortly destroy; moreover he said she was a very charming girl, and he wished to repay both her, for

her kindness to him a few years before, and Ruber, for his fidelity, by seeing them united in marriage. He extolled her many virtues, until Ruber became a party to the project. He then told Ruber of the difficulties any one would experience in abducting the girl in safety, and asked Ruber if he would undertake that duty. Ruber gladly acceded, and the next day departed on his hazardous mission. Priber at the same time set out for the Creek nation, to perfect plans with its chief. Together they left the city of refuge, followed by thousands of savages and runaway slaves. A few miles south of the city they separated—never to meet again in this world. Ruber made his way to the settlements, and after waiting a few days, captured his prisoner and escaped the Germans who pursued him. He had got in sight of the mountains of Oconee and Pickens Counties, when he met an Indian searching for him. He was briefly informed of a sad catastrophe in the Creek country. Priber was no more. The whites had treacherously followed him, and the wounded Indian who escaped saw Priber fall, shot to death. Ruber was shocked with the news. For a while he stood speechless, gazing at the dim blue mountains in the distance, under whose silent peaks he and Priber had often hunted together. His agony suddenly changed to hatred for the white race. He no longer thought of marrying Priber's cousin. He detested her presence. The thought entered his mind that he would offer her as a sacrifice to the Great Spirit, and grasping her roughly and throwing her across his horse's back, he said fiercely: "Girl, you must die, but because you were the great white chief's friend, you shall die honorably." He turned his horse's head to the famed sacrifice place of the lower Cherokees—to what is now known as Table Rock, in the upper part of Pickens County. Norma realized her hopeless position, and, despite her efforts to remain calm, indulged in frequent outbursts of grief. She knew they

were pursued, but no pursuer could outride the mighty Indian. He assured himself that they had given up the pursuit, but pushed on, nevertheless, till he rested at last on the summit of the mountain, where from time immemorial the Indians had repaired to offer oblations to their deities. It was their custom to bind their victims and hurl them over the precipice, where the granite walls rise nearly one thousand feet perpendicular. Here Ruber had brought his victim, and now he waited on the rising sun to signal his sacrificial rites.

It was late in the evening when he arrived, consequently he was forced to delay several hours. When night came on, he built a fire by which Norma was comfortably seated. That firelight gleaming in the clear sky of the mountains sealed his fate. The little band of Germans were pushing on silently after him, and from their camping place, many miles down the valley of the Saluda, they saw it, and, suspecting who built it, they pushed on through the night, and next morning found their way up the steep sides of the cliff. It was broad daylight when the first pursuer gained the crest. The sight before him made him shudder. Standing on the edge of the cliff was a giant Indian, slowly honing the already keen edge of his knife. At his feet lay his helpless victim, bound securely. Ever and anon the Indian would raise his eyes toward the eastern sky, where the sun must shortly appear. Already the tree-tops were bathed in its bright rays. Norma saw them creeping slowly but surely down the trees' giant trunks, and with a nameless horror in her eyes she saw the Indian suddenly drop the whetstone and the next instant his powerful grasp tightened on her arm. He lifted her to her feet and held her over the yawning precipice. Then he set her down and cut her bonds. Bidding her rise, he muttered a few words of some unintelligible meaning, and then grasped her to cut her

throat and hurl her off. A sharp report broke the stillness. Ruber released his prisoner and staggered backward a step or two. Looking around, he saw one of the hated whites rushing on him. The ball had only stunned him—the armor turned it. He closed with his foe and a deadly struggle ensued. Being encumbered with his armor, he could not match his antagonist in hand-to-hand fighting, so he seized him in his powerful arms and started to the edge of the cliff. The white brought his knife across the Indian's throat and severed the vital artery, but still the Indian trudged along, despite all the other's efforts. He had reached a place in ten feet of the edge when he stumbled and fell. Still he rolled over toward the precipice. The last ray of hope had vanished. The Indian knew he was mortally wounded, but he would die satisfied if he could roll over the cliff with the white in his arms. Hence he rolled and dragged him near the fatal brink. Throwing out his hands aimlessly, the white grasped a snag to which he held firmly. The Indian rolled over the edge and pulled him over, too, but he held his grasp on the small snag, and, with his body swaying between heaven and earth, between life and death, his comrades found him. The Indian held on to him until death paralyzed his mighty arms, when he loosened his hold and fell with a sickening thud on the rocks below. The brave German's friends rescued him from his perilous position, and the little party returned to its peaceful home on the Savannah.

A few days later, an Indian warrior, in search of Ruber, found his crushed and shapeless form at the foot of the sacrifice rock. His story so disheartened the Cherokees that they gave up all hope of driving the colonists away. The great league formed by Priber's influence and strengthened by Ruber's wariness, rapidly dissolved, and the story of Ruber's tragic end on Table Rock has been so nearly forgotten as to be recorded as a legend.

Norma's rescuer was none other than Priber's half brother, and, for the sake of a happy termination to this almost tragedy, I will add that he was her lover, and afterwards married her. Years after, when Fort Prince George was built on the banks of the beautiful Isundiga, in the midst of Cherokee country, one of the first settlers to come to this region was Ernest Rolfe, who, with his wife, Norma, lived among the picturesque scenery, so beloved by the unhappy Cherokees, to a good old age; and to-day two rough stones on the heights overlooking Fort Prince George valley mark the resting place of our heroine.

"Your Sin Will Find You Out"

Never in the history of the little town of L—— had so much interest been taken in a trial as there was to-day. For the fifth day since the retirement of the jury, in the case "State vs. Jas. Richards, charged with murder," the court room was filled with anxious spectators. Never during the whole trial had there been an empty seat in the house, for everybody knew and liked Jim; and the fact that he was on trial for his life aroused no small interest. As he arose on the first day and pleaded "Not guilty," there were few who for an instant would have said anything except a speedy acquittal; but as witness after witness testified to seeing the prisoner kneeling on the roadside with a bloody knife in his hand, and his victim lying bleeding before him, supporters became fewer and fewer, until there were few who did not deem him a murderer of the worst type.

Then the defendant took the stand and told his simple, honest story—how he had been out in the country on business, and while returning he had found a man, his only enemy in the place, lying insensible beside the road, with a

knife stuck in his breast; and how, through kindness, he had dismounted from his horse to render what assistance and relief he might to the wounded man. Then as he told of the witnesses who had just condemned him coming upon him while thus engaged and accusing him of the murder, the crowd swayed again, until now there was a division among the people as to his guilt.

"Rap, Rap, Rap," came the knock on the jury room door, and all eyes were immediately turned in that direction. As the Sheriff opened the door and the jurors filed out one by one, the impatient crowd sat silent, waiting for the word that meant life or death to one who a few weeks before would have been beyond suspicion of any crime, but who now hung in the balance. The preliminaries were quickly gone through with, and the foreman arose to read the verdict.

As the words, "Guilty of murder in the first degree," fell from his lips, there was a silence more oppressive than death spread over the whole room.

As the Judge was about to pronounce the sentence of death upon the convicted man, one of the jurors rose: "Your Honor," and his voice trembled with emotion, "I would like to say something before the sentence of death is pronounced upon this man; and scarcely waiting for a reply, continued: "Six weeks ago to-day I was out in the country, a few miles from here, looking over my farm, and collecting my rents. While on the way home I met Joseph Miles, for whose murder this man has just been convicted, and asked him for some money that he owed me. He refused to pay what I asked, and I got mad and hit him across the face with my walking stick. He tried to defend himself, and in the scuffle I drew my knife and stabbed him to the heart. I had just stabbed him a second time, when I heard a horse approaching, and to keep from being caught I hit my victim in the head to keep him from telling on me, and ran to a clump of

bushes a little ways off and hid in them. While lying in those bushes I saw the prisoner there ride up and get off his horse, and draw the knife from my victim's breast, where I had left it. While he was still there, trying to do all he could for him, these men who have just testified against the prisoner came up and caught him, kneeling in the road with the knife in his hand. I knew that there had been a difficulty between Miles and the man just convicted a few days ago, and that this, with the evidence of the witnesses, would throw the crime from my shoulders to his, so I went home and would never tell the matter to anybody. But since the day I committed the awful crime, I have ever had the image of my victim before me, and I have known no peace, and, since sitting on this jury, God only knows what agony I have suffered. I fought against convicting this innocent man, but there were too many against me, and I have had to add to his condemnation, but one murder has been a perfect hell to me, and I can't commit another."

"Your Honor," and the juror's voice broke, "in the name of God and of justice, stay this sentence until it can be pronounced upon the guilty party."

"Young men," and again there was a break in his voice, "beware lest your sins will find you out."

When the Judge had become composed enough to speak, he ordered a new trial, and released the prisoner on bond. So, instead of walking to the gallows, Jas. Richards walked from the Court room almost a free man.

* * * * *

To-day there is a hanging in the little town of L——. The Court yard is crowded long before the time appointed. The prisoner, who is to pay the penalty for the foulest of crimes, is brought from the cell and led to the gallows, which is at last to claim its own. The black cap is adjusted and things made ready to end the terrible sight. As the trap is thrown

and the murderer receives his reward, we hear the heart-rending shriek, "Young men, be sure your sins will find you out," and all is still. Justice is satisfied.

The Factory: An Element in Civilization

The establishment of the mechanic arts in the United States became a necessity during the war of the Revolution. A new feeling of patriotism, which sought not only political, but also industrial freedom from the mother country, sprang up, and resulted in a constitution, the second act of which stood forth for the encouragement and protection of industries. Patriotism and law thus laid the foundation stones upon which has been built that greatest of American systems, the factory system.

From the beginning, men have been wont to look at this system through darkened glasses. The result of this is that the majority of people believe that the factory has a deteriorating and degrading effect upon its operatives. They view the factory from an economic standpoint only, and so prejudice exists against this system everywhere. But this is only the superficial view! Manufacturers and managers of mills, who have had a deeper insight into mill life, will tell you that this view is not the right one.

Few people believe that the factory plays an important part in the civilization of nations. When the first cotton mills were established in New England, the prejudice against the system made it imperative that the manufacturer offer high wages to the laborer, and also surround his factory with every social convenience, and make his general environment attractive. Such conditions drew into the ranks of factory workers the daughters of those sturdy New England farmers, and a high class of English girls. Through various

economic conditions and influences, the American and English girls were eventually forced out of the factory, not downward, but rather upward in the scale of life. They were crowded out, but to higher callings, some as the wives of the mill superintendents and overseers, others as clerks or teachers. They were succeeded by a lower class of operatives, and it was this succession of the lower classes which led many to believe that factory life was degrading. Not so! For was it not the Irish girls,—raw immigrants from the Emerald Isle, who stepped in to take the places of the American and English girls; and did not these same raw immigrants improve rapidly in the scale of civilization until only a short time had elapsed when they, too, were in turn crowded out by another nationality, only to follow in the footsteps of their predecessors? Nor was their cause a retrogressive one, but rather were they to be found standing behind the counters of our retail shops, and attending our public schools. They did not, after leaving the factory, return to their former life of scrubbing and scouring for a living, but they stepped to a much higher plane, and as they took this step, they pushed onward and upward those American and English girls, who had preceded them.

At this time we find the Civil War interrupting the development of the industries of our country; and as the Irish girl left the factory, we find her place taken by the French-Canadian. These, in turn, are now fast leaving this plane of life and moving upward to the next. And so I might go on and on, showing how the factory is a potent factor in enlightenment, reaching down into the lowest dregs of human society and lifting thousands of our country's under strata to a higher place in the scale of life.

The instances which I have given are those of New England. Turning from these, we are confronted with the situation in our own land. We of the South are peculiarly situ-

ated to study the correctness of the view which I am attempting to present. The establishment of the factory in this Southern land, has led to the employment, not of foreigners, as in the case of New England, but of a native people, born and bred in the South. Owing to the peculiar ideas which prevailed here at that time, these people were bitterly opposed to work of an agricultural nature. They were always in contention with the negroes; and, on the whole, they constituted a most undesirable element of Dixie's population. Up until the time of the erection of the cotton factories, these people led a life of abject poverty and misery; but with the coming of the mills, there was opened to them an opportunity of obtaining a living without degradation. They grasped at the opportunity, and to-day there are no mill operatives in the world who surpass their skill and workmanship. They have improved their condition socially, mentally, and morally! The environment of the factory is such that the best of influences are brought to bear upon their families as well as themselves. Their children receive an education, and they themselves are taught inestimable lessons in that great school of life—contact with others! And what is the result? To-day the "poor whites" of the South are becoming more and more, not only a desirable, but also a valuable addition to the Southern population,—one on which the welfare and integrity of her greatest industry depends. This change, experienced by the South, is simply that experienced by other localities no matter where situated. Industry and poverty are bitter enemies, and where industry plants its foot, poverty sneaks away! The factory is becoming more and more an element in civilization! The environment of the mill operative of to-day furnishes him with better educational, social, and moral opportunities; and the eager advantage which he takes of these opportunities, has a mighty influence in lifting him out of the abject poverty and degra-

dation of his former state, into the position of an intelligent, self-respecting, and respected citizen! The prevalent idea that the factories create ignorance, vice, and low tendencies in general, is absolutely false! The bringing together of large numbers of ignorant persons does not necessarily mean the increase of vice among them. Criminal statistics show that in 4,992 crimes, only 216 were committed by factory operatives!

Not the feudal, nor the slave, nor even the domestic system can lay such claims to the betterment of social conditions as can the modern industrial system. I am well aware that I speak against the opinions of the many, when I say that the factory system has done more in the last fifty years for the betterment of society than did the domestic system in two centuries. There is something poetic in the picture of the weaver of Old England, with his family gathered around him, sitting at the door of his cottage, weaving the live-long day; but when we come down to cold, hard facts, investigation shows that what poetry calls a cottage and history a hut, is a mere hovel in which the weaver and his family lived in a state of want and misery. Such investigations prove only too conclusively the superiority of the factory over the domestic system, under which there grew up from the agricultural districts of England, a great class of idlers and beggars that proved a menace to humanity, and that continued to grow until one-fourth of the country's annual production went for the support of the poor! And this notwithstanding the legislator and the philanthropist! But it was with the establishment of the factory in England that pauperism began to decline, and it has steadily continued to do so until the present day. From the reports of the Poor Laws Commission, of England, we get a statement that gives us a clearer insight into the facts. They assert that, "but for the factories, England would have been overrun with the most

ignorant and depraved of men to be found within the bounds of civilization. It has been in the factory district alone that the demoralizing agency of pauperism has been most effectually resisted, and a nobler spirit of industry, enterprise, and intelligence, called forth!"

It is apparent, then, that the factory system has not been the menace to humanity that some would have us believe. I have no doubt that immorality exists, to a greater or less extent, among factory operatives; but does it not also exist in every walk of life? If the factory, in its coming, has brought certain evils, it has done vastly more to remove others.

In considering all of the questions as they have been briefly touched upon, we can but feel that the factory does not reach up and pull down, but that it reaches down and lifts up! Better wages, better surrounding, better health, better education, better morals,—these are the practical results of the factory system of to-day.

"It is a sad law, perhaps, but it is an invariable law, that industry, in its march, takes no account of the positions that it overturns, nor of the destinies that it modifies. We must keep up with its progress or be left upon the road. It always accomplishes its work, which is to make better goods at lower prices, to supply more wants, and also those of a better order, not with regard for any class, but having in view the whole human race. Industry is this, or it is not industry. True to its instincts, it has no sentiment in it, unless it is for its own interest; and yet such is the harmony of things, when they are abandoned to their own natural course, that notwithstanding the selfishness of industry, directed to its own good, it turns finally to secure the good of all; and while requiring service for itself, it serves at the same time by virtue of its resources and its power."

C. W. LEGERTON, '03.



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V. B. HALL, - - - - - EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

He has gone from us! Mr. Heisman, the
Adieu Heisman coach who, during the past four years, has
 lifted Clemson's Athletics out of a state of

comparative oblivion up to a proud pinnacle of glory on the Southern Gridiron, has seen fit to choose more lucrative fields for his labors. No little consternation reigned among the Clemson student body when the news of their loss reached them. The change was entirely unexpected. The opinion was generally prevalent among the students that a sum had been raised sufficient to outclass all rival bids, and every one felt confident of securing, for at least one more year, the services of this matchless coach; but we were doomed to disappointment.

We are sincerely sorry that Mr. Heisman has seen fit to leave us, but we do not in the least blame the Techs. for out-bidding us, nor do we have it in our hearts to censure our old coach for his action. The whole proceeding was open and above-board and business-like, and we congratulate both parties—Mr. Heisman upon his good fortune and upon his great popularity, and Georgia on securing the services of the best football coach in the South.

The Football Schedule

No little disappointment is felt among the members of the corps, over the failure of the Athletic Committee to provide a few football contests for our own campus. The students, and more especially the Freshmen, many of whom have never had the opportunity of seeing a gridiron contest, feel that they should have some compensation for the money which they contribute toward the support of athletics. This feeling on their part, while not, perhaps, in exact accordance with the highest type of disinterested, unselfish college spirit, is yet a perfectly natural one; and, looking at the matter from their somewhat narrow view-point, they doubtless have some room for complaint, and the manager is deserving of some of the wide-spread censure that has fallen upon him; but we feel that there has been an undue amount of criticism, and we

are sure that a clear statement of some of the reasons for this seemingly bad arraignment will set the schedule committee in a much better light before the students.

In the first place, the schedule when first completed called for several good games on the campus, and in every failure to play these games as scheduled, it was the opposing managers who cancelled them. Thus, on October 24 a contest was arranged with Guilford College; but for some unaccountable reason the team positively refused to play, and the game was necessarily called off. Another game was fixed with A. & M., and the whole student body were eagerly looking forward to the struggle, when, after the sound wholliping which we gave them in Columbia, they decided that they had had enough of the 'Tiger's clawing and politely declined to meet us again on our own grounds. Even now—November—strenuous efforts are being made both by team and manager, to induce Davidson to come over and meet us, but the chances of a game are rather slim,—for Davidson has already met us once on Bowman Field!

We sincerely hope that the students will view this matter in a better light and judge more leniently, since it is clear that the manager was by no means wholly to blame for the undesirable state of affairs.

We are glad to assure the students that the schedule for next season will *not* prove another disappointment; for already the athletic authorities of the College are beginning to plan several big games for our campus, and they are fully determined that these games shall be played, and played on our own campus.

The Gym- nasium

Our College Gymnasium—that magic, much-thought-of, much-talked-of air castle which for the past five or six years has been the theme of so much comment and speculation among the stu-

dents,—is at last beginning to assume a real brick and mortar shape. All athletic, sport-loving students are highly delighted as they watch the building slowly rise on its foundation, thus filling in the great gap that has hitherto existed in the athletic paraphernalia of our institution.

The edifice, when completed, is to present a very imposing appearance. Standing on the site of the old "Experiment Station," it fronts the athletic field with a massive, round stone-pillared portico, spanning almost the whole front of the building. The house was not built primarily for a gymnasium, as the name,—“Agricultural Hall,—which it bears, would naturally imply; in fact, the proportion of space devoted to gymnastic exercise is comparatively small. But little does this matter, for, so far as the boys are concerned, the stately building, with all its long, dignified name, will doubtless always be known and spoken of simply as “The Gym.” We wish to express our sincere thanks to the Board of Trustees who have, in accordance with our wishes, authorized the erection of this much-needed institution.

While on the subject of improvements, we must make mention of the new aspect which our whole campus now presents. Mr. Newman, with his shrubs and flowers and his excellent taste in land-scape gardening, seems determined to convert our already beautiful campus into a vast, lovely flower garden. Indeed, there seems to be now on foot a very general movement in the right direction along all lines connected with the College. Everywhere we see unmistakable signs of a healthy growth and development, on the campus, in the military system, on the athletic field—in all branches of College enterprise, we repeat, Clemson is surging forward with wonderfully rapid strides toward her place among the foremost colleges of the land.

“Go get some reputation, and then we’ll play you,” says Sewanee to Clemson. “Go get some rep.!” At first thought we decided to let this ostensibly puerile taunt pass unnoticed, as the brilliant outburst of an irresponsible boy. There is no use arguing with children,—and, some others; but we happened to think of a nice little story that might, perchance, be read with some interest in the Sewanee nursery, so we are going to tell it:

Once upon a time,—a way long, long time ago, as far back, indeed, as the year nineteen hundred and three, there lived a whole lot of great big giants, called Athletes, and they were very fierce old giants, and were always fighting with one another. They lived in a far, far off land called Dixie; and in this far away land there was a great big field, called the “Field of Southern Athletics,” upon which these bad old giants used to assemble to fight each other. One year the giants came swarming in in great numbers from countries far and near, all eager to fight and buffet each other around, each in hope of winning for himself a laurel wreath called the “Championship of S. I. I. A.,” which was to be given at the end of the fight to the giant who had fought best, and had killed all his opponents. Now, among these fierce old fighters was one big brawny fellow who carried in his right hand a tremendous bludgeon, all set with eleven terrible looking spikes, and on this giant’s shield was painted a big ugly looking Tiger; and he was clad from head to foot in gaudy orange and purple mail. All these giants, in fact, were dressed up in fancy colored clothes, representing the country from which they came. And when the fight began, O! they did fight terribly, and many little giants were killed right off, and at last only a few—a very few—great big giants were left. These “Athletes” who had not been killed (and one or two of them had never even been scarred) stalked around the field and brandished their terrible clubs

and swaggered and swaggered and swaggered, each of them all the time keeping as far away as he could from the others. At last the "Athlete" in purple and orange, who, by the way, had never been in many fights before and who was consequently much puffed up over his new found glory, yelled out defiance at the other giants and challenging loudly began to advance upon them. But they had already seen his terrible club at work, and they did not like one bit to meet him; so they began to back away and make excuses. But there was another giant, all dressed in purple and white, who had long been very famous as a fighter, and who had killed very many other "Athletes" in his time, and he did not at all like this new fellow's impudence. But he, with the rest, was backing steadily away, and the "Athlete" with the Tiger shield came nearer and nearer, and the giant in purple and white mail began to grow very much afraid, and to wonder what in the world he should do. The "Athlete" in orange and purple was getting very near to the other giant, and would soon catch him, when suddenly he of the purple and white cried out in a voice that trembled in spite of the sarcasm which was forced into it:

"Say, you mean, low fellow, please go away. I do not wish to fight with you. You are not worth my while. *Go on away and get up some rep., and then I'll fight you!*" Then there was a great chorus of laughter over the field.

* * * * *

Seriously, we might, by comparative scores, at least, easily prove Clemson the equal, if not the superior of Sewanee. But since we are dealing with editors who put up such argument as "Go get a rep.!" doubtless such proofs could not be comprehended, so we try to speak in a language that they may understand.

[NOTE.—The article alluded to above appeared too late for our November issue. Hence we are late answering.]

**The Value
of Athletics**

Probably three citizens, and perhaps eight college students out of every ten of each, are willing to admit that intercollegiate "athletics is a very good thing in a way, when not run into the ground;" but even among college men, it would possibly be difficult to find one man in ten ready to concede to football and baseball any real intrinsic value to himself or to his college. They have never thought about the matter from this point of view. They give their support and their sympathy to the cause of athletics simply from a sense of duty or out of pure college spirit; or, sometimes doubtless, from dread of the taunts of class-mates and friends, never dreaming, likely enough, of a more far-reaching result or of a higher reward, than the athletic prestige of their college. In point of fact, however, there *are* other and vastly more practical benefits resulting directly from these small investments, or, we should rather say, from the cause for which the investments are made.

Perhaps nine out of every ten boys who are matriculating year after year at the various colleges, expect, sooner or later, to receive a diploma; and in many instances they further expect these diplomas to play no very small part in winning for them a position in the world. Especially is this the case with our own College. Graduates from the various departments of our institution are quite frequently called upon to exhibit their diplomas as passports, so to speak, into some profession or line of business; but obviously, such "passports" would make about as much impression upon a would-be employer who knew nothing of Clemson as would United States Gold Certificates make upon a South Sea Islander; they would stand for nothing, and could avail nothing. Evidently, then, the value of our diplomas,—and hence of our college course—depends almost wholly upon how widely we are known throughout the country; the more

men with positions to offer who know of Clemson and are friends of Clemson, just so many more positions are there thrown open to her alumnæ. Is this not direct reasoning? The question naturally presenting itself is, then, "How are we to make ourselves known to the people?" There are but two ways that we can think of: one of these is through our graduates and the other—through our *athletics*. And the latter means, we believe, far more important; for, where there are several *hundred* of our alumnæ scattered here and there over the United States, representing, and, we hope, reflecting credit upon their *alma mater*, there are, doubtless, many *thousands* of the best citizens of the South, and even of the whole United States, reading of our great gridiron feats, talking of Clemson, thinking of Clemson, and, almost unawares, becoming interested in the affairs of Clemson. In this way the name and fame of a college is carried into every nook and cranny of the land, and in this way, largely does college reputation grow.

The better the athletic record of a college, of course, the farther is she known, the more are her friends, and, naturally, the more is her diploma worth. It seems, then, that every college student, even if not actuated by a spirit of real college pride, should from a *business* view-point, feel called upon to support and encourage and in every possible way promote the interests of this vastly important feature of college enterprise.



Exchange Department

S. T. HILL,
O. M. ROBERTS, }

EDITORS

A solid has three dimensions—length, breadth and thickness. We suppose that *The Georgia Tech* claims to be a solid, but we can give it credit of having only two dimensions—length and breadth. It is true that *The Tech* is a semi-monthly magazine, hence we should double its thickness, but twice zero equals zero. In another way, is *The Tech* long and broad, for we notice some articles by “Plato” and also some broad mechanical subjects discussed. But, seriously, we do think the *Tech* boys could do something to fill space. One poem and one “to be continued” piece on “Condensers” constitute the literary department of the magazine. If this article was put in to enlighten people on the subject of Steam Condensers, it is a poor idea, for no one will go to a college journal to study such things as belong to mechanical engineering. However, the piece is to be continued and may prove interesting. Several stories, and an

essay on another subject would improve the magazine wonderfully. The remaining part of the leaflet, however, is very interesting and comes up to the standard of several of our best exchanges.

The Winthrop College Journal is good, but has its faults. First, study "The Home-Coming of Dennis." The thought is true to nature and the story very well made up to bring out this characteristic of the negro. But it begins with a rather long sentence, containing several distinct thoughts, then a period and end of the paragraph. The next paragraph contains one very good sentence. The third paragraph is one short, disjointed sentence. This is enough in detail; in fact, the first third of the story is badly paragraphed and sentences not connected, and some containing several thoughts. The negative of the coeducation question is equally as interesting, equally as well written, and deserves as much praise as the other side. The argument is from the standpoint of a woman, and we think that all women should be convinced that coeducation is not a benefit to their sex; but we boys, who are going to a boys' college out in the country where girls are scarce, must still clamor for the "co-eds." The other stories are commendable. The Literary Department contains stories, essays and poems, which is more than can be said of a great many of our exchanges. Both the Editorial and Local Departments occupy very little space. We do not mean to fill space with nothing, but we do think the editors should have enough to keep from showing lack of interest or a large degree of laziness.

We form our opinion of a college by its publication. When an exchange comes to our table, and on glancing over it we are favorably impressed, we form our opinion of the college, from which it comes, accordingly. When a college

publication, on the other hand, not up to the usual standard, comes, we again form an opinion; but of a different nature. And so, on glancing over the pages of *The St. John's Collegian*, thoughts somewhat in this order enter our mind: St. John's College, why I thought that it was a school of the second order, but I find that I was sadly mistaken! A college which sends out such a publication as the "*Collegian*" is no school of the second order, but a college of the first class. The magazine opens with an appropriate little poem "Fall," which, we think, is the best of its kind, we have seen in any of our exchanges, although most of them have tried to express their sentiments of this time of the year, in poetical terms. The next, a piece of fiction, "A Sonnambulistic Walk," is well expressed, and we might say a good plot; but we beg of our friends to write of the possible and not of the probable. The little story "Which?" turns out to be a big one before we finish it, and causes us to wonder. The only criticism we have to make of this magazine is of its Editorials. They could be improved considerably. They are short, carelessly written and contain nothing of interest. The Exchange Department could also be improved.

The Palmetto is up to its usual standard; however, there is yet room for improvement. All of the articles in this magazine seem to have been collected from the class-room and not written expressly for the purpose of publication. This is not a good idea, and reflects upon the editors. Young ladies, you should be more careful in what you publish; and publish only articles written to be put in your magazine. The first piece, "A Characterization of Thackeray," is good and well written. It gives us a new idea of the life and character of this great man, and we say, as does the old man of this story, "God bless him!" "A Matchmaker" has no plot, and very little of anything else that we can see. We are

surprised to see such a thing in print. "Studies in Lyric" are very good and, from a literary point of view, the only thing in the magazine. We were surprised to see "Editorials" at the head of the editorial department. They sound to us more like locals. A great improvement can be made in this department. The rest of the magazine is very good.

We find *The Erskinian* on time, as usual, this month, and we are glad to note a little improvement. We are pleased to see this, and hope that it will continue to improve until it will rank among our best exchanges. The poets at Erskine are evidently very scarce, for we do not remember of seeing but one poem in this magazine for a year. What is the matter? A college publication without poetry can never be a success. The Literary Department is very poor and contains nothing worth criticism, for all of the pieces are old, and are only some one else's thoughts in different words. The Editorials are by far the best part of this magazine. Without them the publication would be nothing. They show us that some good men are still to be found at Erskine. We would advise the editors of this magazine to be more careful in looking over their proof-sheets.

The Davidson College Magazine is very good this month. In "The Classic Element in Modern Civilization" we are given some good thoughts on the broad subject of civilization. "An Ambition Realized" tells us of the same old tale of the inability to find work, ending in a love affair. "College Spirit" is a piece that should be read by every student in our Southern colleges, for if there is one thing that is needed in our Southern colleges it is college spirit. This piece is an able plea for this spirit, and we hope that it will do some good. We enjoyed the piece of fiction, "True Devotion."

It is one of the best little stories that we have seen. The poetry adds much to this magazine.

The Wofford College Journal comes to us filled with good interesting reading. We can say of this magazine, what can be said of few college papers—it contains some instructive reading. *The Journal* made a long step toward getting out of the rut into which most college papers have fallen—that of containing two love stories, a love poem, and a society oration. “The Last of the Cherokees” and “The Spirit of Lawlessness” are both good. The latter very forcibly expresses a view that needs to be driven into our citizens, but a view that few people have the boldness to express. The three love stories are a little departure from the usual plots—that is, the first two; the last—“What was it that Prompted Him?”—is the production of a mind that is unusually imaginative. The story is interesting because it is unreasonable and too imaginative to even think it true. I say it is unreasonable because it is unreal. The heroine has two characteristics of Southern womanhood—beauty and intelligence—but her other traits do not belong to a Southern beauty. They are borrowed, and their application to a Southern girl make the heroine unreasonably unreal.

We have read with much interest *The Georgetown College Journal*. This magazine differs very much from the rest of our exchanges, and in many ways is an improvement over most of them. We like the way the Exchange Department is written up. The criticisms are specific; not merely expressing an opinion of a paper, but taking a certain article and criticising the plot, sentence structure or some other part. The ex-man. looks at an article and treats it from the point of view of a real critic, and not from the degenerated place our exchange editors are at present assuming. *The*

Journal gives more college news, contains more poetry, and less of those "literary gems," interwoven with the golden threads of love and pierced by the darts of Cupid, than any other of our exchanges. We congratulate the editors; there should be more like them.

We are pleased to note the following exchanges on our table: *Emory Phoenix*, *Wofford College Journal*, *Randolph-Macon Monthly*, *The Criterion*, *The College Message*, *Elizabethan*, *Monroe College Monthly*, *William and Mary Literary Magazine*, *Georgetown College Journal*, *The Winthrop College Journal*, *The Palmetto*, *The Baylor Literary*, *State Normal Magazine*, *The Georgia Tech*, *The Normal Oracle*, *The Spectrum*, *The Stylus*, *The Furman Echo*, *The Crimson and White*, *The Central Collegian*, *The Carolinian*, *The Erskinian*, *The Observer*, *The Davidson College Magazine*, *The Red and White*, *The Converse Concept*, *The Wake Forest Student*, *St. John's Collegian*, *Emory Phoenix*, *The Collegian*, *The College of Charleston Magazine*.

Clippings

"NEXT."

Sam: "I knew a man who was so large that he had to go out doors to turn over."

Mack: "Why, I knew a man who was so big and heavy, his shadow killed a little boy when it fell on him."

Sam: "I knew a man who was so thin that he did not have any shadow at all."

Mack: "I knew a man whose nose was so long that he had to step forward three paces to reach the end of it."

Sam: "Say, I've been trying to cut a piece of beef in two for thirty days and I aint hid the knife blade yet."

Mack: "That's nothing; I had a piece of beef the other morning that was so tough you could not stick a fork in the gravy."

Sam: "Take the cake."

—*Ex.*

Jack was the apple of her eye—
Alas, and woe betide her!
She ate him up and then he was
Just applejack in cider.

—*Ex.*

Mary had a little lamb,
With it she used to tustle;
She pulled the wool all off its back
And put it in her—handkerchief.

—*Ex.*

Waists were made to hug,
Tongues were made to tune;
Arms were made to circle the girls,
And lovers were made to spoon.

Eyelids were made to droop,
Cheeks were made to blush;
Hair was made to curl and friz,
And lips were made—Oh! hush!

—*Ex.*

A mighty Pain to Love it is,
And 'tis a Pain that Pain to miss;
But of all Pains, the greatest Pain
It is to Love, and Love in vain.

—*Cowle.*

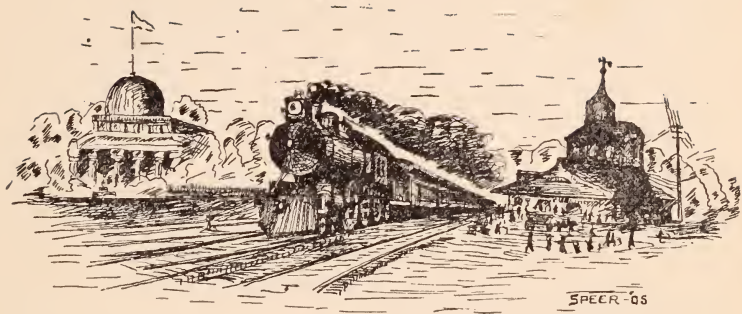
A William Goat, with low bowed head,
Rushed wildly forth to butt;
A moment later he lay dead
With a shattered cocoanut.

The fellow that he sought to crush—
The victor in the fray—
Turned out to be a center rush,
Who met the goat half way.

—*Ex.*

His face was pale, his visage sad,
His look was hard and stony.
“Is grim death near?” said I to him
“No, no; I’ve lost my pony.”

—*Ex.*



Social Department

A. E. HOLMAN, }
R. F. GOODING, }

EDITORS

Ere long, after this issue has returned from press, most of us will be on our way to our homes all over the State. Some, perhaps, will go to stay, while most of us will return after our ten days rest to solve the questions that may come up for the next six months. From our inner student life, we have seen in the outer world political revolutions, nations struggling for existence, wars existing, and storms raging on all sides around us. We see the old year as a dying gift offering the possibilities of many reforms. All these and many other changes we see in the outside world. Yet in our own life, there are also many changes. We see our many mistakes and few successes that we, from time to time, may have accomplished, and it is now our duty to profit by the errors and increase the number of successes. Perhaps we can study harder, and our studies may be more variegated and occupy a wider range. Possibly we can raise our standard of manhood and be constrained to live lives of usefulness and comfort. May be we can help our college and upbuild her institutions and establish traditions here that will live after us

and do us good. At any rate, let us at least try to assist in every possible way one another and the College in her efforts, study harder and learn more. Let the year before us be one of unusual happiness and profit, and we shall have done our duty and established a precedent for others to follow.

Band director to rat Cummings: "What can you blow?"

Rat C.: "A Jew's-harp."

Taylor says he can blow the cymbals.

Means, to his girl: "I have not yet got my *uniphorm!*"

Corporal Elliot: "Right-forward, ones-right, march!"

"Greasy" Crawford says that the President told him not to break the incubators on the telephone poles.

Clemson, 73—Tech., 0

Clemson defeated Georgia Techs. by the overwhelming score of 73 to 0. All told, Clemson rushed the ball thirty-five times for a total of 450 yards, and Techs. twenty-five times for 18 yards.

Harvey's work in hurdling was superb. Maxwell's at quarter was excellent, his runs ranging from 30 to 70 yards.

Clemson kicked off, but Tech. failed to make the required distance. In two minutes Clemson scored her first touchdown, and two minutes later Cogburn scored by hurdling tackle for ten yards, carrying two Tech. tackles with him as souvenirs. Wood and Cogburn scored again in rapid succession. Tech. tried to punt, but Sadler blocked the kick and fell on the ball. At the beginning of the second half Razor and Breese took the places of Harvey and McKeown.

Maxwell led off with a spectacular 80 yard dash for a touch-down. Rasor and Sadler scored, leaving the score: Clemson, 73; Tech., 0.

<i>Clemson.</i>	<i>Line-up.</i>	<i>Tech.</i>
Garrison	Centre	Gregory
Forsythe.....	R. Guard	Burns
Derrick.....	L. Guard	Roberts
McKeown.....	R. Tackle.....	Thrash (Capt.)
Cogburn.....	L. Tackle.....	Moore
Sadler (Capt.).....	R. End	Hughes
Ellison.....	L. End.....	Strong
Furtick.....	R. Half	Brown
Wood.....	L. Half.....	Clark
Maxwell.....	Quarter.....	Monsalvatge
Hanvey.....	Full Back.....	Davies

Clemson, 24—A. & M., 0

Twenty-four to nothing! This simple score tells the tale of a battle between foes evenly matched.

Clemson kicked, a North Carolina player fumbled, and Maxwell fell on the ball. Maxwell 15 yards, Harvey 10 more, and Cogburn goes over for touchdown. Forsythe kicks goal. Clemson kicked off and North Carolina, by steady plunges, brought the ball to Clemson's five yard line, and fumbled it. Clemson's ball. Furtick 35, Maxwell 10 yards, and Maxwell again makes a 60 yard run for a touch-down. Forsythe kicked goal. Clemson tries side kicks, but fails, and tries over. North Carolina advanced ball twenty yards. Welch 40. Time up. A. & M. kicked off, Maxwell advancing ball 15 yards, Sadler 15 yards. Sitton on double pass makes 40 yards. Clemson lost 20 yards on off-side play. On side punt, Sitton makes touchdown.

Forsythe kicked goal. Clemson kicked. Time called with ball in Clemson's possession. Clemson, 24; A. & M., 0.

<i>A. & M.</i>	<i>Line-up.</i>	<i>Clemson.</i>
Likes.....	L. E.	Sitton
Gordon.....	L. T.....	Cogburn
Abernathy.....	L. G.	Derrick
Hadley.....	C.	Rasor
Wilson.....	R. G..	Forsythe
Neal.....	R. T.....	McKeown
Gurly (C.).....	R. E.....	Sadler (C.)
Welsh.....	R. H.....	Furtick
Shannhouse.....	L. H.....	Woods
Buckley.....	Q. B.....	Maxwell
Miller.....	F. B.....	Hanvey

Carolina, 11—Clemson, 6

Chapel Hill, N. C., Nov. 14.—Clemson was to-day defeated in a stubbornly contested game in which the score was Carolina 11, Clemson 6. There was no scoring in the second half.

Maxwell of Clemson made a 80-yard run to a touchdown, but was called back for alleged offside play. Clemson never lost a ball on downs, but lost it ten times for alleged offside plays. Counting in the ground gained, plus the penalties, she lost 200 yards. The quick charging of the Clemson line probably deceived the umpire. In the second half Clemson carried the ball to the 15-yard line only to lose it on the umpire's decision. Carolina's second score was made after Clemson had held her own on the foot line for downs, but the umpire once more called offside play, giving Carolina three more trials. Carolina's offense was compact and consistently strong, but Clemson's line was invincible. Most of the gains were over tackles and around the ends.

Hanvey and Cogburn bucked the line for long gains. Maxwell's end running was the feature of the game.

For Carolina, Faust, Newton, Jones and Jacocks played a star game.

Carolina played rough ball. Two players, Engle and Hester, were repeatedly warned and finally put out of the game for slugging. No Clemson man was injured or disqualified.

Coach Heisman is well satisfied with the work of the Clemson team, and believes that on neutral grounds with a competent umpire, Clemson would win. This opinion is shared by Coach Allen of Davidson and Dr. Lambeth of Virginia.

The length of halves was 30 and 25 minutes.

Umpire—Dr. Royster. Referee—Dr. Baskerville.

<i>Clemson.</i>	<i>Line-up.</i>	<i>Carolina.</i>
Garrison.....	C	Stewart
Forsythe.....	R. G.....	Jones
Derrick.....	L. G.....	Albright
McKeown.....	R. T.....	Faust
Cogburn.....	L. T.....	Donnelly
Sadler.....	R. E.....	Cox
Sitton.....	L. E.....	Fisher
Maxwell.....	Q. B	Engle

Clemson, 24—Davidson, 0

Charlotte, N. C., Nov. 21.—In a splendidly played and desperately hard fought game here to-day the Clemson Tigers defeated the strong Davidson Eleven by a score of 24 to 0, two points more than the heavy Virginia team was able to roll up against the same team two weeks ago.

On account of Clemson's Cumberland and Davidson's Virginia Polytechnic Institute Thanksgiving games, the

halves were exceptionally short, only 20 and 25 minutes. Clemson scored three touchdowns in the first half. In the second half, Clemson withdrew Hanvey, her star fullback, who had entered the contest in a crippled condition, in order to save him for the Cumberland game. The features of the game were the consistently long gains of Sadler, Sitton, Furtick, Wood and Hanvey, the long punts by Maxwell, and fine defensive work of Gibson and Sloop for Davidson. The game was characterized by absolutely clean playing and gentlemanly conduct.

The officials were Murphy, Stephens and Graham, all old North Carolina men. Their work was highly satisfactory to both teams.

Clemson, 11—Cumberland, 11.

Montgomery, Ala., Nov. 26.—In the prettiest, cleanest, and fastest game of football ever witnessed in this city the Cumberland and Clemson teams played each other to a standstill this afternoon, the score being 11 and 11.

It looked as if the game would go to Cumberland, as the Tennessee team had the Clemson boys guessing the first half and piled up a score of 11 to Clemson's 0.

In the next half Coach Heisman, of Clemson, got in his work. His team was as fresh as before the game started, and Cumberland appeared to be fatigued. The Clemson boys, by using Heisman's famous trick plays, tied the score.

In the first half Clemson kicked off to Cumberland's 15-yard line. Cumberland kicked to Clemson's 27-yard line. Maxwell, Clemson's quarter back, carried the ball 25 yards around left end. Here M. O. Bridges did some of the finest work ever seen here. He would break through Clemson's line at will and block their plays.

FIRST SCORED ON FUMBLE.

Cumberland got the ball on a fumble, and by a series of bucks through center and tackle by M. L. and M. O. Bridges, the ball was carried to the goal and Minton made the first touchdown on a buck through center. M. O. Bridges kicked goal. Score 6 to 10 in Cumberland's favor.

Cumberland kicks off and Clemson fumbles the ball. Cumberland gets it again. Cumberland hits Clemson's line and broke through. M. O. Bridges bucked twice and gained 25 yards and was pushed over the goal line for the second touchdown. M. O. Bridges failed to kick goal. Score 11 to 0.

Cumberland kicked off. Maxwell got the ball and brought it back 10 yards. Clemson kicked 40 yards. Cumberland got the ball, but Clemson soon regained control of it, after Cumberland failed to make gains. Maxwell was sent around right end for 20 yards. By hard playing Clemson got the ball in 5 yards of the goal, but lost it on fumbles.

Cumberland kicked. Clemson got the ball and sent Maxwell around right end for 20 yards. Clemson carried the ball over the goal line, but was brought back for a forward pass. The half ended with the ball in the center of the field.

MAXWELL MADE GREAT RUN.

In the second half Clemson went to work in earnest, and Heisman's trick plays, coupled with Maxwell's 100-yard run, tied the score. In this half Cumberland changed their line-up. Waterhouse, left end, went to right end in Spencer's place, and Ashley went to left end. The Clemson team made no changes.

Cumberland kicked off. Maxwell, Clemson's quarter back, caught the ball on the 10-yard line and ran the entire length of the field for a touchdown. The crowd went wild.

He had practically no interference. Forsythe failed to kick goal.

Clemson kicked off. Cumberland brought the ball within 20 yards of the goal. M. O. Bridges tried for goal from field, but missed. Clemson kicked the ball 60 yards. Cumberland returned the kick. James was substituted for Cragwell, who was hurt.

Several kicks were made by both sides on failing to make necessary gains. Clemson got the ball and Furtick, right half back, on fake play, went through center for 50 yards and touchdown. The buck worked to perfection, and Forsythe kicked goal. The score 11 and 11, the game was called on account of darkness.

The two Bridges and Smith played great ball for Cumberland, but Maxwell, of Clemson, was the star performer of the whole game. Heisman's work could be seen throughout the game on his fake passes, which rattled the Tennessee boys.

W. R. Tichenor, of Atlanta, and C. A. Lanier, Jr., were referee and umpire. Poe and Brock timekeepers; W. F. Frye, head lineman.

<i>Cumberland.</i>	<i>Line-up.</i>	<i>Clemson.</i>
Smith.....	C.	Garrison
M. O. Bridges.....	L. G.....	Derrick
Cragwell and James.....	R. G... ..	Forsythe
M. L. Bridges.....	L. T.....	Cogburn
Suddarth.....	R. T.....	McKeown
Spencer	R. E.....	Sadler
Waterhouse.....	L. E.....	Sitton
Smizer.....	Q. B.....	Maxwell
Minturin.....	F. B.....	Hanvey
Anderson.....	H. B.....	Furtick
Head.....	L. H.	Woods

First half, 35 minutes; second half, 22 minutes.

The Thanksgiving Dance

On Wednesday night, November 25th, the Clemson German Club gave its annual Thansgiving Hop. Never before in the history of the Club has there been a dance so successfully arranged and so thoroughly enjoyed by every one present. The night was perfect for such an occasion; the music was inspiring; and when the jolly crowd, representing the beauty of the surrounding towns, gathered in the College Hall, there was no doubt as to the festivity of the occasion. Until the wee small hours the dancers glided over the polished floor, absolutely forgetful of the passing hours, when the strains of "Home, Sweet Home," reminded them that the best dance ever given at Clemson College was at an end.

Those present were: Miss Marie DeCamp, Greenville, with J. H. Williams; Miss Sadie Wheeler, Greenville, with V. M. Williams; Miss Lizzie Waddell, Greenville, with R. D. Graham; Miss Eliza Hammond, Greenville, with C. Coles; Miss Fannie Stark, Abbeville, with S. T. Hill; Miss Mary Stark, Abbeville, with W. L. Templeton; Miss Lucy Henry, Abbeville, with J. Gelzer; Miss Maud McClung, Abbeville, with A. M. Henry; Miss Mary Lee Breazeale, Anderson, with L. C. Wannamaker; Miss Eubank Taylor, Anderson, with E. A. Thornwell; Miss Leora Douthit, Pendleton, with W. H. Crawford; Miss Sue Crawford, Pendleton, with J. A. Wier; Miss Eliza Crawford, Pendleton, with D. H. Hill; Miss Bessie Norris, Central, with S. I. Felder; Miss Virginia Norris, Central, with Prof. D. H. Henry; Miss Lillian Norris, Central, with G. R. Barksdale; Miss Julia Moore, Clemson, with Prof. B. H. Rawl; Miss Nila Sloan, Clemson, with J. R. London; Miss Sarah Furman, Clemson, with S. L. Fort. Prof. and Mrs. Grisswold, Dr. and Mrs. James.

Stags: Messrs. Phillips, Larsen, Legerton and Fox,

Greenville; H. R. Sherard, Ernest Watkins and J. Gillmer, Anderson; Tiedeman, of Charleston; Geo. Clarke, Abbeville; I. H. Morehead, J. A. Gelzer, R. L. Riggs, A. B. Means, L. C. Cummings, J. H. Barksdale, E. H. Jones, J. W. Gantt, Clemson.

Chaperones: Mrs. D. K. Norris, Central; Mrs. Breazeale, Anderson; Mrs. P. Lewis, Mrs. W. M. Riggs, Mrs. R. N. Brackett, Mrs. G. E. Nesom, Mrs. C. M. Furman.

Rat Cuthbert: "I would sure like to get into the band. I can't play anything, but I can sing pretty well."

Prof. Furman: "Mr. E, for what is Mecca famous?"

Junior E: "Coffee, sir."

Alumni Notes

N. H. Alford is at Marion, S. C., teaching school in the Marion Graded School.

W. H. Barnwell is Manager of the Electric Plant at Yorkville, S. C.

J. T. Beaty is with the Tompkins Machinery Company, of Augusta, Ga.

W. E. G. Black is mechanical draftsman for the Navy Yard at Charleston, S. C.

C. E. Boineau is designing for the Laurens Cotton Mill.

J. L. Bradford is mechanical draftsman for the Seaboard Air Line.

W. D. Cain has a position with the Fairfield Cotton Mill.

W. B. Chisolm is at home at Charleston, South Carolina.

J. C. Cullum has a position in Connecticut.

J. P. Cummings has a position in the Laurens Cotton Mill.

F. H. Cunningham is in a cotton mill in Rhode Island.

C. B. Hagood has a position with the Glennwood Cotton Mill at Easley, S. C.

J. E. Harrall is with the General Electric Company.

T. M. Harvey is at home at Pinopolis, South Carolina.

R. B. Haynsworth is City Electrician of Darlington, S. C.

W. A. Holland is with the Spartanburg Street Railway Co., Spartanburg, S. C.

D. G. Humbert is putting in mill machinery at Anderson, S. C.

S. L. Jefferies is teaching school.

B. H. Kaigler is at his home at Bakersville, S. C.

G. A. Larsen has a position with the E. A. Jones Machinery Co., at Greenville, S. C.

B. H. Lawrence is at his home, Darlington, S. C.

C. W. Legerton has a position with A. E. Jones Machinery Co., at Greenville, S. C.

J. G. Cunningham is mechanical draftsman for Sirrene at Greenville.

F. G. DeSaussure has a position with the Erie Railway Co., at Meadville, Pa.

D. E. Earle has accepted a position with the Gluck Cotton Mill at Anderson, S. C.

E. D. Ellis is City Electrician of Tallahassee, Fla.

E. R. Finger is a draftsman at Burlington, N. C.

L. W. Fox has a position with E. A. Jones Machinery Company at Greenville, S. C.

B. Freeman has charge of a large pecan farm near Charleston, S. C.

T. S. Gandy is in the Electrical Department at Clemson.

B. H. Gardner is with the General Electric Co. of New York.

W. D. Garrison is taking a post graduate at Clemson.

J. P. Glenn is engaged in broker business at Spartanburg, S. C.

H. Green has a position in Pittsburg, Pa.

D. K. Lewis is with the General Electric Co. of New York.

V. Livingston is working at Portman Shoals with the Anderson Power Company.

H. N. McCrary is surveying in Alabama.

C. W. McSwain is teaching textile industry in Georgia.

H. W. Marvin is at his home, Whitehall, S. C.

A. J. Milling is at his home, Greenwood, S. C.

G. L. Morrison is with the E. A. Jones Machinery Co. at Greenville, S. C.

N. W. Newell has a position in Augusta, Ga.

G. F. Norris is at his home, Vance, S. C.

B. F. Pegues is reading law at Cheraw, S. C.

T. S. Perrin is selling machinery at Atlanta, Ga.

H. R. Politzer is with the Columbus Street Railway Co., of Columbus, Ga.

F. K. Rhodes has a position in the Florence Cotton Mill.

J. T. Robinson has a position in Birmingham, Ala.

D. H. Sadler is taking a post graduate course at Clemson.

H. C. Tillman is reading law at Washington and Lee University, Va.

J. B. Whitney is at his home in Georgia.

W. M. Wightman is working in Brooklyn, N. Y.

R. G. Williams is with the E. A. Jones Machinery Co. at Greenville, S. C.

J. C. Wylie is a mechanical draftsman in Washington, D. C.

J. H. Wyse is with a surveying party near Birmingham, Ala.

T. B. Young has a civil service position, and is stationed at Washington, D. C.

On November 7th, a Club was organized with the name, "Epicurean." The following members were elected: V. Baker, President; H. W. Matthews, Secretary and Treasurer; I. H. Morehead, Toast Master; M. A. Grace, P. L. Elias, A. E. Holman, T. N. Lide, S. Ford, W. M. McWhorter, H. M. Manigault, G. L. Preacher, V. C. Platt.

"Paul:" "I am suffering from incute digestion."

Rat, to Major Williams: "Major, are you a German?"

"Mac:" "No, why?"

Rat: "Why you belong to the German Club, don't you?"

Society Officers

The following officers will serve for the ensuing term:

Calhoun Society—V. B. Hall, President; L. Lipscomb, Vice-President; V. Baker, Literary Critic; E. E. Porter, Secretary; J. A. Brice, Corresponding Secretary; S. G. Bryan, Chaplain; J. V. Phillips, Sergeant-at-Arms.

Columbian Society—P. C. Cothran, President; R. H. Breese, Vice-President; F. C. Wyse, Secretary; M. L. Murph, Corresponding Secretary; T. E. Stokes, Literary Critic; A. V. Hooks, Prosecuting Critic; W. A. Sanders, E. A. Granger, Reporting Critic; C. W. Mack, Sergeant-at-Arms.

