

1923

Clemson Chronicle, 1923-1924

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The Chronicle



Clemson College, S. C.

October, 1923

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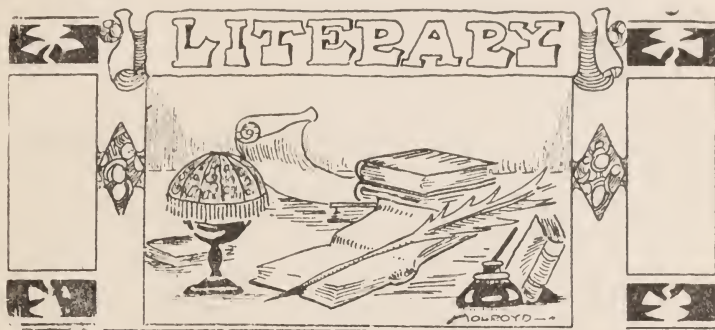
The Clemson College Chronicle

Vol. XXII.

Clemson College, October, 1923.

No. 1

Valeat Quantum Valent Potest



EDITORS:

E. D. PLOWDEN, '24,

C. B. KING, '23.

F. E. BUCK, '23.

THE GHOST WHO SMASHED WINDOWS

D. C. Ayers '25

Uncle Lathrop, colored, wobbled along the blazing road in a not too energetic stride, but it was plainly visible that he was upon one of his "missions." His attire was a striking one, he was dressed in black "preacher's" clothes. The long tails of the rusty and somber coat dangling behind him, almost dragged in the sandy road. A stovepipe hat sat upon his head, and crescent ear-rings of brass dangled from the lobes of his ears.

Among his own people, Uncle Lathrop was a character. Sometimes he doctored; sometimes he preached; more frequently he conjured. It was

true that he was a power in the black belt to the extent that he was not compelled to perform any physical labor whatever. If he wasn't fed by the ravens he was fed by the raven-kind. Dusky crowds gathered about him wherever he went, and whenever he spoke, these same crowds were sure to be present.

Divergent and queer things were said about Uncle Lathrop. According to the credulousness among the blacks, he was a conjurer and a diviner; but, according to the whites he was a faker and a shrewd old slight-of-hand artist and faker.

There were queer things about him, several times he had been questioned and held in custody of the police, and he often disappeared for long periods of time. There were those who said he had spent part of his life in hell, and was therefore more than used to the semitropical heat of the swamps in lower Carolina. Today, for instance, in spite of the hot road and his hot clothing, he was not even perspiring. He was on his way to investigate the actions of a ghost—a ghost that threw stones.

The uncalled-for activity of this extraordinary ghost had thrown a whole neighborhood into wild excitement. It had started operations several nights ago on the old Coleman place. Miss Polly and Miss Ida Coleman, spinsters who lived there, had been terrified about eleven at night by the crashing of a stone through the window of their dining room, and had run out on the porch screaming for help. Before help came another stone had crashed thru the bed room window. The negro plantation hands and the house servants rushed out of their cabins to the assistance of the ladies. While they were all searching the premises, some out of doors, some indoors, as if thrown from no human hand and seemingly out of the air itself, another stone had crashed through the parlor window and rolled across the floor.

Lizzie, the housemaid, who slept in the room adjoining that of her mistresses, had gone into hysterics. Then other nights of terror had followed. The magistrate and two deputies had watched the house two nights in succession, but stones thrown by unseen hands had crashed through the panes and across the floors.

* * * * *

Of all this Uncle Lathrop had been thinking as he walked leisurely along. When at sunset he reached the Coleman place, he saw groups about the yard. In contrast to the mystery which had caused them to gather, out in the yard was a colored maid picking flowers for the supper table.

His arrival created a stir among the darkies. A negro woman cried out, "De. debberer don come!" and someone laughed. The sheriff himself, nodded at him familiarly. And then led by Celia, the cook, he presented himself to the sisters. Miss Ida spoke to him:

"Well, Uncle Lathrop, so you have come to visit us in our trouble?"

"Yes'm," he said, "I've come to render my services, Miss." His keen eyes roaming about the old room, taking in the polished top of the piano and the broken panes behind it.

Uncle Lathrop was to play his part in the tactics the sheriff had planned for the night. He was included in the group of men that were to watch the house during the night. If they heard a stone fall, or the sheriff blew a whistle, each man was to rush straight toward the house.

None but the two sisters and Lizzie, the maid, was allowed to remain in the house. The sheriff assured them that there was no cause to be frightened with so many men around and that nothing was going to happen that night; or, if it did, somebody would be caught. Thus spoke the sheriff boastfully.

The sheriff placed Uncle Lathrop in the garden by the side of the house, when he sat down on an empty box. Just back of the garden lay the old slave burying ground. A cool, clammy breath fanned the back of Lathrop's neck. Cleared his throat. Somewhere a white man, cleared his throat also. Then the stars and the katydid had the night to themselves.

It must have been well past midnight when it happened. Clear, distinct, startling there came from the house the tinkle of broken glass followed by a suppressed scream. A moment of deathly stillness and then the sheriff's whistle. Dark forms rose from the earth and came closing in on that house of mystery, old Uncle Lathrop along with the others.

The sheriff's humiliation can be imagined after his boastings that night. The cordon of men closed in properly, but the only ghostlike spectacle which confronted them was the sight of one another's white faces, to which Uncle Lathrop's was a marked exception. And when it was all over, the sheriff spoke with emphatic conviction:

"By God, this beats me!"

* * *

As for Uncle Lathrop, he faced two shaken old ladies in the bed room, where the lamp had been lighted and where Lizzie, who had fainted, lay across the bed.

"Whar dat las' rock fall?" he demanded of Miss Polly.

"Through this window," cried the old lady. "It almost struck Ada. Its on the floor somewhere."

"Ha' you ever 'zammed dem rocks, Miss?" asked Lathrop.

"Here they are!" she gasped. "Look at them. Everybody does, but it doesn't do any good." She said as she brought him a shoe box full of them, from the bureau.

Carefully Lathrop examined the stones. They were small flinty formations about the size of guinea eggs, very heavy and of a pinkish hue. Two of them he dropped in his coat pocket.

Another day dawned, already there was activity. A few people arrived and were shown into the parlor. And then Lizzie came rushing down the steps.

"Here—you—Jud—Jim!" she screamed. "Miss wants you to go up in de attic and fetch down de trunks!"

Uncle Lathrop hurried across the yard to her. She was eighteen, slim and black.

"Trunks?" demanded Lathrop. "Whar you gwine, sister?"

"We gwine move to town, lordy, lordy! We can't live with de ghost no mo! We gwine crazy, we is!"

"Does you like de town young sister?"

"I ain't posed to it," she said airily. "I like de stor's de pitcher shows, and de young genmans!"

"Den why ain't you lef?" asked Lathrop.

"Kase I was bounden over by my pa to Miss Polly wid his last bref, his last brevin' bref!" She turned and ran up the steps. At the top she turned and looked back.

"De deliberer," she taunted, "done come."

"Maybe he is come, you Jizebel," muttered Lathrop to himself.

In the kitchen, Uncle Lathrop found Celia washing dishes for perhaps the last time. He found out from her that the sisters had been advised by the sheriff and her friends that it would be best for them to move to town. Also that they were to leave in the afetrnoon.

Uncle Lathrop was seen walkin towards the woods and no more was seen of him during the day until his return in the afternoon. He walked into the house and said to the sisters:

"One mo' rock gwine fall. Den nebber anudder rock gwine fall!"

They sank into chairs and stared at him.

"Dat is," went on Lathrop, "dat is you trus' me and do what I say."

"Trust you!" grasped Miss Ida. "What do you want us to do?"

"I want you," he said, "to stay here anudder night. I want you to notify all de udder folks to go to dey cabins and stay dar. I wants you to make out lak you sleep. Den 'bout 'leben when I comes up on de side porch and taps, I want you to let me in silent and secret.

"What do you know Uncle Lathrop?" demanded Miss Polly in a whisper.

"I know whats hid from mortal eyes!"

"Fiddlesticks! Lathrop, are you—are you—a humbug?"

"No Miss, I ain't no humbug—not dis time," he spoke confidentially.

"We'll stay!"

"Polly!" gasped Miss Ida.

* * *

As night closed in, at orders from Miss Polly, the negroes retired to their cabins. They did not see. two hours later, a tall form in a high hat cross the fields, through the garden, and up the side porch. At its guarded tap, the door wos opened and he was guided inside, where he took his stand in the hall by the hatrack where, partly hidden, he could see the hall, bedroom and the parlor.

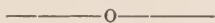
He waited, upright against the wall. Once the old stair steps cracked, for no apparent reason. More than once he wiped the cold sweat from his face.

The old clock had just ground out the stroke of two in the morning when somewhere a door opeded quietly, cautiously, Lathrop peered around the hatrack and as he did so he almost cried out, down the hall, indistinct, the ghost was coming toward him!

It happened in an instant. There was a crash, a tinkle of glass, a stone rolled down the uncarpeted hall. A woman screamed. A stern voice, loud in its own relief from strain, echoed through the haunted house:

"I got you, Jezebel! I got you, daughter of Babylon!" said Uncle Lathrop as he grabbed Lizzie.

Next morning, all roads led to the Coleman house and before a large crowd in the front yard, Uncle Lathrop explained how this Jezebel had, with one hand had thrown one stone which smashed the windows and with the other hand at the same time another stone across the floor.



END O' DAY

By R. H. Smith, '24

The world grows still, at end o' day.
The waving shadows cease to play
Their fantastic games, and all grows still;
The sun has sunk behind the hills—
The night comes down.

And now the deepening folds of night
Blot out the purple hills from sight.
The earth is now wrapped in the rest
With which, by God, tis ever blest
When night comes down.

The quiet of this holy hour
Gives to my soul a store of power
To take me thru another day—
All this just at end o' day
When night comes down.

THE CHRONICLE
TWILIGHT MEMORIES.

By M. B. Kirton '25,

At evening when the sunset fades
And brings the dusk and twilight shades,
With memories old and fond and true,
Tis then I always think of you.

When o'er the western skies of gold
A silhouette of dark clouds fold,
Two winging doves the pine groves seek
Where sighing boughs their sorrows speak.

And in some lone old greenwood lane
The mocking-bird pours forth his strain.
There sounds a whip-o- will's sad cry;
An owl hoots and knows not why.

From out of twilight's boundless space
A swallow twittering sweeps with grace;
And in the dusk now lone and late,
A booming night-hawk greets his mate.

With slanting shadows grim and still
The whole wide world now seems to fill;
And o'er me now there creeps a mood
From out the depths of solitude.

For now the eveing sun has gone
And left behind the world forlorn.
But with the world are memories old,
And now with twilight they unfold.

Thus, when the day now fades to dies,
And souls of men turn toward the skies
With memories old and fond and true;
'Tis then I always think of you.

WHAT IS OUR CHIEF AIM IN COLLEGE?

By M. B. Brissie, '24

What are we striving for during these four years that we spend in college? Did we come to college merely to put ourselves one step above the non-college man; or did we come to college for a greater purpose? These are questions which every college man should ask himself. He should place his opportunities and accomplishments in the balances and ascertain whether or not he is measuring up to a high standard. Has each of us a definite, specific objective to reach, or are we drifting along with the tide and being tossed about by every wind? Just any person can go with the crowd, but it takes a man with earnestness of purpose to overcome the many obstacles in his path and continue the march to the accomplishments of his ideal.

Every College man should set a goal for himself and should use every means at his command to bring him nearer that goal. The man without a definite aim is like a ship without a rudder sailing on an unknown sea and liable at any moment to be dashed to pieces.

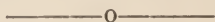
Let us think the purest and noblest of thoughts, for these will be translated into acts which will help us on the way to our goal. It has been said that no person can rise higher than his thoughts. If he thinks gold, he will do gold; and if he thinks the common iron, he will do the common iron. Our thoughts should certainly not be cheaper than gold, for if they are we can hope to accomplish anything more valuable than gold.

Did we come to college in order to fit ourselves to make money? Is our highest aim the accomplishment of wealth? Many have this aim in view. They can't see anything higher than the dollar mark, and all their thoughts and efforts seem to point in that direction. We, as college men, should

have a more worthy aim in view. Man is not measured by the wealth that he attains, but by the service that he renders to his fellowman and to the world. Are we striving to equip ourselves for that kind of service? If we are not, we are wasting our time and our talents. Each of us has been intrusted with talents according to his ability to use them. Shall we, like the foolish man, go and bury these talents, and not attempt to use them and gain others?

The College man should set a worthy goal for himself. He should have something definite to strive for, and he should use his time, his talents, his will, and his every ounce of energy in the effort to reach that goal. No matter what discouragements may come, he should be persistent and should face trials and temptations squarely and overcome them. By so doing he will make them stepping stones to greater things.

The world is looking for men who are willing to give their best. May we give to the world our best, and remember that when we do so, the best will come back to us.



THE OLE SWIMMIN' HOLE

By E. D. Plowden, '24

Let's pack our books and troubles away
And take an evening stroll,
To the scene of our joyous, boyhood play,
To the ole swimmin' hole.

I like to go to this place of rest,
Where sunbeans fall like gold;
It's the place of my delight, the best;
It's the old swimmin' hole.

It's here we used to have our fun,
It's here I'll end my stroll;
Forget my cares and take a plunge
In the ole swimmin' hole.

WANTED— A HUSBAND

By M. C. Ellison, '24

Bobbie Anderson had been connected with the "Clarion," the city's livest newspaper, for the two years that he had been out of college. He had always wanted to be a newspaper man, and to head in that direction he gladly accepted a position with the "Clarion" as part-time linotype operator and society editor.

One afternoon Bobby relieved the regular linotype operator just as he had got to the "want ad" column. Bobby had a record as a careful linotype operator, but on this particular afternoon he became a little careless. He came to a want ad that read: "Wanted—A Husband. Address 110 Barwood Ave." Now this wasn't any unusual ad, so Bobby paid very little attention and carelessly wrote: "Wanted—A Husband. Address 101 Barwood Ave." What did he do wrong? Nothing much; only a slight numerical error he had written 101 instead of 110, as he should have been. Of course the proof reader did not see the error, so the paper came out on the following morning with the error still uncorrected.

Mary Endel was breakfasting with her father as usual and managed to draw a little conversation from him as he glanced at the morning paper between sips at his steaming coffee.

"Dad, I don't think that you should take up so much time reading that old paper when I want to talk to you," spoke Mary with a toss of her black bobbed hair.

"Why, Mary you know that your Dad always has his morning paper served along with breakfast? Why I couldn't eat even the little bit that I do if I didn't have my paper to glance over," half apologetically spoke Mr. Endel.

"I have some good news for you if you'll just listen."

"Well, just cut loose, you little spoiled kid," teased Mr. Endel as he folded the paper so that the ads were on the outside, and laid it down beside his plate.

"You know Jim came to see me last night," began Mary.

"I guess he did. That's one of his daily habits, isn't it? I'd as soon be shot as to have that shrimp for a son-in-law," added Mr. Endel.

"Just wait a moment, Father. I was trying to tell you that we had broke our engagement last night and that everything is all over between us," spoke Mary, letting her long black eyelashes droop almost to her pink cheeks.

"Listen, Mary, are you sick? or are you telling me the truth? I don't believe you mean it, and I am so glad! oh! so glad," said Mr. Endel grasping Mary's hand across the small breakfast table.

"I'm off with men now and am going to be content to be my Dad's little petted Mary. Since Mother died, you are all that I have anyway," said Mary, with a catch in her voice.

"But what is this that I see?" suddenly spoke Mr. Endel as he more closely examined a "want ad."

"What is it, Father?" asked Mary as she noticed the expression of mingled surprise and humor in her father's face.

"Look at this."—Why, I am ashamed of you, Mary," spoke Mr. Endel as he handed Mary the paper, pointing out the following want ad: Wanted—A Husband, address 101 Barwood Ave.

"Why, Father! Oh, for goodness sake! That's our address. I didn't do it. Such an absurd idea. Why I'm going right down to see that old editor and give him a piece of my mind."

"Surely there is mistake, or may be some one

has played a joke on you," Suggested Mr. Endell.

Mary had hardly passed beyond the door on her way to the newspaper office when she heard a familiar voice pipe out: "Is this 101, Barwood, please? I'm looking for a sweet wife." Mary ran down to the curb and immediately began to explain things to a laughing blue-eyed girl driving an automobile.

"That's the best joke, you advertising for a husband the very first morning after breaking off with Jim," teased Ellen.

"Hush up and drive me right straight to the news office," directed Mary.

"Who is to blame for this?" said Mary, bustling into the editor's office and thrusting the morning newspaper under his nose.

"Why—er—beg pardon, madam."

When Mary had explained the error, the editor, trying to keep a grave face, said, "Mr. Anderson, the assistant linotypist is to blame for the error, Miss Endell, and I will have the office boy to direct you to him. I am mighty sorry that such an error happened."

By the time Mary found Bobby, she had somewhat cooled down, but, she managed to display quite a bit of anger when she explained to the young man what a serious mistake he had made.

"But, my dear madam, I assure you that it was an entirely unintentional error," laughed Bobby, being unable to withstand the humorous situation.

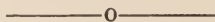
At first, Mary was prone to resent Bobby's laughing at the predicament in which the mistake had placed her, but suddenly and for the first time she saw the humorous side of the situation and also the futility of trying to right the error, joke, or whatever it was.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Anderson, for acting so rudely; but since I have thought it over, probably

I shall need just such an "ad" a little later on," smiled Mary.

Bobby followed the convictions of his heart and proceeded on the very first night to correct the error.

Some months later the moon was witness to a complete vindication of the "ad." "It pays to advertise," whispered Mary, as Bobby claimed another kiss.



A PRAYER

By J. C. Aull, '24

Gracious God above, hear what I have to say;
Teach me, Lord, Oh teach me how to pray.
Creator and friend of man,
Supreme Ruler of every land.
Guide me with thy powerful hand, through each
day.

Dear Father, grant that every thought of mine,
May be guided always by thy will divine.
May I always think of others,
Feel that men are all my brothers,
That we all are one another's and are thine.

May no one from my lips ever hear
A word that would bring shame anywhere.
May my speech be ever true to Thee,
True to the love that's given to me,
True to loved ones who seem to be always near.

Teach us, Dear God, that the lives we lead
Will be shown to the world through every deed.
Then may I from no task e'er run,
May each deed be a victory won:—
But thy will, Lord, not mine, be done. That's my
creed.

EIGHTEEN.

By R. H. Smith, '25

Eighteen! What a magic word.
Thrilling to all by whom 'tis heard.
The most desireable of all ages
That are recorded on life's pages.

For twelve whole months I've been eighteen
And learned how much the word can mean.
But now I sit and amuse forlorn:
I'll be nineteen to-morrow morn.

Some hold that sweet sixteen's the age
That is recorded on life's pages
As being the sweetest and best
With which a maid is ever blest.

Now, that may be; but it can't mean
That any boy when he's sixteen
Is blest, because I know that when
All boys begin to change to men.

And, at that time, then vocal chords
Produce most dismal of discords;
Their legs for short pants grow too long;
Their hair won't stay where it belongs.

The favor of a girl grows dear
To boys of only sixteen years
For the first time in their life—
So—sixteen is a year of strife.

Now, when a maid is sweet sixteen
She knows what love and lovers mean.
Her hair goes up, her dresses down,
And men begin to hang around.

But this sweet bliss is not for boys
Of sixteen years, for there's no joys
Attached to being the same sixteen
That to a girl so much can mean.

So, eighteen is the age I ween,
That more than any other means.
And I sit here and think with sorrow
That I'll be nineteen on tomorrow.

TWILIGHT THOUGHTS

By M. B. Kirton, '25.

Out of the lonely western skies,
Come tints of blue and gold;
They bring visions of your wonderful eyes
And of days that have now grown old.

It's now I think of the days gone by,
The days we used to know;
And now I know that you and I
Were lovers long ago.

Those bygone days come back to me,
The blissful days we knew;
But they're only mem'ries now,
For none can be like you.

In these long hours I live again,
Those gladsome days we knew;
I love the twilight best because
It brings sweet thoughts of you.

AUTUMN

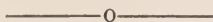
By F. C. Jennings, '25.

Summer is chased away,
Autumn is in full sway;
Forests that were green,
Now are gold, and red, and brown.

Nature's beauty is sublime,
Bright colors add to her crown,
The birds' gait around,
Hastens vain shadows away.

Autumn's praise is to
That first Thanksgiving day;
Prayers to God were offered,
Thanks for the first harvest made.

Let us, as the Pilgrim fathers,
Gather in the store;
Thank the God of the harvest;
Praise him forever more.



LITERARY WORK IN COLLEGE

By H. C. Traxler, '25

Literary work is one phase of college activities that is being neglected too much today—in most colleges anyway. However, it is one of the most important lines of college work in that it offers a field for every student who wants to develop himself into a writer or speaker.

There are three principal agencies by which the student may be trained for writing and speaking. He can take advantage of all three if he so desires. They are as follows: literary societies, literary publication, and classroom work.

Practically all colleges have one or more literary societies, with open doors to all those who desire to join. The matter of joining is usually optional; and needless to say, there are many men in college capable of doing literary work who never join. Then there are always a few men who join but do not take any further interest in the work of their society. These men are a drawback to a society and should be required to attend the meetings or to withdraw. A good literary society will do its part toward developing any man's mental capacities if he will only do his part.

The ability to speak well is an accomplishment that is rarely ever lost when once acquired. Be-

cause of this fact, every college student should put forth some real effort towards this end. The man who can get up before an audience and say what he wants to say, in a clear and forceful manner has an advantage over the man who cannot. The time is not at hand when a man must be able to speak well in order to successfully fill the higher position in life. This is strikingly so in the case of men doing scientific work which requires clear and forceful means of explanations.

Most colleges have one or more literary magazines. They are usually published by the literary societies, but sometimes by the student body. Some literary magazines have a "Faculty Number" put out each session by several members of the college faculty. This number should be very beneficial to all students in that it is full of thoughts and ideas that have come from more mature and experienced minds.

However, the great amount of good derived from literary magazines, of course, goes to the student contributors. They have the opportunity to develop their ability at writing poems, essays, stories, short plays, and other literary productions.

Literary work in the classrooms embraces the study of languages, poems, essays, novels, history, and a few other studies of less importance. A certain man has said that history over ten years old should not concern us. He was evidently wrong, because the history of our English literature dates back through many centuries. How can we give knowledge of our language without knowing something of its foundations and history?

We speak—or try to speak—English; so we should try to learn as much of it in the Classroom as is possible. Then we must practice writing and speaking to such an extent that we may be able to develop these accomplishments to the utmost, and to enlarge our present vocabularies.

The Clemson College Chronicle

FOUNDED BY THE CLASS OF 1898

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

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

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



M. C. ELLISON, '24, Editor-in-Chief.

R. H. SMITH, '23, Co-operative Editor.

The new staff, with the publication of this issue of the CHRONICLE, assumes the responsibilities with great fear and trembling. To say in the beginning that we are going to make a complete success of the CHRONICLE is too broad a statement, but at least the Staff is determined that, with contributions from the Student body, it will edit a "Better Chronicle."

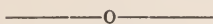
We shall doubtless make many mistakes during the coming year, and we beg of you, dear reader, to bear with us and to offer any suggestions or corrections that you may see the need of. Previously the student body has been relentless in its criticism

of the Staff for any falling off in the magazine, when in reality they themselves were to blame. If you do not think that the magazine is a creditable one, get busy and turn in such material as will make it so. For the coming year let each man resolve that the CHRONICLE shall be more representative of the student body as a whole, rather than of the staff which is composed of a few earnest workers.

It has been said that there is no place in a technical school like Clemson for a monthly magazine, but let us consider this statement closely. No one would dare say that a technical man does not need a good literary training. It is as necessary to be able to express one's ideas in the technical world as in the literary world. In fact the technical man is required to be more exact and concise than is the literary man. It is needless to say that everyone needs the experience of having written something, but to say that a literary man needs this experience more than does a technical man, is foolish. The CHRONICLE offers an excellent opportunity for the student to become adept in the art of expressing himself in written language.

November 18 to 24 will be observed throughout America as American Education Week. This will be the fourth consecutive year in which an effort has been made to emphasize education for a week throughout the Nation. As was the case last year each day in the week will be set aside to stress some particular phase of education. The days of the week will be observed as follows: Sunday November 18, For God and Country; Monday, November 19 American Constitution Day; Tuesday, November 20, Patriotism Day; Wednesday, November 21, School and Teacher Day; Thursday November 22, Illiteracy Day; Friday, November, 23, Community Day; and Saturday, November 24, Physical Education Day.

It is customary for the CHRONICLE to give three medals each year: one for the best short story; one for the best essay; and one for the best poem. A committee of the faculty decide upon the best of each of these turned in to the CHRONICLE during the entire year. Last year "A Night in Louisiana," written by B. L. Murr, was selected as the best short story. "The Call of Home," written by T. L. Vaughn, was selected as the best poem. "Sidney Lanier, The Idealist, and his poetry," written by R. H. Smith, was selected as the best essay. These medals will be given again this year; so it behooves each contributor to do his best that he may win one of these medals.



MY FAREWELL

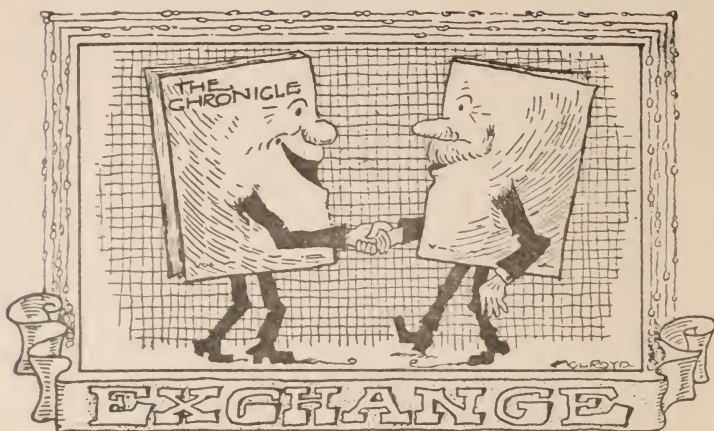
By E. D. Plowden, '24.

The day has been long and lonesome and blue,
For all day Ive thought of no one except you;
My mind is all upset; my eyes are dim;
I can't understand why you dropped me for him.

For a while things went lovely, as smooth as could
be,
But now I can see you made a fool out of me.
You loved me awhile and then let me fall,
And that's just the saddest part of it all.

You were the one who helped me thus far.
Your life to me like a mariner's star.
Now how could it be anyone except you,
Who loved me awhile and soon you were thru?

But today, once for all, I must say to you now,
You only brought sorrow to my youthful brow.
But since its all over and I've had my fall,
I must bid you good bye, good luck, that's all.



EDITORS:

M. B. BRISSEE. '24., Editor.

The present staff of **The Chronicle** was not elected early enough last session to publish the last issue of the magazine for that session. Therefore, this edition of **The Chronicle** marks the beginning both for the new session and for the new staff.

Up to the present time we have recieved no exchanges and therefore we cannot fill the exchange column of this issue with criticisms. However, it is the hope of the exchange editors that for each succeeding issue of **The Chronicle**, exchanges will not be lacking. We welcome any college or high-school publication to our exchange desk, and will gladly add that publication to the mailing list of **The Chronicle**.

What is the puppose of an exchange department in a college magazine? The exchange department of **The Chronicle** will be maintained with this purpose only: that we may help one another. If what is said through this column each month fails to help some individual to write a better article, or some

magazine to increase its literary value; or, if in our study of the exchanges that come to our desk we find nothing that will be of benefit to our own magazine—then the work of the exchange editors of **The Chronicle** will have been in vain. To the end that our purposes may be accomplished, we invite criticism in order that we ourselves may be helped and thereby be better able to help others.

Occasionally the exchange editors intend to have printed in **The Chronicle** some of the criticisms that we find in other college magazines. In this way we hope to draw the attention of the entire Clemson student body to what others think of the magazine that represents them—for a college publication is thought of as representing the student body of that college, and if it is not representative, then it becomes the duty of every student to make it so.

Let us hope that our work during this session may be pleasant and profitable. Let us hope that our college publications may be better than ever before. But let us do more than hope—let us all do our very best to bring our hopes to a happy realization.

“No, Alice—you are the first girl I ever loved, only girl I ever will love.”

“Oh, John, I knew it—I love you more than ever.” She flushed with pleasure, raised her chin, and looked at him expectantly through long lashes. He took three cigars from his vest pocket, and laid on the table beside the sofa, and started to take her in his arms.

She sobbed, “All men are liars,” and walked majestically out of the room.—Tech Yellow Jacket

Little Willie was riding on the train for the first time.

“Mother,” said he, “ain’t she running like hell!”

“Willie,” said his mother, how many times have I told you not to said that awful word, ‘ain’t’?”

Prisoner charged with check-raising said bootleg whisky made him see double. "How long have you been in jail?" asked the Judge.

"Ten days."

"Ten days more," said the court. "I see double, too."

—Los Angeles Examiner.

"He's teaching his wife to drive the car."

"How are they getting along?"

"Fairly well, although I understand it keeps him busy the rest of the day apologizing for the things he's said to her during the lesson."

—Detroit Free Press.

—o—

A PLEA

By R. H. Smith, '25

Alma Mater! Make us strong
Help us win against the wrong.
Help us sing our battle songs

With pride—

Pride in knowing that we stand
Honored, in the eyes of man;
And that not one of our band
Thy name's defiled.

Help us, though our footsteps father—
Though we desecrate thine alters—
Stand thou, like the great Gibraltar,
By our side.

As we work and as we play
Let thine spirit be alway
Present, that thine glory may
Never die.



J. C. AULL, '24, Editor.

E. C. STEWART, '23, Assistant Editor.

MONEY

Money buys motor cars,
 Laces and things,
 Diamonds and rubies
 For princes and kings;
 Money buys raiment
 And foodstuff and wine,
 But money won't buy you
 A character fine.

Money can dress you
 And feed you, and hire
 Servants to bow to
 Your slightest desire;
 Flatters and fawners
 Will smile as you spend,
 But money won't buy you
 One genuine friend.

Money is nothing
But purchasing power;
It is good to possess
For the need for the hour,
But who would be welcomed
At every man's door,
Whatever his fortune
Must have something more.

Money will take you
As far as it can,
But money has never
Yet fashioned a man;
Give all the world's money
To one who is base,
You will still see the leer
Of the brute on his face.

Toil for the money
And go for the goal,
But still keep a thought
For the good of your soul;
Be friendly, be kindly,
Be gentle, be true,
And make of yourself
What no money can do.

(Copyright, 1923.) From Greenville News.

The reason ideas lie quickly in some heads is
they can't stand solitary confinement.

—Associated Editors Chicago.

Experience is what you get while you are looking
for something else.—Toledo Blade.

Comunism is a community where there is nothing
to eat and it is divided equally among the citizens.
Life.—

Some day, maybe, peace will break out; and how few of us will be adequately prepared.

—New York EveningPost.

A certain painter is confined in an asylum says Art Record. To person who visits him says:

“Look at this; it is my latest masterpiece.”

They look, and see nothing but an expanse of bare canvas. They ask:

What does that represent?”

“That? Why, that represents the passage of the Israelites through the Red Sea.”

“Beg pardon, but where is the sea?”

“It has been driven back.”

“And where are the Israelites?”

“They have crossed over.”

“And the Egyptians?”

“Will be here directly. That’s the sort of painting I like—simple and unpretentious.”

—Greenville News.

The disadvantage of committing suicide to spite somebody is that you never bet to see how it works.

—Greenville News.

Happiness is no more than a sufficiently quick change in the succession of one’s troubles.—Life.

Well, anyhow, the people who push baby carriages hardly ever try to beat locomotives to railroad crossings.—New York American.

IN THE AFTERGLOW

Mother o' mine, in the afterglow
Of mothering years, I love you so;
For loving me ere life I knew,
When next your heart a new life grew.
Loving me on into fair childhood,
When I so little understood
The long, hard way we all must go,
Mother o' mine, I love you so.

Loving me, when life so sweet
Tempted my wayward childish feet
Away from paths of truth and right
To paths that lead to sin's dark night;
Winning me back with loving tone
To ways that you had made your own,
By strggles and stress and pain and prayer;
By love's own cords held me there.

Mother o' mine, 'tis mine to take
The burdensome load, the stress, the ache
That come in motherhood's fair years
The joy, the pain, the love, the tears:
'Tis mine to give you what you gave me.
Mither o' mine, I would faithful be
To the highest note in the song you taught
My childish lips, the music fraught
With all the mother hopes and tears
That fill to brim the mothering years.

Mother o' mine, in the afterglow
Of motherhood's years, I thank you so
For gifts to me from out your heart,
At thoughts that rise my hot tears start;
God give me ways to make you know
How great is my love before you go
Away to rest from your mothering;
I would remove life's every sting,
And give you rest in the afterglow,
For, mother o' mine, I love you so.

—Author Unknown.

KEEP DOING SOMETHING

Idleness is the father of much trouble in this world. People who have something to do, even though it may not be "setting the word on fire," rarely get into serious trouble

Franklin says "the bird that sits is easily shot."

The mind to useful purpose has no time in which to meditate upon useless ends.

Better do humble work and keep busy than be idle and dream of great tasks, and never accomplish them.

Keep doing something.

Take pride in doing the simple things well and then you will be assured of the great things, and you will in addition have the confidence in yourself to handle them worthily and efficiently.

Every hour that you waste takes that much lustre away from every hour that remains to you.

Strange as it may seem, you who aspire to proud heights must first throw pride away. You must accept the doing of the little things and you must do them as though each in its turn was very important and great. That is how big things come about.

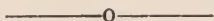
Fitness precedes greatness.

Prepare. Keep getting ready for important tasks—and the tasks will come, soon or later.

Go to bed at night with at least one important thing learned or accomplished. The next day will dawn in fine garb.

Walk ahead. Don't bother about when or how you are to arrive. That will take care of itself.

—Greenville News.



You can take a canvas and make it beautiful by applying paint, but a human skin is not a canvas.

—Piedmont.



L. A. HENDRICKS, '24, Editor.

A Lynn Shanklin keeps us broke;
Miss Trescot keeps us clean;
The Laundry keeps us dirty,
And the Mess Hall keeps us lean.

Extras keeps us swearing.
King, C. C. keeps us well;
The Profs. keeps us worried
Which by far is worse than
letting Furman beat us.

—o—

The near-sighted man and his wife were inspecting the latest art exhibition with critical care, says the Bison (U. of Buffalo).

"That's the ugliest portrait I've ever seen," he cried angrily, striving for a better view of the abomination.

"Come away, you fool!" replied his wife. "You are looking at yourself in the mirror."

—Greenville News.

—o—

They sat on the sofa, he and she. The lights were turned low. They gazed into each other's eyes with perfect contentment. He arranged his

necktie for the twentieth time and queried, "Do you love me, Alice?"

"Uh-huh, I think so."

"I knew you did—I love you, too, Alice—you're the only girl for me."

She, hesitatingly, "Did you ever love any other girl?"

"Mah sermon dis mohnin'," orated the Reverend Erasmus Jackson, "am gwine, mah bredren, to be divided into two pahts. Ah preaches thutty minute, and then stops while de colleckshun am taken up. Does youah contribution to de Lord's wuk appeah inspired by ginuwine generosity, Ah gibs thanks an' pronounces de benedickshun. But on de odder han', does youah offerin' look like de clean-up at a game ob penny-ante, Ah decides you is still in bondage to de debbil, an' exho'ts fo anudder houah."

—Judge.

Marie is a doctor's daughter just past six. On her last birthday the child's father gave her a little ring with a tiny pearl in it. Not very long after that she appeared in her father's office, looking very woebegone.

"Daddy." she announced, tearefully, "I've lost the little pill out of my ring."

—Judge.

Ollie—That girl of yours looks like a Texas oil field.

Oskie—Ah, you mean like a million dollars?

"Naw, like a wildcat speculation."

—Oregon Ag. Orange Owl.

A wise cracker remarks that half the broken telephones are caused by replies to, "Bet you can't guess who this is talking."

—Lafayette Lyre.

Sallie—Willie, I don't see how you can be so wicked.

Willie (modestly)—Aw, it ain't so very hard.

—Northwestern Purple Parrot.

"Bull" Dean (at camp): "We killed a skunk today."

"Qozy" Boynton: What was his name?"

WHO'S WHO.

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President of the Junior Class	W. F. Covin
President of the Sophomore Class	C. E. Hawkins
President of the Freshman Class	Henry Hartzog

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Associate Athletic Editor	W. W. Bryan
Alumni Editor	C. C. Garrison
Local Editor	J. C. Shiver.....
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Joke Editor	W. H. Moore
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Circulation Mang's: J. E. Ross, W. C. Huffman, H. B. Flowers	

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The Chronicle

Clemson College, S. C.

November, 1923

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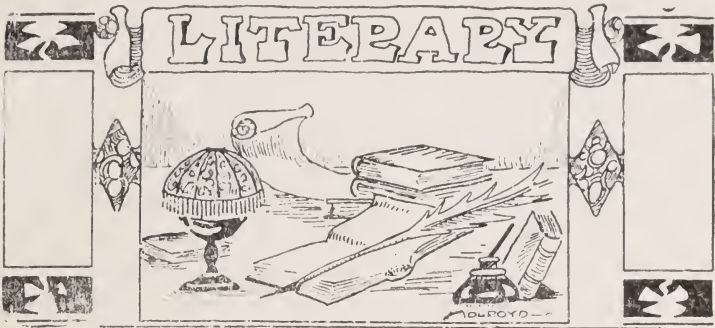
The Clemson College Chronicle

Vol. XXII.

Clemson College, November, 1923.

No. 2

Valeat Quantum Valent Potest



EDITORS:

E. D. PLOWDEN, '24,

C. B. KING,

F. E. BUCK

TO MOTHER

R. H. Smith, '25.

Dear little mother, each passing year
Has only made thee still more dear
To me; and as I think of you
My prayer is this: "God make me true
To her whom I owe such a debt
Of love," and then I once more set
Out on the journey that ends in death,
With strength renewed and stronger faith.

And so I'll go thru all the years
Untouched by either doubts or fears,
Because if I can prove to be
Worthy of your trust in me,
I'll never fail to be a man.
So, mother dear, thy guiding hand
Will show it's presence in my life,
And I'll not fear the worldly strife.

THE KEY TO SOUTH CAROLINA'S DEVELOPMENT

D. W. Stribling, '25

When I declare to you that South Carolina is to-day attracting more attention from the outside world than she has ever done before, I realize that I am making a big statement. I have not forgotten the fact that almost from the very day the first permanent settlers came to this state she has stood out as a leader in many ways. When the Carolina Colony, along with other Colonies, began to grow, their Mother Country, Great Britain, saw in them an opportunity, because of her superior strength to exact an unjust tax from these colonies.

But she underestimated the trueness of the blood which ran in the veins of the early settlers. They demanded justice. The red-blooded men of South Carolina believed in fairness, and when their pleas for justice went unheeded, they, banding themselves together as a state, declared their independence of the strong British Empire and made this fact known to the world. So strong was their belief that they were willing to die rather than submit to the unjust treatment of a tyrant.

Who can deny that this stand and the gallant fight they made during the bloody war which followed attracted the attention of the world?

These men returned to their homes after independence had been gained and began the determined, uneventful task of building the foundations of a nation of the future. South Carolina voices were respected in the legislative halls in the forming of this nation.

In later years when this nation was plunged into the bloody war with Mexico it was a South Carolina regiment which proudly marched up the streets of this foreign Capitol and planted the United States

flag and the Palmetto banner on the ramparts of the vanquished foe. In the period following the war and just preceeding the terrible upheaval within our own nation the voices of South Carolina men attracted attention. When the sovereignty of the states was at stake South Carolina was heard from again. When she considered that her rights had been trampled under foot, she again attracted the attention of the world by being the first state to secede. Her sons fought and died for the cause they thought to be right.

After the conflict was over, the men who survived went back home, and though their state was almost wiped from existance, their farms and factories and industrial plants ruined and their credit gone, they went to work slowly but gradually and surely build their state back to its place of preeminence among the states of the union. In this task it has attracted the attention of other states and of other nations. In wars which have follwed, her sons have attracted attention. One of her sons shed the first United States blood in the fight for Cuban independence, another shed the first United States blood in the recent War with Mexico, and in the more recent world war it was a South Carolina regiment which played such a conspicuous part in the breaking of the famous Hindenburg line which destroyed the Kaiser's hope of the world control.

So, when I tell you South Carolina is perhaps today attracting more attention than ever before in her history I realize I am saying a great deal. But I stand my ground.

The gradual rise of South Carolina from the devastated condition following the destructive days of the war between the states and still more destructive day of reconstruction is unquestionably drawing the attention of the leaders of thought and finance of the world today. The realize that after a long and determined struggle through a period of

difficulties which has tried our mettle, we are again coming to occupy a position as leaders in the business world. Men of Affairs, financiers, prospective investors all over our country are watching South Carolina. They see the unlimited possibilities of this section as an agricultural and industrial region. They realize that from an agricultural standpoint South Carolina is unusually well blessed because of her adaptability for growing almost any crop. They through their investigations have found out the fact that South Carolina farmers are—more than farmers in any other state—becoming co-operative groups of farmers. The fact that South Carolina farmers are to a large extent than is the case in any other state, selling their principal money crops as a co-operative unit is attracting attention throughout agricultural and financial circles. Financiers of the country are realizing that South Carolina is beginning to take a place near the top as a manufacturing state.

The nearness to the cotton fields, the desirable climate, undeveloped water power the high standing of laborers, they realize is eventually going to mean that the South rather than the North is to be the future textile center of the world.

This being the case the development of South Carolina is being watched.

Thus with the eyes of the leaders in Agriculture, in finance, in industry and manufacture upon us South Carolina today faces future development.

Within the past few months much has been said relative to our future development being dependent upon being our able to induce outside Capital to come into our state. While we admit this is very important we must insist that the **key to our future development** is to be found within the borders of our own state. A state cannot rise higher than the individual citizens of that state.

Even though we were able to go out and bring

in untold millions of the outside capital we could not build for permanent development until we could safely rest the future of the state upon the shoulders of her citizens. In her effort to educate the citizens of her state South Carolina is also attracting the attention of the outside world. At no far distant date in the past this proud state stood at the very bottom of the list in regard to education. But that same spirit which caused her to forge to the front in Agriculture, industry, and manufacturing is showing itself in the fight our state is making for the education of our sons and daughters.

