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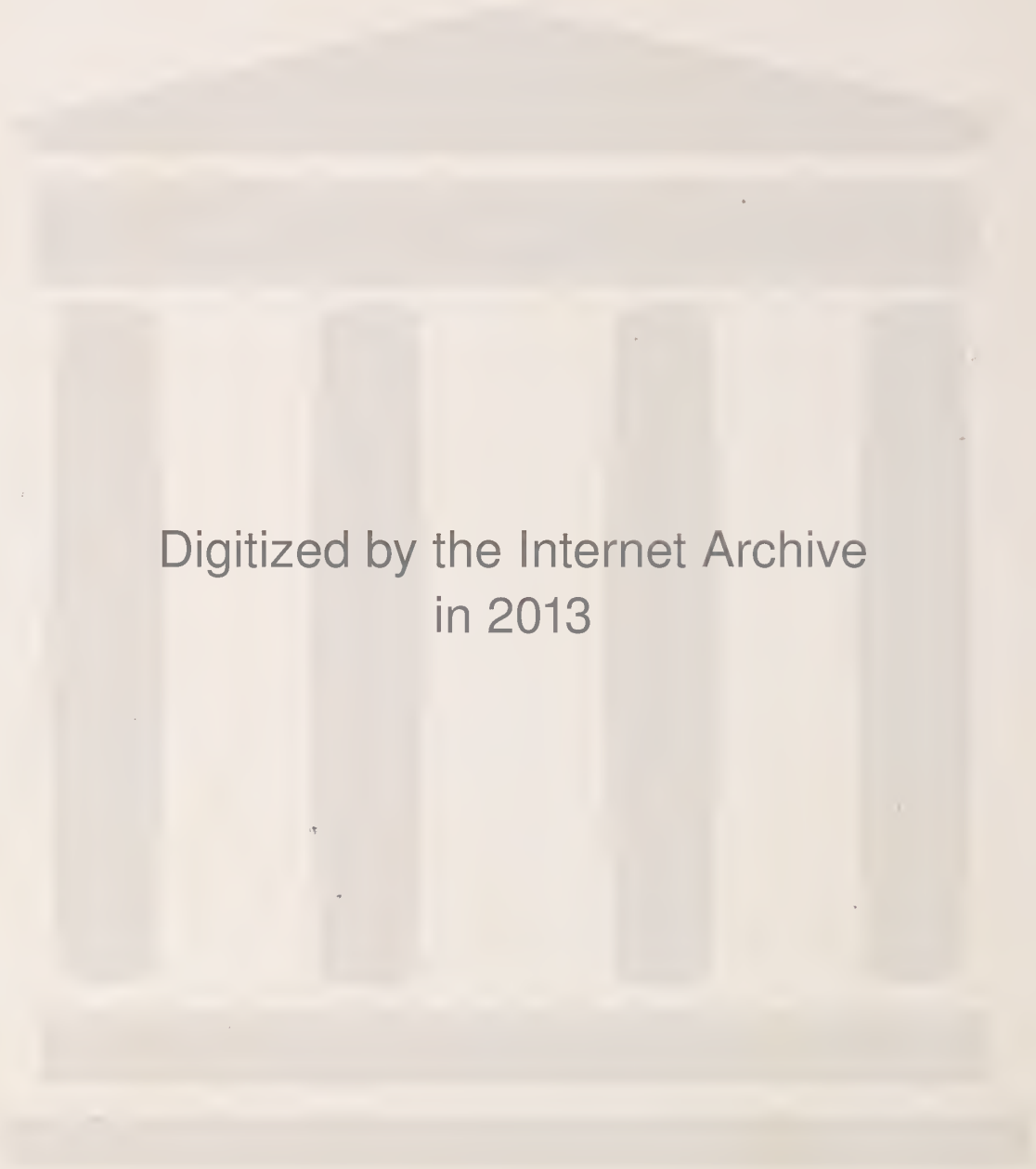

VOLUME XXV.
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DECEMBER
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The Chronicle

Edited by J. E. YOUNGBLOOD

THE STAFF

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Happy Thoughts

Merry Christmas-Happiest of New Years

AT THIS TIME WHEN CARE AND CONCERN IS GLADLY THROWN ASIDE, AND THE YULE-TIDE LOOMS INTO SIGHT WITH ITS STORE OF JOY AND MERRIMENT.

The Chronicle

ENTERS INTO THE SPIRIT OF THE OCCASION. MAY THE NEW YEAR BRING TO ALL A THOUGHT OF LOFTY IDEALS, A REALIZATION OF PROMISES LONG DREAMED OF, AND THE INSPIRATION AND DETERMINATION TO MAKE LIFE MORE WORTH LIVING.