Palmetto Society—Jno. Gelzer, Jr., President; A. M. Henry, Vice-President; J. B. Mosely, Secretary; A. J. Speer, Literary Critic; J. R. Jones, J. M. Mars, Reporting Critics; E. H. Jones, Censor; J. W. Duckett, Sergeant-at-Arms.

The two-year old daughter of Prof. and Mrs. J. V. Lewis died recently of diphtheria. The bereaved parents have the sympathy of the whole corps of cadets.

Ask Cadet Captain Joel A. Heart-Smashing Wier who blew out the gas in Greenville.

Rat Joe Fretwell thinks Major Hamlin "mighty white, because he gave 'proud' step while returning from the drill ground."

For the benefit of the College Annual its staff has decided to give a series of suppers. The first of these was an oyster supper, given Saturday night, November 21st. It proved a financial success, and the staff was much gratified at this encouraging demonstration on the part of the students that

they are taking a pride in their College Annual. We believe that the sales did not wholly depend on the boys' hunger for oysters. Mr. Schiletter showed his usual interest in the enterprises of the boys. He has wonderful ability in preparing things to eat, and, more than that, he generously lends a helping hand when called upon. By his aid the Annual will be greatly benefitted.

Percy W: "Say, Rat, where'd you get that water?"

Rat: "Out of the sand pipe."

On Thursday evening, November 12th, all classes were suspended for an hour, so that every cadet could participate in laying the foundation of the new Agricultural Hall. Long roll was sounded, and the men were marched down in companies. They were drawn up in line around the excavations, each one waiting for his turn. The masons had begun the work already, so as to give something to build on. The idea originated with Contractor Morrison. Dr. P. H. E. Sloan, who has the honor of having driven the first nail in Clemson College, laid the first brick. Then the cadets came in line; each one laid his brick, and moved on to give place to another. Meantime the cadet band rendered several selections.

In Memoriam

JNO. SAM GARRIS, ALUMNUS TRUSTEE.

To the Editors of The Chronicle:

You asked me this afternoon for an article in honor of John Garris. Therefore these words are written:

A few hours ago the wires brought the sad news—Garris is dead. All who heard it were shocked. Clemson is in sorrow.

Our friend entered the Freshman Class of 1893-4, and graduated in February, 1898.

He was the Alumni Orator of the Commencement of 1899, and was President of the Alumni Association from 1901 to 1903.

He was elected a member of the Board of Trustees in 1902, to fill an unexpired term; and his term of office would have expired in 1904.

His classmates and teachers soon found the young Freshman from Colleton County to be a hard worker—a man of earnest purpose and intense application. The student body and the College community first learned of his strength in a speech he made, at a society celebration, in the chapel, in the fall of 1894. His subject was: Progress and Education. Of this speech Senator Tillman said publicly, it was the best speech he ever heard on a college rostrum by a college boy.

Mr. Garriss was a leader in the work of organizing, and keeping up, the Literary Societies. At first a "Calhoun," he afterwards went into the Columbian, and rendered much valuable service in starting the youngest of our Literary Societies on its career of usefulness.

He was one of the pioneers of the *Chronicle*—was Exchange Editor of its first staff—and the third article of number one of the first volume came from his pen. This was its subject: "*Have We Done, and Are We Doing, Praiseworthy Work in the Field of Education?*" Its closing words are: "And now, boys, let us bear in mind, and forget it not, that we are to raise to mature prosperity our beloved State.

"Clemson, thou art a hallowed spot, consecrated to a holy purpose. May God's most favored benedictions rest upon this Bethlehem of South Carolina."

Of our departed friend's ability as Exchange Editor of

the College Journal, his successor in that position wrote, as he took up the work: "His duties have always been faithfully and well performed, with credit to himself and perfect satisfaction to every one. To Mr. Garriss' efforts was largely due the successful establishment of the *Chronicle* at the beginning of this semester. John carries with him, on bidding the institution his last farewell, the praise and good will of every professor and student in the College."

Mr. Garriss' graduating speech was on "Our Purpose at College." Here are two sentences from it: "Whether evolution be true or false doesn't shake my faith that there is a high virtue in a noble character built upon the teachings of God's Holy Word. Whether we take a hundred years, or a million, as a unit for counting the ages, has nothing to do with my going in the path of righteousness, or cultivating in my heart the wish for peace and good will toward man."

After graduating from Clemson Mr. Garriss studied law in Washington, located for practice, three years ago, at Spartanburg, where for two years he has been a City Magistrate. One who knew him there pens this tribute: "He enjoyed, to a marked degree, the confidence and esteem of the people here. He was an ambitious, energetic young man, of high character and purposes."

Of his work as Trustee, we have been told that the College and its best interests were very near his heart; that he had very decided views as to management of the institution; that he knew how to express his opinions; and that, though the youngest man on the Board, whatever he had to say always received the careful attention of his colleagues.

In 1902 Mr. Garriss married Miss Smoak, of Colleton County. The weeping wife has the sincere sympathy of his many friends at Clemson.

Clemson begins another roll. The first name on the list of our dead alumni is Jno. Sam Garriss.

In a cemetery, in one of the thriving towns of upper Carolina, on a monument marking the grave of another young man of thirty years, one reads words that the old teacher and friend of both deems appropriate to apply to John Garriſ: "His plow ſtands in an unfinished furrow; but it was well aimed, and he never looked back."

WM. S. MORRISON.

Clemson College, Nov. 30, 1903.

The uſual crowd had gathered around the bulletin board on Thankſgiving evening to learn the firſt news of the game. Pretty ſoon the 'phone meſſage from Atlanta came: "Clemſon 0, Cumberland 11." Conſternation was depicted on every face. The boys gathered in ſmall groups, and with doleful faces began to talk of the reſult. Some, who had had their doubts all along, began to ſay: "I told you ſo," while others ſteadily reſuſed to believe the news. Almoſt immediately following the firſt meſſage came a ſecond: "Clemſon 11, Cumberland 11." It was with difficulty found out from the excited boy who brought the meſſage from the ſtore that the firſt meſſage was the reſult only of the firſt half. When the fact that we had tied the wonderful Cumberland Eleven had time to penetrate the mind of the crowd, pandemonium broke looſe. One part of the crowd made a ruſh for the drum and bugle, and a frantic, yelling proceſſion headed toward Bowman Field. Upon arrival here the two cords of pine wood, which the boys had "chipped in" and bought to celebrate the moſt brilliant football ſeaſon Clemſon has ever had, was ſaturated with keroſene and a match applied. Soon great clouds of ſmoke rolled upward, and the largeſt bonfire Clemſon Campus has even ſeen was at its height. Soon the fire died down, and then the drum and bugle ſtruck up a ſpirited march, and the crowd ſtarted on their uſual tramp around the campus.

Clemson College Directory

CLEMSON AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

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CLEMSON COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

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COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

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L. E. BOYKIN,
E. A. THORNWELL, } - - - - - EDITORS

My New Year Prayer

For pardon now for all my sins, I yearn,
And bow my soul in penitential tears,
To beg that through my weakness I may learn
The onward, upward path through all the years.

Give me the peaceful spirit, and the heart
To make the best of worst; a greater love
For all mankind; and ere the year depart,
Help me to shape my life for gain above.

Increase the stature of my soul each day;
Let constantly pure thoughts like currents run
Through every channel of my life, and may
They keep me undefiled till life is done.

When hard and rough the way that I must take,
Teach me to walk with firm, courageous care;
And if the way be smooth, keep me awake
To dangers lurking, should I linger there.

Let my soul's eye see good in every thing;
To truth, and every surging cry of life,
Make thou my heart responsively to ring,
And see what is, yet is not in the strife.

Bless me not more than I have strength to use,
And help me use the strength within me lies;
And let me not God's love or man's abuse,
For all these things my feeble spirit cries.

A Wholesome Lesson

Harold Lawton was the only son of a wealthy shoe merchant. From infancy he had been a delicate child, and was never able to take part in the health-giving outdoor sports in which most boys are wont to indulge. On the other hand, he had spent a goodly number of his fourteen years within the bounds of doors and windows. Being somewhat of an invalid, he was the pet of the household, and, as a consequence, had been "badly spoiled," and was fast developing an overbearing, peevish, selfish disposition. He was cross and irritable, and nobody dared to thwart his will. He lorded over his few boy associates in such a manner that most of them deserted him entirely, and his companions finally dwindled down to some half dozen giddy society girls, friends of his sister Alma. They, of course, always called to see *Alma*, but not infrequently it was Harold who usually monopolized their time and attention.

Even this habitual association with the gentler sex did not tend to improve him. Strange as it may seem, it rather injured him. Many of his old boy friends—jealously, perhaps—dubbed him a “good-for-nothing flirt,” and probably the epithet was not altogether an inappropriate one.

To the poorer class of boys he manifested the greatest contempt, and oftentimes behaved very rudely to them. This serious deficiency in his character was deeply regretted by his parents and friends, yet such was the indulgence which he had always been given that they never corrected him for his conduct.

* * * * *

It was a fine spring afternoon, when the great sun, as if to make amends for his winter's selfishness, was shining brightly, and the birds, happy to be rid of the long, dull winter, were chirping and twittering away right merrily among the budding boughs.

In the parlor of the Lawton mansion sat Alma and three callers—all gay young girls like herself. They were all huddled together on the sofa, looking through a stack of new kodak pictures.

Suddenly the door, which stood ajar, was pushed open, and the slender form of Harold moved into the room.

“Say, isn't this fine weather for an outing?” he exclaimed, in a voice very strong to have come from such an emaciated form.

“Perfectly lovely,” chimed the girls in chorus. “Do let's have a picnic somewhere.”

The suggestion took well; for the fine balmy weather, the odor of the flowers, the chorus of the little birds—all these were inviting mankind out into the open world. The little group in the parlor fell eagerly to planning and arranging for a day in the woods. “Down at the Lake,” cried one; “No, in the Grove,” insisted another, and so the wrangle and clatter went on and on.

Suddenly their eager planning was interrupted by the sound of some one coming up the front steps. It was an unusually heavy tread, that sounded as if it were made by some ungainly animal rather than by a man. Filled with curiosity as to who the newcomer might be, the young people crowded round a window, through which they could see whoever came to the door. As soon as they caught a glimpse of the awkward-looking boy who was standing outside, the little party broke into peals of laughter. The sight which met their eyes must certainly have been very amusing had it not been so pathetic. The country boy, for such his every characteristic betokened him, had on his feet a pair of heavy old shoes—several sizes too large—which made so much noise when he came up the steps. His rough copper-colored jeans pants had probably been intended to meet his shoe-tops, but had shrunk up so that they now lacked several inches of reaching the desired point. This space showed a pair of coarse white woolen stockings, whose tendency was to gather in folds around the shoe-tops, so that at every step a part of the bare flesh was exposed. A long-tailed coat without buttons, and the edges of which had been worn out to a fringe, unsuccessfully attempted to hide a yellowish-looking shirt, whose front showed unmistakable signs of long and continued service, and, in more places than one, large rents in the cloth gave signs of recent conflicts with its owner. The sleeves of this garment seemed to have seen particularly hard usage, and hung in strings down to the boy's hands. The coat was not so fortunate in this respect, for its sleeves came only half way between the elbow and the wrist. Around the boy's neck, in lieu of a collar, was tied in a hard knot a red bandanna handkerchief, whose color blended remarkably well with that of his face. A long, ruby nose above a mouth of ample dimensions and a pair of large ears on each side of a shock of tousled red hair, which was

covered by an old woolen hat, made up the peculiar figure who was waiting for admittance. The boy awkwardly carried a basket of eggs, the disposal of which was the occasion of his visit.

A mischievous thought came into Harold's mind, and he determined to carry out its suggestion at once. Anything which furnished sport for himself, no matter if it was at the expense of some one else, always suited this boy, and he usually had no regard for the feelings of others. "Let's have some fun out of him," he said to the group around.

"No, no; please don't," interposed his sister.

"Yes, I will," he snapped, as he started through the door. "You girls do your part now," he added, as he passed into the hall.

Soon after voices were heard outside, and, in another yokel. In his excitement he had forgotten to remove his moment, Harold entered, followed closely by the bashful hat; and, as he came slouching ungracefully into the elegant parlor, with his hat pulled down over his eyes and the basket of eggs hanging from his arm, he was, to say the least, a most amusing object. His persecutors could only with an effort resist an inclination to laugh outright. The poor fellow would fain have retreated, had not Harold taken him by the arm and led him to the center of the room, facing the girls, and said:

" 'Tis with great pleasure that I introduce to you my friend, Miss Perry. Miss Perry, my old friend, Mr. Longlegs."

The girl thus introduced as "Miss Perry" rose and bowed low and gracefully in mock courtesy.

"Mr. Longlegs (a slight snicker), I am indeed glad to know you," she said.

Before this the boy, so rudely spoken of as "Longlegs," had stood first on one of those members which suggested

his name and then on the other, excitedly fumbling with the edges of his jacket. In the mock introduction he had not spoken, much less had he attempted to return the courtesy, and, when an ill-suppressed titter arose, he went into a paroxysm of confusion. He reddened so as to be perceptible even through his coat of tan, and pranced more wildly than before. Just at that instant he caught a glimpse of himself in the mirror, and unhappily noticed that his hat was still on his head. Making a desperate grab for it, he succeeded only in knocking it to the floor, and, as he stooped awkwardly to recover his troublesome headgear, the mirth of the heartless girls and the boy passed all bounds of restraint and they burst into laughter. There is no telling how far this shameful procedure would have been carried had not Mrs. Lawton's entrance put an end to it. She led the poor fellow from the room, and a few minutes later they heard the heavy clump of his boots on the front walk.

The heedless crowd of young people thought that they had played a good "joke" on the ignorant country boy; but, be it said to their credit, that more than one girl, when alone in her room that night, was sorry for the part which she had played, and several consciences smarted for the pain that had been given to the stranger plow-boy.

Early on the morning appointed for the outing, six pair of eyes might be seen at intervals looking eagerly from as many windows in the direction of the rising sun. They were apparently satisfied with their observation, for the sun was ascending a sky as clear as crystal. Not even a speck of fleece was there to furnish forebodings of an evening's storm.

At the set hour the owners of those six pairs of eyes were collected about the vine-shaded veranda of the Lawton's home. Each was provided with a little basket full of dainties for their midday repast.

After many little vexatious delays, incidental to such occasions, the whole bevy set out towards a fresh, cool, oak grove, which had been selected as the spot at which they were to spend their "day in the woods."

This intended destination lay nearly two miles from their starting point. Their journey led them along narrow woodland paths, hedged in on each side by a thick matted tangle of undergrowth. Many a yellow, bright-eyed daisy and early blue violet nestled snugly along the way in many places, their gaudy hues giving relief to the dull green of the foliage and the grass-carpeted earth. Farther away, and ahead of the travelers, loomed up many a grand old forest pine, each holding its head proudly aloft, despite its burden of perhaps four-score and ten years, and looking contemptuously down on its pigmy upstarts.

Yet none of the many beauties of nature which surrounded them was scarcely noticed by the prattling throng of picnickers, except, indeed, when one of the girls would pluck a violet and gush over the "dear sweet little thing," then perhaps throw it away to perish.

Their attention was suddenly called to their surroundings by a sound just ahead of them. It was the swift, regular stroke of an axe. All instinctively paused a moment to listen. Then, as the sound ceased, a moment's unbroken silence ensued. Suddenly the boughs of a tall, straight pine tree were seen to be in motion. First they seemed to tremble, and then to rock irresolutely back and forth. Then, slowly at first, but gathering momentum as it went, the noble progenitor of the forest swept majestically through the air. There was a loud "swishing" sound, a thundering crash, and then silence. The proud old tree had, in that brief space, crashed from the height to which it had climbed for nearly a hundred years.

The pine had stretched its gnarled trunk directly across

the pathway, and, just as our party of young people were in the act of climbing over the black-mailed giant, an interruption from an unlooked-for quarter caused them to pause. The figure of a boy, unseen until now, bounded through a clump of bushes into the open space and very unceremoniously seized Harold's shoulders. Simultaneously there arose several little screams from the girls, as the intruder was recognized. He was none other than the ungainly youth who they had so shamefully treated but a few days before. The tables were now exactly turned. The offended one might wreak almost any vengeance that he chose upon the offender; and, judging from the ugly scowl upon his face, revenge was meditated.

"Let me go," whimpered Harold, at the same time making an effort to release himself. His captor did not heed the summons.

"Jist step in here a few steps, won't ye?" asked the boy, as he led his frightened captive through a hedge of oak undergrowth into a little cleared spot, in the middle of which stood the stump of the recently felled tree. Against a small sapling, a few steps away, rested a shot gun. The country boy stepped over to where it stood and picked it up.

"Oh, don't, please don't," plead Harold, holding both hand before his face as if to ward off some expected missile. "If you won't, I'll give you five dollars—ten dollars—anything."

"Shet that up," interrupted the other; "ain't nobody goin' ter hurt yer, if ye hush that howlin'. I'd like ter know who's a wantin' yer five dollars or yer ten dollars, nuther, fur's that goes."

Harold felt easier, but still he was puzzled.

"Now, my fine young feller," went on the wood-chopper, "you all's made lots 'er sport of me 'tother day when I felt a leetle out o' place in your house"—

"But, oh—I'm—we're sorry as we can be and never will"—began Harold.

"Shet up now," again interjected the other, "and now I'm agoin' ter see how you look in my place."

Harold wondered what would happen next, but he was not long to be held in suspense.

"Pick up that 'ere ax," demanded he of the short jacket, pointing out the implement in question.

Harold hesitated for a moment, then, with more spirit than he had yet shown, blurted out, "I won't do it."

The gun's muzzle raised to a level with Harold's head and the hammer clicked ominously.

"Oh, yes—yes, I will," he stammered, in a frightened voice, and made haste to obey the command. Gingerly he took it up with his fingers and held it as if it would soil his hands.

"You needn't be afeared un it, 'twon't bite yer," sneered Master Jake Perkins. "Now, git up on that log."

Harold glanced around in a bewildered manner; but, seeing no escape, he again obeyed. "Now, go ter cuttin'."

The young city-bred—rather, *hot-house* bred—boy had never before in his life used an axe. Moreover, Nature had withheld from him that boon known as "common sense," and, strange as it may seem, he had not the slightest idea how to begin on the task which had been assigned to him. To add to his already pitiable condition, the girls, seeing that no violence was intended, had pushed into the opening and stood looking helplessly on.

It was now Harold's time to look out of place and awkward. He reddened and commenced fumbling with the axe-handle.

"Go ter cuttin', I say!" reiterated the persecutor.

Feebly Harold raised the heavy axe and brought it down against the log. But he unhappily struck with the back instead of the blade.

The blunder caused the experienced wood-chopper to burst into a loud "guffaw." Harold reddened more perceptibly, and, in his confusion, rained down several blows, striking now with the blade, but never twice in the same place. This awkwardness set the other into a great fit of chuckling, some of it probably feigned, but it produced the desired effect.

Jake's hilarity was suddenly ended by a cry of pain from Harold. "Oh, oh, I've cut my foot!" wailed he.

"No, yer ain't," returned the wood-chopper, who was with him in an instant. "Ye've jest breshed it, but it was a mighty close shave. Git down afore ye kill yer fool self. I don't want ter hurt yer, I jist wanted ter show yer that if yer is mighty fine, and I wuz a bit out o' place in yer fine house, now that we jist change about a little, an' yer'd see who wuz awkard and who wuzn't. An' nex' time yer see somebody look sheepish in yo'r place, jist remimber thet mebbe you'd look jist as sheepish with his'n. Will ye remimber?"

"Oh, yes indeed—yes, I will," promised Harold, raising his downcast eyes.

"Well, thet's all I want with yer, so ye can go on about yer bisniss now, and I'll be 'bout mine."

The picnic party moved slowly off, and soon they heard the swift, steady strokes of the axe, now wielded by a skilled hand.

The awkward country lad did not realize it, but he had returned good for evil; for the strange lesson which he had impressed upon the foolish, thoughtless city boy was never forgotten.

Down, Mars! Up, Ergos!

A few years ago the only great iron-clad fleets were those of England, France, Italy, and possibly of Spain. Now,

the United States, Germany and Russia have pushed themselves rapidly to the front, while Spain and Italy have been forced to the rear. The recent naval developments of the United States, together with her enormous population, is alone sufficient to put an end to any likelihood whatever of a foreign war, the nature of which would be more unpopular in Europe than in the United States.

It is a strange idea, that we are asked to increase our navy at a moment when all Europe is suffering from conditions brought about as a result, directly or indirectly, of a large and expensive navy; and so even after we have been invited to attend a peace-parliament, projected by one of the most powerful and aggressive powers of Europe. While the old world is trying to lay down the sword, we should not seek to take it up; while the great powers of Christendom are endeavoring to quit the fields of blood and carnage, we should not turn our face the other way; while the great commercial and naval powers of the earth are striving for universal disarmament, we should not propose to increase the dangers and consequences of war, thereby ignoring the very principles of our Constitution.

Every important nation on the globe is to-day courting "Uncle Sam" for his smiles, or rather for his protection. During the last few years the strength of our navy has been materially augmented. Our navy has twice the strength that it had at the time of the Spanish-American War. The efficiency and valor of our seamen, and the express determination of American spirit, is fully recognized, and hence no European power or, for that matter, any other power will attempt to insult us. Furthermore, the lesson we taught Spain is still bright upon the minds of those likely to be aggressive.

Again: the American press is fond of printing glowing descriptions of our unprecedented export trade, descriptions

bristling with figures to show that the United States is elbowing the other nations out of the world's market. In contrast with these evidences of commercial and industrial prosperity, the size of our merchant-marine, as reported by the United States Commission of Navigation, cuts a rather sorry figure. The United States exports a lot of produce, it is true, but whose vessels carry it? I dare say not one-fourth of our exports departs from our shores under the protection of the stars and stripes. Here arises a question: What is the cause of this? The only answer is, that our merchant-marine has been ignored, and our whole attention has been in the direction of increasing our naval and military standing. Statistics show that the United States has in commission to-day, including both national and private ownership, only 97 registered steamships of 1,000 tonnage each. There are single foreign steamship companies in operation that own and control more merchantmen than does the whole of the United States. No nation with a large extent of seacoast, as is the case with the United States, and which is dependent for a large part of its commerce upon transportation on the seas, has a complete independence until it carries, or is able to carry, its own goods. The United States has a complete political independence, but she has not as yet achieved entire commercial independence. The resources of our country are so varied and so abundant, that we have arrived at a point where our meat and bread is all the "navy" we need. No nation could contend in war with us, if we were to close our ports and refuse to export our products. Every nation on the globe is dependent on us for a large part of their food supplies. Go with us into the far West, and see "the cattle on a thousand hills," and our rich prairie lands groaning under their load of wheat, corn and vegetables. With these products, forming a basis of supply, we could defy for an unlimited time the most aggressive power of Europe.

Now, if this statement is true, and we believe any intelligent reader will admit that it is, then, why not prepare to carry our own productions, and even those of other countries? Subsidize our vessels, arm them with small guns, so that they can protect themselves. Such action on the part of our government would increase our merchant-marine, and would protect both the producer and the consumer. Also the speed of our vessels would then be twice that of a modern warship, and as a consequence our mail facilities, as well as those pertaining to general shipping, would be greatly increased.

If we are to increase our present navy, there will necessarily be a corresponding increase in the way of additional clerk hire; the building and maintaining of new ports; a long list of retired naval officers to support; and last, but not least, there will be an enormous pension roll to aggravate and haunt the very soul of the taxpayer. These are but a few of the annoyances, aggravations and necessary current expenses resulting as a consequence of a large and expensive navy.

Rome and Carthage pursued this course. They built at a great cost and sacrifice, navies, the equals of which were not to be found in their day. They extended their conquests, as Great Britain has done, and as the United States is trying to do; they fostered naval warfare; they had their lists of pensioned officers; they fought and squabbled over the spoils, and as a result—they have paid the penalty.

Finally: we need a navy; we have a navy. Not only Spain, but civilized Europe, is aware of this fact. Our present navy is in perfect keeping and harmony with our interests. Then, why spend money further for mere form and display? If we have surplus moneys in the treasury, why not use them for the establishment of a better type of citizenship among our people? Build and endow Christian

schools and colleges; do these things, and the manufacture of machine guns, dynamite and steel bullets will yield to the better influences of a rising generation.

H. P. STUCKEY.

Sweat-heart and Mother

As the great train drew out of San Francisco and began its rapid journey Eastward, Jas. Whitaker, Jr., threw himself back into his seat, was soon in deep meditation. His thoughts turned homeward, and he was a child again with his little playmates around him. His childhood and school days passed rapidly before him. Then he went to college, and was a school-boy again, romping through life, happy and careless. Fresh., Soph. and Junior were soon over and Senior was reached. How proud of himself he felt as he went among the lower classmen feeling that soon he was to be a graduate. Then commencement and graduation day came, and all was gay and happy. As he went forward to receive his diploma from the hands of the venerable president, and heard the burst of applause that greeted him, his breast swelled with pride and joy. When he took his seat and looked down through the audience into a pair of beaming brown eyes, he thought that now, indeed, the time was near when he should claim as his own the one whom he had so long loved and cherished.

Then came the night of the Senior banquet. Ah; that awful night! The very thought of it made him shudder. Well he remembered how his friends had persuaded him to drink with them, and how he had been carried home to his father in a drunken condition. With horror he could picture the scene that followed, in which he had been ordered to leave home and make his way in the world alone, with the

curse of his parent upon him. He was indeed thankful that his mother was not on earth to share the disgrace. As he left home the next day, he was determined that to the West he should go and there remain until he had redeemed himself and could look his father in the face without a guilty conscience. But what would Mabel think? Would she soon forget all about him and marry George Jackson, who had always been his greatest rival, or should she remain true to him and await his return?

Ten long years had passed since that time, and now he was returning home, or to what had once been home. What would he find when he got there? Would his father ever forgive him, or was his father even alive? Time had wrought many a change upon him, and perhaps it had killed his father; and Mabel, he would not think of her now. Of course, she had forgotten him. He had no right to expect otherwise, as he had not written to her since he left, and she knew not whether he were dead or alive. But he was going, and would see.

Six days later a well-dressed young man alighted from the train at a little South Carolina town. As he started up the street with his grip bearing the initials, "J. W., Jr.," there were many conjectures among the town loafers, as to his identity. No one spoke to him, but all eyed him with a curious stare. He wended his way up the street until he came to an old colonial house, set back from the road in a grove of old oak trees. Here he hesitated. Peering through the window he could see an old gentleman seated before a large open fire, and a young woman, with brown curly hair down over her shoulders, seated by his side. Yes, this was his father, and here, too, was Mabel. Perhaps she had come over for a few moments to cheer the old man's spirits.

His courage failed him. Should he enter or should he

not? He had once sworn never to return, but now he was different. He was a boy then; he was a man now. Gathering up all of his courage and putting his pride behind him, he ascended the steps and rapped on the door. A maid opened it, and not stopping to remove his coat and gloves, he brushed past her and entered the room. Without waiting for the old gentleman to rise, he rushed up to him and threw his arms around him and kissed him. When the words, "My son," fell from his father's lips, he knew that he was forgiven.

Then turning to the young lady, he caught both of her small hands in his large ones and pressed them to his heart. "Mabel," he said, "have you forgiven me? Do you love me as you once did?" For answer she drew her hands from his and placed two arms softly about his neck. He stooped and gently kissed her. "Will you still keep your promise, will you be my bride, as you once said?" "No, Jim," she replied; "I can never be Mrs. Jas. Whitaker, Jr., for I am now Mrs. Jas. Whitaker, Sr.; but your father and I are mighty glad to have our boy at home again." I.

To—

When darkness comes to sooth the tired brain,
And all the busy world is wrapped in sleep,
I always dream a dream that gives me pain,
And, yet, it ever seems so strangely sweet,
That night without it would be incomplete.

Your face is ever with me in this dream,
As beautiful as in the days of old;
And all is just the same—the woods, the stream,
The dying sun, a mammoth ball of gold—
We are together, and your hands I hold.

You'll never know how much I loved you, dear,
In those old days when I thought you loved me—
Your deep brown eyes, your mouth, your shining hair,
Your little hands, they all I still can see,
And yet—untrue—oh, Love! how could you be.

I've striven hard to crowd you from my heart,
The days are all too busy for regret;
But in my dreams, you always have a part,
No matter how I try, I can't forget,
You ask me why? because—I love you yet.

W. T. B., '05.

The Blending of the Blue and the Gray

It was Saturday night, and the tired soldiers of Gen. Longstreet's division could be seen in groups around the camp fires. The division had been on a forced march all day; but by sundown had reached its destination, and the men were now resting and warming themselves and discussing the day's march. They were tired, but this they had forgotten, to-morrow would be Sunday, and all expected to pass one quiet Sabbath day free from a battle or even a skirmish. Grant was far away and they were at the desired position, and hence could foresee of nothing to prevent their passing a quiet Sabbath day.

Not long, however, and the camp was in a stir. A messenger had arrived from Gen. Lee. What the message was, no one knew; but orders were given to "turn in" at once, and be ready to march at daybreak. "March!" Why should they march, when Grant was so far away? But soon the truth was known—Grant is already on the march and "We must head him off," were the words on the lips of every one when he at last went to sleep.

Roger Williams, the messenger who had been sent by Lee, was not yet asleep. He was thinking of the long and perilous ride he had just made; the whole adventure passed as a vision before his closed eyes. He did not think of how near he had come to being killed, but of how near the message had come never being delivered. Three messengers had been dispatched with the same message and he alone had come through safely. And he—it made him shudder to think of it now—was almost dead now from fatigue. Three times he had met the enemy face to face. Once he deceived them and escaped unsuspected. Again he escaped by the fleetness of his horse, leaving the enemy behind. But the last time—then his horse was shot from under him and he himself wounded. He escaped by swimming a river, shooting one of the enemy whom he chanced to meet, and mounting the dead man's horse, was out of sight before his pursuers could cross the river. It was these incidents that now kept him awake. All around him he could hear the snoring of his comrades, the steady tramping of the sentinels and the champing of the horses. With these thoughts and sounds he fell asleep.

In less than an hour he was rudely awakened. "Surely it is not morning," he thought. No, Longstreet wanted him to return with a message to Gen. Lee. He thought this imposition, but a moment's reflection showed him that he alone could be expected to carry it through safely, and not once in a thousand times could he do so. Cheerfully he mounted his steed, and rode out beyond the vidette post. Fortune favored him and only once was he halted, and that was on reaching the outpost of Lee's camp. At sunrise next morning he came before Lee and delivered the message in person.

The day was spent in marching and preparing for battle. At six o'clock in the afternoon, Lee and Longstreet joined forces. Sentinels were posted, fires were made, and soon

the camp was dead asleep. Men almost fell in their tracks and went to sleep, so tired and exhausted were they. Roger, among the rest, was sleeping on the cold bare ground on this rainy December night. Again he was rudely aroused. At first he thought he was falling, but soon he became conscious of being in water, and then he felt his back grating against something he knew not what; he knew, too, that his heels were in the air and that something had hold of them. Finally, he was stopped; he stood up to see what was going on. By the faint light of the fire he could see that artillery was coming up and that a road was being cleared. The clearing party was dragging the sleeping soldiers out to each side, and, strange to say, Roger was the only one to awake during this rude but quick manner of clearing the way. He was too near dead to either watch or help. He tried to find a spot of ground on which to sleep, but the fire occupied the only spot that was not covered with water. Finally, he joined his companions, lay in three inches of water with his head on a rock, and slept the night through.

At daybreak the bugle sounded, in a few moments the entire army was under arms and ready to march. It was not the call to breakfast that blew; not a man ate breakfast, not a man had a dry piece of clothing on him, but still not a word of complaint was heard. The battle began and the Confederates were forced back a short distance, but not far. They made the second attack and drove Grant back in confusion. One of the first to fall in this second charge was Roger Williams. He was not killed. He lay there and saw his comrades rush by; he heard the sound of the battle get farther and farther away until it almost ceased, and he knew the Union army had been driven across the river.

Then he thought of his wounded friends around him. He heard a groan and turned to see who it was; it came from behind a large rock. He crawled around, but instead of a

friend, a Union soldier lay there. Roger dragged himself to his side, and without a word surveyed him from head to foot. The little Yankee was young and handsome; he was well dressed and wore on his sleeve the designation of a sergeant. Roger still looked, but did not speak. The thoughts of the night before swept through his brain; how could he have mercy on one who caused him so much hardship, and one who would not have mercy on him if the tables were turned? The little sergeant was crying, and between the sobs Roger caught the words, "We are beaten. The rebels will kill me. I know they will—and mother and sister and—." Here Roger laid his hand on his shoulder—he knew what the next word would be; to him, too, there was a name very dear indeed. The little Yankee looked up, and soon the two boys were engaged in a friendly talk, though neither forgot the differences between them.

Let us turn to another part of the field. Sitting with his back against a tree, was a wounded Union soldier. From his rough appearance and poor language it was evident that he was unrefined and uneducated. At his feet sat, or half reclined, a Southern negro. The soldier was evidently trying to incite the negro against his master. He pointed out, and with frequent oaths and gesticulations emphasized, what the North was doing in order that he might be free, and what the South was doing to keep him in bondage and in the place of a dog. The negro agreed to everything with a smile and a nod. "And now," said the soldier, "you git home to yer people, raise an army of 'em, and take every damn house and plantation in the country; they are your'n and you kin hev 'em." "Yes, sar, massa," and with these words the negro rose to obey, not dreaming that he was five hundred miles from home.

Let us pause now and see the relation of our characters. Roger Williams came from upper South Carolina, and had

brought his slave, Sam, along, as many Southern boys did. When Roger went to carry Lee's message, Sam was left behind. Upon his return, Sam was not seen, and the battle was fought without seeing or even thinking of Sam. But now, as he lay here dying from his wounds, from hunger and from cold, he wished for Sam to come and take him to some place more comfortable. But he did not wish for Sam to come for him alone, he wanted the little Union sergeant taken, too, for by now he had begun almost to like him. Although Roger had not seen Sam for several days, the slave had not forgotten his master. He was now out on the body-strewn field looking to see if his master was among the dead or wounded. He was busy turning over bodies, when he was stopped by the rough Union soldier with whom we found him. When Sam arose from in front of the Northern man, he had lost all thoughts of his master; but before he had gone many steps he heard a familiar call, and looking up saw his master. He hesitated before heeding the call; he turned and looked at the soldier he had just left. As he thought his decision would decide the result of the war. On one side stood bondage, hard work, but his master and his same log cabin; on the other was freedom, wealth and honor. Which summons must he obey? He saw the face of his master and the man dressed in blue by his side; he moved toward them, not knowing whether it was his master or the blue uniform that drew him.

An ambulance drove up and it was the work of only a few minutes to put in Roger and the Union sergeant. The other Union soldier was also put in the same wagon, and Sam sat on the side. Pause and think of these four men: one a true Southerner, fighting for love of home and his rights; another a negro slave, ignorant and true while so, but imaginative, having no sense of right or justice, capable of being deceived and led into anything; still another, with

the love of country at heart and fighting for the preservation of the Union; and yet another fighting for excitement and money, with all the intense hatred and prejudice of which man is capable—not knowing the true nature of his rebel enemy and too ignorant and too proud to want to know.

* * * * *

Eight years have passed; the war is over and the South is shaded by the dark cloud of Reconstruction. Roger Williams, with his sister Helen, live in a small two-room cabin at their native town, Waterloo, South Carolina; while Sam Williams, their former slave, lives just up the hill, in a large ten-room house, surrounded by boxwood and roses. J. H. Reavely, who, on the battle field, had first filled Sam's head with dreams of greatness, was now the tyrant ruler of the Waterloo community, and lived in the same house with Sam Williams.

"My dear," said Roger to his sister, one night when he came home, "I want to kiss you good-bye. In a few minutes I shall be dragged out and carried to bow down and worship Sam and Reavely. I have been accused of being the Ku-Klux leader, and though it be true, they haven't the slightest reason for thinking it." With this they kissed each other, and just in time, for the door opened, three negroes entered and took him from his sister's arms to the dungeon cell. Here he remained three days, when he was at last dragged before the court. But who occupied the judge's seat? Not Reavely, but a new judge, one who wore a blue uniform and upon whose shoulders were the epaulets of a captain. Roger noticed this, then quietly looked over the room. There on the front seat sat his sister. Though her eyes were filled with tears, she looked more beautiful than ever before. From her, Roger turned to the judge; their eyes met, and both men stood and stared. The lips of

the judge relaxed into a smile; he moved through the excited jurymen to where Roger stood, and clasped both his hands. Neither man spoke, their hearts were too full. Then turning to the jury, the judge said, "There will be no trial to-day; the court may consider itself adjourned until further orders." In a moment Helen was on the stand with her arms around her brother's neck; then she turned and shook hands with the Union soldier she had once nursed at the Richmond hospital. "Roger," said the young judge, "take your sister home; in an hour I shall be there and take dinner with you." "Can't you wait until after dinner?" ventured Helen, in her modest but sweet voice. "We shall have no dinner to-day; there is only a handfull of meal left, and there is not a thing else to eat in the house." "I know all about it," he said. "Go home and make a fire and have the table ready."

An hour later the door of the Williams cabin opened and the little uniformed judge walked in; outside stood a wagon loaded with everything necessary for an excellent dinner, and, besides, there was enough to last the little household for many days. Roger, Helen and Capt. Morgan, for that was his name, sat down before the fire, while their one faithful servant, an old negro woman, prepared the dinner. All were silent for a while, when Capt. Morgan began: "Roger, it has been a long time since we left the Richmond hospital. I promised you to come South some day, and now I have come. I have never forgotten those two months I lay there almost dead, and how your sister so tenderly nursed me even after you were back on the battle field. I know I am right when I call both of you friends, and I have thought of you every day since that time. By special request I have been allowed to come to this post, and on arriving I found my first case against one Roger Williams; I investigated, found it to be you, postponed the trial, personally looked into the

whole matter, and find that it is all prejudice and grudge, and not a legal complaint. I have also gone through and through the whole proceedings in regard to the confiscation of your property, and, I might add, that in thirty days from to-morrow, you may move back to the homestead." Here Roger rose and left the room, and Capt. Morgan continued: "Miss Helen, if you will allow me, I shall say a few words regarding you alone. During my sickness at Richmond I learned to regard you in a way I had never regarded another being. Your pleasant, sweet disposition completely won me, and since that time I have remained an ardent and devoted admirer. At first I thought it was only your kindness; but time has not changed my feelings, and now I can only explain it by the word love." Helen blushed, but did not reply. The captain's heart beat rapidly, for he feared that he had spoken too much and too soon. Roger re-entered, and the conversation drifted to the affairs of the town.

One month later, the Williams mansion was beautifully lighted and decorated; a crowd had gathered to witness the affair, and on that night Helen became Mrs. Eugene S. Morgan.

J. B. M., '05.

A New Year's Resolve

Although it was the last night of the old year, I had made no resolutions, thinking that it would do no good and that they would be forgotten before the end of January. With this I went to sleep. While I slept and the long and dreary hours of the night dragged by, I dreamed a dream.

The figure of an old man with a wrinkled face, long grey locks, a snowy white beard, and large protruding eyebrows which shaded a pair of misty eyes, came in through the closed door and stood in the middle of the room.

"I am the ghost of nineteen hundred and three," he said. "Come with me, I have something to show you." Catching me by the arm, he led me to a great city. We glided through the slums and alleys until we came to a door opening into a narrow hall. A man in the uniform of a city policeman staggered in; opened the door of a small, cold, dingy room, and fell on the floor before his wife and children, who shrank back from him in fear. "This man," said the ghost, "was happy at the beginning of this fading year; but he has just been discharged because of his intemperance and neglect of duty. He did not think it worth the while to make good resolutions for this year." Then he led me out of the slums into a better atmosphere. At last we came to a cozy, neatly furnished, little cottage. A cheerful fire burned in the grate and sent out its warmth to a mother and children, who were gathered around it.

"It is the last night of the old year," thought the mother, "and it is about time for John to come home."

Presently a firm steady tread was heard on the front steps. A man entered. He, too, was a city policeman. The mother and children rushed to the door and greeted him with a hug and a kiss.

"This man," said the ghost, "has just been given the badge of chief of police for the coming year. He made good resolutions for this year and kept them. Come! we must go; my time is nearly up." We passed noiselessly out of the city, back into my room. The ghost disappeared through the door in the same manner in which he had appeared.

I awoke; got up; and before the clock struck twelve and the old year had passed into the new, I wrote these words, "I will never let a new year dawn without having made a good resolve for that year."

A. F. BYARS, '06.

South Carolina Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Association

In accordance with an article in the constitution of the association, we publish below the constitution and a complete list of officers for this year.

The contest to be held at Greenwood in April will be the sixth annual meeting. So far, the stand taken by our College is one of which the students and alumni should be proud. Once we were awarded the first honor medal and twice we have taken off the second. When we remember that composition counts half, and that all of our competitors are from literary colleges where Literary Societies are a prominent feature, we should, indeed, be proud of our record. But it is not on our past record that we wish to dwell, it is on our future outlook. At present there is not one single student who is a recognized orator. We do not mean that there is none, but there is none who has shown his ability—one who has the ability and has cultivated it. The first medal in this contest is the greatest honor a student in South Carolina can attain—one not to be compared with class standing, athletic honors or military rank—one that every student should covet and, if possible, contest for. If Clemson is to keep her place in the front rank she must certainly get out of the rut in which she now is; the boys must take more interest in society work, essay writing and public speaking. In this line our College spirit is certainly deficient. To maintain our stand we must have more spirit, more society rivalry, more orators.

The officers and their colleges are as follows:

President—C. W. Riser, Newberry.

Vice-President—J. M. Daniel, Furman.

Secretary and Recorder—E. K. Hardin, Wofford.

Treasurer—O. M. Roberts, Clemson.

Corresponding Secretary—T. H. Smoot, P. C. of S. C.

Secretary Sealed Marks—G. D. Brown, Erskine.

Executive Committee.

E. W. Hiers—Newberry.
J. B. Moseley—Clemson.
Brown—Furman.
W. D. Burnett—Wofford.
J. H. Clark—P. C. of S. C.
W. M. Hunter—Erskine.

CONSTITUTION OF THE SOUTH CAROLINA INTER-COLLEGIATE ORATORICAL ASSOCIATION.

Article I.—Title.

The name of this organization shall be the South Carolina Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Association.

Article II.—Object.

The objects of this Association shall be to develop closer and more friendly relations between the colleges of the State; to foster and promote the cultivation of oratory in the several colleges, and to hold annual contents, at such times and places as shall be decided upon by the Executive Committee.

Article III.—Membership.

The Association is composed of the following college membership: Furman University, Wofford College, Clemson Agricultural College, Presbyterian College of South Carolina, Erskine College, Newberry College, and such other institutions as shall be admitted by a unanimous vote of all the members of the Association present at any annual convention.

Article IV.—Officers.

Section 1.—The officers of this Association shall be a President, Vice-President, Secretary and Recorder, Treasurer, Corresponding Secretary, and Secretary of the Sealed Marks, one from each of the six colleges now represented in

the Association, and alternating annually in the order of colleges as named.

Sec. 2.—All officers of the Association shall be elected by ballot—the nominations being made by a Nominating Committee, and the college representative receiving a majority vote shall be decided the choice of the Association.

Sec. 3.—The President of the Association on his retirement from office, and ex-prizemen shall have their names enrolled on the honor roll of the Association.

Sec. 4.—The new officers shall take their seats for one calendar year.

Sec. 5.—If any office in the Association shall become vacant, the student body of the college represented by the vacating officer shall have power to elect his successor.

Article V.—Duties of Officers.

Section 1.—It shall be the duty of the President to preside at all meetings. He shall be master of ceremonies at the annual contest; shall cast the deciding vote in all cases of a tie in the convention; shall attach his signature to certificates of membership, and shall have the power to call special meetings at his discretion.

Sec. 2.—The Vice-President shall be active Chairman of the Executive Committee, and as a representative of his institution he shall have a voice in all deliberations of the committee. In case of absence of the President, the Vice-President shall become the active President of the Association. It shall be the duty of the Vice-President to call a meeting of the Executive Committee at least thirty days previous to the annual contest.

Sec. 3.—It shall be the duty of the Secretary and Recorder to keep an accurate copy of all amendments of the Constitution and By-Laws, which shall be made by the Association. He shall also keep in suitable record the membership of the Association, both active and alumni, according to colleges

represented, and shall keep and file the proceedings of the annual convention, and copies of all orations delivered in annual contest. He shall also notify each college of the Association as to the officers immediately after their election.

Sec. 4.—It shall be the duty of the Corresponding Secretary to sign and issue certificates of personal membership upon the order of the President, and shall attend to such correspondence as may devolve upon him, and any other duties the Association may authorize.

Sec. 5.—The Treasurer shall keep all accounts of the Association and pay all bills approved by the Executive Committee. He shall keep on deposit all moneys belonging to the Association; shall receive all dues and receipt for same.

Sec. 6.—The Secretary of Sealed Marks shall receive and keep the grades from Committee, Section A; shall not open them except in the presence of Committee, Section B, on night of contest; and shall then and there assist Section B in combining and tabulating the grades of the two committees.

Article VI.—Executive Committee.

Section 1.—The President shall appoint annually an Executive Committee, consisting of one representative from each college having membership in the Association. No officer, with the exception of the Vice-President, shall be a member of the Executive Committee.

Sec. 2.—It shall be the duty of the Executive Committee to audit all accounts before they are presented to the Association. The committee shall decide all contests in regard to personal membership.

Sec. 3.—The annual oratorical contests shall be under the control of the Executive Committee.

Sec. 4.—The Executive Committee shall appoint each year at its meeting a committee to select the medals, and this

committee must take into consideration as to the design of the first medal, the Palmetto tree.

Article VII.—Committee on Decision.

Section 1.—Six persons shall constitute the Committee on Decision. The members of the Committee on Decision shall not at any time have been connected in any capacity, directly or indirectly, with any contesting institution. No member of committee, Section A, shall be selected from South Carolina.

Sec. 2.—The Committee on Decision shall be divided into two equal sections, A and B. Section A shall be selected by the President at least sixty days previous to the contest, and each college of the Association shall be notified as soon as practicable of the committee's selection and acceptance. This committee, Section A, shall compare all orations submitted to them and shall grade them on the following points: *Originality, Thought and Rhetoric*, giving one final grade for each oration. This grade shall be on the scale of one hundred—the best oration, if considered perfect, being graded one hundred, and the remaining orations in proportion to their merit as compared to the first.

Sec. 3.—Section B shall be selected by the Executive Committee at least thirty days previous to the contest. This committee section shall grade on *delivery*. All points shall rank equally; shall be graded without consultation, each member of the section giving one grade to each orator. This grade shall be on the scale of one hundred as in Section A.

Sec. 4.—Any college of the Association shall have the right to object to any member of the Committee on Decision, but not more than two objections shall be allowed each college, and such objections shall be submitted in writing, and shall be in the hands of the President at least twenty-five days for Section A, and ten days for Section B, previous to the contest.

Sec. 5.—The Corresponding Secretary of the Association, at least twenty-five days before the contest, shall forward a typewritten copy of each oration to each member of the Committee, Section A., who shall grade them and send sealed copies of their grades to the Secretary of Sealed Marks. These grades shall reach their destination at least four days previous to the contest. Neither the names of the authors or the orations nor the institutions represented shall be known by any member of Committee, Section A. It shall be the duty of the Secretary of the Association to furnish each member of Committee, Section A, with the name and address of the Secretary of Sealed Marks.

Sec. 6.—At the close of the contest and in the presence of the audience assembled, the Secretary of Sealed Marks, assisted by the members of Committee, Section B, shall make a final average. At no other place and time and under no other circumstances whatsoever, shall any of the sealed grades be opened.

Sec. 7.—The orator, whose grade from all members of the entire Committee on Decision is found to be the greatest, shall be awarded the first honor medal. The orator whose grade is next highest shall be awarded the second honor medal. In case of a tie for first or second honor, or both, Committee, Section B, shall retire, and without consultation shall cast one sealed ballot for the orator, or orators, judged by them to be most entitled to the prize or prizes. The Chairman of Committee, Section B, shall then announce to the audience the result. The markings of the entire Committee on Decision shall be published in at least one daily newspaper.

Article VIII.—Orations.

In the contests of this Association, no oration shall contain more than twenty-five hundred words, and it shall be the duty of the Secretary to construe this article strictly to

the letter, and to return any oration exceeding the above limit. Any analysis, outline or explanation attached to the oration shall be considered a part thereof, counted and graded accordingly. All orations shall be composed and written by the contestants themselves, without assistance, and as regards delivery, they shall receive no assistance except from the faculty and students of the college they represent, on penalty of exclusion from the contest.

Article IX.—Representatives.

The mode of selection of the contestants from each college shall be decided by each institution forming this Association. Each college shall be entitled to only one representative, and he shall be a member of one of the literary societies; shall be an under-graduate at the time of his selection. Each representative shall have made and forwarded to the Secretary three typewritten copies of his oration at least thirty days previous to the contest.

Article X.—Fees.

Section 1.—Each college of the Association shall pay an annual fee of fifteen dollars. This fee shall be paid at least thirty days previous to the contest.

Sec. 2.—Each contestant shall pay a fee of one dollar. Upon the payment of this fee the Treasurer shall issue his receipt, which shall be forwarded to the Corresponding Secretary, who shall then issue a certificate of membership in the Association and shall forward it to the President for his signature. Any representative who shall fail to pay this fee within thirty days previous to the contest shall not be allowed to enter the contest for prizes.

Article XI.—Prizes.

As testimonials of success in the contests of this Association there shall be awarded two prizes; as first honor, a gold

medal of the value of twenty dollars ; as second honor, a gold medal of the value of ten dollars.

Article XII.—Conventions.

Section 1.—The annual convention shall consist of the Executive Committee, the contestants from each college, and the officers of the Association.

Sec. 2.—The annual convention of the Association shall meet at such time preceding the contest as the President may direct. Each college representative shall be entitled to one vote. All representatives who take part in the contest, and all officers of the Association present, shall attend the convention. Failure to do so, without a valid excuse, shall subject offender to expulsion. All alumni members present shall have a right to take part in the deliberations of the convention, but shall not be allowed to vote upon any question except a motion to adjourn.

Article XIII.—Exclusion from Membership.

Any college of the Association failing to send its quota of representatives to any annual contest without furnishing to the Executive Committee a satisfactory reason, or failing to pay its annual dues within the time limit, shall be excluded from the Association.

Article XIV.—Contestants.

Section 1.—The order of speakers shall be drawn for at the meeting of the Executive Committee, at least thirty days before the contest. Each contestant's place, name, and subject of oration alone shall appear on the program.

Sec. 2.—A contestant shall not appear in uniform, or wear college colors, medals, or pins, and no college banner shall be placed in any position whatsoever during the time of the contest, so as to designate the representative of any college.

Sec. 3.—The successful contestant shall represent the As-

sociation in the Southern Inter-State Oratorical Association.

Article XV.—Publications.

The Association shall have no official organ, but each year the different colleges shall publish in the January issue of their magazines the constitution of the Association, together with a list of its officers.

Article XVI.—Authority Recognized.

All questions of parliamentary forms and usages, not provided for by this Constitution, shall be referred to "Robert's Rules of Order."

Article XVII.—Amendments.

This Constitution may be amended at any annual convention of the Association by a two-thirds vote of the college representatives present.

The Clemson College Chronicle

FOUNDED BY CLASS OF 1898

Published Monthly by the

Calhoun, Columbian and Palmetto Literary Societies of Clemson
Agricultural College

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V. B. HALL, - - - - - EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

The Holidays

By the time this issue of THE CHRONICLE reaches its readers, the Christmas holidays with all their pleasant, endearing associations

will be numbered among the good things of the past, and we will be deep in the work of preparation for the dreaded mid-year exams. What a jarring change is this from the poetic to the prosaic!—from those short, dreamy nights with mother and sister or sweetheart, to the hard work-a-day work of cramming, cramming. Yet such is life. The warm sunshine and the blossom-spangled fields of summer are a thousand-fold sweeter because, to enjoy them, we must first pass through snows and frosts and chilling, driving winds of winter; and the cool sweet shade of the oasis is a more heavenly sight to the tired, thirsty wanderer when he views it across the leagues of parched desert land. And so it is always. We think, we love, we enjoy the little that there is in life to enjoy, only by comparisons. There should be plenty of winter-time, plenty of desert, plenty of hard, prosy work; but for God's sake give us the little else that remains. Let us enjoy, while we may, the few fleeting pleasures in life, for, surely, they are few enough; and there is no doubting the fact that we of Clemson go through enough of the "prosy work" to give us a large capacity for enjoying "the little else that remains."

The Annual We are very much gratified to note the progress which the "*Oconean*" staff is making in its work. Already a large amount of high grade material has been completed and turned in, and the editors hope to have their work well nigh finished by spring time. The motto adopted by the staff at the very outset has in it the promise of a production of which the whole student body may well be proud: "Begin early, work slowly and do the work well," is, in brief, their method of procedure.

The "*Oconean*" of '04 is different from any previous issue of Clemson Annual, in that it is the enterprise, not particu-

larly of the Senior Class, but of the whole student body; and, while a larger proportion of space will naturally be taken up with affairs of the graduating class, still the work is not essentially "Senior," and every student in the College should learn to speak of the book as "*Our Annual*," and to feel a correspondingly personal interest in its success. And another thing: we sincerely hope that the same erroneous idea that has always prevailed concerning THE CHRONICLE, will not, in the case of the Annual, find advocates among the students. The publication of the Annual *is not*, or *should not* be solely the task of the Board of Editors; but every man in College who is in any way gifted—who can write stories or poems or draw—should be held accountable for his talent, and should feel it incumbent upon him, just as much as if he were an immediate member of the staff, to lend a helping hand. When this fact fixes itself upon the student body, and not until then, can our "Annual" become the perfect success that we all wish it to be.