Already we have started the upward climb and in this fact we put our greatest faith in our hopes for permanent development.

Our faith in the future of the state is strengthened when we take a hurried survey of our higher educational institutions and find not one of them but that is in an overcrowded condition and this, in spite of the fact that they are yearly adding to their capacity. Our faith is still further strengthened when we go out into the rural sections of our state and find the boys and girls, young men and young women, clamoring for education to such an extent that it is becoming necessary to tear away the old unsanitary one room school building and in their places build comfortable well lighted, well equipped consolidated school buildings. The districts are voting extra taxes to be able to employ competent teachers to train the coming generation.

Our hope for the future is again strengthened when we see our textile officials becoming personally interested in the education and social development and religious welfare of their employees as shown by the building of well equipped school and community buildings and by the employing of trained nurses and social welfare workers, as well as the building of sanitary dwelling houses and the supplying of garden space for growing vegetables—

These things are developing a higher class of citizens in our state and this fact is not escaping the attention of the eyes of the men from out of our state, therefore it is going to bear fruit in the years ahead of us.

For when we have a truly educated people—a people who are broad-minded, fair and just, and who love and respect one another as well as the law of the land and the laws of Him who created us—then we are going to find our outside capital will come in gladly and our state will occupy the place at the top of the ladder as it has done in the days that are gone.

—————o—————

WINTRY DAYS

R. H. Smith, '25

Wintry days, with leaden skies
O'er head, boistrous wind
Sweeping thru the stark, bare trees;
The air's cold, frosty tinge.

And all the other many signs
Of winter's presence here
On earth, all cause my soul to pine
For springtime's balmy air.

So, though earth is soundly sleeping,
Wrapt in winter's cold,
In my memory jasmine's creeping,
And 'tis springtime in my soul.

What care I for winter's presence?
What though wintry days
Should reign on earth? I live in pleasant
Places where the sunshine stays.

Still, I think with untold gladness
Of the coming of the days,
When we're free from winter's sadness
And can feel the suns warm rays.

"HEAVEN ENOUGH"

F. A. Burley

I am dreaming tonight of a heaven to be,
A heaven tonight I am hungry to see.
It isn't up there in the heart of a star,
But the heart of yourself and wherever you are.
Oh, fair is the paradise promised of old,
The walls are of jasper, the streets are of gold;
But give me your hand, and the road may be rough
And—anyway, that will be heaven enough.

To hear you, to see you, to walk by your side,
And know that no valleys or mountains divide;
To smile with you, sigh with you, be with you still;
Whatever the journey, however the hill,
To face it together, whatever the gale,
A staff when you falter, a friend when you fail;
The summer be kind, or the winter be gruff,
Whichever—well, that will be heaven enough.

Oh, think not that velvet and ease I would ask
To share in your sorrow, to help with your task,
Yes, shoulder to shoulder, and face to the sun
Till the night had come down or the peak had been
won,
To walk by your side to the end of the road
And join in your laughter and share in your load,
And smooth be the highway, or stony and rough,
What matters?—it still will be heaven enough.

A JOYFUL THANKSGIVING DAY

M. C. Ellison, '24

Terry McCoy leaned heavily against a lone lamp post in the slums of one of our large northern cities. His heart dragged in its beats like a weighted pendulum. The heavy November mist that almost obliterated the rays of the street light did not serve to soothe his dejected spirits. Terry had never begged before in his life, and now his hungry being struggled between the two possible avenues of satisfying his hunger—begging or thieving.

Finally, Terry came to the conclusion that it was more honorable to steal from some rich person than to play off cripple and beg from the passer-by. So on this bleak November night we find Terry McCoy creeping near one of the many mansions in the well-to-do section of the City.

If Terry had been a little more schooled in the robbing of homes, he would probably have waited 'till early morning; but in his desperation he threw caution to the winds and silently entered a beautiful home at midnight.

Hamilton Dewy, rich financier and bachelor, sat in a huge arm chair chewing the stub of a cigar, which glowed in the semi-darkness. He had turned out the lights in his magnificent library to resort to one of his favorite pastimes—that of smoking and gazing into the glowing grate, which served as his only light, and forming scheme after scheme to increase his already huge fortune.

Hamilton Dewy sank into the depths of his chair as the huge grandfather-clock in the hall chimed the midnight hour. The striking of the old clock brought fond recollections of his father and grandfather, who had also been Napoleons in the financial world. Outside of having a heartless financial nature, Hamilton Dewy was a likeable man and had many admirers. He was a man of great will power

and determination, and when these qualities failed to win the one woman that he loved, he resolved to remain single for life. With this in mind he took his aged mother into his home and settled down to his favorite work—that of besting his fellowmen by sheer will and determination.

Terry entered the dwelling through a large window and almost fainted in his efforts to keep down an ever present desire that welled up from his diseased lungs to cough. Summoning up strength, Terry crept towards a huge half-open sliding door, through which a light shown from a dim fire in the grate. Not being able to see the man sitting low in the large arm chair, Terry crept into the room, but immendately doubled up in pain as a smothered cough shook his whole body.

Hamilton Dewy, upon hearing the smothered cough, realized that some intruder was in the room, and with a perceptible movement slipped a revolver from the desk nearby and coolly awaited an opportunity to get the upper hand of the thief.

His drenched body was numb from exposure, Terry, unaware of the presence of any one, could not resist drawing near the dying fire to gain a little of its warmth. But he had hardly reached the tiled hearth when the room was suddenly flooded with light and a steady cool voice commanded, "Hands up, you thief."

The sudden shock was too great for Terry's weak body, and with a moarn of pain dropped across the carpet at Hamilton Dewy's feet.

Noting the drenched thin body of what appeared to be a mere boy at his feet, Dewy's heart began to throb with compassion. Laying his revolver down, he gently turned the boy over so that he might get the warmth of the fire. Terry struggled to his knees after a few moments, but again fell as his body was convulsed with deep coughing. "I—I didn't mean to do it, Sir, I—I—I was most starved," Terry managed to utter between coughs.

"Hush, young man, you haven't done anything yet," kindly said the great Hamilton Dewy as he lifted the boy from the floor and carried him tenderly to an adjacent bedroom.

Deep down in his heart it had always been the desire of Hamilton Dewy to help someone in distress, and he did not turn down this opportunity. He sat far into the night and anxiously helped the old family physician quiet Terry, who kept repeating, "I didn't mean to do it."

The following morning the office force saw a great change in their chief as Hamilton Dewy issued a few important orders and left. He came back to the bedside of the young boy and found that Mrs. Dewy, his aged mother, had quieted him to the extent that he was asleep and gaining a much needed rest at last. The physician would not let Terry speak of his predicament for the first two days, but on the morning of the third day he confided in Hamilton Dewy.

"Sir, you have been entirely too good to me. At first I was too weak to protest, but you must not wait any longer; prosecute me now. I don't deserve anything better."

"That's enough of that, young man; tell me a little of your past life." urged Mr. Dewy.

"I ran away from a lovely Southern home only a few months ago to get out of facing my parents after being expelled from school for getting drunk. It was the first time. I just got with the wrong crowd and was caught. I felt that it would be better to run away than to face my poor mother with the terrible news, but since then I have regretted that I didn't return. I borrowed enough money from friends to come here, but I struck hard luck on the start and had to resort to selling papers before I was able to find any work to do. I finally secured work in the office as a clerk. I had worked at this job for only a few weeks when I caught a terrible cold which developed into the case of pneu-

monia that is now giving your physician a great deal of trouble. I had to quit my job with only a few cents to my credit.

"The great desire to write home was almost overbearing when I saw a motherly-looking woman pass. Sick in body and soul I wandered into the streets when my landlady refused to credit me any longer? I spent a most miserable night in a cheap cafe, but was grateful for even a shelter from the weather. I often thought of home, and, too, there was Annie, who had been my pal from early boyhood. I wondered if she still claimed me.

"I had wandered the streets, sick and starving, for nearly three days and nights, when the terrible idea entered my head to become a thief rather than to starve. I entered your house after long deliberation and I deserve to be punished; so don't have any mercy on me," bravely smiled Terry.

"My dear boy, I must see that you go home to your people. Your poor mother will grieve herself to death," faltered Hamilton Dewy.

"Why Sir, you are entirely too good; I don't deserve this; and, anyway, I haven't the courage to face my loved ones," replied Terry.

"Surely, Terry, you see by now that you did your people an injustice. I won't send you to jail, but I shall send you home to your mother," spoke Mr. Dewy.

Only a few days before Thanksgiving a train rumbled Southward with not only Terry as a passenger but also Hamilton Dewy. Terry had said jokingly, "I will not go home. You must take me."

To Terry's surprise Mr. Dewy took him up. "That's just what I wanted you to say, Terry, I have long needed a rest, and the Sunny South is just the place to get it."

Terry did not herald his home-coming by writing but instead kept quiet so that he might surprise his mother and Annie.

The small Southern town was in its usual state

of tranquility as Terry swung from the train accompanied by Hamilton Dewy. It was early in the evening before Thanksgiving Day that Terry tapped lightly on the front door of his home. Many doubts crossed his mind as he anxiously awaited the sound of the familiar step of his dear mother, but they all faded as he saw the expression of joy that shown from his mother's face as she hurriedly opened the door. "Oh, Terry, I knew that you would come."

Terry introduced Mr. Dewy and followed his mother into the house. His little brother and sister almost smothered him with kisses and his dear old dad smiled as he looked upon his son once more.

"I am so glad that you got home in time for Thanksgiving, Terry, my boy," beamed Mrs. McCoy.

A beautiful slender young woman ran in just at this moment and fell into Terry's arms. "Oh, Terry, boy, I am so glad to see you, I have been so lonesome without you."

"Annie, I am glad to be home again." happily spoke Terry.

Hamilton Dewy was greatly surprised that Annie would show her love for Terry so openly, but he excused her, realizing that it was an exceedingly joyous moment. She did seem a little older than Terry, but Mr. Dewy's wonder ceased when Terry said, "Mr Dewy, I want you to meet my sister and great pal, Annie."

"Surely, glad to meet you; but I thought all the time that Annie was your sweetheart."

"She was the pal that I spoke of, and she is as true a pal as a fellow ever had," said Terry glancing fondly at his sister.

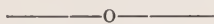
Hamilton Dewy had been a man that followed the convictions of his heart and he realized that he had another romantic battle on his hands and in his heart as soon as he met Annie.

On Thanksgiving day the family all gathered around the table and unanimously suggested that Mr Dewy name over a few things to be thankful for.

“Well, I am first thankful that I was witness to such a joyous home-coming. I know that you, Mrs. McCoy, and all of the family are thankful that Terry is home again. I am thankful that I had the pleasure of bringing Terry home.” Then, after a pause, he added, to the surprise of all, “I am thankful that Annie is Terry’s sister and not his sweetheart as I first thought.”

The blushing that suffused the lovely face of Annie made them all wonder what she and Mr. Dewy talked of so long the night before.

Hamilton Dewy was a speedy worker in love as well as business. After a few weeks Terry realized that Mr. Dewy was not only his friend but, also his brother-in-law.



REVERIE

Luther Clark, '27

Her hands are not of ivory hue;
Instead they are worn and brown.
She wears a dress of gingham, blue,
Instead of a Paris gown.

She does not go to church to show
The crowd the latest style:
She goes to pray for me, I know,
That I may shun the way of guile.

She works with joy in her heart,
That I may stay in school,
She trusts that I will not depart
From right and play the fool.

God grant her trust be not in vain
In the honor of her boy;
That I may shun dishonor’s stain;
May ever be “mother’s joy.”

"BACK HOME"

(From the New York Times)

I'd like to take a week's end off
And get back to the farm,
With griddle cakes and sausages
And other things that charm.

I'd like to tumble in a bed
Of feathers soft and warm—
Secure beneath the old roof-tree
From trouble, fret, or storm.

I'd like to hear my mother's voice
Come up the entry hall:
"Its six o'clock, you sleepy head!
And this is my last call."

I'd like to hear the dishes clip
Together down below,
Where she fixed up the breakfast things,
Helped by Melinda Snow.

I'd like to rustle up the hair
Of my dog, Towser, now—
The best friend that a boy e'er had.
So close to me, somehow.

Through all the days that come and go,
No matter where I roam,
I'd like to hear his welcome bark
When I go drifting home.

I'd like to take a week's-end off—
And so would you; once more
Go back to lift the latch again
Upon the dear old door.

There snuggle close up to the folks
In pleasant firelight;
There hear the mother-voice again
Give you her fond "Good-night."

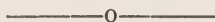
MY SEAL OF LOVE

One day in the wonderful city of LOVE,
When the sun was shining bright,
My Seal Of Love was broken,
Although it was bound so tight.

No one can tell just how I felt,
Excepting me and the ONE above,
And all that night while in my dreams,
I knew of nothing else but LOVE.

And this, I say to you, my friend,
Did bring a thrill of joy to me;
Because it was MY SEAL OF LOVE
That then was broken all for thee.

This Seal can never more be mended,
Nor patched up even for a time
Until you and I are hearing
The melody of WEDDING BELLS' chime.



A MAN

E. D. Plowden, '24

What's the use of trying so hard,
When someone else beats you to it?
Or what's the use of being so good,
When no one sees you do it?

Why all the worry and why all the care?
Why not let worries go, you ask,
As you boast of following the life of today,
Whether the pace be slow or fast.

You can, my friend, but is it as good
To leave things just as they are?
Will such efforts make a hero of you,
Or will they make you a star?

Not by any means, my friend,
You must make things better where you can;
Be a hero until the end,
Then the world will call you a man.

LOVE VS. DUTY

C. B. King, '25.

The moon was climbing upward in the starry sky, and was flooding the whole valley with its silvery rays. Snow concealed all minor details of the valley: the tall peaks in the near distance, with caps of white and the stillness of death, stood dimly outlined like ghosts. All was quiet save for the lowing of a cow, and the crowing of a cock in the barnyard, which now and then broke the stillness.

Silence had held its grip on the occupants of the parlor for several minutes. A faint flicker of the dying embers on the hearth grew weaker and weaker.

"Joe," murmured a low voice, "do you still love me?"

Yes, Florence, dear," he slowly replied, gently placing his arms around her.

Nestling a little closer to him she rested her head gently against his shoulder. Wiping the tears from her burning cheeks she ceased crying for a moment, and between broken sobs she said, "If you love me, you will give up the idea of going to college now and stay with me always—won't you?"

"Florence, I have explained to you that by chance this opportunity has come to me, and I must go. Six years isn't long; and besides, when the time is up, we can be married and I shall then be able to give you everything that goes to make a sweet little girl like you perfectly happy. I have longed to give you those things which are impossible now, but will be real then. Think how happy we shall be."

"Those are wonderful ideas, but you are what will make me happy. As for those things which would come later, I care not for them. I will not consent for you to leave me. You would soon give your devotions to some girl with wealth, and me,

you would soon forget. If you go, you will do it entirely against my will."

"But, Florence, I promise to be true to you. Will you wait on me for only six short years?"

"No, I won't," was the hasty reply. She drew herself suddenly away from him and with an angry look in her flashing eyes, exclaimed: "You can go if you want to; and furthermore, here is your ring. You may always consider me as a friend, but to love you any longer—I cannot."

"My God! Florence, listen! I don't want the ring: I want you to be my own."

"You are too inconsiderate; you don't love me as you pretend you do. I wish you would leave me now; I've had enough trouble for tonight,"

Haughtily she turned to the door; catching the latch she gave it a quick pull, which sent the door open against the wall with a heavy slam. One step to the right placed her facing Joe, but not another word did she speak.

"I must go then: won't you kiss me goodbye?" he requested as he placed his arms around her and attempted to draw her closely into his embrace.

"You don't dare!" she snobbed as she placed her hand in front of his face; "you shall never kiss me again."

Joe drooped his head and slowly withdrew his arms. "I would to God that I had died and avoided the treatment I have received tonight—especially from you, the only source of all my past happiness. Be careful that you don't some day be sorry for what you have said."

I shall never be sorry for anything I have said; Good night!" was the quick reply as the door went shut with a bang.

* * * * *

Many days passed, each leaving Joe with bright hopes that to-morrow he would receive a letter from Florence, but not a single letter nor even the small

est note came. Time wore away his patience, and her continued silence soon forced him to abandon his many dreams, at least for the present, and to devote all his time and energies to the study of medicine.

From all outward appearances, it seemed that Florence had forgotten Joe; but deep down in her heart she realized that she loved him. She was frequently almost persuaded, by her conscience, to answer his letters, but pride and selfishness would not let her confess to him that she had been in the wrong.

Only a short while had passed before Florence realized that she was giving her time to the devotion of George Harlee, a young man who had spent most of his life in the big cotton mills.

The snow had melted; winter was only remembered in the past; spring had proclaimed itself in the budding of the trees, the blooming of the flowers, and the sweet singing of the birds. The sun had just gone down behind the mountains which loomed high upward into the western skies. Florence and George were out on the lawn, enjoying the beauty of the many new visitors of nature which had accompanied the first days of spring.

Neither had ever spoken any words of love to the other, but the inarticulate voice of deeds had long conveyed to each of them the feeling of their hearts. George drew a long, deep breath as he turned his eyes from the distant mountain peaks to the face of Florence.

"I wish you were free—I mean not engaged to Joe," he managed to speak in a low voice.

"I'm engaged to no one. I haven't written Joe since he has been away; and furthermore, I'm not going to. He left against my will, and now he means nothing to me. He wanted me to wait six years for him to go to college and have a big time. I wouldn't do it. He told me lots of things that he would be able to do after going to college, but I

knew, from my observations of other boys who have gone from the country, that he would soon forget me."

"Florence, how glad I am! I love you; won't you marry me? You love me, don't you?"

"Yes, I do love you, George; and my heart is yours."

* * * * *

Time moved fast: months like weeks, and years like months. Life, for Florence, seemed perfectly happy, especially since the family had now grown to number three. A little girl had brought unknown love and sunshine into the home.

Joe had finished his college career and was now ready to begin active practice as a licensed physician. He came home for the first time after going away to school. He had learned of Florence's marriage. He could not see her, for she had moved away, and he knew not where. His duties soon called him to another town where he won for himself a splendid success.

One morning during the busiest hours at his office, the telephone rang. Joe took down the receiver and said, "all right."

"Doctor, come to 2-9-1-7, Walnut Street," were the words repeated by the voice of a child.

"What's the trouble?" asked Joe; but no one answered. He hung up the receiver. "My! what does this mean? Is this a trick? The street is familiar, but I know no one who lives on it; and besides, the voice was that of a child. Something is wrong; let me investigate." Turning to the office boy: "Bob, get my hat."

Hurriedly he went down stairs. Only a few minutes had passed before Joe drew up in front of a small house set back from the street about thirty paces, and surrounded by a large ill-kept yard. On the door he could see the number—2917—faded, but still visible. Getting out of the car he hurried

up the small path to the front door. He heard no noise inside the house. After pausing for a moment, he rapped on the door, and soon a small girl with golden hair, deep blue eyes, and a grief-stricken face responded to his challenge.

"D-D-Doctor—M-M-Ma-ma," she sobbed, as she led him to a small dark room on the back side of the house. The air in the room was stale and stuffy. He walked over to the window, raised the shade, and opened the window to admit fresh air and light. A sheet entirely covered the form which lay upon the bed. Gently raising it from the face of his patient, he paused for a moment, surprised almost beyond comprehension. "My God! it's Florence!"

Florence remained unconscious for several days, but with Joe's medical skill and the tender care of the nurse, her chances for recovery seemed better each day. One morning just as the sun was throwing its first rays on the carpeted floor, Florence dreamily opened her eyes, and for the first time realized that she was in the hospital. Beckoning to the nurse who had just come on duty for the day, she tried to learn how she had come to be placed in the hospital. The nurse, realizing how weak Florence was, placed her finger on the pale lips of the patient and asked her to be quiet.

As soon as Florence was able to sit up, the nurse told her how and by whom she was brought to the hospital. How Joe had come to find her—not dead, but barely more than alive.

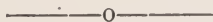
The patient recovered very fast and was soon able to go about the house. At the first opportunity that presented itself, she told Joe all that she had lived through since the night he left her to go to college. She told of her marriage to George; of her happiness during the first two years of married life, and then of the sorrow that came into her home when George died, three years before. She

told him how she had worked to keep herself and the one little girl from poverty, after exhausting the little aid left her by her husband; and finally how she was forced to give up hopes when she was taken sick with pneumonia. She said that she had never hoped to recover. She tried to explain how she had fought her conscience, soon after he left, for acting so harshly. She paused for a moment, and then asked: "And about yourself, Joe?"

He then told her how he had finished college and to what extent he had succeeded. He told her of the misery she had brought to him and of the true life he had lived for the love he once had for her.

Neither spoke for several moments, but finally, in broken tones, Florence spoke: "Joe, I have been foolish. Tell me you can forgive me, and let me die. Won't you forgive me?"

Florence, you are safe now: you can't die. My many years of toil have brought a success. I have always wanted to forgive you, and besides I love you."



YOU

E. D. Plowden, '24

Could I have dreamed that one day I should find
A girl whose life would make my own sublime;
Would bring me peace and lasting joy and rest,
And soothe the heart that burned within my breast,
I would have joyed in searching for just you,
To comfort and to bless me, my whole life through;
I would have left the world of toil and care,
And looked for you, wherever you were, my dear.
I want you as a helpmeet in building my home;
To comfort and to cheer me, and to be my own.
I long for you, I love you, and I can but see,
That God who made one for all—made you for me.

A RAINY DAY

R. H. Smith, '25.

The rain that has bee steadily falling
Outside, the whole day through,
Has kept me prisoner in my room—
Has made me think of you.

Only my body's held indoors,
My fancy's free to roam
Where'er it listeth--near or far—
Where'er I want it to.

So thru the miles of space between,
Heedless of the rain,
I send my fancy straight to you
And see you once again.

I wonder if you too are held
A prisoner by the rain?
I wonder if your fancy comes
To see me once again?

If I could know that this were true,
The rain would stop for me;
And in my soul the sun would shine—
My thoughts be all for thee.

—————o—————

MY QUESTION

E. D. Plowden, '24

Oh, why is your heart yearning for me,
And why do you want me again?
Is it me that you are longing to see,
And me that you want as a friend?

Of course, you know that I love you,
And you know that I will be true;
For when I am far away from you,
I'm sad and I'm lonesome and blue.

I've waited and longed for a meeting,
Just one more little talk with you;
And now that my wish has been granted,
I must ask you, Will you be true?

As fair as the blossoming flower,
As beautiful as the skies are blue;
Now, Dearie, can you blame me
For loving a maiden like you?

You're more than my heart could wish for,
And all that I care to see;
And now the question I ask you.
Is, Dearie, do you love me?

—————o—————

HOW ABOUT THIS?

Luther Clark, '27

I often think my pals unjust
When they don't mean to be.
They talk about their mothers whom
They're almost wild to see.

They rave about their sweethearts,
The girls they left behind,
But the fellow who wants to see Father
Is mighty hard to find.

They never seem to think of him
Who toils in storm and cold;
Who labors hard and long
Altho he's getting old.

Except when cash is getting low
And "Pa" must sign a check;
Then 'tis "Father" in their thoughts,
And letters too, I reckon.

Now, I move we change this thing
And treat our fathers better.
When you write to Sal, remember,
Dad also wants a letter

THE CYNICS

R. H. Smith, '25

There was in acient times a sect of Greek philosophers who taught their followers to hold all pleasures, intellectual and sensual, in contempt. From that time until now, this class of men has persisted and today is of enormous proportions—these men we call cynics.

You have seen them—the men who sneer at evidences of virtue, and who ridicule those who dare to stand for higher and nobler things. We have them here in Clemson, and there is no honor to us in their presence. They are the ones who stand off and say, "It can't be done," when they see an idealist working toward the improvement of some condition which retards the esthetic growth of his fellowman. They are the ones who say that the **Chronicle** is not going to be a success—that we can not hope to have also a good paper here in an Agricultural and Mechanical college. They are also the ones who say that there is nothing in Christian work that can benefit them, and that the work for Christ is a farce!

These men must be silenced, and the men who can silence them are those who do not have dwarfed souls and diseased minds. This is a challenge to any and all red-blooded, clean-souled men. Shall we sit idly by and watch these misanthropes, these pessimists, spoil those ideals and traditions which we hold dear? No. We are going to get into the fray and do the very things which these cynics say we can not do. We are going to put out a paper of which we can be justly proud and, above all else, we are going to take Christ as our daily companion and show these cynics that they and their talk are no more effective than is the barking of a dog at 'he moon.

A HERO

R. H. Smith, '25.

The man who dares where other have died
And succeeds or fails, as he may,
Becomes to the world an object of pride—
He's the hero of the day.

A hero that's made perhaps in an hour
While others look on and applaud,
And give him by praise a fresh store of power—
This is the hero that all the world lauds.

'Tis true that such men are daring and brave,
And risked their lives no doubt—
But there's another who equally gave
Of his life, and I found him out.

You too, no doubt, have seen the man
Of whom I speak in praise;
You find him about on every hand,
In all of life's walkways.

This man fights a battle all his own—
No one stands by to cheer;
But still he carries on alone—
Year after work-filled year.

Serving unselfishly, striving to hide
His sorrow when he is sad—
Working for others—he fills me with pride—
This hero is my dad.

A FINAL DECISION

M. B. Brissie, '24

"I will not return," said cowboy Bille
To his dearest pal, named Jim.

"I have followed the trails for ten long years,
And my heart is wrapped up in them."

"Tell all my friends back East
That I am the same old Bill,
And the thoughts of my departing day,
Are lingering with me still.

"Fond memories of loved ones dear
And friends I have left behind,
No longer bring sadness to my heart,
As they have done many a time.

"I shall always remember you, old fellow,
For a loving pal you have been;
I trust our paths shall come together
On that trail that has no end.

"I sure hate to see you go, Jim;
But you know what is best,
Just remember I'm on the winding trail
'Till I find my grave in the West."

The two brave lads shook hands
In that fond farewell embrace.

"I wish you the best of luck," said Bill,
As the tears rolled down his face.

Jim then boarded the train for the East,
And Bill with a burden of care
Mounted his steed and away he dashed
To God only knows where.

PARVA LUX

K. B. Sanders, '25.

The day doth slowly drag;
My spirits ebb and flow;
No work's been done tonight;
All bad and nothing right.

My pep is very low
And I am down below
Where not a friend doth go,
Nor jests pass round the mistletoe.

My sky is wreathed in frowns
As dark as funeral gowns.
And yet, through this array,
I glimpse a light that marks the way.

A tiny glowing light
Tiny, yet bright—in the night.
Would you could know how bright
You seem to me this night.

Star of my golden dreams!
Goal of my good success!
Hope of happiness!
I must confess—I must confess.

If it were not for thee,
What were the use to be,
O, little light—O, little light
That kindly guideth me.

THOUGHTS ETERNAL

M. B. Kirton, '25.

What is life, that man should go onward
Into the darkness that never unfolds,
With the future that ever evades us
And brings us the sorrow of souls,
And the days and nights are bitter
With the dregs from the cup of despair,
Where the wings of the lone grin reaper
Cast shadows of terror and fear?
Does the soul of man never quiver
When the thoughts of death come nigh?
Or the castles of hope ever crumble
When the question is asked of "Why."
Why is life with its depths of black sorrow?
Why is death with its vastness unknown?
Why is man, the creature of wonder?
Why the trials and burdens to be borne?
Through the ages the question has followed;
To eternity the question will go.
But forever we plod on blindly
With the shadows of death before.
Yet the pendulum of destiny swings faithful
And the balance of life is true.
From each dark cloud of sorrow
An inspiring light breaks through.
For God in his infinite wisdom
To the creature of dust ever saith,
"Let the yawning chasms of the future
Be spanned by the wings of true faith."
Then into life's dark battles of sorrow,
Go forth with the sword of trust;
And the soul of man shall ever
Be lifted out of the dust.

The Clemson College Chronicle

FOUNDED BY THE CLASS OF 1898

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

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

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



M. C. Ellison, editor-in-chief

R. H. Smith, associate editor

Students used to pride themselves on thier knowledge of Greek and Latin, but nowadays they pride themselves on saying it with slang.

In most cases when a fellow burns the mid-night oil he isn't pouring over his studies but spending his time writing to some fair young maiden.

Our professors are our best friends, so let us cooperate with them.

Patience is one virtue that most college students are without.

We need your help.

The first issue of the CHRONICLE was a mere beginning of what we hope to accomplish this year. We had difficulties to overcome; we're new at the job of publishing a college magazine. We had to get started in our studies as well as in the publication of the CHRONICLE. But now we are off to what we believe a good start and we want to keep going at full speed.

We, of the CHRONICLE staff, realize the stupendous task of publishing a magazine that will be representative of Clemson. In order to do this we must have your co-operation. The magazine is to be your publication and not ours alone. We need more material and better material. We must have more stories, plays, essays, poems, etc., if we are to improve the CHRONICLE. For the past year or two, the CHRONICLE has fallen to lower levels as a college magazine. Now it must be built up to the place where it belongs. You, fellow students, have a part in this upbuilding and improvement. If you are not satisfied with the publication as it now stands, please offer any suggestions that you have to make, and the staff will greatly appreciate your interest and help. If you are not satisfied with the Chronicle as it stands, tell us and help us make it better. Lend a helping hand when you can, but don't try to knock the life out of your college magazine, sent out by the student body as your representative.

We, of the staff, want to make the **Chronicle** worthy of Clemson. We are anxious to put it on top where it belongs. It is with this aim in view that we beg you to help us make the **Chronicle** a success.

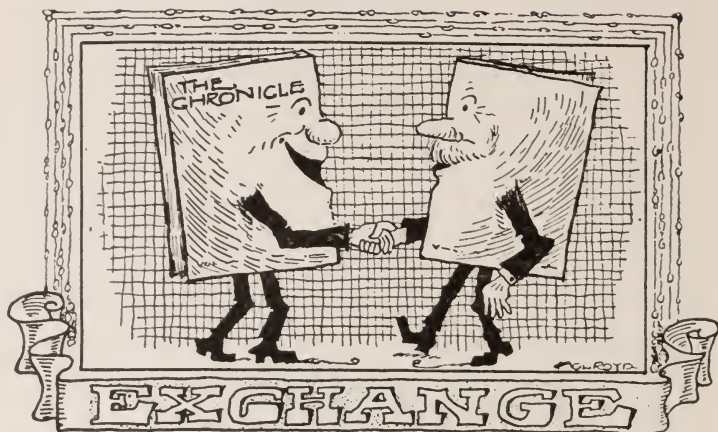
—E. D. P.

THANKSGIVING

The last Thursday in November is set aside as a day of joyful thanksgiving or as Ludlow has said: "Thanksgiving Day is only our annual time for saying grace at the table of eternal goodness." The first Thanksgiving was observed by the Pilgrims and Indians, when the neighboring Indians were invited to feast and smoke the pipe of peace. Here the pagan Indians became a friend of the Pilgrims. Priscilla, aided by her good sisters, furnished the more dainty food, while the Indians furnished the venison. When people gather around a table and satisfy their appetites, they become strikingly agreeable and are mysteriously drawn more closely together.

There are numberless things that we may be thankful for; but still there are such things as disasters, and when they befall there is no apparent occasion for us to try to be thankful. But not everything that disappoints our hopes and thwarts our wishes is disastrous. A great deal that troubles us turns out in the end to be for our good. Distasteful tasks that are constrained to perform may prove unexpectedly wholesome and profitable to us. Losses and setbacks which try us sorely, may rouse us from dangerous ease and drive us into beneficial activity.

—M. C. E.



J. C. AULL, Editor.

E. C. STEWART, Assistant Editor.

The Exchange Department is glad to acknowledge the receipt of **The Concept**, published by the Literary Societies of Converse College. It is well balanced and contains some unusually good articles. Among the best may be mentioned "The Vacant Row" and "Sympathy Served Hot." We should like to stamp our approval upon the editor's advice to the Freshmen.

The Wofford College Journal contains several good stories and essays. The editor's epigrams should grace the joke column rather than the editorial space. The story, "Mr. Houser and Business" seems to be the best, though there are many others that are very good. This number of **The Wofford College Journal** would have been better balanced if it had carried more poetry.

The Echo, from Furman University, is one of the best exchanges that we have received this month. The essay, "The Key Industries of Brazil," is very interesting. The poem, "The Vision of the Ages," is the best poem and is worthy of special

mention. Poems, editorials, and various departments make **The Echo** complete in everything that goes to make a good well balanced publication. The staff of **The Echo** has a good plan in reducing the number of publications, for this will result in a better student literary publication at Furman.

The Pine and Thistle is published by the Literary Societies of Floro Macdonald College. This magazine deserves much praise. It is one of the best magazines that came to our desk last month.

The Pine and Thistle is published by the Lit-ten and interesting articles that we shall not attempt to select and comment upon the best. The editors of the various departments appear to be real "live wires," and a large part of the success of **The Pine and Thistle** will be due to their efforts.

The Criterion, taken as a whole is a good issue. We are very favorably impressed with its make-up and general contents.

The Collegian contains a number of excellent stories and essays. A few more poems would add greatly to the attractiveness and interest of this publication.





M. B. BRISSIE, Editor.

ETERNAL DIANA

By Dorothy Dow

I kissed your mouth into flame while the wee
 Winds whispered
 Deep into the hills . . . and the stars dropped lower,
 And low
 Crept the shadows about us: have you forgotten
 Thousand of ages ago?
 You were Endymion . . . far in the forest and
 Sedges
 Beauty seeped in a flare, and the cliffs above
 Rang with the notes of your laughter . . . you
 Were Endymion;
 I was the moon of your love. . . .

—Literary Digest.

Quality production tends to cheapen everything
 including laws.—San Francisco Chronicle.

The chief trouble with increased earnings is that they nearly always bring increased yearnings.

—Little Rock Arkansas Gazette.

It isn't the blows you deal
But the blows you take on the good old earth
That shows if your stuff is real."

—Greenville News.

You can get a government bulletin on almost everything but the eradication of foolish laws.

—Roanoke Worlds News.

Now lets have a secret society solemnly pledging its members to mind their own business.—Walla Walla (Wash.) Bulletin.

A flapper thinks the best thing to do with a nose is to powder it, but personally we think the best thing to do with a nose is to keep it out of other peoples' business and off the grindstone.

—Cincinnati Express.

The Egotist

What a charming evening it was! What superbly fascinating company; And for hours the egotist gazed about him and listened with the keenest appreciation. It was delightful he reflected to be surrounded by such engaging society—certainly a unique experience, and a smile of unmixed pleasure crept over his face. Never before had he heard such interesting conversation, such sparkling wit, such flashes of wisdom.

As the dawn broke, he rose and turned off the phonograph record of his own voice. Then he slowly walked out of the hexagonal room, the walls of which consisted entirely of mirrors.—Life.

The best way to close an argument is not to start it.—Greenville News.

Why deplore the passing of the dime novel?
They are still published, the only difference being
that you have to pay two dollars for them.

—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Edgar Allen Poe was not a barber, tho he wrote
many hair-raising stories.—Piedmont.

THE DAY'S WORK

By Berton Braley

I haven't set the world ablaze,
Nor stirred the people to applause,
Nor lead through many troubled ways
A noble or a splendid cause.
No headlines shriek my name aloud,
I go my simple humdrum way,
A worker in the working crowd.
But I have done my job today.

It wasn't very much perhaps
Considered in the sum of things,
I am not of those brilliant chaps
Whose glory through the planet rings.
But to my task I gave my best,
The task for which I get my pay,
My shift is over and I rest,
For I have done my job today.

To each his work, or great or small,
According to his strength or skill,
Fame cannot glorify us all
Nor fortune answer to our will.
But when the quitting whistle blows
The humblest of us all can say,
As homeward from his toil he goes,
"At least I've done my job today."

—Piedmont.

THE STUFF THAT COUNTS

“The test of a man is the fight that he makes,
The grit that he daily shows;
The way he stands on his feet and takes
Fate’s numerous bumps and blows.
A coward can smile when there’s naught to fear,
When nothing his progress bars,
But it takes a man to stand up and cheer
When some other fellow stars.

It isn’t the victory after all,
But the fight that a brother makes.
The man who drives against the wall
Still stands up erect and takes
The blows of fate with his head held high
Bleeding, and bruised and pale.

Is the man who’ll win in the by and by,
For he isn’t afraid to fall.
It’s the bumps you get, and the polts you get,
And the shocks that your courage stands,
The hour of sorrow and vain regret,
The prize that escapes your hands,
That test your mettle and prive your worth;
—Greenville News.



L. A. HENRICKS, Editor.

Rising to the Occasion.—The gracious personality of this charming singer won for her much praise and admiration. The two succeeding songs, "Give Me All of You" and "Kiss Me Again," met with warm responses.—Oregon City Enterprise.

Skin—"Why all the puffing?"

Flint—"I am all tired out. There was a fight out there and I was running to stop it."

Skin—"Is that so? Who was fighting?"

Flint—"Me and another guy."—Puppet.

Women's faults are many;

Men have only two—

Everything they say, and

Everything they do!

—Juggler.

"Ohhhhh! Lemuel, vat you tink? I vas arrested for speedink today."

"Vat, you? Vy, you half no car, half you?"

"No, not that. Speedink on the sidewalk."

—Sun Dodger.

"That's the guy I'm laying for," said the hen as the farmer crossed the barnyard.

HE TOOK THE HINT

Co-ed: "Wait until I get my goat gloves."

Father: "Your goat gloves! What do you mean?"

Co-ed: "Well, I used to call them kid gloves until they got so old."—Parrakeet.

Isaac—Oi, oi! Der vedding invitation says R. S. V. P. Vot does dot mean?

Jacob—Ach! such ignorance, dot means to bring Real Silver Vedding Presents!—Yellow Jacket.

Charge!—The chairman of the gas company was making a popular address.

"Think of the good the gas company has done," he cried. "If I were permitted a pun, I would say in the words of the immortal poet, 'Honor the light brigade'."

At this point a consumer jumped up with the shout: "Oh, what a charge they made!"

Collegian Reporter.

FRESHMAN LOGIC

Prof: "How much does a six pound shell weigh?"

Frosh—"I don't know."

Prof.—"Well, what time does the twelve o'clock train leave?"

Frosh—"Twelve o'clock."

Prof.—"Then what is the weight of the six pound shell?"

Frosh—"Twelve pounds."

—Juggler.

Remus—"Whar yo' all g'wine wid dat baby food, Mose?"

Mose—"Mah wife Dinah give a son las' night."

Remus—"Dasso, what you gwine call him?"

Mose—"Lectricity."

Remus—"Am he as shockin' as dat?"

Mose—"No, but what ailse can we call him when he comes from Dinah-Mose?"—Bison.

Ikie—Good morning Moses, why are you smiling so, have you a little home brew?

Moses—No, I have a little Hebrew.—Columbia Record.

Customer in Cafe. "Have you Frogs Legs?"

Waiter: "No, I have rheumatism that makes me walk this way."

Prof. Starkey to "Tubby" Alford—"What is meant by Golden Hoof Sheep?"

"Tubby": Er-err- 'Golden Hoof Sheik?'—Just ask the girls at Chicora."

WHO'S WHO.

President of the Senior Class	E. H. Hall
President of the Junior Class	W. F. Covin
President of the Sophomore Class	C. E. Hawkins
President of the Freshman Class	Henry Hartzog

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Military Editor	H. P. Walker
Satire Editor	D. H. Hair
Photograph Editor	A. B. Fitzgerald
Athletic Editor	E. G. Parker
Assistant Art Editors	J. B. Wertz and H. S. Singley

THE TIGER

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Athletic Editor	E. G. Parker
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Associate Athletic Editor	W. W. Bryan
Alumni Editor	C. C. Garrison
Local Editor	J. C. Shiver.....
Y. M. C. A. Editor	S. W. Henry
Joke Editor	W. H. Moore
Associate Joke Editor	T. L. Jefferies
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Junior Literary Editor	F. E. Buck
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Captain Track	T. C. Wood
Captain Basketball	C. C. Garrison
Captain Cross Country	J. M. Killian
President Block "C" Club	E. G. Doterer



A WORD TO STUDENTS

What is your aim in life? To be a business executive, an expert in some trade, a leader in some profession?

There is much to learn from the men who have reached the top in your chosen field. For example: Should you ask them what kind of a note book they use, you will invariably find that it is a book that fits the pocket. These men have found that they need a note book that they can carry with them all the time.

You need a pocket size book for the same reason—so that you can carry it all the time and never miss a chance of recording facts, which may be of tremendous value to you.

The note book used more largely than any other is the Lefax looseleaf style which takes pages 6 3-4 x 3 3-4. Men like Edison use this book because it has been the handiest, and on account of the large variety of blank forms and printed data sheets available to fit it.

You will find the Lefax note book equally desirable in school or college for the same reasons that make it appeal to Mr. Edison and other leaders, with the added reason that by starting to use this practical note book now you can go right on using it when you leave school and continue to make convenient use of the notes which you made at school.

Besides, with a Lefax note book you can carry with you at all times certain of the printed data sheets containing fundamental tables and formulas to which frequent reference must be made.

The Lefax note book is the link that ties up your school work with the practical work of the world. Start using it now and make your education pay bigger dividends.

TWO SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS

1. Recommend the Lefax note book to students because—

a. It is so handy for students to carry it all the time and thus always be prepared to take notes;

b. There are over 150 different blanks and ruled forms available to fit it;

c. There are 4000 printed data sheets available to fit it;

d. Hundreds of business facts, methods and ideas are published monthly in the Lefax Magazine from which the pages are easily removed and inserted in the Lefax note book.

e. There is a regular system all worked out for indexing and filing notes and data on Lefax sheets;

f. Filing boxes and cabinets are provided in which to systematically file inactive sheets.

THE CADET EXCHANGE

The Chronicle

Clemson College, S. C.

December, 1923

WANTED— A REGULAR GIRL

By E. D. Plowden, '24.

I'm going in search of a sweetheart,
A girl I can call all mine;
To bring joy to my broken heart,
And ease my aching mind.

I want a sweetheart to love me,
Who will always be true;
The girl I am looking for,
Who knows? She may be You.

But the girl I want is a regular girl
No other sort will do,
For a regular girl makes a regular wife,
And a regular mother, too.

—o—

CHRISTMAS

R. H. Smith, '25.

Christmas, with its festive cheer,
Comes to mankind once each year,
And then

All work is laid aside, and love
Such as that of Him above
Rules men.

The crackling blaze of yuletide fire
Is a sight which men will never tire
Of seeing;
For the dancing light the fire makes
Brings hearts together despite their aches
And feelings.