A CHRISTMAS CELEBRATION

J. E. YOUNGBLOOD, '27

Again "Slick" Barnes had changed his opinion of that beguiling, treacherous element in life that is so flaunted and so idealistic—Love. When he was yet young and untarnished by the undercurrent of his later developed criminal greed and curiosity, he had surrendered a promising career nobly and totally to a seeming angel in disguise. Teasingly, carelessly she had tormented, experimented with, and wrecked a true heart, much as a child would a delicate specimen of fine art. Deep down in Slick's very soul this trampling, crushing tragedy in his life had been enthroned, and had for years dominated his shameful career. No longer was it to any avail that he pronounced himself a fool. Those days were long since gone.

Slick was twenty-six, tall, black-haired, and expressionless. The sure signs of a corrupted life were manifested in the lines of his face. Only his slow-roving and piercing eyes, however, gave any indication of the blackness lurking in his soul. From his erect stature, firm mouth, and statue-like face the world would never suspect that often, very often, he was a mere child, helplessly groping with the effects of alcohol in a half-hearted battle for supremacy; nor could it visualize those same eyes dreamily gazing at flaring headlines relating to some skillful theft which he had himself cleverly planned and executed; nor would it ever know the contrast that would have prevailed except for one little devilish maid of his youth.

And now once again that accursed phantom had, like a sleeping lion, been aroused in this dangerous bosom of Slick Barnes Once again he had been struck with the marvelous beauty of a young woman. Instinctively his soul cried out to him for the almost divine blessing, the satisfaction of violently though tenderly pressing her to himself, and kissing those sweet lips of hers with his own tainted ones until he has passed reposedly away into oblivion. He well knew this to be impossible, yet with feverish excitement he hoped on. He knew not where she lived, not even her name, but smiling lips, soft blue eyes, and light,very light bobbed hair constantly remained in the pictures of his dreams.

An accident had caused the wretchedness on the part of this human failure. He had met her on a crowded train one night. He had sat by her and in this short two hours ride he had unknowingly by his silvery tones and fascinating reserve touched this girl of his dreams. No words of encouragement ever fell from her lips, but soft eyes had become softer, and his hard, sin-encountered heart had become softened with them. Faintly, fearfully, he had sensed a feeling of his woeful unworthiness; frightfully alarmed he realized that he would consent to a different mode of living. But she must never know. At New Orleans his heart thumped, fluttered, and fell. The journey had ended.

"May I assist you?" Barnes asked as passengers were alighting.

"Yes, thanks," was all she had said, but again those blue eyes softened and again he weakened. Unused to such heavenly delight, this blackened, crafty victim of circumstances forgot to ask her name or place of lodging.

It was Christmas Eve. Slick Barnes had, to his own astonishment, pursued the straight and narrow path since that night's ride two months before. Still those blue eyes showed from behind his hitherto habitual flask, and he could not drink; the touch of cards forced into his mind the memories of very light hair, and he could not gamble in his old care-free way; those lips of his dreams bade him to refrain forever from his clever thefts, and he could not plan his regular robberies.

"Damn! Am I a sick child to refuse myself at least a Christmas celebration? I'll show you, Slick," he said. And he did.

Drunken beyond all consciousness, a figure staggered aimlessly along a lonely and deserted street. The battle was won; whiskey was

the victor. This forlorn figure left the street and reeled up toward a small house. It crumbled and fell on the steps, arms fell outward, and a head hit the door with a thud. The figure lay motionless. The door opened. When this heap of snow-covered clothes moved again, it was Slick Barnes who gazed with wondering, burning, blood-shot eyes into the glowing coals in the little grate. He was stretched out full length on the floor. Slowly he raised his head. There was no one else to be seen. Laboriously he stood up. Could he walk? He was startled out of his wondering by the sound of murmuring voices in an adjoining room. Slick gained his balance and carefully made his way to the door connecting the two rooms. He looked into a small apartment.

A pale, sickly light was burning. On a small bed, lay a little child, boy or girl he could not tell. An old man and a girl stood dejectedly by the bedside.

"Nell, I wish we could get a doctor," the old man was saying.

The girl slowly turned her head toward the speaker and thus toward the door. She did not speak, but tears rolled heavily down her cheeks for an answer. Barnes, the outcast, stopped breathing temporarily. His eyes bulged. He felt weaker than usual. Violently he shook his head in an attempt to clear up his vision. A light of recognition spread over his reddened face. The girl was the girl of the train! Oh God, had she seen him here in this drunken state? Was all his dreaming and possible success thrown away? There was still a chance.

The child stirred. "Sister," said the little one weakly, and sunken, pleading eyes were turned upward, "I want a doll. Can I have it? It's Christmas, you know."

Stealthily Slick left the house. In the street he once again, as he had done many times before, began to formulate a plan of action. He must do it right, for this time it really counted.

"Well, Old Slick," he said, "now for your last job."