**Student
Contributions**

A great deal has already been said on this subject; but, seemingly, all the urging and pleading of previous editors has been in vain; for, during our three years' connection with THE CHRONICLE staff, we have never, we think, known such a dearth of literary contributions from members of the student body. Practically the whole brunt of the work is thrown upon the Board of Editors, while the remaining five or six hundred students constitute themselves a kind of "reading public," contenting themselves with a few adverse, scathing criticisms when, perchance, the magazine does not come up to their ideal of excellence. When the essays or stories are too few or too short or poorly written, perhaps, never once, apparently, do they think of trying to supplement another or a longer or a better article. We speak in *general* terms, and do not wish

to convey the impression that absolutely *no* interest is manifested by outsiders; for this is not the case. A few students, and even alumni, have ever stood nobly by their magazine, and have rendered invaluable aid; and we wish to take this occasion to express our appreciation of their encouragement and help. But these few are the exception and not the rule.

The most discouraging feature of all is, in our opinion, the present gloomy outlook for the future of THE CHRONICLE. It is an alarming fact that six of the nine members of the present staff are from the graduating class, and that nine-tenths of the contributions from outside sources comes either from members of the Senior Class or from Alumni. It is certainly high time that lower classmen—the men who, next year and for the years to come, will have the keeping of the magazine—bestir themselves and begin to put forward some representative men. We are not saying that there is not genius, and plenty of it, among the members of the lower classes; but a candle hidden under a bushel, you know, gives no light and had as well not be there at all. We look for a speedy and radical improvement.

**A Novel
Experiment**

And there is something new under the sun!

It is, indeed, a curious sight to see our old smokers sitting comfortably tipped back in their chairs, filling their rooms with the fragrant odor of "the weed," and never once bothering to hide the pipe or fan away the smoke at the approach of an inspecting officer.

To the conservative outsider, an order officially permitting students the use of tobacco must, at first thought, seem somewhat paradoxical, if, indeed, not quite inconsistent with the general purpose of a military institution; but, when we come to examine the conditions under which the privilege was granted, and the general good results expected to emanate

from these imposed conditions, we cannot but think the new rule a good one. In the first place, we do not believe that the passage of this novel law will increase, to any appreciable extent, the amount of smoking already going on in barracks, but will, on the other hand, materially *decrease* the more wide-spread and more injurious evil of *cigarette* smoking. By allowing the use of pipe and cigar—and, at the same time, increasing the punishment for the cigarette smoking offence—the policy of the College authorities evidently is to offer inducements to habitual smokers to leave off the deadly cigarette and substitute a less venomous form of tobacco; and, from personal observation, we believe that the desired effect is being produced—that the pipe and the cigar are, to a very great extent, superceding the cigarette in barracks. If this result can be brought about, although the number of cadets who originally used tobacco should be slightly increased, still, no one can reasonably doubt that in the end the good resulting from the experiment will far exceed the evil.

**The Sovereignty
of Character**

The student's life is so full of varied interests that some of them are most likely to be neglected in favor of others. It is often the case that in our strenuous efforts to cultivate the intellectual side of our nature, we become physical wrecks. But how many College students stop to consider the development of that higher spiritual faculty, the moral life?

A College journal has said that this criticism often made of College education, viz: that it develops mentality at the expense, or certainly to the neglect, of spirituality—is true to a degree. The mad rush for intellectual culture makes us lose sight of the fact that the true student is one who cultivates all his natural endowments—physical, intellectual, moral—making his life an isosceles triangle. Boys will be

boys, it is true—notwithstanding that some pungent wit has said, “boys will be men”—and there must be “cakes and ale,” and there must be some sowing of wild oats, too, perhaps; but if “boys will be men” (with the emphasis on the *men*), then they must not neglect the cultivation of that strength of moral character which makes the men that mold the history of their times. The worth of this minute of College life must be proved by a long life—long, if not in years, in strength and usefulness. To educe the man—to “lead out”—*ex duco*—and develop those natural endowments, innate and impotent, within us,—that is to educate; and our College education should mean some steps toward taking us out of our own petty little universe and initiating us into the social organism. To master a certain amount of knowledge, to seek to satiate our thirst for knowledge, to obtain solutions for the problems of life,—these are not the higher purposes of the schools, and these are not fulfilled; for do we not know that even a wise expenditure of our four years at College life cannot give us even *an index* to knowledge? Do we not realize that our thirst is not only not quenched, but is increased? Do we not know that we can hope to get only a few arbitrary and untrustworthy formulas for the problems of life?

Then if the worth of this College “minute” is to be proved by the strength and usefulness of the after years, we must “Count life just the stuff to try men’s souls on,” and in order to make all things serve to strengthen the soul for life’s trial, we should keep the one end in view, during our College life, of developing *character*.

Character—not power—is sovereign. It is that without which we cannot hope for permanent success. Character is fundamental. In all the relations of life it is essential. It is the basis of confidence, without which there is no real, genuine, or effective human intercourse or co-operation.

Without it is sure to come pitiful defeat by insignificant foes; without it there is no sweetness of spirit, no serenity or peace of heart; without it there is no strength to resist the things that imperil our integrity; without it we cannot hope to lend any real or permanent help to mankind.

The so-called little things make character—and things that help us to fulfill our duties of sweetness and serenity and cheerfulness and fidelity and honesty and usefulness toward men and women are not little things. As social animals, as part of an organic whole, we owe it to ourselves, and to those to be influenced by contact with our lives, to recognize the sovereignty of character,—to recognize that the determining factor in our lives should be moral rather than intellectual.

We repeat: no lasting success, from the personal or the world's point of view, can come to us without strength of character. A specious reputation may be gained by deception and hoodwinking; but, after all, one must learn that honesty of character *is* the best policy. Recognition, confidence, influence,—there are no short cuts or cross-corners to these; they must be reached over the royal road of character.

“It is only the good who will survive; it is only the noble who are really great; and nothing is really worth while in this world, either in obscure or in great places, but honesty, usefulness, purity and devotion to principle.” A noble character has no equivalents.

(Contributed by an ex-Editor-in-Chief of THE CHRONICLE.)



Exchange Department

S. T. HILL,
O. M. ROBERTS, }

EDITORS

We must apologize to our exchanges for not getting our last issue out before the holidays. If excuses are acceptable, we will say that it was not due to the laziness of its editors, but to some unaccountable delay in the mail in returning the proofs to the publisher.

We are glad to see the success made by the editors of most of our exchanges in their effort to get out an attractive Christmas number. Many magazines have been made much more attractive by drawings and cuts, and the stories and poems are, on a whole, better than heretofore, and we can truly say that we have enjoyed reading and criticising the exchanges for last month.

We are exceedingly glad to add *The University of Virginia Magazine* to our list of exchanges. It is, indeed, a

very great addition, being one of the most attractive magazines, both inside and out, that we have had the pleasure of perusing. The editors are to be commended, not only on the amount, but also on the quality and interestingness of the material contained in the magazine. It contains several interesting stories, but has a few more essays than necessary. Our comment on the *Magazine*, however, is that it is one of the best among our exchanges.

The Emory Phoenix always finds a warm welcome to our table, and this month we receive it with more than usual pleasure. Among the Christmas issues received it stands with the first, both in its neat appearance, and in the quality of the reading matter. This month *The Phoenix* contains its three prize stories, "The Tyrant Quelled," "How a Joke Ended," and "A Complication." The first of these is very good indeed, and the second, though light, is very interesting. The third is certainly well named, for we must admit that it is so complicated that we find but very little in it. The Exchange Department has adopted the plan of copying the criticisms from the magazines with regard to *The Phoenix*. This practice is good, in that it acquaints the students of the school with the standing of their publication among those of other Colleges.

We note quite an improvement in the cover of *The Furman Echo*, which gives it a more attractive appearance, but we are sorry to say that this attractiveness does not extend to the interior. The number of pieces is quite sufficient, but their quality is fully as deficient. "The Doctor's New Patient," while interesting enough to pass away time, reads very much like a high school composition, and, we regret to add, one that has been rejected. By far the lightest and perhaps, most inferior piece of the issue is "A Moan." Not

only is this childish and silly, but is also poorly written, and we cannot think that the author expresses what he means. At least, this is to us the most charitable way to look at it. However, we learn something from this piece. 'Tis the first time we have ever heard of two College boys "falling in love with each other at first sight," and continuing to love each other dearly. If this piece is the real experience of one of our brother students, he has our sincerest sympathy, for such he certainly deserves. "Girls Should not be Jealous" and "Three Pansies" are about on a par with the first story mentioned. The essays and poetry of the magazine present a striking contrast with the fiction, and are both, on a whole, very good, "The Reign of Money" being especially well written, as is also "The Value of Education."

In full holiday costume we find our old friend, *The Wake Forest Student*. Our brother editors have a good idea of what a Christmas issue should be, and have fallen little short of their ideal. The fiction and heavy reading is well proportioned for a special issue, though for a usual thing the fiction is in a great majority. But since most of the fiction is good, there is no ground for complaint. "Evelyn's Ideal" is very well written, and shows the character of a true Southern girl in a well designed manner. "Aeschylus," is the best essay we find, and, indeed, is not only interesting, but contains some good thought as well. 'Tis seldom we find in a College magazine a piece of negro dialect that is really natural, and at the same time well woven into a story; but this *The Student* has attained. In "Christmas Among the Darkies" we find a piece of poetry good and solid, and yet well depicts the true African brogue.

In *The Randolph-Macon Monthly*, we note several well written and interesting pieces, both of poetry and prose.

We say poetry first, because for a College publication the amount as well as the quality of the verse is above the ordinary. We are glad that there is at least one Southern College where there is no dearth of poets. The argument for foot-ball is good, and should be read by those who seem to take so much pleasure in trying to injure the great College game. Along the fictional line, "He and She" displays human nature very forcibly, and is also very interesting. "The Legend of St. Christopher Retold" is also praiseworthy.

Clippings

Billy looked at Polly—
O, what a pretty miss;
He stole a little nearer,
Then bashfully stole—away. —*Ex.*

Went to see a foot-ball game;
Thought, of course, could play the same;
In haste I joined the 'leven,
Now am writing this from Heaven. —*Ex.*

I searched the earth from pole to pole
To find my heart's desire,
And after weary years I found,
A woman and—a liar. —*Ex.*

There was a crowd, there were three—
The maid, the parlor lamp and he;
Two's company, so, no doubt,
That's why the parlor lamp went out. —*Ex.*

NOTHING DOING.

We went to Cupid's garden,
We wandered o'er the land;
The moon was shining brightly,
I held her little—*shawl*.

Yes, I held her little shawl—
How fast the evening flies;
We spoke in tones of "love;"
I looked into her *lunch-basket*.

I gazed into the basket,
I wished I had a taste;
There sat my lovely charmer,
My arm around her—*umbrella*.

Embracing her umbrella—
This charming little miss;
Her eyes were full of mischief—
I slyly stole a—*sandwich*.

—*Ex.*

We have heard something. A Freshie was driving with his lady:

She—"My hands are cold."

He—"Sit on them, that's the way I do when mine are cold."

She—(After a painful pause) "Nobody loves me."

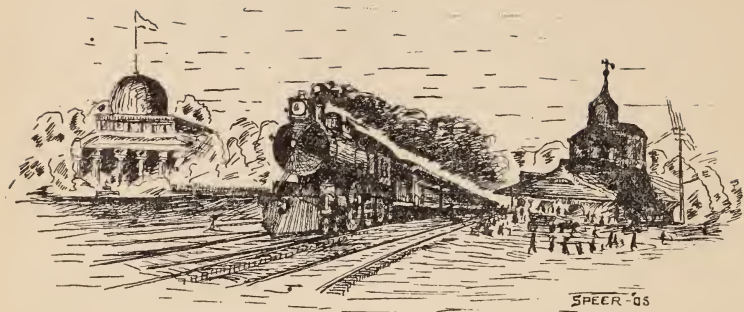
He—"God does. God loves everybody."—*Central News*.

At a table in a hotel
A youth and maiden sat;
They didn't know each other,
But what of that?

The youth picked up the sugar,
With a smile you seldom meet,
And passed to the maiden, saying,
“Sweets to the sweet.”

She picked up the crackers,
And scorn was not lacked,
As she passed them to him, saying,
“Crackers to the cracked.”

—*Ex.*



Local Department

A. E. HOLMAN, }
R. F. GOODING, }

EDITORS

Ere this issue comes from press, the horrors of all College students—examinations—will be upon us. Many of us will have frowning faces until the dreaded things are over, but we sincerely hope that these frowns will be turned into smiles of pleasure, and that to the roll-call we can all answer “Here.”

The corner-stone of the new Agricultural Hall will be laid January 19th, by the Masonic Order. Speeches will be made by Grand Master John R. Ballenger, of Bamberg; Senator B. R. Tillman, of the Board of Trustees; and Col. J. S. Newman, of the Faculty.

Mr. J. H. Kinsler, one of our old graduates, spent a few days with us on his way to Washington, D. C. He is now in charge of the government experiments of tea culture in Texas.

Cadet Lipscomb (with tears in his eyes): “They are all

against me! All! all! Even my room-mate is trying to ship me!"

Prof. Newman, Professor of Agriculture at the University of Arkansas, spent the holidays with his father, Col. J. S. Newman, of this place.

Cadet Roberts: "They tell me Tom Perrin has a good job selling *humiliators*" (humidifiers).

A flinch party was given by Mrs. Mell during the holidays for the boys that remained up here. Though the fair sex was a little in the minority, the evening was very pleasantly spent.

Mr. George B. Hardin, of Washington, D. C., one of our alumni, spent the holidays with his father, Col. M. B. Hardin.

Cadet Chunk: "Say, Joe, you look like one of those fellows that drive a hansom."

Cadet Joel Alexander Weir: "I always thought I was a handsome fellow—aha, ha, ha!—Didn't I break it off in 'Chunk!' "

Rat R—, being reported for talking in room after taps, respectfully stated that he was saying his prayers.

Mrs. Houston is on the hill, visiting her son, Prof. Houston, of the Civil Engineering Department.

Cadet Felder: "Good gracious, Hall, you been working on that design since time *in memoriam*!"

Come up to "D" Co. hall and be hypnotized by the new hypnotist, Cadet Percy Elias.

Prof. Earle (explaining to class): "‘C-a-n-t-i-l-e-v-e-r,’ not *can’t I leave her.*’"

Cadet Maxwell: "I'd like to borrow an electrical bell for a few minutes."

Prof. Riggs, of Electrical Department: "Do you want one rung by a battery or hand?"

Prof. Lewis recently astounded us with the statement that 14,000 feet is a little less than one-fourth of a mile.

Prof. Earle: "Gentlemen, are there any questions?"

Cadet Wier: "Professor, what is the lesson to-day?"

Cadet McWilliams: "The ladies say they like to kiss me just to see how it tastes."

Cadet Felder: "They have a durn sight more curiosity than I have."

What the Moon Saw

AN UNFINISHED TALE.

SCENE I. Clear, cold, moonlight night during holidays. Two figures wrapped up snugly in an open buggy drawn by a rapidly moving horse. The figures are, a pretty little brunette, with a university cap, by whose side sits a uniformed cadet. No sound save that of the horse's hoofs on the frozen ground. Only one of cadet's hands necessary to guide the horse—his other hand shows uneasiness and great concern. The pretty little brunette shivers, and—

"Stop!" she suddenly cries.

The horse, jerked up so quickly, wonders at the sharp command.

"What's the matter?"

"You hateful thing!"

"Well, didn't I do what you told me?"

"Please go on."

"Eh (get up), yum, yum, yum—"

With a spirited little jerk the cap draws itself away from the uniform. "Sir, I want you to understand—"

(Nothing save the eloquent silence of a uniformed back.)

SCENE II. The same. Ten minutes later.

Cap: "Tom, are you really angry?"

"Don't bother me while I'm building air castles."

"What air castles?"

"I'm building about the girl to whom I can express my feelings by actions."

Slight pause.

Soft, pleading, little hand timidly placed on uniform's sleeve.

"Well, here's one then, Tom."

(The moon tells no tales.) Curtain.

Sentinel (inspecting): "Any Senior Electricals in this room?"

Rat: "No, sir, I haven't got any of them in here."

Cadet Southard to Prof. Rawl: "This subject of *cowry* is such a broad and deep one that we can't begin to do it justice in what little time we've got to put on it."

Class Foot Ball Games

In the first class game of the season, the Sub-Freshman were defeated by the Freshman by a score of 22 to 0. The game was a good one and showed that we have some good material for next year.

The Preps. kicked off and the Fresh. by steady work brought the ball back for a touch-down. They succeeded in accomplishing this feat twice more before the first half was over.

In the second half the Fresh. kicked off. The Sub-Fresh. lost the ball on downs, and the Fresh. scored another touch-down. Then the game became interesting. The Freshman took the ball to the Sub-Fresh. five yard line, but there the Preps. rallied bravely, and held them for downs. They kicked to the middle of the field. The ball was first in possession of one, then of the other, until the end of the half.

Arthur, the Fresh. Captain, handled his team well, and the running and interference of Smith and Agnew was something fine. Camp played a magnificent game for the Preps. His terrific line plunging would have done credit to an old hand at the business.

The line-up was as follows:

<i>Fresh.</i>	<i>Position.</i>	<i>Sub-Fresh.</i>
DuBose.....	Center.....	Martin
Gantt.....	Right Guard.....	Simpson
Carter.....	Left Guard.....	Arrington
Holster.....	Right Tackle.....	Means
Hook.....	Left Tackle.....	Garrott
Zemp.....	Right End.....	Harris
Ellis	Left End.....	Poag
Agnew.....	Right Half Back.....	Cutts
Smith.....	Left Half Back.....	Haigler
Brock.....	Full Half Back.....	Camp
Arthur (Capt.).....	Quarter Back.....	Waters (Capt.)

Soph-Junior Game

The above tells the tale of one of the hardest fought class games ever played at Clemson. The Sophs. had a little

advantage in weight, but the teams were otherwise evenly matched.

The line-up was as follows :

<i>Junior.</i>	<i>Position.</i>	<i>Scph.</i>
Parks.....	Right Guard.....	Summers
Routh.....	Right Tackle.....	Boesch
Ballinger.....	Right End.....	Gelzer
Alford.....	Left Guard.....	Wilbur
Speer.....	Left Tackle.....	Sitton
Goggans	Left End	Killian
Simpson.....	Center Rush.....	Rouch
Williams.....	Quarter.....	Crawford
Jones.....	Right Half.....	Woodruff
Brodie.....	Left Half.....	Walker
Blake.....	Full Back.....	Dendy

Well Deserved Praise of a Good Man

THE CHRONICLE believes in giving credit during lifetime of benefactors—not in waiting until a man is dead to tell of his good deeds. Therefore, it takes pleasure in reprinting a part of an article from *The State's* Spartanburg correspondent in a recent issue of that newspaper :

“On one occasion *The State's* correspondent was in conversation with Mr. Garriss in the latter's office. Noticing an enlarged portrait of a man hanging directly over the desk of the magistrate, the question was asked, ‘Who is that?’ Mr. Garriss replied, ‘That is Augustus Schilleter, of Clemson College, and I always take genuine pleasure in telling who is to any one who inquires; he is my benefactor.’ The news-gatherer's face expressed unsatisfied curiosity in its homely make-up; but without awaiting this, his friend continued, paying a beautiful tribute to the man who deserves the nice things which are said about him. Mr. Schil-

letter is at the head of the commissary at Clemson. He is a German of fine character and wide range of information, and a good judge of human nature. John S. Garris entered Clemson College a raw, fresh country youth, hampered to a great degree in his struggle for education by lack of funds. He was determined to get an education, however, and it was not long until he became an interesting study for the officer of the Commissary Department. By the help of that individual he managed to complete his course of four years at Clemson, graduating high in his studies, and without this help he positively averred, during the conversation above mentioned, he would never have secured his diploma. After graduating, and at the time materially indebted to his generous friend, Mr. Schilleter, he was asked by the latter one day: 'What are you going to make out of yourself?' He replied: 'I want to be a lawyer.' His benefactor then told him to select any law college he chose, and he (Schilleter) would advance him the money to get through. He picked on Georgetown, and at this historic institution he completed his professional course. He was fortunate enough, by diligent application to business and honest, honorable dealings since that time, to return the monetary amount of indebtedness involved, but the debt of gratitude was an eternal obligation, gladly, freely, cheerfully, publicly acknowledged by the recipient. Not only in his own instance was the good work of Mr. Schilleter cited, but he stated that he knew other boys who owe the fact that they secured a collegiate education to this man. This is given as an instance of the integral parts which contributed to the sum total of making the deceased a manly, honorable, high-toned young man."

Christmas Dance

On the evening of December 22d, the Clemson German

Club gave its Christmas dance. The managers of the Club have a happy knack of making each succeeding dance exceed the preceding one, and this time they did not fail. Promptly at 9 o'clock the College Orchestra started one of their resistless waltzes, and the couples glided over the floor in perfect unison until the wee small hours of the night. This dance is one long to be remembered and held dear in the memory of the Clemson boys.

Young ladies present were: Miss Plowman, Miss Mattie D. Kyser, of Opelika, Ala.; Sadie Wheeler, Annie Wheeler, Marie DeCamp, Elizabeth Grace, of Greenville, S. C.; Edith Fort, Mrs. Chas. D. Chaderic, of Gaffney, S. C.; Leora Douthit, Sue Crawford, of Pendleton, S. C.; Bessie Norris, of Central, S. C.; Neila Sloan, Sara Furman, Sue Lewis, of Clemson; Mayme Ravenel, of Converse College; Annie Prevost, Mary Lee Brazeale, Eubank Taylor, of Anderson, S. C.; Maud Douthit, Eliza Crawford, of Pendleton, S. C.; Myrtle Gaffney, Ethel Sarrat, of Gaffney, S. C.; Mr. and Mrs. Griswol, of Clemson, S. C.; Dr. and Mrs. James, of Clemson, S. C.

Gentlemen: Mr. Ernest Watkins, Reid Sherard, Joe Fretwell, of Anderson, S. C.; T. Eugene Watkins, of Auburn, Ala.; Joe Cunningham, of Anderson, S. C.; Jim Slattery, of Greenville, S. C.; C. Bruce Hagood, of Easley, S. C.

Cadets: Sam T. Hill, V. M. Williams, Joel A. Wier, Jno. Gelzer, Jr.; I. H. Morehead, J. H. Williams, E. Allison Thornwell, Sam I. Felder, G. W. McIver, W. L. Templeton, J. A. Gelzer, R. L. Riggs, J. H. Rodgers, David H. Hill, J. Hugh Barksdale, Samuel L. Fort, R. D. Graham, Jno. Maxwell, W. Hall Crawford, Earle H. Jones, Prof. B. H. Rawl, Prof. J. N. Gantt, D. H. Henry, of Clemson.

Chaperones: Prof. and Mrs. W. M. Riggs, Prof. and Mrs. Brackett, Mrs. C. M. Furman, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Lewis, of Clemson.

German efficiently led by Mr. Ernest Watkins, of Anderson.

Refreshments: Chicken salad, ham sandwiches, Dalline crackers, coffee, cocoa, English cake, cream puffs, French waffles.

Clemson College Directory

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L. E. BOYKIN,
E. A. THORNWELL, } - - - - - EDITORS

Work

All the world's a stage.—*Shakespeare.*

Work is the law of Creator,
And should be the law of His best;
Partakers of His theater,
Shall likewise partake of His rest.

Does College Education Pay?

Some time ago an interesting article appeared in one of the leading magazines taking up the question as to whether it profits a young man to spend four years and the requisite

money in getting a college education, since so many college graduates fail in life, and so many non-graduates achieve success and even greatness. It is easy enough to cite notable examples one way or the other, and it is easy enough, too, to find men of education, as well as others, who will tell you that you had better spend your four years and your money in some more profitable way.

So prominent an educator as Dr. Daniel C. Gilmer, once president of Johns Hopkins University, is on record as having said that "Notwithstanding the long experience of the human race, it is surprising to see how many people despise the college-bred man, and how few college graduates are to be found in the halls of legislation."

Mr. Grant Allen, too, took upon himself to arraign college training, in an article some years ago in *The Cosmopolitan*. We quote a brief passage: "In my opinion, a father who has sons and daughters of the proper age to go to college, will do better by his children, and not less economically for himself, if he send them for two years of travel in Europe than if he sends them for three years to an American or English university." Sight-seeing is certainly to be considered as education in a sense, but what one gets in college training is so different in its effects upon the individual that there is hardly any sound basis for comparison.

Coming nearer home, a no less honored educator than Dr. James H. Carlisle, for so long President of Wofford College, is reported to have said that if a man had money enough to send his son to college for only one year, he would advise the father to spend the money in letting the son travel, instead of taking the year in college. Dr. Carlisle is not recorded as having said what he thought as to a full four years' course as compared with travel upon an equivalent expense.

Now, the opinions of such prominent men certainly de-

serve consideration; but conclusions based upon facts are more worthy of consideration than those based upon opinions of even the most prominent thinkers. Facts and figures, especially the latter, are not always good criteria upon which to base conclusions, for figures skilfully manipulated can be made to prove almost anything. The following facts and figures, however, taken from a reliable source, are worthy of consideration as showing what educated men in this country have done and are doing, in comparison with those who are not college trained.

Since the foundation of this nation, and even in the establishment of the nation, a comparatively large proportion of the highest positions of honor and trust have been filled by men who have had college education. John Hancock, the President of the Congress of 1776, which declared independence of Great Britain, was a graduate of Harvard College; and of the five men constituting a committee to draw up a declaration of the independence of the colonies, three, or 60 per cent., were college graduates—Jefferson, Adams and Livingston. One of these was the actual writer of the document, and another, its ablest defender. We refer to Jefferson and Adams, respectively. Eleven of the twenty Presidents—that is, fifty-five per cent., have been college graduates, and fifty-four per cent. of the occupants of the Vice-President's chair have been college-bred men.

Over twenty-eight per cent. of the Secretaries of State; fifty per cent. of the Secretaries of War; fifty per cent. of the Secretaries of the Treasury; fifty-two per cent. of the Secretaries of the Interior; fifty-two per cent. of the Attorney Generals; fifty-two per cent. of the Postmaster Generals; sixty-six per cent. of the Chief Justices, and sixty-nine per cent. of all the Justices of the Supreme Court have been graduates of different colleges in the land.

In the recent United States Senate, thirty-six per cent.

of the Senators, and thirty-six per cent. of the House of Representatives had college diplomas. Thirty years ago, college graduates formed thirty-two per cent. of the lower house, and forty-six per cent. of the upper, and a writer on this subject asks if there are not those who feel that there has been a decrease in the statesmanship and efficiency of the Senate corresponding to the decrease from forty-six per cent. to thirty-six per cent.

The writer referred to is Prof. John Carleton Jones, of the University of Missouri, who had an article in *The Forum* some time since, from which some of these facts are taken.

A remarkable fact brought out by Prof. Jones' paper is that the proportion of graduates increases in direct ratio to the importance of the office, considering elective and appointive offices separately. In the case of appointive offices, the order according to percentage of college graduates is Chief Justices, Justices, Attorney Generals, Secretaries of State, etc. The further fact is also shown that a larger percentage of graduate appointments and elections is made every year. These percentages may appear small at first blush, but the proportion of college graduates to all other men must be considered.

Appleton's Encyclopedia of American Biography says that of the 15,000 distinguished names recorded therein, 5,000 are college graduates. It is usually estimated that about 150,000 men have graduated from American colleges since the foundation of the colonies, and that one in every thirty of these has "reached distinction." College graduates, according to Prof. Jones, number about one per cent. of the adult male population, consequently the non-graduates for the same period would number 15,000,000, of which vast multitude only 10,000 have done work which "reached distinction" and "received recognition" in a standard encyclopedia of biography. In short, only one in every 1,500 non-graduates

has achieved distinctions, while one in every thirty graduates has had equal fortune. This seems to us to be a most eloquent appeal and argument for college training. Certain it is that in taking time to prepare for his life work by submitting to four years of college training and discipline, mental and otherwise, the American youth is increasing his chances for success fifty fold. Then it seems to us that the question, "Does College Education Pay?" must be answered in the affirmative, even if we consider the mere worldly success of the graduate. He is certainly more able to cope with the forces of nature, and with his fellow-man, in earning a living and in taking prominent place in the life of his community, and State, and country. But man does not live by bread alone, nor can one's success in life be measured solely by one's reputation and position, for life often succeeds wherein it seems to fail. We live in deeds largely, and the success of the college graduate must be judged by the fact that he is made the possessor of larger and fuller and fitter means for the discharge of the obvious relations of life, business and otherwise, and for the higher concerns of life as well. College education, beyond doubt, renders the recipient's mind more elastic and adaptable, it broadens and deepens his view of life, and should render him more practical in the most comprehensive sense of the word.

Results achieved in the past strengthen this view, and if future results do not do so, then we must look to see if the schools are giving the right *sort* of education, before saying education does not pay.

A. B. B.

Welded by Dan Cupid

Yes, fate had played them a strange, strange trick. Here at the very beginning of the new century, a most famous

feud had been blotted out and two prominent young men, each of whom had inherited a hatred for the other, had become reconciled and been elected to the two highest offices in the State.

The feud was an old and bitter one. Way back in the '30's, Wilfred Hayne and Joseph Wren had quarreled over politics, and what began in a mere fuss, ended in a fight, and this was followed by a celebrated murder trial, in which Hayne was acquitted of the murder of Wren. The lie had been passed, and in the fight which ensued, Wren had been killed. It was a horrible affair, but clearly one of self-defense, and after a long trial, the jury returned the expected verdict, "Not guilty." Then the party in the State split up, and for the next seventy years there was a Wren faction and a Hayne faction.

But enough for the feud. It was handed down, and fate seemed to favor its continuance forever. In the year 1900, a perfectly natural event changed the whole status and wiped out the factions which had so long existed. And here is where my story properly begins.

When the class of '85 graduated at the State University, there were two men in it who had never spoken to each other. Their names were Wilfred Hayne, Jr., and Joseph Wren, Jr. Both were leaders, and between them the honors of the school were pretty evenly divided. Both had friends and both had enemies. Little did either know that when Kate Wren, the eight-year-old sister of Wren, kissed him at the graduating exercises, she began what was afterwards known as the "healing of the breach." Young Hayne was not an envious fellow, but he had no sister, and he envied Wren that kiss. His life had been a lonely one, in a way, and he had had very little to do with girls.

When the class walked out of the old chapel for the last time, three cheers were given for each member by the under-

graduates, and the class separated. Several lingered around the door talking to friends, and among these were Wren and Hayne. Hayne saw Wren standing near him, holding his little sister's hand. He slowly and reluctantly walked to where they were. "Wren," said he, "we have never spoken at college, but before we go, I want to shake hands." Wren took the proffered hand, and with a silent handshake the two parted—not friends, but not enemies.

Both entered upon the practice of law and both were successful. Both entered politics, and by the time they were thirty-five, were recognized leaders in their respective factions. At that time both were in the State Senate and both were being mentioned for Governor. And thus we find them at the dawning of the new century—political enemies, but on speaking terms.

Wren had married long ago, but Hayne had not forgotten Wren's sister, and his habitual quiet way had not attracted many girls. He seemed satisfied with his life, and many people had wondered at it. Others didn't seem to care, and the majority never thought of it. They only knew him as Hayne, the Senator from Loudown, or Col. Hayne's son.

In the fall of '99, Hayne attended the annual State ball for the first time. He soon became tired of the ball room and walked out on the veranda. He had seated himself quietly and was smoking, when he heard a rustle of skirts behind him and, turning, saw Mr. and Mrs. Wren entering the ball room. He resumed his seat, but presently he was interrupted by a hand being placed upon his shoulder. He turned and saw that it was Wren. Hayne was surprised, of course, but spoke formally and shook hands. Wren led him away to the far end of the veranda, and after a few preliminary remarks, came to his point. "Hayne," he said, "you and I have been enemies. Your family and mine have never forgotten the old dispute, and our State has never been

united since the breach occurred. You made the advance the day we graduated, and now it's my time. I want to present you to my wife and sister." Before Hayne could utter a word, he was hurried through the ball room and presented to his old enemy's wife and sister. Soon the music began, and Hayne and Miss Wren danced off together. Both were handsome, and it is needless to say that this couple attracted the attention of every person in the room.

After that night Hayne called to see Miss Wren several times, and, although the two rivals became avowed candidates for the governorship, Hayne's visits did not cease. The night before the convention met, he called and was met at the door by Wren himself. They shook hands and were soon talking of everything—except politics. In a few moments Miss Wren came down and her brother discreetly withdrew.

After they had talked for some minutes upon general subjects, Hayne pulled his chair around and sat facing the girl whom he knew he loved. "Miss Wren," he began, after some hesitation, "your brother and I are candidates for the governorship. To-morrow decides which shall win, and I have come to-night to tell you that I cannot control the convention, but," he faltered, "even in defeat I want to tell you that I love you and ask you to become my wife. I intend fighting to the last, and although I shall very likely be defeated, no one shall ever accuse me of giving up."

Kate leaned over and slipped her hand in his. "If my brother consents, your request is granted. If you had given up, you would not be the man I have learned to love, despite all the past bitterness and present circumstances."

He rose, then stooped and kissed her, and in a moment they were in Wren's private office, and Hayne was speaking once more: "Wren, I know you will be surprised to know that your sister and I love each other and that, with your

consent, she has promised to be my wife. But before you answer, I want to tell you that I am not going to withdraw from the race to-morrow, and that politically we are still enemies."

Wren lit his cigar and sat looking thoughtfully at his rival and at his sister. Finally, he extended his hand to Hayne and spoke to both of them with marked feeling: "Hayne, if you were not the man you are, I would be forced to refuse you. As it is, I can only bless you with a sweet woman and a loving sister. Take her, and whoever wins to-morrow, you can rest assured that you have my highest admiration and warmest friendship. And as for you," he said, turning to Kate, "there." And he gently kissed her.

The happy pair went back into the parlor. Mr. Wren called his wife and told her about it, and she went right into the parlor and kissed them both. That night she and Mr. Wren talked until unusually late and were as happy as the two in the parlor.

Hayne stayed rather late for a bachelor, and when he kissed Kate good-bye, she looked up at him, and said, "I hope you'll win."

"I have won," he said, "a prize far more desirable than a thousand governorships." He turned and strode slowly down the walk and out the gate, and as he entered the hotel that night he was heard whistling an old love song.

* * * * *

The convention met at twelve the next day, and it was noticed that all the delegates were in their places. Everything was close, but on the first ballot for Chairman, the Wren faction had been victorious. Hayne knew that he was beaten. He had thought so for some time, but he was determined to fight to the last. He looked up in the gallery and saw Kate, and smiled to see that she wore a large bunch of violets, which he had sent her early that morning.

When the routine business had been performed, and the platform disposed of, the Chairman announced that nominations would now be heard for the Democratic nominee for Governor.

"Mr. Chairman"—There were several on their feet, but every one was amazed when the Chairman smiled and said, "The chair recognizes Mr. Joseph Wren, of Clark."

Mr. Wren started softly: "Mr. Chairman, about sixty years ago, a difficulty arose between two prominent families, and as a result, my grand-father was killed. Since then there have been two factions in this State—the Wren faction and the Hayne faction. Their fights have been bitter, and when Mr. Hayne announced his candidacy for the governorship of the State, I immediately announced mine. I felt that it was my duty to my faction and to my family. Last night, however, an event happened over which I had no control, and as a result, I wish to announce as the leader of my faction, that those two factions exist no longer. The feud which caused them has been terminated by a power higher than all passions of hatred. Love has overcome what time could only stimulate, and by the engagement of Mr. Hayne to my sister, the Democratic power has been reunited."

Here the delegates for the first time caught the meaning of his words, and all eyes were centered upon the speaker.

"In conclusion," he continued, "I wish to say that even love could not make my opponent give up the fight he knew was hopeless, and that as a result of his manliness and his resolute determination in such a hopeless fight, he has won my everlasting friendship. I wish, therefore, to nominate for the highest office in this grand old State a man of sterling qualities and genuine honesty. I nominate for Governor, Wilfred Hayne, Jr., of Loudown."

Thunderous applause greeted the nomination, and while

some one moved to make it unanimous, Wren walked over and seized Hayne by the hand. Wren was soon afterwards nominated for Lieutenant-Governor, and he and Hayne walked from the hall arm in arm.

The two men were met on the outside by Kate and Mrs. Wren. Kate threw her arms around her brother's neck and kissed him. "Oh, you dear old boy," was all she could say, and Hayne was once more envious of a kiss.

A few months afterwards the Governor carried a bride away from old Clarke County and took her to live in an executive mansion. Four years later, when Senator Hayne and his wife turned the executive mansion over to Mr. and Mrs. Wren, they took a precious treasure with them. He was just two years old, and when one would ask him his name, he would turn his big eyes full upon him and say, in the sweetest kind of way, "Joseph Wren Hayne." He was a wonder and blessed the woman who had ended the feud of the Wrens and Haynes.

HENRY C. TILLMAN, '03.

The Purpose of a Life

What an age of opportunities is this! How much there is to be done! And what a chance *we* have to do something! The possibilities which open up before us to-day are such as have never been had by the people of any other race or time. And yet we never stop to think of our opportunities and to allow ourselves to appreciate the advantages which we have over all others who have preceded us. When, in the world's history, has any other generation of youths had the advantages of education, of moral training, of broadening influences, and of the inspiration which we young Americans have to-day? The great men of the past, who have achieved the fame that we so marvel at, had difficulties

to overcome which are almost inconceivable to us who have so few and who are so favored in our positions. Then, if those men who have had so many things to hinder and retard them, have accomplished such great things, what should we accomplish? If Demosthenes, and Martin Luther, and Sir Isaac Newton, and Calhoun have accomplished so much in their different spheres of life and in their respective ages, in spite of the many difficulties which they have had to overcome, what should we do—we who have so few drawbacks and who are so favored by Providence?

But some timid and doubting youth may say or think that all the great things of the world have been done already; that all the sciences have been established; that all the discoveries have been made; that there are no occasions now that demand the highest degree of oratory or require perfection in the different professions of life. The one who thinks *that*, has not the inspiration to do great things, and if I could inspire in him an earnest desire to do something that would place him on a plane high above the every day man, I should be sure that he would make a success of this life. What are we here for? Is it to be born into the world and to live for a few short years with no purpose in view except merely to exist during that short time, and then to die and be forgotten? No! We are here that we may have an opportunity to be a benefit to the human race, and to help it toward that state of perfection that will exist at the dawn of the millennium; and unless we do accomplish something that will live when these poor mortal bodies are gone, we have lost our opportunities, and have not fulfilled our missions. The words of the poet are ever true and inspiring:

“The lives of great men all remind us

We can make our lives sublime,

And departing leave behind us

Footprints on the sands of time.”

L., '04.

Dedie's Roses

Great masses of roses covered the wall and grew in rank profusion along the roadside, and, when I left the pony-cart and climbed the bank, I could see that the yard was filled with them, and the little cottage facing the sea, was almost hidden by their wealth of color.

Thinking that the owner would not object to my gathering a small bunch from such an abundance, I was proceeding to do so, when, from behind a bush, a little old lady appeared, her refined face delicately pink from her exertions, looking as sweet as one of the roses among which she was working.

"Please don't pick them," she said, coming forward a few steps. "Don't think I'm selfish, but they're Dedie's, and I can't let any one else have them," and with implicit faith in my obedience to her request, she returned to her work.

For a few minutes I stood and watched her deftly loosening the earth around the roots of a young rose bush, and then, feeling the guilt of a child discovered in some wrongdoing, I laid the few roses I had plucked upon the wall, and going back to the cart, drove to my friend's house, where I was visiting.

A few days later, while we were passing the garden with its rose-covered wall, the sweet old lady appeared from among the bushes, her arm full of cut roses, which she pressed against her breast.

To my friend's greeting, she replied with a pleased light of recognition in her eyes.

"Who is she?" I asked, when we had passed out of hearing; and I told the episode of yesterday.

My friend did not answer for a few moments.

"Hers is a sad story," he said at length. "Years ago, she came here, a bride, to spend her honeymoon in the little cottage which belonged to her husband. They were wealthy

and the weeks slipped by until fall, when they returned to their city home; but she loved the place so that every summer they returned here to spend a few weeks in the country, within sight of the sea. And here, one July morning, when the roses she had trained over her windows were hanging heavy with dew, a little girl came to bless the household. The husband, going to the open window, plucked a great spray of roses, and placing them on a stand by the bedside, said, 'This shall be her luck flower.' And he kissed the babe and the young mother. They named the child Edith, but she always called herself 'Dedie.'

"When the lady appeared among us the second summer after, she was accompanied by her baby only; and instead of the beautiful gowns that had been her husband's delight, she wore a widow's dress, and her dear face was haggard with grief.

"The child had grown into a little lisping tot, who followed her mother about the house and garden, which was the widow's great solace, and where she spent most of her time, only going each day to the high cliff, from which she and her husband used to watch the sun set across the ocean, and the beach where they had walked in the moonlight, two married lovers.

"The flowers that had graced the baby's entry into the world seemed to have possessed some occult charm, for never was any one more fond of roses than this child. She always carried a bouquet in her chubby hand, or wore a spray pinned on to her little pinafore, and if, by chance, she dropped one, she always stopped to pick it up.

"She was a strange child, too, with little unchildish notions and fancies that oppressed one with a feeling of eeriness. The ocean fascinated her, and oftentimes at night, when it roared upon the rocky headland, she would awake her mother and say, 'Mamma, why does the sea want me?'

Why does it keep calling to me?' Or she would sit for hours on the sand, laughing and talking to the little waves and ripples that ran up the beach.

"One evening her mother tied a little hood over the curls, and together they went down to the headland, as was their custom, the child carrying a big spray Jacqueminots. A strong wind was blowing out to sea, and the mother shielded the child in front of her. They had stood thus for some minutes, when the roses slipped from the child's hands, and the wind caught and blew them towards the edge of the cliff. She darted forward to save them, and was stooping at the very edge of the cliff to pick them up, when there came a sudden blast, she tottered on the brink for a moment, and then, grasping the spray of roses in her little hands, pitched forward into the sea.

"Her mother never returned to her city home. Winter and summer she has roses blooming in the garden or cottage, and every evening she goes to the cliff with an offering of flowers for 'Dedie's grave,' as she calls the ocean."

As we returned home that evening, my friend pointed out toward the sea. On a high point overlooking the water a lone figure was outlined against the setting sun. As we looked she raised her arms and threw a great cluster of roses out into the water, and then sank upon her knees, and with clasped hands watched them float out into the pathway of the sun.

So large a grave; so small a child.

C. E. JONES, '07.

An Evil in Disguise

The subject of this essay is chiefly the excessive tariff laws. There are two kinds of tariff, and no two things are

as different ; they are as opposite as light and darkness. One is levied for revenue ; the other to prohibit the importation of goods and thus prevent competition. The revenue tariff seeks not to exclude importation, but this is the direct object of the other. In placing duties on articles for revenue, there is a point beyond which we cannot go, and if we pass that point and impose a higher duty, it will immediately check the importation of these articles. It is this excessive tariff with which I wish to deal.

Never has there been an object, no matter how low and base, for which a seemingly plausible reason could not be found. So, in defense of a high tariff, we have advanced these arguments : First, that this competition, which is asked to be excluded, is that of foreigners. The competition is represented to be between home and foreign industry, and it is made to appear that we who oppose an excessive tariff, oppose the development of home industry. But I deny that there can be any competition between home and foreign industry. The real competition is between different branches of home industry. The simple fact, which no one can deny, is that imports are exchanged for exports. We can see plainly that the capacity of our consumers to buy from us depends in a great measure on their capacity to sell to us. They cannot buy from us, unless they can sell to some one the things that their soil, climate and natural advantages easily produce. So where a high tariff may benefit the manufacturer, it is directly detrimental to the mass of our population engaged in the great agricultural pursuits, in lumbering, in shipbuilding, in purchasing and shipping abroad our various products, and bringing home in return the products of other countries. Such is the export industry of our country, such its amount, such the sources from which it is drawn, such the variety and magnitude of its branches, that where there is one man that would profit by a protective

tariff, there are ten to whose interests it would be directly and inevitably opposed. Statistics show it.

The second plea brought forward in favor of an excessive tariff is that the manufacturing industry needs the protection afforded by the keeping out of foreign competition—that we should foster the occupations in our borders. Do we need protection, we the people of a land embodying the best virtues of a race that has made history for a thousand years, seated securely in the single largest area of fertile land upon the globe, and backed by all the mighty resources of a continent stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific—should we in face of these facts ask the protection of any government? Why can we not meet the world in fair and open competition? Why should we isolate ourselves by such selfish and unfair laws?

Moreover, this is not the real meaning of the cry that comes so ostensibly from the manufacturing corporations. It is a cry against low prices. They ask the government to keep out all competition, that they may buy raw material at their own prices, that they may force others to pay prices set to suit themselves. Do they ask that a tax be laid on the rest of the country and the proceeds divided among them to make up for low prices? No; that would be too open and indefensible. How, then, do they ask it to be done? By putting down competition, by the imposition of duties on the products of others in order to give them the exclusion of the market. Stripped of its disguise, it is but the levying of a tax on other parts of the nation for their benefit; it is but the emptying of the pockets of the masses of the American people into their hands. Call it what you please, but it is tribute, it is levy, it is exaction, it is monopoly and plunder.

This question has been of vital importance to our republic for the last three-quarters of a century. Bill after bill has entered the legislative chambers of our government clothed

in this same disguise. And when an opportunity offered, their supporters have wrapped about them a new cloak, claiming that they wanted the duties imposed for revenue. But, I ask, why do they lay the tax on the things they sell and not on what they buy? They arrange it so that they will gain and never lose.

As well as I can put it, this is excessive tariff. I shall now trace some of the effects of such laws on our nation and leave for others to decide whether or not they are detrimental to our nation's prosperity. We shall consider first their effects on combined capital or the trusts, next on the people, and lastly on our government.

An excessive or protective tariff is the father of the trusts. By shutting out all foreign competition, it leaves the way open for the great moneyed men of the North to combine their capital into mighty trusts. It encourages them to join their different establishments in great corporations, which by sheer force crush out all competition at home. When this is done, they run their business to suit their own pockets; they fix the wages of the laboring man, they buy raw material at their own price, and place the price of their manufactured goods at just what they believe consumers can be forced to pay. They are but bringing the American people to poverty while they lock their own millions in their secure iron vaults. When this is true, what is becoming of our democratic and liberty-loving people?

The imposition of an excessive tariff means the rise of a mighty moneyed aristocracy, and the rise of an aristocracy means the destruction of our democracy; the two cannot stand together; where one reigns the other must perish. Put the industrial system of this nation in the hands of a few men, let them control the sources of production and hand out daily bread to all the rest on such terms as they prescribe, and what will become of those grand old ideas on which rests

our government—this “government of the people, by the people, and for the people?” Yes, the precious rights of the American citizen will be dragged down to the low and degraded level of dollars and cents. Let these men keep on in their course of raising the tariff higher and higher, and we will be thrown out of our happy and prosperous occupations. And a not far distant generation will see us struggling and groping under the oppression of a mighty industrial aristocracy, which is trying to extort the last penny from our pockets. It shall see the people of this commonwealth cheated, and swindled, and oppressed and trodden under foot by a few tyrannical money-kings. It shall see our government descend from its high appointed duty and become their agent to extort, under the guise of protection, tribute from the rest of the nation. It shall see our long cherished democratic principles, the hope and light of the world, ground beneath the heel of mercenary tyrants. We must maintain our prosperity, and if this be prosperity, then the excessive tariff laws are the laws for our nation.

O. M. ROBERTS, '04.

One of the Welldigger's Tales

“When I used to live in Pennsylvania,” began Adam Bede, as he and his partner, Joe Simms, started to dig Samuel's well, over at the crossing, “when I used to live in Pennsylvania, I dug a well for a man named Martin, about three miles the other side of Eastville, in Gordon County. It was one of my boasts that I could throw from a well twenty feet deep, and further, that I always got water, no matter how deep I had to go for it within limits. And this time, Joe, this time over there at Martin's, I dug up a whole river of water.” Joe did not say anything for some time,

but presently stopped work, leaned on his shovel and spat on the side of the well.

"Well," said he, "what did you do with it?"

"We did nothing at all with it," replied Adam, "the trouble was it did us."

"How was that?" asked Joe.

"Well, you see," Adam continued, "it was this way that the thing happened. Simon Kite was digging with me then, and Simon had gone to dinner at the top of the well. We had gone pretty deep on that digging—about six feet deeper than I ever went before. I was digging away down there with my pick in hard clay, and had the bucket by me nearly full. Thinks I, 'I am going out of here and rest awhile,' and with that, I come down with my pick for a good one, so it would catch in the clay, and—you can shoot me—but the thing went right on through and disappeared." Joe paused in his work at this point, and leaned on his spade again. "Yes, and before I knew it," Adam continued, "the place I was standing on gave way, and down I went, and splash I fell into a stream of water about four feet deep. I raised up, shook the water from my eyes and looked up at the break. I was just a wondering how I was going to reach the ledge six feet above me, when I heard a crack, and down came the remaining ledge and the ladder and Simon and all with it. The ladder struck me on my right leg and put me under water again. When I raised up, Simon was standing there beside me a rubbing the water out of his eyes."

"What in the thunder is the matter, Adam?" he blubbered.

"The bottom of the tub fell out with us," I replied, "and now we are in it."

"Simon looked upwards awhile and then laughed and said to me, 'Adam, we got water this time, I am thinking, and

more than enough to drink ; but how are we going to get out of this thing ?”

“I don’t know,” I replied.

“Just then Simon said, ‘I have it ; I can climb up as far as the ladder reaches and then catch hold of the rope and climb out hand over hand.’

“I agreed with him, and Simon started up the ladder. I followed, but had gotten only one-half the way up when my hurt leg gave me so much pain I had to stop—my right leg, the one the ladder fell on, you remember. I yelled to Simon that I could not come on, and he said he would go on up to the top and then let a rope down for me. I sat down on the ladder and watched him. He reached the rope and went up hand over hand. It was lucky we tied a good strip in the rope to keep it from slipping through the pulley, or we would have been in that well until to-day. He reached the top and hauled up the bucket of clay, then let it down for me. I put one foot in the bucket and held on to the rope with both hands, and he pulled me to the top. When I got out I was so chilled I could not stand up, and I took sick that next day.”

“Hum,” said Joe ; “nough to make you quit well diggin’.”

The Clemson College Chronicle

FOUNDED BY CLASS OF 1898

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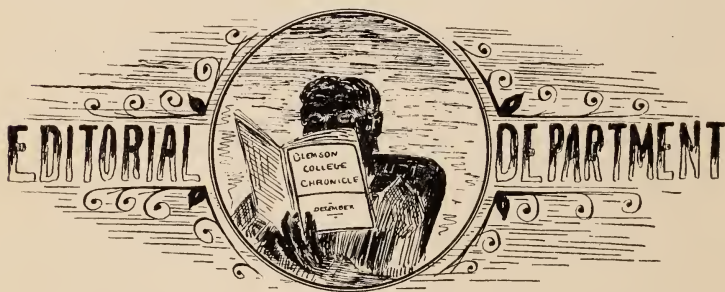
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V. B. HALL, - - - - - EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Baseball

The short season of athletic inactivity has passed and the time of training and preparation for the spring baseball games is upon us.

The outlook for a successful season is bright, albeit we have

been unfortunate in losing not only our coach, but also four of the members of last year's splendid team. It now seems that this small deficit in the number of experienced players is likely to be filled without any great trouble or inconvenience, since mitts and balls and bats are being brought out in great numbers, and already quite a little army of young aspirants are presenting themselves on the field for practice.

With the sympathy and support of the whole student body, and with our most enviable record at stake, there is no reason why the team of '04 should not follow the precedent set by former teams,—and so long as she does this, we will not complain.

**The
Clemson
Club**

Dr. Mell recently received a letter from a Clemson graduate now residing in New York City, informing him of the organization, by a number of our alumni, of a "Clemson Club," the object of which, the letter states, is a continuance of the associations begun at Clemson, by :

"Promoting education by papers and discussions.

"Promoting good fellowship among Clemson men here.

"Promoting the welfare of Clemson College and Clemson men in every way possible."

We believe that an excellent move is on foot. We have, stationed here and there over the United States, quite a number of little "colonies" of old Clemson men, and if all these "colonies" could just be organized under one great head, with a sub-division or "chapter" or "lodge" in each of our larger cities, there is no telling the good results that would emanate—good results along both social and educational lines. Every Clemson graduate should feel a deep personal interest in the welfare and development of this novel scheme and should feel it incumbent upon him to lend every means in his power to facilitate its growth. We wish to take this occasion to offer the services of THE CHRONICLE.

If at any time we can be of use, either as a medium of "advertising" the club or as a means of inter-communication, we shall be glad of the chance to lend a helping hand.

We sincerely hope that the move thus begun will be continued until all the alumni of Clemson College shall be united into one great consolidated band, whose motto is "Good fellowship, love for one another, and love for old Clemson."

* * * * *

The work of organization seems to be progressing rapidly. Close upon the heels of the pioneer beginning in New York City comes the opening of "The Washington Chapter of the Clemson Alumni Association." We quote in full an article in the *Sunday News*, giving notice of the formation of this new chapter.