Somehow the spirit of Christmas cheer
Makes all the ones at home more dear
To me.

I thank Thee, Lord, who rules above,
For this one day when we offer love
To Thee.

MY PRAYER AT TWENTY-ONE

F. A. Burley, '26.

Two years ago I was nineteen.
I'm proud of the things I've done and seen,
For I've faced my duties like a man,
And swear to this I surely can;
But tomorrow morn' I'll be twenty-one;
And my boyish fun will then be gone.

Altho' twenty and one, I'll still obey
My earthly parents day by day.
As I leave youth, and now begin
My manhood days, the tho't of sin
Comes rushing in my mind to dwell—
I'll do my bit and do it well.

No friends so kind as mother, dear,
To train her son from year to year;
And father with his helping hand
Will do for me what e'er he can.
With all these tho'ts I'll still obey
My parents, dear, from day to day.

And since I am the oldest child,
I'll act discreety all the while,
For those whose leader I may be—
Thoughtlessly, they will follow me.
Now let me lead no one aside,
But feel that I'm a worthy guide.

Thoughts of the past I'm thinking o'er;
Oh, how I wish they'd come once more!
But since they have gone, our future's to come—
I hope that I can help some one
To live a clean and righteous life
So that he will not suffer strife.

Now let me say (then I'll be done)
I hope I've cheered up some one
Just stop and think who loves you, dear;
Then face all men without a fear:
God make me a friend of all good men
And keep me clean and free from sin.

PERSEVERANCE

J. G. Lewis, 2nd. '24.

Perseverance is one word in which is written the political, industrial, economical, and biographical history of America. In this one word is summed up all the events that are responsible for the greatness of our country. Every single achievement, every advanced step in government, and every scientific discovery is the result of perseverance. A nation advances or declines according to the power of persistence its people possess. The achievements of any individual can be measured, not by his mental or physical abilities, but by his ability to persist in his chosen field of work. The world's greatest men were not born with any special ability, but they became great because they did not give up and quit. Christopher Columbus, George Washington, Thomas Edison, and all other great men have paid the price of success with long years of hard work and study, often with bitter disappointments. They did not stop and turn back when they met with hard work and adversities, but they continued to strive towards their goal. Let us turn to the history of some of these men.

Just four hundred and thirty-one years ago, on the night of October the eleventh, three tiny ships were gradually making their way westward into what was then an unknown sea. On this peculiar night, the captain of this tiny fleet was extremely anxious. Mutiny was in the air. The efforts of a lifetime were in the balance. Many days had passed since the men had seen the sight of land many nights had passed since they had viewed the lights of Palos, Spain, the port from which they had come, many days and nights had been days and nights of terror to the superstitious crew, not one of whom had ever before been beyond the sight of land. These superstitions and simple-minded men

believed that the unknown sea just ahead of them was inhabited by strange fish and strange animals, only waiting to swallow them. Dissatisfaction was visibly depicted on the face of every sailor as the men stood about the deck in mutinous groups ready to throw overboard the man who stood between them and their homes. Many times they had insisted on their turning back, but just as many times had Columbus refused, promising presents and money to the man who first saw land. But the promise of presents and money did not quiet the men. A less-determined spirit would have broken before these fierce men, but Columbus was determined to continue. For many years he had been waiting, begging, and fighting for a chance to prove that the earth is round and that India could be reached if one would sail far enough westward. If he turned back now, he would be admitting failure, and Columbus knew not the word. Firm in his belief that he could reach India by sailing westward, he stood his ground, one against many. Threats of violence could not move him. Words were of no avail. Turn back, he would not. He had started to prove that the earth is round and he would succeed or die in the attempt. He held his men on their course until the dawn of the next day when they saw in the distance, the long low shore lines. The cry "land!land!" sounded in the air like the roar from a cannon on that long-to-be-remembered day—Friday October 12, 1492, Christopher Columbus had discovered a new world and won for himself great honors and immortal fame, simply because he would not quit and turn back.

The Colonies of America were freed from the British rule by the faith and perservance of a few strong and brave men who fought until the end for a cause that they thought to be right. Think of Washington during the terrible winter in Valey Forge. His men, who were poorly trained, poorly

clad, poorly fed, and poorly sheltered, were fighting the well-trained and well-kept British army. But the British army did not have what Washington had and what he instilled into his men—that never-give-up spirit—and Washington won.

Thomas Edison's rise from obscurity to fame was not an accident. His greatest gift to mankind—the electric light, which made him famous and wealthy, was not a small task to be accomplished in a few hours. Years and years of constant experiment, study, and work were the means by which he produced it.

Such is the history of all great men. No need to limit the importance of perseverance to a certain number of years. It goes back to the beginning of time. Since the day history was first recorded, there has not been a single instance named in which success came to the man who quit; and there never will be, because perseverance is a necessary attribute of success.

There is an old saying that "well begun is half done," and it is true. But no matter what you begin, it will always remain "half done" until it is finished. You can't expect to "get there" just by starting. You have to go all the way. Days may come when everything goes wrong. It's an "off day." You can't make any progress and you become discouraged. You begin to think that the whole world is against you and you are ready to give up and say, "What's the use?" Right there is the time to remember that the men who have achieved greatness, the men who have won fame, often met with reverses and disappointments, but that every time they failed, they went to their tasks with renewed effort. Every failure gave them just that much more determination.

Don't get impatient and discouraged with a seeming lack of progress. The best things are the hardest to get, and the things that you can pick up with

just a little effort usually are not worth that effort. When a man has mastered the things that make for success in any field of endeavor, he has accomplished something; he has honored himself. The result is worth everything that can possibly be put into the work. The world needs men with perseverance, it needs men with that bull-dog spirit of never letting go—the spirit that wins. **DON'T QUIT.**

MY TIGER BABY

F. B. Leitzsey, '26

I saw you lick ole' Auburn
To a zero nothing tie;
My soul was ever with you when you
Made the Gamecock's feathers fly;
I saw you rip up P. C's. line,
Assuredly with much ease;
I saw you reduce ol'e Furman
From Hurricane to breeze.
My heart is ever with the Tigers
Where'er they may be.
This is the song my Tiger Baby sang
To me.

IN LIFE

F. B. Leitzsey, '26.

This life is just a book
That fate keeps every day.
You may take from it whate'er you wish,
But for what you take you pay.

Still in the strife we get out of life
The things that really are worth while;
So face your trials with courage, ol'e boy,
And pay your debts with a smile.

GIFTS FROM THE GODDESS OF CHANGE

R. L. Griffin, '24.

James Standley Mallory was downhearted. He did not relish the interview with his father, Cyrus Mallory. Taking a deep breath he finally opened the door marked "Private," and walked into the office of that austere individual who was the head of one of the most successful banks in the state.

"You wished to see me this morning, sir?"

"Hum, very much so," was the discomfoting reply. "Just a moment."

President Mallory resumed his scrutiny of what was evidently an absorbing problem. He was a man ostensibly in the fifties, with a staunch chin which accentuated the stern stability symbolized in the firm mouth. The soft brown eyes hinted of the kindness and of the jovial nature in the man, which became apparent only during hours of relaxation from his duties as the central figure in the bank. Finally he wheeled around to face the immaculately dressed son who bore a striking resemblance to what the latter fondly called the "governor."

"Yes, I believe I told you last evening to be here promptly at eleven o'clock," glancing at his watch, "hum—a quarter to twelve."

"I started from home at ten-thirty, sir," Standley interrupted, "but on the way over I saw Sarah Hughes, who asked me to take her over to West Lane," referring to a suburb of the city.

"Very well," replied Cyrus Mallory, "that is just what I wish to speak of. Your idleness is beginning to irritate me, and the late hours you habitually keep are a continual worry to your mother. I want you to understand that I expected you to do something after your graduation last June, and here six months have passed without any effort on your

part to settle down to work. You probably know that I am not a man who often changes his mind, and I have decided that your indolent conduct shall cease."

"I might find employment in the bank," began Standley; but the elder Mallory interrupted with a gesture of impatience.

"I should have consented to such six months ago, but now I insist that you prove your ability in some other vocation. Seriously, I doubt that you could subsist three months without me and my money. If you can, do so, and I shall then be more nearly willing to give you a responsible position in the bank. Although you may not like the admonition, I won't have a man in my business who is not self-reliant."

As the elder Mallory talked, Standley realized that this was no ordinary "lecture," but that indeed his father was in earnest. Quickly following this realization came, first, resentment, then, an acute determination to show the "governor" that for once he was mistaken in his estimation of a man's worth.

"All right, governor; I am going to surprise you. I'll show you that this time you are mistaken. I'll get a job, and, unless I am badly fooled, I shan't ask any favor of you. Goodbye, and good luck to you," Standley added, holding out his hand. Cyrus slowly clasped his son's hand, he wondered had he possibly been too hasty in precipitating what might terminate in a schism. This was more than Cyrus through now since Standley seemingly meant business.

Without more ado Standley left the office. He could not suppress a hearty "damn" as he heard a twitter of laughter from several of the feminine assistants who evidently guessed the nature of the interview with his father. Outside the building he paused to think. This was the second day of December: Forty-two dollars in his pocket remained

from his monthly allowance which he had received on the yesterday. That, with his extensive wardrobe, represented his total assets. The smart roadster which he customarily used was really his father's property, he soliloquized; and since his resolution forbade his using his father's property, he would not now consider it as his own.

From his father's bank Standley set out for the Appleton Second National Bank, but, to his dismay, he found that there was no vacancy in the offices of the Second National. Subsequent efforts during the remainder of the day to secure work proved equally as fruitless. At night-fall he encountered another problem. He had almost boastfully intimated to his father that he would not require assistance from him. Now to return home for the night, and face his father with news of his failure to secure a position? Never! Finally he decided to remain for the night at one of the city's hotels. Snug between the covers of his bed, he began to recapitulate. During the war, jobs had been easy. he thought, to secure. To all appearances he was destined to have quite a bit of trouble before he could find employment. In the morning, he decided, he would get a newspaper and see whether or not any positions were advertised as unfilled. It would be better to do almost any kind of respectable work, even manual labor, than to admit to the "governor" his dependency. Yes, the paper would surely help. With this satisfying thought he fell asleep.

The next morning Standley found, after paying for his night's lodging, that his monetary status registered exactly thirty-three dollars. He had risen comparatively early, and going out upon the street, he spied a newsboy.

The advertisement which Standley read a few minutes later appeared only in "The Herald." If

this newsboy had had no Herald, if he had not happened along just as he did; if Standley had drowsed in his room a moment longer; if he had failed through that peculiar faculty termed by those ecologists a sixth sense to select this particular boy and paper, if—a thousand ifs—if it had not all happened at fate decreed, my “tale probably would not be told.”

What he saw was:

WANTED—Young man of neat appearance to act as secretary. Must be well-mannered, intelligent, and able to converse fluently. Apply in person. 700 Ridgeway, Springfield. ———.

As Standley read this, his mind formulated a unique plan. The idea came as an impulse—full grown. Anything to show the “governor” that not all “Wall Street Diplomas” are signed by bank presidents. He decided to take the chance of going to Springfield. Little did he know all that the immediate future held for him because of this decision. Standley then consulted a time-table, and finding that he could leave for Springfield at 10:10 A. M., he hurried home, and hastily packed a trunk. Mothers are invariably full of curiosity. Its natural. Standley told his mother that he would be away from the city for possibly several months. He made his way to the station in time to have his trunk checked and to catch the train. He had been seated only a few moments when the conductor came through. Standley gave his ticket and strolled into the observation car. A bevy of pretty girls were incessantly chattering. Ordinarily Standley would have liked to found some excuse for an introduction, but, he reflected, as he was through with frivolity for the time being, he would content himself with their passive company.

Arriving in Springfield some ten hours later, Standley decided to look up 700 Ridgeway, that night. A policeman pointed out his destination to

him, which proved to be a tastefully kept mansion well back from a neat boulevard. Standley felt the uncertainty experienced by one asking for one's first job. Squaring his shoulders he walked up the circular roadway leading to the house. He pressed the button at the door, and was answered by a stoic individual whom he surmised to be the butler.

"Ah—er," muttered Standley, and then remembering the requisite of the advertisement relative to fluency of speech, proceeded, "I came in answer to this advertisement." He didn't fail to place the accent on the second syllable of his last word. He handed the newspaper to the butler.

"Yes," drawled the man, "be seated, please." I shall make inquiry to ascertain whether or not Mr. Whitmore is unoccupied. 'Twould be, however, unusual, should he welcome an interruption just now."

"Gee whiz!" said Standley to himself, "this fellow must train his servants in these jaw-breaking words. I'll have to watch my step."

"Come into the library, Sir. Mr. Whitmore will spare you a few moments."

Standley followed. The room into which he was led was an innovation in its uniqueness. Books met the eyes from each of the four walls. A high mantel of polished oak, superimposed by a similar structure, radiated the redundancy of literature. A richly colored carpet lent its warmth to the room and added to its cosmetic effect. The chairs of sumptuous upholstery and the commodious reading table were neatly arranged, not with a painful precision, but with convenient freedom. "No argument; this place is quite the berries," thought Standley.

Mr. Whitmore did not speak. Obviously he intended for Standley to open the conversation.

"Mr. Whitmore, I believe," began Standley. "My name is John Moore—John Stewart Moore," he supplemented: "I saw your advertisement in the morn-

ing paper in my home town and decided to come over and interview you. Not unlikely you would like to see my credentials. I haven't any. Frankly, I have never done any work, but I hope that fact may not impress you unfavorably. I believe I can act in the capacity of your secretary efficiently if you will give me the opportunity. If you employ me, since I have no recommendation to show you, you will probably be taking a gamble on my ability." Standley paused; he wished Whitmore would not be so taciturn. "Well," he blurted, unconsciously reverting to slang, "What'a—you-say, 'm I hired?"

Whitmore languidly knocked the ash from his cigarette, and peered intently at his admirably manicured nails.

"Mr. Moore, John, did you say? Well, John, I have refused employment to five men today whom I judge were of mediocre ability. I want efficiency. I want a man who can take an idea and develop it into a letter of character, so to speak, punctilious or admonitory as the case may necessitate. I want a man who will take initiative in making every detail of my house correct. I am not married, and my taste is for exactness—everything just so," he explained. Think you can qualify?"

"I do," returned Standley, wishing to turn the deal.

"We agree then. You are not unhandsome, and from your introduction, which I realize," Whitmore smiled, "might have been previously prepared. I should conclude that you are not without a finite quantity of erudition. Perkins will show you your room, and tomorrow morning you will begin your duties, which I shall then explain more fully to you."

"Good-night, then, and—many thanks." Once in his new quarters, Standley smiled. It was ludicrous to think that he, Standley Mallory, was secre-

tary to a social ace. At least he sized up Whitmore as such. Wouldn't the boys and girls at home laugh if they knew of his latest escapade. But they would never know it. With this thought he fell off to sleep, and awoke as the sun was sending its rays into his face. He jumped from bed, took a cool bath, and donned a smart tweed suit. Descending the stairs he was surprised to find Whitmore had already breakfasted, and was awaiting him.

"As a rule I rise early." Whitmore explained: "makes me feel better during the day at the bank." So he was a banker too, thought Standley. He wondered what office Whitmore held. Must be Vice-president, at least.

"And now your routine of duty, further than explained last evening, includes attention to such matters as a dance which will take place next Monday evening. There will, I think, be several samples of cards in the noon mail. I always prefer a card dance. Make your selection, and let me see if our tastes are coincident. I shall be in at about one o'clock, and—oh, I almost forgot—you will be paid weekly if you so desire, as you probably will; thirty-five per.

"Yes, sir, good-day." Standley went to his desk, reclined comfortably in an easy chair and thought. He felt rather proud of himself; it was a new sensation to be independent of paternal help. Thirty-five a week. Yes he could live on that, and with social obligations nil, he could save part of his earnings.

As Whitmore had predicted, the noon mail delivery brought several samples of dance program cards. Standley thought the dull green leather design the best. The gentleman's card was in the form of a bill-folder inclosing the printed program, while the ladies' pattern enveloped, besides the program, a small mirror and visiting card pocket.

"Yes," observed Whitmore when he examined

Standley's selection, "that is very nice. Order three dozen cards for ladies and about fifty for gentlemen. I'll make out a check to enclose with the order. Tomorrow you may go over to Mrs. Taylor's home. She is one of those to chaperon the dance, and will probably wish to give you some instructions. Have the drawing-room and the veranda arranged by Monday afternoon. I think I shall have evergreens predominate for decorative design. I shall leave this matter in your hands, and I hope that I shall have no complaint to make."

CHAPTER II.

Monday afternoon Standley had used his knowledge of such affairs to good effect. He felt that Whitmore could find no fault with his arrangements for the evening's entertainment for him and his friends. Indeed, when Whitmore made his inspection Monday afternoon he was obviously well pleased with the preparatory measures.

At ten o'clock the orchestra had taken its place in a semi-circular arrangement of ferns, and, soon after, the first guests began to arrive. The decorous Mr. Whitmore was showing exquisite tact in receiving the couples, and in seeing that things were going smoothly. By eleven o'clock the dance was in full sway, and Standley, who held his position in a discreet background, could not but envy the good time the entrancing girls and delightful music made possible. That fellow with his hair so exactly parted in the middle surely could make a saxophone talk. Standley was so situated that he could see the door leading to the veranda. A party had just arrived. Whitmore was going forward to receive them.

"Ah, Virginia, here you are at last. I was beginning to wonder about you. Good-evening, Henry," to her escort; "so glad to have you both. Doff your wraps and join the party."

Whitmore and his friend retired to the room set aside as a repository for the men, and the girl he had called Virginia started to the boudoir upstairs. At the first step she paused, seemed to search in a glance for Whitmore, but, finding that he had disappeared, she spied Standley. Evidently she recognized his sphere of duty, for, coming over to him, she exclaimed, "Are you Mr. Whitmore's secretary?" She paused.

"Yes, a sort of domestic **charge d'affaires**," smiled Standley.

"Father asked me to mail this letter on our way over, and I declare, I forgot it; if you could see that it is mailed"—

"With pleasure; I can place it in my desk, and shall mail it early in the morning."

"Thank you so much, and, by the by, since it is a business letter, would you mind telling me your name? Father is so particular."

"John Moore, Miss—er—"

"Evans," she completed, and then, as if fearful she was allowing a too intimate conversation between her and Whitmore's secretary, she hurried up the stairway with a repetition of "thanks."

"Ge whiz," meditated Standley, "some chick! Wouldn't mind meeting her in my home town where we could be on the same social plane." Then he walked over to his desk and slipped the somewhat bulky envelope into a pigeon-hole. He relaxed in his chair to while the time away listening to a lively foxtrot. He had been thus engaged for some time when his attention was attracted by voices in the smoking room near by.

"I tell you, Whitmore, you've got to call a stockholders' meeting at once. This is an important deal, and if we let old Sullivan beat us to it, it will give his bank prestige in the State. It's a big thing; our bank is one of the few, besides Sullivan's, big enough to handle it. It's imperative that we land it. If we only knew—"

But that was all that Standley heard, as the men were now joining the revelers of the dance. He dismissed further thought of it and returned to his dozing. About two o'clock he felt the need of a little fresh air and strolled out upon the lawn. Several couples had obviously felt a like desire; anyway, he noticed quite a few automobiles which were parked along the entrance road were occupied, and he consequently avoided going in that direction. He walked slowly out upon the soft grass. Almost before he was aware of the fact, he came upon a man and a girl conversing softly. The arch of wistaria and intervening rhodoendron concealed the two from Standley's view.

"Virginia," said a voice which Stradley recognized as Whitmore's "you must realize that I love you."

"But Whit—"

"Don't interrupt please, Virginia. I know it must be difficult now-a-days for a girl to realize when a man is in earnest. It's all because so many abuse what is a sacred thing—one's word of love. I know that even I, when I was a kid in college, used to say 'sweet nothings' to the girls I would have up for a dance, but now it's different. I am thirty-five years old—old enough, you ought to consider, to know my own mind, Oh! I feel absurdly helpless. In a business deal I can back my word with my money, but in a matter like this, I have only my word; if it is rejected, I am hopeless. Won't you believe me?" he added tensely.

Standley did not like to eavesdrop a conversation, but he felt a queer sensation when he heard the name, Virginia, and afterwards he admitted that he walked away very slowly in order to hear the next words.

"I know Whit, old dear; and don't think I do not appreciate what you say, but—oh, Whit, let's go back and dnace; let's not miss the fun."

"Gosh, I'm a fool," thought Standley, quickening his pace. "Never had seen her before tonight. Guess I'm still a kid to fall for a girl when I have never spoken a dozen words to her."

He could hear the strains of "Home, Sweet Home," played first as a waltz, then quickened suddenly into foxtrot time, only to fall again into a dreamy terpsichorean charm. Several were saying conventional good-nights. He hurried into the house by a side entrance, and half an hour later, after all had departed, he saw Whitmore.

"A splendid affair, sir; a complete success, don't you think?"

"Yes, very neatly carried through. Incidentally, Moore, several complimented me in my decorative taste, which was due largely to your efforts. Yes, pretty well pleased with—er, most things." Standley thought the "most things" was added as an after thought, and as though Whitmore was talking to himself. He wondered why he connected it with the conversation he had overheard on the lawn.

The next morning Standley began the supervision of restoring the house to its customary order. Hardly had he begun though when his thoughts returned to one whom he had semi-consciously given the sobriquet of "Queen of the Dance." Simultaneously, he remembered the letter.

"Back in a minute, Perkins. I have to mail a letter, he said, going to his desk. "Gee Whiz, now I thought I put that letter in here," he muttered to himself. "Damn, where he—. Say- Perkins, where is Mr. Whitmore? Gone? Oh, well, all right. Must have seen it and mailed it himself," he soliloquized, "I had one of my own on the desk too. He must have mailed them both." Dismissing the matter from his mind for the time being, he returned to his work.

At lunch Whitmore seemed in high spirits, and

took deep concern when Standley asked him about the letter.

"A letter?" Why yes. Addressed to a Mrs. Mallory, I believe. Mailed it myself—"

"Yes, sir, but what about a big brown one?"

Whitmore hesitated, Standley thought, just an instant; then, "Big brown envelope? Haven't seen any such kind of letter. Why do you ask?"

"Oh, I just thought I remembered seeing one such on the writing desk last night. Maybe it was a mistake on my part." Some intuition had prompted him to dodge the direct question. May be it was that second's queer look of Whitmore's. Standley decided he would at least report its loss to Miss Evans, even though he did feel reluctant to admit to her what must seem to be stupidity on his part.

"Perkins," said Standley after Whitmore had left, "I shall have to run to town for a few miscellaneous articles. Just continue removing the plants while I am absent." Then he went out to the garage and drove out one of Whitmore's cars, and was soon speeding up the boulevard to the address of Dr. W. J. Evans, as found in the telephone directory. "Wonder if this is the place," he pondered, as a big white house of colonial design came into view. "Eleven twenty-nine, yes, must be; and, climbing out of the car, he lightly ran up the broad steps. "Miss Evans in?" he inquired of the maid who answered the door, "Miss Virginia Evans, yes. Thanks, I'll wait here."

Ten minutes later the "Queen of the Dance" paused before him.

"Oh, yes, Mr. Moore, isn't it? What can—Will you come in? You wished to see me personally? I suppose you didn't forget to mail the letter?"

Standley seated himself, once inside, and Virginia Evans wondered at the ease with which he conducted himself. Many men, at least of his station, and

some of the others, she reflected, were a little embarrassed in her presence, a fact which gave her a secret thrill.

"That's just what I wished to tell you, Miss Evans," confessed Standley; "a most disconcerting thing has happened. I could have sworn—, I mean I declare I thought I placed your letter in my desk last evening, but this morning when I intended to mail it, I could find it nowhere. To say that I am indeed sorry does not express my chagrin over the matter. Was it very important? I believe you said it was a business letter."

"Why, yes, it was, and, frankly, I am afraid it is quite important. Let me call father: I think he came in just before you arrived."

"Just a moment; before you tell your father of the mishap let me make another search for it." Standley's heart sank at the thought of facing the "old man." Then feeling that the request would seem to her uncalled for, he added, "Virg—Miss Evans, this may sound foolish to you, but I know that I put your letter in my desk. This morning it was not there. Those are facts which I, at least, know. Now someone removed it evidently. You may even suspect me of duplicity. Let he have, say, three days in which I may attempt to recover the letter. If by that time I can not find it you may censure me for my conduct in not being more careful."

"I see no reason why father should not know of its loss. On the contrary, he ought to be told of it."

"You may be right," agreed Standley, "but if it is explained to him, he will likely make a big fuss over it. If I can find it today or tomorrow, say, why, he will be spared the anxiety of its apparent loss, and I shall avoid being criticised."

Suddenly she changed her tactics. "Very well then, but let me know the minute you find it."

CHAPTER III.

"One—two—four—seven, please. Hello Pinkston Detective Agency? "Mr. Pinkston in?" "At the 'phone?" This is Virginia Evans, Mr. Pinkston, at 1129 Ridgeway. Will you come over at six o'clock?" "Dandy. I'll expecce you then. Good-bye."

Virginia sighed. This was very irritating. Maybe she had done wrong in not calling her father to talk to the man who so carelessly lost his letter. But if the letter could be found, she would avoid admitting its temporary loss to her father. That secretary was a handsome fellow, she reflected. She was interrupted in her soliloquy by Pinkston.

"Come in, Mr. Pinkston. I am Virginia Evans. I have some work which I wish you to do." Pinkston assumed an attentive atmosphere.

Fifteen minutes later Pinkston made his leave.

"Don't worry" he assured her, "I'll look into it myself, and I think it will come out O. K."

* * * *

Standley switched on his flashlight. Barefooted, he crept cautiously into the room. Whitmore's private study," he mused, "Wouldn't do for him to catch me here, but that confounded queer look he had when I asked him about the letter makes me suspect something is not all well. Guess he is well asleep by now though. Hum, not in any of these drawers."

Suddenly the room was flooded with light.

"Put 'em up." Instinctively, Standley raised his hands. "Well, did you get what you were looking for?" said Whitmore, "I thought that we agreed that thirty-five a week is enough. This can mean only one thing, Moore," he added approaching Standley; but he got no further. As he approached, Standley, with a dexterous twist of his foot—a trick

he had learned from the coach at old college---tripped Whitmore. Simultaneously his right arm shot out at his opponent's jaw. But Whitmore, too, was something of an athlete, and as Standley struck, Whitmore, stumbling to regain his balance which was overthrown by the foot-thrust, made a pass at Standley, at the same time contingently dropping his pistol. The men grabbed, and Standley realized that his employer was a man of no mean strength.

"Take that, damn you," and Standley felt a blow just above the pit of his stomach. But he did not answer; he was saving his breath for action. With a mighty effort Standley lifted his adversary off the floor and deliberately fell forward, closing Whitmore under him. He felt for the man's throat and found it. Gradually Whitmore's struggling efforts relaxed; then ceased. Standley looked at the purple face. Then he rose slowly and, securing a hand cord, made fast Whitmore's arms and legs. He knelt over the man. Evidently he was only temporarily "knocked out." A little cold water would bring him around. Standley procured a glass of water and poured over the bruised head. Finally Whitmore began to move; then he opened his eyes.

"You will pay for this if I have to chase you to H——," he hissed.

"Cafeteria," taunted Standley, who felt rather satisfied with the outcome of the struggle.

"Cafeteria H——. What are you talking about. You repro—."

Cafeteria—just walk right up and help yourself. You don't have to chase me anywhere, Whitmore. Now you may remain as you are, and I'll proceed as I started—to search for a certain brown letter. You may not know anything of it, but I have a premonition that you do. Anyway, I am gambling on the chance, and, incidentally, I am a

good loser. If I don't find it, I'll stand the damages. I'll just begin now."

"No you don't. Stay where you are. If ye move I'll fill ye full o'lead." Standley wheeled around to face the red haired Pinkston.

"Who are you?"

"That's all right, who I am. Take a glance at this button," displaying his plain-clothes police badge," and prepare to come along. Hurt you much, Mr. Whitmore?" to that bedraggled individual. "Well," slipping the handcuffs over Standley's wrists, and turning to free Whitmore, "you can drop around to the station tomorrow morning and make the charges. A pretty mess for you, young man," to Standley. "Assault on Mr. Whitmore and burglary, I take it."

"Officer, I have to attend a most important meeting at the bank tomorrow morning. Would it be all right to prefer charges against this reprobate in the afternoon?"

"Meeting at the bank tomorrow morning." Standley registered mentally. His heart sank as he began to feel a premonition of the brown letter playing some sinister part in that meeting.

"Yes, I guess so, sir. Anyway, if we need you sooner," said Pinkston, "we'll call you up. Need any further help?—No?—Then I'll just take care of my capture. Come along, son," and he shoved Standley through the door.

"Say, Officer, have a care will you. That's no way to handle—even a reprobate," he smiled in spite of his throbbing head.

As Standley walked along with the detective, he began to recount the events of the last twenty-four hours. Whitmore had made no reference to the officer about the letter: if he had not known something about it, figured Standley, he would have told Pinkston that Standley had made mention of

the fact that he was searching for a letter in a brown envelope. Obviously, Whitmore wanted to keep that part of the night's game quiet. Then the whole scheme began to unfold itself to Standley's mind. With the downing knowledge of the plot, Standley realized that action—immediate action—was essential. He must act before the meeting to which Whitmore had referred should take place on the morrow. But how could he do it when he was confined to jail. Jail! Ye Gods, what would the "governor" say to that. He was tempted to wire the governor of his predicament, but he remembered his boost—that he would live three months without seeking aid from his father. No, he would stick it out now. Yet he **had** to be free before morning.

"What about bail, officer?" he queried.

"No chance, son," was the disconcerting reply. "First time?" and seeing he was not understood, Pinkston added, "Never been taken up before?"

"No; why?"

"Well, maybe if you act right before the judge you won't get so much.

"Say, officer, I have a terrible ache in my head. What about stopping in this drug store for some aspirin? Will take only a minute."

"Oh, all right, I guess so; but hurry up: I am about ready to turn in for the night. Let's shake it up."

Once in the drug store Standley became the object of all eyes. He felt a hot flush come over his face; but, as he must keep cool in order to carry out the plan which he had impulsively decided upon, he, with a superlative effort at nonchalance, approached a clerk and asked, "Some aspirin, please." To his relief, Pinkston began to talk to a patrolman who happened to be in the store.

"And say," he added, taking care that Pinkston's attention was not detracted, "I have a cut on my

arm. Give me a small package of iodine and a bottle of ammonia. Solid iodine, please: all in one package." Pinkston accepted a cigar from his co-worker, only glancing occasionally at his handcuffed prisoner. Soon the clerk returned, and Standley managed to get the package into his pocket with his pocket with his two hands, and likewise to pay the man for his chemicals. "Thank you, officer; we'll go on now if you are ready," and the two proceeded to the lock-up.

Once alone in his cell Standley did not hesitate. He was taking a desperate chance, he realized; but the impulse of a suddenly formed idea gave him stimulus to attempt to carry out his plan. It was nearing five o'clock, a. m. Twenty minutes would be enough time to await before acting. He sat down upon the cot. Taking the package from his pocket he unwrapped it and examined the contents. Gee! he was glad he had studied chemistry while in college. He went to the barred window, and taking the tin cup that Pinkston had given him with which to take his aspirin, he dashed out the water. Then he emptied the iodine from the box into the cup. Carefully he poured in the ammonia until the iodine was thoroughly wet with it. Then he corked the ammonia remaining in the bottle so as to keep down, as much as possible, the ammoniacal odor. He placed the cup in the window and sat down on his cot. It ought to be dry in ten minutes he judged, as he remembered that ammonia is very volatile.

"Hey, what's that thar I smell?" came from an unkempt head suddenly appearing at his cell door.

"The cop that brought me here let me have some ammonia to revive me," expounded Standley, "just had a little scrap which knocked the pep out of me."

"All right, better lie down and sleep; that'll be

best. Think I'll get some sleep m'self," and the man sauntered away.

Ten minutes later Standley examined the bars of the window opening. Quietly, but rapidly, he began to chip with his knife the brick immediately around the base of two of the bars. Next he examined again the contents of the cup. To his satisfaction he found it quite dry. Carefully he took a small quantity of the substance, and began to cautiously pack it into the hollow in the brick around the two bars. Remembering the extremely explosive property of nitrogen iodide, Standley feared lest his knife should detonate it during the packing. Finally he completed his task. Taking his blanket from the cot, he wound it around the bars and over the iodide. That ought to muffle the sound a good bit, he thought. Everything once in readiness he hesitated before taking the final step. But remembering the value of time, he stepped back, and with the rude mirror of the cell he jarred one of the bars. A deadened report followed immediately. He jumped to the window; gave a tug at the bars, and, to his joy, found that they were free at the lower end. Then he pulled them apart and squeezed through the opening.

Once outside he realized that he must act quickly. Taking a deep breath he vaulted the fence, making his way rapidly to a rear street back of the jail and thence, by a narrow alley, to the main thoroughfare. The sun was just rising, and, to his satisfaction, he did not encounter many people on the street. He headed for Ridgeway, and twenty minutes later he saw the colonial residence of Dr Evans. What if the old man himself answered the door, he considered. But luck was with him. Hearing the sound of a horse gallop he turned and saw Virginia in a neat riding costume. At the sight

of the now uncouth figure of Standley she checked her horse.

"Well, Mr. Secretary. What now?"

Standley thought she could not have possibly looked more beautiful.

"May I come in and talk to you for a few moments, Virginia?" he ventured the use of her first name. "Here, this will do, if you please," seating himself of the steps of the portecochere. "Listen, Virginia; call me a fool if you will, but I must say this. Ever since I first saw you I have realized that I love you. Please don't start so; and do not think me too audacious: I must tell you this too: my name is not John Moore. My real name is Standley Mallory. Tonight I was caught searching for your letter in Whitmore's study. He——"

"But why, Whit——"

"I just haven't time to tell all' Virginia. I must hurry. Whitmore surprised me during my search, and after the tustle with him in which I finally bested him, some fool detective appeared on the scene and arrested me."

Arrested you! last night? Did they——"

"I managed to make a get-away, but no doubt they are after me right now. Virginia," he said gently, "when I say that I love you I realize that likely you cannot reciprocate my love, but as the last few days of my life have been a gamble, I am chancing this too. Hope is a great goodess, and—I hope."

"Oh, Standley," said Virginia, and it seemed to Standley there was a tone of regret in her voice. "I told that detective, Mr. Pinkston, to follow you and it was my fault that you were arrested. Standley, I am so sor——Look! Isn't that he?"

Indeed it was. "Listen, dear; I must hurry. I may be mistaken: if so, Lord help us——me, but I think I have the goods on Whitmore. If I am

right—" She missed the remainder. Standley dodged around the house and hurriedly made his way into the business district of the city. Entering the telegraph office, he wrote:

Mr. Cyrus Mallory,
Appleton——.

You win, Governor. One more favor. Heard you say once you own stock in the bank in Springfield. Is it the Citizen's? If so make me proxy at today's meeting. Highly important.

For fifty minutes, which seemed eternity, Standley bent low over a newspaper in the telegraph office, fearful lest some passing pedestrian might recognized him. He had no doubt but that only the red haired detective, but the entire corps of city police, were searching for him. Perhaps his very boldness in not shunning the business sections made his detection less liable. He consulted the clock on the wall. Thirteen minutes until nine. Suppose the stockholders' meeting was at nine o'clock! Would the governor never answer! Or was he going to fail him now when he needed him most? At eight fifty-one the answer came. It read:

Bearer, instead of first named James Fishburn, my proxy at today's meeting.

Cyrus Mallory.

"Whoopee! Good old governor! Now for the home sprint!" Out the door he dashed, making his way towards the Citizen's Bank Building. In his zeal he attracted considerable attention: a man with such disheveled hair, and running at such a space down a public street naturally would attract one's notice. At the corner of Ninth street and Pendleton Avenue the traffic officer held up his hand. At the same time standley noticed a citizen scrutinizing him intently.

"Damn," he muttered. "Pinkston!" It was a

mutual recognition, but just then Standley saw a sign over a large doorway across the crowded street which spurred him to a final effort. It read:

"Citizens Bank of Springfield."

Bounding across the street despite of the traffic officer's shout. Standley gained the entrance of the building. He looked back and saw Pinkston crossing the street in pursuit. Standley rushed to a side door leading to rooms in the rear of the service that body of men he had to see. He walked thata body of men he had to see. He walked through and opened the other door. The sight he beheld literally took his breath.

"Governor!" he cried, "you here!"

"Come in, Standley," invited his father; then smiling, "lock the door: we do not want another interruption."

Standley's eyes fell on Whitmore. The latter had a noticeable swelling under his right eye.

"Just a moment, Mr. Mallory," said Whitmore. "I forgot a document we shall need." But as he started to the door Standley blocked his passage.

"Governor, I don't understand all that I know about this business, but," throwing the key to the locked door out the open wondow, "Mr. Whitmore will stay right here until after the meeting is adjourned."

"Why, Standley, what's the trouble?" replied his father, "I guess my vice president may be excused for a few moments if he so desires. Parenthetically, I might mention that Mr. Whitmore has executed a brilliant business stroke for the bank. By some mysterious means which he says is his secret, he has gained information which will enable us to effect a foreign lean of guilt-edge securities which has been competed for by every influential bank in this section of the country."

"How did you answer my telegram if you were not at home?"

"Well, to make a long story brief," said the governor. "I naturally wanted to keep an eye on you when I left Appleton. I wanted to see if you had any get-up-and-go, so to speak, in you. From the ticket agent in Appleton I learned your destination, and subsequently learned of your secretaryship to my vice president," glancing at the now nervous Whitmore. "Your telegram was forwarded from my office at home to me here," he explained "and, although I did not, and do not yet as a matter of fact, know your reason for the request, I wired to my bank at home to send you the answer which you, I suppose, have received. I came over from Appleton last night to attend this very meeting. I knew that, whatever the reason for so peculiar a request from you, I should be here to investigate the outcome. You—"

Suddenly Whitmore, who had been edging his way to the door, inserted his private key and plunged out.

"Halt! Everybody." Each man in that potent assemblage stared at the assiduous little red haired detective who had ostensibly been waiting outside the door.

"Excuse me, gentlemen," he apologized, "I am doubtless causing disturbance to several in whom I am not interested: but there is at least one person here whom I want, and whom I am going to get, and" bitterly, "who has foiled the whole city's force in the last twelve hours."

"See here," from Standley, "let's straighten this whole thing out right now. Mr. Pinkston, you and Whitmore come in and lock that door again. "Look!" seizing Whitmore and drawing the bulky brown envelope from the inside coat pocket. "I was afraid that he had destroyed it: that's where you made your mistake, Whitmore. Governor,

this man is a crook. The uncanny information he gave you was got from this letter which, see for yourself, is addressed to our," unconsciously he used the plural pronoun, "rivial bank. Officer, I charge this man with larceny and intentionally opening mail other than his own, with fraudulent motive. It was just this evidence which I was after last night which caused my arrest and my subsequent escape from jail."

"It's all a damnable lie," contradicted Whitmore, who was making a supreme effort to control his nerves. "He stole that letter from someone the evening of my dance. I found it in his desk."

"I don't think my son is a thief, Whitmore."

"Your son?" exclaimed Whitmore, "I thought he called you gov—"

"Enough from you, Whitmore. I guess Mr. Pinkston will want your company. As for your charge of theft against Standley, I am certain—"

"That's all right, governor. I have proof from the loveliest girl you ever saw that this letter came into my possession at the owner's request, and," he added significantly, "we all see who had it this morning. That ought to show who the thief is."

"Gentlemen, Mr. Whitmore will come with me." said Pinkston. "I think," he assured Standley, "we can fix up with the judge, your little last night's play without much trouble."

After they had gone, Standley dropped into a chair. "Phew," he whistled. "The events of the night have been rather strenuous."

"Well you have earned a reward," said Cyrus Mallory, "and you will get it my boy. If you weren't so young I would nominate you for filling the vacancy left by Whitmore. As it is, I suppose Forthworth," referring to the second vice president, whose eyes brightened visibly at the statement, "will move into that office, and you might take his

place if agreeable to the other gentlemen here present."

Evidently it was. They pressed forward to clasp Standley's hand. It made him feel foolish he said afterwards.

"I fully appreciate your good wishes me—" said Standley, "but there is just one matter—"

"What, something else?" exclaimed one gray haired old gentleman.

"One-eleven, please. Hello, is Virginia in?—Yes, if you please." A knowing smile passed over the countenances of the men present.

"I move we adjourn for the time being," from Mr. Mallory.

"Second—" but the men were filing out the door.

"Hello, Sweetheart, this is Standley.—Yes it worked fine.—No, I am not in jail. Listen, may I see you tonight?—Already have an engagement?—No, don't break it.—With Whitmore! Well, I don't think he will be able to fill it. I'll tell you why when I see you. Eight-thirty then? By."

Standley straightened his tie, smoothed his hair, and walked out upon the street. Gee, it was great to be alive! The old world was a great place after all.

* * * * *

"I am not a tell-tale, Virginia, and I thought you could learn all about Whitmore in the afternoon papers. That is the reason I made myself wait until tonight to see you. I did not have time this morning to tell you why I had changed my name; but, as the newspapers seem to have the whole story, I suppose you know it all. It's funny how they do learn things so quickly. Well, it's all over now, and I have a good job, and—you," he half-quivered.

"Wonderful boy, where have you been all my life?"

Out on the boulevard a serenading duet was singing:

"The hours I spent with thee, dear heart,
Are as a strings of pearls to me;
I count them over, ev'ry one apart,
My rosary; my rosary.

"The hours I spent with thee, dear heart,"
whisperingly echoed Virginia, and rested closer.

—o—

DREAMS

R. H. Smith, '25.

I have a storehouse in my heart
In which I store my dreams
And keep them all, each one a part
Of my very life it seems.

There in my heart, are many kinds
Of dreams that once held sway
O'er my heart and soul and mind—
I'll keep them there always.

Some are shattered, vanished dreams
That time has cruelly broken;
Still this but makes them dearer seem,
For each is yet at precious token.

I live, and love, and plan all things
In dreams that come from my heart,
And my very soul with joy sings
That only dreams can impart.

So while I dream, thus long I live,
And my dreams the loftier grow
As each short year its treasure gives
And the joy of the new we know.

My very life depends on dreams
And when they all do scatter,
My life will end, or so it seems,
For nothing else can matter.