It was late. Snowflakes were merrily dancing thru the air, vieing with each other in taking the most direct route to the deep blanket of white below. Around the corners of the buildings the wind, biting and discontented, ruthlessly disturbed the snowflake game by distorting their direction, sending them colliding weakly against each other to fall in unsuspected places. Thru this lonely scene of stillness Barnes made his way. Slippery ice sometimes tricked his snow-laden shoes into skidding to first one side and then the other. He felt his nose getting colder and colder, and his feet becoming numb. His eyes were burning smartly there in all that frigid stillness; but on he went.

Beside a show window he stopped and pressed his nose against the glass as he had not done since he was a small boy, ages and ages ago. Inside he saw something that appealed to him more than anything of far more value would have at that time. How he wished that it were possible for him to get just that. In there he saw a beautifully dressed doll with outstretched hands on which lay a bill . It was a ten dollar bill. Immediately under it was a sign bearing these words: For Only This You Can Make That Little Girl Happy. There was no alternative.

With skillful, though number hands, Slick began to open a door that would have baffled anyone having but theft as an incentive. Visit after visit he made to the street to see that no one was approaching. For the first time in many such instances he quaked under a feeling of fear. For the first time cold sweat moistened his face under the strain of such an unlawful act.

He was proud of, and yet abhorred his deed at the same time, this apparent paradox of feeling being caused by two wholly different thoughts—that of the present and that of the future. With the doll under his overcoat, and the bill held tightly between his frozen fingers, he began his solitary way on down the

street, glad in his heart that the job was completed. How he hoped now that the little light-haired girl had not recognized him in his miserable, drunken condition.

Somewhat later two men entered the home of the girl called Nell. One of them had a medicine case and was a doctor; the other had a doll clumsily wrapped in a newspaper, and was a changed, hoping man of newly acquired ambition.

'Twas Christmas morning. The snowflakes had ceased their game of the night before. A vast cloak of silent white overspread the silent world. A great calm had fallen over the land. Peace reigned supreme. A Mr. Barnes and a Miss Nell were seated before a small glowing grate, the same before which he, then a drunken wretch, was prostrate the night previous.

"But Mr. Barnes, how did you know that little Sister was ill, and that she wanted a doll, and that I—Oh—that I couldn't—" the light-haired Nell was interrupted.

"O, I ran into some drunken fool out on the street and he said he'd stumbled into a house. Insisted on telling me the whole thing. I—er—I just thought I'd—well, it's Christmas you know.

AT NIGHT

W. L. BAKER, '27

A pale moon sinking
And a cool wind sighing,
A host of starlets
To the westward flying.

A mock-bird chanting
To the moonlight waning.
A wing a-whirring
In the silence reigning.

A lone heart pining
And a gay one dreaming,
A soul a-sailing
To the far shores gleaming.

THE TOLL OF THE SEA

L. M. WHITE, '28

Edward Stone, a tall blond young man with steel-gray eyes and a firm chin, was preparing to leave the spacious outer offices of the Watson Paper Box Company, Incorporated. He was whistling softly as he covered his typewriter. He was certainly the luckiest man in the world. Only two nights before, Doris Watson, his employer's daughter, had promised to marry him. He felt sure that his year's service and his efficiency as an office man would soon win him promotion. And now with an incentive like Doris to work for, that efficiency would be trebled. Yes, young Stone felt very sure of himself.

There was only one thing that troubled him —Mr. Watson's money. But he would get around that somehow. Anyway, things were too bright for him to worry about that now.

He had just reached for his hat, when the office boy touched his shoulder and said,"Say, de Big Boss wants to see you."

Ed was startled out of his reverie. "What's that, Tim?" he inquired.

"Yeah, ole Mister Watson, himself. He says 'send young Stone in to see me.' Yeah, you're gonna ketch it if you don't look out."

The office boy in the Watson establishment was rather familiar.

Stone replaced his hat on the hook, hurried through the outer offices, and halted before a door bearing the sign, "A. F. Watson, President." He hesitated a moment before knocking. What could Mr. Watson want with him? Could Doris have told him about their engagement and he was objecting? No; Ed dismissed this thought from his mind immediately, for he and the girl had decided not to tell their secret until a definite date had been set. Perhaps he was to be discharged. No; that, too, was unlikely. Apprehensively—, he knocked on the door.

"Come in," came a deep voice from within.

Pushing the door open, Ed stepped inside. At the sight of him, a genial smile lighted the president's face Ed was greatly relieved at this, but all the more mystified. Why, Watson hardly knew him. Of course they had met a few times at Watson's home, but the old man had never been overly pleasant to him.

"Mr. Stone," said the president rising, "allow me to congratulate you."

What! Had Doris told after all? "Why—er—I don't understand," stammered Ed.