To the Editor of *The Sunday News*: For some months past the need of an organization of the Clemson Alumni in this city has become more and more felt. Our men have done well in all the positions requiring scientific training that they have filled, and in consequence our number has increased very rapidly. We have here the largest number of alumni in any city, with good prospects of a steady increase. To meet together and work harmoniously for the good of Clemson and to renew the pleasant acquaintances of former days will bring pleasure to every loyal son of Clemson who happens to cast his lot in Washington.

Saturday evening, January 23, saw the beginning of the Washington Chapter of the Clemson Alumni Association. The meeting was held in the reception room of the Hon. A. F. Lever, M. C., from the Seventh District of South Carolina. Mr. M. E. Zeigler was elected temporary chairman of the meeting, and G. H. Swygert temporary secretary. Plans for organization were discussed at some length and the following officers were elected for the present term of six months: E. T. Hughes, President; M. E. Zeigler, Vice-Pres-

isident; T. B. Young, Secretary, and G. H. Swygert, Treasurer. Senator Tillman and Congressman Lever were elected honorary members in appreciation of the great work they are doing for Clemson.

After the meeting Mr. Lever asked the club to accompany him to the Engel Hotel, where refreshments were served. The next meeting will be held in Mr. Lever's room, on January 30.

The following classes are represented by the following members:

1896—J. F. Breazeale, Anderson County, assistant bureau of soils, United States Department of Agriculture; A. M. Chreitzberg, Charleston County, in Southern Railway office; B. R. Tillman, Jr., Edgefield County, lawyer and private secretary to Senator Tillman.

1898—J. A. McCreary, Anderson County, electrical draftsman, Navy Department; G. H. Swygert, Lexington County, draftsman, Navy Department; A. D. Talbert, Edgefield County, clerk, Department of Commerce and Labor.

1900—S. D. Pearman, Anderson County, clerk, Census Bureau.

1901—E. T. Hughes, Orangeburg County, assistant soil expert, bureau of soils, Department of Agriculture; G. F. Klugh, Greenwood County, assistant expert, drug and medicinal plant investigation, bureau of plant industry, Department of Agriculture.

1902—Geo. Hardin, Oconee County, scientific aid, Department of Agriculture; Geo. F. Mitchell, Charleston County, scientific aid, tea culture investigation, bureau of plant industry, Department of Agriculture; M. E. Zeigler, Orangeburg County, private secretary to Congressman Lever.

1903—J. C. Wylie, Chester County, electrical draftsman, Navy Department; T. B. Young, Florence County, scientific

aid, drug and medicinal plant, investigation bureau of plant industry, Department of Agriculture.

J. F. BREAZEALE,
G. F. KLUGH.

Washington, January 29, 1904.

Who will be next?

"Prep" It has so long been the custom of nearly all colleges throughout the country to maintain, in addition to the four regular college classes, a "preparatory" or "fitting" department, that now-a-days the real expediency of such a department is rarely ever denied, and the custom has come to be a matter of course. But, looking at the matter from the viewpoint of reason, a thinking man cannot help realizing that the question is at least debatable, *con*, as well as *pro*. We have come to a day in the educational history of our country when the traditional "back woods" and "cross roads" schools are things of the past, and in their places we have, in almost every village and town in the land, well equipped graded schools, taught by efficient instructors; and, with hardly an exception, these schools advance pupils sufficiently far in their text books as to prepare them for entering the Freshman, and, not infrequently, the Sophomore classes of most of our colleges. Why, then, should we have a preparatory class? Are the environments of a college life and the evil associations to be met with, even in the most carefully regulated institutions, more calculated to mould aright young and impressionable characters than are the influences of the home life and the tender, loving solicitude of mother and father? Hardly, we think. Then why are the young boys and girls—too young, oftentimes, even to realize the gravity and the responsibility of the step they are taking—be hurried away to college, one, and sometimes two, years

earlier than necessary? Expenses are greater, influences are undoubtedly worse, and, against these bad results, where is the compensating advantage? The student does not graduate one whit the sooner; his education is no more complete for having passed through the sub-freshman stage, when the same preparation might just as well have been made at his home; his moral character is not improved. Where, we repeat, is the advantage? And in what way does the college gain? Take, for example, our own college. Every year scores, and even hundreds, of applicants are turned away, simply for want of room; so there is no fear that we would not be able to get as many students as could be accommodated, even though the authorities should select only those prepared to enter the regular college classes. The demand for the "prep." department is undoubtedly passing, and, with it we hope to see the colleges of the country realize that it is not only a useless addition, but a positive drag upon them.

**The
Oratorical
Contest**

Again most of us are looking eagerly forward to the Annual Intercollegiate Oratorical Contest, and no little interest is being manifested in the outcome of the test. Taking into consideration the fact that Clemson College is, first of all, a scientific and industrial institution, in which things literary have ever been forced to play a second part, we have a record that no Clemson man need be ashamed of: one first honor medal, two second and a third, within four years. Our chosen representative for this year we believe to be fully competent to uphold the reputation of the college, and we entertain most sanguine expectations for his success.

The contest is to be held in Greenwood again this year, and it is to be hoped that a goodly delegation will go down from the college, to encourage and cheer our speaker into making an effort worthy of himself.



Exchange Department

S. T. HILL,
O. M. ROBERTS, }

EDITORS

Not all of our exchanges have yet reached our table. Those that have come, however, we have read with unusual care. We find them sadly deficient in stories. There are more essays than ever before during our connection with college journalism. Many of these are good—all of them are, in fact, good—in their place; but we do think that essays have been “run in the ground” in the January issues. *The College Reflector*, *The Tatler*, *The Viatorian* and others consist wholly, or almost so, of essays.

The literary department of *The Mercerian* contains only one original story. However, we must say that this story is one of the best we have read during the entire year. It is different from the usual stories of college magazines. All people are superstitious, and this story appeals to this side of our nature. It keeps the reader excited throughout. The

characters are well chosen, and the spirit of the dead husband is very artfully put into the dog, which manifests itself through his groans and eyes. The story comes to a pathetic close, which is in keeping with the story. On a whole, *The Mercerian* is very well balanced and none of its departments neglected. However, too much of the literary work is borrowed and not enough original.

Judging from outside appearances, *The Limestone Star* is an exceedingly attractive little magazine, but we must confess that we have not enjoyed it as much as usual. The first story, "'Twixt Love and Duty," is well named, well concocted and a good story. In spite of the fact that it is a love story, where the lovers have troubles, then all ends well and they live happily together ever afterwards, it holds the reader until the end. We must say, however, that the writer is either unaccustomed to writing or spent very little time on it, as we find many poor sentences, quotation marks omitted, and several things that could have been bettered by a little work. The remainder of the literary department is made up of two estimates, opinions, or something of some poets, and a letter home. The essays on the poets were, we presume, some class-room work put in to fill space and not to interest readers. The "Letter from Limestone" is interestingly written in pure "girl language." We should like to see the answer, but don't suppose that it will be published or shown at all.

One of the best exchanges for the month is *The Converse Concept*. It is, in our opinion, the best number of this magazine yet issued. It opens with a beautiful little poem, "A Life," which contains many new and interesting thoughts. Our young lady friends at Converse have always shown a wonderful literary ability in their writings, and this ability

is not wanting in the essay, "The Spirit of the Student." It gives us some good suggestions as to the "right spirit of the student." "How the Wager Was Won," is a comparatively good piece of fiction, but a little loose in construction. The article, "Beat the Charge," is an able plea for greater resolution and determination in fighting the battles of life, and its author teaches us never to be satisfied with our present achievements, but "to climb higher up the ladder, the top of which has never been reached." This magazine is commendable on account of the fact that no love stories, which are so numerous in most of our exchanges, appear. The editorial department is short, but well written and instructive. The exchange department could be improved. The criticisms are good but, in our opinion, our friends should discuss more of their exchanges. We hope that this magazine will be kept up to its present high state of proficiency.

Our friends of *The Monroe College Monthly* seem to have a knack of "not writing poetry," for in looking over this, otherwise, well edited magazine, we have never seen a poem. Is it that its editors refuse to publish poetry, or is it that no poets are to be found at Monroe College? Either is a sad state of affairs. The opening essay is well fabricated, and its author must have spent some time on its construction. Among the short stories, "Pete's Courtship" deserves mention. The dialect is not as good as it might be. The other part of the literary department is made up of several light essays, which have the appearance of being collected from the class-room. With exception of literary department, this magazine is among our best exchanges.

Clippings

(With all due apologies to Tennyson.)
Broke, Broke, Broke,
On these steep red hills to be;
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

And the many bills go on
To their haven near the Hill,
But oh for the touch of a vanished dime
And the sound of a jingle now still.

Broke, Broke, Broke,
On these red hills to be;
For the shining face of a dime now gone
May never come back to me.

—“*Steach*” on discontinuing business.

“There is the meter iambic, the meter trochaic,
The meter dactylic, asclepiadeic,
The meter that’s tender in tone;
But the meter that’s neater, completer and sweeter,
Is meet her by moonlight alone.” —*Ex.*

Of all sad words
That were ever writ,
The saddest are these,
“Please remit.”

He loved his Dinah dearly,
And he sighed for her one night—
“Dinah, could you love me?”
When she whispered, “Dinah might.”

They were married in the autumn;
 When she blows him up at night;
 He realizes what it meant
 When she whispered, "Dynamite." —*Ex.*

The Seniors like their soda pop,
 The Juniors like their beer;
 The Soph'mores like their Heptol Split,
 Because it gives good cheer.
 The Freshmen like their bottle milk,
 Because it keeps off dizziness;
 But specials have no choice at all—
 They drink the whole damn business —*Ex.*

HOW LONG TILL JUNE?

In the dim and glimmering light
 Of a waning fire one night,
 Sat a student, book at feet, looking like there's something
 sweet
 Hidden among the glowing coals almost seen—but alas to
 relate,
 Dreaming, dreaming,
 Thinking, seeming,
 Of the future, coming June.
 How long, how long, till June, till June?
 A girl in June, my boon, my boon;
 In June, full moon, full moon in June;
 How long till June, how long till June?
 In the dim and glimmering light
 Of a waning moon some night,
 He will kneel at her feet, when she's looking very sweet,

In a voice that's soft and low, he'll tell her—but alas to
know,

Dreaming, dreaming,

Thinking, seeming,

Of the future, coming June.

How long, how long, till June, till June?

A girl in June, my boon, my boon;

In June, full moon, full moon in June;

How long till June, how long till June?

J. B., in Emory Phoenix.

“Will you marry me?” I said to her;

“You bet I won’t,” said she,

“For you know it’s leap-year now,

And you’ll have to marry me.”

To push a college paper

Is but very little fun,

Especially when subscribers

Will not remit the “mon.”

—*Ex.*

THAT LEAP-YEAR LASS.

Yes, home I went on pleasure bent,

My friends to see, but chiefly she

Who was to be the world to me,

My lass, dear lass.

When there I found, as I walked 'round,

And raised the sand, another man

Pressed tight her hand at her demand,

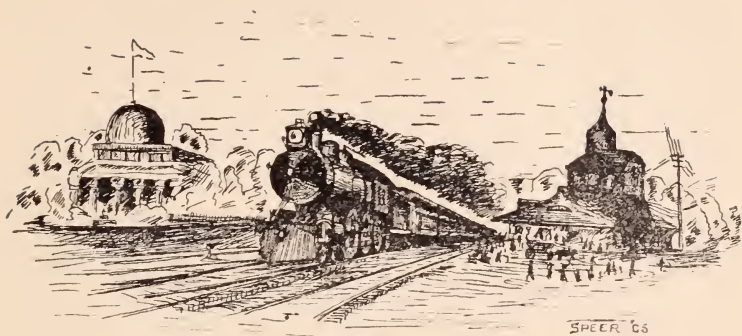
She was his lass.

I cursed the time I'd thought her mine;
Great tears I shed, big as my head,
And oft I said I wished her dead—
That fickle lass.

Alone I stayed, I wept, I prayed,
"O dear, come near and help me here
Remove this tear, or bring my bier,
Alas, O lass!"

She rode around all over town—
I know, by blast—girls in times past
Were not so fast—Aside me cast,
That Leap-year lass.

C. C. E., in Emory Phoenix.



Local Department

A. E. HOLMAN, }
R. F. GOODING, }

EDITORS

For the past two weeks, the old barracks has experienced a deep stillness. The occupants were busy preparing for the trying examinations. Now that they are over, many of us will, doubtless, make the usual good resolutions to study harder for the ensuing term. Of course, a resolution made at the beginning of this new term is no better than one made at any other time. But it is well for us to make good resolutions at any time, though much better to carry them out. Our care should be that the next term be so spent that we will have less cause for regret after final examination days than on the ones just passed.

On the 6th day of January, we had with us Dr. DeMotte, the celebrated lecturer. His subject was, "The American Boy and the Python Egg." Dr. DeMotte is an orator of marked ability, and made a very favorable impression upon the students and others who heard him.

Cadet Mack Williams (at class meeting): "Mr. President, I make Mr. Baker's suggestion as a move."

Cadet Grace: "Say, how long after Cleopatra killed herself did Shakespeare live?"

Rat Davis, on being told that he would have to pay for a broken light, wanted to know if it would come out of his "brokage" fee.

Ford: "Say, that man lectured on the Python Eggs. Now, what in the world is a python?"

Mac Williams: "It is some sort of a pitch-fork."

Ford: "Well, I always wondered what it was."

On the nineteenth day of January, the corner-stone of the Hall of Agriculture was laid with great ceremony by the Masons of the State, Grand Master John R. Bellinger officiating.

Dr. Mell presided in Memorial Hall, and introduced Prof. Furman, the senior member of the faculty, who led in prayer.

Senator Tillman was the first speaker of the day. He made an earnest address, giving the causes that led to the founding of Clemson College, and the history of the college up to the present time. He showed how the college had been turned from its intended course into the mechanical direction by force of circumstances, and the demands of the people. He lamented the fact that young men had to leave the State to obtain positions after graduating. He sincerely hoped that the founding of this building would lead to giving the sons of farmers an education which would enable them to get an honorable living on the farm.

The next speaker was Col. Newman, who, in an elaborate speech, gave the history of the long struggle for such a building. He hoped that this, the first Agricultural Hall in the South, would do great good for South Carolina. The greater part of his life has been spent in the cause

of agricultural education, and he is very proud of having charge of this fine building.

Col. Norris then read a list of things to be placed in the corner-stone, among which was the December *Chronicle*.

The band, followed by the Masons, faculty, cadets and citizens, marched to the building, and all were arranged in rows on the first floor. Grand Master Bellinger then took charge of the exercises, and superintended the laying of the corner-stone, according to the rites of the ancient and honorable order of Masons.

Cadet Southard (to Officer of the Day) : "Report me back from *Punchology*."

Cadet Cottingham : "Is there a *chapter* in the Bible by the name of Jeremiah?"

"Mitch" (reading a magazine) : "Adventures of Methustler (Methusalah)."

Rat Cummings : "Give me a pair of boxing gloves, and I will show you how to '*sparkle*.'"

The entertainment given here recently by "The Lula Tyler Gates Concert Co." was the best of its kind that we have ever had. Mrs. Lula Tyler Gates was encored again and again, and each time she responded she gave a piece better than the preceding one. The singing of Miss McConnell, Miss Ludwig's performance on the harp, and Mr. Henton's on the clarinet and saxophone were also very fine.

Cadet Taylor (J. S.) : "Say, what does an '*alfalfa*' floor, like the one in the mess hall, cost per square foot?"

Every one who was fortunate enough to see "Maro's"

performance recently, says it was the best he has ever seen. For about two hours Maro kept his audience wondering what would come next. He did everything from card tricks up to the most difficult sleight-of-hand tricks, and all so quickly that it was impossible to see how any one was done.

"Ruck" Taylor, looking at a picture of a mermaid: "Say, boys, here is a picture of a woman coming out of a fish."

We had a good fall of snow here on the night of January 27th. It fell to the depth of about three inches, and stayed on the ground for about four days. Some of the boys "snow-balled" others a little, but the majority of the boys were too busy studying for "exams." to spend any time "on such nonsense."

Prof. Poats: "Mr. Jones, who invented the radiometer?"
Jones: "Mr. Radiom, sir."

Sophomore Beaty: "Say, Skin, where is Tallahassee—in Indian Territory?"

Prof. Furman: "Mr. Wyse, what do you know of Pitt?"
"Oldman" Wyse: "He wrote a book called 'Canterbury Tales.' "

Rat Wannamaker: "What color are you going to have your gloves bleached?"

Junior Bell (in military science): "You have to take short steps fifteen inches long, without moving your feet."

Society Notes.

The following officers have been elected to serve for the third quarter:

CALHOUN SOCIETY.

President, O. M. Roberts.

Vice-President, V. Baker.

Corresponding Secretary, L. G. Southard.

Recording Secretary, W. D. Anderson.

Literary Critic, J. R. Connor.

Sergeants-at-Arms, H. J. Brown, A. J. Allen, R. G. Harris.

COLUMBIAN SOCIETY.

President, A. E. Holman.

Vice-President, P. L. Elias.

Corresponding Secretary, L. E. Boykin.

Recording Secretary, C. W. Mack.

Literary Critic, R. E. Miller.

Prosecuting Critic, M. L. Murph.

Reporting Criticis, F. M. Furtick, J. E. Johnson.

Chaplain, J. P. Tarbox.

Sergeant-at-Arms, H. W. Barre.

PALMETTO SOCIETY.

President, E. A. Thornwell.

Vice-President, A. J. Spear.

Literary Critic, H. M. Henry.

Secretary, J. B. Mosely.

Prosecuting Critic, B. F. Lee.

Reporting Critics, J. A. Gelzer, D. H. Hill, R. L. Link.

Censor, H. B. Ellis.

Sergeant-at-Arms, T. G. Robertson.

Y. M. C. A. Notes.

The first Interstate Convention—North and South Carolina combined—will be held in Spartanburg on the 21st, 22d and 23d inst. The college, city, country, railroad and army

organizations are to be represented. The railroads have granted reduced rates, and the good people of Spartanburg are making ready to entertain the delegates. This convention bids fair to surpass all similar gatherings heretofore held in the State.

Athletic Notes.

At a recent meeting of the faculty, the following rules were passed governing athletics:

1. Any student who fails on more than two subjects during a collegiate month shall not be allowed to participate in match games during the ensuing month. If, by reason of absence or other cause, a grade on the month's work is lacking, the instructor shall give a temporary grade based upon the work done, and this temporary grade shall be used in determining the student's athletic standing until the regular grade is available.

2. No student who is found to be deficient in any subject for a term shall be allowed to play in any match game during the next college year. Change from one course to another or from a regular to an irregular or special course shall not interfere with the operation of this rule.

3. No graduate student shall participate in any match game unless he is taking at least twenty hours per week of graduate work; that is, work of a higher grade than is given in the regular college courses. Such student shall also conform to the rules of class standing as set forth in Sections 1 and 2. Further, no graduate student of more than one year's standing shall participate in any match game.

4. No irregular or special student shall be allowed to represent the college in any match game unless taking at least twenty-four hours per week, of which not less than twelve hours shall be "theoretical" work.

5. No football player who leaves college before the end of

the first term, except for reasons satisfactory to the Faculty Athletic Committee, shall be allowed to participate in match games during the next two collegiate terms.

6. It shall be the duty of the Faculty Athletic Committee to see that the foregoing rules and regulations are strictly enforced.

7. No team shall be allowed to leave the college grounds to participate in match games unless accompanied by a member of the faculty, who shall be responsible to the faculty for the conduct of players and coaches while away from the college. Such representative shall be appointed by the Chairman of the Faculty Athletic Committee, and his expenses shall be included in the expenses of the trip.

The baseball schedule has been posted for the coming baseball season. Four games are set for our campus and probably another may be added. The following gives the places and dates of playing of each of the games:

<i>Date.</i>	<i>Team.</i>	<i>Place.</i>
April 2d	Erskine	Due West.
April 9th	Furman	Clemson.
April 12th	Wofford	Clemson.
April 18th	Davidson	Charlotte.
April 19th	St. Marys	Belmont, N. C.
April 22d	Ga. Tech.	Atlanta.
April 23d	Univ. of Ga.	Athens, Ga.
April 27th	Wofford	Spartanburg.
April 29th	Mercer	Macon, Ga.
April 30th	Mercer	Macon, Ga.
May 7th	Trinity	Clemson.
May 9th	Ga. Tech.	Clemson.

The baseball association elected Cadet John Maxwell as their captain for the coming season. The football association elected for their manager, Cadet L. P. Slattery for the season of 1904-05. We congratulate the teams in obtaining the services of these two gentlemen.

Clemson College Directory

CLEMSON AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

P. H. Mell, President. P. H. E. Sloan, Sec'y and Treas.

CLEMSON COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

V B. Hall, Editor-in-Chief. C. Norton, Business Manager.

CALHOUN LITERARY SOCIETY.

O. M. Roberts, President. W. D. Anderson, Secretary.

COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

A. E. Holman, President. C. W. Mack, Secretary.

PALMETTO LITERARY SOCIETY.

E. A. Thornwell, President. J. B. Moseley, Secretary.

CLEMSON COLLEGE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

T. E. Keitt, Superintendent. V. Baker, Secretary.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

A. J. Speer, President. L. E. Boykin, Secretary.

CLEMSON COLLEGE SCIENCE CLUB.

Chas. E. Chambliss, President. F. S. Shiver, Secretary.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

W. M. Riggs, President. H. H. Kyser, Secretary.

FOOTBALL ASSOCIATION.

D. H. Sadler, Captain Team '03-'04. L. P. Slattery, Mgr.

CLEMSON COLLEGE GLEE CLUB.

W. M. Riggs, President. H. C. Tillman, Secretary.

TENNIS ASSOCIATION.

J. A. Wier, Manager. G. W. McIver, Captain.

GERMAN CLUB.

S. T. Hill, President. C. Gelzer, Secretary.

BASEBALL ASSOCIATION.

J. R. London, Jr., Manager. J. Maxwell, Captain.

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

C. Douthit, President. A. B. Bryan, Secretary.
Jackson, Miss. Clemson College, S. C.

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Valeat Quantum Valere Potest

VOL. VII. CLEMSON COLLEGE, S. C., MARCH, 1904 No. 6



L. E. BOYKIN, }
E. A. THORNWELL, } - - - - - EDITORS

A Faded Forget-Me-Not

'Tis nothing but a faded flower,
A faded lover bending low;
A wistful look—a sigh—a tear,
A pain the world could never know;
A heart too full for look or speech,
A memory sad—to bless a blot,
A longing and a lost sweet look
At this—this sweet forget-me-not.

What thoughts it brings, I cannot tell,
Or why it causes sighs and tears,
I do not even wish to know;
A holy, sacred thought it bears,
Too holy for my heart to see

Or feel, and pity her sad lot;
Too sacred for my soul to learn
The message—sweet forget-me-not.

H. C. T.

The Washington Chapter of Clemson College Alumni Association

The graduates of Clemson College, S. C., in Washington, D. C., met at 8.00 P. M., January 23, 1904, for the purpose of organizing. The meeting was held in the rooms of Hon. A. F. Lever, M. C. from the 7th District of South Carolina. Those present were: Messrs. J. F. Brezeale, G. H. Hardin, E. T. Hughes, G. F. Klugh, G. F. Mitchell, G. H. Swygert, B. R. Tillman, Jr., J. C. Wylie, T. B. Young and M. E. Zeigler.

Before beginning, the objects and desirability of an organization were discussed at some length. The men here represent nearly all of the classes that have graduated. Some had graduated before others entered college. The meetings will afford an opportunity for renewing old acquaintances, and for making new ones. Our number here is larger than that of the alumni in any other city. The reputation made here by Clemson boys in all work requiring the peculiar scientific education given at Clemson, has given rise to an increasing demand for Clemson men. We can help Clemson and Clemson men by satisfying this demand with good men, such as are found in every class that leaves our college. These, and many other benefits to our Alma Mater, to our Alumni, and to ourselves, are expected from the organization.

After the discussion had proceeded to such a length as to show the unanimous desire of the members present for organization, Mr. Zeigler was elected temporary Chairman,

and Mr. Swygert temporary Secretary of the meeting. Mr. Tillman suggested that the name of the organization be "The Washington Chapter of the Clemson College Alumni Association." This name was adopted. Mr. Hughes moved that the officers of this chapter be four in number, President, Vice-President, Secretary, and Treasurer, and that they be elected every six months. The motion was carried. Mr. Tillman moved that a committee of three, consisting of the Chairman and two others, be appointed to draw up a Constitution and By-laws. Messrs. Hughes and Tillman were appointed by the Chairman, Mr. Zeigler. The officers for the present six months were then elected as follows: Mr. Hughes, President; Mr. Zeigler, Vice-President; Mr. Young, Secretary; and Mr. Swygert, Treasurer. Senator B. R. Tillman and Congressman Lever were elected honorary members in appreciation of their efforts in behalf of Clemson's welfare. Messrs. Brezeale and Klugh were appointed to write an account for THE CHRONICLE and for a few of the State papers. Saturday, January 30th, 8.00 P. M., at Mr. Lever's rooms, was appointed as time for the next meeting. The chapter adjourned to the Hotel Engel, with Congressman Lever, where refreshments were served.

The following Constitution was adopted February 6, 1904:

CONSTITUTION OF THE WASHINGTON CHAPTER OF THE CLEMSON COLLEGE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

Preamble.

We, the members of the Washington Chapter of the Clemson College Alumni Association, in order the more effectually to work for the good and advancement of our Alma Mater and its graduates, and to foster closer social relations between its members, do hereby adopt the following Constitution:

Name—This organization shall be known as “The Washington Chapter of the Clemson College Alumni Association.”

Membership—The membership of this chapter shall be active, honorary, and limited. It shall be required of applicants for active membership that they be graduates of Clemson College, and in good standing with The Clemson College Alumni Association. To be eligible for honorary membership, one must be a graduate of Clemson College, or have rendered some worthy service to the college or its Alumni Association. For limited membership, it shall be required of all applicants that they have spent one or more years in Clemson College, and that they were honorably discharged, or left in good standing.

Officers—The officers of this Chapter shall consist of one President, one Vice-President, one Secretary, and one Treasurer. They shall be elected by ballot, it requiring a majority of the members present to elect, and they shall serve for a period of six months.

Duties of Officers—It shall be the duty of the President to preside over all meetings of the Chapter, and he shall have power to call special meetings, when, in his opinion, it is necessary. In case of a tie vote, it shall be his duty to cast the deciding ballot.

The Vice-President shall, in absence of the President, assume the duties of that officer.

The Secretary shall keep in permanent form a record of all the proceedings of the Chapter.

The Treasurer shall have charge of, and expend at the will of the Chapter, such funds as may belong to, or accrue to the Chapter.

Power of Amendment—The Chapter may, when it deems it necessary, amend the Constitution by a two-thirds vote of the members present: *Provided*, That said amendment or

amendments have been submitted at a previous meeting.

Time and Place of Meeting—The Chapter shall, at each meeting, determine the place and time at which the next meeting shall be held.

Parliamentary Authority—The parliamentary proceedings of this Chapter shall be governed by "Roberts' Rules of Order," when not in conflict with this Constitution.

The following members represent their respective classes in Washington:

Class of 1896.

J. Frank Breazeale, Anderson County. Assistant, Bureau of Soils, U. S. Department of Agriculture. Engaged in research work in connection with the chemistry of the soil and the influence of soil solutions on crop productions.

A. M. Creitzberg, Charleston County. Civil Engineer in Southern Railway office.

B. R. Tillman, Jr., Edgefield County. Lawyer, and Private Secretary to Senator B. R. Tillman.

Class of 1898.

J. A. McCreary, Anderson County. Electrical Draftsman, in Navy Department.

G. H. Swygert, Lexington County. Electrical Draftsman, in Navy Department.

A. D. Tolbert, Edgefield County. Clerk, Department of Commerce and Labor.

Class of 1900.

E. T. Hughes, Orangeburg County. Law Student at Columbia University, and Assistant Soil Expert, Bureau of Soils, Department of Agriculture. At work on problems connected with the classification of soils and the improvement of farm methods as regards soil treatment.

G. F. Klugh, Greenwood County. Assistant Expert,

Drug and Medicinal Plant Investigation, Bureau of Plant Industry. Engaged in work on the propagation, culture and curing of medicinal plants.

Class of 1902.

G. F. Mitchell, Charleston County. Scientific Aid, Tea Culture Investigation, Bureau of Plant Industry. Engaged in problems in connection with the production of tea in the Southern States.

M. E. Zeigler, Orangeburg County. Law Student at Georgetown University, and Private Secretary to Congressman Lever.

Class of 1903.

J. C. Wylie, Chester County. Electrical Draftsman, in Navy Department.

T. B. Young, Florence County. Scientific Aid, Drug and Medicinal Plant Investigation, Bureau of Plant Industry. At work on problems relating to propagation, culture and curing of medicinal plants in the South.

G. F. KLUGH,

J. F. BREZEALE.

Some Factors of Success

When a young man graduates from college, receives his diploma, and begins in earnest the real battle of life with the prospects all bright before him, there are qualities which he possesses which, if cultivated and nurtured, will bring to him success; but which, if left unknown and unnurtured, will wither and die, and bring to him failure. Every man has a mission in life, and every man is endowed with a gift to enable him to fulfil this mission. To every man is given a talent, and every man who develops this talent and makes

the most possible out of it, to him comes success. Not every man can be a Martin Luther or a John Wesley. Not every man can be a William E. Gladstone or a John Hay. Not every man can be a Herbert H. Vreeland or an Andrew Carnegie. Not every man can be a Thomas A. Edison or a Lord Kelvin. But, my fellow-students, men of these types are not the only successful ones in this world. That man is a success, in the highest sense of the word, who by studying himself finds out what talents God has given him, and makes the most out of himself that he can. These men are the real heroes of life, and most of them are unknown outside of their own community.

Now, let us look at some of the characteristics of men who have been more or less in the world's eye. First of all, the successful man must possess a sound physical constitution. One that is characterized not merely by the absence of disease, but one that is full of vigor and overflowing with animal spirits. It is true that men with weak bodies have accomplished wonders, but these are the exceedingly rare exceptions, and they have done these things in spite of their weak bodies, not because of them. Some one compares the good physical development to the ligatures which one class of Olympian combatants bound on their hands and wrists, which braces round, if it may be so expressed, and compresses the powers of the mind, giving them a steady, forcible spring and reaction which they would presently lose if they could be transferred into a constitution of soft yielding, treacherous debility. E. Benjamin Andrews said, "If I had to go over my college days again, the first thing I would set about doing would be to take regularly systematic exercise." Theodore Roosevelt when young was inclined to be weak, physically, but by means of abundant exercise, both out and in-doors, he has succeeded in building up a strong and vigorous body.

Another quality of the successful man is courage. Charles Sumner said, "Three things are necessary: first, backbone; second, backbone; third, backbone." "I am in earnest, I will not equivocate, I will not excuse, I will not retreat a single inch, I will be heard." Thus spoke William Lloyd Garrison, through the columns of the "*Liberator*." We would do well to imitate his courage, my fellow-students, though some of his other qualifications be not worthy of our imitation. It takes courage to prosecute one's designs in the face of relatives' and friends' disapprobation and censure. And an attack of contempt and ridicule is a still greater trial. But the highest type of courage is shown when one prosecutes his designs in the face of serious suffering. It takes courage for a young man to stand firmly erect while others are bowing and fawning for praise and power. It takes courage to dress in threadbare clothes while your comrades dress in broadcloth. It takes courage to remain in honest poverty while others grow rich by fraud. It takes courage to say "No" squarely when others around you say "Yes." It takes courage to do your duty in silence and obscurity while others prosper and grow famous, although neglecting sacred obligations. It takes courage to unmask your true self, to show your blemishes to a condemning world, and pass for what you really are. Have we this courage, my fellow-students?

Another quality worthy of cultivation is that commonly known as persistence, perseverance, grit, and a variety of other names. Once, after several days of hard fighting without definite result, General Grant called a council of war. Our general described the route by which he would retreat, another thought better to retire by another road, and general after general told how he would fall back or withdraw. At length, all eyes were turned upon Grant, who had been a silent listener for hours. He rose, took a

bundle of papers from his inside pocket, handed one to each general, and said, "Gentlemen, at dawn you will execute those orders." Every paper gave definite directions for an advance, and with the morning sun the army moved forward to victory. Harriet Beecher Stowe said, "When you get into a tight place and everything goes against you, till it seems as you could not hold on for a minute longer, never give up then, for that is just the place and time the tide'll turn."

Another quality possessed by all successful men is energy. No young man will succeed who lacks this all-important quality. "Either I will find a way or make one," is characteristic of Scandinavian mythology. It avails not to wait till Blucher comes up, as so many do, but struggle on and persevere as Wellington did. Always have your mind occupied in doing something useful. "The idle brain is the devil's workshop," is a trite but true saying. When told that the Alps lay in the way of his army, Napoleon said, "There shall be no Alps." "Impossible," he said, "is a word to be found only in the dictionary of fools."

Above all things, my fellow-students, be a man. The world is in need of more men all the time. Wanted—a man of courage, who is not a coward in any part of his nature. Wanted—a man who is symmetrical, one who is not one-sided in his development, one who has not sent all the energies of his being into one narrow specialty, and allowed all the other branches of his life to wither and die. Wanted—a man who is broad, one who does not take half views of things. Wanted—a man who mixes common sense with his theories, one who does not let a college education spoil him for practical every day life. Wanted—a man who prefers substance to show, who regards his good name as a priceless treasure. Wanted—a man who, no stunted ascetic, is full of life and fire; but whose passions are trained

to heed a strong will, the servant of a tender conscience; who has learned to love all beauty, whether of nature or of art, to hate all vileness, and to respect others as himself. Wanted—men.

“God give us men. A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands.
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor—men who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue
And scorn his treacherous flatteries without winking;
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty or in private thinking.”

C. NORTON.

The Grand-father's Story

“Grandpa, tell me one more story, please—now, please, just one more and I'll be a good boy and go to bed.” The little, curly-headed boy, with wide-open brown eyes, had been listening for some time to the old man's thrilling narratives of things that had happened in the long, long ago. The white-haired, kindly-looking old gentleman had been holding his little grandson on his knee, telling wonderful stories, until his invention began to flag; but at this urgent demand of his youthful companion, he assented, with the provision, however, that this story was to be the last one, and that the boy must not tease for any more.

“Well, what shall it be about, my boy?” asked the indulgent grand-parent.

The child's face assumed a thoughtful expression as he gazed for some moments at the glowing coals in the broad

fire-place, before which the pair were seated in a large easy chair. Then, with a smile of eager anticipation, he raised his round, chubby little face to the wrinkled one of the old man and exclaimed, "Oh, yes, grandpa, you haven't told me about how Uncle Will killed the Tory." This was one of the favorite topics between these two, and very seldom was it omitted at the regular evening story-telling hour. The expectant little fellow settled himself comfortably in his grand-father's arms, and the old gentleman began:

"A long time ago, before you or I were born, the people did not have any nice houses like this one, with its large windows and great big fire-place, and the floor covered with its warm carpet, and the easy chairs that we sit in. Nobody had any comforts like these in those days. There were no towns like this one we live in, and the country wasn't settled at all. A big forest covered the land, and scattered about in the woods there were little cabins, built out of rough logs with mud daubed in the cracks between the logs to keep out the cold wind. Most of these houses had only one room, where the whole family lived, but sometimes they had another room, built back of the main one, where they did the cooking and eating. Sometimes there was nothing for a floor but the ground on which the house was built; but generally they had a kind of floor made out of rough planks that the men cut out of big logs. They had fire-places and chimneys that were built out of sticks and mud; and, alas, oftentimes, when the wind blew, the chimney wouldn't draw and the house would be filled with smoke.

"The country was full of all kinds of wild animals—bears and wolves, and a lot of others that would get very fierce during cold weather when they couldn't find anything to eat, and then they would kill people and eat them, so that it wasn't safe for a little boy like you to go outside of the house by himself. Worse, still, there was a war going on

in the country, and a lot of soldiers were all the time prowling around. Nearly everybody took one side or the other, and many who had been good friends before the war started, became bitter enemies. Those who fought on one side were called Whigs, and those who fought on the other side were called Tories. Now all of the people around whom your great-uncle lived were Whigs, and as there were not so many of them in that part of the country, they were annoyed by the Tories, who took the greatest delight in driving off their cattle, destroying their crops and burning their barns. Whenever an armed party of each came together, somebody was sure to be killed. The Whigs built houses two or three times larger than those they lived in, and kept water and provisions in them, so that when they were attacked all the people near one of these houses could go there and protect themselves. The men would shoot through holes, left in the side of the house for this purpose, and drive the Tories off. The women would help the men by loading their guns as fast as they could shoot them.

"Once, when all the grown men had gone off to fight in the army, word was sent around to the houses near one of the big forts, as they called them, that the enemy was coming. The women took their children and as many clothes as they could carry and ran to the fort, where they shut themselves up. Now the oldest of the children there was a boy about fourteen years old, and his name was William Twitty. They didn't call him Uncle Will then, for it was a long time after my story when he got that name. At that time he was just an awkward freckle-faced boy, but he was large and stout for his age, and there was something in his serious brown eyes and the grave expression about his mouth that made him look much older than he really was. He could do almost a man's work, however, and could shoot quite as well as his father. Whenever there was any fight-

ing to do he always helped the women, and on several occasions they drove off bands of Tories, who supposed that the house was filled with men.

"Among the girls in the house was one just about two years younger than William. Her name was Susan Graham. They didn't call her Aunt Susan then—Oh, no, not for a long time afterward. Then she was only a little slip of a girl, with mild blue eyes and flaxen hair, and a mouth—well, it was just as sweet as it could be; her lips were cherry-colored, and William Twitty thought he would like to kiss them, but somehow he would rather do most anything else than ask Susan for a kiss. And I believe that Susan liked William, and thought what a great big fine-looking fellow he was. Anyway, she always wanted to reload his gun whenever he shot it, and, for some reason, nobody could put in the powder and charge the long-barreled rifle just like Susan could, and the boy always gave it to the girl to reload for him.

"Well, about a dozen Tories attacked the house where the little party was gathered. While all of the people in the fort were on one side of the house, shooting at the enemy, one of the Tories, who was bolder than the rest, slipped around to the other side and crept up and placed his gun through a hole in the wall, took careful aim at William Twitty and fired. The boy was busy helping the women on the other side of the house, and they did not notice the Tory's gun. Just as the man was about to pull the trigger, Susan Graham spied the rifle's muzzle pointed at the boy. Giving a scream, she caught the boy by his arm and, by a quick jerk, pulled him out of the way just in time, so that the bullet, instead of hitting its mark, struck the wall. The fellow thought that he had killed the boy and did not try to reach shelter, but stood calmly reloading his rifle. Susan saw him, and, giving the dazed boy a freshly loaded gun,

she exclaimed, 'Now, Will, now's your chance! Shoot the rascal!' The boy went to the loop-hole, took steady aim, and fired. The Tory fell dead—shot through the heart. Not to be outdone by any deed of daring, the young girl ran out quickly and, picking up the dead man's rifle and powder horn, brought them triumphantly into the house. With a face covered with blushes, she proudly gave them to her hero. Wasn't that a brave thing for a girl to do, and do you think it was strange that before many years had passed, these two people were called Uncle William and Aunt Susan?"

John B. Gordon

The South emerged from the immortal struggle between the States with her fields destroyed, her cities burned, her homes plundered, and her government in the hands of the spoilsman. But her honor was unsullied, her integrity unshaken, and, as a result of the noble achievements of that struggle, she was resplendent with a matchless strain of surviving heroes, whose gallant deeds on the battle field, though conspicuous, were fully equaled by their untiring services in reclaiming their States from under the bane of misrule. These heroes, however, are rapidly passing away, and we are constantly called upon to mourn their departure. Just a little more than a year ago South Carolina was bereft of her beloved Wade Hampton; to-day Georgia is wrapped in mourning over the death of her noble hero, John B. Gordon.

"First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen," as was said of Washington, might well be said of Gordon. For, in civil life and on the fiery crest of battle, he was a leader of men, daring, magnetic, and elo-

quent—a hero fighter while the war was on, but since then a very apostle of peace and reconciliation.

As a soldier, John B. Gordon is our ideal. Bold, impetuous, and daring, sometimes almost to recklessness, he was, nevertheless, suave, of keen perception, of precise judgment, and of inflexible determination; always leading, never faltering, never desponding: “A leader to follow and a chieftain to love.”

From his heroic stand at the battle of Sharpsburg to the laying down of arms at Appomattox, his career was marked by a genius for war, which won for him promotion from the rank of captain of the impetuous “Raccoon Roughs” to lieutenant general and commander of the second corps of Lee’s army.

Arriving at the seat of war in Virginia at a time when Lee was sorely pressed by Grant and McClellan, his spirit of fight was immediately brought into play in the battle of Sharpsburg. Here to Lee’s rear rolled the Potomac, making retreat impossible, while in front lay the magnificent army of blue, numbering four times that of Lee, and fresh from Washington, with new uniforms and their bayonets burnished to silver brightness. Should the battle go against the Union army, its soldiers had good roads behind them for retreat; but with Lee, there were two alternatives—victory or annihilation—and so it was from sheer necessity that he planned and gave battle against such fearful odds.

This was the battle in which Gordon won his stars of the brigadier. Being placed in command of the center, and being told by Lee, that if that point were broken, the day would be lost and the Southern army cut to pieces, he resolutely replied: “We’ll be here till the sun goes down;” promising to hold in check a force four times as great as his own. And, as the battle raged, like a wizard of war, he walked to and fro, up and down the line of desperately fighting

men, shouting to them to hold their ground, and as gaps were made by the hurricane of bullets, the lines were closed and steadied by him. But he was not destined to remain on the field "until the sun went down," for, being five times wounded, he was borne to the rear, bearing such wounds that for a long time his life was despaired of.

Seven months now elapsed before he recovered from the wounds of Sharpsburg and returned to his post of duty. He was then promoted to the rank of brigadier general, and with this promotion came an extension of his scope of operations. Eager for battle, he soon engaged Hancock at Spottsylvania, on the 12th of May, and won a brilliant victory, commemorative of which Judge Falligant, the well known Georgia jurist and author, composed and dedicated to Gordon his thrilling, "Men of the Twelfth of May."

When history tells her story
Of the noble hero band,
Who made the green fields gory
For the life of their native land;
How grand will be the picture
Of Georgia's proud array,
As they drove the boasting foeman back
On that glorious twelfth of May!

Whose men are ever proudest
When we hold the foe at bay?
Whose war-cry cheers us loudest
As we rush to the bloody fray?
'Tis Georgia's one reliance,
Fearless as on that day
When he hurled his grand defiance
In the charge of the twelfth of May.

Who, who can be a coward?
What freeman fear to die?

When Gordon orders "forward!"
And the red cross floats on high?
Follow his tones inspiring;
On! On to the field! Away!
And we'll see the foe retiring,
As it did on the twelfth of May.

After this he was promoted to the rank of major general, and on that fateful July 1, 1863, reached Gettysburg after the greatest and most decisive battle of the war had been raging for five hours. A more timely arrival never occurred, for General Archer, with a large portion of his brigade, had been captured; High and Scales, Confederate generals, had been wounded; and the one battle on which hung all the hopes of the Southern Cause was in full blast. The Union army, reinforced by fresh troops, now pressed hard upon Lee's ragged line, threatening to completely envelope it and cut it to pieces. The line of gray was slowly, stubbornly, but surely yielding before the solid phalanx of blue. Lee's flank was almost turned, and probably in a few moments a different story would have been told, but Gordon's command was thrown quickly and squarely upon the Federal right flank, and with crushing weight. Shouting like demons, the Georgia regiments, under their matchless leader, rushed like mad into the hand-to-hand struggle and broke through the Union lines. Running through the ragged gap, the Confederates turned quickly upon the flank of the Federals and rear of the line, leaving them no alternative but to fly in disorder and panic, or surrender. Here Gordon concentrated his fire upon the helpless and broken line, following each volley with rapid gains of ground, but, flushed with victory, this gallant brigade was struck a moment later with surprise and disappointment, for when their triumph gave promise of being the greatest victory of their service, they were ordered to halt. Gordon, however, real-

izing that the author could not understand the situation, and, also, what would be the disastrous consequences of a halt at that stage of the action, disobeyed, and it was not until the fourth command of a most peremptory character reached him, that he halted his men. But from the situation plainly to be seen on the first afternoon, and from facts that afterwards came to light, it seems certain, that if Gordon had been allowed to follow up the advantage gained, striking separate Union commands in succession, the victory would have been Lee's instead of Meade's.

We again find Gordon commanding Early's right in the fierce battle of Cedar Creek, on October 19, 1864. In the early hours of that memorable day, the Confederates, under Early and Gordon, won a crushing victory and had scattered in actual rout two-thirds of Sherman's army. Only the sixth corps remained, and Gordon begged Early to let him drive it from the field; but he declined, and replied, "Well, Gordon, this is glory enough for one day." And, says Gordon, "the fatal halt lost us the opportunity and converted the brilliant victory of the morning into disastrous defeat in the evening."

To follow General Gordon's career as a soldier would be to give the history of a hundred battles. I speak of him only in his general aspect as a soldier of noble bearing and winning presence, quick to decide and as prompt to execute, he was the idol of his officers and men, who followed him with unquestioning devotion; and since the war he has lived in the hearts of the men who fought by his side, and the story of his flashing sabre has fanned into flame the smouldering ambitions of many a Georgia boy, who opened his eyes later on in life to the realization of fame.

But great as were his conquests in war, greater still were his victories over the hearts of men. Great as was the soldier, equal grandeur and loftiness of soul marked the citizen.

And after the sword of Lee had been sheathed, and war had given place to peace and reconstruction, he turned his face to the South, determined to be as energetic in removing the crimson stain of conflict as he had been valiant in prosecuting it.

His public record covers a period when courage, high ability and absolute integrity were required to meet grave and important exigencies. And, surely, it is a proud satisfaction to every Georgian to know that his connection with the history of their State, and the part he bore in all these trying emergencies, was wholly honorable to himself and conspicuously serviceable to his State and country.

In the years immediately following the war, Georgia, like the other Southern States, suffered under the regime of carpet-bag government. To lift this cloud of disgrace from their State was the foremost thought of every loyal citizen, and in their efforts to accomplish this, they realized that a leader was needed. It was then that the eagle eye of the public was turned to Gordon, and he was called upon to lead his people in this great crisis and restore the State to its proud position—to once more place it in the path of fair and civil integrity. But, alas, though nominated and elected by his own party, he was counted out by the reconstruction machinery.

However, this was just the beginning of his public career. In 1872 he was elected to the United States Senate, after a memorable campaign, in which he defeated Alexander H. Stephens and Benj. H. Hill. Then, again in 1879, he was re-elected to the Senate, which honorable position he held until 1880, when he resigned to engage in the development of the Georgia Pacific Railroad.

After six years, spent principally in the work of developing his State and the South, he was called out by the people and re-elected to the gubernatorial chair. In this capacity

he served for two terms, rendering an administration that had been unsurpassed in the history of the State, and which called forth from the "*New York Sun*" the declaration, that he was the worthy successor of Jefferson.

His efforts, however, were not confined to the interests of his own native State, for in 1877, being empowered by Governor Hampton to look after the interest of South Carolina, he succeeded in securing the withdrawal of all Federal troops from our State, and, he was also conspicuously instrumental in saving Mississippi from political misrule.

His political triumphs have been remarkable in many ways. Every one of them was achieved over very strong opposition and difficulties, that seemed to be insurmountable when he attacked them, and every one of them has proved his possession of a most remarkable power of swaying the minds and winning the hearts of men. He has had many circumstances in his favor since his entrance into politics, but they were of his own creation. He was unknown to any large public when his State and the South called for service which only men with true hearts and dauntless courage could perform.

He was a man of sterling character; one who could be trusted in all important concerns, and who was worthy of private confidence and entitled to public esteem. Personal ambition and desire for prominence were with him subordinate to the greater question of duty, and the cause and consequence were of more moment to him than individual exaltation. No solicitation to notoriety, or temporary triumph, or mere selfish exploitation dominated his action. He was one in whom soberness of thought, soundness of proposition, accuracy of conclusions, and stability of purpose were most consulted and observed; in whom the best capabilities of his head and the highest qualities of his heart asserted their appropriate functions.

His popularity was not the ephemeral conquest of an aspiring politician over the emotions of the people, but a steadfast and permanent hold upon their reason and judgment. He was a strong man physically, intellectually and morally. Never weak and vacillating, "He knew himself and the ways before him."

His record as a soldier is indelibly inscribed on the scroll of history. His record as a citizen is pure from all stain and has been an abundant source of help to two generations of those who trusted him and looked to him as a leader. And, now, in the twilight of his glorious day, when his bright life has been surrendered to the God who gave it, we will let the recollection of his daring be our inspiration and the gentle spirit of his mantle be the hand that shall lead us.

L. E. BOYKIN.

Walter Waters

Walter Waters was born at Waterford plantation on Black River one rainy day in April, 1890. Walter was from the first associated with water, and it is my purpose here to tell you of the few main facts or incidents connected with his short life.

When Walter was a baby, his love of water early displayed itself. From the very first, he smiled when his mother put him into the tub, cooing and grinning with much satisfaction and delight. Setting him out of the tub, once in, was the greater problem. When that time came, his mother had an hour's work on her hands. Jump him and pat him as she would, Walter cried himself to sleep before he became reconciled to his removal. Walter grew fast, and soon showed his liking for water in another way. He would drink nothing but water at meal times. Neither coffee nor tea nor cocoa suited him. Water alone would satisfy him.

By and by the problem of learning how to swim presented itself to him, as it does at some time during the life of every boy. He was not long in solving it. The bath tub was too small, and in spite of all his father and mother could do to prevent it, he sneaked off to the river to swim with the little darkies on the plantation. Day after day he would slip off without their knowledge, and find his way down to the sandy beach in the cove at the river bend not far from the house. By the time he was six years old he could swim, and at seven swam well. His father and mother found it out in a rather serious way, and it occurred in this instance, that it was fortunate that he had learned to swim. Walter's father took him to town one day, and to get to town, the river had to be crossed by the ferry flat. The river was up but not enough to be dangerous. On their way back they reached the ferry and had just started across the river, when a large tree swept around the bend above them. They saw it too late, and all the ferryman could do was to jam his "puller" over the wire to keep his flat from going down the river if the cable should break. And break it did. When the tree struck it, it tightened and broke with a snap, and on the side next to the near shore. The flat swung rapidly out into the river and to the cove on the plantation side, directly in the path of the tree. Instinctively the father grabbed his child. Just as the tree came opposite and it seemed that it would go by, over it rolled, a big limb raking the flat and throwing Mr. Waters and his son overboard. Walter's father lost his hold on his boy, and when he rose blubbering and spattering the water, looked around and cried loudly for Walter. Just then a head bobbed up and Mr. Walters was about to swim toward it, when a smile crept over the face, and Walter ventured, "Father, do you want to see me swim to the beach?" And swim he did, reaching the shore before his father, who, as the water was shallow, waded slowly to the shore. He did not scold his son but picked him up and hugged him.

After this his father and mother made no effort to stop his going to the river, and about the time he was twelve years old, Walter could excell all his playmates in the water. He could swim the river ten times, his friend Alen told me, without a stop, and the Black River is about a hundred yards wide at the Waterford plantation. He could dive like a duck. If he got his mouth or nose full of water, it made no difference to him. The boys used to tell him he could breath water to the hurt of the fish in the pond across the river. But there was one trait about Walter which early won him the love of his parents and the esteem of his playmates. He always obeyed his parents and never allowed his swimming and other sports to interfere with them in their wishes. He was a good obedient boy, manly in his work and sports, from beginning to end, always cheerful and willing to do his part in everything. But this noble young life was not destined to stay in this world long.

The place where the boys used to swim was a cool, sandy beach, the same place where Walter had learned to swim years before, when he disobeyed his father and mother that one time, after he became large enough to know right from wrong. There was nothing in the river there to hurt them, and the water was cool and clear to the bottom. In the summer of Walter's fourteenth year, the government had completed the canal between the Santee River and Win-yah Bay. Soon afterward various rumors that many large alligators had been seen in the rivers about, came to Mr. Water's hearing, but he had no fears for his boy. The Santee River was full of them, but they had never been known that far up the bay; so he never once cautioned Walter and his playmate about going in the river.

One day that summer Walter and his bosom friend Alan Whittier from the next plantation, went down to the river for their daily swim. They swam out to an old log near the

shore, and, resting themselves, were hanging on the log and running their feet up and out of the water from beneath the log on the other side. Suddenly they heard a swishing sound behind them, and with a loud cry Walter lost his hold on the log and disappeared beneath the water. At the same moment Alen felt a rough, heavy body touch his foot, and he scrambled up on the log as quickly as possible. He was thoroughly frightened, and looked in vain for his friend to come up. He was afraid to jump into the water and swim ashore, and, much alarmed, cried loudly for help. The farm house was not far away, and Mr. Waters came running down only to hear the sad news. He hurriedly pushed out in a canoe and brought Alan to the shore. The farm hands and neighbors were summoned, but their search was without avail. Mr. Waters was inclined to blame himself, but it was all too late, for Walter had gone to a watery and bloody grave.