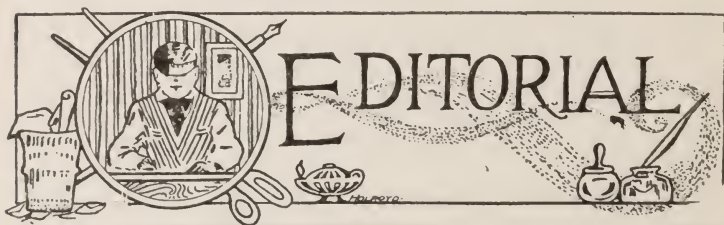
The Clemson College Chronicle

FOUNDED BY THE CLASS OF 1898

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

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

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M. C. Ellison, editor-in-chief
R. H. Smith, associate editor

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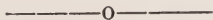
By only a very few repetitions you can form a gripping habit that will take a lifetime to overcome.

CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

What man is there who could doubt that there is a God and live in an atmosphere of Christmas spirit, such as that which prevails the Christian world every Christmas. It is a sad fact that the true meaning of Christmas is somewhat dimmed by riotous celebrations that some are prone to indulge in. But the Christmas spirit that prevails in the home and among friends is a beautiful and tender thing. What a cheerful picture crosses the mind when we think of Christmas morn when we used to get up at the first signs of day and rush to our stockings to see what old "Santa" had brought us. Even though some stockings were none as well filled as others, the gifts served to brighten the souls of the little ones.

What could be finer than that spirit that has grown between friends and is expressed in the saying, "It is better to give than receive?" A very insignificant gift that represents a true Christmas spirit of love, will be as much cherished by a friend as will priceless articles that are given in the wrong spirit. After all, love is the really big thing in giving, whether we are giving to our sweethearts or to our friends; whether we are giving priceless luxuries or cheap trinkets. The spirit of gladness that prevails at Christmas serves to help us to forget our woes and worries. Many family ties are strengthened every year by a cheerful gathering around the old hearth-stone at Christmas time.

—M. C. E.



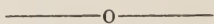
COLLEGE PRESS MEETING

Two members of the staff, M. C. Ellison and R. H. Smith, had the very great pleasure of attending the South Carolina College Press Association, which

held its annual meeting in Spartanburg, as guests of Wofford and Converse. The association is composed of delegates from almost every college weekly and monthly publication in the state. The purpose of the yearly meetings of the association is to give the many representatives a chance to become acquainted and to get new ideas and suggestions from each other. We had several sessions in which we discussed current problems and worries that confront those who are responsible for the publication of college magazines and weeklies.

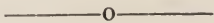
The social side of the press meeting was one of the most delightful features. Receptions and dinners were given in which we made many charming acquaintances. The social features reached a climax in an elaborate banquet at the Cleveland Hotel. We came back from the association with a new vision and new ideas as to what our publications should accomplish.

M. C. E.

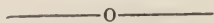


“Man’s life. Man is a glass: Life is a water that’s weekly walled about: Sin brings death: Death breaks the glass: So runs the water out. Finis.”

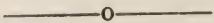
—Life.



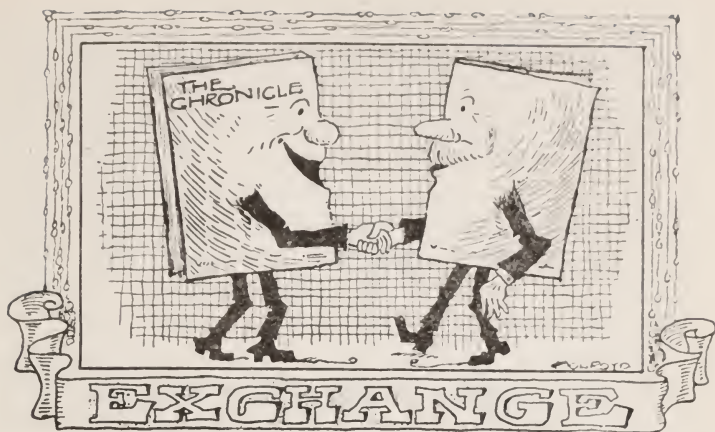
What we need is not people who will rewrite the Bible, but people who will reread it—New York Tribune.



“If a nigger kills another nigger, that’s just one less nigger.” —Greenville Piedmont.



The two chief problems are the high cost of living and the cheapness of human life.—Ashville Times.



J. C. AULL, Editor.

E. C. STEWART, Assistant Editor.

J. C. Aull, Editor.

E. C. Stewart, Asst. Editor.

We received during the past month an unusually large number of exchanges, many of them appearing at the exchange desk for the first time this session. Some, however, have made their second appearance, and we are very glad to see that in most cases a noticeable improvement has been made over the first number. The majority of the magazines reaching us, for the first time, though starting late, seem to be headed in the right direction. We could wish little better for them than that they may be able to keep the pace they have set.

The November issue of **The Erothesian** shows a very marked improvement over the October issue. One need only glance through the two numbers to note the improvement. In the October number the various departments were blended and unattractive. In the November issue, however, these departments are distinctly separated. Cartoons make the department headings much more attractive. A careful study of the two numbers shows also an improvement in quantity and quality of material.

TO THE
MEMORY
OF
PAUL C. JONES, '26
Died December 2, 1923.



L. A. HENRICKS, Editor.

“When ice cream grows on Macaroni trees
When Sahara’s sands grow muddy
When Cats and dogs wear B. V. D’s
That’s the time I like to study.”

“Why do you object to my marrying your daughter?”

“Because you can’t support her in the style which she has been accustomed all her life.”

“How do you know I can’t? I can start her on bread and milk, same as you did.”

“What was that last card I gave you, Mike?”

“A Spade.”

“Shure it wuz. I saw ye spit on yer hand before ye picked it up.”

Engineer—“Why do you water your horse before giving him his oats?”

Ag.—“If I watered him afterward, it would go against the grain.”

The fraction leaned over touched the whole number on the shoulder. “Say,” she whispered nervously, “is my numerator on straight?”

It was a soft, balmy spring night. The moon was at it's zeneth, casting it's mellow radiance on the greensward from a cloudless sky when Jack passionately declared his love.

"My darling," he cried in tones of vibrant emotion, "I will lay my fortune at your feet."

"Oh, but your fortune is not very large," cooed the object of his affection.

"No," he replied affectionately, "but it will look large beside your tiny feet."

He won her.

Rushing Business

"Well, Bloom," a physician asked a young colleague who was just starting in, "how's your practice?"

"In the mornings, practically no one comes," was the reply, "and in the afternoons the rush falls off a bit."—Froth.

DECEMBER THE TWENTY-FIFTH

'Twas Christmas in the harem,
No revelry was heard;
Of follicking or frolicking
The thought to none occured.
The languid ladies lounged about
And hardly spoke a work.

'Twas Christmas in the harem,
No holly wreathes were hung,
No mistletoe was strewed about,
No Christmas chants were sung.
No merry greetings were upon
The tips of every tongue.

'Twas Christmas in the harem,
They sat upon divans,
The harem inmates all perused
Their customary plans.
And this was only right because
They were Mohammedans.

—Life.

The Chronicle

Clemson College, S. C.

January, 1924

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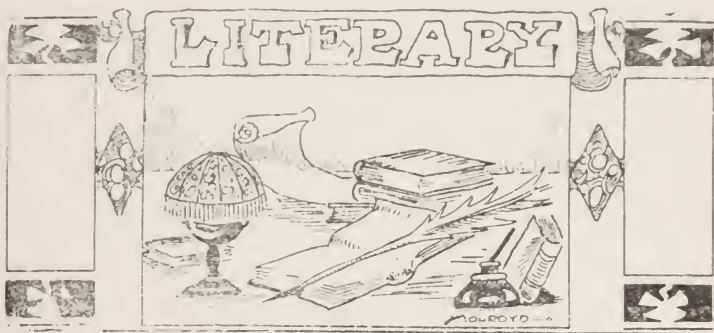
The Clemson College Chronicle

Vol. XXII.

Clemson College, January, 1924

No. 4

Valeat Quantum Valent Potest



EDITORS:

E. D. PLOWDEN, '24.

C. B. KING,

F. E. BUCK

FANCY

K. B. Sanders, '25.

Ragged nerves,
Fleeting thoughts;
Fancy serves
As fancy aught
To carry me

To Marjorie——
Tho mountains,
Land, and sea
Between us be.

From neither the land
Nor yet the sea
Can sever from me
My Marjorie!

MEMORY PLAYS A PRANK

C. C. Stuckey, '24.

It was in 1908, just after the hoop shirt had passed away and in its place had come the small waist and broad-bottomed skirts. The old heroes of the "War-between-the States" were still numerous. The old darkies, both "Mammies" and "Uncles," still admired and served "Ole Massa" and "Ole Missa." It came back like a dream.

Up the hill thru the woods to the gate in the rail fence we go. After entering the gate, we pass on down the shady lane thru the pasture to the foot of the rocky hill where the road winds up among the scattering trees to the mansion on the summit. As the horses puff up the slope, my little heart begins to beat fast with anticipation of seeing granddaddy and grandmother.

At last the carriage reaches the summit and stops at the gate of the paling-fence which encircled the house. There comes granddaddy and behind him kind old grandmother, all smiles and happiness. She grabs mother and kisses her thru the tears of joy. Then she turns to the children—kissing us each in turn. "Now run around to the kitchen and see what Aunt Melissa has for you," she would say. Off we scampered to get Aunt Melissa to remove our wraps and give us some of those good teacakes.

The house was a large two-story house having large rooms and high airy ceilings. Gracious! but didn't it feel roomy and mysterious! I didn't like to stay inside as well as playing out in the yard along the numerous paths among the shrubs. It was fun, also, to slip up under the high floors where ran those big hewn lightwood sills. The

two immense chimneys gave excellent places to hide behind when playing hide-and-seek. It was lots more fun to slip out of the gate and run down the rocky hill to the big sand-bed below. We could build forts and frog houses to our hearts content. If we got weary of this amusement, there was the great log barn, a few yards away, with its spacious loft always full of hay. Grandmother never could get the eggs from the loft. Beck would kick too! Some of us would get a long cane and let one touch the old mule's ears just to see him kick. Whew! if granddaddy only knew, wouldn't he quarrel. Beside the barn was a row of cotton-houses, both log and weather-boarded. Each cotton-house had a porch that was above the sand-bed. We could run along the porch and jump away out into the soft sand.

Around the hill was the broom-sedge where grandmother got her brooms, but I was afraid of it. The boys would tell me that Fred, a cousin, had killed a cat by cutting off his head and had thrown him into the straw-field. The awful thing about the tale was that the cat came back home with his head in his mouth.

In a little while, the great bell near the kitchen began to ring, and we knew dinner was ready. It was a race up the hill to see who would be first.

More of the family have arrived. Good! there is Jim and John to play with brother and me. This dinner passes calmly away, for little time can be spared, since tomorrow is Christmas day.

Before night all the aunts, uncles, and grandchildren have arrived. They will not let us into the great parlor, but we know there is a tree in there. Tomorrow will come and then we shall see the tree. Now, supper comes, and afterwards everyone gathers around the great fireplace in the large dining room where the table has been pushed

back. Tales of all kind are told of Santa Claus and of numerous fairies. Then, all the children have to go to bed. It was hard to go to sleep at first. Gradually sandman passes by with sweet dreams of streaked stick-candy and lollypops.

Early in the morning things begin to stir properly. Aunt Melissa with other helpers begins to rattle pans in the kitchen. The children also begin to stir and prattle. Each hurries to dress and get downstairs. When all are dressed, we can go down. At last they are dressed and go down we go. The parlor doors are thrown open; the tree, huge and towering it seems, is all aglow; and there stand the old people as happy as mortals can be. Gee! there is Santa too. He commands us to gather in a ring around the tree while he gives the presents. First, it is Sally, a large doll; second, it is John, a popgun; and so on thru the children and old people too. Santa finished with a "Merry Christmas to all" and was gone. Happiness was here, there, and everywhere. Even the old darkies came in for a share. The trouble with me was that I hadn't a present yet that Santa said was outside. Granddaddy came over and took me by the hand and said, "Come on." Of course, I went, because that knowing smile meant something. Outside tied to the gate was a goat, and granddaddy said, "It is yours." A goat, the very thing I had wanted all the year.

We had to eat breakfast after these things had been given out. It seemed such a waste of time. All morning, there was so much to see and play with. By dinner we were all hungry. The old folks ate first, because there were too many for one table. After the old folks, all of us crowded in. Gracious! how much there was to eat—turkey, cranberry sauce, ham, biscuit, rice, gravy, and pie and cake of all kinds. It did not take long to get

things quiet. In a few minutes, I looked across the table to see Jim crying. One of my aunts asked, "What is the matter Jim." Jim looked up thru pitiful tears and said. "I-I aint got anymore room."

That evening as all of the children were playing on the hillside, one of the larger boys suggested riding my goat. Fred got on him, but the goat was much too small to hold him up. Fred wouldn't get off either. He kept on straining my goat until the poor creature fell on a root and died. Oh! how I hated that boy for killing my goat which granddaddy had just given to me.

This was the last night that the family would all be together in quite awhile, so the most was made of the occasion. There was a square dance in the large rooms for those who wanted to dance. Old Uncle Bill had his banjo. Jake and Mose had theirs, also. Uncle Bill surely could talk loud and say the funniest things while those couples wheeled about. After everyone had danced enough, refreshments were served. Aunt Melissa surely could make good punch. There were all kinds of fruit, candies, and nut to eat, too.

From all these old happy scenes, I awoke to see the hard facts of today. The hilltop was bare. Fire had greedily devoured that fat old mansion. Nothing remained but the chimneys as silent sentries of the past among those stately old oaks. The garden has grown up and the long grape arbors are hidden in bushes. The old sand-bed remains at the foot of the hill, but nothing except a cornfield of rank corn marks the spot of the old barn. Weeds and logs mark the cotton-houses. Along an adjoining hill there are a number of tenant houses recently built. The old log tobacco barn is used as a wagon shed in an open field. The field is the site where a few years ago were numerous towering long-leaf pines. Everything is

so bleak and barren that one's heart grows sick
to think of what the future will look at our works
and say:

It was but is no more.

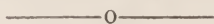
The occupants have passed away

To rest on some peaceful shore.

Yesterday comes no more.

Tomorrow is but a day.

Then, we follow those gone before.



MY MOTHER

By E. D. Plowden, '24

When the evening shadows begin to come,
When the night is falling fast;
When my day's labor has been done,
And my work and play is past;
I sit on the porch, or out on the steps,
While twilight breezes come and go;
And think of one—the sweetest and best
That any young man can come to know.

I think of the times when I was young,
And guided and guarded with utmost care;
When I was led in the ways of right,
And had nothing to worry nor fear.
But now I've grown to manhood, I say,
Outgrown the reach of such care,
Outgrown worries and watchfulness, too,
As I've wandered far and near.

But I see her now as in days gone by,
As she guarded me with motherly care,
And guided me with her watchful eye;
She is my mother, my own mother dear.
No love can fill me as mother's can;
To me there can be no other,
For she made me just what I am,
I owe it all to mother.

OMNIA VINCIT AMOR

D. C. Ayers, '25

It was indeed a pleasant and totally unexpected surprise to run across my old friend, James Crowther, on the avenue. Not having seen or heard from each other since our sudden parting as brother art students in the Quartier Latin, Paris, six years before, we naturally caused the passing New Yorkers to gaze openly and wonderingly at our rather boisterous greetings.

"For heaven's sake, Bob," said he, "let's go to some place where we shan't attract so much attention. The Club de Vingt—what say?"

I readily agreed. Pushing through the gathering circle of onlookers, we made our way down the avenue. At the Club de Vingt we procured one of the many charming nooks where we could see slender graceful figures swaying to the tune of America's most popular dance orchestra. Here we unfolded all our experiences of the past six years to each other. Crowther was the manager of a prosperous illustrating advertisement company in Buenos Aires; he was in New York on a short visit and was returning the following Monday.

Tiring of our long indulgence in each other's tales, we gazed languidly at the dancers, each of us hesitating to broach the subject that each knew the other was thinking of. As the music ceased an unnatural hush descended upon the dancers. A faultlessly dressed woman followed by a well dressed man was making her way down the central aisle of tables. Instinctively every head was turned toward the new comers. The woman was rather tall and slender, of a dark or Latin complexion. Her velvet black hair was piled high upon her stately head

and was crowned by a huge comb gleaming with precious stones. Her large brilliant black eyes and small red lips gave a note of conscious unconcern. She was gowned in black velvet made brilliant with numerous rhinestones, and her small silver brocade shoes were barely visible beneath her extremely long dress. At first glance, one could tell that she was an unusual woman. After she and her escort had passed by, the music and dancing began once more.

A choked gasp from Crowther caused me to turn hastily toward him. A moan passed his lips, his face was pallid, and his brown eyes were sparkling with a look of fear. I quickly inquired his trouble. His only answer was, "Carlotta! Carlotta!"

Immediately, my mind returned to my previous thoughts. Carlotta! The very person each of us was thinking about. "But why are you so excited about her at present?" I asked.

"That woman, it was she—Carlotta, who passed us," he gasped.

Like a flash, I saw the resemblance of the two. Surely, surely, it couldn't be she; but, yes; the more I looked at her the more I was assured that it really was Carlotta de Pourdequin. But of all places—I thought she was still in Paris—still with her husband, Monsieur de Pourdequin. "But James," said I, "if that is Carlotta, surely her husband, Monsieur de Pourdequin, would be with her."

"I tell you, Bob, that she is Carlotta, Carlotta de Pourdequin; but that man—that man—who can he be?"

* * * * *

At the time James Crowther and I had left for Paris to study art, we had known each other and were the best of friends for a period of four years—meeting each other at college and graduating

at the same time. Both of us were rather gifted in the handling of oils and we both felt that we had a future awaiting us in that direction. Our parents, being well off financially, readily permitted us to go abroad to study art. With thoughts of a brilliant future and gay times we arrived in Paris and established ourselves in a studio apartment in the Latin Quarter. Here we studied and were tutored.

Each night we would go to one of the many boulevard cafes and watch the dancers. One night at the Cafe Montmartre, we were seen by one of our fellow students, Henri Boris, who lived in Paris. He insisted upon introducing us to the members of his party, and we readily consented. Among the group of young ladies was Carlotta Sarien, apparently of Spanish descent. She fairly shone above the others of the group as a diamond in a dull setting. I could see that James had immediately fallen in love with her. It was hardly a month's time before each was passionately in love with the other.

It was at this time that a great and terrible misfortune befell the loving pair. Carlotta had known, but had always refrained from telling James, that her father had decided that his daughter should marry one, Monsieur de Pourdequin, a rich merchant of Paris. For a number of years Monsieur Sarien had owed a large sum of money to Monsieur de Pourdequin.

Knowing what a beautiful daughter Sarien possessed and most earnestly desiring her, de Pourdequin had gone to Sarien and offered to cancel the debt in return for Carlotta's hand. Sarien readily agreed, knowing that his debt was so large that he could never hope to pay it. Besides, de Pourdequin was immensely rich.

De Pourdequin was greatly pleased with his

bargain and demanded a speedy wedding. Carlotta had been practically forced into agreeing to the marriage, her love and esteem for her parents outweighing her own wishes. This was before she met Crowther; and now having met him and loving him, she did not know what to do. She finally told Crowther of her predicament, and he, distracted at thoughts of losing her, planned all sorts of wild methods by which they might run away.

In the meantime, her parents knowing Carlotta had fallen in love with Crowther, took steps to see that no such plan of escape should prevent the proposed marriage.

On the afternoon before the day of their proposed elopement, Carlotta was requested by her father to remain at home during the evening. Readily consenting, she thought nothing more of it.

But to her horror and surprise the priest and Monsieur de Pourdequin arrived during the evening. Being caught unawares, she was unable to escape or let James know; so she was married to de Pourdequin.

Carlotta sent a sad but hopeful note to James after the ceremony. James was distracted. I had to be constantly with him for fear he would become rash.

Carlotta and de Pourdequin returned after a lengthy honeymoon and opened a home on a fashionable Rue de Rincq.

For two months James did not see Carlotta. He wished to forget her if he possibly could. But often I would see him stop his work and gaze apparently at nothing. Of course I knew he was thinking of Carlotta. Then one day Crowther received a note from her saying de Pourdequin would be out of town for a few days on a business trip and that she would like to see him at her house.

Of course Crowther went—who wouldn't have gone? Loving her as he did, thinking of her continually—he couldn't be blamed. Monseieur de Pourdequin returned from his trip; nothing was said; everything went on as before. During the year following, de Pourdequin was often away on trips, but he never knew or suspected that Crowther saw Carlotta in his absence.

On one particular time, Monseieur de Pourdequin told Carlotta he would be in Marseilles on business until the following Thursday. Carlotta as usual sent James a note requesting him to come to see her. By this time practically all James' friends knew of the clandestine meetings between de Pourdequin's wife and Crowther. Knowing the circumstances, they did not blame James, but kept his secret.

Crowther at once set out for Carlotta's home upon receiving her note. Arriving at her stately home on the Rue de Rincq, he was ushered into Carlotta's huge Louis XVI lounging room where she awaited him. Upon James entrance Carlotta quickly arose from her chaise longue, and was clasped in James' strong embrace.

"Dearest, again!" he whispered.

"Ah, sweetheart, how sweet to be with you once more," breathed Carlotta.

"Darling, you are more lovely than ever," said James as he gazed lovingly upon her exquisite delicacy. She wore a tea gown of the sheerest Flemish point lace. Her beautiful black hair peeped through a dainty lace intricacy; her shining eyes and ruby lips gave evidence of delightful merriment. A long beautiful string of pearls hung from her shapely neck.

"Carlotta, Carlotta, how I love you! To me you are life itself. I am in torture when away from

you. Carlotta,—come away with me.”

With tears in her eyes, she drew his head upon her bosom and gently stroked his blond hair. “Jacques, Jacques, mon chere, how can it be? I love you—love you.”

“Then let us go, dearest.”

“Mon Dieu, Jacques, c’est impossible. Rene would kill us both when he found us, for he would never stop until we were in his clutches; and then what good would come of it?”

“Carlotta, trust me—trust me. We would find a way out of it all. And if he did find us, I could kill him.”

“No, no, Jacques. You could never kill him. Don’t you realize he is the best marksman in Paris?”

“But, dearest, anything is possible when I am with you. I would have you to fight for.”

“It cannot be, James, it cannot—.”

At this moment the door flew open and Henri Boris rushed into the room.

“Mon Dieu,” he cried, “Crowther, Crowther—de Pourdequin is coming! Hide, man, hide!”

James, flushed with excitement, stood dazedly looking at Boris.

“Crowther, can’t you understand?,” cried Boris De Pourdequin is on his way here. I could not detain him; he insisted that he had to come home at once. I barely had time to get a car and get here before him. Listen; there he is at the entrance now.”

“James, James,” cried Carlotta. “The window; vite! vite!”

But Crowther, hesitating as to whether he should leave or not, embraced Carlotta, crushed her lips to his and then leaped out of the window just as de Pourdequin opened the door. Thinking he had been seen by de Pourdequin, he immediately left the grounds and returned to the studio.

A look of wide amazement struck Monsieur de Pourdequin at sight of Boris with his wife. But this look was soon replaced by one of snarling hatefulness.

"Monseieur Boris, what—what calls you at my home, especially here!" Without a word Boris returned de Pourdequin's gaze.

"Aha! so this is why you were so eager to detain me a moment ago!"

"Rene," gasped Carlotta, "how can you!"

"Monseieur, I cannot explain," said Boris.

"Sir, I demand your explanation. What are you doing here?" said de Pourdequin.

Boris, unwarily caught in this predicament, was at a loss what to say. He did not wish to disclose the presence of his friend Crowther, knowing that if he did, it would involve Crowther and possibly mean his death at the hand of de Pourdequin. With a decided look of defiance, he said, "Monseieur de Pourdequin, since you force me to give you some explanation, I can only say that your wife is entirely guiltless; it is I, I who have been presumptuous."

"Villian," fairly screamed de Pourdequin, "you dare to tell me this? I demand satisfaction!" Striding to a chiffonier he jerked open a drawer, seized a pistol from it, and turned to Boris. Carlotta with a look of horror ran to de Pourdequin and fell on her knees at his feet. But it was too late: de Pourdequin had fired and Boris crumpled to the floor. Carlotta swooned.

The news spread rapidly over the city. Crowther was in a terrible state of agitation over his friend's death. He suggested all sorts of wild measures to get even with de Pourdequin. The authorities came to the conclusion that Monseieur de Pourdequin was justified in killing Boris, although a great fuss was made by Boris's friends. Carlotta had been absolved by Boris's lying statement and had been sent to

the country to recuperate from her terrible shock.

All of Crowther's friends urged him to give up his foolish hope of gaining Carlotta. Finally, he became reconciled to his misfortune of life and left Paris. Since then I had not heard from him until I had met him on the Avenue.

* * *

"James," I said, "I really do believe that that woman is Carlotta."

"I know it; it is she—Carlotta." Without another word he sprang from his chair and fairly ran over to the table where Carlotta and her escort were sitting. It is impossible to describe the great surprise of their meeting. At sight of him Carlotta rushed to him and they embraced before the excited and curious gaze of the onlookers.

After their meeting, things happened in a whirlwind fashion. Monsieur de Pourdequin had been dead two years from a stroke of apoplexy. She was left immensely rich. Thinking that James was in America, Carlotta had come to look for him, but had found no trace of his whereabouts. Her escort was a newly met friend.

In two days time Carlotta and James were married, and on the third day they sailed for South America—the happiest married pair I had ever seen.

—o—

A PICTURE

Biting wind,
Driving rain,
Soul within,
Bleak again.
Passer-by,
Friendly man,
Kindly eye
Gentle hand.

Passing fright
Oh, it's you!
Fire bright,
Ruddy hue,
Fond light,
Friend to friend;
Hands clasped tight;
There's the end.

THE PURPLE AND THE GOLD

By E. D. Plowden, '24.

High on the hills of Oconee
Overlooking all the meadows and vales;
There stands our dear ALMA MATER,
Through all the storms and gales.
Her sons will e'er be strong,
In the strength of what is right;
They will always fight for Clemson,
As only loyal Tigers fight.

The Blue Ridge mountains echo,
With our voices when we begin to roar,
And if ever the tigers are losing,
We will yell louder than before.
We are the fighting tiger gang,
Made up of men both young and old;
We will put our standards on the top,
The dear old purple and the gold.

We will work for a greater Clemson,
And we are over a thousand strong;
We put the right into our fight,
And try to overcome the wrong.
And remember we will triumph,
For we are the tigers so bold;
We are from dear old Clemson,
We wear the purple and the gold.

A VICTIM OF CIRCUMSTANCE

M. C. Ellison, '24

"But I don't want to marry him, mother, even if he is an important member of a distinguished old Southern family," almost tearfully argued Eleanor to her mother.

"Hush, dear; you know that it has been practically a settled matter that you two should marry ever since you first made mud pies together," answered Mrs. Stanton, a tall, stylish looking woman apparently of Southern birth.

Eleanor tossed her black silky crop of bobbed hair and marched off in the direction of the tennis court, flinging back at her mother, "You needn't be surprised if your daughter runs away."

This assertion caused the elder lady to come to the realization that, if she intended marrying her daughter to James Morgan, no time must be lost in getting things ready for the wedding.

Eleanor had always been guided and directed, or mis-directed, by her mother, who was just a little prone to sacrifice love for social position and money. Eleanor and James Morgan had passed many happy days together when they were children, but as they grew up it seemed that they grew farther and farther apart until finally they were just ordinary friends of the next-door-neighbor type. But everyone except Eleanor, even including James, seemed satisfied that James and Eleanor would some day unite the famous families, the Morgans and the Stantons.

James Morgan had finished the university with the sole aim of succeeding his father in his thriving business. Like the rest of the family James seemed to take it for granted that he would eventually wed

Eleanor. He hadn't failed altogether to notice that Eleanor did on certain occasions try to avoid his company, but he was too much wrapped up in his business to pay this any heed. The families were going to arrange the wedding; so why should he bother himself with so many petty attentions to Eleanor?

So it was with many sobs that Eleanor read in the society column the following morning that she was engaged to marry James Morgan just one short week from then. Since Eleanor's graduation at a Southern school of arts she had become sick of the sordid society life that her family led. She had always wished for the quiet home life that she found to exist in the home of one of her school-mates, whom she had visited upon several occasions. The over-bearing James Morgan with his commercialized heart had made her realize just the sort of life she would lead if she became his wife.

A few days later Eleanor slipped away in her new blue racer for a long ride just to get an opportunity to think things over. She became utterly absorbed in her thoughts and failed to look to the gas tank to see how far she could ride on its contents. Hence, it was with alarm that she tried to start the car again after it had come to a dead stop at the foot of a long hill.

Almost frantic with fright at the lonesomeness of the situation, Eleanor found difficulty in calming herself to patiently wait for some traveler to come to her aid. She had taken a road which was not traveled by the dust-raising machines that stuck to the more important highways. Eleanor was very much relieved when she perceived a car approaching in the distance, but was almost sorry that she flagged the occupant when she saw that it was James Morgan.

"May I assist you, lady?" spoke the gentleman as he alighted from the car and approached Eleanor.

Surprised at the unexpected politeness from James and at the car that he drove, she managed to say, "Surely, James; but I thought that you always stayed with your business during the day. I am so surprised, yet happy that you came along. This is rather a secluded road, but I wanted to wander from the dust and traffic of the main highway."

Bewilderment mingled with a rather broad smile crossed the face of the man as he replied, "Excuse me, Miss, but I fear that you have me just a little misnamed. My name isn't James, and this is the first time that I have had the pleasure of meeting you."

"Oh! you don't mean to say that you are not James Morgan? Why-er-how could I be mistaken? but really you don't act at all like him, and he drives a swell car and would never be found on this out-of-the-way road," stammered Eleanor, seeming to be utterly incapable of comprehending the situation.

Seeing that he had put the girl in an embarrassing situation by possessing a deep similarity to a friend, the gentleman relieved the tense moment by suddenly bending over Eleanor's car to determine the trouble. While the man tried to start the engine, Eleanor happened to think of the gas tank which she now examined and found to register zero.

"I've found the trouble," She sang out as she thought, not of the car, but of the striking resemblance of this man to her fiancée.

"So your gas is out; well, I suppose that you will have to ride back to the city with me or let me send back for you."

Feeling sure that this was an honest man Eleanor did not hesitate to accept his offer of riding back to the city; so she answered, "I am sure that I had rather ride back with you than to wait, that is, if it doesn't bother you."

"I shall be delighted to have you, and may be you'll be interested in knowing just who this person is that bears so striking a resemblance to your friend. My name is Bob Stoney and I am an engineer working for a plant that intends locating out this road a little farther. And, if I may ask, what is your name?"

"Eleanor Stanton, but soon to be Mrs. Morgan," answered Eleanor with that feminine desire to see what effect such news would produce.

"So glad to become acquainted with you, Miss Stanton," added Mr. Stoney thru a cherry smile that belied his feeling over the fact this newly found beauty was already engaged.

It was probably the desperate feeling that had possessed Eleanor of late that caused her to agree to meet Bob Stoney at the golf course on the following evening.

Eleanor could not and would not be tied down, even with the fact staring her in the face, that she was to be married to James Morgan in three days. So she threw all cares to the wind, heartily enjoyed the evening of golf with Bob and was glad to find that he measured up to all of her expectations.

Eleanor had always been an ardent participant in out-door sports, but her mother suspiciously wondered that Eleanor insisted upon going golfing two afternoons in succession only two days before her marriage.

On the second afternoon Eleanor called upon Bob for aid in preventing the unwelcome marriage. But Bob, very skeptical, advised her to go ahead and marry James Morgan, although something within him cried out against such a thing. "But, Bob, I don't love him; if anything I hate him. He is so heartless and-oh! well, he's just like the rest of that

family. They exist on money and social position and really don't live at all," said Eleanor with a tragic look in her brimming eyes.

"I can't solve the problem, Eleanor. It's beyond me," said Bob, realizing that he was only a poor man in comparison to the mighty Morgans and could not tell Eleanor of the love that he so surely felt.

Eleanor suddenly jumped up from the greensward and stated: "I've got it. You are the double of James in looks, and I'll just let the wedding proceed, and you arrange to exchange places with James. Kidnap him if necessary."

"But, Eleanor, you mustn't do that; then you would be married to me, and your people would be furious and rightfully so," answered Bob with a rather hopeful tone in his voice.

"I don't care. I simply won't marry that James Morgan; and if you are any friend of mine, you'll help me to get rid of him."

"Yes, I'm game; but what of our marriage?"

"We can have that annulled. I just want to show the family that they can't ruin my life," heatedly spoke Eleanor.

"Oh, well, if you say so, I'll be the goat," heroically answered Bob, feeling that he could do this much for the girl he loved, and in fact his adventuresome nature rather welcomed such an ordeal.

So we find that, with the aid of a servant who supposedly accidentally locked James Morgan in the sound-proof bathroom and let Bob Stoney in from the rear, the plan was carried out.

The wedding went off smoothly, and the usual petty remarks concerning the pretty flowers, the bride, and the adorable groom were passed among the gossipers.

It had been the plan of the family for the newly-

weds to take a honeymoon trip to Florida, but Eleanor and Bob's plans had not been laid any farther than the wedding. So it was fast becoming a complicated proposition when, to the dismay of the few remaining members of the family, a second James Morgan rushed into the reception room of the Stantons with a murderous look on his face. "What does this mean, Eleanor?" he exclaimed.

"I—I can't explain, James," gasped Eleanor, as she dragged her mother into an adjacent room and hastily explained the incredible situation, asking her to disclose the story to James, and assuring her that the marriage could be annulled.

The whole family was so shocked by the audacity of the wild plan of a decade that they withdrew to another room to discuss the humiliating situation.

This left the newly-weds, soon to be newly-parted, to themselves, "Bob, it worked beautifully, but what are we gonig to do?" asked the pretty bride.

"Of course, we'll proceed at once with the divorce," dismally answered Bob as he sat heavily upon a convenient couch.

Eleanor dropped down on the seat beside Bob and surprised him with, "Do I have to make all of the love?"

At this, Bob jumped up and stared down into Eleanor's eyes. In a moment he had perfect control of himself.

Eleanor reached over and caught one of Bob's brawny hands and placing his arm about her trim waist, she offered her puckered lips, "Kiss your wife, please, Bob."

"My wife! Oh God! what sweet music!" whispered Bob as he crushed Eleanor to him.

Mrs. Stanton loved social position, but as she loved her daughter more, she managed to smile upon the loving couple a few moments later and said, "My children."

IF WISHES WERE STARS

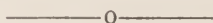
M. B. Kirton, '25

If wishes were stars, O soul of mine,
What jeweled hopes would'st thou but find
In the heaven of human hearts divine;
If wishes were stars.

A celestial light the heart would hold
More precious than the purest gold
Or rubies wrought in silver old;
If wishes were stars.

If wishes were stars that bloomed forever
In hearts of love and faded never,
Could life and beauty ever sever?
If wishes were stars!

Yet ever in hearts of men will lie
Some sacred hopes that never die;
So, why sigh thou when men do sigh—
"If wishes were stars!"



A SKETCH

By K. B. Sanders, '25.

Lying inland from the ocean for seventy miles there stretches a country so flat, so level, that an occasional birdman can observe no undulation save the curving of the globe. To the east and south before it, is the ocean; behind it, is the plateau rising to the distant mountains. It is middle ground. But once it was not so. Ages past it was the ocean's bottom; and still the ocean claims it partly, for she holds it fiercely with her jagged swamps that lie

like forked tentacles in its bosom. For centuries the struggle has gone on, land and ocean wrestling desperately; but the land has risen yearly, straining, like a young champion, at the chains that bind her, and wearing thin each rusty link. Yet still, though dying, these great swamps cling undaunted to the bosom of the land.

Margined by pines and timbered with hardwood, they hold in their vast embrace black streams of sluggish water; water, indeed, so lazy that it spurns to carry debris, but deposits it and rests content to flow around and under it. Years ago these swamps were the home of big game, and still the tales of deer and bears are not quite legends. Nearly every year someone sees a single buck, perhaps the last of his herd, leap across the bush-bordered road that runs beyond the old cemetery of the town; and four years ago, a schoolboy rushed home with bulging eyes and chattering teeth to tell his mother how a great black bear had chased him from his lair. Likewise, dark deeds have been sheddered and hidden in their great silences; some have come to light. Doubtless, still dark deeds persist—dark deeds that do not come to light.

A branch of a greater swamp, a mere scion of one below, partly encircles the town. Its wooded belt stretches like a ribbon to north and south, and its particularly slovenly waters move almost imperceptibly along its numerous channels. It, like the others, has its traditions and its legends. But more than that, it holds an incident in its recent history of a boy who had been drowned at one of its frequent bends sucked down, so the people say, by a whirlpool.

A wooden bridge spans the stream to the north of the town, and to the west, one half mile downstream, the railroad crosses it. Both points were frequented by our gang. The place at the bridge was

really better for swimming, but for diving the trestle was best because it furnished excellent stands at various heights. The trestle was nearest, however, and for that, more than for other reasons, we visited it more frequently than we did the bridge.

At the trestle the eye can scarcely detect motion in the water; but nevertheless it seeps under the trestle in two channels. The main current is at the farther end. Most of the water passes under there, while barely enough goes through the other channel to keep it fresh. This is due to the fact that an almost blockaded pool has formed just below the trestle on that side. Old crossties and trestle timbers have caught among the trees, and trash and debris brought down by high water have almost perfected this ~~bar~~icade. Hence, the pool is still—so still that growths of scum struggle with the feeble current for supremacy. And it is deep; among us it was considered a feat to get bottom there. It is rather small, but its adaptibility for diving made it a favorite resort for us. In midsummer we spent long days there, alternately playing and stretching our bare forms in the sun.

We particularly liked to dive; sometimes the most daring would try for bottom. Only two of our bunch, at that time, had yet succeeded. They brought up handfuls of smooth flat rocks, rocks which are uncommon in the low country; and each handful that Lee and Harry brought up made the rest of us more keen to dare the deep.

Getting bottom became a mania with us. Every day we tried; but few there were that reached the deep bottom. At length, one July afternoon, Bill bubbled proudly to the surface, exclaiming, "See;" and he held two beautiful rocks the like of which I've never seen. I was nervous with envy; but more

than that, I felt outdone; I resolved that no other day would change to night before I had matched the feat that three had done!

Accordingly, I gripped my courage between my teeth, and took the plunge.

I hit the water at an angle (greater perhaps than I imagined), and plunged downward. Although I used my hands vigorously, time seemed interminable before I touched the bottom; and a muddy bottom it was. I rummaged hurriedly, but felt no rocks. Then my searching hand struck a snag. I yanked at it, but my hand slipped off the slimy thing. The water buoyed me out of reach. Determined to bring it to the surface, I struck downward again, and with both hands jerked it free from its holdings; but even as I got it free, the slippery thing slipped through my fingers again. My breath was nearly gone. I shoved off and paddled upward. Wow! My leading hand struck sand Another bottom? Great Scot! Was the world turned upside down? "Whirlpools" flashed across my mind. Frantically righting myself, I shoved upward again. Thud! Great Ceasar's Ghost!! My head, oh, it ached, ached like ten thousand furies! I'd struck solid timber—My brain whirled—Oh! I was caught under the trestle Strength gone, I relaxed, and in a single moment glimpsed the past and eternity; and calmly laid me down. . . . My brain cleared. A final desperate kick with all my strength sent me head and shoulders above water in the center of the pool.

Wheezingly I sucked in the wonderful air, then made a few labored strokes to the trestle, and clambered weakly upon the lower beamwork. I gazed around. The pool was rippling merrily, sending waves against the sloping sandy bank; and there, close to the margin, an old cross tie wobbled peculiarly—as if it had but just been violently disturbed.

AN AWAKENING

R. H. Smith, '25

I stood in the mist of the morning,
On the top of a mountain, alone,
And watched the red sun aborning
With its infant beams upthrown.

In the mist-filled valleys below me,
The trees were hidden from sight
And the wind of the morning swept o'er me,
Filling my soul with delight.

Away in the path of the sunrise
The mountains reached up to the sky
With a rugged beauty and grandeur
That lifted my soul on high.

Others were up there with me,
But each, as I, was alone
Absorbed in the beauty before him,
His emotions akin to my own.

Then, just as the sun came creeping
Up over the distant range,
We bared our heads and worshipped,
And in my soul came a change.

My soul was filled with emotions
Which words can never express—
A Power that urged me to service
In all things highest and best.

I went down the side of the mountain,
Thru the laurel and the hardwood tree
And my soul was filled with exulting,
For my eyes were opened to see.

As I stood in the mist of the morning
On the top of a mountain, alone,
My soul was awaked from its slumber,
And now all my life is God's own.

"WHAT AN AVERAGE MAN CAN DO"

J. G. Lewis, 1st., '24

As far back as the early history of man's civilization, we find that the people's ideal of great men was the superhuman hero. If a man obtained greatness thru some fortunate incident, or otherwise, his wonderfulness was exaggerated, and he was exalted above the ordinary people. A man of such renown was looked upon as some extraordinary human being and as a possessor of some divine gift that gave him absolute control over forces denied other men. Naturally this demigod, as he might be called, was elected leader, was sometimes worshipped by the masses of people, and was unduly praised for his magnanimity.

We do not have to go back to ancient times to find these well established conditions. How long has it been since the people believed that the touch of a king would cure certain diseases? It is with great difficulty that we have to train ourselves to realize that our great men are not molded in a peculiar mold. They are of the same conformation, the same general elements, have the same natural desires and the same unselfish principles that the average men have. It would be well to remember, however, that they may be differently developed according to these ideals and purposes.

The rapid progress of modern civilization and the development of the human intelligence and understanding have caused these leaders, the men who have made success out of life, to be regarded not as supermen, but as the average men trained to overcome the world's difficulties, and inspired to give forth to the world the full return for the talents which God has given them.

I do not mean to say that great leaders are becoming less important to the progress of humanity, but that the world is fast coming to the conclusion that the average man with high ideals may safely develop into a powerful leader. There are differences in men, however, there is not, generally speaking, a very marked difference between the great fundamentals of life in ordinary men until they deliberately make that difference. Every man is endowed with sufficient talents and possibilities to make a powerful leader. A man's success does not come thru changing the history of the world; he makes success out of life who aspires to do all he can, and accomplishes all he aspires to do.