Public Opinion

Public opinion very rarely measures a man's real value while he is living. The forces and powers that achieve any great action are seldom rewarded; but it is the result of the action that frames men's minds and makes them willing to praise the objects or causes which were the motive powers. This cannot be while a man is living. One day he is great, adored, praised by everybody, and the next day some unguarded word may be spoken or some selfish deed performed, that will bring him under the ban of public criticism. Not longer than four or five years ago, every man living under the protection of the "Stars and Stripes," would have cast his vote for Admiral Dewey's being the most popular man in the United States. Every newspaper contained some articles headed with black lines, singing his praise. Dewey was a veritable Jupiter and Hobson an Appollo. These

mens' names were on everybodys lips then, but we rarely hear them mentioned to-day. Are they still living? Yes, that is the reason why we cannot properly appreciate their value. Almost every book that we pick up, gives us some reference to George Washington, Robert E. Lee, or Stonewall Jackson. Do these men surpass all of the men living to-day? No, but they have passed away, and the people have gradually forgotten all things connected with them that were not great. Stonewall Jackson is always represented as a man with a big heart; but he always maintained strict regulations and the most rigid discipline in his army, and is it not reasonable to suppose that narrow-minded men serving under him—men who did not get to see him more than once or twice a week, protested against the discipline and cursed him for maintaining it?

Public opinion is not always the opinion expressed by newspapers and by the vulgar people at large. There are many people whose opinions are moulded according to the dictation of their own consciences, and who do not force them upon every passer by. The opinion of such a man is worth more than the opinions of a thousand creatures who wait until some popular man expresses himself, probably in his own selfish interest, and then fall in with him, and strengthen the rapidly increasing current of what is called "public opinion." Is the praise of man so sweet or is his ridicule so bitter, that we hesitate when advancing alone against the current of public opinion? Yea, our lives are filled with an insatiable desire to hear our praises sung, and this is why so many people court the favor of public opinion. Many great deeds are done and a semblance of keeping it from the public is made, because it is known that all the greater praise will be given for having attempted concealment. The real hero has not this end of publicity in view. He has as much consideration for the lowly in life as for princes and rulers of nations.

Every age has its heroes limited by the public opinion of that time. While a nation is young, the hero is an energetic, active genius; but, as the nation grows older and begins to decline, the deeds and merits once so greatly praised are passed by with nonchalance, and the creator of amusement and lavisher of wealth, is given a higher place than the manly hero. So it was with the Spartans, and with the Grecians; so it was with the Romans, and with the French; so it is with the English, and so it will be with the Americans.

It was public opinion that impelled knights to do their deeds of valor in the days of chivalry. England, France and Spain were either in their youth or early manhood, and public opinion applauded deeds calling forth manly strength and great exertion. As these nations grew older, another type of hero began to arise, namely, "The Literary Man." The "Dandy," who always marks the decline of a nation, is now taking the place of the "Literary Hero." When the people go miles to see a titled man with a retinue of attendants dressed in gaudy lace, and who depends upon these attendants to do his mental work, then the decline is inevitable; and public opinion has degenerated to its lowest depths of degradation. Gaudiness and vice go hand in hand. The one covering the other with a gilded veil; and when the people no longer see under the veil, but are satisfied with its glamor, it is then that crime consumes virtue. One or two landmarks of the vigorous days may stand forth and try to hurl back the onrushing current; but alas, they are soon drowned in the rising tide of public opinion. In a short time, all of these old sign boards of virtue are torn down; and, after the weakening processes of luxury and revelry, the nation itself succumbs to a younger and more vigorous people, leaving only a page in history telling how it has risen, declined and fallen.

J. F. W., '04.



G. NORTON,
President Columbian Literary Society,
"First Quarter."

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V. B. HALL, - - - - - EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Winthrop

Tut, tut, now dear, *dear* little sisters; we didn't mean to make you cry, we really didn't, and we are just *awfully* sorry that we have

hurt your feelings; O what terrible brutes we have been to actually forget that dear little baby sister wasn't old enough and experienced enough to play with us big children in such a real grown-folks game as College Journalism. We just didn't think, that's all; but we'll think next time, and won't make baby Winthrop cry any more. Now don't—please don't tell us that we have said ugly things about your little *Journal*—*dear little Journal!* Why didn't baby know that brother was just funning about it? How could he say anything really bad, when there wasn't anything bad at all to say it about? Why everybody would laugh at us and call us crazy if we seriously tried to find anything wrong with baby's little magazine. It is just the nicest and best little *Journal* that we ever saw, and we can't see what on earth we ever found to criticise. And my, my! we just *kept* “continually nagging at and saying little spiteful things” about baby's pet. How terrible—and how true! Why we have actually made mention of the “*Journal*” *twice* during the past year! Just think of it! No wonder little sister's feelings were hurt. And then, too, big, rude Clemson has actually gone “so far as to criticise space which is not filled.” Now couldn't you see that we were just making one noble effort to say something real nice, and, in looking for the nicest and best part of the *Journal*, very naturally stopped at a “space that was not filled.” Couldn't you see this sister? And just to think, that we waited until we ourselves “got out an unusually good number to criticise other people most severely!” Too bad! Too bad! and what a great pity that others had not waited to get out an “unusually good number” before entering into editorial criticism of their 'changes; for if they *had* waited, the world might *never* have known what it knows now.

* * * * *

But now comes a charge in the editorial department of the

February *Journal* which we do not care to treat in such light vein. The charge is that of *discourtesy* and *impoliteness*. Now, to be discourteous and impolite to a lady is the unmistakable marking of an ill bred man; and to be openly told that we are not gentlemen is not just the most pleasant thing in the world. If this gentle criticism were really deserved, then we should have to grin and endure it; but we cannot see in what manner we have violated a single law of exchange etiquette even, and much less do we understand how the imputation of discourtesy can be laid at our door. True, some of our criticisms of the *Journal* have not been particularly complimentary; but it has never been the policy of THE CHRONICLE to flatter. We have always tried to be *just*, even though sometimes harsh, and we have given some hard licks, so to speak, and have taken some just as hard. We are well aware of the fact that THE CURONICLE is not by any means a model magazine. We do not even pretend to maintain a higher literary standard than that set by some of the very magazines which we take it upon ourselves to criticise. We did not know before that we were "continually nagging at" *The Journal* and "saying little spiteful things" about it. We have ever felt a real fraternal love for Winthrop, and a deep interest in the welfare of *The Journal*, and it is beyond us to understand what has prompted her to take such an unfriendly, not to say *unsisterly* stand against us. We are very much surprised to note the childish, pettish way in which our sisters take an adverse criticism. We thought them above such weakness. Our criticisms of *The Journal* have sometimes been other than complimentary; but we feel that they have been true and just and we have nothing for which to beg pardon. We sincerely hope that our sisters will realize the light in which they are placing themselves, and will disist in future from such rabid personal attacks as the one which appears in their February

issue. Let us at least confine criticism to the exchange department.

St. Louis

We are sincerely glad to see that the College authorities seem to be interested in this matter of taking the corps out to the Exposition in the spring. Probably before this issue of THE CHRONICLE is published, the question "are we to go or not?" will be settled finally, since the matter has been left almost entirely in the hands of the students. If a sufficient number sign up to go, we go; if the requisite number is not forthcoming, then we stay; this seems to be the situation at present. It is to be hoped that the members of the corps will give some serious thought to this question before deciding one way or the other; and we urge them to think twice before losing such a rare opportunity of visiting this the most magnificent, most wonderful and most complete display that the world has yet seen. Naturally there will be some expense connected with the trip; but in comparison with the real pleasure and instruction that are sure to be derived from such an outing, and, considering the great educational advantages that will be afforded, the required outlay of money seems ridiculously trivial. Provided a reasonably large number of students decide to go, the railroad fare is sure to be very low; and the commandant has promised to furnish us with good food and quarters while in the city, for the sum of one dollar and seventy-five cents a week! Surely this places the great exhibition within reach of us all.

While speaking of the Exposition, it is very interesting to note the progress which our own College is making with its intended exhibit; although South Carolina must bear the stigma of being the "shortest" State in the Union, we of Clemson do not intend that the S. C. A. & M. College shall be overlooked and forgotten. Along every line of work

pursued in our institution—in the laboratories, in the forge and foundry and machine shops; in the drawing and designing rooms, in the class rooms, everywhere, the work of preparation is slowly but steadily progressing; and it is believed by those competent to judge that our little share in the great exhibition will reflect much credit upon Clemson College, and, we hope, upon our tardy State.

Cotton

Has high priced cotton come to stay? In the answer to this question, doubtless, lies the future of the South. With five cent cotton the Southern farmers cannot live; with twelve and fifteen cents cotton he can not only live, but make money. In the rise and fall of this essentially Southern product is involved, to no small extent, the weal or woe of our land. Five years ago when the market price of cotton sunk below the actual cost of production, a natural result ensued, and a great industrial revolution began to be felt over all the Southern States. Farmers, realizing the utter folly of planting a dollar and reaping perhaps eight-five or ninety cents, began looking elsewhere for better means of livelihood, and a general flocking into the towns was a result. Plantations were either abandoned, or what is probably as bad, were left to shiftless tenants, and allowed to wash and weather away and go down and down. The South, as an agricultural section, began to deteriorate alarmingly and it was prophesied—with how much truth it is not possible to say—that the Southern States were fast following the example set by New England and were giving up the plow for the loom.

But now conditions seem to be undergoing another change; the price of cotton has again risen well into the money-making limits and it seems not unreasonable that the industrial tide may again be turned. Will the late boom in

the cotton market serve as a check on the present manufacturing and mechanical tendencies of the Southern working man, and be a means to turning him again into the "man with the hoe?" This question remains to be answered by the events of the next few years. If the price of this our cardinal agricultural product remains where it now is, five years hence we may see the country thriving at the expense—in population at least—of the city. So much depends, however, on the stability of the present value of the staple, that no prophesy can be made with any degree of certainty. Let us hope, rather, that finally a happy mean may be found when the farmer and the mechanic may be two unconflicting arms bearing up our Southland to a higher state of prosperity than she has yet known.

At the beginning of this year **THE CHRON-**
To the Students **ICLE** staff made an offer of three gold medals
—or cash prizes if preferred—for the purpose
of stimulating in the student body a higher degree of literary zeal; but, in passing we must say that the response has not been by any means over-enthusiastic. In that offer we did not confine our call for aid to any particular branch of work—neither to the light story nor to the heavier "essay," nor to the poem. We need them *all* in fact, and always receive with thanks every meritorious literary communication submitted; but, taking the past issues of **THE CHRONICLE** on the whole, we observe a somewhat undesirable preponderance of heavy matter—of matter such as commencement and Literary Society speeches—which, although possessing as a rule more or less real literary merit are still rather dull reading for the average subscriber who, as a rule, is seeking amusement and entertainment rather than instruction. Such material is very good when used sparingly; we may even say that a certain amount of the more serious and more preten-

tious work is absolutely essential to a well balanced magazine; but certainly it should not monopolize the whole number. So we should like to urge upon those students who are doing work along this line, to devote more time to the short story. A story in order to be interesting need not necessarily be very long nor need it have an especially intricate plot. One incident told in well chosen words and in live, interesting style is worth a thousand events merely narrated. "Love" is *not* a necessary ingredient, as some writers, and, more especially the beginners, seem to think. Love is a tricky thing and likely to lead one astray. We hope to see an increase in the number of manuscripts submitted in future.



Exchange Department

S. T. HILL,
O. M. ROBERTS, }

EDITORS

Our almost vacant table this month forbids our writing up a very extensive Exchange Department. Only about eight of our forty exchanges have reached us. We cannot censure any one for this delay, for we, too, are behind in sending out *THE CHRONICLE*. However, we know we deserve censure and believe that every one else does also. What means the late coming of so many magazines? If we spend a month on getting up an issue, is it not just as easy to get it out one time as another? We can attribute it to but one cause, and that is to the editors'—must I say laziness? No, I will not, but I do believe we editors put off too long before we begin getting the material together. Let us all make new resolutions and get our magazines out at least by the twentieth of the month. We hope to see the March issues come in on time.

We have received and read with interest *The Winthrop*



S. T. HILL,
President Palmetto Literary Society,
"First Quarter."

College Journal. This spunky little journal usually arrives on time and claims, or I should say demands, its place on our table. It is our desire to take time about with our exchanges, and as we have criticised *The Journal* twice since September we placed it at the bottom of the pile. But we were compelled to pull it out. If our sisters think that we mention their *Journal* too often, they must remember that we are deeply interested in their welfare, as a brother should be. However we shall "gently scan" our "sister woman," for though "to step aside is human," some people do not always like to be told of it. We have gone through *The Journal* carefully and in criticising it we have borne in mind that the "editors have other duties to perform than merely write" for their journal. We have also borne in mind that we are dealing with spirited editors who not only jump but cry out when their toes are stepped on. This time, however, as "we have not an unusually good number" we have decided to say something nice about *The Journal*. The *Literary Department* is good. It contains some very interesting stories. "Who Won" is exceedingly interesting. The negro dialect in "The White Sheep of the Flock" is as good as usual. *The Journal* is noted for its negro talk and it comes nearer imitating a genuine old Southern negro than any other magazine. The editorial and exchange departments were got out especially for THE CLEMSON COLLEGE CHRONICLE and *Charleston College Monthly* and will be of very little interest to any college besides these two.

When we first glanced through *The Wofford College Journal* we were reminded of the convicts that are so numerous on our College farm. It wore the familiar yellow oil coat and almost every article had its number. We think the oil cloth cover very good; it is unique and so appropriate to the numbers within. Perhaps, too, our Spartanburg friends

are getting ready for another flood and desire to keep their *Journal* dry. No. 3344, which occupies cell No. 1, is a poem of unusual merit. It covers over two pages and every line shows thought and preparation. Nowhere in it do we find anything that was simply dragged into the poem. Every word has its place and is made to fit in to the sense and poetry, and we feel that we are reading poetry and not merely calling over words. No. 3344 deserves praise and has reflected credit on the number he bears. We are not so strong a Roosevelt man as the author of the sketch on our President. However this has nothing to do with the merit of the article. It is very forcibly expressed, and compels us to acknowledge things that are very reluctantly admitted by most of us who do not sanction the policy of our President. As a whole *The Journal* is instructive and entertaining. It contains very little or no trash, and is somewhat more dignified, if we may use that word, than most college magazines. The only suggestion we have to offer, is that there be a little more published on the college story line. But before we stop we wish to say that Nos. 1884, 2200 and 8911 deserve favorable mention.

It is our custom to mention our "distant" friends only when they get out an exceptionally good issue of their magazine, and so no departure from our rule is made, when we say a few words about the "*Baylor Literary*" for this month. This magazine opens with an expressive little poem "Memories," which is a model of its kind and is very appropriate for this period of the year. In "A Tale of the Witchcraft Days of Salem," the author gives us a vivid and truthful picture of the sad state of affairs existing in Massachusetts during the later part of the 17th century. These were dark days for this State for at no time could her citizens feel safe; they did not know but that the next day would find them

between the "dark prison walls," awaiting their "death sentence." The clipping "Tuberoses" seems to have been misplaced, this must have been intended for the exchange department, where such articles belong; and not for the literary. The short story "An Indian Wife" is among the best we have seen though the sentence structure could be improved. This magazine could be improved by a little better division of its subject matter. The different departments seem to be mixed. Considering both the "good" and the "bad" in this journal, we have come to the conclusion that it is one of which the college should feel proud.

We are sorry we are short on clipping, but we had so few magazines to get them from.

Clippings

HIS COMMANDMENTS.

1. Remember that I'm thy master;
Thou shalt love me always, even through disaster.
2. Thou shalt retire early at night,
And strive to make home a place of delight.
3. Thou shalt not dip snuff,
Or use any other objectionable stuff.
4. Thou shalt not grumble while I'm on the bum;
But work like h—l until I come.
5. Thy mother thou shalt not invite to stay;
But work all the harder to keep her away.
6. Remember 'tis thy duty clear
To want but two dresses throughout the year.
7. Although thy needs will be many,
Thou shalt not claim, of my wages, a penny.

8. Even though I be a drinking man,
Thou shalt not mention prohibition plan.
 9. Thou shalt not think of men in whirls,
Though I may flirt with all the girls.
 10. Remember that when baby cries,
Thou art always the one to rise.

These are my commands, thou shalt obey,
So bear them in mind from day to day.
-

HER COMMANDMENTS.

1. Remember that I am thy wife,
Whom thou shalt cherish all thy life.
2. Thou shalt not stay out late at night,
When lodges, friends, or clubs invite.
3. Thou shalt not smoke, indoor or out,
Or chew tobacco round about.
4. Thou shalt with praise receive my pies,
Nor pastry made by me despise.
5. My mother thou shalt strive to please,
And let her live with us in ease.
6. Remember 'tis thy duty clear,
To dress me well throughout the year.
7. Thou shalt in manner mild and meek,
Give me thy wages every week.
8. Thou shalt not be a drinking man,
But live on a prohibition plan.
9. Thou shalt not flirt, but must allow
Thy wife such freedom anyhow.

10. Thou shalt get up when baby cries,
And try the child to tranquilize.

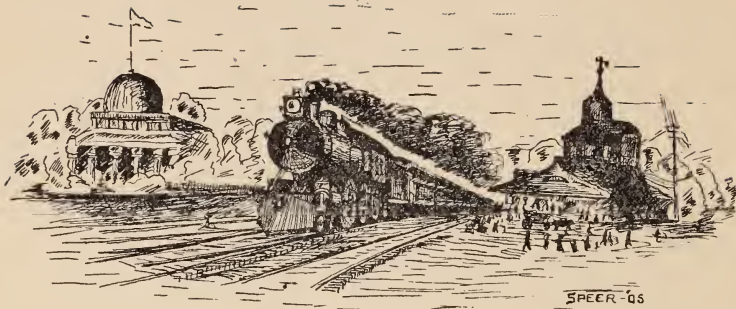
These, my commands, from day to day,
Implicitly thou shalt obey.

—*Georgia Tech.*

A NAMELESS POEM.

The coatless man put a careless arm
Round the waist of a hatless girl
As over the dustless and mudless roads
In a horseless carriage they whirl
Like a leadless bullet from a hammerless gun,
By smokeless powder driven,
They fly to taste the speechless joy
By endless union given,
Though the only lunch his coinless purse
Affords to them the means
Is tasteless meal of boneless cod,
With a "side" of stringless beans.
He puffs a tobaccoless cigarette,
And laughs a mirthless laugh
When papa tries to coax her back
By wireless telegraph.

—*Ex.*



Local Department

A. E. HOLMAN, }
R. F. GOODING, }

EDITORS

On Monday night, February the twenty-second, the Columbian Literary Society held its annual contest in Memorial Hall. The following was the programme:

ORATORS.

C. Norton—"Some Factors of Success."

J. M. Hill—"Co-operation an Incentive to Industrial Democracy."

DECLAIMERS.

H. W. Barre—"The American Indians."

J. E. Johnson—"The American Scholar."

DEBATORS.

Resolved, That railroads should be controlled and owned by the government.

Affirmative, J. P. Tarbox; negative, C. W. Mack.

The Orator's medal was won by C. Norton, the Declaimer's medal by J. E. Johnson and the Debator's medal by J. P. Tarbox. These exercises did credit to the society, and

shows that the society has taken on new life this year, and is doing excellent work.

T. S. Perrin, class '03, was on the campus visiting his brother recently. He is engaged in selling humidifiers and is on his way to Atlanta.

Dr. Henry van Dyke gave a lecture on Friday evening, February the nineteenth. A large and appreciative audience greeted him.

There will be three other entertainments on the lyceum course. Dr. Jenkins Lloyd Jones, March the sixteenth; Dunbar Hand-Bell Ringers, April the ninth, and the Chicago Glee Club, April the twenty-fifth.

Dr. J. W. Daniel, of Charleston, preached a very eloquent sermon here February 6.

Dr. and Mrs. Mell visited Atlanta recently.

Mrs. Hill, of Alabama, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. H. Benton.

The foot-ball team has elected John Maxwell as Captain of next year's team. He has played quarter on the team for the last two years, and is considered the best quarter-back in the South. The team is to be congratulated on his election.

A very valuable contribution to the Library was made this week by Capt. J. C. Stribling, of Pendleton, who gave fourteen volumes of the American Farmer. The publication of the American Farmer was begun in Baltimore, Md., April 2, 1819, under the editorship of John S. Skinner. The paper was made up of original essays and selections on "Rural Economy and Internal Improvements." The print is good, the wood cuts are quaint and interesting, and much

of the matter is both valuable and interesting, especially from a historic standpoint.

The base-ball team has started practice under direction of Capt. Maxwell. The outlook is very bright for a good team this year. The following men are out trying for places: Maxwell, Dendy, Sitton, Caldwell, McKinney, Goggans, Rodger, Wier, Barksdale, Ellison, Ellis, Sorentrue, Reeves, McIver, Crawford, Coles, besides a great many aspirants for the "scrub" team.

Miss Strode, sister of Mrs. Carter Newman, is visiting on the campus.

Prof. Furman: "Mr. Josey, what is a shrine?"

Cadet Josey: "A very beautiful woman, sir."

Cadet McIver: "Did you ever play a game of cards called Eureka?"

Cadet Jenkins, referring to some of his section who had gone to Biltmore: "Colonel, they have gone to Vanderbilt."

"Tib" Means: "Say, do we have to wear dress coats when walking extras?"

"Ruck" Taylor wants to buy an answer book to Plane Geometry.

Cadet Holman: "Say give me a visiting card."

Cadet Preacher: "What are you going to do with it, put it in a valentine?"

Cadet Preacher: "I bet Japan will come out first in the war, for she has one of the best navies in the United States."

Guns were issued last week, and the "rats" are in their

glory. In fact, Rats Jackson and Symes slept the first night with their guns by their side, and their side-arms on.

Prof. Bradley: "Mr. Happoldt, what is the plural of tableau?"

Prep. Happoldt: "Tablets, sir."

Prof. Rawls, professor of animal husbandy, took the students of the agricultural course to visit Vanderbilt's farm at Biltmore. He reports very favorably of the farm, and thinks the course derived much benefit from its trip.

When Rubens Come to Town.

Byars: "Boykin, lemme see that schedule (referring to menu), when you get through."

Shack: "You ignoramus you, do you mean that program?"

Jake (looking over menu hurriedly, sees rolls at head of list and coffee at end): "Bring me rolls, and let me see—coffee."

Rick: "Is this ham and eggs?"

Waitress: "Here's the ham, but I don't see any eggs."

Southard: "When is breakfast served?"

Waitress: "From six to nine."

Southard: "All right, that just suits me, for I am hungry enough to eat from six to nine."

Waitress: "Yes, I see you look rather pale."

Harry (to waitress): "You didn't bring me an apple (referring to baked irish potato) like you brought Stokes."

Waitress: "Will you have anything else?"

Bostick: "I'll take some champagne."

Louis: "Bring me in some mountain dew."

Proprietor (interrupting breakfasting party): "Is Mr. Vaughan in here? His sister wants him at the phone."

Senator rises in confusion and goes to answer summons.

Moss (before music box in hotel lobby): "I don't understand the *modus operandi* of this slot machine."

Waitress to Henry: "Haven't you had one dinner already?"

Stokes (at sale): "At this rate I couldn't buy two strands of hair from that hog's tail."

Cleveland: "I wish I was worth as much as that hog."

Ask Courtney how his girl is getting on and what she said when he bade "good-bye."

Ask Professor R—— if he caught on the new treatment for milk fever.

Bill Walker, noticing the clock on top of barn, asked what time do they have tattoo and taps for the cows to go to bed.

McIver (seeing the trolley carrying milk from the barn to the dairy): Is that the cashier's office over there?

Cadet Farley (looking at pennant): "I saw one of those *pinnacles* the other day that came from West Point."

Cadets Norton, Hall and Lipscomb were having a discussion about American authors, during which Norton asked if Edward Noyes Wescott didn't write *under a nom-de-plume*?

Lipscomb: "No, no, he didn't, he didn't write anything but *David Harum*."

Hall: "Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!"

Lipscomb (planking a half dollar on table): "Well I just

bet you fifty cents that *David Harum* was the only book he wrote."

DuBose: "Say, ain't McIver a *Juniorman*?"

Rat Connor wants to know if Charles Major didn't write under an anonymous name.

Maxwell: Lula Tyler Gates is the first *executioner* I ever saw.

We are sorry to disappoint our readers, but Joker Joel is taking a special in *Geology*.

Mr. W. D. Weatherford, of the International Committee of the Y. M. C. A., and Secretary of the Southern Associations, will visit the College in the near future in the interest of the students.

Clemson College Directory

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President Calhoun Literary Society,
Second Quarter.

The Clemson College Chronicle

Valeat Quantum Valere Potest

VOL. VII. CLEMSON COLLEGE, S. C., APRIL, 1904 No. 7



E. A. THORNWELL, }
L. E. BOYKIN, } - - - - - EDITORS

Dewdrops

Twirling around in the morning light,
Dainty gem,
Shedding myriad beams so bright,
Diadem!

Poising there in the balmy air
Like a rainbow, rich and rare.
Full of smiles; so joyfully
Shaken down from an angel's eye
Dewdrop, I love thee!

Swaying back and forth in the sun,
Yearningly;
Lingering over a task well done—
Tenderly.

Caught up into a larger life,
Into a land with radiance rife;
Dying alone without a groan,
Going out to a place unknown—
Dewdrop, I love thee!

Good-bye, dewdrop, though you go
Far beyond our ken;
Joy in angels' eyes doth flow—
You'll come back again;
Come back on the morning's wings,
Lovely mystery;
Come back, for the glad earth sings,
"Dewdrop, I love thee!"

'04.

State Socialism

Throughout all ages of the world's history there has been before the people of every country some one all-absorbing question. In the days of ancient Macedonia and Rome, the object of the government and of the people was to become the conquerors of the whole world. After the coming of Christ, for many centuries there was a constant struggle for freedom of religious worship. Then came the fight for freedom of government, liberty in politics, the establishment of democracies. These have all been settled, and to-day the question that presents itself to us is one of economics. It is the question of the distribution of wealth, the conflict between labor and capital, the fight of the poor against the rich. The matter that will confront us most often in our life of the twentieth century is this great issue, one of the greatest with which men have ever been called upon to deal; we must inform ourselves of the problem and of the different theories

offered for its solution. Socialism is a remedy suggested and advocated by a rapidly increasing number of people, and it is, therefore, the question with which we must cope. Let us see what socialism is, for there is perhaps no word that has such great importance and is yet so little understood.

The term socialism is a very broad one, and is affixed to a large number of theories or beliefs that vary widely in their essential features. In its broadest and most ideal sense it might be said to mean absolute democracy in government; a government in which there are no classes, in which all labor alike, and all are paid alike, in which all men are truly equal. But this is simply the object of socialism, and gives no idea of the means to be used in accomplishing its far distant end. "Socialism is that contemplated system of industrial society which proposes the abolition of private property in the great material instruments of production, and the substitution therefor of collective property; and advocates the collective management of production, together with the distribution of social income by society." The essence of socialism is the entire change of the present industrial system of private capital carrying on individual production, and the substitution therefor of a system of industry to be controlled by a collective ownership of all means of production with the co-operation of all laborers involved. While production is at present carried on by private and competing capitalists served by wage labor, it must in the future be promoted by associated labor, with a view to the equitable distribution of all wealth.

That this is not an ideal age, every one will admit; there are many conditions that might well be bettered, many problems that require solution, many causes for discontent. The unequal distribution of wealth is one of the greatest causes for this growing discontent. Around us we see some who are multi-millionaires, others who are comfortable in their surroundings, and many who have a constant struggle for

their very existence. That these who work so long and hard, and who are so poorly paid, should be dissatisfied with their share of the wealth of the world, is perfectly natural. The laborer asks the question, "What is the difference between that rich man and myself?" "Why should he have such an easy lot and I such a hard one?" It would undoubtedly be better if there were a more just distribution of wealth, if there were no very rich class and no very poor class, if all want and misery could be overcome by the superfluous riches of the capitalist.

The great loss of wealth due to competition is one of the chief objections to present industrial program; if there were no competition, it is clear that more wealth could be produced. This is illustrated by two rival lines of parallel railway. There are two tracks often almost side by side, two depots in each town, two agents, two operators; in fact, to accomplish the same end, there is required almost twice the amount of labor as if there were only one line; and besides, each company spends every year large sums of money for advertising. All this wealth wasted by competition might be saved to society.

One of the greatest evils of the day is the constant struggle between labor and capital. This is destructive of both life and property, and keeps society in a constant turmoil; a question that appeals to men in all classes of life, a question in which all are interested. Society would undoubtedly be bettered if the great financial crises and panics could be avoided. These are a few of the evils with which we of America will have to deal. That we would all be pleased if some remedy were applied, no one will deny, and it is the business of the socialist to offer a remedy, to substitute a new social and industrial order, that shall have none of these defects. If socialism could accomplish this purpose, could banish the present evils without substituting for them others that would

be as bad or worse, every man in America would at once become a socialist, heart and soul.

Let us, then, see what it is that the socialist proposes to substitute for the present state of affairs, and let us see whether or not this new socialistic state would be better than the one that now exists. For the present individual ownership of property, there would be substituted the ownership by the government of all instruments of production—railroads, factories, shops; all land and buildings; all wealth of every kind. Since there would be no private property, all rents and interest would cease. All great private industries, with the competition that now results from them, would become a thing of the past. For the present planlessness of production would be substituted a system of industry, in which there would be no element of chance, in which every producer would contribute only his proportional part of the total amount of the article needed by society. There would be no market, for the need of it would cease; all necessities would be stored in great public warehouses, from which they would be delivered to the consumers in exchange for the labor tickets that would take the place of money. The incessant struggle of the laborer against the capitalist would be no more; a state of industrial peace would reign throughout the world. The system of law-making and government would become much simpler and lawsuits would be fewer. That this would be so, is shown by the operation of the post office under government control; the laws relating to the post office are comparatively concise and simple, and litigation is unknown. The controlling idea would be that of private frugality and public luxury; public institutions of all kinds would increase in number and magnificence. In short, there would exist an ideal democracy in politics and commerce and industry; there would be a brotherhood of man—all for one and one

for all would be the motto adopted. If all these good results and benefits could, indeed, be realized with no accompanying evils, as is claimed by the socialists, there is no man who would not favor the unlimited adoption of State Socialism.

There are, however, many evils that must necessarily accompany all great changes or reforms, and this is especially true of socialism, which is in theory an ideal thing and one to be desired, but which has so many obstacles to overcome before any system of socialism could be realized, and which carries with it so many evils, that the good results would be overbalanced and the remedy would prove to be worse than the disease.

In the first place, the socialists are too pessimistic of the present and too optimistic of the future. Only the evil features of society as it now exists are considered; while there are many evils, there is also much good; but in all discussions by socialists, the good points are ignored or denied and the evil features are magnified. In regard to the future, the opposite is the case; if we would heed the socialists, we would believe that it was possible to construct a state of society in which all evil and injustice would disappear; in which all men and all methods would become perfect; in which every man would love his neighbor as himself. It is evident that to effect such a change would require a complete revolution of the fundamental nature of man as he is to-day. Man is essentially a selfish being, and to change his way of thinking would require education to that end through not years, but centuries.

Any change, religious, political or social, is only effected by a gradual evolution through a long period of time. It has taken France a hundred years to establish a Republican form of government, and yet politics is something that does not immediately effect the ordinary man; whether he lives in a monarchy or an aristocracy or a democracy, makes little

difference to the farmer or mechanic; but whether he lives in an individualistic or a soialistic state, makes a personal difference to every man, be he farmer, artisan, landowner or capitalist. Since all would feel the change, there would surely be much discontent with the system of government and organization. We are always more dissatisfied with industries operated by the government without competition, than with those operated by individuals with competition; and there would be many who, from motives of personal gain, would fan the flame of discontent and constantly keep before the public the defects of the system.

There would be so much discontent with this state of affairs that one of two things would surely happen: either a country like the United States would degenerate into a state of continual internal revolution, as seen in some of the South American countries, or else there would be such a display of popular feeling that it would become necessary to revert to the present form of government.

There would be so much power invested in the ruling political party that much abuse of it would be made. The whole industrial world would be managed by those at the head of the government; a vast amount of business would have to be transacted; and unless this government soon became corrupt and misappropriated much of the money belonging to the people, the precedent of the ages would not be followed. To operate such a government would require a much larger amount for current expenses than is now needed, and it is believed that the surplus, which the socialists claim would revert to society, would be expended in the maintenance of this government.

One of the greatest evils that would accompany a socialistic state would be the crushing of ambition; since all would be on the same level, none could rise above that level. That fire that burns in a youth's breast from the time he is able to

read of the examples of the great men of the past would be forever extinguished. To know that there was no chance of becoming a power in life, and an example to the generations of the future, would remove one of the chief causes that make men toil and struggle to overcome the obstacles that lie in their paths. All men would eventually sink to a degraded level of inactivity and indifference.

We have briefly examined the nature of socialism; we have seen that there are many sound arguments for socialism, and that there are many arguments against it. Whether we shall adopt the principles advocated by socialists as our own, or whether we shall favor a conservative, individualistic government, or whether we shall seek a solution of the problem, in a mean between the two extremes, is left with us, the rising generation of American youths, who will, in a few years, have controlling voice in this great government. It is for us to decide, and we must remember that upon us the responsibility rests. Let us consider the question thoughtfully and impartially, and decide for the best interest of the people, of the State and of the Nation.

L. LIPSCOMB, '04.

The Call of Duty

The convention had adjourned after the most exciting meeting in the history of the party. The two factions—one for the immunity of capital and oppression of labor, the other for the control of capital and freedom of labor and labor organization—had each placed a candidate in the race for Governor, and now the fight was on. The principles of Democracy that had heretofore held the party united were now absorbed in this great question of the owner against the labor, the rich against the poor.

Jas. Mitchell, the capitalist nominee for Governor, left the hall with a glad heart; his party was almost sure to win, and this would bring him into prominence and place him in a direct line for the Senate—his cherished ambition. Bidding a hearty good-night to his supporters, who he knew would spare no means or expense to win their fight, he turned his steps towards a house not many blocks away, where he knew some one was anxiously awaiting the result of the nomination. How proud he knew Kate would be of him, and how happy he would be to lead his bride to the Governor's mansion, when the election was at last over, and he was Governor of the grand old State. A few minutes later he was seated in the palatial parlors of Col. Thompson, one of the largest mill owners of the State, telling the glad news to his promised bride, and forming plans as only lovers can—he the Governor and she the Governor's wife.

* * * * *

The great strike was in full blast. For many weeks the whole State had been in a condition of excitement and confusion. Under the new administration of the capital party, the wages of the laboring class had been reduced time after time, until the labor union had ordered a strike, and now the mills all over the State were closed. Finally, an arbitration committee had been appointed, and into the capital great numbers of employers and workmen had gathered to await the decision of this committee. If they decided in favor of the owners, the workmen were to return to work at the same wages as before; if for the laborers, their demand was to be granted. The capitalists fully expected to win, as the committee were equally divided and the Governor, who would cast the deciding vote, was theirs—elected by them to defend their interest, whether right or wrong.

Governor Mitchell sat in his office alone, studying the situation. Ere long the report of the committee would come

to him, and upon him rested the result. Was his first duty to his State or to his party? The one he had sworn to serve, the other had elected him and expected him to serve it. One meant success to him and the oppression of the poor, the other his own overthrow, but justice to the weak. How would he decide? At last his mind was made up. He would do his duty as he saw it, regardless of the consequences. His party would forsake him, but his conscience would be clear.

Just then there was a rap at his door, and in response to his stern "Come in," there entered, not the chairman of the committee as he expected, but instead the chairman's daughter, Kate Thompson. "Why, dear, whatever brought you here this morning? This is my busy day, but I am mighty glad to see you. I need somebody to cheer me a little. This strike trouble has nearly driven me distracted; so sit down and talk to me a little while, and may be my duty will seem a little easier."

"Yes, James, I knew you were busy, but I had a great favor to ask of you, and that's why I came;" and she placed a roll of paper upon his desk. "This is the report of the arbitration committee, that says all of the workmen must return to their work at the same wages as before, and I have come to ask you to sign it. Father asked me to bring it, and said he knew you would sign it, for it was the decision of your party, and then you know how much it means to us both. He and two others have signed, but if you don't, the other party will win, for three of them say they will not. If we win, father's mills will soon be running just as before; and you will be almost sure of the Senate the next election, and you know how proud I will be to be a Senator's wife, especially the wife of such a Senator as you will make. So please sign it, and then we'll go down and select the things for our Washington home."

The Governor arose from his seat, and, looking into his sweetheart's loving eyes, with all of the tenderness of his nature, said what it took all of the manhood of his nature to say: "No, Kate, I wish I could do as you request, for I know how much it means to us both, and I know that my ambition for the Senate will ever be crushed by not doing so; but my duty is otherwise. I have sworn to do my duty to my State, and act at all times for her interest, and this I cannot do, and sign that paper. My conscience and manhood rebel, and I must do my duty, whatever the consequences may be." And turning to his desk he grasped his pen and wrote just these words:

"I cast my vote with the opposition party.

"JAS. MITCHELL, Governor."

"Now, dear, we will go to see about the furnishings, not for a Washington house, but for that of a poor lawyer, and one that will always try to do his duty."

She placed two arms gently about his neck, "My hero, my true hero," and both were happy. T.

The Pro and Con of Immigration

Query: Resolved, That Immigration is Detrimental to the South.

AFFIRMATIVE.

In considering this question, which is occupying so much of the public attention to-day, let us first look briefly at the causes leading to the wholesale immigration to the United States that is now taking place. America, as the land of promise to all the world, is the destination of the most remarkable migration of which we have any record. During the last hundred years about fifteen million foreigners have made their home in this country, and of that num-

ber, five million have come in the last ten years. The causes leading to this are three, namely: (1) The attractive forces of the United States; (2) The repulsive forces of the Old World; (3) Improved traveling facilities.

It is said, that for every inhabitant here in 1880, the country could support twenty. This fact, together with the possibility of owning land, offers a great inducement to foreigners to come to this country; for, in England, one-twentieth of the people own land; in Scotland, one twenty-fifth; in Ireland, only one seventy-ninth; while this ratio is much smaller on the continent of Europe. Parents know, also, that the free schools here are the best in the world, and that this country is one where "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness are the inalienable rights of all men."

For the past hundred years the social and political upheavals of Europe have been sending new waves of immigration into this country. Just now, as the whole of Europe seems to be on the verge of war, this tendency to come to America is greater than ever. The countries of Europe require the best years of a man's life to be spent in the army, and the keeping of such large armies necessarily means increased taxation. Taxation decreased 9.15 per cent. in the United States from 1870 to 1880, while it increased 28.01 per cent. in Europe during the same period. A small war over there often involves several countries, and, judging from the past, it will not be long before all Europe is again involved in a general war, and this means more people for America.

In Europe now, with so many more miles of railroad than there used to be, and with the cost of transportation so much reduced, it is a comparatively easy matter for one to reach the seaboard. Steam navigation has made the trips easier, quicker and cheaper; whereas tickets over to America used

to cost at least one hundred dollars, they have been sold lately at seven dollars.

We see, then, that, from the causes just mentioned: (1) Attractive forces of the United States; (2) Repulsive forces of the Old World; (3) Improved traveling facilities, there is an ever increasing tide of immigration sweeping over this country.

Having now found the causes of this wholesale immigration, let us look at the results of it on the South. These people constitute a new and foreign element, requiring assimilation to native ideas and customs. Consider, then, who they are, from what countries they come, in what proportion from these different countries, and how readily they adapt themselves to their adopted country. How do they affect and modify society, politics and government? In what way are they related to the prevalence of illiteracy and crime? Can our democratic government stand the strain produced by so large an alien population? For, under our government, they become, not subjects, but rulers.

One of the first evils caused by immigration is the social evil. Immigration is the prevailing cause of illiteracy to-day, and we all know that illiteracy and crime go arm in arm. The proportion of illiterate people is 38 per cent. greater among foreigners than among those of native birth. Aside from this danger, is the fact, that at the different ports of the South no very strict discipline is enforced to prevent diseased persons from coming into this country. Consequently, we have people to come who are suffering from smallpox, leprosy, and many other loathsome diseases. Take the case of our noted health resorts, where so many consumptives from the North come every year to spend the winter. I will cite you one instance: At a little town in the mountainous district, no man had ever been known to have consumption until ten years ago. But a sanitarium

was established, and consumptives flocked there from all parts of the country. As a result of this, to-day the whole air is filled with disease germs, and the natives, hitherto a healthy race, are dying by the hundreds. So will it soon be with our whole South, if this tide of immigration is not stopped. Our dear old South will be a veritable pest house, and we will be trying to stop emigration, and not immigration.

Another reason why immigration is detrimental to the South is that it lowers the standard of morals. As some great man has truly said, "There is a great deal of piety now-a-days, which will not bear transportation. It will not endure even the slight change of climate involved in spending a few summer weeks at a watering place, and is generally left at home. Many church members, when they go West, seem to think that the Ten Commandments are not binding west of the Mississippi." If, then, our own people so far forget themselves when away from home, what can we expect of those coming from across the sea? Is it strange, that those who come from other lands, whose old associations have been broken, and whose reputations have been left behind, should, on coming here, sink to a lower moral level? Across the sea they had many restraints which are now removed. The better wages received here afford larger means of self-indulgence, the man is not able to stand prosperity, and, alas, too often liberty lapses into license. We admit that many good men do come here from other places. But no one knows better than they themselves do, that they do not represent the mass of immigrants. The typical immigrant is a peasant, whose moral and religious training have been defective, and whose ideals of life are very low. Our high rates of immorality, vice and crime now, are due to this cause. Seventy-four per cent. of the convicts discharged in Ireland come to this country. The hoodlums

and roughs of our cities are mostly of foreign extraction. Out of 680 men at a big prison, 144 were of native birth, while 536, or about 81 per cent., were of foreign birth. In 1880, while the foreigners were only 13 per cent. of the total population, they furnished 19 per cent. of the convicts in the penitentiaries, and 43 per cent. of those in work houses and houses of correction. We see, also, that though only one-seventh of the population in the same year, they furnished more than one-third of our paupers, and five-eighths of our suicides. Again, in the same year, 63 per cent. of the dealers in liquors and wines, and 75 per cent. of the brewers, were of foreign birth.

Then, too, they have a degraded religion. Many come here with continental ideas of the Sabbath, and the result is seen in our cities to-day, where it is being changed from a holy day into a holiday. Their religion permits the inhuman treatment of women and openly allows gambling. As some one has said: "The first thing to be seen in a city is a crowd of foreigners, a gambling den and a bar-room." They have positively no regard for their oaths; they are the most susceptible to Mormonism, and soon our churches would have to be pulled down to be replaced by Mormon temples, and Mormonism, with all its degrading and revolting practices, would be the dominant religion of the South.

Next, let us look at it from a practical, every day, business standpoint. My opponents claim that immigrants would increase the wealth of the South, that they bring prosperity with them, and that they are much needed to farm lands gone to waste. But just as soon as immigrants arrive at a place, they lower the wages. The native workmen, unable to live on such low pay, have to leave their positions, and hunt other work. There is a large crowd of idle natives here now, and are they to be pushed out of the way just because a foreigner can do poorer work for less money? It

is certain that most immigrants arrive here penniless. A prominent German says: "The Germans now have but one want—money enough to go to America." But in 1902, out of 648,743 immigrants who came here, 157,200 had no desire to work. In the same year, out of 648,743 men, only 8,170, or about 1 1-3 per cent., were farmers. That is, out of every 300 men, 4 will go to the farm, while 296 go to the city. Even if they do farm, they buy up about, say, 100,000 acres in one spot, make a colony of their own, do their own work, trade at their own stores, and remain a separate and distinct people.

If we, who have been raised here, can *not* farm to advantage, what can they do? And if we *can* farm to advantage, why we don't need their help. Their settling together promotes the formation of trusts. They will sooner or later take the place of the negro, who will be turned out with no support, and the rights of property and person will be things of the past. Who, then, is benefited? No one but the railroad men and the liquor dealers.

Lastly, let us consider the political evils of immigration. When these people get together, they are soon under the leadership of a political "boss." These bosses are men of power, whose favor the ambitious must court, and whose hatred he must avoid. Who, then, are these "bosses?" Are they the wise and learned men who have earned the respect of their fellows by the purity of their lives, the splendor of their talents, and their integrity? No. They are gamblers, saloon keepers, pugilists, and worse—men who have made a business of buying and controlling votes and of selling public offices. We have seen that immigration has fed fat the liquor power, and there is a liquor vote; it furnishes most of the victims of Mormonism, and there is a Mormon vote; it is the mother and nurse of Socialism, and there is a Socialist vote. The result of a national election

may depend on the vote of a single State; the vote of a State on a single city; and the vote of that city on the vote of a "boss," a capitalist or a corporation. Thus elections may be decided, and the policy of government reversed by the liquor, Mormon, Socialist or immigrant vote. They have no desire to adopt our customs. They say: "Our tongue, our nationality, and our religion." One colony had for its motto, "Before everything else, let us remain French." Are they to be with us, and not of us? Are such a people, who do not care to be assimilated with us, be regarded as a desirable element of our population? Our safety depends on their assimilation, and this process becomes slower as they increase. At the present rate, it cannot be long before they will be able to wrest the government from us. "The giant is blind and grinding in his prison; howbeit, his locks are growing, and we know not at what time he may bow himself between the pillars of government." The effects of such an uprising would be too terrible to contemplate. Compared with them, the horrors of the French Revolution and the blood-curdling atrocities of the Indian wars would be nothing! As the population gets more dense, all business relations get to be more sensitive. A financial crash may close 10,000 mills and throw 1,000,000 men out of work. Then, when this crash has come, closing thousands of mills, and throwing millions of men out of work; when the public lands, which hitherto have given relief, are exhausted; when socialistic organizations, armed and drilled, are in every city, and the ignorant and vicious power of crowded population has found itself; when crops fail or some gigantic "corner" doubles the price of bread; with starvation in the home; with idle workmen gathered sullen and desperate, in the saloons; with unprotected wealth at hand, and the forces of chemistry in easy reach; then, with the opportunity, the motive, the temptation to destroy, all brought into evil

conjunction; then comes the answer to our question: "*Can our democratic government stand the strain produced by so large an alien citizenship?*"

We have proved that immigration is detrimental to the South: (1) Socially; (2) morally; (3) economically; and (4) politically. What more can we do?

Now, a few words in conclusion: The South, with all its possibilities, its glorious past record, and its brilliant future prospects, is in our hands. Shall we stand idle, and see the priceless gift of liberty pass from our hands to those of another race? Are we going to let this dear old Southland, for which our fathers fought so gallantly, and died so bravely, pass out of our possession? Have the speeches of John C. Calhoun and Robert Y. Hayne been made for nothing? Has the life blood of Stonewall Jackson been shed to no purpose? Is the work of Robert E. Lee or Wade Hampton destined to be forgotten by us? *God forbid.* For, as long as the sun, moon and stars shine upon this green earth; as long as there is a heaven, and a God in heaven; just so long will we refuse to allow these immigrants to enter our country, to degrade our society, to corrupt our morals, to ruin our finances, and finally, to usurp our government, and drive us out of this dear old South—"The land of the free, and the home of the brave."

R. T. GOODING.

The Right-of-Way

"Hello there, Harry, old man, how do you do? I am truly glad to see you; you know I have not seen you since, let's see, about fifteen years, is it not? Not since we were on the same division in Mexico."

"No, George, that's true; but I would have known you at any age and at any place in this country."

"Yes, I would have known you, too, but, say, are you going out on this next train?"

"Yes."

"Then come in and let's get a comfortable seat, and we will talk over old times together. Give me your grip, you have two, I'll carry it in for you. Yes, here is a vacant seat and a comfortable one, too. Now, sit down, Harry, and let's have a good cigar, and talk over the times when we used to run on the Mexican division. They tell me that Pueblo, the place where we used to stay, you know, is a large place now."

"Yes, things down there have changed considerably since we were there last, you know I left soon after you did."

"Is that so? Well, you know I thought you would spend the remainder of your life down there—eh!—you have not forgotten the little Spanish girl we used to tease you about, have you? Ha, ha! Say, what ever became of her any way? You know, as you have said, I left before you did, and lost sight of you and her both."

"Well, George, that is quite a long story; and, when I look far away towards Mexico and think of the midday sun beating down upon the little town of Pueblo, and then the beautiful moonlight nights and the cool breeze from the distant hills, a feeling of sadness comes over me, though it has been more than twenty years ago, and—"

"Quite a long story, eh? Well, let's have it. Harry, you know how you used to entertain us with you guitar and stories at the boarding house, when we would come in from our runs, wash up and get out on the veranda, don't you remember? Well, let's have it as if you were not the one at all. I know it is interesting and you will be telling me a part of your life and what happened after I left the boys."

"Very well, then; I will commence on a scene that is

familiar to you in Pueblo, for you know how beautiful those moonlight nights were in that little town. So here goes."

* * * * *

The twang of a guitar could be heard floating out into the summer breeze of the beautiful moonlight night, then a male voice followed in deep melodious tones, and the sound of the guitar in harmony with the singer filled the surrounding place with beautiful chimes that soothed, quieted and hushed all within hearing to gentle sleep.

Suddenly the music stopped, and from the little vine-covered portico out of which it came, there was heard a voice, sweet and clear, speaking to the maker of the music that had just died away.

"Harry!" There was no response.

"Harry!" came again, in a tone soft and sweet.

"Yes, my dear; pardon me, I was just thinking," was the reply.

"Were you—what were you thinking about?"

"You know without my telling you, do you not?"

"Yes, I have an idea, but, Harry, when shall we be married? We have been engaged for some time, now, you know."

"Yes, my dear Louise, I know that; and, just as soon as I am promoted, I am coming and take you away to a little home of our own."

"But when will you be promoted?" she asked, inquiringly.

"Oh, I don't know exactly when; may be when some of the fellows above me have a wreck, or turn an engine over in a ditch, or the like, and get discharged—then there is a chance for me."

Here the conversation ceased, and one from the outside could see the beautiful face of the girl, her dark hair and black sparkling eyes, together with her slender arms and

well-developed figure, indicated that she was of a people who came of a Spanish descent.

Louise, as she was known, loved the open air and outdoor life; she loved to take rides across the country on her pony. Yes, she loved to watch the trains come dashing through the mountains, the great black engines with their clouds of smoke curling to the sky, for it looked exciting. And again, too, she loved to stand in the little veranda and watch the engines, with their long line of cars, swing around the mountain up the track and roll into the yards in the valley below, for Harry was the fireman on one of these trains.

Harry Manning, fireman on the ten-wheeler engine No. 1068, was an American who came to Mexico with the shipment of these big engines to the Mexico division. He did not intend to stay in this country, nor had he any intention of making Mexico his future home. Harry was a handsome fellow and full of fun; his voice was deep and melodious, and was in harmony with the guitar, and often would he sing the Spanish ballads in his boarding house. But he rather liked Mexico, for it looked wild and wooly, and as all true American boys, he was in for something that was a little exciting. Often, too, on these beautiful moonlight nights peculiar to that country, when the boys would come in from their respective runs, and would "wash up," then they would go out serenading, and, of course, Harry was always found in the group.

It was on one of these serenades that he first met Louise, he thought then she was a very pretty girl, but did not pay much attention to that, for he had seen pretty girls before; and, as he was soon to return to the States, he did not wish to have a love affair on his hands. But as time went on, and he saw more of her, things began to change. She made a deep impression on him day after day, and soon we find

Harry engaged to Louise, and with no intention whatever of leaving Mexico. For, as we have said, he liked the country and the little town of Pueblo, especially, as it was the home of Louise.

From the little vine-covered veranda, which we have already mentioned, could be seen the peaks and hills of the mountain range, dark and lonely, some ten or twelve miles away. The little town was as quiet as could be except for the escaping of steam that could be faintly heard coming from an engine in the freight yard in the valley below. The day had been very hot, and the warm wind that had been blowing during the day had died away, giving place to a gentle breeze that cooled the leaves as it rustled through them.

Pueblo could boast of but one railroad in the way of commercial facilities, and it was a long time before it could do that, as the railroad company found no little trouble in getting into the town; there were hills and valleys to avoid, deep ravines to span, which would cost thousands of dollars. But still there was one way, a natural way, which had been blocked by an old Catholic monastery, and it was a long time before the people of that denomination would consent to its being moved to allow the road the right of way, and only after a fruitless appeal to the courts did the church yield to the power of the company. Then the walls of the old building, sacred as they were, were torn down, and great excavations made, and in the place of the once sacred old building that marked the resting-place of the pioneer saints to that country, whose bell from the tall steeple could be heard on the days of worship, summoning the members to their religious duties, in the place of this, there thundered over this once sacred spot the giant engines and long heavy trains going in and out of Pueblo. In the place of the tolling of the bell in the steeple, could be heard the shriek of

the locomotive whistle or the shifting of the switch engine, as it hammered the cars together in making up a train, or helping a heavy freight over the grade leading out of the yard. Among the more superstitious trainmen a feeling of awe prevailed when they approached this monastery site, whether on the main line or yard engines. In the groups of trainmen that often gathered in the yard on Sundays and other "off days," when the regular railroad yarns were going their usual rounds, more than one of the stories invariably had the plot laid at or near the spot once occupied by the old Catholic Monastery up the line going out of Pueblo. Things were running along very smoothly on the Mexican division. The President would often express his opinion with satisfaction in regard to his boys, and the good schedules made by the trains, and the small number of wrecks happening on his division.

One night, when the sky was dark and a hazy, misty rain was falling, and every now and then gusts of wind, sweeping down into the yard, caused the trainmen to seek shelter behind box cars, or, when the train was nearly made up, to step into the station house, where a good fire was always to be found in the office. Harry Manning and the trusted old engineer, David Gates, were about ready to pull out with a long freight train. They had been shifting up and down the yard, responding to the signals from the lanterns of the trainmen as they would go groping about in the rain, making couplings and drilling cars. After a while the lanterns disappeared in the direction of the office, showing that the train was about made up.

"Well," said Harry, looking down the line of cars, "I suppose we are about ready to go now; for they have all stopped, and I don't see any lanterns."

"Well, you had better shake the fire a little, my boy, so

we can get over the grade. I guess the boys are warming up a little down at the office."

Harry shoveled in several scoops of coal, turned on the blower, and took his seat on the box and waited. After a while a light appeared away down the track toward the rear of the train, came nearer to the line of cars, and gave the back-up signal.

"Oh, shucks," exclaimed Harry; "I thought we were through. All right, come back—back; he must be going to kick them in; yes—back—I believe he's running us back on that dead-end line over the embankment. What in the dickens is the matter, I don't see him at all now."

Just at that instant the engine gave a tremendous jerk that nearly threw Harry and old man Gates off their seats, and then struck again and stopped so sudden that the engineer and fireman found themselves piled in a heap up against the windows in the back of the cab. The crew came out, each with a lantern, and the first one to reach the engine said, "Hello, Harry, what you trying to do out here?"

"Trying to do?" was the answer; "well, I should ask you—what the dickens you trying to do with us?"

"Do with you?"

"Yes, you waved the back up signal."

"I didn't."

"You did—or some of the crew did," replied Harry.

"You fellows must be dreaming out here; for all the boys were in the office, and we were about ready to go."

"Well, I am not blind," said Harry, getting a little angry.

"Well, let's go back and see what's wrong."

Through the mist they all went back down the track on the siding until they reached the dead end of the siding, and on flashing their lanterns out into the darkness the results were plain enough. About four or five box cars had been hurled over the embankment across the "dead-ma." at the



end of the track and lay in a confused heap, smashed and hammered to pieces. The conductor wired in the result, and the next day the superintendent came down to investigate. On questioning the engineer, Gates, and fireman, Manning, in regard to the cause of the smash up, they swore that they were signalled by the crew, who in turn swore that they did not.

As this was the first wreck on the road for some little time, the superintendent only warned the crew that if such a thing happened again, some one would be out of a job. The wreck was cleared up, and everything was running as smoothly as you please.

Every now and then, whenever an allusion was made to the wreck and its cause, old Alec, the office-keeper, would say, "Yes, I been telling you boys 'bout dat old place down dat road. I guess you'ns 'ill listen to me some ob dese days."

"Alec, you are a fool," replied the yard watchman; "you know there is nothing in such stories—it's impossible."

"Well, I ain't sayin' but I knows, and I is heard some ob de boys say so, too, dat runs pass dar and some dat works down at de fur end ob de yard."

"Umph, these fellows can very easily lay causes of wrecks to some midnight goblins or something else, when their jobs depend on their getting out of it, or laying the blame on somebody else. Say, don't you live down that way, Alec?"

"No, no, sir! I goes down dat way sometimes when I's goin' over to de settlement."

"Say you do; well, I believe I'll get out over there some night and make you dig 'em up a little," said the watchman, laughing.

"I's not gwine by dere at night—no, sir, not me."

"I believe you are scared anyway, Alec, that's all. But, say, didn't you know the 'Super.' is coming down to-day.

You better get in your best clothes, and get a broom in each hand and have a busy fit about the time he gets here.

"O, go way, Mr. Mack; you's too funny."

"Yes, don't guess you'll think I'm funny when I get after you down yonder at that old church-yard, eh? Well, I suppose it's about time I was getting a little sleep, so I believe I will go in." With that the watchman strode out across the yard and soon disappeared in the direction of his boarding house.

The trains rumbled in and out of Pueblo as usual, and the little wreck was forgotten entirely, and all went well until old man Gates, being the oldest engineer on the road, in age only, asked for lighter work; that is, he asked for the switch engine at Pueblo, and also requested that Harry Manning be allowed to go with him. His application was considered and he was allowed to go, taking his fireman with him. They had been at work in the yard about a month and, as the busy season was well on, a lot of night work was necessary.

One dark night an extra amount of freight accumulated in the yard. As fast as one train was made up and pushed out over the grade, another was ready, until the last, the midnight freight, was ready to go. With the little switch engine behind and the Mogul in front, the train pulled slowly out of the yard. The yard hands, taking advantage of this opportunity, congregated in the office and waited for the switch engine to return, as all that remained to be done now was to clear the yard of some extra cars by setting them in the siding. The little switch engine worked heavily away at the rear end, and the slow, strong exhaust of the Mogul that could be heard coming from the front, showed that they were nearing the top of the grade. Then the engine in the rear was cut loose and hurried back to the yard to clean up. They came into the yard, but no moving lights were in sight;

and, as there were a string of cars in the upper end of the yard to be set in, Harry jumped out, made the coupling, and swung back into the cab.

"There they are," said old man Gates. "Back up signal—quick—see 'em from your side, Harry?"

"No," was the reply.

David Gates set up the reverse lever and the little engine started down the track with the long line of empties ahead.

"Say," said Harry, "ain't you getting back too far, at this rate?"

"No," was the reply; "he is still signing 'em 'back quick'—I guess he knows what he is about."

Just at that instant the engine pitched heavily forward, and then stopped all at once, hurling Gates and Manning up against the boiler head. They jumped up, slightly stunned by the shock and looked out ahead, but saw no lights; all was dark as Egypt.

"Harry," exclaimed old man Gates, "those fellows must be drunk. This smash-up is exactly like the other one we had some time ago."

The "Super." came down the next day, and, on inquiring into the matter, received the same answer as before: the engineer and fireman swearing that the yardmen gave the back up signal, and the yardmen swearing that they did not. The superintendent could get no facts out of such statements, but to get at the trouble, laid off the yardmaster and engineer Gates for thirty days; and calling up Harry Manning, he said, "Manning, I guess you had better get back on the main line, and be more careful that you have no more smash-ups, you understand."

Harry seemed a little excited and turned and walked away, only too glad to get out of the presence of the man that all the boys dreaded to be brought before. He then went to his boarding house, slipped out of his overalls and went up to see

his companion, the one in whom he could confide, and told her all, the whole thing through. Now he would have to leave Pueblo and get to stop over only every third day.

"It will be mighty lonely," he said, as he told her good-bye.

"Never mind, Harry, it won't be long, you know what you said, when you are promoted."

"Yes, but it does not look much like it now."

"Yes, but it will be all right," she replied, as he walked away to his train.

The haunted place near Pueblo was talked about all along the line, and even the bravest of the trainmen were glad when they had passed this spot, as they looked for a smash-up or a mixing up of signals like the ones that had happened before. The night watchman, McClugh, of the yard, who did not believe any such statements made about the place, was heard to say, "If there is anything in it, I will surely run it down or be found trying." He went up the track several nights to where the wrecks had occurred and concealed himself in some low vines that were growing on the embankment and waited; but nothing appeared, not even a sound was heard all through the night. This made his belief about the place more firm.

A month had passed and Gates was again on the yard engine. Night Watchman McClugh, going on duty about dark, passed the engine and, seeing Gates at his post again, said, "Hello, Mr. Gates, glad to see you back again. This is going to be a pretty rough night; looks as if we were going to have some rain."

"Yes," was the reply; "it reminds me of the night we went in the ditch down the line."

McClugh went on across the yard, struck by what Gates had said. "Yes, if there is anything in this rumor, I'll try it to-night; so here goes." Off up the track he went, and, tak-

ing his post as before, waited. The midnight freight came rumbling out of the yard, slowly climbed the grade, and disappeared among the hills. Then again all was quiet, except the escaping steam from the yard engine that was getting ready to set in the siding the remaining cars. The watchman was just in the act of giving up his post and returning to the yard, when all at once a dark figure rose up out of the tall grass and coming on the embankment some little distance from him, came up on the track, struck a match, lighted a lantern, and waved the "back up" signal. With several bounds the watchman was on the track, and grappling the figure, exclaimed, "Great God—a girl!" The lantern had dropped to the ground, for the girl had fainted and was helpless, but safe in the arms of her captor. The watchman carried the unconscious girl back to the office, and after a little she was revived by such stimulants as could be obtained by the crew at that time. The men in the office looked on with utter astonishment at the one that had been causing the wrecks. How could such an innocent, helpless, beautiful girl be the perpetrator of so much mischief?

The night operator, who lived in the upper part of the town, on coming into the office, pushed into the crowd, and seeing the girl, whose face was as white as a sheet, exclaimed, "My God, Louise, is it possible that it's you?"

She broke down and began to cry, and finally sobbed out, "Oh, Henry, take me home, please; I—I didn't mean it—it this way."

"Yes, my child, come on; I'll take you home—come on now, let's go." After they had gone some distance, the operator said, "Louise, what did you mean? it's more than likely to cause some trouble, for as soon as this reaches headquarters, the whole thing, President and all, will be down here investigating."

"Oh, I—I don't know, I didn't mean it this way," was the reply.

The next day, sure enough, the President of the road was in Pueblo; as things were pretty well mixed up, and needed a general straightening out, going back to the first wreck that had happened when Gates and Manning were on the through freight. The witnesses were all arraigned before the President and Superintendent, in the station house. All were present that had had anything to do with, or knew anything about, the smash-ups, except one, Harry Manning. He was on the local freight, which was due in Pueblo about this time. As the big engine rolled into the yard, pulling the long line of cars, the operator walked down to the engine and looking up into the cab called out, "Manning, the President is here and wants you up yonder at the station house."

"What have I done?" was the reply.

"Oh, the devil is to play down here—guess you will find out soon enough."

Harry climbed down out of the engine, and strode off towards the station house. On entering the room, and glancing about, he saw the President seated in a large arm-chair acting as judge, while the witnesses were arranged on the right, and were being questioned by the President and Superintendent. The sight of the President excited him a little, and he did not notice the others in the room at first; but on looking over the group before him—was it?—yes, it was Louise before the judge. "What! you?" and then he stopped, so much surprised that he could say nothing.

Louise walked over to where he was standing, and placing her hands one on each shoulder of the man in the blue overalls, and looking up into his face with tears in her eyes, said, "Harry, I—I did it. I waved the—the 'back-up' signal—I did it for you; you remember what you said when you were

promoted—and you would not be until something happened.”

Harry's face turned red, for he was very much excited, then looking up saw old man Gates. “Mr. Gates, I don't want you to think I had a hand in this thing,” he said.

“Nobody had anything to do with it but me,” sobbed Louise; “I—I didn't know it would turn out this way.”

“No,” replied old man Gates; “I see, my boy, I see through it all now.”

The President then spoke up, “No, there is no use to go any further now—I understand it all; the house is adjourned.”

Harry then stepped up to the President and said, “Sir, I hand in my resignation.”

“No,” he was stopped short; “take this pretty little devilish beauty to her home. We put on an extra train tomorrow, and you may take the engine.”

Here the story-teller stopped, relit his cigar, and sent a cloud of smoke out into the car, then relapsed into a dreamy mood, while a look of sadness came over his face.

The other gentleman then spoke up, “But, Harry, you have not told me what became of the Spanish beauty?”

“No, George,” the reply came slowly; “that's the sad part of the story, and of my life, too. Do you remember the church-yard in the upper part of the town? Well, down in the lower corner of that green grave-yard, among the vine-covered rocks, you will find a little marble slab, with the name ‘Louise,’ cut into the stone. Soon after you left, yellow fever broke out there, and the death threatening angel hung over the little town for many long, hot days. And one evening, just as the sun was sinking behind the distant hills, her gentle spirit went out into the great beyond. We laid her to rest in the little church-yard—and the marble slab marks her resting-place. I left there and came back to the

United States, for there was nothing for me after this in Mexico."

SPEER, '05.



Our Country

When Columbus made his initial voyage across the Atlantic and returned to Spain, announcing the discovery of a new world, a decided change was wrought in the trend of national affairs. A country hitherto unknown, inhabited only by wild beasts and savage men, but destined to play an important role in the advancement of the human race, was added to the realm of the civilized world. A new country, that was to be the Land of Promise to the oppressed of all nations, had been given to the world and at a very opportune time. For the dissatisfactions and contentions of the people, having crystallized into a movement and desire, on the part of the subservient classes, to sever their connections with their native countries; and the God of heaven having served, as it were, a summons upon their spirits, inspiring them with an almost unanimous inclination to leave all the pleasant accommodations of their homes and go over an almost trackless sea into an unknown wilderness, in order that they might have unrestricted liberty and an unlimited enjoyment of His ordinances, it was to America that their guiding star led them.

Thus was opened to the world a new country, which many sought, in the hope of being enabled to more fully enjoy those inalienable rights—life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Thus was sown the seeds of our government—the primal germ of a great nation. Thus was inaugurated the movements that led to the birth of a new nation and the establishment of a government in which the will of the people was the paramount power—a nation that was destined, thenceforth, to figure significantly in the history of the world. And when the old liberty bell pealed forth from its belfry the glad tidings of the Declaration of Independence, it sounded the death-knell of oppression and announced the

birth of a new nation, which, conceived in the darkness of oppression and delivered in the dawn of liberty, was born with an inspiration to do good, and which, since then, has achieved a greatness to which history affords no parallel.

But what is to be the future of this magnificent country? On this point, mournful voices have long been scattered upon the air and evil issues have been predicted. It may be, that our experience is to add to the warnings and admonitions of history; that the voice of the past is to sigh through the shattered panes and broken arches of our social fabric. It may be, that violence is to rend asunder the chain of our union, and scatter its links in wild disorder; that our soil is to be drenched with fraternal blood; and that the pleasant gardens of our prosperity are to be uprooted by the whirlwinds of anarchy, or iron-bound by the polar frosts of despotism. It will be so, if our material development is always to keep far in advance of our mental and moral cultivation; if prosperity is to make us selfish; if wealth is to make us hard-hearted; and if power is to make us tyrannous. But not thus would I cast the horoscope of our country's fortunes. I do not believe, as some one has asserted, that the life of nations is like the life of trees; that, by an inevitable law, they, too, have their periods of growth, maturity, and decline; but rather, that it is the violation of some principle of the righteous exercise of its functions, that causes a nation to decline, and that in the fear of God and the keeping of his commandments is perpetual youth.

However, tides in the affairs of nations, once they set in, do not vary from day to day as do those of the ocean. There may be periods of surging tumult and of peaceful calm; there may be flux or reflux; but the movement, whether backward or forward, is destined to follow to its limit the course which the inexorable fates have traced for it. So, he who would have his country retain its greatness and continue in the path

of fair and civil integrity, should remember, that his life is of consequence, as forming a part of the life of the State, and should see to it, that no act of his shall in anyway contribute to its downfall.

Upon us, and those who are to come after us,—upon the young, especially, “who are ever the patriot’s hope and the good man’s trust”—and upon those to whom the training of the young is intrusted, whether as parents or teachers, does this responsibility rest. The life of every man should reflect the spirit of our institutions and be cast in a mould of greatness analogous to the physical features of our country. It should be grave, simple, earnest, and manly—dedicated to high purposes and governed by moral thoughtfulness and patriotic sentiments.

The last signal made by the British admiral on the morning of the battle of Trafalgar, was in words which have become historical and immortal: “England expects every man to do his duty.” If we could carve upon our hearts the spirit of those words, realizing, that, though the storm-cloud of battle does not lower upon our path, peace has its dangers and trials no less than war; if each of us, when we see our country’s flag floating upon the breeze, could see with our mind’s eye, written in letters of living light, upon its ample folds, “America expects every man to do his duty;” if the contemplation of our present and of our future, would inspire us, not only with patriotic pride and gratitude, but with a firm resolve to set upon the brow of our country a more than regal coronet, with the virtues of her children for its sparkling gems; then, with this spirit and this resolve, we could construct her prosperity from elements as indestructible and unchanging as the laws of falling bodies, or the impulses of maternal love.

L. E. BOYKIN.

The Clemson College Chronicle

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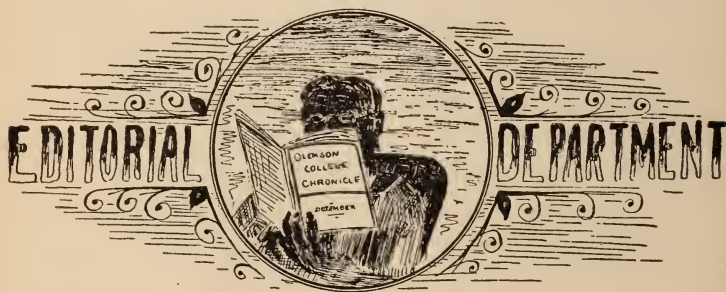
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V. B. HALL, - - - - - EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

**The
Scholarships**

To all those who have the welfare of Clemson at heart, the recent Act authorizing a number of free scholarships for this institution cannot



P. C. COTHMAN,
President Columbian Literary Society,
Second Quarter.

fail to be of considerable interest. The reason—the apparent reason, at least—for the enactment of such a law was, evidently, a desire on the part of our big-hearted Solons to lay before the poor boys of the State a chance of obtaining, practically free of expense, a thorough, industrial, college education. The most direct benefits of this law will, naturally, be felt by those young men throughout the State who are enabled to take advantage of the splendid opportunity thus afforded for obtaining a college training; but, owing to the conditions under which the scholarships are given, a result for good—though probably not so direct a result—is sure to be felt right here in the College itself.

Heretofore in the history of Clemson the course in agriculture has been pushed into the back ground, so to speak—probably not more than fifteen or twenty per cent. of the students attending the College inclining toward that branch of study. In this way the purpose for which the institution was primarily founded, has been practically defeated, and Clemson *Agricultural* College has, during recent years, been developing more and more into a purely *mechanical* school. As one outcome of the new Act, the different courses of study will certainly be more evenly distributed among the number of students attending; but there is another consequence of even greater moment. Since the scholarships are to be awarded on the results of competitive examinations, the agricultural students who come to Clemson in future will be only those boys selected from among their fellows, on account of better preparation or special mental ability; and thus a better, a more earnest, type of students will be introduced into the College. This, at least, is the *theory* of the scheme, and a very pretty theory it is; we hope that in reality the rosy colors may not fade.

There are many people—people that always
The Old Love look on the bright side of a question—who would have us believe that, when in the Spanish War the soldier from Maine and the soldier from South Carolina stood side by side in the trench at Santiago and charged together up the slope at El Caney, the terms “North” and “South” were for all time erased from the vocabulary of every citizen of the *reunited* United States; that Mason and Dixon’s line was at last obliterated, and that the “Stars and Stripes” was, in truth as well as in word, the flag both of the Southerner and of the Northerner.

But such has not proved to be the case. It will require more than one generation—more than two, or three, generations—for all the bitterness and the hatred engendered by that fearful struggle to pass away. That this obliteration of unbrotherly feeling between the North and the South will in time be accomplished is beyond a doubt. Such a result is, above all things, to be hoped for. But not just yet can it be brought about. While throughout the South there remain so many hundreds of men who have fought and suffered for the “Stars and Bars,” the love for the old Confederate battle flag cannot be wholly crowded out by allegiance to the “Stars and Stripes.” Old “Rebel” soldiers and sons of “Rebels” will cheer for “Old Glory” and for the “Star-Spangled Banner;” but their cheering can never compare with the frantic yell that unfailingly greets the appearance of the old “Confed.” battle flag, or the thunder of applause that resounds at the stirring tune of Dixie. The old love is there yet; but, as the years pass, the bitterness of it all is gradually passing, and the day will come when our children’s children shall look upon the old red, blue-barred flag of the South simply as a sacred memento, symbolizing a sacred cause—the cause for which their forefathers died. It is best that it should be thus. We are one people now; let the past breach be for-

got. But, come what must, may there never come a time, even when, perhaps, our Southland is peopled by most distant generations, when the warm Southern heart shall not be thrilled at sight of the flag for which Lee fought, or at the sound of the grand old tune that inspired our boys in gray throughout that desperate struggle.

A Change of Sentiment

It has been said that the man who makes a careful, intelligent study of the current newspaper cartoons of the day will never be very far behind the times; that cartoons are simply the whole thought and sentiment and action of a period told clearly and gistily in a few deft strokes of the artist's pencil. And some recent events of vital public interest seem to bear out and exemplify this thought very fully. A few years ago we remember seeing on the front page of an influential New York paper, a most suggestive picture, representing the blind-folded figure of Justice, with right arm raised, pointing boldly toward a far-away land, across the whole extent of which was printed in great prominent capitals, "THE SOUTH." Across the length and breadth of this "South," as far as the eye could reach, were dangling the lifeless bodies of lynched negroes. The scene as presented was a most shocking one, and "Uncle Sam," sitting in the background of the picture, wore a most disconsolate expression on his lanky face. This was several years ago. Recently there appeared another cartoon. This time the negro feature of the illustration was decidedly alive. He was flying with prodigious strides over the brow of a hill, and had just cleared a high fence, and was landing safely into a lovely green pasture land, which, strangely enough, was labeled THE SOUTH. In hot pursuit followed a great mob, every man of them armed with a shot-gun or a pitch-fork or a re-

volver, and strangest of all, the land from which they came was called THE NORTH!

The lesson taught by these two crude inartistic pencil sketches cannot fail to produce an impression upon the mind of every thoughtful patriotic citizen in our land. Are the people of the United States—both black and white—at last beginning to come to an understanding on this all-important, all-absorbing theme, the “Negro Question?” Is the Northern man who, since the very introduction of slavery into the Southern States, has railed and raged against the atrocities and cruelties practiced upon the “poor helpless black people” by our men of the South, really beginning to see the situation as it is, and to realize that, perhaps, after all there may be two sides to the question? And is the Southern negro—as the cartoon suggests—coming so soon to the conclusion that possibly the North is not quite the black man’s paradise that it was once pictured to be; that the South is the negro’s home and the Southerner the negro’s best friend. It seems, from some recent happenings, that such is now the case.

When, during recent years, mob law has for a time had the ascendancy in some sections of the Southern States, and negro men have been executed without the sentence of the law, in nine cases out of every ten the offense for which they met their deaths was the most hideous, most unspeakable, found in the whole galaxy of crime—the black crime; still, the press throughout Northerndom has howled and fumed. But when, in the very center of the howling and the fuming, a mob of nearly three thousand citizens seizes and lynches a negro for the simple crime of manslaughter, who, then, is to do the raging? In what direction, then, must offended justice point?

The main reason, we believe, for these strange changes of sentiment is the general clearer understanding of the case to

which all parties are slowly coming. What the outcome of it is to be, no one can tell. Let us hope for the best.

**The Annual
Supper**

As soon as the spring time weather sets fairly in and the nights become warm and pleasant, the students—or, more strictly speaking, the members of *The Oconean* staff—intend giving a little ice cream supper on the lawn, the proceeds from which will, of course, be devoted to the Annual now in the course of compilation. It is the determination of the present staff to publish, if possible, the very best book that has yet been sent out from Clemson, and, in carrying out this determination, there are, of course, many occasions for extra expense, which must be met by just such efforts as this. We hope that the student body as a whole are in full sympathy with the work, and will be willing to come out and help to make the supper a financial success; and, too, we wish to extend a most cordial invitation to the members of the faculty and to the ladies “on the hill.”



Exchange Department

S. T. HILL,
O. M. ROBERTS, }

EDITORS

We are glad to add several new exchanges to our list. One of these, *Howard Collegian*, we have read with unusual interest. The first page contains the picture of Dr. A. P. Montague. Attracted by this familiar picture, we read the entire magazine. We find no particular point with which to find fault. The description of "Stratford-on-Avon" is very clearly written. Good description in college journals is rarely found, but this article is both interesting and instructive. "The Last Game I Pitched" is one of the most entertaining stories we have read. It is exciting and amusing, and not until the last do we know that it is only a dream. The editorials of this magazine are long and on live subjects, and are worth reading. We must say, however, that the literary department does not contain enough—it has only two essays and one story. Are there no poets at Howard? If there are, they should feel inspired to help their journal.



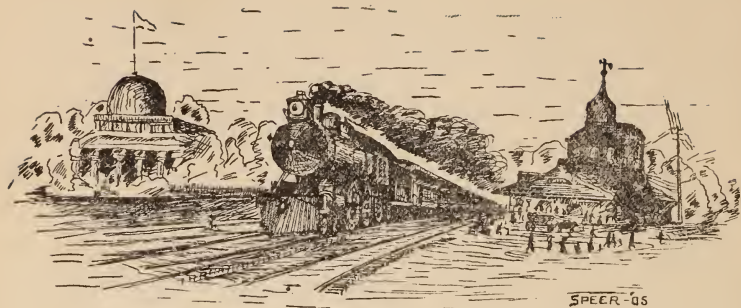
JOHN GELZER, Jr.,
President Palmetto Literary Society.
Second Quarter.

We notice that there are fourteen men on the staff of the *Red and White* and only thirty-one pages of reading matter. This is only a little over two pages apiece, if they did it all themselves. The part of the magazine that is most lacking is the literary department. It contains only two stories, which are, however, very good. The magazine is neat and interesting throughout, but we come to the end entirely too soon. The editorial department contains several editorials on a variety of subjects; we would suggest that the editor put a little heading to each one, as every one may not care to read them all. We may sum up our criticism by saying that the magazine contains not much of any one thing but a little of everything.

The Furman Echo has three love stories and a poem in the literary department. We have always heard of the Furman boys as ladies men, and suppose their fondness for the fair sex accounts for this condition of affairs. There ought to be an essay or a story other than a love story. However, these stories are exceedingly interesting and well written. "Where the Bull Met the Bear" is particularly good. The editorials could be improved and more of them written. We congratulate the new staff on their fine beginning, but look for improvement.

We now turn to the only magazine left on our table—*The Wake Forest Student*. We are ashamed to tell it, but of our forty exchanges only four arrived in time to be read before sending this issue to press. *The Student* is the best of the four magazines of this month. This is saying a great deal, for others are very good indeed. The stories are excellent, and the magazine deserves praise throughout.

Next month we hope to see more magazines come in on time.



Local Department

A. E. HOLMAN, }
R. F. GOODING, }

EDITORS

On Friday evening of the 4th, Mrs. Mell entertained THE CHRONICLE Staff. A "Musical Romance," which was quite interesting, was conducted by Mrs. Mell and Miss Julia Taylor. Miss Julia Moore and Mr. A. J. Speer won the first prize, and Miss Annie Aull and Mr. L. E. Boykin won the consolation prize. Mrs. D. W. Daniel rendered several appropriate pieces of vocal and instrumental music. The game for the evening was "Trix," interspersed with candy, after which refreshments were served. The evening was a very enjoyable one, and the kind attention received is appreciated beyond the power of words to describe it.

Mrs. Mell has been connected with colleges for the past twenty years, and knows well a student's sensibilities, and desires, and longings after the friendly clasp of hands. These have a significance which eloquence cannot proclaim, nor logic prove, and can only be explained by the loving qualities of the woman herself. Day by day she comes in contact with different students, and by her pleasant smiles and other kindnesses we realize that in Mrs. Mell we all have a friend truly lovable.

At a recent meeting of the Trustees, the invitation to go to Anderson on an encampment was accepted, and the corps will probably be taken down in May.

Mr. A. J. Speer, President of the Y. M. C. A., and delegates F. E. Thomas, J. C. Summers, J. Lucus, and W. G. Cannon, attended the recent meeting of the State Young Men's Association held at Spartanburg. They were entertained royally by the people of Spartanburg, and report an interesting and helpful meeting.

Mr. W. D. Weatherford, of New York, traveling Secretary for the Young Men's Christian Association, has been with us recently. He addressed the Y. M. C. A. and Bible classes on the 6th. His lecture was very entertaining and beneficial.

Cadet F. E. Thomas at the Converse College Colonial Ball was heard to remark that he did not like the Converse girls, as their heads were too white.

"Jerry" won the first prize for the best hundred yards' dash across the campus. Dr. Lewis won the second prize.

Carson wants to know how much the *stenographers* charge to take a dozen pictures.

Miss Addie Bethea, of Marion, has been visiting her sister, Mrs. S. W. Reeves.

Mr. Marston, of Virginia, has been on campus for a few days visiting his son, Cadet C. W. Marston.

Miss Nellie Reed, of St. Georges, is here visiting her sister, Mrs. K. G. Finley.

Clemson has prepared an interesting exhibit for the St. Louis Exposition. In addition to the exhibit from the Agricultural, Mechanical and Textile Departments, the two best examination papers in the various theoretical subjects of the four college classes have been sent.

Hon. G. Duncan Bellinger, the newly-elected member of the Board of Trustees, has recently entered his son, G. D. Bellinger, Jr., in College.

Dr. Jenken Lloyd Jones, of Chicago University, will lecture here on the evening of the 16th. Dr. Jones is a noted lecturer, and a large audience is expected to greet him.

On Saturday night, March the 6th, the Columbian Literary Society resolved itself into a regular "old-time" political meeting. The meeting was a decided success. All the formality and rules of the Democratic primary were carefully observed, and the discussions were lively and interesting. The President of the Society introduced the speakers, who were as follows:

For United States Senator—L. E. Boykin, F. C. Wyse.

House of Representatives—H. W. Barre, T. E. Stokes.

County Commissioners—W. W. Blair, D. B. Peurifoy, J. W. McClain.

Votes were cast by the house, and Messrs. Boykin, Barre and McClain were elected. From our experience at this meeting we can highly recommend this little digression from the ordinary routine of business to other literary societies.

Cromer, examining a transit, was heard to remark, "Come on, boys, let's take a picture with this man's camera."

W. H. Taylor says, when he marries, he is going to Ober-amagau on his "trousseau."

Jones: Reading book—"Juv-ann-ita" (Juanita).

Professor Morrison: "Mr. Holland, what does rolling stock mean?"

Holland ("Prep."): "Cattle so fat that they can roll."

Matthews: "Professor, do you want the r. p. m. (revolutions per minute), per second or per minute?"

On March the 1st, the "Clemson Comedy Club" was organized with the following officers and members:

P. C. Cothran, Manager.

W. H. L. Homesley, Director.

R. F. Gooding, Secretary.

Members—J. Dendy, P. L. Elias, S. I. Felder, J. G. Holland, J. M. Pauling, J. R. Siau, M. T. Scruggs, F. C. Wyse.

This club intends to present a play in Memorial Hall in the near future.

Several tennis courts are now being erected in the rear of the new barracks just across the road from the old Calhoun mansion. Several clubs have been organized, and the courts will soon be alive with players. The following are the clubs that have been organized, in addition to the already existing clubs:

Suburban Tennis Club.

W. C. Wilbur, President.

J. H. Rodgers, Secretary.

Members—M. Bell, J. L. Caldwell, A. S. Cutts, R. F. Gooding, E. T. Heyward, M. S. Reeves, R. L. Riggs, T. A. Walters, P. E. Wilbur, C. Webb.

Freshman Tennis Club.

J. G. Holland, Captain.

W. H. Hornesby, Manager.

Members—J. F. Arthur, J. B. Bailey, C. W. Burch, G. D. Curtis, R. A. Easterling, R. S. Fraser, A. S. Heyward, L. W. Perrin, R. A. Reid, T. G. Robertson, T. M. Scott, R. T. Taylor, D. V. Walker, W. H. Wylie, S. T. Zemp.

Prof. Newman: "What is the most expensive thing that an unmarried farmer can get when he starts to farming?"

Courtney: "A wife."

Prof. Brodie (making drawing on board): "Now imagine this is the flag pole that has been going up for the last three months."

Prof. Benton (lecturing on moral economics): "Those of you who have had any experience living in houses——"

Prof. McLucas: "Mr. Jacobs, name one of the more prominent magazines."

Jacobs: "The *Lookout*."

A squad was at work in the electrical laboratory. Professor Griswold was standing near by.

Jim Hill: "Professor, won't you please read that ammeter—I can't see it from here."

Prof. Griswold: "Certainly; it reads—let use see—12.5 centimeters."

Elias, in machine shop: "Henry, want to hear something great (grate)?"

Henry: "Yes, tell me about it."

Elias: "Rub too bricks together!"

Si Felder, a minute later: "Squire, want to hear something big?"

Squire: "Sure!"

Si: "Rub too bricks together—aha-ha-ha!"

Sam Hill: "Put the conversation to us!"

Miss Mary Hill, of Athens, Ga., is visiting President and Mrs. Mell.

Miss Virginia Keith, of Kansas City, and Miss Fannie Payne, of Baltimore, spent a few days with Col. Hardin's family recently.

Squire: "Say, Mac., have you got a pair blucher shoes?"

McWilliams: "No, mine are Banister."

Mr. O. M. Roberts visited Columbia recently in the interest of *The Oconeean*.

The faculty and corps of cadets extend to Mr. and Mrs. Schilletter their heartfelt sympathy in the death of Miss Annie Fincken, sister of Mrs. Schilletter, which occurred Friday morning, March 18th. Miss Fincken complained of being unwell, and retired early on Thursday night, though she was not thought to be seriously ill. When Mrs. Schilletter went to call her the next morning, she was found dead, heart failure being the cause. The remains were taken to Charleston, Friday afternoon, for interment.

Dr. Lander, a distinguished educator of Brazil, was here recently in the interest of the Methodist College in Brazil, of which he is President. This college is similar to our own, and Dr. Lander spent several days here examining the different departments.

Clemson is now on a boom. Messrs. Speer and Boykin have opened up a gent's furnishing establishment. Mr. A. M. Henry is representing the Walkover Shoe Company, and Mr. W. L. Templeton is soliciting agent for Dr. Saymore's wonderful vegetable soap of the West.

After several months of earnest and conscientious work, the College authorities have succeeded in raising the flag-pole, and now "Old Glory" floats to the breeze from its top.

"Lip:" "Tiny," what do you consider the most important time in a man's life?

Tiny McIver: Breakfast time.

If the boys of Co. G don't want to get reported for dirty shoes, they must wear Walkovers.

Cothran says that the flag was raised with a "u-ni-que" ceremony.

While here taking pictures for the Annual a few days, Mr. Fitzgerald ran against a hard proposition. Captain Lipscomb was posing before the camera. The photographer found that when his instrument was focused on the Captain's face, the nose covered the whole picture; and when focused on the nose, his face was so far in the background as to be almost invisible. He had to make a profile after all.

On Friday night, March 18th, the Calhoun Literary Society held its tenth annual contest. The speakers all reflected credit both upon themselves and the society, and the verdict of those present was that it was one of the best, if not the best, contest ever heard in Memorial Hall. The following is the program:

Orators—L. Lipscomb, State Socialism. C. E. Jones, Jno. C. Calhoun.

Music.

Declaimers—F. T. Hamlin, A Scattered Nation. V. Baker, A Man Overboard.

Music.

Debate—Query: Resolved, That immigration is detri-

mental to the South. Affirmative, R. F. Gooding. Negative, J. R. Connor.

Presiding officer, O. M. Roberts.

After consulting for quite a while the judges awarded the medals as follows: Orator's medal, to C. E. Jones; Declaimer's medal, to V. Baker; Debater's medal, to J. R. Connor.

Joel is no longer the *only* Clemson heart-smasher. Have you heard of Captain and Adjutant Connor's recent great hit with the ladies?

When does Bobs drink coco cola?

WHAT HAPGOODS HAS DONE

During the year 1903, Hapgoods has placed in high grade positions over 500 young College, University and Technical School graduates. Our campaign for 1904 is now in progress. More firms than ever are looking to us for capable graduates, and we wish to get in touch at once with every Senior who will be looking for a position in business or technical work. Write nearest office for booklets. Hapgoods, 309 Broadway, New York; Hartford Bldg., Chicago; Pennsylvania Bldg., Philadelphia; Williamson Bldg., Cleveland; Pioneer Bldg., Seattle; Colorado Bldg., Washington; Minn. Loan & Trust Bldg., Minneapolis; Chemical Bldg., St. Louis; Farmers' Bank Bldg., Pittsburg.

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No. 8



E. A. THORNWELL, }
L. E. BOYKIN, } - - - - - EDITORS

College Men

Society is looking more and more to college men as leaders in religion, in morals, in philosophy, and in politics. Brains—educated brains—are destined to lead the world in all of its great movements. A short time ago, about 1893, a certain benevolent society sent out circular letters to the presidents of many of our institutions of learning asking for the address of as many graduates as possible, the object being to find out their opinion regarding the lottery business, because, as they said, college men are broad-minded and accustomed to think on such matters. *Broad-minded and accustomed to think.* These are significant terms, and show that people expect large things from men who enjoy large opportunities.

Sometimes we hear it said that too much is expected of

college graduates. Of course, the public should not expect young men from twenty to twenty-five, who have just completed their course, to be fully posted on and to have a well defined theory of all the great living questions of the day; but it does have a right to expect a great deal of young men who, for four years, have been associated with educated young men and learned professors, besides having access to the very best books and periodicals, in which are stored the golden thoughts of great men of all ages from Job to the present day. The man who enjoys such privileges ought to know a great deal about many things, and, with the proper materials to work upon, ought to be able to study out and form an opinion on almost any subject, and if he is not, one of two things is certain, either he is culpably negligent or is mentally incapable. Of course, if he pleads the latter, society can but pity and excuse; but if he pleads the former, no allowance can or should be made for him. Society soon finds out whether or not a man is honest and thorough-going, and rewards him accordingly. The insincere, superficial man may shine for a while like a gilded trinket, but after a few rubs against the world, the gilding is all worn off, revealing the baser metal hidden beneath.

The world needs and must have men with trained minds—men who can and do think. The childish excuse, "I did not think," so often given, will not satisfy society, and the man who tries to pass on it will soon find himself set aside, simply because *he did not think*. The names that adorn history and those that have made our literature, are all names of men who both thought and acted wisely and nobly. Milton's "Paradise Lost" and Shakespeare's plays are only the reproductions of the many images made upon the mirrors of minds which were kept well polished by constant hard study and active thinking.

We live in an age of thought, and the quickest thinker is

the successful man. Let us shape our lives after the Great Model, and while we all cannot be great and immortal, yet we can all help ourselves and others in unravelling the mystery of life for the benefit of humanity, silently, nobly and well. Then our lives will not be misspent, and when nature's debt is paid, we may, like the glorious sun, leave behind us traces of our existence.

A. E. HOLMAN, '04.

"How Mac Went to College"

Mac's father was dead and his mother was poor, but he was ambitious. They were so poor that Mac had to work, but he determined to get a technical education in spite of it. They lived in a busy, bustling city of about ten thousand inhabitants. There was a big electric plant situated some ten miles from there that supplied the city with all its electric power. The president of the power company, Dr. Harry Orley, was a large, good-natured, but very business-like man. He always took an interest in young men, when they showed themselves willing to work. Mac had often thought of asking him for help, but now he determined to carry out his intention. Mac was a born mechanic, able to do anything with tools, and he longed for a chance to become a trained electrician. With this object in view, he gathered up his courage and went up to the office of the company. Luckily the president was by himself, with only the stenographers busily at work in the corner.

"Doctor, I want a job," were Mac's first words.

"Well, what do you know about electricity?"

"I don't know anything about it, except what little I've read, but I want to learn."

"That's the kind of boy I like to see," said the president; "but there's not a single place open now, my man."

"Well, doctor, you see it's this way: I want an education, but mother's not able to give it to me, and I thought perhaps you would be willing to help me. Now, if you can find me a place in the power-house, I shall go out there and work, so I shall be making money and learning at the same time."

"I'd like to help you the best in the world, Mac, but the power-house is full now."

"Well, doctor, if you can't give me a job, let me work for nothing. I'll stay out there and work, if you will only give me my board."

"I'll tell you what I'll do; I will let you go and work this summer, and if you show common sense, discretion, and a willingness to work, I'll send you to college myself, and you can pay me back some time after you graduate."

And that is how it happened that Mac came to the power-house.

The power-house, or central station as they call it, is ten miles from Aubrey, Mac's home. It is built on the Porter Shoals, and develops five thousand horse-power. This power is sent across country to Aubrey on twelve great copper cables, carrying eleven thousand volts each. In Aubrey is another station, called the sub-station, where this immense voltage is divided into smaller units for factory, street, and commercial use. Out at the central station, Porter Shoals, are five big generators, that develop the electricity from the force of the water. These generators are connected with the copper cables that carry the electricity by five switches. Now, every time a storm comes up, or lightning appears, these switches have to be pulled open to prevent the lightning's damaging the generators. Sometimes, when they are thrown open, they spark in a manner that is really dangerous.

About two weeks before Mac came, Mr. Hayes, the station superintendent, was badly injured while opening a

switch. He heard a storm coming, and instead of running to open the switch, he just took his own time. He pulled it, when a great blaze and an awful, rending, grinding sound broke from the wires, a stifled yell was heard, and when the other men in the station arrived, Mr. Hayes was lying on the floor with his hands and face badly burned, and his clothes were smelling of ozone. They carried him to his house and sent for the doctor, who said he would be all right in about three weeks. After this the employees were afraid to open the switch by hand, so they tied a long rope to it and fastened the other end to an iron post.

Mac learned very quickly, and the men would trust him more and more. One day they left him in charge of a small motor, and finding that he kept that all right, they showed him how to tend the switches.

In the middle of the station is a seat, and in front of it, on a big switch-board, are ranged a great number of clock-looking devices, called metres. Between the switch-board and seat, are a number of wheels and switches to control these metres. Just back of, and a little below the seat, are the big generators. The men in the station take turns tending to these metres.

If a storm comes up and the switches are not opened, some of the generators are liable to be "burned out," as they call it. Mac had seen this occur only once, but he never wished to see it again. The roaring and flashing were dreadful. It was only because the generator was between him and the door that he did not run for his life. The operators had noticed him standing near the generator after it occurred, and attributed it to fearlessness.

Mac had been there only about a month, when Mr. Hayes said to him: "Mac, all the other men have gone off, and I have to go up the river for awhile. If anything happens that you can't manage, why just run out and call for help."

"All right, sir," Mac answered coolly; "never fear, I'll take care of everything"—although his heart was filled with inward quakings.

Everything went smoothly for awhile, but Mac began to get nervous, what with the noise and the sense of heavy responsibility that he now felt. The picture of that roaring generator kept coming up into his mind despite his efforts to think of his importance, and he was afraid to look at it, for fear he might see it burst forth in blaze. But as nothing happened, he gradually became more easy, when zip! bang! roar-r-r! an awful noise burst upon his ear. Everything seemed ablaze, and his ears were stunned with the noise. The sudden racket so unnerved him that he could think of nothing else but the door. He had just started for it, when b-r-row! zum! zum! and every wire above his head seemed darting lightning. With a fearful cry he sprang forward, but to his consternation, something caught him below the waist and threw him sprawling. He rolled right to the foot of one of the generators. Heavens! this was awful! every moment he expected to be crushed or burnt to death. But to his surprise the noise suddenly ceased. The clamor had gone as quickly as it came. He lay affrighted for awhile, but as everything, even the machinery, had stopped, he gradually regained his courage. The smoke had risen to the top of the house, and he could now see his way. Getting up, he found that in his haste he had only stumbled over the rope that was fastened to the switch. This, then, was what had stopped the machinery. He had struck it so hard that he had thrown the switch wide open. He looked for the switch, but only a blackened and charred half was all that remained.

While he was watching the metres, a thunder-storm had suddenly come up without his knowledge, and it was only the fuses blowing out that had made so much racket. But it was lucky that he had struck the rope, for a storm like that

would have burnt out every generator in the station. Mac went quickly to work and soon had everything running smoothly.

About half an hour later, Mr. Hayes came running in, looking excited, to find Mac sitting calmly at the seat, with his eyes on the metres. Mr. Hayes had seen the storm come up, and fearing that Mac would get frightened in the uproar, he had hastened there as quickly as possible. He complimented Mac on his coolness, and praised his work in making the connections to start up again.

Mac had certainly been frightened, but he showed judgment in not telling any one about it; and though he hadn't done as much as Mr. Hayes thought he had, he took some credit to himself for keeping his secret, and being able to start the machinery afterwards.

The next day Mac received a letter from the president, praising him in the highest terms for his common sense and discretion. He also intimated that he would like to have him work for the company when he became an electrician.

Mac entered the university that following fall with the unanimous approval of all the stockholders of the company.

H., '07.

Woman

From that fatal transaction in the garden of Eden in every clime down through all the ages, woman has exerted a mighty influence on the thoughts, the actions, the lives and the destinies of man.

The famous Napoleon, while under the exalting influence of his beloved Josephine, was ascending, step by step, the glittering heights of military glory. But no sooner had his relations to her changed, than the dazzling sun of his brilliant

career became dimmed, and finally set behind the dark cloud of defeat and ruin.

Where shall we set the limit of woman's sphere—a being at once so powerful, so gentle, so divine? Shall we hedge her in by the conventional rules of so-called society, or by the rigorous rites of foolish formality? No, never! Let us rather throw wide the gates, and wherever the human voice is heard, and wherever the human foot shall tread, there let her voice and her step be ever heard as a grand and soothing accompaniment to the harsher sound of the work-a-day world;—there, let her smile carry joy and peace to every lonely, sinking heart. All woman's gentleness and sweetness, all her forbearance and weakness, like the trilling notes of a caged bird, are most touching appeals for liberty. We are eager to declare that marriage is the crowning event in woman's life; that her highest hope and purest purpose should be to move as the honored queen of a happy and honorable household. But there are thousands of our good women who, some for good reasons and some for better, are denied the pleasure of embarking upon the matrimonial craft. There are others who, through their own good judgment, refuse to enter the state of bliss. For these some provision must be made. And when we remember that a goodly number of the dear husbands are too delicate, and a goodly number too lazy, to make a support for their families; and that all the toils and cares and burdens of providing for the household fall on the good wife's willing shoulders, must we not conclude that empty praise, however eloquent, is a remuneration far too meager for such noble sacrifice? Ought we not to strive by every possible means to lighten her heavy burden and to disperse her perplexing cares? How can we better do this than by giving her entrance into those walks of life, in which she can find an easier means of support?

If we extend woman's sphere, we make her independent of

man, and by this means *lessen* the number of marriages. But can this be set down as an evil? Marriage will no longer be the only business pursuit open to her. She will no longer be so eager to grasp the first matrimonial offer, fearing it may be the last. Marriage will no longer be for her a leap into Egyptian darkness. She will demand to know something of that life to which hers is to be linked in unrelenting chains. By giving her this independence we will place a strong and inevitable check on the vices and *immoralities* of man. Those hasty, ill-matched unions which are a curse to society, a curse to our country, and a curse to the human family, will be stopped. The standard needs to be raised.

What! Woman has not the faintest idea of money? Why does she not know the value of money? Because she has never been allowed to cultivate business habits. Follow the wife on a shopping tour and mark the purchases she makes; then follow the husband on his jaunt, and tell me who knows the real value of money. If this mistaken and selfish policy that the business man has, of keeping his financial affairs concealed from his family, so that they know not whether he is being buoyed up by the gently swelling tide of prosperity or whether he is at fortune's lowest ebb, were removed, then the real cause of thousands of financial failures that have been unjustly attributed to wives and daughters would be laid bare. There are women in the higher and wealthier classes who need none of these employments as a means of support; consequently, we are met with the declaration that woman does not wish to enter business life. In considering a question like this, we must look upon it in its broadest aspect, and especially in that light in which it affects the majority of those who most need assistance. Woman has been so long enslaved to the thoughts and wishes of man that she shrinks from the idea of entering the arena of business life and of competing with him. But we do not try to dis-

cuss whether she will enter or not. We simply plead for freedom. Give her the liberty and leave the going to her own wise choice, remembering that "What she wills to do or say, seems wisest, most virtuous, discreetest, best."

That woman is man's superior morally is conceded by all. That she is not his equal mentally, is a theory that has been long since exploded. In no respect is she man's inferior, save physically; and this condition, which should command for her more consideration, is brought about by the fact that she is kept housed and penned up as a hot-house plant. She is not allowed enough freedom to develop a strong and robust physique. Those, whose minds are riveted to the past, declare that occupations are not becoming to women. We would fling wide open the doors of our mills and factories. Yes, she may enter them; but she would lose all her dignity, should she enter the ticket office; her modesty would desert her, should she enter the medical profession; she will be shorn of all her bewitching gracefulness and sweet timidity, should she enter the pulpit or plead at the bar; she will become strong-minded and masculine, should she enter the counting-house or banking room. She is not physically able to bear up under the great drain made on the constitution by these professions; but she can live through all the constant toil; under all the heavy burdens; in all the dense, flying, blinding dust, and the hot and oppressive air of a mammoth cotton mill. Beneath the burning, blazing midday sun she can turn up the soil of the rich landlord's broad acres. Yea, she can even bid adieu to the golden sunlight and the pure, free air of man's God-given abode, and go down beneath the surface into the ever dark and lonely mines, there to toil beside the grim and sturdy men; for to-day thousands of women are digging and delving in Pennsylvania's and proud England's black mines of coal. And yet—woman is weak!

Woman may waste her noble life away measuring out

medicine, and doling out pills from house to house. She may cool the fevered brow and warm the shaking limbs. She may nurse the weary, wasted frame back to life and health. Her praises may be in every mouth. But let her make a charge for her services. Then, "stop," says the medical man; "you are going beyond woman's sphere." How strange! You men physicians may brandish and wave your precious diplomas with all the pride of a sceptered king, but woman will go on relieving the sick and the suffering from pain. No perishable parchment does she hold up to your view. Her license shines forth in her noble life. She received her diploma from the hands of Him who made and preserves us all. See! the proof is in her soft step, in her gentle touch, in her low and mellow voice, in her ever kind and watchful care, as she moves with the ease and grace of an angel of mercy, whether in the sick room of loved one or of friend, or in the public hospitals, greeted by sighs and groans of beings before unknown. Hug close your license, you men of the clerical garb. Expound your dogmatic doctrines and proclaim your unbending creeds with all the assumed wisdom and dignity of a hoary-headed bishop; but woman has already entered the sacred calling. She waits not for the ordination of man, for she has been ordained of God. And how well she is fitted for this work! As the true woman elevates the home and refines society, so would she elevate, refine, purify, and adorn the business world. It is only for justice to her, that we plead. It is unjust to her to confine her to certain prescribed walks of life. It is unjust to her to open certain other occupations previously usurped by man, only on condition that she toil for half the amount he receives. It is unjust to her to allow man to enter those walks of life usually reserved for her, and pay him double the wages she commands. There was a time when women, captives in war, were bought and sold after

the manner of beasts of burden. Among some of the ancients, it was believed that the women had no souls, while, of course, the blessed men were immortal. In times not so ancient it was seriously discussed by the earlier fathers of the Christian church whether or not women had souls. Women of this enlightened age, do not your noble Christian hearts flutter and tremble with amazement when you call to mind how near you once were pushed to annihilation's brink? Lift up your souls in true thanksgiving to Almighty God that he has endowed you with such powers that *even* man must know and admit them.

We hope that the time is not far distant when female freedom shall be established; when the shackles of slavery shall be stricken from her limbs; when the yoke of tyranny shall be lifted from her neck; when every environment that hampers her life and dwarfs her soul shall be removed. Then, and not until then, shall woman move in the walks of life, a living example of true Christianity, elevating, inspiring, ennobling the lives of all with whom she comes in contact; spreading truth and justice, joy and happiness, righteousness and temperance, over all our fair land. Then, at last, shall woman accomplish that for which she was created.

CYRIL E. JONES, '07.