The average man has a great possibility of making success in life if he only use those talents which God has blessed him with. The average man who uses his talents wisely in overcoming those obstacles which are destined to come his way, and who in the mean time puts forth every effort in doing so, will likely be recognized as a leader. Miller says, "We can become what we wish to, and we can do what we wish to do—not thru mere wishes that are fleeting fancies, but thru earnest and constant yearning of the soul."

The dawn of the New Year is approaching. Let us resolve to do our very best to accomplish what we are supposed to accomplish. We have the ability to do the average man's part. Let us do it willingly.

A LIFE OF SERVICE

E. D. Plowden, '24.

The life of an individual may be of any duration. It begins when he is born and may end when he dies, it may end even before he dies, or it may never end. The life of Dr. Walter Merritt Riggs, though now he sleeps on yonder hill, will never end. His life was lived, not in years, but in service; and the end of such a life can never be perceived. Though Dr. Riggs has passed on, his work will continue and he will live forever in the heart of every Clemson man.

Dr. Riggs knew and loved every tree and every stone on the beautiful Clemson grounds. He was always ready to give all that he had and all that he was towards making this a greater institution. He was a natural leader, and he guarded and guided Clemson's every interest. But his sympathies were not in any way bounded by Clemson's horizon, for he respected the other colleges and always stood ready and willing to render service wherever it was needed. He perceived that each had its place in uplifting and upbuilding our young men and young women and he was always ready to co-operate where it was possible. With his life of courteousness, liberal-mindedness, and willingness to serve, coupled with his natural-born ability, he has given South Carolina an example of citizenship the like of which has rarely been seen before.

While President Riggs gave himself to the upbuilding of Clemson College, he found time to be a wonderful factor in South Carolina's development.

Many a time did he help a discouraged boy to remain in college. Many a poor farm boy has gone through Clemson on Dr. Riggs' encouragement, good sound judgment, and his untiring effort to render

service to his fellowman. At the R. O. T. C. camp last summer, Dr. Riggs visited every one of the one hundred and forty Clemson boys in camp. He visited each boy in person, ate with him, and reminded each of the fine training for life he was securing. This incident shows something of the scope of Dr. Riggs' devotion to Clemson.

The duties of running a college, of directing a state-wide extension service, of financing every department of the A. & M. College of South Carolina are in themselves tasks too great for an ordinary man, but Dr. Riggs attended to each of these duties with a masterful hand, and kept every phase of Clemson's business running perfectly. He performed his duties diligently and faithfully to the end. He always met every responsibility and faced every task as it came.

Thus, the death of our beloved president, our leader and one of South Carolina's greatest citizens has left a cloud of sorrow spread over the entire State, and even farther into all parts of the country, for he was one of the foremost educators of his day.

It is fitting that he should have been laid to rest on the Clemson campus, for it is here that he lived, here that he worked, here that he loved, and here that his life's work ended.

When the final note of the soldier's sleeping song of "Taps" echoed over the Clemson hills on that dreary afternoon in mid-winter when the vast throng of sorrowing friends turned their backs towards the little mound of freshly piled earth on Woodland Hill, profound sorrow was in every bosom of that vast assemblage—indeed, the heart of every Clemson man was laden with grief, for our beloved president and our best friend had been left to sleep forever in the shadow of the college he loved and served so well

TO —————

R. H. Smith, '25.

I think of you now, dear pal of mine,
As low the setting sun
Sinks behind the silhouette of pines—
And one more day is done.

Now all my thoughts wing their way to you
Thru the vastness of the space between,
And I pledge my heart to you anew
As I gaze on the sunset scenes.

Dear pal of mine, are you dreaming too?
Do you look to the setting sun
And pledge your heart to me anew
When the long, long day is done?

As the days grow short and the earth is wrapped
In the sleep that winter brings,
Our love will grow and thrive, perhaps,
As it did in the days of spring—.

Or the cold that holds the earth asleep
May chill this love of ours
And plunge my heart into sorrow deep
Thru the long, and lonely winter hours.

Still, at the end of every dreary day,
I shall look to the setting sun
And pledge my heart to you anew
'Til the days of springtime come.

And when fair springtime's days have come
I know within my heart of hearts,
Our love will wake in the warm spring sun
And we never again shall part.

The Clemson College Chronicle

FOUNDED BY THE CLASS OF 1898

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

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

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



M. C. Ellison, editor-in-chief
R. H. Smith, associate editor

Let it be our code to speak to every man that we pass on the campus.

Some students live while others merely exist. Let us have more of the kind that live.

A College man is supposed to be a grown-up child, but frequently one is found who is merely an over-grown child.

No student will get all that is due him in his College education unless he takes an active part in some College activity.

DR. RIGGS

This issue contains an account of Dr. Riggs services to Clemson and also a set of resolutions adopted by the Student Body of Limestone College. We are very grateful to the Student Body of Limestone for their sympathies in the loss of our beloved President, Dr. W. M. Riggs.

Resolutions Adopted by the Student Body of Limestone College Upon the Death of Dr. W. M. Riggs, President of Clemson College.

Since in the mysterious providence of God, your President, Dr. W. M. Riggs has fallen at his post, we the Student Body of Limestone College, sorrowing still for our beloved and incomparable President, Dr. Lee Davis Lodge, desire to express our deep sympathy to the Student Body of Clemson College.

As an imperfect expression of our appreciation of the noble life and service of Dr. Riggs, and of our heartfelt sympathy with his Student Body.

Be It Resolved:

That we extend our deepest sympathies to his Family, to his Faculty, to the Students of Clemson College, and to the numerous friends who appreciate the work that he has done for Clemson College and for the State of South Carolina:

That a copy of these Resolutions be sent to the Family, the Faculty, the Student Body, the Clemson Chronicle, and the Limestone Star.

Respectfully submitted,

Rosalie Huggins, Chairman.

Isla Mae Myers

Calheima Lewis

Committee for the Student Body.

Limestone College, Gaffney, S. C. January 28, 1924.

INDIFFERENCE

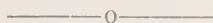
The student body seems to be obsessed with a fever of indifference; the kind of indifference that results from a failure to control the will power. We are content just to drift along taking interest only in the things that compel our attention, by their allurements to our sense of appreciation. We may claim that we are not different and may proudly point to our spirit, which is distinctly present at practically all athletic games. But we can still be indifferent and show a great deal of spirit at a football game, because there our attention is absorbed and we do not have to exercise our will power to make a show of spirit.

But a glance at the subject from a different angle will help to convince you that this evil is prevalent in this student body. What of the literary societies? We should have enough foresight, and probably do have to a limited extent, to realize the value of the training that can be derived from attending and taking an active part in the literary societies. But there is the indifferent atmosphere that makes many content to take the easier course and not exercise their will power and make themselves attend the literary societies. Then there are the college publications which offer an unlimited opportunity for the student to get training along literary lines; but here we again fall short, and that college spirit that was so manifest on the athletic field is conspicuous by its absence. Every student should have enough college spirit to see that the college publications are truly representative of the student body as a whole. A college with the largest student body and the best athletic teams should have the largest and best publications.

There is also the indifferent attitude in the classroom, allowing us to be satisfied with a mere passing grade (there are some exceptions to this rule). We utterly disregard the fact that upon graduation we

shall be confronted with the task of making a future for ourselves. So would it not be more beneficial if we gave up this indifferent attitude and prepared ourselves for a future life worth living?

—M. C. E.



LEST WE FORGET

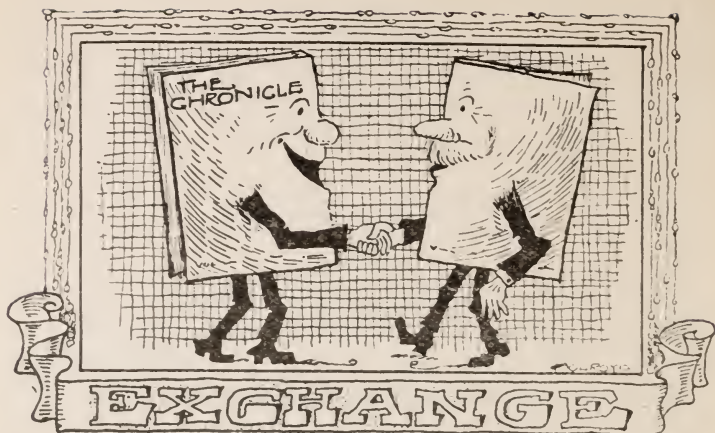
This month we observe the birthday of General Robert E. Lee, one of the greatest characters in history. We, of the South, have no doubt that Lee was one of the greatest men that ever lived. His greatness is well set-forth in these words from the pen of another true Southern man: "In Virginia was born, on the 19th of January, 1807, Robert E. Lee, whom many students of military history believe to have been not only the greatest soldier of his time, and, taking all things together, the greatest captain of the English-speaking race, but the loftiest character of his generation; one rarely equalled, and possibly never excelled, in all the annals of the human race."

Lee's accomplishments on the battlefield, as well as his life in defeat and as college president, are too well-known to be repeated here, but as time passes on let us not forget the heroes of the past and the principles for which they stood. Let us remember our heroes wherever we are; let us stand up for them under all circumstances. So, when we observe Lee's birthday, let us remember the character of our hero and the principles for which he stood.

When we think of Lee, we feel as Kipling must have felt when he wrote:

"Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget."

—E. D. P.



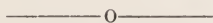
J. C. Aull '24 Editor E. C. Stewart, '25. Asst. Editor

The December number of **The Echo** is a well balanced publication, containing a variety of excellent reading material, including poems, essays, stories, and a play translated from the French. Of the poems, "To a Friend" is probably the best. Though short, it carries a beautiful thought and has the smoothness and rhythm of true poetry. With the exception of the fact that it has an uninteresting and practically unnecessary preliminary to the real plot, the story, "The Last Attempt," is very good indeed. Once the interest of the reader has been aroused, it is held at a high tension throughout the story. The element of suspense is very effectively employed in this story. We sincerely hope that the author of "The Last Attempt" does not intend for this to be his "last attempt" at short-story writing. Another article in **The Echo** that we especially desire to mention is the essay on "Our Duty to the Immigrant." This essay gives indication of careful study. The problem, with its possible solution, is very forcefully presented.

—J. C. A.

The Carolinian for January is noticeably lacking in poetry. It contains some very good stories and essays. The story, "The Howl Of The Last Wolf," is especially good. The plot in "Springtime and Romance" is well handled and well developed throughout. A number of essays are interesting, especially "The Legislature of '76" and "Concord Among The Nations." The latter is one of the best essays of its kind we have read. The writer is to be commended for his knowledge of the subject as well as his skill in handling and presenting it in such a forceful manner. The poems are few in number and do not deserve especial mention. A few more poems would have made the magazine well-balanced and more entertaining besides giving it more variety.

—E. D. P.



The College of Charleston Magazine is a well balanced publication, and is, apparently, blessed with two things that some of the other papers lack—an abundance of material and a number of writers. Of the poems, "Life's Wonders" is the best with its excellent thought and careful development. "Understanding" is rich in colorful phrases and picturesque words, but the mode of development is poor. In "Chulaling" the lines,

"We'll always be
Just you and me."

... would otherwise be well executed poem. Among the stories "The Kyki Scarab" is sufficiently morbid to distinguish it, but aside from this story is weak. "As Through A Mirror Darkly" is good. The interesting plot and delightful style make it a highly enjoyable story. "An Island Sketch" is so naturally written as to set it apart from the others. On the whole this is a very good publication. Why hide the exchange department in the

advertisements, Mr Exchange editor?

The Erothesian is one-sided due, not only to the small number of short stories and poems, but also to the sameness of the articles. Parsonages seem to be a popular subject and is, no doubt, an interesting one; but too much "parsonage" takes the variety out of the publication, d "Variety is the spice fo life." We would suggest more short stories and poems and fewer narrative essays. "Life In a Parsonage" is well written and is interesting. The two poems, "Star Of Bethlehem" and "Les Souvenirs," are worthy of mention. The thought is good, but a different form of verse and smoother meter would have improved the poem. As we do not criticise advertisements, there is nothing more to be said except to ask how you manage to get such an abundance of advertisements; they are profitable, no doubt, but frightfully poor literature. P. S. We are glad to exchange magazines with such a tender-hearted Exchange editor. Thanks, Miss Exchange Editor, for not censoring **The Chronicle** as you started to

—R. H. S.

—————o—————

"What d'you get for your birthday?"

"Well, have you seen those new, long, racy Cadillacs?"

"Yeah."

"Well, I got a roller-skate."—Lampoon.

Just because that skull is one-half inch thick is no reason why scientists should think it ancient.

—Springfield State Register.

A famous New York beauty has disappeared. Perhaps she washed it off.—Rochester Herald.

A scientist says that men are more open to conviction than women. They certainly are convicted **more** often.—Little Rock Arkansas Gazette.



L. A. HENRICKS, Editor.

A Northerner spending the winter in Florida was badly in need of his lightweight underwear. He sent the following telegram to his wife:

S. O. S. B, V. D. P. D. Q.

Joe—May I kiss you?

Flo—Isn't it just like a man to put all the blame on the woman?—Drexerd.

Junior—Is D. W. strict?

Senior—Boy, he raves if you put a period upside down.

R. O. T. C. sentinel at Camp McClellan—

“Halt, who goes there?”

Regular from 6th Cavalry—

“A bootlegger with a bottle.”

Sentinel—“Advance with the cork out.”

A scrappy old party emerged triumphant from a piffling case in a squire's court. The man who had lost was mighty sore and when the bunch started to leave the court-room, he shook his fists under the

old fellows nose and snarled: "I'll law you to the circuit court."

"Do it. replied the gratified winner; "go ahead and do it. I'll be thar."

"And I'll law you to the supreme court," shouted the loser.

"All right," said the old chap; "I'll be thar."

"And if I don't get you in the supreme court I'll law you to hell."

"Do it. My attorney will be there."—Greenville News.

"Dick proposed to me last night," Marjorie announced.

"Oh, did he?" exclaimed Virginia.

"Yes. I adore Dick. He's so handsome."

"And did you accept him?" "Are you engaged?"

Marjorie replied: "That's the sad part of it. Dick is just the most wonderful person on the earth but I had to tell him that I just couldn't be engaged to him right away. Why, it it will take me at least a week to break off the engagement I have with Tom."—Greenville News.

Mrs. Jones is quite sure she has the most stubborn husband in the world. She told Mrs. Smith as much the other day.

"He can't be much more stubborn than mine," Mrs. Smith replied.

"Oh, Yes, I'm sure he must be. Yesterday I had an engagement to meet him at 3 o'clock."

Well, it was nearly 4:30 when I got there, and he won't admit the rest he got while he was waiting did him any good."—Greenville News.

"I'm nobody's fool," she declared.

"Be mine," he offered generously.—Tiger.

Prof. of Literature: "Dickens, in his comments on the Americans stressed almost continuously the tobacco-chewing habit."

Dumbell student: "Oh, is that where he got his title for his book, 'Great Expectations'?"

—Selected.

A Southern officer of the law said:

"We have three classes of homicide in the South.

"If a nigger kills a white man, that's murder.

"If a white man kills a nigger, that's justifiable homicide.

"If a nigger kills another nigger, that's just one nigger less."

—Greenville Piedmont.

He—"I'm half inclined to kiss you."

She—"How stupid of me; I thought you were merely round-shouldered."—Frivol.

By the time that air flivvers become numerous it is to be hoped that monkey-wrenches and other tools will be equipped with parachutes.—Chicago News.

Bell Hop (after guest has rung for ten minutes)
—Did you ring, sir?"

Guest—"No, I was tollig. I thought you were dead."—Wasp.

Trot, Gallop

Clerk—"This book will do half your work."

Student—"Gimme two—quick."

At the colleges kiss-stealing is known as petty larceny.—New York World.

Homes are cleaner than they were a generation ago, claims a writer. Sure, they are used less.

—Hugo News

"Maw!"

"Yes, Filbert."

"Why were Washington and Lincoln born on holidays?"—Brown Jug.

She—"That dance made me dizzy; let's sit down."

He—"All right. I know a nice dark corner out on the porch."

She—"Thanks just the same—but I'm not quite as dizzy as all that." —Royal Gaboon.

—————o—————

WHO'S WHO.

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President of the Freshman Class	Henry Hartzog

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1893 31ST YEAR AT CLEMSON 1923

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AT THE
OUR CUSTOMERS
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RIGHT

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OR WE WOULD
HERE

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AT ALL TIMES OF THE DAY.*

A WORD TO STUDENTS

What is your aim in life? To be a business executive, an expert in some trade, a leader in some profession?

There is much to learn from the men who have reached the top in your chosen field. For example: Should you ask them what kind of a note book they use, you will invariably find that it is a book that fits the pocket. These men have found that they need a note book that they can carry with them all the time.

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The Chronicle

Clemson College, S. C.

February 1924

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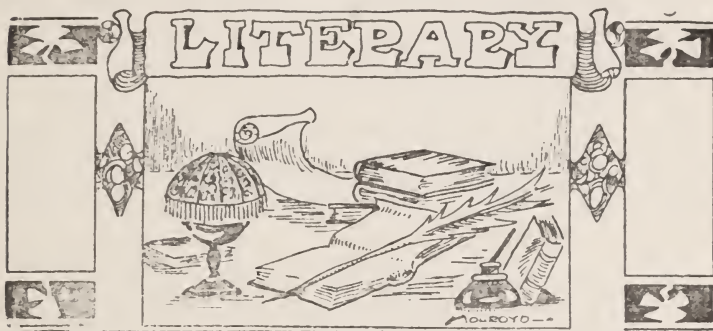
The Clemson College Chronicle

Vol. XXII.

Clemson College, February, 1924

No. 5

Valeat Quantum Valent Potest



EDITORS:

E. D. PLOWDEN, '24,

C. B. KING,

F. E. BUCK

DISTANCE

E. D. Plowden, '24.

Out in the world of men and things,
I'm struggling and striving for true;
But the thing that worries me most, my Love,
Is the distance between us two.

Away from the din and worry of life;
Away from its struggles, too,
Is the place where I am longing to go—
The place that is close to you.

The miles that I want to cover—
And conquer is what I will do—
Are the miles that lie between us,
The distance between me and you.

THE GO-GETTER

M. C. Ellison, '24.

Dave Sherwood had worked faithfully for three long years in the offices of Holt and Company, but a sense of fear that something had gone wrong gripped him as he tapped upon the door marked "Private" and patiently awaited the summons to enter. When admitted Sherwood walked briskly up to the desk behind which sat Mr. Holt and bowing said, "Sir, did you wish to see me—Dave Sherwood?"

Mr. Holt was the possessor of a rare and interesting personality, and his outstanding good quality was that of beaming upon everyone a smile which instantly made the recipient feel that he was an old friend. It was with such a smile that Mr. Holt said, "Mr. Sherwood, I have kept my eye on your work ever since I employed you as the son of my old boyhood friend, Joe Sherwood. I am well pleased with your work and I called you in to offer you the position of private Secretary."

Dave's eyes brightened and his heart beat with joy at the thought of being picked for such a cherished job. "I shall be only too glad to accept," heartedly spoke Dave as he gripped the elder man's hand.

Dave found the duties of a private secretary were many, but Mr. Holt's cheerful nature served to lighten his burdens. It was only a few weeks after Dave had accepted his new position that he was asked to dine with Mr. Holt at a fashionable hotel. On the following evening as the two men were sitting at a table in the hotel, Mr. Holt broke the silence with, "Dave (for he now addressed him by his first name), I've got a surprise for you tonight. My sister died a few years ago and left me quite a bit of trouble in the form of a beautiful young

girl. Isabel, for that is her name, is to be here in the company of one of those spineless saps that she seem to dote over. I told her of my new private secretary and of course she wants to meet you; but don't expect too much of her."

Dave had always been a little slow around the fairer sex, so, turning to Mr. Holt, he said, "Please don't expect me to help you rear your niece, Mr. Holt; that's one side of your affairs that you will have to attend to yourself." At this moment the young girl rushed over to the table where the couple were sitting.

"Oh, Uncle, you're looking sweet tonight, and that cute thing over there is that new secretary?" said the impudent young girl as she coolly observed the blushing features of the young secretary.

Mr. Holt arose and introduced Dave to the girl and her escort, smiling when he noticed the cool look that Isabel bent upon Dave.

"This is such a boring place after spending three weeks on the beach. Let's dance some Charlie," said Isabel, turning to her young escort.

When the couple had disappeared in the swirling crowd of dancers, Mr. Holt smiled, "My, what is this world coming to? I sent that girl to a boarding school reputed for the wholesome education that it gives and she came back good-time-crazy. She wants to go from sea-shore to the mountains and back to the sea-shore again then on a little trip to Europe, while plenty of dances must come in between. The fact is, Dave, she's a little rotter, and I've failed in trying to take care of her."

"She is beautiful in a way, Mr. Holt; but to be honest with you I can't carry on a decent conversation with that type of woman."

Mr. Holt leaned across the table and surprised Dave with, "I know, Dave, that you aren't such a

hand with women, but you aren't bad to look upon; and, anyway, you generally get what you go after. Suppose for my benefit that you go after Isabel. I know that it's a great deal to ask of you, but she needs just such a husband as you would make."

"What? Why-er, Mr. Holt-but-er that would be a useless undertaking," protested Dave.

"I'm not so sure about that, Dave. Sometimes Isabel becomes very grave and attentive to something worthwhile, and if you could catch her in such a mood you might make some progress."

"But, Mr. Holt, I'm not the type of man that she seems to like; why, I can hardly play a decent game of bridge, and I'm a very poor dancer," argued Dave.

"I have a plan Dave. I'm going to spend a week or so up at my club in the mountains, and Isabel will be along. I believe that you told me that you enjoy horseback riding, and there will be plenty of that. Isabel is crazy about riding too. It'll be easy to manage things. I can send for you on business matters. See?"

Dave saw that there was no begging off; so he let the matter drop for the time being and busied himself with his official duties.

One week later we find Dave boarding the train for the little country club in the mountains. He recounted the case to himself and was astonished to discover that for the first time he actually looked forward to seeing a girl. It was true that he had always attempted to be a "Go-getter," but would this business principle work in this case too? Did he actually want it to work in this case? Isabel was more alluring to him because she seemed so coolly indifferent. It was indeed a fight against odds. She was not the type of woman that he pictured as becoming his wife, but in her bearing he could see the haughtiness of well-bred, exceedingly

heartless young woman, who was at the present bent upon having a big time. Dave felt that if her energies were directed in the right way she would make a charming wife.

Upon Dave's arrival at the club he soon found that Mr. Holt had arranged the party so that he and Isabel were paired off. At the end of the first day that Isabel and Dave were thrown together, Mr. Holt and Dave met for a little business talk. "I'm making progress, Mr. Holt, she was gracious enough to inform me that I was a terrible bore and that she hated you for sticking her off with me, when she so wanted to be with that adorable Mr. Poole," began Dave.

"So she don't like the pairing off, eh? Well, she's had things her way too long anyway. I'll talk to her a little bit and put in a good word for you. And, by the way, you must take her horseback riding; I am pretty sure that she will admire your skill at riding," said Mr. Holt.

"Don't hand her too much about me; and, if you say so, I shall see her about taking a little ride into the mountains tomorrow. I'm still afraid of her though; maybe I'll summon up enough courage by tomorrow to get things going a little better," spoke Dave attempting to put more heart into his speech than he really felt.

Later in the evening Dave managed to get Isabel to take a stroll in the moonlight, but he was very ill at ease and failed to get even one kind word. "Are you fond of golf, Miss Isabel?" queried Dave.

"Golf, Ugh; such a tame game. That's a game for old people and of course you probably like to play it," answered Isabel with her usual sarcasm.

Dave puzzled over a choice of evils: to run, to use a little sarcasm himself, or just to blush and bear it. He chose the last plan. "I like golf fairly well, but I much rather prefer horseback riding."

"How impossible! We actually agree on one thing, horse back riding. Why, I simply adore it. I crave excitement," and Isabel actually smiled at him.

Dave was glad that she accepted his proposal for a ride into the mountains and was greatly pleased with Isabel's appearance as she tripped out next day for the ride, dressed in an attractive riding habit. "My! but you look charming in that garb, Miss Isabel," Dave managed to say.

"You're some complimentary, Mr. Secretary. If that had been Mr. Poole, he would have said much more and I should have really appreciated it," said the ever sarcastic Isabel.

The conversation drifted from the weather to the beautiful flowers along the mountain road, then back to the weather again, and Dave had to admit to himself that Isabel was what her uncle had called her, "a little rotter." Dave had not intended riding so very far from the Club, as the country was mountainous and very sparsely inhabited. But he had enjoyed being in the saddle once more and did not refrain from letting the horses break into a gallop quite often, since Isabel "craved excitement." Finally Dave decided that it was nearing noon and that they had better stop at the next shady nook and eat their lunch.

"This seems to be a nice cool place to stop and have our lunch," said Dave swinging from his horse and pointing to a nearby spring.

"Just as you say, Mr. Secretary," said the devilish Isabel as she alighted from her horse.

The lunch was finished in silence except for the restless Isabel, who seemed to delight in tossing stones at her horse. Dave leaned back against a tree and thought deeply for a moment, finally de-

ciding that he had been too meek with the "exasperating young thing."

"Miss Isabel, did you know that you are the most impossible young woman that I have ever met," began Dave.

"Really now, Mr. Secretary, don't get so personal. You're about the biggest prune that I have ever met," answered Isabel, who wondered at the new tone in Dave's voice.

"You've got about as much common sense as a ten-year-old kid. In fact I have seen a lot of children of that age who are superior to you in many ways."

"Look here, Mr. Secretary, I don't like to hear you talk like that and you had better cut it out," flared Isabel.

"You are so childish and impudent that I think it would do you good to get a good sound chastisement, and I am just the one that would like to give it to you," spoke Dave arising and drawing near Isabel with a determined look in his grey eyes.

Isabel had continued tossing stones at her horse, and when she heard Dave say that he had a good mind to whip her, she threw a stone with extra vigor, which landed full upon the horse's ear. The horse being a spirited thorough-bred was not so easily frightened, but this missile upon his ear was more than he could stand; so he tossed his head defiantly and galloping off in the direction of club, followed close by his running mate, Dave's horse.

Dave had left both horses to graze on the tender grass, feeling sure that they would not stray off; but he had not counted on Isabel's recklessness—"Now look what you have done, you little empty-headed rotter. How in the world do you expect us to go ten long miles back to the club," angrily reprimanded Dave.

Isabel saw the angry look in Dave's eyes and remembered what he had said about punishing her, "You big rube, you; why, oh, why didn't you tie those horses? If I had only hit you with the stone instead of the horse. I just wish that you would attempt to punish me," wailed Isabel, racked by a terrible fit of anger.

Dave made a hasty decision; he grasped Isabel and holding her palm up smote it several times with considerable force with his own.

"You—you big brute!" cried Isabel, as Dave let loose his hold and she slumped upon the grass in a sobbing heap.

Dave stood back and viewed the prowd figure as she tried to stop the sobs that seemed to well up from a haven of pent up wrath. He decided that he had better let her alone and let the fires of anger die out of themselves, so he sat down upon a log and tried not to think of the girl so near, yet so far.

After what seemed ages, the girl arose, choked back a sob, and turning to Dave said, "Mr. Secretary, how are we going to get back to the club?"

Dave, thinking it best not to allude to the horse incident, simply said, "Walk, I suppose."

"Walk! oh why did you let us ride so far? You are a cruel man and I'll hate you, hate you as long as I live," said Isabel following Dave meekly down the trail.

"It is likely that Mr. Holt will see the horses when they return to the club and meet us at the end of the wagon road in his car. If he does that, we'll only have to walk about two miles."

The two mile walk down to the road was void of conversation, and Dave was pained by the dagger-like glances that Isabel threw at him.

Finally good fortune came to them and a smile

crossed both of the frowning faces when the toot of Mr. Holt's automobile horn broke the silence.

"What in the world has happened?" asked Mr. Holt when he came upon the plodding couple.

"Our horses became frightened and ran off; so we were in the act of hoofing it in when you came to the rescue," answered Dave.

"Yes, your horses came home riderless and I became alarmed and lost no time in starting after you. I was beginning to think that you were lost, for I had hardly expected you to ride so far."

Dave related the events of the day to Mr. Holt as soon as they got back to the club. "And the funny thing about it," said Dave, "is that she didn't tell you that I chastised her."

"But that's not her way, Dave, I have a notion that you have blundered sure enough; but don't let that worry you," suggested Mr. Holt.

The next day Mr. Holt was leaning back comfortably in a huge chair, smoking and thinking, when Isabel rudely disturbed his thoughts, by suddenly plopping down upon his lap, "Uncle, explain yourself. Why in the world did you hire that big boob of a secretary?"

"Why, he's a nice fellow."

"So you have insisted 'bout a million times," pouted Isabel.

"He is going back to the city this morning; in fact, he's on his way now, and he told me to tell you good-bye, since he didn't want to awake you," answered her uncle.

Isabel's expression changed, "Is he gone? Oh I hate him! I hate him!" cried Isabel dropping her head upon her uncle's shoulder and sobbing spasmodically.

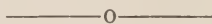
"But, Isabel, why all of the sobbing?"

"I love him! I love him! get him back uncle," wailed the impossible Isabel.

That old familiar smile lighted Mr. Holt's face as he heard those last words and then saw Dave stride into the room. "Isabel, darling," said Dave.

"Oh! it's Dave," gasped Isabel as she rushed at him and dropped two lovely arms around his neck, allowing him to kiss her quivering lips, and Dave forgot to blush.

"Dave always gets what he goes after," said Mr. Holt to himself as he smilingly withdrew, leaving the young couple to come to a blissful understanding.



THE PARTING OF THE WAYS.

M. B. Brissie, '24.

The light of the sun had faded
The stars came out to play
Their favorite game of hide and seek,
Along the milky way.

From over the hills to the westward,
Where the cactus plants were in bloom,
Came the shrill cry of a coyote,
To greet the rising moon.

It was amid such surroundings,
In the light of stars so dim,
The cowboys gathered in a lonely band,
To pay a final tribute to Jim.

Now Jim was a lad from Tennessee,
Where the pine and the hemlock grow;
But why he chose the western trail,
No man will ever know.

The noise of the group was silenced;
Suspense alone held sway.
Everyone turned to cowboy Jim,
To hear what he should say.

"We've reached the parting of the ways,"
Said Jim in an undertone.
"A letter I've just received
Which bids me no longer roam."

"Such news alone can soften
A Westerner's heart of stone.
It is the news of my mother's death
Back in my Tennessee home.

"I just want to tell you all
What loving pals you've been.
I trust that in the future
Our trails shall cross again."

As those lads stood there breathless,
Listening to those last brave words,
Their hearts did beat the faster,
Their life-blood began to surge.

They, too, had a secluded spot
In their big western hearts,
For their own living mothers,
With whom they would have to part.

Before leaving his band of admirers
There beneath the starlit skies,
He gave to each a strong embrace,
As the tears be-dimmed his eyes.

Jim boarded the train that bore him
From the land he loved the best;
His thoughts were of his eastern home,
But his heart was in the West.

IN MY ROOM

E. D. Plowden, '24.

I often sit in my cozy room;
This little four-walled cell;
And gaze upon the outer world
On scenes I know so well.

At first I see a grove of trees
And grounds and buildings, too.
Then, I behold the western sky,
And catch it's azure hue.

Farther on towards endless space,
I view the mountains grand;
Their snow-capped peaks project above
The level table land.

They lend their beauty to the scenes,
That I have come to know;
And send us chilling breezes, too,
From their white caps of snow.

Then I see the darkening sky;
Behold the coming gloom;
As the evening shadows fall
On scenes outside my room.

Then, I drift off into sleep,
There I leave life's gloom;
And get a night of peaceful rest;
All within my room.

A COMMENT ON THE MONROE DOCTRINE

F. B. Leitzsey, '26.

The principles of the Monroe Doctrine were enounced by Washington, and what may be called the controlling influence in our conduct of foreign affairs ever since can be found in his farewell address. In this speech the great man urged that we avoid all "permanent alliances with any portion of the foreign world" and, above all, to stand for high, noble, and just ideals.

Our forefathers were keenly alive to the dangers involved in the rivalries of European powers on the American continent. These rivalries had been the cause of repeated conflict in our early history, and it soon became apparent that our unhampered national development required the emancipation of America from European affairs. Thus we see that the principles embodied in Monroe's message were but the expression of national principles, which had received sanction from the earliest period of our existence.

All of us are more or less familiar with the contents of this great doctrine, but we may differ as to its interpretation. The impression that it means "America for Americans; let the rest of the world shift for itself," has gained a great hold on some people. This idea is wrong. John Quincy Adams and James Monroe never intended that it should be interpreted thus; and in application it never was.

In order to reach a correct conclusion, let us bear in mind just what the Monroe Doctrine is and the main purpose which it was intended to accomplish. In its original form it was a declaration against further European colonization and against any attempt on the part of a European power to control the forms of government or the political destinies

of the republics of the American continent. While these two principles were intended to protect the interests of the Central and South American republics, the fundamental purpose was one of national self-protection. It is well to emphasize this point, because it gives a permanency and a vitality, independent of the attitude of the countries for which it was formulated.

The Monroe Doctrine is an American foreign policy, but the American foreign policy is not all Monroe Doctrine. Our interests outside America have become greater and greater; but large as these interests may be, they are in no sense political. Our interests in the rest of the world have always been of a human and moral character. Thus we see that our policy has not been one of isolation. This is the reason that we have not altered the Monroe Doctrine, though time and customs have changed since its introduction.

Therefore, we should look upon the Monroe Doctrine as a "peace restorer," for, as long as it serves the fundamental interests of national protection, and as long as it enables us to avoid the menace of European complications, and as long as it contributes toward the preservation of the territorial integrity and national well-being of the American republics, so long will it deserve to remain an integral part of our foreign policy and will assist us in fulfilling that higher mission, as one of the guardians of the peace of the World.

—o—

A TRIBUTE TO LEE

R. H. Smith, '24

I am writing of the man who, to me, is the embodiment of all the finest and highest traditions of the South—Robert E. Lee. Even as I begin writing,

I remember that countless tributes of praise have been paid to his sacred memory, and many that have raised him to the skies on the wings of inspired oratory; I am not hesitant to add my feeble tribute to the others, for all the South and all America love Lee and will never tire of hearing his praises sung.

Recently, at Stone Mountain, a great throng of people witnessed the unveiling of the first part of a monument to the men who led the South through the Civil war. This first was part of Lee's figure. How fitting that he who was first in greatness should be the first to be reproduced. But this monument of stone is not needed to make his fame secure. There is a finer monument to his memory—the monument that is erected in the hearts of all true Southerners, and which time can not make to fade and years can not erode. Here Lee will live forever, enshrined in the hearts and lives of the people, who will love his memory so long as there is a South.

Lee's traits of nobility are too numerous to be taken up in entirety; so I am going to speak of the one that was most characteristic of him and of the people whom he represented—gentleness. This trait of true nobility was evidenced in his love for children and for all other things smaller and weaker than himself. He loved his horse, and in his writings is a description of his horse, Traveller, which shows that even the dumb animals had a place in his great heart. He never administered a rebuke, except by his own life; and the blame that should oftentimes have rested on another's shoulders, he took on himself and left the errant a better friend and a better man.

This gentleness that was so much a part of Lee's life and character is the birthright of every true

Southerner. Here in the South, we are proud of the traditions that have come down to us from our forefathers, the traditions of chivalry, bravery, purity, and gentleness; and we love to boast of them. But this gentleness that is a part of our traditions is one of our traits of character that is most typical of the South. The South, with her sunny skies, her gentle climate, and hallowed memories of great men, is fitted to be the home of a people who are famed for their bravery and gentleness. So, Lee was merely and exponent of these traditions that make our land famous, and his life is, to me, the most beautiful existing embodiment of the virtues and graces of the South.

His body is dead, but his memory will live forever in the hearts of all lovers of true nobility. For me there is no greater incentive to live right than the memory of the sublimity of the life of Lee. To everyone who desecrates the altar of the South's traditions, life is a silent rebuke; and to everyone who strives for the attainment of some high and worthy goal, his life is an encouragement and inspiration

No craven stone is needed to remind us that from our midst sprang a leader who in his unsullied greatness has but been equalled—not excelled. He died for his beloved South; many men died following in his train. To his death and beyond, he was loved and will be loved. Years but serve to increase the intensity of our devotion to his principles, for he was truly a disciple of the great Leader whose hand must surely have led him through his work. Lee's body has returned to the dust from which it came, but his memory lives on forever to bless the land for which he gave his life.

BROKEN DREAMS

Bill Jekyll, '25.

Did you ever from a dream at midnight
Awake with a broken heart,
To realities that cut like sword-blades
And sorrows, like the point of a dart?

Did you long for the flowing of tear-drops,
As your sigh passed away with a moan;
For you knew that the fountain had frozen
And your heart had turned to a stone!

Did the blackest of the imps of torment,
Like terrors and tortures untold,
Swoop down to pounce with their grimace
And bury their claws in your soul?

Did the faggots of hell, emboldened,
Flash forth in fiery flare
To emblazon the shrouds of the night-time
And sicken your soul with despair?

Then lift from the ashes of star-dust
Your hope of hopes divine
To build no more to the Dream-Gods
And worship no more at their shrine.

Remember the passing of snow-crystals;
To dawn, the noon drives away!
As the petals of the rose-blooms wither,—
All dreams will fade some day!

MELROSE FARM

(Old Virginia)

D. K. Summers, '22.

The roses nowhere bloom so white

As on the farm,

The sun nowhere shines so bright

As on the farm.

The birds sing nowhere quite so sweet,

And nowhere hearts so lightly beat;

For Heaven and earth seem to meet,

On Melrose Farm.

The cocks nowhere crow quite so long

As on the farm,

The mules nowhere kick quite so strong

As on the farm.

The cows nowhere are quite so free;

Nowhere animals better 'gree,

For each one has a pedigree

On Melrose Farm.

The soil nowhere can richer be

Than on the farm;

And nowhere such crops you'll see

As on the farm,

For grain nowhere has quite the yield,

As we see in the farmers' field,

The darkies toil and never steal

On Melrose Farm.

The nihts are nowhere quite so bright

As on the farm;

Nor days so filled with song and light

As on the farm.

And when my time shall come to 'die,

Just keep me there and let me lie

Where the Artesian wells flow by

On Melrose Farm.

WHAT ARE YOU SEEKING FOR?

“Maggie” Bryant, '18.

I would like to ask every man at Clemson the direct personal question, What is your goal in life? What are you seeking for? Without doubt the reply from every man would come back, “My goal in life is success, which I expect to attain through my chosen field of work.”

Then just as emphatically and clearly as it can be given, I would like to give you the only rule by which you can hope to attain ultimate success:

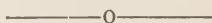
Are you an architectural student? If so, whether you are a freshman or a senior, you have in the depths of your mind a superb structure, a magnificent edifice, a master building which you hope some day to design and see brought to completion. That would indeed be a glorious day; but when it should come to pass, if not long before, would you not come to the inevitable realization that you yourself are the superb structure, the magnificent edifice, the crowning design of the Infinite Designer, and that only as you made Him the cornerstone of your life and built up the full and complete life-building which He has designed could you attain the final, eternal success?

Are you an engineering student? You are familiar with the laws of force and motion, and understand something of the generation and transmission of power. In your best moments you have no doubt looked into the future and hoped to discover a far cheaper method of generating power and a more economical method of transmitting it. The realization of that hope would indeed be a great contribution to mankind; but the fact would come home to you, if it had not done so long before, that there is an Infinite Power who is the source of all power, and that only as you come into right rela-

tions with Him is there success of life.

Are you an agricultural student? You are vitally interested in the many problems of increased production, soil fertility, purity of seed, etc.; and if you are a student in the highest sense you hope some day to develop a seed or crop that will yield higher quality or far greater production than has ever yet been developed. But until the Great Sower has planted the Seed of Truth in your heart and it has brought forth the new and abundant life, can you attain ultimately, the final success.

So it is with every student, regardless of the course you are pursuing. The many text-books on your table are not less necessary, but the One Great Text-Book of Life is more necessary, lest in your diligence to make a success for yourself you lose the only way of success.



VALUE OF COLLEGE LITERARY SOCIETIES AND PUBLICATIONS

Thos. W. Morgan, '22.

The people of the earth who work for their living are divided into three classes according to their abilities to do the work in which they are engaged. First, we have the people who lead, who direct the energies of others by telling them what to do and how to do it. Second, are the people who decide for themselves what they are to do, and then do it. Third, are the people who are told what to do. They spend their lives working under the direction and supervision of those higher up.

The members of the first group of this classification are able to hold their positions, not only because they are skilled in their work, but mainly for the reason that they are able to tell others how to

do this work. From the executive head of a big business to the foreman of a construction gang, these directors are placed over others because they are able to direct and guide, and are therefore able to bring greater returns for their work.

Frequently it happens that the star football player fails as a coach for the lone reason that he cannot tell others how to play the game. Often the skilled mechanic fails as a shop foreman because he cannot tell the workmen under him how to do the work he himself is master of. Many times the honor man of a class fails as a teacher because he is unable to impart to his pupils the knowledge he has acquired.

Each of these instances illustrates the importance of a man's mastering the language he speaks. What does it profit a man to know if he cannot impart his knowledge to others? The great men of the world have been the leaders of men. They have been men who were able to convince others of their power and sincerity, not only by their actions, but also by being able to make their beliefs and plans known to their followers. There are millions and millions of thinkers who are unable to put their thoughts into words. What does the world gain from them?

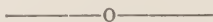
The day of the laboratory is here. Education is developing away from the theoretical and is embracing more and more the practical. The educated man is no longer the man who has his brain crammed with laws, theorems, and facts; the really educated man is the man who is able to put his knowledge into practical use.

The average college student acquires in the classroom a theoretical mastery of the language he speaks. However, in order to be able to use this language effectively and forcefully he must have a laboratory in which to train himself on the practi-

cal side. For this reason literary societies and student publications are a part of almost every school and college in our land.

One cannot go into one of these literary society halls during a program and hear debates and orations such as come from the great speakers of the day. Yet, one will hear students bravely attacking live, up-to-date subjects and questions in an effort to learn to use the language God gave them. One cannot find in a college magazine the same degree of perfection in literature as is published in the leading magazines. This is not expected. However, one can read the efforts of students to express their thoughts on the printed page, and very often this expression is by no means feeble.

The student who embraces the opportunities offered by literary societies and publications, and earnestly strives to train himself to deal words, both written and spoken, in clear, forceful thoughts, is developing within himself one of the greatest God-given powers of man, the art of self-expression. Before one can lead he must be able to express. He who cannot express himself is forever doomed to follow.