Waiting On the Train

It was my first trip away from home. I was going to see my aunt, who lived some thirty miles down the road. The morning was cold and dark. I set out alone to walk to the railway station. The trip I was about to make was to my mind not a pleasant one at all, not only an account of the bad walk I expected to have on my way to the station, but also on account of the fact that I did not look forward to the trip

with any pleasure, being compelled to go away when everything seemed to say, "pleasure at home and trouble away from home." However, as I said a while ago, I screwed my courage up and about four o'clock started from the house to walk to the station. It was dark, darker than I had ever seen it before. After looking around, I found my bearing and started for the opening of the road to the station—an opening between the trees, easily seen in the daytime, but most easily *not* seen at night. I walked boldly to the front in the direction in which I thought it to be, and stumbled on and on. Would I ever find the thing. It was so dark I could not recognize anything; not even the tree-tops could be distinguished from the black darkness round about. I had walked—oh! several times as far as necessary to reach the opening, when—rap, my foot struck something, a rock maybe, and down I went. I raised myself up slowly and rubbed my bruised knee, trying all the while to think which direction I had better take. To tell the truth, I did not know, for my fall had completely turned me around. Then suddenly I remembered that I had been walking with the wind in my face before I fell. Quickly, I wet my finger in my mouth and held it up to see which way the wind was blowing. Finding the cold side of my finger was to my right, I turned in that direction and started once more. I had gone but twenty steps, when with a rattle I stumbled over the shafts of a buggy. Then I knew where I was. I had walked some six hundred yards up the road and stumbled over a buggy at Jim Stewart's blacksmith shop. The buggy was one I remembered having seen there the evening before. After feeling around a bit, I got my right direction once more and started anew. But, I am taking up all my story telling you how I reached the station. I shall say this, however. After walking off the embankment and falling into a ditch half as deep as my neck, I reached the station

and found the railway track. I placed my valise down near me and commenced my wait for the train. All was dark and silent and lonely. During the whole of my one mile walk fear had never once assailed me, but now that I was there and by myself, I was afraid. The feeling crept over me gradually, and my spirit dropped. I waited. Everything was so still. What if the train had already passed by. I remembered that I had had only twenty minutes in which to make the walk had the train been on time, and it seemed to me considerably longer than that since I had started out. Had the train passed, though, I could have heard it. Then I wondered suddenly how I could stop the train if it did come by. Flag it, yes, I knew, but they might run over a fellow there in the dark before they knew it. An idea struck me, and I tied my handkerchief on the end of my umbrella so that I could stand away from the track. This done I waited on the train to come. I stood in the middle of the track and looked steadily in the direction from which I thought the train ought to come. Five—ten—fifteen, and more minutes passed, and yet no train. My old fear came back on me. Father had given me six crisp dollar bills that morning with which to pay my fare. What if some daring robber were to come out from beneath the station platform and attempt to rob me? I had nothing with which to defend myself, save my umbrella and my pocket knife. I drew my knife out of my pocket, opened it and held it with the blade up my sleeve, at the same time turning my umbrella around and grasping the foot. I had a heavy handle on it and I knew that if it once fell on my would-be assailant's head, some damage was sure to follow. Thus armed I paced up and down the front of the station, every now and then looking in the direction of the big freight platform. I listened, thinking I heard the train blow. What was that? My heart leaped to my mouth and the grasp on my knife tight-

ened! There was a scratching sound back of me and then the sound of approaching footsteps. Nearer it came. I stood still thinking maybe the robber or wild animal would go by me. There, it stopped just in front of me. I could see its dark outline. Why, it was nothing but a dog! I walked boldly forward and struck him with my umbrella. What a howl! It pierced the still night air and made me shiver. I stood listening to his retreating footsteps as he scampered away, whining most pitifully. As he disappeared in the darkness I wished I had not driven him away. I was all alone again. Back and forth I walked. Not a sound save my own footsteps was to be heard. The howling of the dog had made the silence which followed all the worse. Minutes passed. Was the train ever coming! I remembered having heard father say that the train was two hours late one morning when he went away. It was surely more than two hours late this time. I grew tired of walking and stumbled toward the platform to find a seat on the steps. I had hardly started when I heard a rumbling sound rapidly growing louder. The train, I thought. No, it was only the playing of a passing breeze on the telegraph wires. I walked out, felt the track, and, kneeling down, put my ear next the rail to make sure. It was cold; that was all. I could hear nothing. I rose up with a sigh, went to the platform steps and seated myself. Suddenly the telegraph instrument began to work. Tick,—Tick,—Tick; it sounded. I had studied Morse Alphabet and I now tried to make out some of the letters, but it went too fast for me. Another breeze struck the wires overhead, and they played and sung like the chords of an Aeolian harp which my brother, George, used to place in the window. Pshaw! there is no use to be scared, thought I, and with this I put my knife up. I could hear the clock in the station ticking slowly. The telegraph instrument had stopped. I heard a rustling sound within the sta-

tion and clung to my umbrella. A rat, followed by his mate, scampered over the floor. I wondered if it were not about time for daylight. What about my grip. I had set it down near the end of the station; was it still there? I had some valuable articles in that grip. Rising from the steps I was moving toward the end of the station, when—a rooster just across the track crew loud and long. Looking up with a fast beating heart, I saw the faint streaks of daylight in the eastern sky. I found my grip and sat on it. Another rooster crowed away off, and his call was answered from every yard in the little village around the station. Things then quieted down a bit. Time passed slowly. It was gradually growing brighter. What in the world was the matter with the train; it was very, very late. It seemed to me I had been waiting for three or four hours, though it could hardly have been that long. A “scobie” duck in the yard across the track chuckled a bit to her mates. A gander away off in the woods somewhere started up a cry. A cow bell starting up a ringing, preceded a long braying from some old donkey in the village. The village was waking up. I could now see the dim outlines of the houses. There was the hole under the fence where the dog had come out. He had been robbing the chicken yard. Was that the train? No, only the breeze in the telegraph wires again. I wished I had some one to talk to. Just then there was a light made in one of the houses across the track. Soon a negro came out and sauntered toward me from the crossing near by. He had his pail in his hand and was bound for his work. “Good morning,” I said, as he came up; “can you tell me what is the matter with the train?”

“I dunno,” he replied. “I reckon she must be late.”

“I guess it is late,” I retorted, “when I have to wait here three hours on it.” After a pause I asked, “What time does it usually come?”

"It's about always late, sah," he replied; "it don't never be on time, hardly."

We stood there and talked for about a half hour, when he said he would get late to work if he did not go, and so sauntered away down the track. As he went away he told me that the train did not stop for everybody, and that I had better wake up the station agent and get him to flag the train with a blue flag. Here I was confronted with another problem. I thought the train always stopped when one flagged it. By this time it was broad daylight, and I walked up the road to the agent's house and tried to wake him up. I had as well have tried to wake a Rip Van Winkle. After nearly knocking his door down, I walked across to the cross-road's store, where I saw the keeper stirring. He comforted me by saying that the train was nearly always late, and that it would be along directly. I bought a package of Uneeda biscuits from him and, sitting on a cracker box, began to eat, for I was hungry. I had taken one bite on my second cracker, when I heard a whistle blow. My train was blowing for the station! Up I jumped with my umbrella in one hand and cracker box in the other, and ran for the station. There it was coming sure enough this time. I could hear it and see it. I put my cracker box under one arm and my grip under the other. As the train came around the bend I flagged it, my handkerchief moving in great arcs from the end of my umbrella. The engineer answered with a few short toots of his whistle, and almost directly the train began to slow up. I could hardly wait for it to come to rest. After pulling me down from the baggage car and pushing me into the passenger coach, the conductor got me aboard, and the train started off—with me on it.

J. P. TARBOX.

National Quarantine

Congress saw the necessity of adopting some means by which the domestic animals of our country should be protected from contagious and infectious disease, either arising or present in this country, or that might be transmitted from a foreign country. Therefore, Congress passed an Act, May 29, 1884, organizing the Bureau of Animal Industry, primarily to prevent the exportation or importation of diseased animals, and to provide means for the extirpation of pleuro-pneumonia and other contagious and infectious diseases. Like all new methods and movements, there has been considerable difficulty in enforcing the regulations against the opposition that naturally arose. The penalties for violation of the Act and the authority conferred were insufficient to enforce properly such regulations. In February of the past year, during the outbreak of foot and mouth disease in the New England States, this was so apparent that Congress passed an Act by which the Secretary of Agriculture might more effectually prevent and suppress the spread of contagious and infectious diseases of live stock. Rules made by him have the effect of law, and any violation is considered a misdemeanor, and convicted persons are subjected to fine and imprisonment.

All persons handling live stock are expected to exercise due diligence and see that such stock is not affected with any contagious or infectious disease. When any such disease is found to exist in any State or Territory, that State shall be considered infected and quarantined, and the greatest of care is to be exercised in the movement of animals in such a district, to prevent the spread of the disease. Shipments of live stock when inspected in transit and found to be diseased, may be refused the privilege of inter-State movement.

When a contagious or infectious disease exists in a foreign

country, animals susceptible to such disease, or the products of such, are not to be admitted except where positive assurance is given that such animals or products are unaffected.

It is the policy of the Department to quarantine as small an area as possible in all cases of outbreaks and at the same time to prevent the spread of the disease. In cases where it becomes necessary to destroy any animals, the owner shall receive compensation as agreed upon in the particular case in hand. In fact, the essential idea of the quarantine is the protection of the live stock industry of the country, and any infectious disease is to be kept from healthy animals by every possible means. While the means pursued to secure this end may and do often work hardships on many persons, still the end attained justifies the means employed, and it is the only way that has been found effectually to cope with contagious and infectious diseases. As an example, it will seem a hardship to some of the breeders of fine stock in the South, not to be able to exhibit their cattle in St. Louis during this year. Still the experience received by the exhibitors of fine cattle at the Charleston Exposition, will justify this apparently harsh measure.

A national quarantine against the Texas fever is a necessity, in inter-State commerce, for without it, while one State or Territory may have an effective quarantine, it would be a very easy matter to become infected from an adjoining State that had no quarantine laws. Inter-State traffic, therefore, must be controlled by a Federal law. The work of the Bureau of Animal Industry and the results obtained show how thoroughly and effectually this work has been done.

Southern cattle or Texas fever is probably the most difficult problem the quarantine force has had to contend with, as a million of these cattle are shipped to the market annually under the supervision of this department, for immediate slaughter, and all cars used for this purpose must be thor-

oroughly cleaned and disinfected before again being used for cattle; also all litter bedding, &c., must be destroyed, and every precaution possible taken to prevent the spread of the contagion to healthy cattle.

The quarantine line north of which these cattle are not allowed to go extends across the United States, beginning at the northwest corner of the State of California across the State to the southern boundaries of Arizona, New Mexico, Colorado, Kansas, Missouri, to the Mississippi River, then along the northern boundary of Tennessee and Virginia to the Atlantic Ocean, with the exception of certain counties south of this line that have been found unaffected and are exempted. Cattle south of this line are to be shipped only for immediate slaughter under quarantine regulations. Any cattle found outside of this area affected are subject to the same regulations as just described.

Sheep scab and cattle scab are somewhat similar diseases, and considerable work has been done along this line; the treatment is somewhat similar in both cases, and it is very probable that they will be a thing of the past within the next few years, as was the case with foot and mouth disease and contagious pleuro-pneumonia. There are other diseases that have been investigated since the establishment of the national quarantine, and these investigations have been of incalculable benefit to stock owners.

There has always been, and still exists, a scarcity of good men willing to take up this work, and there is quite a good opportunity for those who are willing to do this kind of work, and competent effectually to perform the duties that the position requires.

To sum up briefly the work that has been done for the stock industry of the country since the establishment of the Bureau of Animal Industry, I may mention: The complete eradication of pleuro-pneumonia; the stamping out of the foot

and mouth disease in the New England States in 1902-1903; the complete control of the movement of southern cattle, scabby sheep and scabby cattle, and the prevention of the importation of tuberculous or other diseased animals which had become such a menace to the animal industry of our country.

[Delivered before the Washington Chapter, Clemson Club.]
GEORGE A. HANVEY, JR., '98.

Immigration

To-day, the people of the South are confronted by a serious problem. The enforced change in the system of slave labor, which they have been compelled to undergo, has resulted in: first, the decline of the former style of farming; second, the increasing interests in manufacturing; and third, the introduction of a new style of agriculture, which requires new farmers and new farm laborers in order that it may prove successful. The agricultural interests are the ones principally concerned in this change. And the agricultural interests of the South are so important that the whole world suffers from her short crop. Let the food crop of the South fail, and the United States may live on the supplies from the West, but let her cotton crop fail, and the greater part of the world will go naked.

The good or the evil effect of immigration upon the West, the food supplying country of the world, need not be discussed here, since our argument is restricted solely to this cotton growing South land of ours. However, there immigration has been tried, and no one denies that it has not proven a success, and that the country has not been benefited thereby. There is no other country in the world where cot-

ton can be produced so favorably and so extensively as it can be done in the South. But, the Southern cotton planter is face to face with a serious labor problem. The present negro labor upon which he is solely dependent is becoming more and more worthless and demoralized each year. And to make matters worse, large numbers of this race are leaving the rural districts and flocking to the cities and the towns in hope of finding an occupation easier than that of tilling the soil. Statistics in 1880, of the cotton growing section of the South, show that sixty per cent. of the crop was made by negroes and only forty per cent. by whites. Whereas, in 1900, the reverse of this occurred, and we find that sixty per cent. was produced by whites, and only forty per cent. by negroes.

Some may argue that foreign immigration is undesirable, and that the negro labor is the cheapest that we can find. Neither of these will I admit, but I do claim that the negro labor is undesirable and the most expensive that we can obtain. Labor value is not rated by the price of a day's work.

Laborers capable of using the modern farm implements to advantage must be had, and these will never come from the negro race. Such labor, at its best, is a most miserable makeshift, and our country will never prosper as it should prosper, and our resources never be developed as they should be developed, until we supplant the negro with a more thrifty and a more energetic race.

Extensive farming by this low grade class of labor is growing less and less profitable each year. The negro labor has without doubt deteriorated since the war. The fertility of our lands is being reduced, and we are obtaining smaller yields from given acres than ever before. These have been the results of the system of "cropping" and "renting" which have been so widely practiced.

It has been clearly demonstrated by experiment in the

West that "diversified and intensive" farming must necessarily gain ground in the South as soon as the system becomes better known. This method of farming will restore the fertility to the soil, reduce the amount of manual labor, and make it necessary to have more efficient laborers. Therefore, these conditions are especially favorable for the introduction of immigrants from Europe, who are well skilled in this method of farming.

"Voluntary and unassisted immigration is a high grade labor." There can be very little doubt but that the man, who has by practicing economy managed to save enough money to defray his expenses in passage from Europe to the United States, will make a good citizen. These immigrants by first taking hold of the low grade labor, increase the supply of such labor, and make it necessary for some, either native or immigrant, to equip themselves for more efficient work. Immigration causes competition in the lower grades of labor, causing some to rise. These, in turn, push others toward the top, and finally the increase is felt not in the lower occupations, but in the higher. Hence, we see that by immigration labor is raised to a higher level. That class of men in the South who have previously done the lowest grade of work seem to desire to discourage the introduction of immigration whose habits of living have not been higher than their own.

The introduction of this low grade labor may be compared to the effects produced upon a column by the introduction of a new layer at its bottom. By this introduction of the new layer at the bottom, the whole mass is raised to a higher plain rather than lowered. Immigration has stimulated the progress of our country by causing the working class to be raised to a higher level, and if it were not for this stimulant, our works would come to a stand still. Men who oppose immigration are usually those who stand in the way of suc-

cess, those who are themselves incapable of rising to a higher plane, those who are fit to do only the lowest grade of work.

I am well aware of the fact that there are many serious objections to Chinese labor, but since our laws prohibit them from coming to our country, this phase of the question need not be discussed here. Nevertheless, it is an actual fact, that the men who opposed their introduction were of far less benefit to the country than the average sober Chinaman.

I know that the majority of our people have the impression that the foreigners who come over here—many of them unable to read or write—impose an evil upon the country; but nowhere does observation bear this out. In our large cities and elsewhere, where large numbers of immigrants are found, they usually make the best of citizens. They take interest in public affairs—oftentimes more interest than the natives themselves. They send their children to public schools, and enjoy the opportunities that they have never before been afforded. The first generation of these make good citizens, the second better, and so on until at last we have a citizen that will compare favorably with the native born American. It is true that foreign immigrants show a preference to their nationality, but can you tell me where you will find one who shows this preference more distinctly than the true American? Each one of us here to-night is a descendant of an immigrant. We call ourselves Americans as though we represent a distinct race, when in reality we represent a blending of all the races of the world.

Turn your attention for a moment to the State of Louisiana, where the country is becoming very rich and thickly populated. By whom has this state of affairs been brought about? It has been by the foreign immigrants. Another example where a garden spot has been produced by immigration is remarkably shown in the County of Horry of our own

State, where a handful of energetic, enterprising immigrants settled and increased the yield of the land ten fold.

I believe that the time when the South will produce 15,000,000 bales of cotton is not far distant. The only obstacle preventing this at present is the lack of efficient laborers to cultivate and to harvest the fleecy staple. To raise this amount of cotton, we must necessarily have an increase in the quality and in the quantity of the laboring class; and this increase may be met by immigration. And I believe that by the introduction of these new foreign immigrants that the great race problem of the day will have its final solution.

"The most pressing need in the South is a large accession to our white population, and it should be our policy to open wide our doors and to welcome cordially the earnest and the industrious of all lands. Extend to all who come to make this country their home with an honest purpose to become true and peaceful citizens that warm Southern hospitality which belongs to our people, and has become proverbial. Exact no Shibboleth as a test of religious creed or political faith. Ask only that those who link their destiny to ours shall say, 'Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.' "

The Clemson College Chronicle

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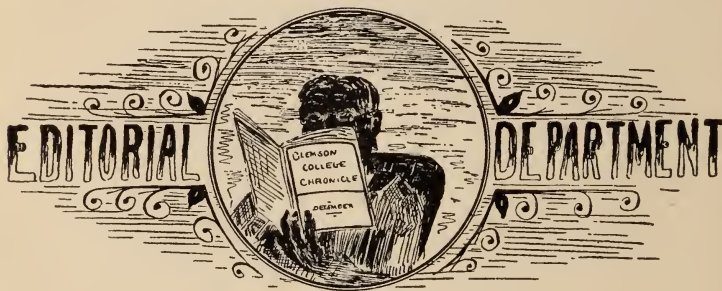
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V. B. HALL, - - - - - EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

The
Encampment

By the time this number of THE CHRONICLE is published, the whole corps will very probably be in a state of great bustle and excite-



A. E. HOLMAN
President Columbia Society—Third Quarter

ment, making ready for the week of camp life which is to commence on the 4th of May. That the students, as a rule, are anticipating a week of pleasure and a general good time, is very clearly evinced by the fact that the name of nearly every member of the corps was signed to the petition asking for this week of real, out-door soldier-work: and we can see no reason why these anticipations should not be realized. We understand that the people of Anderson, the city near which our camp is to be situated, intend putting forth every means in their power to make the time pass pleasantly and profitably for the boys. And the commandant, too, assures us of a good time.

The chief objection raised against the trip by some members of the corps, is the loss of a week of valuable class-work, coming, as it does, just before the trying June examinations; then, too, bad results, in some cases, at least, cannot fail to emanate from the state of general demoralization in which the students will almost unavoidably find themselves after such an outing. But, perhaps after all, this is just a glance at the dark side of the question, and things may turn out better than these doubting ones expect; at least, we can take full advantage of the fun while it is passing, and hope for the best.

Exchanges In looking over the exchange comments of our brothers and sisters, we are very much gratified to observe what we consider a radical improvement in their methods of treating this very important feature of our college journalism. Of course, different "ex-men" will, very naturally, hold widely different opinions on this subject; and, indeed, it is difficult to say just whose opinion is the right one. Some seem to think that, when pointing out the merits and demerits of their contemporaries, the most general comment possible is the

proper thing; still other editors think it best to go more into details,—to be more specific in their criticisms,—and to point out and comment at some length upon certain especially prominent faults or features of merit to be found in the article under review. Just which of these two methods of treatment is it best to advocate? Before answering this question, one should ask himself, For what purpose was the department of criticism primarily established? Surely for the benefit and improvement of all concerned. Then, from which method do “all concerned” derive the greatest benefit? From the latter, we believe. There is no use in trying to criticise every exchange and every article in every exchange each month; for the editor who does try this will inevitably fall into such threadbare expressions as “such-and-such a magazine is up to its usual standard this month,” or, “we are pleased to note an improvement in the latest issue of the so-and-so.” A year’s experience in the capacity of “ex-man” has taught us the exact meaning—or, we should say, the exact *want* of meaning—in such phrases. They mean, most probably, that the editor has not read a line in the magazine in which he is so “pleased to note an improvement this month.” But possibly this is a little too severe. Suppose, then, that he really has read the magazine through and conscientiously believes it above, or below, the usual standard which it, as a rule, maintains. After all, his criticism is but the expression of an opinion; and in what way can the off-hand expression of one man’s opinion benefit the editors of a journal? In what possible way can it help the young author to better his next production, or how can it possibly put the aspiring poet in a way of improving the meter of his next verse?

What we want is more searching, more specific criticism—more *real* criticism. Better, we believe, to thoroughly and

thoughtfully read one magazine than to merely *mention* every exchange on the list.

While we are taking it upon ourselves to criticise, we want it understood that we are not holding up THE CHRONICLE as a model; we speak in general terms.

**College
Journalism**

In glancing through a few of our exchanges this month, we were particularly struck by the almost universal expression of a desire on the part of the editors to do something or to start some new movement that would lift our Southern college magazines out of the old and much worn rut in which they have so long been running. And we wish to add our voice to the general cry: "Can't we find some means of breaking the everlasting monotony, and of arousing a renewed interest in this vitally important feature of college work? Can't we pull together and do *something*?" It is just as one of our brother editors has said: Our present methods have been worn quite threadbare. Year in and year out the literary editors have been writing the same silly love stories and publishing the same heavy unreadable society and commencement speeches; our editors have been making the very same kinds of dull space-filling "editorial comments;" our "ex-men" have been telling us in the same hum-drum tones that "so-and-so is up to its usual standard this month" and that "the stories in such-and-such a publication are very good, but the poetry is lacking;" our local editors are still printing the half dozen or so college jokes, with the addition, sometimes, of a few happenings of local history; and so it goes, month after month, month after month! Is there, indeed, nothing new under the sun? We, as the staffs of 1904 are rather late in our endeavors to institute a reform, but better late than never. If we really care to make the effort, we could at least throw out some suggestions that might be acted upon by those who

follow us. We have always been in the habit of offering medals, as rewards for special merit to those students who care to make efforts along a literary line; could we not extend this idea further and jointly offer a prize to the author of the best story, or essay, or poem appearing, within the year, in any college publication in the State—or in the South? Would not something like this serve to stimulate a greater interest in the work?

Suppose we all think over this question, and, if we can come to any conclusion—if we can think of any suggestions that might better affairs, let us speak them out for the benefit of all. We hope to hear the opinion of some one else on this subject.

WHAT HAPGOODS HAS DONE

During the year 1903, Hapgoods has placed in high grade positions over 500 young College, University and Technical School graduates. Our campaign for 1904 is now in progress. More firms than ever are looking to us for capable graduates, and we wish to get in touch at once with every Senior who will be looking for a position in business or technical work. Write nearest office for booklets. Hapgoods, 309 Broadway, New York; Hartford Bldg., Chicago; Pennsylvania Bldg., Philadelphia; Williamson Bldg., Cleveland; Pioneer Bldg., Seattle; Colorado Bldg., Washington; Minn. Loan & Trust Bldg., Minneapolis; Chemical Bldg., St. Louis; Farmers' Bank Bldg., Pittsburg



E. A. THORNWELL
President Palmetto Society—Third Quarter



Exchange Department

S. T. HILL,
O. M. ROBERTS, }

EDITORS

The vocabulary of most exchange editors is very limited, and not only words give out, but "something new to say" seems to be the need of many editors. During the first part of the year we would read the exchange departments and learn something from them, but now we know it all until something new is written. Many of the exchange editors seem to feel a delicacy in writing the same old thing, and consequently we find a great part of the space filled with opinions, advice and remarks of a general nature. This part of the department is, however, one of the most interesting. It is a talk with all magazines and not with the individual ones under criticism.

The end of the year is almost here, and soon many of us will sever our connection with the college journal. How many of us can look back and remember these associations as pleasant ones? How many of us will regret the time

when we cannot read the exchanges and help with our own magazine? We think most of us can; but some, we are afraid, will "heave a sigh of relief when his task is done." When we see a magazine that seems barely to keep alive—when it contains no quality and very little quantity—we think that it has been a burden to its editors. The pleasure we get out of our exchange journals is very accurately read between the lines of the Exchange Department. The mood of the writer has a very decided influence on what he writes. It is a very easy matter to tell whether the exchange editor really enjoys writing up his department, or whether it was done with great effort and for duty's sake; it is an easy matter to tell whether he is saying what he thinks should be said, or whether he, from some personal or other special reasons, desires to praise or censure a paper. Do not misunderstand us; we do not mean that faults should not be pointed out. In fact, some of the very best Exchange Departments are those which rarely ever give any praise, and we derive more benefit from adverse criticisms than from those which bestow only praise, even if it is deserved.

The first magazine to attract special attention this month is *The Furman Echo*. We think it one of the neatest, most interesting and best got up magazines that comes to our table. We have always been struck with the literary society spirit and interest which *The Echo* shows to exist at Furman. Most college journals are published by the literary societies, and they should contain more about them. Of all our exchanges, *The Furman Echo* best portrays the literary society work. *The Echo* always manages to be full, and it is very seldom that we have seen a piece in it which seemed to be put in to fill space. Of *The Echo* we can say that it has been steadily improving and is one of the best of our exchanges. The April number has many good points to which we shall not attempt to call attention. The poetry is

very good, and there is more of it than we find in most journals. The article, "South Carolina," is an essay which tells us that which every one knows, and which we have heard a thousand times. It is very well written and may have required some time, but certainly not much preparation before hand. "The Jews in England in the Time of 'Ivanhoe,'" might well have been omitted without detracting from the magazine. "Mock Justice" required little thought and scarcely any imagination. It is too much like other stories we have read. "The Rise and Fall of the Round Table," is very good, but "A Vacation" deserves no praise. The other departments of the magazine are commendable.

The Erskinian contains some good matter this month. We are sorry to see that the editors had to get out two months together. What is the matter? We sincerely hope that it is not because material is so scarce. We would suggest that the reading at the beginning be changed to read: "Published bi-monthly by the ——." The contents are, on a whole, not the most interesting that we have read, but they must be given credit for being unusually well written. We notice that it contains a story "to be continued." A story that is interesting, and one that will stay in the mind of the reader until the next issue comes out, may well be continued, but we should be very careful about publishing continued stories. We think this one a very deserving story—that is, the beginning of it, but we have our doubts if very many will remember where the story broke off. The plot is not deep enough and I feel safe in venturing to say that every one who read the story, filled out the next chapter in his own mind and will soon forget it. A magazine that has two months in one should not, under any circumstances, contain a continued story. "Determination" is a very good essay. "The Backward Trail" is the best article in the literary department.

We are sorry to note that there are no poets at Erskine. The department headed "College Notes" should be changed to "College Jokes."

The Wake Forest Student shows that there has been a great deal of work spent on getting up the magazine. It has a very small editorial staff, and we notice that none of the Literary Department is written by the editors themselves. This shows that the students take a pride in their magazine and do all they can to help it along by giving in contributions. The stories are too long for a college paper, but most of them are well written and sufficiently entertaining to hold the reader's attention. We notice that after no name are the figures placed to designate the class. We think this a very important little detail. In fact, to those with whom we exchange magazines, the class of which the author is a member is more important than his name. Very often members of the faculty contribute to some journals, and these should be so designated, or else they will pass as the work of the students themselves. The "Storiettes" might well be mixed in to break the monotony of so many long pieces in the literary department. The poem, "Er Frolic Ter-night," deserves special praise. There is a great deal of truth in what the exchange editor has to say before he begins to criticise the individual magazines, and we hope many editors will read and digest what he says.

Not having a superabundance of April issues to read, we came to the end of our work all too soon. We enjoyed so much the few we have, and only wish there were more. We have searched through everything to find a new clipping to copy, but our search has been in vain. Why doesn't some gifted poet write something new in the clipping line. He will achieve fame; for every magazine in the South will surely publish it twice within two months.

Clippings

A TIGHT SQUEEZE.

The trolley car was crowded
From front to very rear,
Bawled out the conductor within,
"There's no more room in here."
But a maiden on the platform climbed—
With beauteous face and hair—
And in a squeaky tone she cried,
"May I be squeezed in here?"
"If you can work your way inside,"
Called a masher bold, called he,
"You surely can be squeezed in here,
For I have one arm free."

—*Ex.*

WHEN IN DOUBT.

When doubts assail and love forsakes thee,
And strange, un-holy doctrines stray
Into your mind—a curse to be
As discordant hands on Love to play,
I bid you stop and think of One
Whose love from man shall never flee.
Go—see His works—His stars—His moon—
His sun in all its majesty.
Go thou and live with Nature bright,
And see and feel its wondrous spell.
Go stand encompassed by the night,
Learn of the rain and how it fell.
Stay! linger with the rainbow hues,
And let your mind their pledge receive;
Then give to God His Holy dues
And learn to love and to believe.
—*H. C. Tillman, in Southern Collegian.*

"Go to my father," was all she said;
And she knew that I knew that her father was dead;
And she knew that I knew the gay life he had led;
And she knew that I knew what she meant when she said,
"Go to my father." —*Ex.*

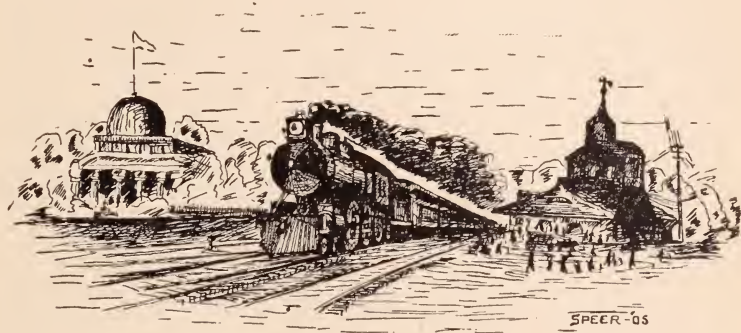
'Tis a true adage—old style,
That a "miss is as good as a mile,"
But by changing one letter
And going one better,
"A kiss is as good as a smile." —*Ex.*

He wrote a love sick note to her,
And thus it ran in part:
"Only 'yes' can heal the breaches
Your love's made in my heart."
Her answer to his plaintive note
A moral clearly teaches;
With trembling hands he opened it,
And read, "Mend your own breeches." —*Ex.*

She lost her head when he proposed,
But he, a trifle bolder,
Made search for it distractedly,
And found it on his shoulder. —*Ex.*

There was an old monk of Siberia
Whose life grew dreary and drearier,
Till he broke from his cell
With a hell of a yell,
And eloped with the Mother Superior. —*Ex.*

In joke I called her a lemon nice,
And said I'd be the squeezer,
But soon felt more like lemon-ice,
And she—she was the freezer. —*Ex.*



Social Department

A. E. HOLMAN, }
R. F. GOODING, }

EDITORS

The Dunbar Hand Bell Ringers gave an entertainment in the College chapel on the night of April the 9th. A large audience greeted them and seemed carried away with the entertainment.

The tennis courts are soon to be in shape, and it is expected that quite a number of the cadets will engage in this sport. Golf is also attracting many of the students, and we hope to have several clubs organized soon.

Miss Aiken, of Winnsboro, is visiting at Mrs. R. E. Lee's.

Miss Mary Hill, of Athens, Ga., has returned to her home after a week's visit to Dr. Mell's.

Mrs. J. H. M. Beaty has been visiting her parents in Chester.

Horton: "Tarbox, please give me the key to the vacant place."

J. M. Hill: "How many Indian *resevoirs* (reservations) are there in South Carolina?"

Truluck wants to know if Dixie Land wasn't a station in Georgia.

Dr. and Mrs. Mell gave a most delightful "at home" on the night of April the 8th in honor of Col. Sirmyer, his staff and the eight captains. The decorations were most suitable for the occasion, flags and pennants were drooping from all corners. The pleasures of the evening took the form of a "Military Acrostic," in which Mrs. E. A. Sirmyer won the first prize, and Miss Lena Sloan the consolation prize. After this refreshments were served. Instrumental music by Col. Sirmyer and by the young ladies present added greatly to the evening's enjoyment.

The friends of Mr. E. B. Boykin, of the class of 1902, will be glad to hear of his success in securing a position in the Bureau of Plant Industry of the Department of Agriculture at Washington.

Barber to Rat Cannon: "Will you have a shampoo?"

Cannon: "No, I am a member of the Y. M. C. A., and don't drink."

Bryan to Rat: "Hold your gun more perpendicular."

Prof. McLucas: "Mr. Keenan, what did Longfellow do after graduation?"

Keenan: "He taught 'Alma Mater' in Bowdoin College."

The same old custom of observing April Fool's Day was carried out to its fullest extent this year. The "naughty four-ers" proved true to their name, and we venture to say that some of the faculty were rather surprised at their naughtiness. When morning came, all the phætons and buggies of the hill save two were arranged in front of the college building. One of the two was placed on the third story of the college building, while the other was perched upon the top of the postoffice. Class flags floated from the college steeple, while the hands of the old clock of the tower were mysteriously moved from 9.15 to 11.20, and upon its face was painted in large letters "04."

Say, have you heard about Cadet H. W. Matthews? He is now taking a special in horticulture, or rather a course in the department of love-making. We understand that Clemson has another heart-smasher.

Dr. Nesom: "Mr. Lemmon, name some of the chemical compounds found in muscles."

Lemmon: "Electricity."

Caldwell (seeing bird nests at horticultural grounds) wanted to know why they had so many telephones over there.

Southard: Professor, do you believe in *involution* (evolution)?

Athletic Notes

NEWBERRY 2; CLEMSON 2.

The above was the result of the first game of the season. At the end of the ninth inning the score was 2 to 2. In the tenth inning Clemson managed to run in three scores. But,

on one play, the boys ran on the field, and the umpire declared the game a tie.

The visiting team played good hard ball. For Clemson, Sitton, Dendy and Ellis played a good game. The feature of the game was Dendy's batting—as he got one home run, one 3 base hit and 3 singles out of five times up.

Batteries: Newberry—Simpson and Fulmer. For Clemson—Sitton and Maxwell.

CLEMSON 5; ERSKINE 3.

The second game of the season resulted in a victory for Clemson, the score being the same as that by which Erskine defeated us last year. Game was played on Erskine's grounds, and was a good clean game.

The batteries were: Baron and Pressly for Erskine; Dendy and Maxwell for Clemson.

Many comments have been made on the treatment received at Erskine, all the boys declaring that never, at any place, have they been treated *better* than there. Clemson team wishes to thank the Erskine boys for the very kind and courteous reception given them.

FURMAN 2; CLEMSON 1.

In the closest game of baseball ever seen at Clemson, Furman defeated Clemson 2 to 1. The result was a matter of doubt until the last man had been retired. Several double plays were made—three by Clemson, two by Furman. Furman scored her two runs by a lucky hit over third base. Clemson scored one run in the seventh inning.

Both pitchers did good work. Laval, for Furman, struck out ten men; Dendy, for Clemson, struck out nine. Base hits: Furman, 3; Clemson, 6.

Batteries: Furman—Laval and Jackson; Clemson—Dendy and Maxwell.

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E. A. THORNWELL, }
L. E. BOYKIN, } - - - - - EDITORS

The Seniors

Another year
Has gone away,

Sweet summer comes again.

Once more 'tis here,
Commencement day,

All join the glad refrain:
"Out in the midst of the fight, boys,
Ever be valiant and strong;
Suffer and die for the right, boys,
Arbitrate never with wrong."

'Tis not the same
As those we've passed.

'Tis ours—we're going away.

No roll of drum,
Or bugle blast,

Shall stir the folded gray.
Loving and loyal and true, boys,
Faithful to country and HER;
Some one is waiting for you, boys,
An armful of comfort and cheer.

"Good-bye, God speed
You," is our cry—

And, lo! the deed is done;

The day is spent,
The fountain dry,

The battle fought—and won!
Sadly we speak the farewell, boys,
Sorrow hath need for its own;
Only the future can tell, boys,
How we can battle alone.

'04.

The Need of Southern Influence in International Affairs

Another nation has been born to the world. On November the third, nineteen hundred and three, dispatches were flashed over the wires announcing to the nations that the State of Panama had declared herself independent of the United States of Colombia, and had taken her place among the world powers. The little strip of land which constitutes the territory of this new nation, connecting as it does North and South America, and separating the Atlantic from the Pacific, has long occupied the attention of the civilized world. Many generations have felt the need of a water passage through the isthmus, and this need has

become so great that the commercial world now demands it.

Colombia, the little republic of which this isthmus was a province, was too weak, too unimportant commercially, to undertake so great an enterprise. Besides, if Colombia had had the wealth to accomplish this work, she would not have had the strength to unite the people of all her petty, mutually jealous, provinces for such an undertaking. For this reason the world has looked to the United States of America to build, operate and control an inter-oceanic canal. No nation is more favorably situated to undertake the work; no nation is more able on account of its wealth and experience in great engineering enterprises; and no nation will derive more benefit, when the work is completed, than these United States.

Recognizing this fact, our Congress authorized the President to enter into negotiations with the government of Colombia, with a view to constructing an isthmian canal. He did so, and submitted to Colombia a treaty, the ratification of which would give to the United States the power to construct, operate and control the canal. The Congress of Colombia did not agree to the terms of this treaty.

Upon the adjournment of the Colombian Congress our President turned away with disgust at the short-sighted, niggardly policy of Colombia; and in that moment of disgust and vexation there was presented to him a temptation to which he yielded, and by so doing he has left a stain in the fair pages of our history. The facts are few, but the results are far-reaching and destructive.

On November the second, a few days after the adjournment of the Colombian Congress, orders were given to the United States war vessel, the Nashville, lying in the harbor of Colon, to maintain free and uninterrupted transit across the isthmus, and to prevent the landing of troops with hostile intent, either government or insurgent. When we re-

member that this order was received aboard the Nashville in the morning and that no insurrection, and, therefore, no insurgent troops were in existence until that night, the questions naturally arise: whence came our President's foreknowledge of the rebellion, and why was he so ready with orders on this particular occasion, when the people of Colombia have been continually fighting among themselves for the past hundred years.

Did our President think of the seriousness of that order to the Nashville? Did he ponder, as the chief of a mighty nation should, what course he was pursuing? Did he see where he was leading? Does he yet realize the gravity of that cipher despatch to the Nashville? Great was the temptation, mighty the inducement. A great canal—the most wonderful feat of engineering the world has ever seen—the dream of the early navigators, the greatest project of modern commerce—such was the vision unfolded to him. But could he forget the principles upon which our government was founded, and which have raised us to our present exalted position—the principle of justice and of right, of liberty and of democracy? Could he forget that might does not make right, and that the means are not justified by the ends? Could he forget that great nations shall not aggrandize themselves at the expense of the lesser ones—the very principle upon which the Monroe Doctrine is founded, and which the United States should, therefore, be all the more sedulous not herself to violate. Lastly, could he, without cause or provocation, put aside our treaty with Colombia, by which she agreed to keep the isthmus open to American transit, and in return we guaranteed to her the rights of sovereignty and property over her territory—a treaty which should have been kept alive in his memory by the repeated interpretations of it by former Presidents—all of these interpretations reaffirming the treaty and giving no hint of a change of heart

towards Colombia on the part of our government? Yea, he did forget. He sent the order to the Nashville; and the rebellion came off so pat after the order was received that many have wondered if it was not regulated by Washington time.

If all was done according to the law; if there was no crookedness in the action of our President in sending that secret order to the Nashville; if the Panamaians were able to maintain their independence without the assistance of the Nashville, why that indecent haste in declaring Panama free from the mother country? The Chief Magistrate of this great republic, the man holding the highest office in the gift of our citizens, forty-eight hours after the revolt of Panama, declared that she was a free and independent State, and cried "Hands off" to Colombia, and to the world. This action on the part of the President seems to be a violation of the laws of nations, of justice and of right. Panama a nation and a republic? Where were its government, its constitution, its election, its officers? In forty-eight hours, what people could work such wonders? We have in the past held aloof from all recognition of new governments. We have even stood forth the champion of international laws and customs, and time after time has the prestige of this nation been brought to bear to impress others with the sacredness of these obligations.

When Dewey sailed into Manila Bay, it seemed but the simple act of a brave sailor; but Europeans were not slow to open our eyes to the real consequences of the act, and to tell us that we had at last, unwittingly, broken away from our old traditions and had become as one of them. No longer can we, if we would, refuse to enter the arena of world politics. And this simple act of our President in sending an order to a naval officer—is it so simple? or does it, too, mark the beginning of a new policy on the part of

this new world power? Standing upon the foundation of liberty, our government has ever been the champion of the oppressed. It seemed as if God had prospered this country and had been preparing her for the past hundred years for a high mission among the nations; and He has heretofore ever raised up champions in this republic so to guide the ship of state, that we might exert our great influence and strength in bestowing the blessings of freedom upon the people of other lands. Since the Declaration of Independence we have been a power for good. From the beginning the mere existence of this republic has encouraged the oppressed peoples of Europe to demand more liberty, and has cheered the younger nations of the new world in their struggle to maintain a democratic form of government; and wherever we could, the world over, we have extended a helping hand. Such a benign influence we should continue to exert until the end of time. But if this seemingly simple order of the Chief Executive officer to one of his subordinates be not checked in its results—this simple order, which, in effect, has inaugurated a new and strange policy—it will eventually lead, not only to the destruction of the hope and confidence of others, but to our own downfall and ruin. No nation ever yet robbed a weaker people of its rights that, in the end, Fate or Providence did not cause the blow to rebound and prostrate the perpetrators of the outrage. History, as we turn the pages whereon are recorded, in plain and simple characters, the annals of so many nations that have faded from the maps, shows us the fate of many republics whose fair and beautiful records became more and more sullied as the doctrine of Might triumphed over that of Right, until at last it was closed by the black line which means death.

Sirs, I was ambitious that the Stars and Stripes might some day wave over the whole of the Western Hemisphere—

over a federation of republics drawn together by the great and wise beneficence of the greatest of republics, and by mutual trust and confidence, and held in union and unison by the might of the great principle of liberty and freedom of all. But if the greatest of Western powers is to intimidate and bully the weak for her own glory and gain, what will become of that trust and confidence? Will not the Latin republics rather lose faith in democracy itself, and become easy victims to the insidious snares of European Monarchs? Sirs, unless this latest and strangest act of commercialism—this outrageous conduct of the bully—be not atoned for before it becomes a fixed habit and principle of action, I fear we shall see strange things happening in this hemisphere. The Russian Bear is not so far away from our Equatorial and Arctic possessions; and with a strongly centralized South America, under a despotic leader, there may yet come a day, in the distant future, when in vain our fleets shall clear for action, and our armies go forth only to bite the dust.

Sirs, I ask, where shall be found the power to check, before it is too late, this new and unscrupulous and dangerous course of this commercially-minded generation of Americans? In answering this question, I would point to the fact that the representatives in Congress of one section of this country, believing that any State in a compact or union has the unquestionable right to secede when it becomes dissatisfied with the existing government, yet have no sympathy with this new and strange doctrine. Though they believe in the rights of secession, they have no sympathy with the forces in this country which would make use of that right to wrest from a sister republic a commercial concession which could not fairly be gained. Though the commercial interests of the South demand that the canal be constructed as soon as possible—for when the canal is constructed and opened, the

South will naturally be benefited most and the tranquil Gulf of Mexico will become the Mediterranean of the Western Hemisphere—yet regardless of this, our Senators have taken a noble stand in this great issue, have refused to profit by what they considered political injustice and trickery. And when we consider that these representatives of the South are the successors of a long line of statesmen who have consistently refused to profit by any advantages that they might have gained by compromise and barter of what they deemed sacred principles, for any material gain to the section which they represented, though that section had been brought to the brink of commercial ruin by the astute machinations of wealth-worshipping politicians; and when we remember that they are the representatives of a people who, a little more than forty years ago, fearlessly sacrificed all the wealth of a rich and prosperous land, in a long and bloody war, for what they believed to be the principles upon which rested their liberties—a war in which all was lost save honor,—may we not with reason say, that the Southland has ever been the champion of principle against time-serving materialism and commercialism? And if the curse of the greed for gain is to be kept out of the policy of this nation, so that she may deal fairly and honorably with other nations, and be freed from the suspicion of commercial greediness and power-greediness, and not again offend even the weakest of her sisters by trampling upon rights recognized by the law of nations—if this nation is to be saved from departing irrevocably from her ancient ways of rectitude and honor and fair play in dealing with other nations,—has not the manhood of the South, the most American of the Americans, with its love of principle, and its contempt for commercial supremacy and riches without honor—has not the South a great mission to perform? Let us, then, young men of the South, keep ourselves unspotted from the world, clean and pure from sordid ends, that

we may husband our moral strength and be ready for the great work of redeeming this country from corruption, and preserving her from wrong, so that she may yet keep her own freedom and bear the pure torch of liberty to enlighten the world.

S. T. HILL.

"Taps"

Go to bed, the bugle's calling,
And the long day's work is done;
As the last sweet strains are falling,
Hie we to our rest alone.

Go to bed, the bugle's calling,
And our college days have fled;
In the world's arms no appalling
Thoughts disturb the dreamer's bed.

Go to bed, the bugle's calling—
Life has had its last "tattoo;"
"Taps" is sweetly, gently falling
On the air like midnight dew.

'04

"Just Like a Woman!"

The great fight of the municipal campaign, in the town of Lee, was over the office of town marshal. Sam Darby, who had held the office for four terms, and Moses Black, a deserving old man, were the nominees. It was here the case stood, when the great storm of 1900 burst over Lee. The lightning flashed, the thunder roared, the wind blew, and rain and hail fell in torrents. Every one, of course, ran and hid in the cyclone cellars, and when the storm passed they emerged to find windows broken and garden patches laid waste.

But this was not the worst. When Widow Brown went out to feed her spotted pig that evening, it was gone! The pig-house gate was latched and it was clear that the pig had been carried away.

It was a small pig, but its absence created a great uproar in Lee. Every one knew before of the spotted pig. If every inhabitant, male and female, did not know the weight, appearance and price paid for the spotted pig, it was not through Widow Brown's neglect. Any one in Lee could have told you how many spots the pig bore, and how many times a day Widow Brown fed it, and of whom she bought it, and whether she paid too much or too little.

But the pig was gone, and it had been carried away at a time when its absence meant much to the rival candidates for the post of town marshal.

"Now," said Dave Hendrix, the postmaster and barber, "we'll see ef ole Sam kin ketch a thief. Ef he kin, he gits the place. Ef he don't, Moses Black gits it."

This expressed the views of Lee to a dot, and Sam found himself face to face with the question, "Who stole the spotted pig?"

There was absolutely no clue. The pig had been in the pen; now it was gone. It was but three days to election day, and Sam was forced to act quickly. The first day he spent talking the matter over in front of the grocery. One by one they discussed each of the two hundred citizens, but none of them seemed likely to have stolen the spotted pig. There seemed to be no one in Lee capable of having done such a thing.

The second day Sam investigated the butcher shop. Paul Spann, the jolly butcher, offered him every opportunity for a complete investigation, but nothing like pork could be found in the place, except a keg of pig's feet from St. Louis. After looking them over one by one, Sam decided they were

not the feet of the spotted pig, for the spotted pig was but a young thing, and these feet were all full grown; besides which, they showed evidence of having been in pickle for at least eight weeks.

From house to house, from store to store, Sam Darby tramped, his cane punctuating his steps. Occasionally he would run his hand through his long gray beard, wipe his "specks," and scratch his head thoughtfully. For the first time in years, his good-natured face grew stern. Every here and there he would be stopped by a question:

"Hi, Sam, how are you getting on?"

"Very good," he would reply. "I almost got him now."

"Is he one o' the Lee folks?"

"He is." And on he would tramp.

The excitement grew intense. Who could it have been? Who was the guilty man? Neighbors regarded neighbors with suspicion, and many vague rumors went around, but the disappearance of the spotted pig remained a mystery. Only one thing was sure—if the culprit could be caught he would not be allowed to escape. The town marshal personally visited the lock-up and saw that it was in good condition, and that escape from it was impossible.

The day before the election Sam Darby was more active than ever. His cane fairly pattered on the walks of Lee. It was a day of suspense and anxiety, and when at length evening came, and Sam Darby thumped into the grocery, where nearly all the male portion of Lee was congregated, he was met by many anxious faces.

"Well," said Pond, the grocer, "yer don't seem ter of got him, Sam."

"No," he said, seating himself on an upturned barrel, "I ain't."

"An' you aint found no trace o' the pig?" asked Dave Hendrix.

"That I ain't sayin'," said Sam. "Mebby I hev, an' mebby I hain't. You'll know day after to-morrer!"

"Day after to-morrer," exclaimed Pond, "what yer mean, Sam?"

"I mean this," he said, slowly shaking his cane to emphasize his words; "day after to-morrer, ef I am 'lected again, I'm ready to arrest some one—some one, mind ye, I name no names,—fer stealin' ther spotted pig. Ef I ain't 'lected, et won't be none o' my business; but I give ye my word ef I'm 'lected, I'll make an arrest."

"Well, why in thunder don't yer arrest him now?" asked Pond.

Eben got down from the barrel and moved to the door. Then he turned and faced them.

"Because," he said, slowly, "I don't think I had ort to arrest nobody what's runnin' fer office in Lee. Et wouldn't be ter ther credit o' the town!"

Then he went home.

When he had left, Moses Black got up and said, with great vehemence:

"Et's a lie. I never stole the spotted pig."

"Nobody hain't said yer did, Moses," said Pond; "you ain't ther only one what's runnin' fer office sides Sam. We ain't goin' ter say nothin' erbout et till Sam makes his arrest."

But they did. They all lingered until Moses had gone, and then they talked it over. The result was that the next day Moses received one vote for town marshal.

The next morning the whole town gathered around the lock-up, and Moses Black among the rest. He was left severely alone, for he was, for the time, an outcast. The assembly was waiting on Sam to make the arrest. At nine o'clock he stamped into the circle. To their surprise he passed Moses Black with a nod of greeting, and walked to the center of the group. Every eye was on him.

"Gentlemen," he said, "and ladies, I said I would arrest some one fer stealin' ther spotted pig of Widow Brown. I am here ter do it. Gentlemen an' ladies, I hereby arrest myself accordin' ter law fer stealin' Widow Brown's spotted pig."

There was a murmur of surprise, and then Pond found his tongue.

"Yer don't mean ter say yer stole thet pig, Sam?" he cried, in amazement.

"I ain't sayin' nothin' ter incriminate myself," said Sam; "all I say is, I arrest myself fer stealin' ther pig. I said I'd do it, an' here I am. Et's for ther judge an' jury ter prove me guilty." He paused and smiled, "ef they kin," he added.

"Well, where's the pig?" asked Moses Black. "I 'low you don't need no more pigs 'n you've got.

"How kin I tell where the pig is?" asked Sam; "I ain't seen ther spotted pig. You must think I stole et!"

"An' didn't you?" asked Dave Hendrix.

"Thet ain't fer me ter say," said Sam; "here I be, arrested accordin' ter law. Do what yer want ter. I ain't got no more ter say."

The Widow Brown had been in the front row, leaning forward eagerly to hear every word. Her spotted pig had seemed quite within her grasp, and now it was gone again. The mystery was deeper than ever. Suddenly she threw up her hands and uttered an exclamation:

"For mercy sake!" she cried. "Well, may I be blessed!"

"What's the matter?" asked some one near her.

"Well, bless my soul," she exclaimed; "was ever such things known! I've found my spotted pig!"

"Your pig!" cried half a dozen.

"My pig!" she echoed. "I carried him into ther cyclone house when ther wind came up, an' I never brought him up

out o' it. My poor, dear little pig, he'll be starved to death!"

She vanished in a hurry and the crowd dispersed.

"Well," said Sam Darby, "I done my duty."

"An' 'lected yerself marshal, b'gosh," said Pond. "They ain't no flies on you, Sam."

C. E. JONES.

The Russo-Japanese Question as Japan Sees It

For centuries the wave of Russian aggression has been rolling across Asia. It has swallowed up Turkistan, Bokhärä and more and more of Siberia. At first the desire of Russia was only to extend her borders, but it soon became her purpose to absorb and control the land along the Pacific coast. Within the last few years she has engulfed Manchuria and now threatens the independence of the small empire of Korea.

At such times as the attention of other nations has been distracted by war, then it was that Russia chose to make bold moves. While the batteries of England and France were forcing the bastions of Sebastopol, the governor general of the Siberian provinces was beginning his conquest of China.

With every Chinese war and insurrection, there has been a Russian expansion of territory in Asia. In 1858, when China was busy with the Taiping Rebellion, Russia compelled a cession of all the Chinese territory north of the Amoor River. In 1860, when Peking was besieged by the English and French, Russia occupied the Manchurian coast line between the ocean and the Usuri River. Thus she has taken advantage of every opportunity and compelled some weaker power to give her the control of more territory.

Japan fought her war with China and startled the whole

world with the quickness and strength of her blows. She fought a brave fight in a just cause, and fully expected to reap her reward. By the treaty of peace she was granted Port Arthur, Talenwan Bay, and a large strip of Manchuria. The ink was hardly dry upon that agreement before Russia, in an alliance with France and Germany, stepped in and nullified the victory by compelling Japan to give up all her hard-earned laurels, on the ground that its tenure by the Japanese would be "a menace to the independence of China and Korea, and a permanent danger to the peace of the Far East." There was no course open but to yield. The emperor ordered his troops to give up the territory—an order, which some of his officers committed suicide, rather than obey.

Hardly had the Japs left these provinces when these three powers—Germany, France and Russia—perpetrated one of the most colossal grabs in history. Within a month we see the German fleet in the Yellow Sea, on the pretense of upholding the Christian religion, by avenging the murder of an unfortunate missionary, but really to obtain more territory. Under this pretense it extorted from His Majesty, the Emperor of China, the practical sovereignty of an indefinite extent of territory around Kiao Chow Bay, including a ninety-nine year lease of both sides of the entrance to the harbor, which commands the province of Shantung. Almost at the same time we find the French ambassador presenting to the Emperor three propositions which she demanded "in consideration of the friendship of France." First, a railway concession across the northern frontier of China; second, a lease by the Chinese government of a southern bay for a naval and coaling station; third, the right to intervene in the reorganization of the postal service of China. The Emperor hopelessly and helplessly acquiesced in these three demands. Following this, in 1897, Russia demanded the

cession of Port Arthur for twenty-five years, and the right to extend her railway through Manchuria to the Yellow Sea, and these were in turn unwillingly granted. Three years later the Great Bear got a foothold in Manchuria. The Boxer uprising, which was fomented by Russia for the purpose of making this hold more certain, followed the next year. Of course, Russia poured into the district protective troops, to the enormous number of nearly 100,000. She occupied Murchang on the pretext that the Boxers were threatening the place. But no Boxers were ever seen in that vicinity; however, Russia kept the port.

Thus Japan saw the territory for which she had fought so hard, and which she had been compelled to give up, handed over to the Russians.

In 1900, Russia obtained from China exclusive trading rights in Manchuria; and in 1902, further rights were ceded on the promise that Russia would evacuate the province within eighteen months. This Russia agreed to do, but two years have passed, and her promise has not been fulfilled.

Last year Russia announced that she would not evacuate Manchuria unless more exclusive rights were given—practically amounting to sovereignty. The United States, Great Britain and Japan united to hold China firm in her refusal to grant Russia any more rights in Manchuria, and this they succeeded in doing. Russia then made a promise to the world that she would evacuate Manchuria on October 8th last, if she got some special privileges from China. These concessions would, no doubt, have been wrung from the hands of China, had she not been backed by the three great powers.

The incoming troops, and the fortifications being constructed, caused China to protest against this aggression; but more troops and more fortifications was the answer.



J. P. TARBOX
President Columbia Literary Society—Fourth Quarter

The situation was then acute, but the climax came when Russia moved over to the Yalu River, dividing Manchuria and Korea, and built fortifications and established armed camps. Her purpose was clearly to gain Korea and shut Japan from the continent. Japan has always considered Korea as under her special protection, and rightly so. Japanese interest in Korea are greater than those of all other countries combined and the Japs practically control her commercial interests.

Do you ask if Japan was justified in declaring this war; why her very existence as an independent nation was at stake. She had seen the Russians march across the vast continent of Asia until they reached the shores off which her own islands lie; she had seen them take Manchuria from her by the right of the stronger hand; she had seen them rob her of Port Arthur, the prize she won by her victory over China. Only one more move remained to be made. If the inexorable Muscovite advance, which had swallowed province after province, was allowed to go on, its work would be almost completed by absorbing Korea—a weak kingdom that had no power of resistance.

The next step would be an invasion of Japan itself. The danger to the Japanese Empire and her duty towards Korea, both justified Japan in the step she has taken. A glance at the map will show that Korea is, as a Japanese statesman declared, an arrow pointed at the heart of the island empire. Russian guns at Mesampho would be in sight of the Japanese naval station and would dominate the straits that are the gateway of Japan, and would have the Japanese Empire at their mercy.

I appeal to reason. Would we see a mighty and greedy nation make repeated and unreasonable demands of a neighbor and sister country; would we allow her to encroach upon the Western Hemisphere and place her guns over a depend-

ent province of ours, and almost in sight of our capitol city?

We have already answered this question and have notified the world that we will go to war rather than permit any foreign power to encroach upon the American continent, even at a distance of thousands of miles from our own territory. Can we censure the Japanese, if, after seeing Russia absorb, one after another, the districts of Northern Asia, they are not willing to stand by with idle hands and see the last barrier removed from between themselves and the land-greedy Russian Bear? Can we censure them for refusing to let Russia plant her guns within sight of their island shores, within easy striking distance of the heart of the empire? Can we censure them for declining to accept a situation so ruinous to the standing of Japan, so menacing to her existence as a nation? It is not strange that this little people, who have pushed themselves to the front with such astonishing rapidity during the last twenty-five years, and for whose energy, intelligence and courage the world has the profoundest respect, should become alarmed at their situation.

In the judgment of all fair-minded men, the Japanese did not provoke this war; it was forced upon them by the steady advance of the Russians towards the borders of the Yellow Sea, and the imminent danger which threatened the integrity of the Japanese Empire. In this fact alone lies complete justification. Korea and Japan have been intimately connected for centuries, and Korea, while enjoying independent sovereignty, has remained under Japan's protection and influence. Since time immemorial the whole world has regarded Korea as almost a Japanese province, and never has any other nation, with the exception of China, had any claim to it. Japan, while not favoring Russia's Manchurian policy, has never refused to recognize her special interests there, and has naturally expected Russia to recognize

her interests in Korea, where her trade is in vastly greater proportion, than is that of Russia in Manchuria.

No wonder the Japs went to war rather than give up Korea, which was almost like giving up some of her own territory. Japan does not need to annex Korea, but she will not permit Russia to annex it or even to absorb it under the specious guise of protecting its integrity.

Before she declared war, Japan tried to agree to: first, a mutual engagement that Japan and Russia would recognize the independence and territorial integrity of the Chinese and Korean empires; second, a mutual recognition of the special interest of Russia in Manchuria and of Japan in Korea; third, a mutual agreement that neither Japan nor Russia should interfere with trade rights in China or Korea.

To these reasonable requests Russia makes the calmly audacious counter-proposal that Manchuria be eliminated from the discussion and that Russia should take the northern part of Korea, about one-third of the empire, under her protection, and that Japanese and Russian trading privileges shall be equal in the rest of Korea.

Can any one blame the Japanese for preferring war to such an agreement? Sagacious Japanese realize that every day that the conflict, which was inevitable, was deferred the Russians would gain in resources. It was not only politic, but imperative, that Japan should bring on that struggle as soon as possible. She has brought it on with characteristic promptness, at a time when she can meet her great foe in something like a basis of equality for effective action. She has violated no international law by doing so and the whole world recognizes the justice of her cause.

On the 8th of February, the first engagement of the war occurred, and the Japanese, not only startled their enemies, but gave the whole world a sensation by the audacity and brilliancy of their attack.

Japan has been somewhat severely criticised for beginning hostilities before formally declaring war. It is almost pitiful to read the whining proclamations in which the Russians explain the early successes of the Japanese as a treacherous attack. War begins, the authorities on international law now agree, not when it is declared, but when after the cessation of diplomatic relations, the first act of violence is committed.

Diplomatic relations between Russia and Japan were severed on February the 6th, Japan announcing at the time that she reserved entire liberty of action, which was a full equivalent of notice that war would begin at any moment and at any place convenient to the Japanese. This would have fully answered all criticism of Japan's ill faith, if the criticisms had been based on facts. It was, however, not Japan who opened the war, and the censure should be given to Russia, where it deservingly should be placed.

Japan had been robbed of her territory gained in her war with China; she had seen a merciless and tyrannical people encroach upon the territory where her interest and precedent was undisputed. She saw this same people invading a province directly under her control and she saw in the future the Russian Bear place his paw upon her own, her native island.

A. M. HENRY, '04.

When Love Is Dead

When love is dead, the heart

Will burst with wild upstart;

For the crimson streams are full of love,

As they all from the heart are fed;

Could death from a lifeless fountain run,

When love, my dear, is dead?

When love is dead, the soul
Will shrivel and unfold
 To the blighting blasts of fell despair,
To the foil of frenzied fear,
 As it crumbles down in the stagnant air
When love is dead, my dear.

When love is dead, the skies
Will fade, and phantoms rise;
 And the sun will glare with sightless eye
On a miserable world stained red,
 Till angels flee with sorrowing cry,
My dear, when love is dead.

When love is dead, my dear,
May we be anchored there—
 In the harbor wide, unknown, untried,
Where all is so passing fair;
 We shall never sigh unsatisfied,
When love is dead, by dear. '04.

The Russo-Japanese Question—As the Russians See It

It is not my desire to contrast the two opposing nations; it is not my motive to picture the nation of Russia as innocent as a new-born babe. I do not wish to burden you with statistics showing that uprisings, strikes and revolts in our own Republic far exceed those of the imperial government; neither care I to tire your ears with accounts of the base and unreliable actions of the business men of Japan; nor to say that every successful enterprise in this nation is managed by an European or an American; that the weak and helpless condition of the Korean government is due to the ruin and pillage of the Japanese.

Should I mention that the great bear who sucks the life-blood from those opposing his movement, who, in his eagerness for gain, stoops to the lowest depths of degradation, has within the last century annexed only 1,500,000 square miles of territory, while during the same period the United States has gained 2,500,000, France 4,000,000, and England 10,000,000 square miles? These things, incident to the question we have to decide, do not bear upon it enough to consider.

"Why," it is often asked, "do the leading nations of the world (the United States and Great Britain) side with Japan?" The great American statesman gathers his statistics and he reads: Trade with Russia in 1903, \$25,000,000; with China and Japan, \$108,000,000. "For commercial reasons alone," says Secretary Hay, Hudson Maxim, Senator Beveridge and others, "we must support Japan. Besides, the nation is small and deserves our sympathy."

Eloquent speeches are shaped and published by the prominent political men of our country, and a wave of influence passes over our nation, as the gentle breeze moves a level field of growing grain, and every moving head a news editor. The breeze is whirled into an infuriated storm by the English press, whose attacks made on Russia are based upon the jealousy of her growing power in the East, and her refusal to support Great Britain in her war with the Boers. Papers are filled, and current news is choked with biased accounts of the outrageous grabs of Russia, her deceitful diplomacy, her unpardonable persecutions and oppressions; while Japan is pictured to you in the gayest of colors—poor, innocent and weak, fighting for her very existence, pushed on to war by an oncoming power—a nation more civilized and Christian than her adversary, is to be swallowed up.

I noticed one paper that had exhausted its supply of topics

to aid in its persistent attacks against Russia, is publishing the views of Lorene, a man of foreign blood, who entered Russia, and through his ability rose to one of the highest positions in the Russian service; but, by an act of bribery, was deprived of his office and sank into disgrace. He claims to be an intimate friend of the Russian officials, and explains the Russian movements by such statements as these: "She never intended to leave Manchuria. She is ours and ours for good. Whether or not we desire Korea, it remains to be seen."

Day after day these false and contradicting reports entwine and tangle themselves into a perfect mass of confusion.

Americans in Japan and Manchuria are surprised that we know so much more about the nations and the progress of the war than they. But the world is crying for news, and it must be supplied.

Let us now turn to the opposing powers. Why has the thick cloud of war gathered and burst upon the east?

With Russia it might be called a conquest for the warm waters of a temperate zone. The move she has made upon the checkerboard of the nations, has been to gain an ice-free port that she might enter into the arena of the world's commerce, and distribute the produce of her vast interior over the foreign countries. Years ago, Napoleon foresaw the inevitable, when he said that "The progressive character of Russia's growth demands an opening and a share in the commerce of the world." Four times she has sought an ice-free port, and four times she has been confronted by the shrewd and wily England. With longing eyes she has looked at the quiet and temperate waters of the Mediterranean, but when all arrangements were made, it was England that interposed. Turning next to the Persian Gulf, she was about to gain her long desired purpose, when the dominant power of Europe again held her in check. Another attempt

at the Mediterranean, in effect, proved but a repetition of the others. Leaving the gems of the West, she evolved the double scheme of obtaining an outlet for her produce, and opening up her vast possessions in the East. The great Siberian railway, skirting the eastern part of Europe, and sweeping over northern Siberia to Vladavostock—a stretch of 7,000 miles—is the result; but again she is met by England.

Let us follow her in her course. Does she pounce upon her adversary, as any other nation would have done, and break all barriers between her and the thing so vital to her interests? I tell you, no! but in the first three cases, she retired peaceably to her interior. In the fourth, she covers her path with legitimate treaties.

In 1860, after securing Vladavostock by honorable means, Russia was called upon by China to quell the uprisings and revolts of her subjects. In return for this service, she was given a part of Manchuria,—she now agreed to protect the territory of China.

In 1894, Japan, now crying for the independence of Korea, decided that a reform should be instituted in this land, and a nation, though independent in form, says an American resident of Seoul, has been overrun and ruled by the Japanese until the government has reached its present state of corruption and ruin. Japan sends a form of restrictions to Korea, and gives her three days to agree to the propositions therein contained. In utter helplessness, Korea appeals to China, but at the first protest from this power, Japan seized the opportunity to attack the vast but powerless nation. The ensuing campaign was hardly a war, more truly to be described as a military promenade.

With her helpless foe prostrate, Japan demanded of China the concession of a part of Manchuria, Formosa, the Pescadores, and an indemnity of \$185,000,000, the indemnity

alone being more than enough to bear the expenses of the war. All this spoil was obtained through no other warrant than that of a successful military raid. Japan had absolutely no claim to these lands, other than the ability to wrest them from China by force. In all the centuries past, Japan has never established in Manchuria any enterprise, benevolent or commercial, upon which she had any right to invade its soil.

Soon after Japan had taken possession of the soil, Russia, linked with France and Germany, in obedience to her treaty obligations, demanded, in behalf of China, the restoration of one part of her unrighteous spoil. In 1895, the Russian minister at Peking concluded a treaty with the Chinese government, by which Russia obtained certain rights and privileges in Manchuria. This treaty, in strong contrast to the ruthless aggression of Japan, was essentially an instrument of peace. Under its provisions, Russia undertook the construction of a great railway system from one end of the desolate land to the other. She agreed to assume the responsibility of restoring law and order especially agreed, and obtained the right to establish and maintain military posts throughout the country traversed by the railway, for a period of twenty-five years, covered by the lease.

Thus far the dominant hopes of Russia had never been realized. The harbor of Vladavostock, her most southerly port, was navigable for only six months in the year. So now, in return for the vast amount of labor and money spent in Manchuria, China gives Russia the right to occupy Port Arthur, in addition to the operation of the railway.

"Russia," says Capt. Winthrop Dayton, "rented by straightforward business methods the necessary port." Port Arthur is essential to the successful conduct of the great Siberian railway—not for war, but for commerce. Up to the time when Russia secured the harbor, it had never served other than local uses. It was in no way essential, economi-

cally, to either Japan or China. Both were rich in open ports.

Japan, now unwilling to see commerce and civilization win what she hoped to seize as easy spoil of battle, began to ask concessions of Russia. She first asks that the independence of Korea be recognized, and the dominant interests of Japan in that province be respected. Russia agreed, and in every particular held firmly to her agreement.

Japan next asks that a few soldiers who had crossed the Yalu River, be recalled. This act was unknown to the Russian officials. Russia again complied with her wishes. Satisfied, as she frankly admits, with Russia's agreements concerning Korea, Japan now turns her attention toward Manchuria. She demanded that the independence of China in Manchuria be recognized, a thing which only a few years before she had not even respected; but Russia agreed. She next demanded conditions regarding the commerce of Manchuria. Here is where Japan goes beyond the range of reason, and here is where Russia promptly refuses. Russia rightly saw no reason why the country she had leased in a straightforward business transaction, could concern other than the owner of the land. If Russia has not opened all her ports to the commerce of the world, which can be proven is not the case, it is the affair of the world and not of the Japanese.

Japan now asked Russia to reconsider, but before the reply came, she recalled her minister, and made an attack on Russia at Port Arthur (before war was even declared), a thing which even her American sympathizers could not approve. She claimed that the recalling of her minister was in itself a declaration of war. But according to the international law of war, no nation is justified in making war on another unless there be a formal declaration before the conflict.

Now let us take up, one by one, the things that are used by the sympathizers of Japan, to justify her in her actions.

First, let us see what argument the Japanese sympathizers might advance. "Her power is threatened; she is fighting

First, let us examine the foundation of my opponent's argument. "Her power is threatened; she is fighting for the protection of her people, in fact, for her very existence," he has said. It is preposterous to think that the Russia who has spent something in excess of \$800,000,000, and traversed a distance of 7,000 miles to avoid contact with England and Japan. It is well known that the principal clause in the Anglo-Japanese treaty insures Japan that no part of her territory, in case of war or peace, shall be disturbed. If this does not suffice to prove the absurdity of my opponent's argument, think of this. Has not the United States given Japan to understand, that upon her territory no invasion for aggression shall be made?

If this does not suffice, let us go to the wild mountains and consider the action of the lowest animals under similar circumstances. Does the vicious wild-cat bound down the mountain side and spring upon the passing wayfarer, ere he is aware, to protect her kittens, high up the mountain side, or does she cautiously retreat to her cave, and there stand over her young, and, if necessary for their protection, drain her life-blood? Here Japan goes hundreds of miles from home, picks a quarrel over somebody else's young, and appeals to the world as a nation fighting for her existence.

If this does not suffice, think of a population of 44,000,000 inhabitants, more than half the population of the United States, crowded into a territory no larger than that of California, a population that must expand from sheer necessity, and consider within the last few years the pour of the Japanese into Korea, and choose between her aggressive expansion and a fight to defend herself.

If this does not suffice, think of this statement made by a Captain in the United States army: "Since 1895," he says, "it is no secret that Japan has strained every resource in the development of an army and navy, which could have no possible reason to exist except for a renewed attack upon the Chinese coast." "A year ago," he resumes, "it was a common boast in Tokio that not even a shoe-string remained to be bought for the oncoming conflict."

If this does not suffice, consider that if Japan should win, have you the slightest idea that she would settle down peaceably in her province, and make no claim to Chinese territory? Answer this, and say that she is fighting for the protection of her people.

Next, it was said that she has been cheated out of her rightful possessions. In the first place, Russia did not take the territory which the triple alliance forced Japan to give up, but returned it to the rightful owner. Besides, Russia, accused of being the leader of the movement, was only fulfilling her treaty obligations.

But of the two, let us see which has the greatest interest in the territory. Russia has acknowledged the sovereignty of China in every part of Manchuria. She has asked the Chinese government to choose a president for the Manchurian division of the railroad. She has agreed to sell her interests to the empire within a certain time. She has spent more than \$300,000,000 to the cause of civilizing this province. Prosperous towns, with all the modern improvements, now exist where once were huddled Japanese and Chinese hovels. Even Senator Beveridge tells us that in the town of Harbin, the churches, public buildings and department stores excel those of our Capital City.

It is said that 400,000 brigands or robbers, the scum of the hired foreign soldiers of the Chino-Japanese war, settled in Manchuria in 1895. And, to get trade protection, the Jap-

anese merchants paid large bounties to these people, encouraged this evil and barbarous enterprise. But when Russia steps in, she not only refuses to pay a cent to a class of people robbing and pillaging honest merchants, but she drove the vast majority of the bandits from the country, and forced the others under subjection. Japan, meanwhile, has maintained that the advance of Russia to the sea has menaced her empire, that this civilizing influence must be destroyed for her self-protection. There has never yet been a single act of aggression on the part of Russia, against any scrap of territory to which Japan could make any claim whatever.

As for Russian aggression, it has been said she only desired an open port, and no matter how many evil deeds that can be put to her door in the past, she has gained this by honorable means.

The only territory that Russia has obtained from Korea, was gained by a lumber concession on the Manchurian side of the Yalu River. This was given in payment of a large sum owed to Russia for the use of her officials in training Korean soldiers. As for any other act, or seeming act, of aggression, it is positively denied by an American citizen residing in Korea. But as for Japan, it cannot be said as much.

In April, 1898, Japan and Russia signed an agreement, that neither would interfere with the independence of Korea; but in September, 1898, Japan demanded a concession for a railway between Seoul and Fusan. August, 1900, a Japanese firm obtained a mining concession in Korea. October of same year, Japan obtains important fishing districts. December, 1900, the Japanese are granted permission to reclaim a portion of the shore of Fusan. May, 1901, special Japanese settlements announced at Mesampo. Thus independent Korea goes into the hands of Japan, and yet Japan protests against a few legal concessions of Russia in Manchuria.

As to Russia's using the Boxer attack to secure her hold in Manchuria, and her promise to evacuate, I will say that it is true, the Russians were called upon to defend China and her railroad interests in Manchuria, but they were not as aggressive intruders, but in exact fulfilment of their sworn obligations to China.

When the insurrection was finally subdued, and the robber bands conquered, Russia wished to withdraw the bulk of her forces from Manchuria. Early in 1903, her troops were withdrawn beyond Mukden. Immediately disturbances broke out among the robber bands at Mukden. The preservation of her vast commercial and railway interests compelled the return of the Russian soldiers to the disturbed districts. The further withdrawal of her troops was made impossible by the manifest intention of Japan to seize the spoil which fell so easily within her grasp. The Japanese agents have been active among the remnant of robber bands arranging for the destruction of the railway at the first available opportunity. After the United States, Great Britain and Japan had pressed China to require the Russian troops to withdraw, she agreed to these demands, with only one provision: that she might keep enough soldiers in Manchuria to protect her commercial interests.

Next it has been said that Japan is more truly civilized and Christian than her adversary. They forget that 98,000,000 out of 129,000,000 of Russia's inhabitants are Christians, and despite the attacks that have been made on her religion, Senator Beveridge tells us that there exists in Russia a religion as pure as can be found in any part of America. Out of the 238,000 Christians of Japan, 28,000 were converted by Russian priests.

Now, admitting that Russia is the grasping, aggressive nation that she is said to be, reeking with her ill-gotten gains, is not Japan also wrong in her desire to satisfy her ambitions

with the territory of another nation? Critically judged, says an ardent upholder of Japan, both are absolutely wrong. Neither have any right to what both are contending for.

It is not for me to say that Russia is right, but that Japan is wrong, in order that I may show that Japan is not justified in making war on Russia.

It cannot be that she is fighting for the protection of her people; it cannot be that she is fighting for the independence of Korea, for she would have to fight her own self to gain it. And were this not so, Russia has complied with every request she has made regarding Korea. It cannot be that she is fighting for rightful possessions in Manchuria, for she has no interest upon which to base her claim. It cannot be that she is fighting to rid Russia of the land that she may purchase it, for her treasury is empty. So what can it be, other than a conquest to secure by unrighteous means the territory of another, upon which to place her overcrowded population and satisfy the desire of her ambitions. In this, is she right or wrong?

War is never justified until the last extremity for peace is used. "There never was a good war or a bad peace," said Benjamin Franklin. "War is the sink of all injustice," said Fielding. While Martin Luther told us that a wicked tyrant is better than a wicked war.

When we meet the word justice in its mildest sense to mean these three things: Vindication of right, strict performance of moral obligations, and that body of principles by which actions are determined as right and wrong, is it possible then to justify Japan in declaring this war?

W. L. TEMPLETON, '04.

A Modern Interpreter

The onward, rushing tide of literature was never greater than it is to-day. Small wonder that, in this vast ocean of production, we are bewildered, perplexed, and baffled in our efforts to take to ourselves the thoughts of the master-minds of the age, so varied and multiplied are they. We are tossed about by this great flood in which we find ourselves in constant danger of being engulfed. Some (and who knows that they are not the wiser ones) do not attempt to breast the waves, but are content to float on the surface of the tide and be carried whithersoever the restless currents may go. Others, unwilling to skim over the surface, are endeavoring to penetrate the depths in search of true knowledge. For these there looms up, amid a score of others, a beacon-light in literature, shining brightly, casting its warm rays far out over the waters, guiding the voyager on his way, and warning him of the dangerous rocks and shoals.

Hamilton Wright Mabie is essentially an interpreter. He has the peculiar faculty of penetrating the thought in books, divining the author's purpose, and presenting an individual conception of that intention so that all may understand. Even if the conception may not always be the one intended, this fact does not detract from the beauty of form in which it is given, and it is questionable whether it were better to have such expression as it is than not to have it at all.

For a quarter of a century, ever since the commencement of his journalistic career, Dr. Mabie has led an active life as a public speaker, lecturer and orator. It will be for the future to say in which of these he has had the most influence, but there is no question that American culture is deeply indebted to him for spreading the love for the best literature.

All are familiar with his work for *The Outlook*. In 1879

he joined the editorial staff of this periodical, which was then known as *The Christian Union*. Dr. Mabie was, at that time, thirty-three years old, a graduate of Williams College and of the Law Department of Columbia University. In this line of activity for which he is eminently adapted, he has by his thoughtful, timely articles materially aided in bringing *The Outlook* to its present position—that of one of the foremost American weeklies. This journalistic work has not been confined to one medium of communication, for many of the pages of various high-class magazines have been filled with the products of Dr. Mabie's pen. These are popular talks on nature, men and letters, written, not in a purely critical attitude, but rather in a merely expository manner, with no serious attempt at using the analytic method of literary judgment. In fact, the aims of the author seem to be objective rather than subjective, endeavoring to give the reader a general comprehensive view instead of a particular distinctive phase, of his subject.

Of the two companion books, "Short Studies in Literature" and "Essays in Literary Interpretation," the writer says, "If they seem to indicate the leading lines of literary development, the fundamental divisions and distinctions, the deep and vital tendencies, they will accomplish the end for which they were written." As to whether they have effected their object there may be a diversity of opinion, but manifestly, apart from their critical value, they have an intrinsic worth in their beautiful thought and expression.

The idealistic predominates in Dr. Mabie's writings. We find it probably in its most highly developed form in his essays on the life of nature. "Under the Trees, In the Forest of Arden, My Study Fire, Nature and Culture, Books and Culture, Work and Culture, A Child of Nature"—these are some of the titles in this series. They are short, familiar compositions, written in a graceful flow-

ing style that delights the reader with its simplicity and spontaneity. There is no discord, everything is harmonious. A remarkable effect is the impression of an inexhaustive source, the rich fertility of the life that conceived them. Coming within the last decade, these essays are the matured thought of a life already passed the meridian, but it cannot be said that they are the consummation of power, but rather the rich products of an abundant nature which shows no signs of exhaustion.

Possessing a highly cultivated artistic temperament, Dr. Mabie has the faculty of producing that "intangible, indefinable thing called atmosphere," throwing it about and enveloping his illustrations in a manner that defies analysis, but that manifests its presence and impresses its meaning. It takes us into close communion with nature. The significance of the life of man, of the woods and fields, plants and animals, rivers and seas, earth and sky, is disclosed and imparted so as to be understood by the thoughtless understanding. Surely the Golden Age has returned, at least in the mind of this modern seer.

Some of our modern critics are bemoaning the decadence of the poetic spirit. They say that there are no longer the great singers as of old. It is indeed gratifying, then, to find that this, one of the highest and noblest forms of expression, has not declined in this materialistic age. In "The Life of the Spirit, Parables of Life, and In Arcady," the imaginative nature portrays an ethereal existence, far above all earthly surroundings, living a higher life and bringing it to a consummation of all that is ennobling and uplifting.

W. D. G., '06.

The Melancholy Man

Within a silence save a sigh,
Without a rainy day,
The morning blushes in the sky
Paled to a murky gray;
A house of weather-beaten tan,
A fireless hearth so cold,
And there a wizen-visaged man
Grown prematurely old.

His face was luminous with gloom—
No light shone in his eyes;
His breast a dreary, dismal tomb,
Was peopled by his sighs;
An evil-omened pessimist—
Childless, unloved, alone;
Could such a creature here exist—
An animated groan?

Ah, yes, we find them everywhere,
Dispensing out their dole;
Complaining where the sky is clear,
Or storm-clouds over roll.
Be proof 'gainst each infectious sigh,
Don't court the chastening rod;
Just whistle as you pass them by—
Look wise, and smile and nod.

'04.

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A. J. SPEER (Palmetto),	-	-	-	-	Assistant Business Manager
E. A. THORNWELL (Palmetto),	-	-	-	-	Literary Department
L. E. BOYKIN (Columbian),	-	-	-	-	Literary Department
S. T. HILL (Palmetto),	-	-	-	-	Exchange Department
O. M. ROBERTS (Calhoun),	-	-	-	-	Exchange Department
A. E. HOLMAN (Columbian),	-	-	-	-	Local Department
R. F. GOODING (Calhoun),	-	-	-	-	Local Department

Contributions are solicited from the Faculty, Alumni and Students of the Institute.

All literary communications should be addressed to the Editor-in-Chief.

All business communications should be addressed to the Business Manager.

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One page, per year,	-	-	-	\$20 00
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One-fourth page, per year,	-	-	-	8 00
One inch, per year,	-	-	-	5 00



V. B. HALL, - - - - - EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Our Passing

With this issue ends forever our immediate connection with THE CHRONICLE. Along through the past months, when oftentimes we



have been forced to work most assiduously in our hunt for matter to make up the ever-recurring issues, and when, as was the usual case, the matter was not readily forthcoming, when the outlook would be gloomy, gloomy, we have longed most earnestly for this day—for this *happy* day—when we should lay down our editorial pen and draw one long, deep sigh of relief. Now the day has come. Our work will soon be over, and sure enough we draw a “long, deep sigh;” a sigh, indeed, but not the languid sigh of relief that we have been thinking of so long. It is not as we thought it would be. The trials and the crosses and the troubles, now that they are past, do not present nearly so formidable an aspect as they once did. With that strange perversity of human nature we remember only those things that have been pleasant, forgetting the rest.

When, at the beginning of the year, *THE CHRONICLE* was given into our keeping, we assumed the responsibility with no little fear and misgiving. We knew that a hard, hard task lay before us; we realized that a high precedent had been set for us by the staffs of previous years, and we felt our own inexperience and knew that we should inevitably make mistakes. And we have made them, doubtless. In looking back over the year's work we see, very plainly now, where, here and there, we might have done better. But it is too late now. The work is done. We have done our best; and whether or not our best has been good, we leave to others to judge. In turning over the work to the staff of 1905, we wish them all success in their work.

**Things Literary
At Clemson**

Scarcely an exchange has come to us this year that has not, in at least one of its issues, contained some lengthy comment on this subject.

Indeed, so threadbare has the topic been worn, that, so far, we have purposely refrained from making mention of it;

but at last we must yield to the general temptation. The literary societies are, we believe, a branch of college work of such real, vital importance as to deserve some mention at least once a year, even though the same things, practically, must be said each time.

In thinking over the work of our literary societies this year, the light in which we see them is quite different from that in which we viewed them four years ago. In this phase of work, as in the case of very nearly every other opportunity for improvement which the college man enjoys, it seems to take a student nearly the whole of his four years' course to realize that he is actually losing the better part of his college training. This statement is verified by the fact that members of the Senior Class, as a rule, constitute the bulk of the working material in the society. It might be said, of course, that this is because of the fact that upper classmen naturally take the initiative in such things; it might be said, too, that men who have had four or five years' training in this kind of work are naturally better fitted, better trained men, and, for this reason alone, excel the new, untrained members. Perhaps there is some truth in this argument; but we do not believe that this is the main reason for the existing state of affairs. O, that the younger men, the lower classmen, could see this matter as it really is—could realize in time the great opportunity that they are allowing to pass unimproved, and could make a timely beginning!

We are glad to say that there has been, during the past year, a vast improvement in this respect. Never before have the new men—the “rats”—seemed to take hold of their Literary Society work with such earnestness. And it is upon this fact, more than any other, that we base our hopes of a radical improvement in the years to come. If the new members begin right, take an interest in their work, and

work—then the older members will take care of themselves. It is the same as with the cents and the dollars in that homely old adage.

We hope that the old members who have the welfare of their societies at heart will realize that right here lies their chance of salvation, and will begin, by precept and example, to encourage and stimulate the new members to a greater effort.

**To Our
Contributors**

Before retiring finally from the "stage of action," we wish to say just a few words expressive of our thanks to those members of the student body who have, during the past year, kindly assisted us with their contributions and with their words of encouragement. Sometimes, it is true, these aids and these encouraging words have not been forthcoming in such abundance as we should have desired; but, on the whole, both students and outsiders have been very kind indeed, and we feel that we have no reason to complain. We have ever tried to make *THE CHRONICLE*, so far as possible, a magazine for the students, and *by* the students, and, in carrying out this purpose, have confined our solicitations for aid almost wholly to the student body; but, in some cases, we have found it necessary to call upon members of the faculty and upon alumni for assistance, and we wish to say that in almost every case the response to our call has been answered promptly and generously, and to these contributors, too, we wish to express our sincere appreciation. We hope that these manifestations of interest on the part of the students and the faculty and the alumni may not flag in the years to come; for just as sure as they do *THE CHRONICLE* will deteriorate. No college magazine can thrive if the burden of its publication is thrown wholly upon its editorial

staff; the most important essentials to its success are the sympathy and the support of the students.

**Southern College
Journalism**

Only last month we made some remarks upon this same subject; but so great is our interest in the upraising and betterment of the standard of our college magazines throughout the South, and so great is our desire to lend a helping hand or to offer some suggestion that may stimulate a greater interest in this branch of college work, that we hope that we are pardonable in bringing up the subject again.

Along no line of work, be it college work or what not, can the highest degree of excellence be attained until the spirit of competition be introduced into that work. How diligently, for instance, would a college football team, or baseball nine, or track team, practice if the athletes did not expect to match their strength and their skill against the teams of other colleges? And what is the main incentive to all this onerous practice and preparation? The spirit of athletic rivalry, to be sure. Then, why cannot we institute some phase of competition into *our* line of work?—some standard of quality to be attained, some laurels to be won, some rewards for diligence and literary ability for which our editors may strive? The first step in such a scheme has already been taken by several of our exchanges, in compiling a list of ten of those college publications, which in their opinion have, during the year, maintained the highest literary standards. Thus far the novel idea is a good one, for to be rated among the best ten publications in the South is an honor which any board of editors will doubtless strive to grasp. But cannot this suggestion be carried still further, and the list compiled, say, by disinterested judges, chosen by the different staffs throughout the South? Or cannot prizes be offered? Or cannot *something* be done? We

must acknowledge that we are very late with our suggestions. Probably nothing can be done this year; but we can, at least, place some plans before the editors who succeed us, so that they may begin in time next year. Suppose we do this—all of us.



Exchange Department

S. T. HILL,
O. M. ROBERTS, }

EDITORS

In our closing issue for the year '03-'04, we think nothing will be more interesting to the student body than to publish a few quotations from other magazines, showing just how we are thought of. At least half of our exchange magazines have been misplaced, but from the remaining few we have selected the quotations which we publish. Of course, there have been some things said about us which are not so good, but they have been few and about some individual story and not about the magazine as a whole.

First, *The State Normal Magazine* speaks of two articles of THE CHRONICLE in these words:

"THE CLEMSON COLLEGE CHRONICLE contains an essay on the subject, 'Does College Education Pay?' It is a strong argument, well developed, to prove, of course, that college education does pay. 'Welded by Dan Cupid' is remarkably original for a college magazine love story."



A. M. HENRY
President Palmetto Literary Society—Fourth Quarter

Then, out of two issues of *The Winthrop College Journal* we cut the following:

"THE CLEMSON COLLEGE CHRONICLE, the alliterative college journal, is neatly bound and is a good issue. I always read THE CHRONICLE with pleasure, for it smacks of originality and a happy blending of the sublime and the ridiculous. 'The Trend of Empire,' an oration whose thoughts are clothed in resplendent garments, deserves favorable criticism. 'The Afflictions of Diomed' is a departure in the story line, and by way of parenthesis it might be well to remark that it is opportune and pleasant. The story is original, and that should carry great weight, for this thing of getting married and living happy ever afterward in a story is not as new as it used to be a hundred decades ago."

"It is said that a book cannot be judged by its cover. But we think that the cover of a college magazine is indicative of the general tone of that magazine. The binding of THE CLEMSON COLLEGE CHRONICLE is neat and attractive. It is an index to the subject-matter of the journal. The literary department contains several pieces of fairly good heavy reading; but the single poem and the one story do not show us enough of the joyous side of the magazine to balance the graver subjects. The editorial department is well written, and the subjects are timely. We are glad of the resolution of the exchange editors to do their best, and to take their time in doing it; but we hope that the sketch, in black and white, at the beginning of the department, is not indicative of the true stand of the editors."

In the April number of *The Furman Echo* appears this criticism:

"The first to appear for inspection is THE CLEMSON CHRONICLE. The February issue is, on the whole, well balanced; not an excess of any one kind of matter, but unfortunately a

dearth of poetry. The question, 'Does College Education Pay?' is firmly answered in the affirmative in a brief, yet convincing statement of facts and figures. The argument against excessive protective tariff, entitled 'An Evil in Disguise,' reads well at first, but ends rather gloomily; the writer seemingly thinks that democracy will soon be destroyed by trusts and the money aristocracy. Nevertheless this article clearly shows the evil of excessive tariff and is worthy of careful consideration. The feud 'Wielded by Dan Cupid' was a rather peculiar affair. This story of the 'kiss and make up' grade works over the same old story of rivals, with politics inserted to keep up interest to the end, which is the same as all of this type—happy. 'Dedie's Rose' is very good indeed. It is perfectly natural. Dealing with a tender subject, the writer of his simple manner arouses in the reader a real sympathy for the lonely widow. It is indeed a pleasure to read stories of this kind. Why not more of them? The editorial department deals with matter that should, we think, be placed in an alumni department, leaving this important space for things of interest to the present student body and for topics of general discussion. The etchings at the head of the several departments show originality in design, and are a valuable addition to the general make-up of the magazine."

The Stylus speaks of THE CHRONICLE in these words:

"One of our best exchanges is THE CLEMSON COLLEGE CHRONICLE. All its departments are well made up, and reflect credit on the students of Clemson. 'Does College Education Pay?' is well discussed from the affirmative side. The author advances some good argument in defense of higher education, and gives statistics showing the ascendancy of college men over others. Another argumentative production is 'An Evil in Disguise.' It deals with the question of tariff

and free trade, arguing in favor of the latter. We cannot agree fully with the writer, as we think he portrays the evils of a protective tariff rather in the extreme. He, however, supports his side of the question with much ability."

The first issue sent to *The Wesleyan Female College*, of Macon, Ga., calls forth the following criticism:

"THE CLEMSON COLLEGE CHRONICLE was welcomely received and read with much interest. No silly stories, the usual 'space-fillers,' crowd the pages. There is a great variety of writings, but poetry is wanting. One of the most forcible articles is the one entitled 'Public Opinion.' The editorial and exchange departments show energy and college spirit. THE CHRONICLE is above the average college journal."

The Limestone Star spoke of THE CHRONICLE in very strong terms, and this coming from a magazine of such a high standing as *The Star*, certainly means a great deal. This is what *The Star* had to say of us:

"The best exchange we have had lately is without the slightest doubt THE CLEMSON CHRONICLE; the boys deserve congratulations on getting out such a magazine. The stories are not the best, but these are really put into the background anyway when the heavier matter is taken up. The editorials are splendid, and this shows that the editors are doing their work well. You can read these editorials and see that much thought has been put into the work. The editors of magazines hold conspicuous positions and should never rush through their work, but put good hard study on it. If one can't do quite so much, he should do what he does well. We guess the boys will say that the girls have no business to dabble in politics, and we admit that we haven't, but we want to say that the piece in THE CHRONICLE, 'The

'Decline of Purity in Politics,' is fine; more pieces like it ought to be written. Our country is gradually growing worse and worse, and recently some rapid strides have been made toward the downfall of our republic. Boys, you are the ones to take it up; you are the only ones who can, and you must."

The paragraph below is a criticism of the December issue of THE CHRONICLE, taken from *The Randolph-Macon Monthly*, which, by the way, is one of our best exchanges:

"A publication that deserves much praise is THE CLEMSON COLLEGE CHRONICLE. THE CHRONICLE for December is in attractive cover, contains a good amount of interesting and instructive reading, and is well edited. A prominent feature in this number is its illustrations, which are varied, suggestive and good. The literary department opens with a poem entitled 'Christmas Bells,' which is an excellent imitation of Poe's 'Bells,' and a very creditable production. 'The Decline of Purity in Politics' sets forth the evil tendencies of our present day politics, which the writer thinks is caused solely by an 'insatiable and ungodly desire for gold.' The article is critical, comprehensive, and has a fine view-point. 'A Romance of Early Carolina' is a story that bears the stamp of real merit. Its beginning is good, its development careful, and its climax is interesting and well ordered. Another article that compares favorably with the general tone of THE CHRONICLE is the one entitled 'The Factory—An Element of Civilization.' Now, one criticism and objection. THE CHRONICLE contains only one poem in all its literary department. This surprises us, considering the good literary talent at Clemson that THE CHRONICLE makes evident, and we would suggest that the editors stir up a few writers of verse among their contributors."

The paragraph below explains itself. We print only

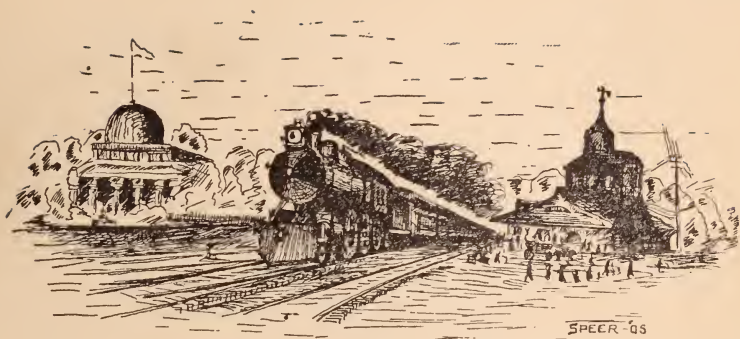
about half of it, but it serves the purpose for which we wish it. The rest were the comments of the author, telling why he selected these ten, and calling attention to the fact that no female colleges were in the number. This was taken from *The Davidson College Magazine*, which is an unusually good college paper, and one, had we selected the best ten exchanges, which would have stood high up in the list. I wish to call attention to the fact that all ten of these magazines, with the exception of THE CHRONICLE, come from universities and colleges which have a high standard in English and all literary work:

“In accordance with a promise made in our last issue, *The Exman* will, this month, name those ten magazines which in his judgment, are the best that come to his table. This selection was made not without a great deal of perplexity and misgivings on his part, and it was a hard task. There were about twenty exchanges with very little difference in their general standing, and the distinction consequently was made because of some particular part which appealed to *The Exman*. The selection was made impartially and painstakingly, and without any grudge whatever. Every department of the magazines was carefully read and its worth weighed—the fiction, the essays, the poetry, the editorials, the college notes, the exchanges, and any other department which they might contain. Also every issue was counted in the contest, and a few that failed to make one issue as good as another were, perforce, classed among the ‘also ran.’ Those which *The Exman* considered the ten best are as follows: *University of Virginia Magazine*, *Georgetown College Journal*, *University of North Carolina Magazine*, *William and Mary Magazine*, *Randolph-Macon Magazine*, *South Carolina College Carolinian*, *Clemson College Chronicle*, *Wake Forest Student*, *Washington and Lee Univer-*

sity, Southern Collegian, University of Tennessee Magazine."

With this issue closes the college year. Many of us leave for good our beloved Alma Mater. Our college paper will be in the hands of a new staff, and go on perhaps without missing those who once edited them. All of us will, doubtless, remember the college magazine of '03-04, but I am afraid that many of us shall forget the college magazine of '04-'05, and the years following. I do not care to make a farewell address, but let me beg every one of you, whether editor or not, of every college, not to forget your college paper. Subscribe to it and in every way possible lend a helping hand.





Social Department

A. E. HOLMAN, }
R. F. GOODING, }

EDITORS

On Saturday, April 30, Major Henry, Captains Miller, Lipscomb, Holman and Morehead were sent out by Col. Sirmyer on a reconnoitering party for the purpose of laying out a camp for the corps after the first day's march towards Anderson, and for selecting suitable positions for a sham battle. They selected the historical camping ground at Sandy Springs, where 9,000 Confederate soldiers were once mustered into service, and just beyond the camp on the top of a ridge, positions were selected for placing the companies and the battery of artillery. These gentlemen were highly complimented by Col. Sirmyer on their engineering skill in selecting these positions.

On Monday, May 2d, all college exercises were suspended, for the purpose of holding "Field Day." The exercises began about 10 o'clock A. M., and lasted until 3 P. H. Manager L. P. Slattery and his assistant, W. R. Sammon, had arranged a good programme, and the exercises were interesting and amusing. Following are some of the results:

100-yard dash, E. R. McIver, 10 2-5.

Putting the shot, F. M. Furtick, 36 feet 2 1-2 inches.

Half-mile race, J. A. Killian, 2.14 2-5.

Egg race, O. L. Derrick.

Pole vault, Furtick, 9 feet.

220-yard hurdle, Dendy, Holland, Killian, 28 1-5.

Running broad jump, E. R. McIver, 20 feet 2 inches.

Football punt, Roger, 132 feet 8 inches.

Craker race, D. C. Britt.

220-yard dash, Killian, 24.3.

Hammer throw, Furtick, 85 feet 11 inches.

High jump, E. R. McIver, 5 feet 9 1-4 inches.

Sack race, J. P. Martin.

120-yard hurdle, Dendy, 19.

One mile relay race (classes), J. A. Killian, for Sophomores, 4.40 2-5.

Baseball throw, J. G. Holland, 327 feet.

Three-legged race, Clinkscates and McKelvey.

Quarter-mile race, E. P. Alford, 61 3-5.

Catching greasy pig, J. F. Bollin.

Judges, D. W. Daniel, W. M. Riggs, H. Houston.

Measurers, H. H. Kyser, John Gantt.

There was a baseball game in the afternoon between the Senior Class and the Faculty, which resulted in a victory for the Faculty by a score of 2 to 0. The batteries were: For the Faculty, Gantt and Griswold; for the Seniors, Felder and Thornwell. There was all sorts of playing, but, on the whole, the game was a good one. Umpire, Rodger.

Manager Slattery is due the thanks of all for a delightful day. The field day exercises are improving from year to year, and with such management as Mr. Slattery has given, these exercises will come to hold an important place in the college sports.

At 5 o'clock, Wednesday morning, May the 3d, the corps of cadets left for their march to Anderson, and reached Sandy Springs about 9 o'clock. Here tents were pitched for the afternoon and night. Before arriving at Sandy Springs, a sham battle was fought between the two battalions. Col. Sirmyer acted as umpire, and after one hour's fighting, his decision was a complete victory for the second battalion.

Next morning camp was broken, and the corps started for Anderson, twelve miles distant. At the city limits, the cadets were met by the Palmetto Riflemen, which acted as escort through the city. The boys, although they had just covered twelve miles in less than four hours, made a fine appearance in their march through the city.

Tents were pitched soon after arriving, and the duties of camp life were taken up. Next day the electrical students, under Professor Riggs, and the textile students, under Professor Parker, were taken to the several places of interest bearing upon their courses.

This encampment was an experiment, the object of which was, not one so much pleasure, as for the purpose of teaching the boys some practical lessons. It was a success from every standpoint. The good people of Anderson took advantage of every opportunity to give one and all a warm welcome, and many a long face could be seen when the signal for breaking camp was sounded.

Through the goodness of Messrs. Brock, Farmer, Gamble and Brown, Col. Sirmyer gave his consent for the corps to ride back. The above gentlemen chartered a train and presented the corps with a free ride to Cherry's.

Chicago Glee Club

The last attraction of the lecture course for this year was

on the night of April 22d. On that night the Chicago Glee Club gave a concert in the chapel. This is the second time this glee club has been here in the last two years. They made a very favorable impression on the student body two years ago, and consequently we were expecting great things from them on this occasion, and it is safe to say that no one was disappointed with the programme. Almost every selection was encored, and the performers were very good natured in responding to the encores. Miss Irene Skinner, reciter, accompanied the Glee Club.

Cadet Alford took a young lady to a soda fountain and asked her what she would have, adding that he would prefer that she take "Penderine," as he had one ticket.

Southard: "Moss, are those 'oxfords' you have on?"

Moss: "No, they are regals."

Moss (looking at monumental work): "What the 'hang' they bury so many people in that little grave-yard for."

The second annual hop given by the Junior Class was held at Sloan's Hall, Monday night, May 2d. There were ten couples gliding gracefully across the floor of the hall from the time the first strain of music was heard from the Clemson Orchestra, until way into the "wee small" hours of the morning. To say the dance was a very enjoyable one, would be expressing it mildly; and the pleasant memories of this hop will long linger in the minds of those present.

Miss Mary Drake, of Auburn, Ala., is visiting Mrs. P. H. Mell and Mrs. E. A. Sirmyer.

Mrs. Mell entertained the Ladies Club, Thursday night, May 21st.

Col. and Mrs. E. A. Sirmyer gave a party in honor of their guest, Miss Mary Drake.

Saturday, April 23d, the following party, with Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Daniel as chaperones, had a picnic at the "Iron Bridge:" Misses Sarah Furman, Lena Hardin, Mildred Strode, Elsie Stribling and Cadets O. M. Roberts, A. M. Henry, W. B. Hall, B. O. Kennedy, E. R. McIver, W. A. C. DeLorne and C. E. Jones.

The corps wishes to express their heartfelt sympathy to the relatives and friends of Mr. D. B. Sloan. Mr. Sloan died last Thursday at the Johns Hopkins Hospital, in Baltimore. Mr. Sloan had been in the mercantile business at Clemson for many years, and made numerous friends among the cadets.

Mrs. V. M. Fleming, sister of Mrs. Mell, and her daughter, Miss Annie, of Newport News, are visiting at the home of Dr. P. H. Mell.

The following letter received from the President of the new "Clemson Club," of Charleston, will explain itself. We are sincerely glad to know of the organization of this new club. THE CHRONICLE extends greetings:

"THE CLEMSON CLUB OF CHARLESTON."

CHARLESTON, S. C., April 27, 1904.

"To work for the good of Clemson College and Clemson men, and to encourage closer social relations among the graduates of this institution." Such was the object of the meeting of the Clemson Alumni at the St. John Hotel, on the evening of April 19th. With each succeeding year the number of Clemson graduates in Charleston has increased

and there are now sixteen men in the city who claim Clemson as their Alma Mater.

In order more effectually to cement the bond of fellowship existing between all true Clemson men, it was deemed wise to effect an organization here, and this work was begun last Tuesday, when twelve men, representing five of the seven classes that have graduated from Clemson, met in Mr. Brockmann's room. The meeting was called to order by Mr. C. M. Furman, Jr., temporary chairman, and the Club proceeded to elect the following officers.

C. M. Furman, Jr., '96, President.

W. E. Gregg Black, '03, Vice-President.

W. D. Garrison, '03, Secretary.

E. Brockmann, Jr., '02, Treasurer.

The President then read a letter of greeting from Mr. Hughes, President of the Washington Chapter, after which the Club proceeded to the transaction of routine business.

The membership of the Club includes the following young men:

E. M. Furman, Jr., Class '96, Cashier Coleman-Wagener Co.

J. S. Calhoun, Jr., Class '99, Inspector U. S. Navy Yard.

Ashley A. Butler, Class '01, Superintendent National Sand Lime Brick Co.

F. Crawford, Class '02, rodman and inspector U. S. Navy Yard.

E. J. Larsen, Class '02, civil engineering, with D. H. Whitner Construction Co.

G. F. Mitchell, Class '02, scientific aid, tea culture investigation, Bureau of Plant Industry.

J. E. Martin, Jr., Class '02, Engineer Charleston Oil Co.

E. Brockmann, Jr., Class '02, clerk Hotel St. John.

W. B. Chisolm, Class '03, Yard Master, Charleston Mining Co.

G. A. Larsen, Class '03, surveying with A. M. P. Manufacturing Co.

R. G. Williams, Jr., Class '03, railroad mail service.

W. D. Garrison, Class '03, in charge Clemson College Coast Land Experiment Station.

T. M. Harvey, Class '03, Southern Bell Telegraph and Telephone Co.

H. C. Sahlmann, Class '03, mechanical draftsman, Valk-Murdoch Co.

B. Freeman, Class '03, in charge of pecan farm on Mt. Pleasant.

W. E. G. Black, Class '03, draftsman U. S. Navy Yard.

This is the largest suborganization of the Clemson College Alumni Association, and much good is expected from it, along both social and educational lines.

C. M. FURMAN, JR.,

W. E. G. BLACK.

HEADQUARTERS CORPS CADETS,
CLEMSON COLLEGE, S. C., May 11th, 1904.

General Orders No. 24.

The Commandant desires to express his appreciation of the splendid conduct of the corps of cadets while on the march and camping during the past week. Your military appearance and gentlemanly conduct has brought forth numerous expressions of admiration, and made me proud and happy to command so fine a body of gentlemen and soldiers.

(Signed)

EDGAR A. SIRMAYER,
Captain 8th Cavalry, Commandant.

On the evening of the 25th, the Misses Taylor gave a most delightful "At Home," all those present expressing themselves as having spent a very pleasant evening indeed. Refreshments were served on the lawn. The "baby guessing"

contest, quite a novel pastime, was the chief amusement of the evening. The first prize was won by Miss Sue Sloan and Mr. V. B. Hall.

Dr. and Mrs. P. H. Mell entertained the members of the Senior Class on the evening of May 27. Ladies were presented in legion, and refreshments were delightful. What more could be said? Every one present thoroughly enjoyed the evening.

WHAT HAPGOODS HAS DONE

During the year 1903, Hapgoods has placed in high grade positions over 500 young College, University and Technical School graduates. Our campaign for 1904 is now in progress. More firms than ever are looking to us for capable graduates, and we wish to get in touch at once with every Senior who will be looking for a position in business or technical work. Write nearest office for booklets. Hapgoods, 309 Broadway, New York; Hartford Bldg., Chicago; Pennsylvania Bldg., Philadelphia; Williamson Bldg., Cleveland; Pioneer Bldg., Seattle; Colorado Bldg., Washington; Minn. Loan & Trust Bldg., Minneapolis; Chemical Bldg., St. Louis; Farmers' Bank Bldg., Pittsburg.

Clemson College Directory

CLEMSON AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

P. H. Mell, President. P. H. E. Sloan, Sec'y and Treas.

CLEMSON COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

V B. Hall, Editor-in-Chief. C. Norton, Business Manager.

CALHOUN LITERARY SOCIETY.

O. M. Roberts, President. W. D. Anderson, Secretary.

COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

A. E. Holman, President. C. W. Mack, Secretary.

PALMETTO LITERARY SOCIETY.

E. A. Thornwell, President. J. B. Moseley, Secretary.

CLEMSON COLLEGE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

T. E. Keitt, Superintendent. V. Baker, Secretary.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

A. J. Speer, President. L. E. Boykin, Secretary.

CLEMSON COLLEGE SCIENCE CLUB.

Chas. E. Chambliss, President. F. S. Shiver, Secretary.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

W. M. Riggs, President. H. H. Kyser, Secretary.

FOOTBALL ASSOCIATION.

D. H. Sadler, Captain Team '03-'04. L. P. Slattery, Mgr.

CLEMSON COLLEGE GLEE CLUB.

W. M. Riggs, President. H. C. Tillman, Secretary.

TENNIS ASSOCIATION.

J. A. Wier, Manager. G. W. McIver, Captain.

GERMAN CLUB.

S. T. Hill, President. C. Gelzer, Secretary.

BASEBALL ASSOCIATION.

J. R. London, Jr., Manager. J. Maxwell, Captain.

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

C. Douthit, President. A. B. Bryan, Secretary.
Jackson, Miss. Clemson College, S. C.

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