LOST—ONE GOLDEN HOUR.

By B. O. Williams, '18.

"Backward, turn backward, O time in your flight." Naturally we should like to retrace our foot-steps on the sands of time and make our tracks a little deeper or remove the stones which fell into them as we passed along. Maybe we could spread a little more sunshine or put a little more of the milk of human kindness into our actions, if we could face about and travel life's trail anew. It would be an easy matter to profit by the mistakes made while

passing over the trail. Every error which we have made would be corrected. No opportunities would be sacrificed. Each hour would be utilized to advantage, if only we could turn backward and fight again our bygone battles. But, alas! the past is gone, and with it a golden hour has been buried in the stream of time.

Great would be his reward if some genius would write for us a formula that we could use to make us profit by the mistakes of our predecessors. How many college students have gone out into the world, leaving behind them opportunities that might have made them great, lost opportunities, like the water that passes down the stream, but very unlike that which pours over the wheel that runs the mill.

The world admires the fellow who enters college with a kit of dull tools and avails himself of every opportunity to sharpen them on the whetstones of college life, but the same world despises him who leaves college with dull edges on the instruments at his command. For, is not the mind an instrument which needs merely to be sharpened in order to be made keen? Is not the heart likewise an instrument for piercing the problems of life, needing only to be sharpened to fulfil its greatest function?

As college men, what are some of the opportunities which are often neglected? There is the hour that might be spent in the library, for, "Reading maketh a full man." Too often the silence of the library is not due altogether to the "Silence" signs that are to be seen posted throughout, but to the conspicuous absence of students who might be busily engaged in studying the lives of great men, or learning more about their respective courses. The hour that might be devoted to literary society work, is a golden hour. Are you taking advantage of it? Many an alumnus has remarked, "I wish I had taken better advantage of my literary society

work," or "My! if I could but run my college course again, I would certainly be a faithful worker in the literary society," or "I realize now, the greatest opportunity that I let slip by while I was in college was by literary society work." These are but the echoes of lost opportunities.

There is the hour that might be spent in consultation with your professor. He is your friend. The student who calls you some namby-pamby name or other for talking in a friendly and an informal way with your professor, is not. He may claim to be your friend, but is one who robs you of a fine opportunity a friend? Avail yourself of the rich experiences of your college professors. If you do, at some future time you will be proud of the experience; otherwise you will regret it.

The hour which might be devoted to student activities, such as, the Y. M. C. A., "The Chronicle," "The Tiger," athletics, etc.—is that hour being used to advantage? And the many hours that should be utilized in consecrated, diligent and intelligent study of your books,—are you throwing these hours away? One, two, three, four years, and they are soon gone. College training has done what it can for you; the hours have passed, one by one, golden hours; and they, like the sunset of yesterday, will never return.

Fathers and mothers have sacrificed and stinted that their sons might have better advantages than they, only to be denied the attainment of their ambition because "sonny" idled his time away. Heart-aches! pains, immeasurable!

Time is too precious and too many worthy boys are denied the privilege of a college education for the fortunate ones to waste their opportunity. Some day he who whiles away his time will live to say, "Oh, how I wish I had the time I once did

throw away." The world justly demands more of educated men than of the uneducated. If you expect to uphold the traditions of the public in respecting the educated, you must take every advantage of the best there is in college life, in order that you may contribute your bit to the advancement of the idea that education is a worthwhile investment. Then, and only then, will the business of education go forward with momentum sufficient to make it appreciated by the patrons of educational institutions.

The happiest realization that can come to a senior on the day he receives his college diploma is this: "I have run my race, I have finished my course, I have done my best, I have **Found—A Golden Hour.**"

—O—

COLLEGE SPIRIT.

T Wilbur Thornhill, '14

To ask the question "What is Colee Spirit?" would be like asking the question "What is electricity?" We can all tell how it works, why it does this or that, and to some extent explain the reason of it, but no one can say just what the thing really is; and so it is with College Spirit. Much time is taken up by explanations; therefore, let us show by our lives, thereby making explanations unnecessary.

College Spirit lightly looked upon is the hurrahing and celebrating generally over some athletic victory. Too much celebrating has kept many a man from becoming celebrated; and for that reason, I want to pass over hurrahoing part of College Spirit and try to bring before you what, to my mind, is its deeper meaning.

College Spirit is the feeling in the heart that one has for his Alma Mater because of the benefits he

has received. The reason for College Spirit is merely the expression of these benefits. The assets you receive from college are of inestimable value, not only from the college in the form of its cold walls, buildings, and dormitories, but from its patient, plodding, sacrificing professors.

How many boys are there in college every season who fail to see the vision? How many boys are there who fail to realize the vast sums of money that have been invested for their use, even more spent for their betterment? And yet that which surpasses all of these are most often the sacrifices made for them at home and by their teachers. Let me pause here just a moment to pay tribute to the college professors who are sacrificing their lives for the betterment of the coming generation, though we fail to realize it until years after we graduate. From this picture of patience, of personal sacrifice, or vast outlays of money and research, all for the one purpose of better equipping you to meet the requirements of life, does there not come into your mind and heart a feeling of appreciation and love for it all? Then, that is College Spirit.

Think with me for a moment of the many boys in college who methodically go through the regular routine matters of study, etc., with clock-like regularity, but who fail to interest themselves in doing something that they are not regularly required to do, who lose sight of the fact that aside from acquiring knowledge they should acquire friends, for knowledge without friends lacks expression. In this sort of a fellow there is no College Spirit, and the good that he gets out of his college experiences amounts to nothing; and the college itself would be much better off without him. Then, those who have seen the vision should try to show it to others, for ships rarely fail to reach the places they start

for, because their captains know where they are bound for. Are you the captain of your ship?

Every opportunity carries with it a responsibility. It doesn't make any difference who furnishes the opportunity—you, individually, are the person who must make the most of it and must turn to your own account whatever advantages may accrue. Each man who makes any progress in the world must use his own brains with which to direct and improve his own affairs. At Clemson College, you have the opportunity to receive treasures not measurable in dollars. Your life is made broader, happier, because of education; and it is your responsibility to equip yourself in both mind and body and to express it so unmistakably that others may see your sterling sincerity and realize that your love for your Alma Mater is exceeded only by that to God and to your family.

My answer, then, as to what is College Spirit, would be: College Spirit is a sincere appreciation, so long as you live, for the untold benefits received at college, which appreciation shows itself in outbursts of enthusiasm at success and profound loyalty at reverses, keeping ever in mind the thought and sacrifices of others who gave you the foundation on which to build.

—o—
TO—————

“Dick” ’25.

Send me a red, red rose, dear,
Fresh from your garden of love;
Send me a rose with its fragrance
That comes from the heavens above.

Ah! my heart would cease its repining,
The shadows would depart from my soul
At the sight of a rose from your garden;
E'en sorrow could work no more dole.

To dream of you and your beauty,
To muse o'er the lights in your eyes,—
'Tis then, ah then, I am happy
In my memory's paradise.

But you, who scatter so wantonly
The glory and the light of your smile,
Have forgotten that I still adore you—
That I love you all the long while.

So, pluck me a rose, my beloved,
From the garden that grows in your heart
And send it to me ere I perish—
Ere my mind and its reason do part.

—o—

MY CAROLINA HOME

E. D. Plowden, '24.

No matter where my feet may roam,
Where my end may come,
I long to be in my Carolina home,
When my life's race is run.

There let me live and there let me die,
'Neath the skies of crystal blue;
No other place. Oh! there let me lie,
'Neath Dixie's sparkling dew.

Oh! take me back to my Carolina home—
To those hills and fields and plains;
And from there nevermore will I roam,
If I ever get home again.

I want to live in the land I love,
Until my end shall come;
Let me behold the blue skies above
My old Carolina home.

WORK

J. M. VandeErve, '26.

Since the beginning of time, man has been forced to make a continual struggle for life. Man has developed from the aboriginal state into the civilized man of today only by dint of the age-long struggle for the mastery. It has been, truly, a survival of the fittest.

Nor is this struggle ended. On the contrary, it has hardly begun and is today more bitter than it has ever been before.

Let us look backwards in retrospection and consider the examples that history gives us of the position of labor in times gone by. Back in the time when the Grecian civilization was at the height of its glooy, we find that work and labor were placed high in the minds of the people. The life-long training for the Olympic races, the rigid training of the Spartans, and the daily competitions going on in all parts of the world—all exempify the dignity and the honor of labor in that day and time.

But even more convincing are the myths of the Greeks. In their religion, all of the gods were heroes of great prowess and strength. When we read of the great Herclues and his Twelve Labors, the works of Perseus, Atlas, and others, we cannot help seeing what a lofty plane work occupied in that civilization.

When the Roman Empire was at the zenith of its power and glory we find the victorious Cincinnatus returning to his plow after defeating the enemies of his country. In the Roman religion also, we find that work is honored. Thus we see that all through the ages work has been honored.

Today, the importance of work cannot be overestimated. In the great hustle and bustle of the business life of the twentieth Century, we find that

it is the one of the most essential elements. Only the man who has the stamina and who is willing to work hard can hope to succeed.

Thru labor we get all that means most to us; by labor we are to satisfy our daily wants and keep our loved ones safe and happy; by working we are able to keep out of mischief and evil ways; and in work we find the only sure panacea for all the cares and sorrows of the world.

Thus, with the knowledge that thru work we may gain success, we may say with Angela Morgan—

Work!

Thank God for the might of it,
The ardor, the urge, the delight of it—
Work that springs from the heart's desire,
Setting the brain and soul on fire—
Oh, what is so good as the heat of it,
And what is so glad as the beat of it,
And what is so kind as the stern command,
Challenging brain and heart and hand?

Work!

Thank God for the swing of it,
For the clammering, hammering ring of it,
Passion and labor daily hurled
On the mighty anvils of the world.
Oh, what is so fierce as the flame of it?
And what is so huge as the aim of it?
Thundering on thru dearth and doubt,
Calling the plan of the maker out.
Work, the Titan; Work, the friend,
Shaping the earth to a glorious end,
Draining the swamps and blasting the hills,
Doing whatever the spirit wills—
Rending a continent apart,
To answer the dream of the master heart.
Thank God for a world where none may shirk.
Thank God for the splendor of work.

The Clemson College Chronicle

FOUNDED BY THE CLASS OF 1898

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

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

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



M. C. Ellison, editor-in-chief

R. H. Smith, associate editor

In the spring a Senior's fancy turns to thoughts of a "dip."

—o—

Concentration of thought and air castles are bad mixers.

—o—

Food for thought—what is the matter with Clemson?

—o—

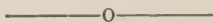
A man is a gentleman only in so far as he acts a gentleman, and a gentleman does not swear.

Alumni Contributions

At the first of the year the staff decided to make one issue of the "Chronicle" an Alumni issue, composed entirely of Alumni contributions. We asked different members of the alumni for contributions, but failed to receive enough to fill an entire issue; so it was decided to print the contributions that we did receive in this issue along with the student contributions.

We are grateful to those faithful few who did take time to write for us, and take this occasion to thank them. We feel sure that the students will profit by seeing conditions from an alumnus' view point. The college magazines are the main mediums between the students and the alumni, and it is the written expression of both the students and alumni in these magazines that will serve to strengthen the bond between the two. The staff would be glad to print at anytime any contribution from any members of the alumni; so, Mr. Alumnus, if you have anything to say pertaining to the students at Clemson, don't hesitate to send it in.

M. C. E.



WHAT BRINGS SUCCESS?

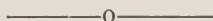
G. N. Sisk, '27.

All through the ages men have tried to set down a precise formula for making success. Some have said that if a man has a bright and trained mind, he can accomplish anything, and hence, achieve success. Others have contended that being morally upright and following in the steps of the Master will make success sure. Athletes and coaches claim that the man who has been trained in sports has a great advantage over others when it comes to making a success.

Success, as we know it, was never made by any-

one of these. Many a man of brilliant intellect has been an utter failure; anyone with mere abstract goodness of character is a mighty poor candidate for success, while we see any number of wonderful athletes who have dropped to the bottom after they left college or high school.

What will bring success, then? There is only one thing and that thing is everything. It is personality. Personality is what you are. All these other things are included in this one term, and more too. Your disposition, your looks, your nervous system, your attitude toward everything outside yourself and toward yourself, all are part of your personality. The frame-work of personality is already made; all the individual can do is to build to it, to improve it, to adorn it, and to use it. What success you make depends on what you are as a whole and not what you have accomplished in any one line.



WILLIAM LOWNDES.

By L. R. Booker.

The pages of South Carolina's history will ever be bright because of the distinguished orators and statesmen she has furnished our country. Every South Carolinian has a just right to be proud of these men, who so diligently helped to make a great nation out of a few states.

Of all the distinguished men who claim the soil of South Carolina as the place of their birth, no name shines forth with greater brilliancy than the name of William Lowndes.

William Lowndes was born in Charleston, February 7, 1782. His father, Rawling Lowndes, was one of the most distinguished men of his day, having taken a very active part in the Revolutionary War, and after the war, having served as President of South Carolina. Rawling Lowndes was a

liberty-loving man, who strenuously fought the idea of South Carolina's adopting the Constitution and uniting with the other states, for fear she would lose her liberty by doing so. Rawling Lowndes was a worthy father of a great son, who is still known as "the great William Lowndes." While most great men can boast of having extraordinarily brilliant mothers to train them, such was not the case of William Lowndes. His mother was not an unusually intellectual woman; so it was the father that trained young William in accordance with principles of right living and sound thinking.

When William was seven years of age, he was sent to England to be educated; but he soon became tired of that country, and returned in four years and completed his education in Charleston. He graduated a few years later from the Charleston College.

William Lowndes was not one likely to attract attention in a crowd, unless it would be for his awkwardness. He was tall, very slender, and ungainly in his appearance. He, however, was a gentleman of the highest type, and his honesty and integrity in the discharge of public trusts never was questioned.

Early in life Lowndes married the daughter of Thomas Pinckney, minister to Great Britain and twice the Federal candidate for the Presidency of the United States. His wife proved a good helpmate and her sympathy and encouragement no doubt had a great deal to do with the heights that Lowndes attained. There were three children by the marriage, two sons and a daughter; but, as it so frequently happens, none of them inherited the great talent of their father.

At the age of twenty-one William Lowndes entered the State Legislature. There he devoted a great deal of time to the study of the Constitution, and he acquired a thorough knowledge of statesman-

ship. The knowledge that he thus gained was to prove valuable to him later in life.

After Lowndes had served several years in the Legislature and had proved himself a statesman of ability, the citizens of the State, desirous of honoring him further, elected him as a member of Congress from the Beaufort District in 1810. When he took his seat in Congress the following year, he was only twenty-eight years old, and he was one of the youngest members ever elected to that body, the great Calhoun being a few days over a month younger.

It did not take Lowndes long to make himself felt in the House of Representative, and he soon earned the reputation as the ablest debater in that body. Possessed of broad well-poised intellectual powers and even temper, he never became excited in an argument, no matter how he was replied to or harshly critized.

His first speech was an appeal to increase the size of our navy, so that it would be formidable enough to cope with that of England, who at that time was boasting that she was "mistress of the sea." Lowndes early saw the possibility of war with England, and he did not wish our country to be taken wholly unprepared. When England repeatedly violated our rights on the seas and had shown time after time that she would not honor and respect our flag, Lowndes, together with Calhoun, Cheves, Clay and Grundy, forced President Madison to declare war on England. Throughout the war of 1812, it was Lowndes that defended the navy and showed its importance when it was under condemnation by Congress. To William Lowndes, and to no other, do we owe the fact that the United States came out of the War of 1812 recognized as a naval power that was capable of meeting any foe on the sea.

William Lowndes was no doubt the most popular man in Congress while he was a member of that body. So strong was his personality, so convincingly did he speak, and so charming was the language he used, that, when he arose to speak, the other members of the body would gather around him for fear they would not be able to hear all that he said. All of his aims were for the honor and advancement of his country, which he loved with a passionate devotion. Anything that did not pertain to his country's welfare, anything that seemed likely to prove detrimental to the liberties of the people, failed to find support from Lowndes.

Not only was William Lowndes popular in Congress, but his influence was felt in the whole Republic, and his sound judgment and purity of character acquired for him a national reputation.

The State of South Carolina recognizing that it should bestow upon her great son the highest honor it was capable of, chose him as a candidate for the Presidency of the United States.

There is no doubt that William Lowndes would have followed James Monroe, and would have been the sixth President of the United States instead of John Q. Adams, but alas! death cut him down at the height of his career when he was only forty years of age.

William Lowndes died at sea, and his body lies at rest on the floor of the great Atlantic Ocean—

“Below the thunder of the upper deep
Far, far beneath in the abysmal sea.”

The body of Lowndes was not brought home to be eulogized, but the waves will never tire of singing his requiem; he was not brought home to loving friends who could keep his grave covered with flowers, but the sea itself will cherish his form in the depths of her bosom among the other “gems of purest ray serene” which, “The deep, unfathomed caves of ocean bear.”



M. B. Brissie

Mighty Near

Mighty near the place where you
 See a sky of living blue,
 While the river at your feet
 Ripples, "Ain't the country sweet!"
 When the Sun says "Howdy-do,"
 And you tell him, "Same to you!"

The only time that pedestrians have the right-of way is when the ambulance is carrying them to the hospital.—Chickasha Star.

You Never Know

No matter how long you may know a man there comes a time when you learn that you never knew him at all.

And all too often this happens after our chance of really knowing has passed forever.

Real folks, as a rule, do not dress their brains and hearts as they do their bodies—to conform to the say of the custom and convention.

You never really know all that pulses from one being to another when two hands are clasped and a word or smile is flashed.

There are those in whose presence we are sometimes placed, who are great—and we know it without one word being spoken or one act being performed.

To condemn, to criticize unintelligently, to hurt knowingly another person, is a breach of life's finest privilege. For you never know how deep the harm you have done is buried, and you never know to what height it may grow.

—Greenville News.

The difference between humility and servility is that one is inspired by a warm heart and the other by cold feet.—San Francisco Chronicle.

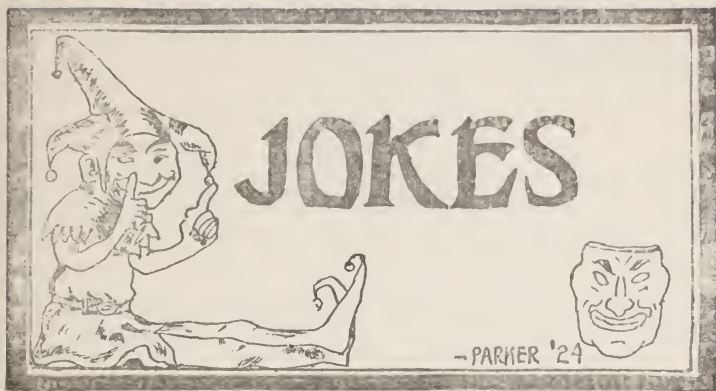
At any rate, Jessie James never raised a hood and tightened a spark plug and charged \$3.85.

—Portland Telegram

Epitaphs from the Gaelic

He never smoked; he never drank;
No woman ever graced his side.
There's some who think he might have lived,
Though all are sure he must have died.

The doctor came and felt her head,
And her ghost half-walking.
Says he, "I think she must be dead,
She has stopped her talking."
Things always come to pass in threes,
Come health, or wealth, or dread disease.
To him beneath was none denied:
He came; he married, and he died.



L. A. HENRICKS, Editor.

First Stude: "What comes after 'G'?"

Second Ditto: "Whiz."

Flapper: "Wouldn't you have liked to have had an old-time Knight in armor plate make love to you?"

Same: "I should say not. Sitting on an iron knee doesn't appeal to me."

He—"I love you. Won't you marry me?"

She—"Why, you couldn't buy my handkerchief."

He—"Well, we could wait till your cold gets better."—Yellow Jacket.

"Mother?"

"Yes, dear."

"Tell me a fairy story before I go to sleep."

"Wait till your father comes home and he'll tell us both one."

"Ran into Hallie over at the dance last night."

"Hallie who?"

"Hallie Tosis."—Selected.

Judge: "And now, Rufus, tell the jury exactly what the sheriff said when he raided your house and found the whiskey."

Rufus: "Well, Jedge, Mr. Tucker, he say, 'Nigger, ain't yo got no better licker dan dis?'"

—Selected.

An Irishman went into a drug store and asked for a quarters worth of pills.

"Shall I put them into a box?" asked the druggist.

"Well, I guess yes," responded Pat. You don't think I'm going to rool them home, do you?"

—Selected.

Prof: "What is intelligence?"

Student: (After much thought): "Intelligence is the immediate and accurate responce to a question."—Selected.

Prof: "Your reports should be written so that even the most ignorant may understand them."

Stude: "Well, just what part do you not understand?"

"What do you think of a boy that will make a girl blush?"

"I think he's a wonder."—Yellow Jacket.

Two goes into four
 Four goes into eight,
 Pa goes into places
 That make him stay out late.
 Ma goes into hysterics
 Then goes into bed
 But what goes into "Slum"
 Has never yet been said.

An old-timer's notion of dressing for dinner was
 to let his belt out two holes.—Greenville News.

SICKNESS

E. D. Plowden, '24.

Sickness is a sorrow;
 Oh! the pain I bear;
 When it comes, tomorrow
 May not find me here.

The many favors shown me,
 As sick in bed I lie,
 May be welcomed blessings,
 If today I die.

If by chance I linger
 'Till a new day dawns;
 May my soul be ready
 When the reaper comes.

And I may soon be leaving
 For a better home;
 But may friends not be grieving
 As I travel on.

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The Chronicle

Clemson College, S. C.

March, 1924

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Clemson College, March, 1924.

No. 6

Valeat Quantum Valent Potest



EDITORS:

E. D. PLOWDEN, '24,

C. B. KING,

F. E. BUCK

THE TRAIL OF LIFE

M. B. Brissie, '24

The trail of life leads on and on;
It ends we know not where;
Who knows what rewards for deeds well done
That await us over there?
There are winding curves ahead we are told;
Of these dangers we all must know;
If we heedlessly pass them by,
Our trail will darker grow.

Many have fallen by the wayside;
Their course came quickly to an end.
They forgot the curves and crooks ahead
While engrossed with the affairs of men.
The fate of such men let's remember,
And when our trails suddenly end—
May it be said that during our journey,
We played the part of men.

ON DREAMERS

J. A. Davis, '26

"Better do than dream;
Better be than seem."

A dreamer or and idealist is not only the one who visualizes or imagines, but he is one who pursues his ideals.

All men are dreamers; whether their dreams are perfect or imperfect, they are dreamers. For who does not, in his quiet hours, think of things or dream of things which he would like to do? Who does not gain the very peak of Sinai only to awake to make the vow that he will realize his dream? It is true that some men are more successful in the keeping of this vow, not because they have larger dreams, however, but because they are willing to suffer the rebuffs, to face the unjust criticisms and ridicule, and to endure the hardships on the road to the realization of their dreams.

In the quotation at the beginning of this article, are two lines that are as far apart in meaning as any two opposites may be without beginning again to approach a common relation; and yet most of us believe them. Few of us have ever considered that the first line is true only from a physical point of view.

Everyone will agree that the last line of this quotation is true because all of us despise shame. Whatever a man is, let him live, act, and talk in such a manner that no one will think he is other wise. If it were true that "whatsoever a man thinketh in his heart," so does he, we would have no trouble in the classification of men.

As to the first line, it is as untrue as the last is true, if one may compare true, for who does not dream before he acts? The dream is primary, and comes before the act. If dreams and acts were to

be weighed in the balance, of course the acts from a mere physical standpoint would far outweigh the dreams, but the dreams are perfection while the acts are only attempts at perfection. One dreams more than one will ever accomplish, but the dream is the goal toward which one must direct his actions.

The reason we are so prone to believe that it is better to do than to dream is that we see only the results of the dream, and not, behind it all, the dreamer; the man who saw it all in his mind; the man who idealized it even better than he accomplished it; and the man who probably spent more time dreaming than he did accomplishing. It is just as true that nothing great has ever been accomplished spontaneously without dreaming, as it is that "Rome was not built in a day."

Another reason why we believe this statement so readily is that there are too many of us who dream, but do nothing toward the realization of our dreams. We dream, but do not act. We seem to expect some good fairy to make our shoes for us. But nothing of the kind will ever happen; for what we accomplish here below is granted by a kind providence who helps those who help themselves. Those who help themselves are those who are willing to die for their ideals. Such a man was the late president, Woodrow Wilson.

Wilson was a dreamer, a thinker, an idealist, but Wilson did not expect someone else to work for his dreams; he worked himself. More men who are willing, like Wilson, to work for the accomplishment of their ideals, are needed today in every branch of life. When the world has more men who are willing to lay down their life for the accomplishment of their dreams or ideals, and when these men have such souls as to cause them to have perfect dreams, then the world will be a better place in which to live, and then we shall be able to say, even when we are on the verge of death, "I am ready."

A REVERIE

J. M. VandeErve, '26

A flush of red o'er-spread the pale East. It broadens and diffuses until the whole Eastern sky is filled with a rosy glow. Slowly it deepens into gold, and the first rays of the morning sun shine above the horizon.

Now all the world is glad. The water sparkles cool and clear, greeting with answering smile the rising King of day. The earth is singing and the joy of living suffuses everything. All Nature responds to the thrill of life; the air is filled with the call of the chanticleer, the birds carol in delirious ecstasy, and the laborer whistles joyfully as he goes about his daily vocation.

As the sun rises higher in the heavens, an increasing warmth pervades the air. Now the glad-some lilt of the morning goes and in its place come the delightful duties of the workaday world. Each one has his task and joyously takes it up "as under the great Taskmaster's eye."

Warmer and warmer the sun becomes until, at high noon, the farmer not reluctantly leaves the plow to rest from his labors, and after dinner, loll for a time in the grateful shade of the wide-spreading live oaks. The bee hums lazily over the wilted floweret, the barnyard noises are stilled, and a drowsy silence overhangs the place.

Late afternoon and languorously the heat of the day subsides until at twilight,

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day
The lowering herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds."

The night comes on apace, the twilight zephyrs stiffen into a cool night breeze and the sable cloak of night envelopes the earth. The quiet melancholy of the evening falls upon us and we muse pensively, letting our thoughts flow like the mighty "Oxus, straining, at times, thru beds of sand and matted rushes," forgetting the impetuous speed of the morning until at last,

"The longed-for dash of waves is heard and wide
His luminous home of waters opens, bright
And tranquil, from whose floor the new bathed
stars
Emerge and shine upon the Aral sea."

Seated again upon the wellworn bench under the swaying pines "which like great cathedrals uplift their fretted summits tipped with cones"—I lift my eyes into the fading blue o'er head where "silently one by one the lovely stars, those forget-m-nots of the angels come trooping out in the infinite meadows of heaven" and on dream wings of "maden meditation fancy-free" I soar out, up and over the Milky Way in the procession of the immortals—Gray, Bryant, Lanier, and Longfellow, and with Emerson I "hitch my wagon to a star" and I, who can not croak as sonorously as a frog, sing like a nightingale:

"O for the power to capture and bring
And bind in the bonds of control,
Some of those notes that warble and sing,
Up from the depths of my soul."

FATHER

E. H. Jordan, '26

To father, too, I write in rhymes,
Thanking him for deeds of other times,
Many of which I could not repay,
Should I work and toil forever and aye.

On father's knee I used to sit,
And many cigarettes from here I lit;
Here I could rub his bearded face,
Or pull his hair with all good grace.

Every evening toward the end of day,
Toward my father I wended my way,
And in my heart there was much joy
To know I was a plowman's boy.

The toys for me he often made
Do not easily from memory fade,
Though small of size, simple of design
I had delight to call them mine.

When I had grown but a trifle,
Father gave me a brand new rifle,
Which I could shoot with great delight,
And reluctantly lay it down at night.

As days passed by I finally came
Into the knoweldge of hunting game,
And while hunting w'ed often go
Through fall's leaves or winter's snow.

Looking for a rabbit in his bed,
Or eyeing the birds that flew overhead;
And then sometimes we took a hook
And fished in vain in the brook.

But now the time of bodhood days
Finds sadder hours in other ways.
To boyhood days could I return once more,
To enjoy the days I enjoyed of yours.

To saunter in the snow and ice,
And in later days again pay the price,
I'd give all for the days of yore,
Could I recall them forever more.

Yet all this time of joyful days
My father has not changed his ways,
And appears yet to be the same,
Eager to help me in life's game.

But it is man's nature to procrastinate
Until behold, it is too, too, late,
And we can think but haven't told,
Of the joy he gives, and gave of old.

And to you, father, I now say,
Your face looms up along life's way;
The switchings you gave in earlier days,
Had effects on me for better ways.

When I kiss you on leaving home,
I pray your blessings wherever I roam,
And should it be a last good bye,
I hope to meet you in the sky.

ON THE SALKEHATCHIE

K. B. Sanders, '25

We were rattling along the road two miles from home that morning when the first gray signs of dawn rose before us. It was cool, contrasted with the heat of the July midday to follow. Old Gyp slowed down to a walk at the foot of a little hill, and we could hear the rustlings and twitterings of the awakening woods and discern ourselves more clearly.

There were six of us in the wagon. Mr. Jennings and my brother occupied the front spring seat, the seat of ease and honor; Tom and Bill McMillan sat in the back of the wagon, the second seat of honor, with their feet hanging out; and Johnny and I held down a raincoat-padded board stretched across the middle of the body. Mr. Jennings was comfortably drawing on his cob pipe, emitting wreaths of pleasant smelling smoke which curled about our heads and trailed out behind like the flurrying smoke in the wake of a freight. His battered hat was pulled low on his bronzed brow, and his clear eyes gleamed out friendly and gently, yet mischievously. His whole drab figure seemed at ease, and at peace with all the world. To me he was the very picture of a typical old fisherman.

Bud was admonishing old Gyp to greater speed. Following a fear-instilling "Giddap there, you hussy," he cracked his persuading cowhide several times uncomfortably close to her flanks, and made her strike a trot downhill. Tom and Bill were talking in low tones. I heard Tom say that old man Sikes would not give him more than this one day from the mill. Johnny and I were silent; indeed, the stillness of the early morning was not conducive to conversation.

As the broad light of day streamed over the fields and woods, and as forest life grew noisier and noisier about us, the party woke up. Bud leaned back over me and said, "You cold, boy? You should have brought a heavier coat." Mr Jennings chimed in, "Yes, sonny, a coat's going to feel mighty comfortable coming back tonight." Tom and Bill struck up a tune, but soon quieted down to yarns of past fishing trips. They were great fishermen; I learned that fact very quickly. They soon began to talk about Salkehatchie, and naturally their chatter drifted to the prospects for the day.

"I tell you, Mr. Jennings," boasted Tom, "I bet me and Bill catch more fish today than the rest of you together."

The old gentleman kept his eyes on the road a moment before he turned his head. "Well," he dryly commented, "we'll see."

The sun was an hour high when when we came into sight of the swamp stretching its dark wall of forest like a great wilderness out beyond our vision in both directions. As we drew nearer, the dark band lightened somewhat so that we could see through the scattering pines the clumped undergrowth and swamp trees in the background. Coming around a bend abruptly, we saw for the first time a little church in the bordering pines. It was a simple little country church, lacking in artistic architecture, with a plain ridge roof, serviceable doors and windows, and shabby wooden steps without railings. We turned off the road just below the little structure and drew up before a towering pine.

Johnny and I got out the poles and tackle while Bud, assisted by the others, unhitched old Gyp and tied her to a sapling. Then, while they were disposing of our grub, frying pan, etc., in our raincoats as a precaution against rain, we struck out down the causeway to the creek.

It was just a little way. We soon reached the bridge and stood with wonderment looking at the clear crystal water. Expecting a typical black swamp stream such as is the Salkehatchie itself twenty miles below, we saw before us a clear sparkling stream with every inch of sandy bottom clearly visible. Also the bordering muck, characteristic of swamps nearer the coast, was absent. The banks looked fairly hard and firm, and I thought on seeing them that we would have a pleasant time just tramping up and down them. But I thought then that we would stick to those banks all day.

By the time the rest of the party had come up, our wonderment had somewhat subsided, and we began to rig our tackle.

Our poles were short. So were our lines. In Salkehatchie one couldn't do much fishing with a twenty-foot cane and a long line. We could wade the stream nearly anywhere; hence, no long line was needed; besides, with a cumbersome cane a fellow would spend a lot of his time in coaxing his tackle loose from the underbrush. Positively, short lines and short poles were essential; and I, for my part, after five minutes' exposure to Salkehatchie's vigorous, long-legged mosquitoes, felt positive that our existence would conform to the situation and also be short. However, Bud brought out some "Sketer-Skeerer" from his shirt pocket, and after he smeared some of it on my face, the mosquitoes troubled me no more; but the yellow flies seemed to like the sticky stuff. So, though a truce was made, the peace was short.

As soon as we divided the bait, Tom and Bill rushed off down the creek ahead of the party. Mr. Jennings smiled. "Them boys takin' it too fast," he said. We stood by, watching him. He deftly fastened a worm on his hook, managing to conceal

the point completely and leaving a short bit of worm's tail free to wiggle. He dropped his line into the water close to the bank. We watched intently. He played it up and down for perhaps two minutes, and then, letting fall a casual "nobody home," dropped it in at another place. This time he got a bite; but he seemed not to notice. Why didn't he jerk? My! The fish was getting away; swiftly the line was moving towards the roots. But, suddenly, Mr. Jennings gave a quick jerk, bringing out a flashing little perch.

It all seemed so very simple that we felt sufficiently enlightened to try our own luck. We did. I managed to stick a worm on my hook, but had little knack at concealing the point. Bud and Mr. Jennings were casting around us; the old gentleman had got another and Bud had got one before Johnny and I got our lines into the water. We played along, mimicking Mr. Jennings; without his luck, however. I simply couldn't hook a fish. I got a bite, but when I jerked, all that came out of the water was hook and line and sinker—no bait. Johnny and I, following downstream behind the others, came upon a little inlet in which, as a belt of sunlight struck it, we saw a flash of minnows the largest of which was, perhaps about as big as two fingers. The idea struck me of practicing on the little fishes.

Accordingly, Johnny agreeing that it was a good idea, we halted, put on our smallest hooks, baited them, and carefully dipped our lines in the belt of sunlight. We could see everything. A tiny little perch came out from the roots, cautiously approached the bait, and sniffed at it; hum, he was curious. He played around it warily a few moments, and then ventured a nibble. I jerked; out came hook, line and sinker, but no bait. I rebaited, this time lower-

ing the bait directly over a little fellow. He boldly nibbled at it, and started to carry it under the roots. I let him have his way for the moment, but when he had passed almost out of sight, I jerked—and got him. We tried again. I got another; Johnny got several small perch. Finally, tiring of such practice, we caught up our tackle and ran to find Mr. Jennings and Bud who, by this time, were at some distance downstream.

We found them at a bend in the stream where an old cypress tree on the inner edge of the curve had been badly eroded about its roots, forming a deep, dark, jagged retreat—an ideal spot for fish. Mr. Jennings was knee deep in the stream, casting in the shady water close the roots.

“Come on out, sonny,” he called, with a twinkle in his eye, as he saw us come up. “Don’t be afraid of the water.”

Gingerly, I set one foot before me, and deliberately followed it with the other; o-ou-ou-, the water gurgled through my shoes and sucked around my toes. I waded on out to the old gentleman, however, and cast my line over by the roots.

“Shove ’er a little closer up in there, sonny, and you’re liable to get a nice one,” he advised.

I pushed my line a little closer to the roots and gently bobbed it up and down Suddenly, I felt a lug on my line—like an alligator. I gave him time to swallow my hook, and then jerked. Great Scot! The load overbalanced me; I lunged, and but for Mr. Jennings, would have plunged. Bud roared; Mr. Jennings grinned down at me; and I looked around for my three-pound fish. Ah, there was the little eight-inch cat dangling from a cypress limb. I disentangled him and got him down. He wasn’t so bad; at least he was the first catfish of the morning.

Bud and Mr. Jennings each had quite a string of small perch, which, together with my catfish, looked like a mess of fish to me. However, we fished about the old cypress awhile longer and pulled out several others; then we passed on downstream and soon came upon Bill and Tom, who were waiting for us. Tom was fervently cursing the luck.

"They ain't bitin' today," he sourly remarked with a questioning glance for evidences of our luck.

"Oh, the reason for that," consoled Mr. Jennings, swinging up his string, "is that you fellows come down the creek about five minutes afore the fish started bitin'."

"Whew, you all didn't catch all them," objected Bill.

"No," responded the old gentleman, with a twinkle, "these are only mine."

We parleyed. Since it was after noon and everybody was tired and hungry, we turned back on our tracks and fished upstream. I hadn't noticed the amazing twists and kinks of that little creek on the way downstream, but on the long way out of the swamp we had time and reason to note them all. Finally, however, after following its unbelievably circuitous route, we reached the bridge and road again, and struck out with gay swinging steps for the place where we had left old Gyp and the wagon.

Having reached camp, we fetched some water from the church pump and began to scale and clean our catch. We gutted them and cut the heads off, leaving them whole. Indeed, nearly all of them were too small for two pieces, being about the size of four fingers of the hand. This messy work progressed rapidly, and when it was well along, Mr. Jennings and I began to make preparations for cooking.

We got some kindling from an old lightwood stump and scoured the woods for fuel, dry hardwood mostly, for this makes a good cooking fire. When we had collected quite a heap, Mr. Jennings struck a match to his kindling and carefully added wood, gradually increasing his fire to a moderate blaze. It required about fifteen minutes for him to get the fire suitable to his eye.

I fetched over a part of the fish, salted them, and mealed them, while Mr. Jennings was getting his great frying pan to sizzling with a deep layer of grease. He carefully dropped them in the pan, and, squatting on his haunches, keenly watched them sizzle and spatter and fry. With a long forked oak stick he turned them, watched them turn brown, dark brown, and dun brown, while the savory odors wafted about me and teased my sense of smell. The old fisherman was in his element; his genial face lit up with pleasure at his task and showed clearly what he was, a lover of the woods. The others brought up the remainder of the fish, and, while I mealed and salted and Mr. Jennings presided over the pan, they sat and lounged and knelt around, imbibing the odoriferous scents with keen anticipation. Tom bestirred himself and made up a batch of "Red-Horse Bread"—corn fritters fried in deep fish grease, and fried them with the fish. I looked over at that pile of fish on the papers and then back at Mr. Jennings who was still stirring about the pan, and wondered what six could do with them all. Mr. Jennings put the last dun brown morsel on that great pile of savory delicacy and Tom lifted his crisp fritters from the pan. We felt famished; were ready for the fireworks to start. Somehow, there was a preceptible pause; but Mr. Jennings broke it happily, when, with radiant eyes he drawled, "well, boys, pitch in."

SILENT ECHOES.

Bill Jekyll, '25.

I love you dear heart,
And though we must part
With heart-strings that ache and burn,
The pathways of time
Will still be sublime
When memories of old return.

And the days that must pass
In the future so vast
Will ever be filled with love,
Though it burns unseen
With but hardly a gleam,
It burns like a flame above.

Even though the years
May be filled with tears,
Its light will ever shine through;
And forever more
Its golden glow
Will softly speak of you.

And the joy it tells
So sweetly swells
Like the breath of roses blown;
Though they fade and die
Like a dream gone by,
Their memory is still our own.

POETRY

By E. D. Plowden, '24

Poetry may be distinguished from prose by versification, though versification is by no means the only method of distinction. While prose is devoid of those literary figures which are so appealing to the human tastes, poetry abounds in those figures, those flights of imagination, so to speak, which excite the reader's enthusiasm and hold his attention, at the same time displaying the poet's skill and mastery of invention and expression. But some of the finest poetry lacks versification. How then, we ask, are we to distinguish poetry from other forms of writing? Poetry has only one real mark of distinction; that is its peculiarity of expression; its fine language all its own, which appeals to the imagination, speaks to the heart, and fills any person of delicate sensations with new and strange illusions of nature, of love, of life itself.

Goldsmith said of poetry: "It is a painting with words, in which the figures are hapily conceived, ingeniously arranged, affectingly expressed, and recommended with all the warmth and harmony of coloring; it consists of imagery, description, metaphors, similes, and sentiments adapted with propriety to the subject, so contrived and executed as to soothe the ear, surprise and delight the fancy, mend and melt the heart, elevate the mind, and please the understanding."

And so it is. Poetry is made up of a variety of similes, metaphors, hyperboles, and turns of expression, all of which serve to enliven, to stimulate the whole, and to distinguish real inspiration from mere science.

The metaphor is used more generally and more successfully than is any other figure of poetry.

Everday brings poetry abounding in metaphors which, without the most delicate sense of taste, serve to bring about a false sublime. If the metaphors touch the pathos and arouse the passions of the human soul, then they should be used, but otherwise they should be avoided. The use of metaphors will depend, to a large measure, on the nature of the subject being treated. The skillful poet cannot employ metaphors to a better advantage than did Thomson when he described the farmer in these words:

“O vale of bliss! O softly swelling hills!
On which the power of cultivation lies,
And joys to see the wonders of his toil.”

The simile, though used less often than the metaphor, requires greater skill in its proper use, for it should paint and beautify the subject and delight the reader. This is well illustrated by the poet Virgil in these lines:

“So Philomela, from the unbrageous wood,
In strains melodious mourns her tender brood,
Snatched from the nest by some rude plowman’s
hand,
On some lone bough the warbler takes her stand;
The live-long night she mourns the cruel wrong,
And hill and dale resound the plaintive song.”

“The hyperbole,” said Goldsmith, “is managed with still greater difficulty than is the simile.” It tends to magnify, rather than describe in accurate proportions, as is readily seen in these lines from Virgil in which he speaks of the north wind blowing the sails and ocean waves thus:

“The sail the north wind rends with hideous cry,
And whirls the maddening billows to the sky.”

Besides the similes, metaphors, and hyperboles, poetry abounds in various turns of expression, or

"tropes" as many writers call them, which by a skillful choice and arrangement of words, artfully disclose what would otherwise have been concealed. By the use of these ingenious inventions the poet is able to give life and motion to what would otherwise be dull and meaningless to the readers. Milton, describing Satan in hell, by the use of a variety of expressions, paints him in these words:

"Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs
Of mighty cherubim. The sudden blaze
Far round illumined hell—."

To similes, metaphors, hyperboles, and peculiar turns of expression, must be added one other element, verse, which puts on the finishing touches, so to speak, animates every line, and makes the whole writing smooth and harmonious, often making the sound an echo to the sense. The poet Denham, in his admired poem, "Cooper's Hill," in speaking of the river Thames employs verse to produce a wonderful effect, thus:

"Oh, could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example as it is my theme;
Though deep yet clear, though gentle yet not dull,
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full."

And so the poet puts into his writing the spiritual, the pathetic, the sublime, the beautiful. He paints glowing pictures of the wonderful scenes his eye alone is capable of comprehending; paints these scenes with words he alone can find expression for, and gives these word-pictures to the imaginative eye of the reader to fill his heart, thrill his soul, with the beautiful scene of life. The poet, by means of his writings, entertains our imagination, touches our heart strings, and arouses within us a keener sense of appreciation for the wonderful and the beautiful components of our lives.

IN THE LOVELY NIGHTS OF THE SPRINGTIME

E. D. Plowden, '24

The golden sun is descending behind yon hills to the westward ;
Casting its hues o'er the valleys, as it sinks in the western horizon ;
Spreading shadows over the hillsides, as it takes its final departure ;
To be seen no more 'till tomorrow, when it starts on its regular journey ;
To appear in all its beauty, as it comes up on the morrow,
As it creeps o'er the hills tomorrow, and brings a new day with it ;
Brings light and life for seed and seedlings, and hopes and successes for thousands ;
Success for those who seek it, and with success peace and happiness.
While the evening sun is departing, the dusk of twilight is falling ;
Thicker the shades of the evening spread like viels o'er the valleys ;
Deeper the shadows of twilight roll o'er the hills towards sunset.
Then, comes the call of the whippoorwill from the nearby creeks and the woodlands ;
And the chirp of thousands of crickets rings from the fields and the meadows ;
The soft, glowing light of the fire-fly gleams as he sails in the thickets.
The shades of night fall upon us, with the silence of falling moonbeams,
Falling on hillsides and valleys ; covering the darkness of twilight,
And lighting the earth with brilliance ; in the lovely nights of the springtime.

For now the full moon is arising, and slowly ascending
its pathway;
Climbing the heights of the heavens, wrapped in a
halo of glory;
Wrapped in a curtain of starlight, from the millions
of stars around it.

Its pathway is illumined already; the moonbeams
are all sent earthward
To roll back the curtain of darkness, spread o'er
the earth in the twilight;
To adorn the beauties of nature, we cannot see in
the daytime;
To cover the earth with its glory, and the hillsides
and valleys with moonlight;
To flood our surroundings with moonlight, and fill
our hearts with contentment.
Onward in the starlit heavens it sails and continues
ascending;
Still onward and upward it travels to the uppermost
heights of the heavens;
It rises on beams of brilliance, to the heights of the
heavens above us;
It floods our souls with admiration for the wonder-
full beauty of the moonlight;
Fills us with love for the springtime; its silvery
moon and the moonbeams,
And the stars and the still, clear spaces our eyes can
detect in the heavens.
It brings the moonlight to cheer us, and breezes that
cool and refresh us;
Brings us rest from our labors, and the soothing
sleep of the nighttime;
Brings sweet dreams to the dreamers, in the lovely
nights of the springtime.

THAT OLD QUESTION OF LITERARY WORK AT CLEMSON

G. N. Sisk, '27

Anyone can see that all kinds of literary work at Clemson are declining, both in the zeal with which they are done and in the quality of the work. The literary societies are not given the place they used to have. A very small percentage of the cadets belong to them, and the meetings are short and far-between. Oftentimes they do not meet at the assigned time. Not only this, but the quality of work is much below that done in many of the high school literary societies of South Carolina. I heard another freshman say not long ago, "This literary society up here isn't near as good as my high school society." The halls of the societies are poorly cared for. Shades are missing, chairs are broken, and walls need plastering.

Not only in the societies is this decline felt, but also in the college publications. Very few "rats" and sophomores ever write anything for the **Chronicle**. It seems that, since they have come here for another purpose, they need waste no time with anything literary.

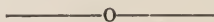
Just why should a man who expects to go into mechanical and agricultural pursuits try to improve himself in a literary way? Well why should a baby learn to talk even though its parents intend that it shall be a carpenter all its life? Every man should be able to express his thoughts and ideas clearly and effectively, no matter what his occupation is. Nothing is worth while to human beings that cannot be expressed. The value of expression is so great that no one can safely ignore it.

Man is a social creature. He is unhappy when not associating with his fellows. But what pleasure would he get from merely being with them, not being able to talk to them? For the same reason

his pleasure would be increased by his being able to talk with them more clearly and effectively. Future pleasure should be another incentive to literary work.

Clemson, herself, has a reason for encouraging this. She has a place to hold among the colleges of South Carolina. Clemson is not only the agricultural and mechanical college of South Carolina; she is the BIG college of South Carolina. If she is to hold this place, she must be big in every way; and her literary societies and college publications must excel all others in the state.

It is up to us to make our Alma Mater what she ought to be in this respect; so let's get to work. We all know how; we've been told many a time before.



HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE.

C. B. King, '25.

But few men ever rise to the topmost pinnacle of international fame. The positions which warrant this honor are indeed limited, but are we to conclude that those who get this are the only ones who ever gain success? Are we to feel that this type of man is the one whom the world depends on for its maintenance and improvement? No! We depend on society, and society is the sum total of the people from all stations of life.

A nation—yes, a civilization is builded around a large group of life phases, each different from the other, but centering around each other so that they bear a direct relation to each other. They are so closely paralleled to each other that the least variation in one causes a general confusion among all. For each of these activities, individually, there are required several different types of men. (Men of

varied callings—men of different ambitions—and men of unequal capacities). And with this combination working cooperatively, they ultimately effect the thing for which they are striving. Nature has so arranged the individuals of the human race that they vary in their qualities; hence it can be seen that all men cannot hold the same office.

The names of a few of our most illustrious, time-honored men adorn the pages of our history. We like to read of their wonderful achievements, their noble deeds, and their honored works. We spare no pains to show to the world our appreciation for their accomplishments; we erect tall monuments; we carve long epitaphs upon their tombs; and we publicly shout their praises. They are envied, and justly so, for it is grand to be a lord of England, but his position is made possible by someone being at his command. It would indeed be great to be a General Pershing; but for the victory upon the fields of battle, privates must be at hand. I know of nothing which could be more desirable than to be a Woodrow Wilson, but someone must be the plain voter. So it is with every great name in history—a still greater force of less praised human lives accompanies it and makes possible its status. These no less noble and deserving individuals, those giving their entire lives to the unpraised deeds, are the ones to whom I would call your attention.

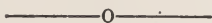
It is true that all men have not the same opportunities and possibilities. We cannot always tell by a man's achievements just what his opportunities were; neither can we always tell by a man's possibilities what will be his achievements in the future. If this were not true, we would conclude that Abraham Lincoln had unlimited opportunities—opportunities far better than those who were at that time attending Yale, Harvard, or the other large institutions of our country. But we know that Mr. Lincoln was never in a college for study. Yet he

accomplished more than any other man in the dark days of the sixties. Had an honor graduate of any of these institutions accomplished the same things that Mr. Lincoln did, would he have been as great? Would the tribute which the generations following him give be as worthy? Society should expect most from the man who has the greatest opportunities. The man who has but few possibilities in life and still makes every one count for something is a greater asset to our civilization than he who succeeds to a far greater extent, but who takes advantage of only a few of his opportunities. When any individual has done his best—when he has accomplished all that he can, he is then due all the honor that anyone is capable of giving him.

We must not forget that the great mass of our civilization is composed of those whose opportunities are few and whose possibilities are comparatively limited. For every enterprise there must be a thinker—one who plans the operation, but we must not forget that back of him stands the thousands who are there to apply the work of their hands in order that he may realize his dreams. They labor through their entire lives, not with the purpose of gaining any fame from their fellowman, but with the sole purpose of sustaining life—to exist—to carry on life's processes. They see but little of the things going on in the world; they hear their name called, probably, only when they are wanted to do something; but they smile and tackle what comes their way with a resolute heart and cheerful. They pass from this life and but few realize it, but it is true that one tooth from the cogs of the machine of civilization is lost for each that departs. Though we cannot supply tall shafts of marble for each one when he leaves this life, we can at least give him a smile while he lives and pay him the passing tribute of a sigh when he has gone. Though his life's work does not warrant long epitaphs, he can at least have

this one carved on a meager stone resting at his head:

“Here rests his head upon the lap of earth
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown.
Fair science frowned not on his humble birth,
And melancholy marked him for her own.
Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to misery all he had, a tear,
He gained from heaven ('twas all he wished) a friend.”



I'M CRAZY 'BOUT YOU

E. D. Plowden, '24

I've rambled God's world all over,
And now I've grown tired and blue.
Some may say that I'm crazy;
But if I am, I'm crazy 'bout you.

I've seen girls wear smiles or frowns,
Dressy ones, classy ones, too;
But the one I like best the whole world around,
If I must tell you, is you.

You are the prettiest one of them all;
Though sometimes you doubt me, too;
I know that I may be crazy,
But if I am, I'm crazy 'bout you.

Sometimes I spend nights without any sleep,
And often I'm sad and blue;
It's all because I'm thinking
About my sweetheart—about you.

Now some will still call me crazy,
But what do I care if they do?
I know that I may be crazy,
But if I am, I'm crazy 'bout you.

A LOVE

C. C. Stucky, '24

Tom Norton and Nathaniel Barclay had become great friends during their college days. They were reared in the bustling town of Tallahassee, Florida, and had later entered the University together. Both were good athletes and good students. This fact kept them both constantly attending social functions. The boys made many friends, both young and old. There was Doctor Law, who liked so much to argue on Evolution. There was Mrs. Carlyle, who always liked the boys and often imparted much useful knowledge of charity to them. The young people far outnumbered the old in warm friendship, because the boys were such gentlemen and yet so full of innocent fun.

These pleasant college scenes could not hold forever. After a happy graduation, the boys parted to work in different towns. Tom started to practicing law in Thomasville, Georgia. Nathaniel ventured into Mississippi to practice medicine.

Tom's business prospered and friends became numerous. His greatest friend was Edith Lipscomb, a pretty, quiet, deep-thinking girl, who did some charity work and who was a leader in the social life. During vacant hours Tom had a habit of drifting in to talk over things. They would discuss anything from politics to her excellent charity work. At times they would quarrel because they could not agree, but soon would laugh and make up one way or another to save friendship.

This constant and deep-seated friendship continued for nearly two years. Each kept a safe distance in personal feelings and enjoyed each others' presence. One day Tom heard from Nathaniel, saying that he had decided to move to Thomasville and begin practice. This was good

news for Tom. He was not long in telling Edith and giving all of Nathaniel's good points. In a few days Nathaniel arrived, "as happy as a lark," to see his old chum again. That night there was a Bachelor supper and much joy. Many old yarns were spun, plus the addition of new tales. Far into the night the revelry of old chums continued. The Doctor spent the next day in fixing up the new office. At dinner he began enquiring as to plans.

"What is up tonight, Tom?"

"The first thing you are going to do is to go out to supper with my best friend, Miss Edith Lipscomb."

"Well, as you say so, Tom, I guess it means go."

That night a new world was opened to Nathaniel and Edith. The dinner was pleasantly carried thru. There were a number of new persons to be endured. Edith was a regular gem at entertaining. To Nathaniel, she was more than an excellent entertainer—she was a wonder.

After the two young men had reached their quarters, which were being shared together now, they began the usual after-evening talk.

"Well, Nat, what do you think of Edith?"

"Oh, I-I-say, she is wonderful, Man, I never have seen such a girl. And I can't understand how you could help loving her."

"Oh, Bosh! Nat, we are excellent friends but you know I am not looking for a wife—not yet anyway."

Nathaniel was glad to keep his feelings to himself. That night was a series of the most wonderful dreams of a regular angel.

A few weeks passed and Nathaniel was still holding off. Not much longer could he resist telling this girl how he loved her. One beautiful night his emotions burst forth in full. But cupid had been busy in another heart also: Edith loved him too.

Edith had been neglecting Tom for the past weeks, since Nathaniel had arrived. One morning he could stand the neglect no longer. Tom walked down to Ediths' house and asked to see her. After a cordial meeting, he began eagerly:

"Edith, why have you treated me like this? I have missed you so. I can't talk to a wall. Oh, I must have you! Edith won't you please take me?"

Edith calmly listened thru the out-burst. Then turning directly towards him, she gave him an analysis which he never forgot or regretted.

"Tom you are being too hasty now. All this time we have been great friends. I say friends and mean only friends when I say it. You don't love me and never have loved me. I have never loved you. You are my friend and I am your friend; but don't mistake this burst of jealousy as love. I love Nathaniel and am going to marry him. We shall always be your friends—always. Now please think this over and come back to tell me what you feel and see."

Tom left to walk the misty streets for an hour. At the end of an hour it all dawned on him. What a hound he had been—what a cad. In a few minutes, he was in Edith's presence again. Tom admitted, in a few words, all his misunderstanding and was fully forgiven.

For life, the three have remained true friends, and Tom has married the girl he had long admired and loved inwardly. He fond thru a hard lesson the meaning of true friendship.

I NEED YOU

E. D. Plowden, '24

I need you in the morning,
And I need you at night,
I need you all the time;
I need you at dawning
And in the twilight;
It's you that I need for mine.

I love you in the morning,
And I love you at noon;
I love you when the day is done;
In the early dawning
Or 'neath the full moon,
I love you and I want you, dear one.

Can't you feel my emotion?
Can't you hear my heart flutter,
When I am close to you?
I love you the best;
There can be no other.
Oh, say that you love me, too.

Won't you clasp your dear
Little hand in mine,
And say that you will be true?
It's for you, my dear,
That my poor heart pines;
All that I need is you.

The Clemson College Chronicle

FOUNDED BY THE CLASS OF 1898

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

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

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



M. C. Ellison, editor-in-chief

R. H. Smith, associate editor

A college course has been likened unto a baseball game, and many a baseball game has been lost in the ninth.

Some Profs. are so broad-minded that they are able to get along with an alphabet of three letters—F, D, P.

As yet the student body has no "oil scandal," but some claim that we have a few Daughterties.

The day is fast approaching when the Seniors will become alumni, the Juniors will become Seniors, the Sophomores will become Juniors, and the Freshmen will become Sophomores—Oh, boy! The dependent factor is Einstein's fourth dimension—TIME.

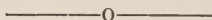
The single man can laugh at the married man who has to spend his month's savings for a "permanent wave" for his bobbed-haired wife, but the joke is on him when he too weds one with bobbed hair, thinking all of the time that is was naturally wavy.

NEW CHRONICLE STAFF

The publication of this issue of **The Chronicle** marks the end of the old staff's duties. A certain amount of regret is felt as we retire, since despite the work and worry we have derived a considerable amount of literary training and rare pleasure in editing **The Chronicle**.

All of us make mistakes, and possible the old staff can be credited to more than their share of mistakes, but we do not worry over the mistakes of the past, because we feel that the new staff will profit from our short-comings. The students have given us a measure of support, but we trust that the new staff will be more blessed with articles from the students, and thus be helped in making **The Chronicle** more truly representative of the student body. We feel sure that the men who have been elected to the new staff are a set of competent earnest workers. The men who compose the new staff are named below:

Editor-in-Chief—R. H. Smith.
Co-operative Editor—F. B. Leitzsey.
Literary Editor—C. B. King.
Junior Literary Editor—R. M. Cureton.
Junior Literary Editor—J. M. Vand De Erve.
Clippings and Comments—K. B. Sanders.
Exchange Editor—E. C. Stewart.
Assistant Exchange Editor—G. N. Sisk.
Circulation Manager—J. W. Bauer.
Assistant Circulation Manager—R. E. Jones.
Joke Editor—J. P. Batson.
Advertising Manager—B. B. Gillespie.



CASTING ANCHOR

B. O. Williams, '18

Is it not time to cast anchor? The swirling waters and the turbulent waves are sending out prophetic breakers. Far a-Sea the white caps are visible in their fighting anger. Indeed the waters are rough, and the old ship, "Civilization," must cast anchor if she would escape a bottomless repose.

"Time and tide wait for no man." The months, the years, and the decades are rapidly becoming a part of the century's historical setting. Restless minds quake as they look upon our youth with its potentialities and its possibilities. The pessimists shriek that our young people are bound for destruction; the optimists shut their eyes and say, "All's well;" the fanatics are only howling and the prophets are only dreaming; thoughtful people are carefully considering the deeper aspects of the situation and are trying to discover its pro's and con's—what are they?

Civilization is experiencing changes, such infusion of new ideas and ideals as are transforming its whole structure. What are the resulting influences on the rising generation? Adolescence is the age of Change,—society is forever changing.

But just as surely as elements in new combinations form new compounds, just so surely are these new ideas and ideals combining in our youth to form a new manhood and new womanhood. It will be unlike the original elements that made up their boyhood and girlhood. In the equation that is changing our youth to maturity there are many reactions that did not influence the equation which changed their ancestry from youth to sober maturity.

Scientific invention and discoveries in recent years have produced new social amalgamations. Ideas of world-wide relationships and universal co-operation predominate in the great field of social and business intercourse. The world has become in recent months the center of thought and activity—largely because of modern means of transportation and communication. All of these things unite to create a different viewpoint among individuals. The youngster of today, as never before, regards the world as a big neighborhood. In his mind he conceives Powers and Potentates to be nothing more than ordinary human individuals. Even he has seen them banished to ordinary mediocrity. The Kaiser was monarch of monarchs, but the youth of the worlds knows him today as only an exile from his country, only a man among men. Such changes in the great role of human events produce their natural psychological response in the minds of age and youth alike. Age is able to weigh the consequences in the scales of justice; youth is too fickle to interpret such measures with any degree of constancy. And thus he vacillates in his own mind.

But time is a great physician. It heals many sores and cures countless diseases that no human skill can touch. Nature, likewise, is a great surgeon that operates with ensanguined instruments and removes many pains that time would take too long to cure. Give time its duration and nature its course and many of the present day ills will fade into oblivion.

Our boys and girls have not forgotten the Great God of Justice and Peace. Deep down in their hearts they are as clean and pure as ever. These temporary reactions are but the natural evils of civilization functioning as they have always functioned.

Let us have more steadfast faith, more abundant hope, an all-embracing charity. Let us not despair. Readjustments will come in the due process of time.

What we need to do is to cast anchor. We must help solve the problems of our youth. They need encouragement, wise counsel and time; and they need more consecrated, devoted and cautious advice from their elders. The Book of Books advises us rightly when it says in Ezekiel, "The fathers have eaten sour grapes and their children's teeth are set on edge." Roosevelt said of his father: "My father was the best man I've ever known." Great responsibility rests on the parents of youth, to teach, live, and inspire. !

The waters will cease to be so rough, calm will prevail and the pessimists will turn optimists when time utilizes these forces and operates through the instrumentality of the elders upon the young of today and the citizens of tomorrow. But in the meantime we must cast anchor, analyze our situation, and introduce more stability into the lives of our youngsters by word of mouth, by act of living, and through the public press.

BOOKS

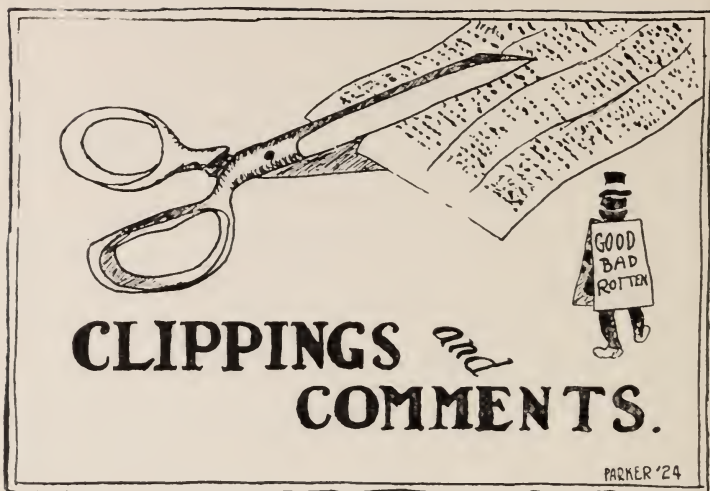
What is it that will serve to drive away the blues and rest the weary mind? Possibly there are several things that will answer this question, but among the most important is a good book.

With a good book of fiction we can live the many pangs, sorrows, and joys of a life time in the matter of a few hours. The magic hand of the author takes us into the land of utopian ideas and by dealing with our imagination rests our minds.

Then there is the scientific book that helps to broaden one's mind and thinking capacity. One can live over the thrilling events of past ages by delving into rustic volumes of history. Many a joyful hour may be spent in reading after the great poets of the past and present.

With a good library at hand it is possible for one to keep abreast the times and to broaden the knowledge that one already has. The College Library is well equipped, and no student will have cause to regret in years to come the precious moments spent in the library.

—M. C. E.



M. B. Brissie

“When a man dies, he carries with him down the
Great Black Way,
Memories of white laughter, work and play.
When a woman dies, she carries with her bodies of
unwhispered dreams, frenzied prayers, and
tears.

Trees grow from dust of men-wild oak trees,
Flinging their black gnarled branches to the sky.
But oh, the nameless things springing from the dust
of woman, sleeping, sleeping,
Sleeping through a million years.”—Overland
Monthly.

One swallow doesn't make a summer but it often
brings on a fall.—Kansas Legionaire.

Ananias up-to-date

The man who got London on the radio last night is the same person who formerly bragged about getting 40 miles on one gallon of gas, who broke 100 on his first game of golf, who makes good on his Wall Street tips and who files a correct income tax return.—Life.

No man is equipped to serve on a jury until he can tell which of two lies is more reasonable.

—Greenville News.

Select Your Way

The trouble with a table d'hôte dinner is that someone else makes your food selection for you—and of course they know nothing about what kind of a stomach you carry around with you.

But most people are perfectly willing that someone else shall select their food, their work in life, and then furnish them most of their thinking pre-digested.

He who, in his heart, desires success and happiness, however, has no such notion of building his way by bargain and barter.

Scattering your talents to the four winds can never avail you anything, no matter how gifted you may be.

Today I watched a middle-aged, steady tennis player beat a brilliant player less than half his age. The older man had neither the speed nor the variety of game—but he selected every spot he played to and did it with such machinelike precision that he swept the younger man off his feet.

The very successful man attempts no more than he feels capable of handling, whereas the one who is always complaining about all the prizes going to

the other fellow, rushes forward hoping to win success at a single bound.

Life holds great riches sufficient for all. But each man and woman must select the things wanted and then concentrate on getting them.

No one else can tell you the right road to travel. You must decide that for yourself.

And then you must select the things along the way that you feel are going to make you strong and able to cope with the direct difficulties.

—Greenville News

Vagabond

A garment flutters in the rain
That stirs the night's serenity;
A door is opened—shut again,
Locking out the world, and me.

Always thus: for you the door
Opening, closing, as you will;
As for me— I turn once more.
And seek the road, a wanderer still.

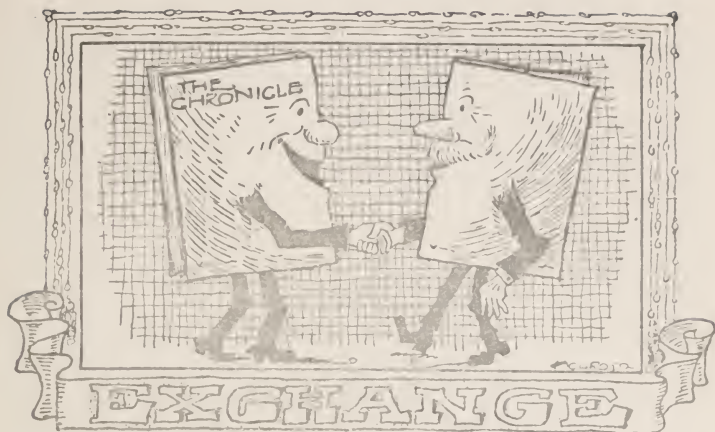
—Greenville News

Suppose Love Waited

Suppose love waited till life's seas were calm,
And every cloud had vanished from her skies,
Till every breeze blew fresh over pine and palm?
 . Would love be wise?

Suppose love held his beautiful proud head
Life's common ways and daily needs above,
Till hope and faith and courage, all were dead?
 Would love be love?

—Overland Monthly.



J. C. Aull '24 Editor E. C. Stewart, '25. Asst. Editor

The Winthrop Journal is a very creditable magazine. Yet, there is always room for improvement. The stories are very interesting. "That Awful Brother" shows that the author spent time in developing the story. The poem, "To-day" is the best of the three. It is very appropriate for the season.

The Lanier Number of **The Orion** is one of the best magazines received in our exchange department. Some one has been hard at work to furnish this issue with such stories, "Born in Her," is the best. The author is to be congratulated on having the story so well developed. The story, "The Valley of Ghost," is very short, but it makes the reader laugh at the finish. A real good laugh once in a while does one much good. "The Nymph—A Fancy" is the best poem.

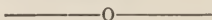
The Limestone Star has something in store that other college magazines have not—a Satire department. The magazine as a whole is well balanced. The material appears to be plentiful. The editor

points out one very important matter which appeals to every college—"Make the Campus Different."

The Davidson College Magazine of March has a wealth of material. No doubt the author of the story, "Out of the Storm" spent much time in developing the story. It is an excellent story. The magazine taken as a whole is well balanced and contains many interesting articles.

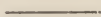
The contents of the **Chicora Magazine** are so placed that the monotony is broken up to some extent. The stories, poems, and essays serve as a mass of material to make up a well-balanced publication. The stories are very interesting. We think the story, "Mary Ellen's Sacrifice" is the outstanding one. It is very interesting and is carefully presented. The poems are very attractive, and they leave the reader with some very pleasant thoughts.

We have received the following magazines: **The Wofford College Journal**, **The Limestone Star**, **The Orion**, **The Winthrop Journal**, **The Chicora Magazine**, **The Criterion**, **The Erothesian**, **The Newberry Stylus**, **The Bashaba**, **The Wake Forest Student** and **The Echoes of the Foothills**.



AS OTHER MAGAZINES SEE US

The Chronicle is well balanced and contains some interesting short stories and good poetry. "My Mother" is a sweet poem and "If Wishes Were Stars," too. The Story "A Victim of Circumstance" is interesting and very entertaining.—**The Limestone Star**.



The Chronicle is fortunate in having so many poets. Poems add greatly to the contents of any magazine. Keep in with your girls, boys, if they have anything to do with your poetic dispositions.

The Editors of The Clemson Chronicle have succeeded in publishing an excellent magazine. In fact, the January issue is the best that has come to our office. The poems, sketches and short stories form a mass of material which makes up a well-balanced magazine.

The poems especially are attractive and interesting. The thought of "My Mother" is pleasant and affords the readers hours of sweet memory and reverie. "If Wishes Were Stars" deserves mention. The other poems, too, are excellent, but time and space will not permit us to comment any more on them.

The shorts stories are also good. "Memory Plays a Prank" is commendable. "Omnia Vincit Amor" deserves especial mention. The plot is good, and what is more, it is well developed. The principal events flow in a logical order which gives an added touch to the climax. "A Victim of Circumstance" is not so good. The plot is rather unique and a bit overdrawn. It is almost impossible to imagine such a situation. We like the piece, "A Sketch." However, the ending is too sudden. It seems to be broken. The tribute to Dr. Riggs shows a loyalty to his memory and an appreciation of his service to Clemson.

There is one feature which is conspicuous for its absence. That perfection of balance of material which all the publications seek, but which few attain, would, we think, be attained by **The Chronicle** if there had been at least one good essay.—Wofford College Journal.



L. A. HENRICKS, Editor.

"Abe": "What cigarettes do you smoke?"

"Serge": "My room-mates."

Movie Director: "Come on, Sam, you'll only be in the cage two shakes of the Lion's tail."

Sam: "Yes, Boss, but dat Lion snaps his jaws twice't as fast as he done shake his tail."—Selected.

Ike: "Does your father have to pay much for coal?"

Mike: "Not a cent. We live near the railroad track and he makes faces at the engineers."

—Selected.

First Barber: "Why were you so late?"

Second Barber: "I was shaving myself and couldn't get away until I talked myself into a hair-cut and shampoo."—Selected.

A conductor of a Northbound train passed a crowd of Negroes at a small station where the train had stopped for a few minutes. He said to one of the group:

"Going North?"

"No, sir, I'se in class B."

"What do you mean by class B?"

"Class B, be's a class all by itself. Means I be heah when dey go an' I be's heah when dey come back."—Selected.

"Mary, you mustn't ask so many questions. You know curosimy killed a cat."

"What did the cat want to know, Mother?"

Customer: "Have you any dark brown ties that will match my eyes?"

Clerk: "No, but we have some nice soft caps that will match your head."

"Do you use Colgates tooth paste?"

No. I don't room with his this year."

Ann: "Did you say 'This is so sudden' when Dave proposed last night?"

Agnes: "No, I intended to but I was so flustered that I forgot and cried, 'At last' instead."

—Voo Doo.

He: "If I stole a kiss would you scream for your parents?"

She: "Not unless you wanted to kiss the whole family."—Agwan

A WORD TO STUDENTS

What is your aim in life? To be a business executive, an expert in some trade, a leader in some profession?

There is much to learn from the men who have reached the top in your chosen field. For example: Should you ask them what kind of a note book they use, you will invariably find that it is a book that fits the pocket. These men have found that they need a note book that they can carry with them all the time.

You need a pocket size book for the same reason—so that you can carry it all the time and never miss a chance of recording facts which may be of tremendous value to you.

The note book used more largely than any other is the Lefax looseleaf style which takes pages 6 3-4 x 3 3-4. Men like Edison use this book because it has been the handiest, and on account of the large variety of blank forms and printed data sheets available to fit it.

You will find the Lefax note book equally desirable in school or college for the same reasons that make it appeal to Mr. Edison and other leaders, with the added reason that by starting to use this practical note book now you can go right on using it when you leave school and continue to make convenient use of the notes which you made at school.

Besides, with a Lefax note book you can carry with you at all times certain of the printed data sheets containing fundamental tables and formulas to which frequent reference must be made.

The Lefax note book is the link that ties up your school work with the practical work of the world. Start using it now and make your education pay bigger dividends.

TWO SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS

1. Recommend the Lefax note book to students because—
 - a. It is so handy for students to carry it all the time and thus always be prepared to take notes;
 - b. There are over 150 different blanks and ruled forms available to fit it;
 - c. There are 4000 printed data sheets available to fit it;
 - d. Hundreds of business facts, methods and ideas are published monthly in the Lefax Magazine from which the pages are easily removed and inserted in the Lefax note book.
 - e. There is a regular system all worked out for indexing and filing notes and data on Lefax sheets;
 - f. Filing boxes and cabinets are provided in which to systematically file inactive sheets.

The Chronicle

Clemson College, S. C.

May 1924

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The Clemson College Chronicle

Vol. XXII.

Clemson College, May, 1923.

No. 7

Valeat Quantum Valent Potest



EDITORS:

E. D. PLOWDEN, '24,

C. B. KING,

F. E. BUCK

SONNET

Bill Jekyll, 25.

'Tis memories. O'er and o'er they come to me
And in the dim old visions of the past
The joys and sorrows of olden times I see.
But in the wake of time so swift and fast,
The sorrows, as the weight of dreaded yokes,
Are lifted; and the joys of old doth reign.
For soothing is the hand of time that strokes
The cold, cold brow of life and stills the pain.
And memory, kind, holds only joys of old,
And ushers back sweet visions of olden times.
But above them all, one thought now stands out
bold,
And hangs upon the silence as golden chimes.
While free as clouds that o'er the sky doth roam,
This thought turns now to home—to dear old home.

UNDYING FAITH

C. B. King, '25

Another day was drawing to a close—the last rays of the setting sun were fading from the broad valley which spread for miles westwardly from Jack Shirley's window. He was sitting with his feet placed up in the window and apparently he was watching the shadow of the mountain broaden and grow darker. A pencil which he held in his hand bore deep prints of his teeth.

Jack was somewhat different from most boys: he preferred the friendship of a few true bosom friends to that of a great number of friendly friends. Notwithstanding this fact, he was loved and honored by every student in college, because of his high ideals and his power to live them. He had made a study of boys ever since his freshman year; and now in May of his junior year, he had at last come to the conclusion that Julian Emerson came the nearest to approaching his ideal boy friend.

"What's the matter you were not down for supper, Jack, old boy; are you sick?" Were Julian's words as he entered the room from the final meal of the day.

Silence reigned supreme for a few breaths—the pencil which Jack was now holding in his mouth crushed instantly under the intense pressure of his powerful jaws. Almost at the same moment he arose to his feet and spoke in a low melancholy tone, "I guess everything is off now."

"What do you mean, Jack?"

"Well, you know that letter you sent up to me this afternoon? It was from Bernice. I have never in my life had such a letter from anyone. Something is wrong: she just raved about a whole lot of something which I know absolutely nothing about. She's mad about some things she has heard, but she won't tell me what they are. She wants her letters, and

she says she never wants to see me again. The thing that me is that she won't give me a chance to explain myself. I certainly did believe that she had more confidence in me than that. One can't ever tell about girls these days, can he?"

"Jack, don't let anything like that worry you so much. Probably it is best that you should understand her before it is too late. Bernice Mayerly is not too serious about anything she does; so why should you take this so hard? You love her too devotedly: She could do anything with you. You're a fool, if it's possible for you to be one."

"I know that I'm a fool, Julian; but you are the only one that can tell me about it and get off without trouble. I love her and can't help it. She is such trouble. I love her and can't help it. She is such a cup of coffee; I believe that I am a little hungry."

That night Jack sat up until twelve o'clock trying to write a letter which would so appeal to Bernice that she would, at least, give him a chance to explain himself as to anything she might have heard. The reply which came two days later was just what he had wished. After a true understanding she at last asked him to forgive her for her unkind letter. After this the letters once more resumed their former deep tone of friendliness, but somehow, deep down in Jack's heart, he could not feel that he was allowed to continue his absolute trust in her.

* * * * *

"Good-morning, girls; were you about to decide that we were not coming over for the swim this morning? You know it was late when Julian and I left here after the dance last night and, like boys, we lay awake for a long time talking about the things which have happened since we left school and especially since we have been on the beach."

"Oh no, Jack, we knew you would come, and we have been dressed for two hours—waiting patiently."

"Well let's be off, for everybody is leaving the water now. We're going to blister as sure as we are alive; but we may as well do it today as any other time, for we know it will certainly happen. And listen, now," he cautioned, "the tide is falling, and we must be careful."

"Gee, isn't this water fine?" Julian remarked as he was again rising to his feet after losing control of himself in a big breaker. "I'd just like to be a fish; no, not a human 'fish'; I mean one like those we saw playing in the suds yesterday."

"Oh, Jack, who are the boys and girls over there by those rocks? Gee, that's a good looking boy over there with those two girls; wonder why they don't go on in with the rest?"

"I'll say, Bernice, if you girls couldn't rave, I believe you would die."

The current was swift, and almost unconsciously Jack and his companion had drifted alongside the group beside the rocks. Jack had been noticing that two of the girls of this party had been the only ones to venture out beyond the capping breakers, but he did not think for a moment that these were probably the only ones who could swim. He had not noticed them for several moments, but a chance glance in the direction which he last saw them brought to his vision and uplifted hand on the bosom of a large wave some forty or more yards away. At the same moment a faint struggling voice gave him to understand that she was no longer under normal control of herself. Jack started to her as quickly as possible, but before he had reached her he knew what was the matter—she had got into an outgoing current caused by the undertow so common on a falling tide. When he reached her, she was unconscious. He threw her right arm over his left shoulder and with his left hand he held her by his side while with his right hand he battled the waves and the contrary current. Instead of swimming to-

wards shore he took to the sea at about a forty-five degree angle. Each stroke placed him farther from shore, but too many times had he battled with diverse currents not to know how futile it would be to try to reach shore without first freeing himself of the sucky stream. When he at last reached normally still water, he soon reached shore, but a long distance—half a mile or more—from the pulmotor which was back at the pavillion.

Jack realized that time was the one element which determined her future; so he set to work all of his knowledge of how to treat a drowned person and soon, she gasped. In a few moments she was breathing.

When she regained consciousness she found herself in a large room at the hotel. The room was as crowded as her condition would permit; her older sister began to talk to her of the things which had happened. She called Jack over to the bed and said, "Margaret, meet Mr. Shirley, the man who is responsible for your being with us now."

"Jack, if you please," he remonstrated.

Margaret caught his extended hand and with her sparkling brown eyes she gave him the gaze of a thankful child. "Mr. Shirley, I can never thank you enough for what you have done for me. My whole life is indebted to you. How can I ever repay you?"

"Miss Arnold, you are not indebted to me. It was a pleasure to be able to render you a service. Forget what has happened in the last few hours and let's talk about something more cheerful; you need it. You know, I would give anything for eyes like those you have; they would entrance anyone. And your hair, it is so beautiful—I'm just crazy about dark brown hair. Why haven't you bobbed it?"

"Well, I don't think I shall ever bob it. I want to be different from other girls in as many ways as possible."

"I'll say you're different all right, and I like to see you different. Listen, you are going to the dance Saturday night, are you not? And may I have the pleasure of taking you? Please say that I may."

"I cannot refuse the opportunity, Mr. Shirley, and I am sure that I shall enjoy the occasion."

Saturday night at the dance Jack thought Margaret more beautiful than ever. He found little time for anyone else. After Jack had been out he returned to the dance hall.

"May I break please?" he said.

"Oh, here you are; where have you been, Jack? I was beginning to think that you were not going to dance with me any more."

"Let's take a little stroll as soon as this dance is over," he suggested. "I was just noticing the moon as we passed the window. Its beauty and yours—but I'm about to get sentimental."

The moon was just clearing the water's crest upon the eastern horizon; its silvery rays melting upon the blue water; the low strains of a waltz had just ceased. The breaking of the ocean billows and the laughter of light hearts as they left the dance hall for a stroll along the water's edge, were the sounds which dominated everything about.

Margaret and Jack had mounted the top of a large sand dune. They seemed to ignore the crowds moving at leisure below them; Jack slowly lifted his hand from the sand where he had been writing her name, and with a deep sigh he questioned: Margaret, do you believe in love at first sight?"

"I guess it's possible; why?"

"Well, I'm sure it is, for I learned to love you the first time I saw you. Every time I see you, I become even more convinced that I am honestly in love."

"Oh no, Jack, you're not in love; you only have

a passing fancy for me. You'll soon forget it."

"Listen, Margaret; I'm no kid any longer. I'm old enough to know my own mind; I'm twenty-two and am simply wild about you."

"Neither am I a kid, Jack. And how many times have I heard those words, and they are always the same."

"But, Margaret."

He had moved over so near her that his breath fanned her face—she started to rise, but was too late—his arms were about her: "You do love me, don't you, dear? he eagerly questioned as she slowly drew herself from his arms.

"Yes, I do love you, Jack; but somehow something tells me that I can't trust myself to believe it. It won't last—I can't believe."

"It will last, dear, forever."

"Time alone will tell, and I always hope for the best. Let's return to the dance hall. Isn't that music grand?"

The passing of this night marked the last time but one he was to see Margaret before he returned to school. He visited her on the last night of his vacation. She was as lovely as ever in his eyes.

"'Old lady'!" Jack sighed as he grasped Julian's hand upon entering the room which they were to occupy for the year, "I am so glad to see you again. You look as if you have been having a wonderful time since we left the beach I do hate so bad to think our vacation is over. I've had the best time of my life. And, Julian, you just ought to see Margaret now; she is the sweetest girl I have ever seen—no exceptions." Jack threw his hat against the wall from which it rebounded and fell on the bed. Very emphatically with the outward sweep of his hand and the pop of his finger, he queried, "How am I going to study? My mind isn't on books now; its back there where I was this time last evening."

"Oh, Jack, here you are raving about love again—how's Bernice?"

"Pshaw! Bernice is just a good friend of mine. I'm not a fool, any more, like I used to be."

"Gosh! but you're changeable Jack. You'll soon go back to Bernice."

"How's football practice? I have certainly got to get in training, for the varsity is my goal," Jack spoke, after a short pause following the usual personal discussions of everything in general. "I'm glad Margaret is going to a co-ed. college now, and just think our second game is with her Alma Mater."

The day at last arrived for the big game, which was, to a large degree, to determine the standing of the two teams in the conference. Excitement was increasing every minute. It had been a hard fight ever since the first kick-off. Neither team had scored, and only three minutes remained to play. The spectators were on their feet, yelling at the top of their voices. Jack had just completed a forward pass for forty yards and was downed within five yards of the goal. Two plays failed to gain the next play lost 15 yards on a fumble—ball on twenty yard line and one minute to play. Time out for consultation. The whistle blew, the teams assembled, and thirty seconds later the ball was whirling between the upright bars. Jack had saved the day by a small margin of three points.

Mrs. Mayerly, Bernice's mother, was giving a reception for the two teams. Apparently all preparations had been completed and every thing was done to make the party a great success. The crowd was whirling between the upright bars. Jack had enjoying themselves to the utmost, when Mr. Jones entered the door, scanned the occupants of the room, and at the same time exposed a badge which had been hidden under the lapel of his coat. Apologetically, but with all self-confidence he said,

"As probably all of you know, I am Jones of the secret service. It is indeed an unpleasant task, and I regret very much to have to undertake such; but Mrs. Mayerly has lost her pearls, and it becomes necessary that we prove to the public that they were not taken by anyone in the room. I regret it, but the law must be obeyed; I shall have to search each individual."

As Mr. Jones removed his hand from the pocket of the last man in the room, Jack entered the door, but paused for a moment and whispered to Julian who had lingered at the front door to get a final draw from his cigarette, "What's happening?"

"Yes, sir, young man; where have you been?" the detective asked as he moved over to them and with but a little explanation was going through their pockets.

"We have been out on the lawn for a smoke," replied Jack.

"Why were you two fellows on the landing of the first flight of steps talking alone about an hour ago?" he demanded.

"I was only pointing out to Julian some of the scenery over at the falls which can be seen from that window, in the bright moonlight. What does all this mean? I don't understand this form of entertainment." Jack replied.

"Neither do I understand the actions of you two boys," mused detective Jones. "There has been some crooked work here tonight. Mrs. Mayerly has been relieved of her pearls. A thorough search of every person in this house shows them to have been removed from the building. It is quite strange that you two fellows should have to absent yourselves just at this time. I have been watching you two all night and I must conclude that you have acted very queerly, being visitors in a strange town. You have loitered in the halls and even held a private conversation up there where you

were sure that no one could hear what you said. All evidence is against you and you will have to fulfill the requirements of the law by going with me and making bond for your appearance at court, unless further evidence of a different nature comes to light."

"But, Mr. Jones!" Bernice interrupted, "Jack has a perfect right to stroll over this house. He knows it as well as I do."

"I'm sorry," he replied as he slammed the door and turned to the boys, commanding: "Follow me."

The boys did not return to the house that night after making legal arrangements for their release from the custody of the law, but, instead, they went to their room at the hotel. Not long after they had reached the room, Bernice called over the telephone.

"Jack," she began, "can I ever make you understand how sorry I am that this thing happened tonight? I had rather see Mother lose the pearls than to see you subjected to such an insult. Listen, won't you come around to the house in the morning and let's talk some, please? Since legal steps have begun, we must do everything possible to clear your name. Will you come?"

"Surely, Bernice, I'll come around for a few minutes. Will eleven o'clock suit?"

Well, Jack," Julian sighed as they entered the street on their way to Bernice's "let's walk up; we need the exercise."

Before they had gone many blocks, Margaret came into view.

"Good-morning, Margaret," Jack greeted.

"Good-morning," she coldly replied.

"I have been thinking about you all morning. Where have you been? I've tried several times to get you over the telephone, but somehow you were always out, or something."

"Yes, why not?" she replied with a shrug of the

shoulders. "I can't imagine what you should want with me; I'm no lawyer."

"Is that the way you feel?" Jack asked in surprise. "Well, I'm sorry that you look at it that way, but we are in a hurry and must be going, bye."

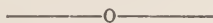
"Good morning, boys," Mrs Mayerly greeted upon answering the bell. Come in and have a seat there in the parlor. Bernice will be down in a few minutes. She has just returned from down town."

"Oh, Jack, I'm so glad you came. Cheer up." was Bernice's welcome as she entered the room. I have some wonderful news. Mr. Jones just telephoned that that they had found the pearls. They were in the possession of a negro who says that he bought them from our butler. I spent the entire morning encouraging them to work as hard as possible on the investigations."

"Bernice," Jack sighed as he gripped her hands tighter, "and you have never believed me in any way guilty of the theft? You are the most adorable girl in the world."

"To love you, I had to have perfect confidence in you; therefore I could not believe it."

"My own," Jack sighed as he slowly placed his arm around her.



ROMANCE

J. E. Smith, '25.

It was the month of lilies white,

When from the Southern train,

At ten o'clock one starry night

There stepped a blithesome swain.

One week before, Jack bade farewell,

Beside the sunset gate,

To orange grove and poppy dell,

That make the "Golden State."

To Dixie fair the lad had come
The lovely land to see,
And now he feels he's far from home
And lonely as can be.

The tavern white beyond the way
Gave promise of good cheer;
He crossed and said, "Pray let me stay
Until the morning here."

"Come in, young suh," mum Lucy cried,
"Miss Ca'y done gone to bed;
But you trust me," she said with pride,
"Fo' hominy and cohn bread."

Next morn beneath the stately trees,
He walked the village o'er,
And caught the cooling eastern breeze
From old Atlantic's shore.

He saw a wooded land and fair
Set out with oaks and pines;
And blossoms, too, of beauty rare
Made glad his heart like wine.

A village idler, strolling by,
Seemed much inclined to talk,
And nothing loth Jack gave reply,
And turned with him to talk.

They wandered slowly down Church street
Each having much to tell;
Then turning back, they chanced to meet,
Sweet Bess, the village belle.

Now Bessie was as fair a maid
As one could wish to see;
In dawn-pink organdie arrayed,
A fairy queen looked she.

Not one word did Jack essay,
Until his room he gained;
And there he sat till close of day,
Then to himself exclaimed.

“Henceforth my eyes a barren waste,
Since this sweet maid I’ve seen;
Unless this flower so fair and chaste,
Can be my heart’s own queen.

Jack sought an introduction soon,
(The minister complied)
And ten days more he begged the boon
That Bess should be his bride.

“No,” said the father, “No my boy,
I cannot from her part
The darling of my heart, my joy,
Her loss would break my heart.”

But Bess’s mother well recalled,
How she was wooed and won,
When Bessies father, love enthralled,
Had bade her to him come.

She left at once her father’s roof
Love’s miracle to test;
Glad years have been to her the proof,
That wedded love is best.

A fortnight passed and Bessie wore
A bridal robe of white;
And took the vows that evermore,
Young Jack should be her knight.

And so next morn mid tears and flowers
They took the west bound way,
And Bessie saw her native bowers
No more for many a day.

PROGRESS

J. M. VandeErve, '26.

This has been called the "Enlightened Age," and rightly so. We are living today in an infinitely better state than ever before.

For ages men have been gradually rising from their original barbarianism; struggling up from the mire of ignorance and the darkness of oblivion, into the light of knowledge and civilization. It has been a long hard fight, it has taken years of bitter struggle and heartache, and many have fallen by the way, but at last we are coming into our own.

The long polar night of the medieval period is giving way to the spring-time of light and new life, revived and invigorated by the new impulses of free and noble thought.

But in these great steps forward there are many and various phases of development. In analyzing the situation we may, with reasonable safety, divide the whole vast realm of progress into three main divisions. These three, political progress, economic progress, and spiritual progress are large and varied in their scope and each must be taken separately to divine their full meaning.

In the sphere of politics, nothing can be more astounding than the great forward strides with which democracy and the autonomy of the common man have advanced.

As man developed in strength and power, as his progeny increased, and as the mode of living became more complex, families were formed. Later, these families, the fundamental units of social society, united to form tribes. Tribes merged into kingdoms, because empires, and empires gave way to republics. But these advances, too far ahead for the mental capacity of the times, soon vested the power of government in a few large intellects and the

masses of common humanity sank to the level of slaves . This, however, being in opposition to the natural order of affairs, could not last long and slowly, Oh! so slowly, men have thrown off these man-made shackles and have come into their own.

Today, the despotic power of kings is past, and, as a result of the World War, many of the kingdoms of the world have uprisen and overthrown their rulers. There are few kings in Europe today, and of those who remain there is not a one but is living in fear, with the fateful sword of Damocles hanging over him. They know not when their time will come, but they do know that it will not be long in coming, unless the whole order of progress is reversed. Never before has the ordinary individual had so much influence. The increasing prevalence of labor unions and workmen's strikes gives striking and conclusive evidence of the awakening of the masses. Questions of socialism, Bolshevism, and democracy are being widely discussed.

In the government of the United States we find one of the most efficient democratic autonomies in the world at the present time but even this one has many faults. The great "Teapot Dome" scandal, and the many questions of war graft furnish incontrovertible proof that reforms are urgently required.

Thus we see that in the realm of politics we have only begun and that there is ample room for improvement. However, we must consider the progress economically, for the two are closely related in their effects on the daily life of the peoples of the world, and have a great influence on governmental policies.

Many a nation has risen to power and might through growth in the wealth of the nation. But, as the wealth increases so do the people increase in idleness, and both the health and morals of the nation decay. Did not Goldsmith say,

"I'll fares the land to hastening ills a prey,
Where weath accumulates and men decay."

As the nation grows stronger and more powerful, it becomes honey-combed from within, and senility and decay eat out its vitals, unless some strong and wise leader is at the helm.

Take for instance the case of England. When the increase of wealth, due to the invention of new manufacturing machinery, came to her, she, at first, grew powerful and rich. Great factories were built, and vast industries sprang up. On the surface, England was the greatest nation in the world but underneath, deep in the heart of its peoples, there continued to large a lecherous cancer of discontent. The industrial living conditions were far from right and, while a few grew rich, the great majority of the people became the slaves of the machines which increased the wealth of their employers. Such conditions were intolerable and the reaction was not long in coming. But with the coming of reform, the trouble past, the disease cured, England soon recovered her place as a leader among the nations.

Since then inventions have multiplied on every hand, until today we can travel quickly from one place to another. We have swift modes of communication, we live in a larger and more comfortable style, and the common individuals have the same opportunities as "the favored few."

But this is not all. Labor conditions are still far from what they should be, the poor out-balance the rich, and there is vast room for improvement. Are we going to continue as in the past, or are we going to reform gradually and try to improve existing conditions? If we do not do it in a quiet and bloodless way, an awful eruption will come after the boil of discontent has grown to bursting proportions, and much of what has been gained will be lost. It

is our duty to mankind to keep up with the times.

Hand in hand with the advancement in the spheres of politics and economics goes the spiritual progress. Last, but not least, it is the sum total of all Religion is a fundamental element of human future.

Religion is a fundamental element of a human nature and some expression of it is essential. It is either the most degrading influence or it is the most sublime and uplifting power known. In Christianity it is the uplifting power which is used, and many of the present day nations owe their power and prosperity to it alone. Without the benign influence of religion, many of these would still be on a level with the poor, benighted savages of the African jungles.

For many hundreds of years Christianity has been spreading, slowly, almost imperceptibly at times, but nevertheless always advancing. Today we are able to look back and see where it has left its indelible impress upon every nation that has adopted it. Loftier ideals, peace, happiness, and prosperity have been, and are always the results of Christianity.

At the present time, the nations of the world are dotted with churches; but a large part of the world remains uncivilized, untaught, and wrapped in the dense darkness of ignorance. It is our mission to tell these peoples of the Word, and to spread its benign influence to the "utermost ends of the earth." Even our people at home are far from what they should be. Churches are poorly attended, support is meager, and the work is hindered by much indifference.

In all of these ways we must change and improve. Only by increasing the knowledge of Christ's precepts, by inculcating the ideals of peace and love into every human breast can we accomplish this tremendous task.

Thus we see before us countless opportunities for improvement and progress, as vast and immeasurable as the greatness of God himself. Here we are brought face to face with the vision of the future and with Tennyson we have

"Dipt into the future, far as human eye could
see

Saw the vision of the worlds and all the wonder
that would be;

Saw the heavens full with commerce, argosies of
magic sails,

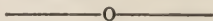
Pilots of the purple twilight, dipping down with
costly nale,"

and what a glorious vision of the future dazzles our eyes. What vast, unbounded dreams we dream. The world is slowly changing for the better, and we must build in the future on what has already been done. With this firm foundation we shall "build our house upon a rock," that when the floods of adversity and the winds of chance beat upon it, it may stand firm and immovable unto all eternity.

Then may we truly realize that

"Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward, forward let us range,

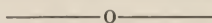
Let the great world spin forever down the ringing
grooves of change."



Nine times out of ten the tough guy is bluffing.
The hardest boiled egg is yellow on the inside.

—News.

That critic who says the age of the blind faith is gone should see some of the entrants in our beauty contests.—Syracuse Post-Standard.



Perhaps the reason Charity stays at home after she begins there, is that she'll lose her way in this rocky old world.—Constitution.

TWILIGHT IMPRESSIONS

R. H. Smith, '25.

The wind is lulled to its rest by the night;
The clouds pile high in the west;
The scenes round about me fade slowly from sight;
The earth is still in its rest.

And now in the quiet that marks the day's end,
Soft breezes play gently o'erhead;
Warm fragrant odors of Springtime ascend,
For the earth is no longer dead.

Soon mongest the swee odored flowers of spring
The bees will hum as they toil;
The song birds their golden-noted carols will sing;
Fresh green will rise from the soil.

The flame-colored cardinal will sing of his love
To his mate with her coat of shy brown;
The bluest of skies will smile from above—
Heaven's beauty to earth will come down.

My thoughts drift away as I muse here alone—
Strange thoughts that will never be spoken,
And the beauty before me I take for my own
Ere the spell of the hour is broken.

"BOBBY" BURNS, THE POET OF THE HEART

Fred Leitzsey, '26.

Since the world began, man has been seeking liberty. Oppression is only a blockade in the pathway of life, and it is only natural that freedom is the ideal of man. Such was the new age which Robert Burns helped to introduce. Thus we find a golden age marked with a spirit of chivalry, wonder, and adventure. It meant the casting away of the shackles of authority and suppression, and a return to nature and her ways of life.

The beauty of the literature of this age lies in the fact that it follows its own course, reflecting all that was emotional and spontaneous in nature and man. We find, during this period of Romanticism that woman assumed a high place in literature, and responded most gloriously to the elevation.

"Bobby" Burns, as one of the exponents of this great movement, is called the greatest poet of the heart. Nature had placed in his breast a heart that had love as its solace. The little flower would not go unheeded in his pathway, and even the song of the bluebird fell on sympathetic ears. He would stop to pity the, "Wee, timourous, cowering, beastie" that his plow turned out of the earth. He loved every creature that moved, every flower that bloomed; and we are often led to wonder at his great devotion for Nature which must have inspired him when he wrote the lines,

"Ye flowery banks o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye blume sa'e fair?"

Or again, we find lines such as these, which typify the man that Burns was,

"Give me a spark o' nature's fire,
Thats a' the learning I desire."

If we were to look at Burns as he mingled with his fellowmen, we should find that he was bound

to them by warm bonds of fellowship. He wrote, not from what he heard, but from the things which he saw, felt, and learned in the humble yet exalted land where he lived.

The reason that the poetry of Burns meets with such universal approval and admiration, is the subtle attraction of his style. We find that he is one of the greatest song writers that the world has ever produced. His poems, even, are musical in nature; and our minds are attracted by the hidden strains of emotional beauty in his works. People had seen an age of cold, dreary, classical literature and, consequently, the fresh, sweet songs of Burns went straight to their hearts. In all of his works we notice the fine spirit of the man revealed in his love of nature and man, in his inimitable wit, and in his love for Scotland. Where can we find a more patriotic song than, "Bannockburn"? Where do we see more delicate humor than in, "Tam O'Shanter?" Thus, we see that Burns believed that even the common people are romantic and lovers of the ideal, and that simple human emotions furnish the elements of true poetry.

Burns does not leave to the world an example of the highest character, but he leaves a perpetual monument of literature which came straight from a great heart. Freedom in the expression of the will was only sponsored by his noble achievements. He will never die in the hearts of all lovers of the beautiful in poetry, for his works will keep him alive forever. In Tennyson's words,

"But here will sigh thine alder-tree,
And here thine aspen shiver;
And here by thee will hum the bee
Forever and forever."

JOHN C. CALHOUN, SOUTH CAROLINA'S EXPONENT OF STATES RIGHTS

R. H. Smith, '25

With all great movements the names of their leaders are inseparably associated. With the French Revolution—Danton and Robespierre; the redemption of Italy—Cavour. And so with all other great movements, the name of the leading figure is closely associated. Thus it is that, with the movement for States Rights, Calhoun's name is linked as the name of its leader. But Calhoun was more than a leader of this movement; he was the leader of a people in a crusade for justice; he was an exponent of the highest principles of integrity and an example of the highest type of statesmanship. Surely no monument of stone is needed to keep his memory alive in the hearts of the Southern people, for their gratitude will always keep the name of John C. Calhoun in their hearts.

Perhaps the environment of Calhoun's early life caused his character to be molded on such lines of greatness, for during his early life his home was in a rugged district where hard work was the part of all able-bodied men. Calhoun was born in the Abbeville District, March 18, 1782, of simple Scotch parentage. His father was a member of the Scotch highland clan of Colquhoun; and from this side of the family, Calhoun no doubt inherited his shrewdness of reasoning and his great powers of analysis. During his early life, Calhoun had to work hard in the fields, for his was not a rich family.

From childhood Calhoun displayed such aptness for learning that his father decided to give him a chance to get an education; accordingly, at the age of thirteen, the young pupil was sent to Dr. Moses Waddell, a Presbyterian minister in Columbia coun-

ty, Georgia, for instruction. However, Dr. Waddell was away from his young pupil so much of the time that Calhoun was left largely to his own devices. He read eagerly the books that he found in Dr. Waddell's shelves, and became so eager to acquire knowledge that he impaired his health and had to be taken back home after two years.

For five years now Calhoun hunted and fished, with Sawney, a negro slave, for a companion. Then, his health restored, and Dr. Waddell being now in charge of one of the "log colleges" of the day, at old Willington, Abbeville District. Calhoun began study again at the age of eighteen. He studied hard, and in two years he was fitted to enter the junior class at Yale. Here he drank deep of the New England knowledge without surrendering one of his Southern ideas, and was always ready to debate with anyone on the validity of his contentions. When he graduated with high honors in 1804 his graduation essay was on, "The Qualification Necessary to Constitute a Perfect Statesman." This was a fit text for the life which followed, for his was an example of the highest type of statesmanship.

Now, being out of Yale, Calhoun turned to a law school at Litchfield, Connecticut, and here studied for two years. After the completion of this law course came the inevitable law practice, first in Charleston and then in Abbeville. After two years of this practice, he was sent to the state legislature by the people of the Abbeville District. This was the first step toward the fame which awaited. In the midst of his career as a legislator, Calhoun married his cousin, Floride Bonneau Calhoun. He was now twenty-eight years old. After his marriage, Calhoun finished his term in the legislature, and then came the next great step; at the age of twenty-nine he was sent to Congress by his people.

Calhoun was made a member of the committee on foreign relations; and on December 11, 1811, he made his first speech in Congress. With his head thrown back, his rich voice vibrating with the intensity of his emotions, he spoke of the strained relations between America and England, and urged that justice be obtained even at the cost of war. This speech gave Calhoun a place among the foremost leaders of Congress. During the following six years he advocated "protective tariff with protection as an incident," and at the same time advocated internal improvements.

Monroe was now president, and having a vacant place in his cabinet, offered Calhoun the position of secretary of the war, which, to everyone's surprise, Calhoun accepted. On entering his new position he found much in confusion; but in a few years he brought order out of chaos and had the department functioning more smoothly than ever before. During these years his ability as a statesman was not forgotten, and in 1824 he was made vice-president during the administration of John Quincy Adams. Now Calhoun was in a position from which he could study the national problems; and, with his great powers of analysis, he soon became master of the subject. He watched the growth from infancy to maturity of the factors that were to greatly influence his later life and the happiness of his people. He saw the increasing tariff laws that were passed for the protection of one class of producers at the expense of the others; saw that these measures were oppressive to his Southland, and in his fertile brain the seed was planted that later blossomed forth in the great speeches on States' Rights.

When Andrew Jackson was elected as president in 1828, Calhoun was re-elected as Vice-president, and he had no such a mastery of his subject as has had "no American since, and none before." He and

Jackson became friends, but the friendship was destined to be short lived, for their attitude toward certain phases of social life at the capital made them in a few years two bitter enemies. It was in this same year, 1828, that a tariff measure was passed by Congress, which, on account of its inequalities and injustice, was called "the tariff of abominations." Calhoun's resentment against this bill found utterance in the treatise which he wrote and which was adopted by the South Carolina Legislature as the official protest. It was called, "The South Carolina Exposition and Protest," and was the protest of a wronged people against their oppressors. In the Exposition Calhoun said, "The act of Congress of the last session, with the whole system of legislation imposing duties on imports—not for revenue but for the protection of one branch of industry at the expense of the others—is unconstitutional, unequal, oppressive and calculated to corrupt the public virtue and destroy the liberty of the country." This was strong language, and coming from such a strong character its strength was increased ten fold. In the Exposition Calhoun also contended, with ample proof to support his contentions, that the Union was a compact between sovereign states any one of which could say when the compact was broken. For, did not the tenth amendment say, "The powers not herein delegated to the United States nor prohibited to the states are reserved to the states respectively or to the people?" And this in Calhoun's mind could be construed to mean that to the states was reserved the power of accepting a law or nullifying it according to its validity. This was the heart of Calhoun's contentions—that the states were sovereign, that nullification was the one sure means of preventing oppression by the majorities, and that, however reluctantly, South Carolina stood ready to support her claims, and would use her powers to the limit to

obtain justice. Thru all of the controversies that followed the publication of the Exposition, however, Calhoun evidenced his great love for the Union that was, after all, the beacon light of his life.

Now in 1830 came the break in the friendship between Jackson and Calhoun. The Secretary of state, Eaton, had married a former bar-maid whose name was associated with a notorious scandal, and the wives of the other cabinet members refused to recognize her socially. In this stand Mrs. Calhoun, as the most popular lady in Washington, took the lead. Then President Jackson decided to break a lance for Mrs. Eaton, and accordingly called a meeting of the cabinet at which he practically ordered the cabinet members to accept the most unpopular lady as a social equal. This Mrs. Calhoun refused to do, and numerous others followed her example. The cabinet members took sides in the matter and some of the members resigned, so strained was the position, and Calhoun was brought into irreconcilable conflict with Jackson.

For two years Calhoun continued in his office as vice-president, despite the enmity between him and Jackson. In 1832, South Carolina, grown desperate, took steps to relieve herself of the oppressive tariff measures, and passed an ordinance declaring the tariff laws of Congress, "null, void and of no effect." Calhoun at once reigned as vice president; this was in November. In December he was elected to Congress. Just two months later, February, 1833, he made his great speech presenting and supporting his views of States Rights.

The galleries were packed with people to hear "the great Calhoun," and his speech left no doubt either of his greatness or of the reality of his people's wrong treatment. This speech, into which Calhoun put all of the fire and ardor of his being,

caused Congress to hasten to pass a conciliatory compromise bill in March. The first rampart had fallen, and Calhoun had won a victory the first for the people that he represented. No longer was there any doubt as to the reality of the wrongs which the South claimed had been perpetrated by the tariff laws that were passed for protection alone. Truly Calhoun had found a battlefield that was large enough to bring into play all of his powers and require all of his ability as a statesman and his loyalty as a patriot.

Calhoun was a member of Congress until 1843. Through all these years he fought against anything that would tend to disrupt or damage the Union which he held as sacred. After all, he fought for States' Rights because he believed in the sovereignty of the states, and believed also that a denial of this right would bring about a rupture of the relations of State and Union. So, for the Union Calhoun expended every effort and untiringly sought to prevent the birth of influences that would harm it.

Calhoun now took one of the few rests of his busy career. He came to Fort Mill and settled down with his family. Even here he could not endure inactivity; so he wrote his "Disquisition on Government" and "Discourse on the United States Constitution." Both of these writings were the work of a master hand; only a statesman of the highest ability, a man of the keenest analytical faculties, and a close student of the subject could have treated the subjects in such a masterful manner. Even this writing however, did not serve to keep Calhoun from longing for the Capitol City once more; so he returned to Washington. Here we have proof of Calhoun's love for the Union, for he accepted a position as secretary of the state that he might, with his great talent as a statesman, aid in bringing about

the annexation of Texas. Some say that he worked for the annexation of Texas that the area of the slave territory might be increased to correspond with the increase of the free territory, but this is not the whole truth. Calhoun's love for the Union dominated his every act, and no close student of his life, would accuse Calhoun of working against the best interests of the United States. Still Calhoun applied his theory of State's rights to even the new territories, for as soon as they became states he held that they, not the central government, had the power of saying whether or not they would be a slave state.

Now Calhoun's fight was not for the purpose of obtaining the right for the states to do any one thing; he fought for recognition of the principle that the Union was a compact between Sovereign states and that's the states being sovereign had the right of nullifying such laws as were oppressive and detrimental to the best interests if that particular state. This right was not given to the central government nor prohibited to the states; therefore, according to the tenth amendment of the Constitution, the states had this right. "Nullification," said Calhoun, "is the only peaceful remedy, for secession will surely be followed by war." Calhoun did not fight for giving the states the right to control slavery or nullify tariff laws—his was a broader doctrine, embodying both of these points and more, for he merely sought to prevent the oppression of the minorities by the majorities.

Daniel E. Huger, a Senator from South Carolina, resigned in 1845 that Calhoun might resume his place in the Senate. The Oregon question was, at this time, being much discussed, and in this matter Calhoun was immediately given the leadership. Not only had the border line question to be settled, but the question of slavery had to be considered.

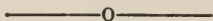
He still held that the States' Rights doctrine was the only one to keep the states and the Union in harmonious relationship, and held that upon admission Oregon should be accorded this right. So, the fight continued. Calhoun and his followers were hampered at every turn by the Abolitionists—and the years slipped by.

On March 11, 1850, Calhoun entered the Senate halls to make his last speech. He was so weakened in bodily strength that he could not deliver his speech and handed it to a friend to be read to the senate. It is proof indisputable that Calhoun's last speech was on the subject, "How can the Union be preserved." Sitting there wrecked and broken in body, his presence lent to the reading of the speech a dignity that may otherwise have been absent. At the close of the speech he left the hall on a friend's arm. On the last day of the same month, the great Nullifier died. Jefferson Davis said, "He was taken from us like a summer dried fountain when our need was greatest, when his love of peace, his administrative talent, and his devotion to the Constitution might have averted collision." The South lost its most trusted and honored leader and his death robbed the Senate of its greatest and purest statesman.

Calhoun was buried in Charleston, and all of the South mourned the death of its beloved leader. From the days of his glorious young manhood to the evening of his life, he lived solely for the service of his people and the attainment of a great and worthy ideal. And is not this true greatness, that he lived not for himself but for his people? "John C. Calhoun, South Carolina's exponent of States Rights" Yes, and more—ininitely more, for he was our greatest statesman and most unselfish leader. The perspective of the years serves only to increase his stature, and he will live in the hearts of the people

so long as the Union exists and the states are sovereign members. After all, that was his doctrine—Union sacredness—state sovereignty. I close with this quotation—

“A Prince once said of a monarch slain,
'Taller he seems in death' ”.



FAREWELL FROM THE SENIORS

E. D. Plowden, '24.

With the air of spring comes thoughts of examinations and commencement. The first is by no means a pleasant recollection—neither is the last, except that it brings thoughts of rest and vacation from our college duties, for, when a senior thinks of commencement, it is with a feeling of gladness as well as of regret. He feels that he wants to show what he can do out in the world for which he has been preparing himself. He is eager as an athlete to enter the arena of the world and show his prowess—to show the world what he can do towards achieving success. And so, it is with this feeling of high hopes that the members of the class of '24 approach commencement.

For four short years we have labored with one end in view—graduation; and now that it approaches, we taste the bitterness of success. In the years that have passed since we first entered these college walls, we see jewelled moments wasted, and golden opportunities lost. We have clambered up the hill called Understanding, and looking back along our way, can see our weakness—looking forward we can see our struggles with inadequacy.

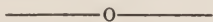
We realize that many things which we could and should have done, were left undone. But these things are gone forever, and now we look ahead and resolve to go out into the world with what we have, to achieve what we can, and not to meditate over

our shortcomings. We believe that we are able to work, to rise and to achieve success in life. Our four years at Clemson have fitted us for lives of usefulness and service, and our loyalty to our college will not let us do less than our best, be it great or small, to live lives of service for our state and our nation.

Our college days have been made a priceless treasure by association with our fellow students. Some we have known for four years, some three, some two, and some only one year; but to all alike we are indebted for their friendship and fellowship. This friendship, begun in college days, will, we feel, be strengthened into a brotherly love which we shall carry with us wherever we go, and we shall always hold with tender affection the memories of our fellow students—those who go out with us and those whom we leave behind.

Our gratitude for the many lessons which we have learned outside of the classrooms is not limited to students, but goes out to the people of the community who have tried to make our college life pleasant for us. The professors, too, come in for a large measure of gratitude and affection, for, since we have become seniors, we have come to regard our professors as our best friends and ablest advisors. Always shall we keep the memories of the people of the community as priceless jewels in our store.

College life has taught us our best lessons of honesty, of sincerity, of loyalty to a cause, and of co-operation. These things we believe, will make our lives richer and better for us and for the people about us wherever we may chance to live.



I am a farmer
And not a poet
When you've read this
You'll surely know it.

CLEMSON

J. M. VandeErve, '26.

Far from the dusty cities, far from the haunts of sordidness and misery, lies Clemson College, a tiny ship upon a sea of hills and valleys. Here the country is not low and barren as are the monotonous flats of the seacoast, nor is it wild and rocky as are the not far distant mountains. Rather, it strikes a happy medium between the two. The hills are neither high nor steep, but they surge away, crest upon crest, like the waves of a mighty sea. As one passes through the country, the scenery is constantly changing. Each step brings forth a new view and a new aspect.

In this springtime of the year the hills are carpeted with a fresh emerald green. Against the skyline on every side are massed banks of a lovely light green with, here and there, the darker green of the cedars. The brooks chatter anew and the fresh damp breath of spring is in the air.

How many of us have watched the sunset from Fort Rutledge? Here, on the top of the hill, we can see far into the glowing west where the sun is setting in a blaze of glory. The few clouds in the sky are tinged with living fire and a roseate tint fills the western horizon. As the sun sinks lower, the shadows in the valleys lengthen and fill every nook and cranny, while the ridges outline themselves sharply against the distant horizon. Here and there, through a break in the hills, we can see the distant purple of the low-lying mountains. On all sides the rolling hills stretch away interminably, fixed, and yet fluctuating with every changing shadow.

In the midst of this beautiful country,
 "Where the mountains smile in grandeur
 O'er the hill and dale,
Here the Tiger lair is nestling
 Swept by storm and gale."

A gem of beauty, in a setting of emerald green, the campus rivals that of any other college in the U. S. The campus abounds in trees of all kinds and the grounds are always well kept.

The Administration building, the center, or hub, from which all the other buildings radiate stands at the top of a little rise. Behind it, massed against the western sky, lie the long grim barracks. To the right of it is the Textile building and, beyond that, the Y. M. C. A. To the left is the green house and close to it, the Engineering buildings. Immediately to the left, as one approaches the Main Building from the East, lies the Agricultural Hall with its tall, stately columns and spacious portico.

Each of the different approaches to the campus is a different new. From the Horticultural grounds only the tower of the Administration building can be seen above the surrounding trees; but, as one comes nearer, the buildings gradually disclose themselves through their protecting screen of trees until, when we are opposite the Dairy building, they stand before us. How like an old castle they are—the walls and ramparts of the Engineering buildings rising majestically from the steep slopes on the left, the long grim wall of the barracks guarding the western approaches, the Textile building and the Y. M. C. A. on the north, the Agricultural building in the east, and in the center of all, rising far above all of the rest, the Administration building with its high tower commanding a view of all of the surrounding country.

The Clemson College Chronicle

FOUNDED BY THE CLASS OF 1898

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

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

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

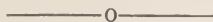


R. H. Smith, Editor-in-Chief. F. B. Leitzsey, Junior
Co-operative editor.

The old staff of **The Chronicle** is resting on its laurels; the new is embarking on a voyage over unknown waters. How well we shall succeed in making the voyage a success depends on the response which the men of Clemson make to our appeals for writers and material. **The Chronicle** for the past year has not been all that it should be, due not to any weakness or fault of the staff, but to the paucity of writers and the scarcity of material. This coming year we hope to imbue men with the idea that there is a big place at Clemson for a magazine, and that we are not going to be satisfied with anything less than the best. We are going to endeavor to apply the same spirit to writing for **The Chronicle**, which

dominates every athletic contest. We shall not fail in this, because our Alma Mater does not brook failure in anything, be it a football game or a college magazine. With your help, men of Clemson, we can not fail; without your help we can not succeed. DO WE GET THE HELP?

—R. H. S.



TO OUR COLORS

R. H. Smith, '25.

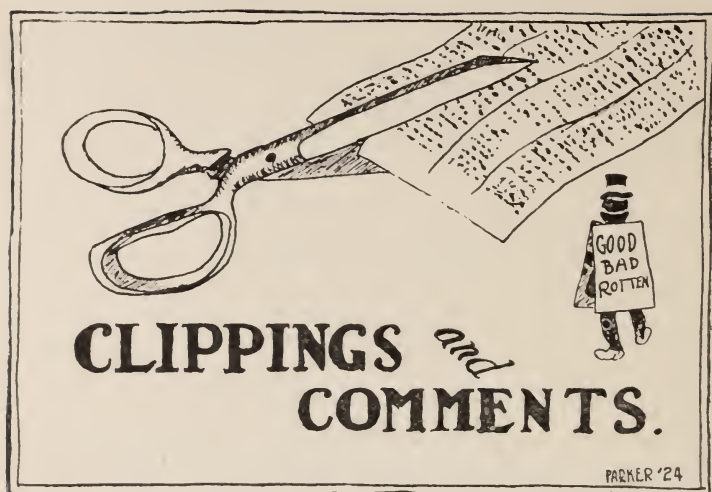
Purple—the color for princes and kings,
Gold—e'en the crowns that they wear,—
These are the colors whose praises we sing—
Whose folds we will ever hold dear.

To them we are loyal, for them we would die
In the struggle to keep them e'er bright;
And over our graves where in death we shall lie,
They will shed, still, their radiant light.

O'er thee, Alma Mater, shall these colors e'er play
As a glorious symbol of power,
That thy purity and honor of purpose may stay
• Spotless until the last hour.

All our loyalty and love do we lay at thy shrine
As token of our deep devotion
To the principles of Right that ever were thine,
E'en thru strife and chaotic commotion.

We pray, Alma Mater, that our hearts may beat
true,
Even to Death and the grave,
To the love that we hold in our heart-depths for you
And the love for Right that you gave .



K. B. Sanders, '25.

Break, break, break,
 On thy cold, gray stones, O sea;
 But if you break for a thousand years,
 You won't be broker than me.—Clemson Tiger.

Footprints on the sands of time are not made by
 sitting down.

Half the world doesn't know how the other half
 lives, but it's investigating.—Wall Street Journal.

Pity the Politician. It's no easy matter to straddle
 a fence while keeping one ear to the ground.
 —Burlington Hawk-Eye.

How far that little scandal throws its beams.
 —Literary Digest.

If the **OIL**, were only oil, it would have washed
 outlong ago.

Three degrees: Politeness, kindness, a loving heart. True politeness in an expression of kindness. Kindness grows from a loving heart. Therefore, have a loving heart, and kindness and politeness will be expressed.

The nearer you come into relation with a person, the more necessary do tact and courtesy become.
—Holmes

Courtesy is what you get at a police station if you look like a million dollars.—Greenville News.

The Duffers Epitaph

Under the wide and starry sky
Dig the grave and let me lie;
Glad did I live and gladly die
Far from this world of strife.

These be the lines you grave for me:
Here he lies where he wants to be,
Here he lies by the nineteenth tee
Where he's lied all his life.

—New York Tribune.

You can always tell what a fellow is by what he does when he has nothing to do.—Yellow Jacket.

Flappers are now having their hair cut "boyish style" or shingled. Some of them are being shingled in the wrong place.—New York American.

Congress is so often dead-locked that the public is beginning to feel that it might better be pad-locked.—Brookland Eagle.



J. P. Batson

Prone on his back he lay in the gutter,
 Inch-deep flowing with recent rain,
 And the cop that "pulled" him heard him mutter:
 "She's put damp sheets on the bed again."

—Selected

What we're trying to say is—"A kiss is just like
 scandal: it goes from mouth to mouth."

—Selected.

Johnnie—"Mother, I just seen——"

Mother (reprovingly)—"Johnnie! where's your
 grammar?"

Johnnie—"I was trying to tell you; she's down
 at the barber shop getting her hair bobbed."

—Pelican

Father—"What did you do with the check I sent
 you?"

Son—"Alma Mater took it, Dad."

Father—"And I told you to keep away from the
 women."—Selected.

"Move over a little, George. There is a nail in this spot we are dancing on."—Sun Dial.

—“Who on earth is making that gurgling noise?”

Frosh—“I am, Prof. I am trying to swallow the line you are throwing.”—Lrye.

'27—“Where can I find a haystack?”

'25—“What in the world do you want with one?”

'27—“A sophomore just sent me for a needle.”

—Selected.

Professor of chemistry—“Who made the first nitride?”

Freshman—“Paul Revere.”

Freshman—“What is Mah Jong?”

Sophomore—“Why-er it's the French National Anthem.”

“Who on earth is that ungodly looking girl over there?”

She's my sister.”

“That's all right, you ought to see mine.”

Soph (after dance) “Do you know who I am?”

Rat—“No. Do you?”

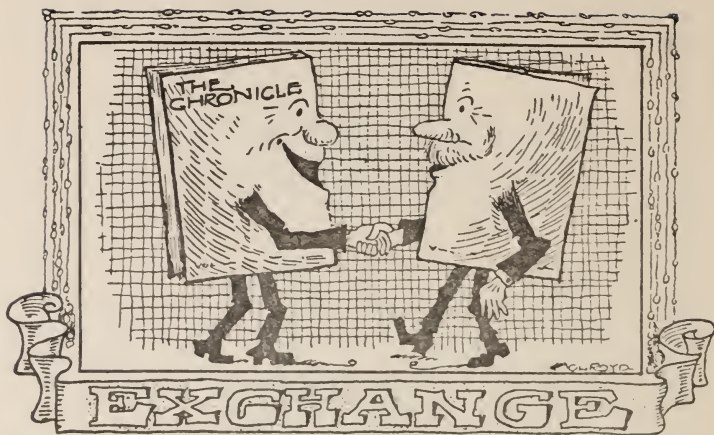
Eve should have said, “Yes, we have no apples.”

Hall “Did you take exercise at Reveille this morning?”

“Funny” Bunch—“No. We had eggs for breakfast instead of steak, so I went to reveille.”

Taps—“How long did it take your wife to learn to drive?”

Tattoo—“I've been having a car four years.”



I. C. Aull '24 Editor E. C. Stewart, '25. Asst. Editor

The time has again come when the old staff must give place to a new and inexperienced one. Whether we, the inexperienced, shall do as well as our faithful predecessors have done, depends on whether we can keep our resolutions and "aim at the skies;" but we shall not be successful unless we accomplish what we set out to do, no matter how near we come to it.

To get to the point at once, we, the new Exchange Editors, wish to express our highest appreciation to the outgoing staff for the appointments we have received. If we do not come up to their expectation it will not be because we failed to start out with the necessary enthusiasm. Our greatest temptation will be to "cool off" after we have been in office for sometime. But since we recognize this fact, the chances are we can use a little will-power on enough "beautiful Saturday evenings" to write up our comments.

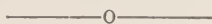
We wish to confess our unworthiness to fill such a responsible place on the staff, but we pledge ourselves to do our best. If some of the tender-hearted

feminine Exchange Editors of some of the other magazines will not be too cruel to us, we shall try to make the comments and criticisms in the best of spirits, despite the fact that they may be "bum" ones.

Of course we recognize and wish to emphasize the fact that the purpose of the Exchange departments of college literary magazines is to make criticisms which will be useful in improving the magazines commented on, and to promote the best of good feelings among the colleges. The Chronicle will welcome any and every criticism made by other magazines whether such criticisms be praise or blame.

On the other hand we intend to criticize the faults we see and to praise the merits.

May the next college year be a most prosperous, successful, and **industrious** year for all the college publications we receive in this department, and may it be the same for those we do not receive.



The Wofford College Journal. As a whole we see no fault in the Journal. In the first place, the Journal is a real magazine and not "a small imitation of the real thing;" it has plenty of material with a number of lengthy selections. The magazine is well balanced, having a goodly number of poems, stories sketches, and essays. Before going further, we should like to say that the first thing that caught our eye was the little verse on the cover. A first impression is always important. The material of the Journal is very compact having only three departments—and these are well developed. It is also free of material copied from other magazines.

"Friendship" is a very good essay, although we do not find any definite purpose in it, only comments and statements about friendship. The following sentence is very original and appropriate:

"With some friends we find ourselves brilliant, with some witty, and with some only the deepest subjects are discussed—but withal we must strive to keep our character at all times constant, always keeping the same mental tone and emotional standard." We heartily agree with the author that 'men are the stable organs of mankind,' although we feel for him when some of the feminine Exchange Editors read his essay. You might easily have left out the French, Mr. Author! In fact, we have heard our English professors say something to the effect that foreign selections mixed with our English makes very bad English and that the writer who uses them only shows his inexperience by trying to show off his knowledge.

The essay on Dr. Carlisle is very appropriate, and we are sure that all Carolinian colleges join with Woford—as well as colleges in other states—in feeling indebted to Dr. Carlisle for the wonderful work he accomplished.

The story "Too Much of a Good Thing" is very good, although we have heard several like it before.

"Waiting-Room Impressions" is a very original sketch in its line and a fine personality study. We have all had similar experiences, but—like the mass of mankind—have not thought them worthy of the "pen."

We won't attempt to criticize the poems much, until we learn more about poetry. In "Little Things" however, we fail to see why the author repeated the entire first stanza at the end. You seem to have the spirit of spring, poets, which is the right spirit at this time of the year.

O

The Collegian for April is very short and decidedly unbalanced. One poem at the front and one at the back with deep stuff in between. In other words your magazine is "heavy," Mr. Editor.

If there is a Utopia it must be a place where nobody is able to think up any more laws.—Greenville News.

Well, why shouldn't speech be free? Very little of it is worth anything.—Stamford Advocate.

To the pessimist who inquires if the universe is rational, we venture the opinion that, omitting the population, it is.—Columbia Record.

We have our moments of depression when we apprehend that we owe somebody an apology for having saved civilization.—Columbia Record.

Just For The Pure Joy of It

I like to talk with men whose interests lie deep, whose activities are not confined to the commonplace affair of merely making money.

And so I discover men! Men with roots deep in soils that you wouldn't expect them to be in. And I find that the special interests of these men are always on the same general plan—they work for the service they are able to render and the pure joy that comes back to them.

There always comes a time to every human being who has worked and striven for money and possession, when he sees the utter inadequateness of them both and when he wishes, more than anything else in this world, to be of use to someone, somehow.

For we cannot enrich our lives with possession alone. We must extract what possession gives of beauty and comfort and inspiration and then broadcast it all as widely as we are able for the benefit of others.

We must do things for the pure joy of doing them!—Greenville News.

A WORD TO STUDENTS

What is your aim in life? To be a business executive, an expert in some trade, a leader in some profession?

There is much to learn from the men who have reached the top in your chosen field. For example: Should you ask them what kind of a note book they use, you will invariably find that it is a book that fits the pocket. These men have found that they need a note book that they can carry with them all the time.

You need a pocket size book for the same reason—so that you can carry it all the time and never miss a chance of recording facts which may be of tremendous value to you.

The note book used more largely than any other is the Lefax looseleaf style which takes pages 6 3-4 x 3 3-4. Men like Edison use this book because it has been the handiest, and on account of the large variety of blank forms and printed data sheets available to fit it.

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Besides, with a Lefax note book you can carry with you at all times certain of the printed data sheets containing fundamental tables and formulas to which frequent reference must be made.

The Lefax note book is the link that ties up your school work with the practical work of the world. Start using it now and make your education pay bigger dividends.

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1. Recommend the Lefax note book to students because—
 - a. It is so handy for students to carry it all the time and thus always be prepared to take notes;
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