"No, I know you don't," replied the other "but sit down and I'll explain." The old gentleman could be gracious enough when he wished to be. "Mr. Stone," he continued, "you have been chosen to fill the vacancy caused by the recent death of Mr. Reed. As you know, he was superintendent of one of our largest factories. It is located in New Orleans; you are to take up your duties the first of next month, which is three weeks hence. Your salary began the first of this month."

Stone almost leaped out of his chair. He could hardly keep from slapping the old man on the back. He tried to stammer a few words of thanks, but Mr. Watson stopped him with a wave of his hand.

"Here are the necessary papers," he said. "Sign and return them to me by noon tomorrow; otherwise, Mr. Harrison gets an option on the position. That is all. Good day!" Albert Watson was a man of few words.

Grasping the papers, Stone hurried out of the office and toward his boarding-house. He could hardly realize the truth of it. Why, this solved all of his problems. He and Doris could be married right away, and he didn't have to worry about the old man's money! He had never for a moment thought that he would get this job. Everybody was sure that poor, faithful, one-armed Harrison would get the place. With the thought of Harrison a cloud came over him; he was perplexed, troubled.

When he reached his boarding-house, he was still undecided as to his course of action. He knew what he should do, but could he do it?

Throwing himself into a chair, he thought and thought. How well he remembered his first meeting with Harrison, now his dearest friend. How the memories came! That awful trip into the Adirondack mountains, when losing his way, he had stumbled and pitched headlong down a rocky cliff, a distance of fifty feet; the agony of his suffering as he lay helpless there; the bliss of unconsciousness, and then his rescue by the brave Harrison, whose armless sleeve was a constant reminder of the occasion. In climbing up the rocky gorge, hampered by the dead weight of Ed's inert body, Harrison had cut a deep gash in his arm; blood poison had followed and amputation was necessary. And Bob Harrison—good old Bob—had secured this position for him, too. Then there was Bob's wife, a victim of tuberculosis, slowly dying, and Bob not able to provide well for her on his meager salary. Oh, why did all these memories persist in crowding upon him now?

Yes, he'd do it; he must do it for his pal, his old pal, who had sacrificed so much for him. Why Bob's getting up in years; perhaps he'll have no more opportunities to get ahead.

It was still early when he reached the Harrison home. Bob's haggard face only strengthened Ed's resolution, but it took him the better part of an hour to persuade the man to agree to the plan. It was only by reminding Bob of the stricken wife that Ed could get him to accept the generous offer. Both men realized instinctively that their transaction was an inviolable secret.

In better spirits Ed turned his feet towards the Watson home. How was he going to explain to Doris without betraying his friend's trust? He knew, though, that she would not question his seemingly mad action if he told her that it was for the best.

Doris greeted him joyfully. How very pretty she was—prettier than ever this afternoon in her happiness over her lover's prospects. "Oh, Ed," she cried,"you just don't know how proud I am of you. And do you know," she continued, "I was so thrilled, I blurted out and told Daddy about our engagement. But he said he was glad."

"Wait a minute, Doris," broke in Ed. "I didn't accept the place; I—er—"

"What do you mean, Edward?" said the girl, turning pale.

"I mean just that. It was the only thing I could do under the circumstances. I—I can't tell you why, but Doris, you must trust me."

Somehow it seemed to Doris that the man she trusted had failed to pass the test. He was a coward, a weakling; he lacked courage, ambition. Instead of becoming hysterical, she felt herself growing calm.

"Edward"—and her voice trembled just a little—"please go at once. I do not wish to see you again, ever!"

"Doris, you don't mean it; you will let me explain," he cried hoarsely. But it was too late. Doris had rushed sobbing from the room.

Young Stone arose the next morning after a restless, almost sleepless night. His world was shattered. In a dazed state he dressed and dragged himself to the office. Of course he would be fired, but what would that matter? Lying on his desk was a slip of paper calling him to the president's office.

"You hypocrite!" roared the angered Watson as Ed opened the door. "You despicable cad, you—you—" his voice fairly choked with anger. "You fooled my daughter and me, but thank Heaven, we found you out in time. Get out, and if you dare to speak to my daughter again, I'll kill you. Get out, I say, or I'll throw you out."

Hurrying to his room, Stone wrote an impassioned letter to Doris, begging her to trust him, to believe in him. But the letter was returned unopened, by the same hand that had carried it to her.

And what of Doris? Was not her world shattered too? Ed little dreamed of how she was suffering. She was all broken up over this lack of spirit on his part. She could construe it in no other way—Ed was just lacking in spirit. She knew that she still loved him, but could she admire him? And could real

love exist without admiration, without respect? No; she'd never see him again; she'd put him entirely out of her life. But when his letter came, it cost her every ounce of will power to return it.

It was California now for Edward Stone. He had no ties to hold him in New York; in fact, he had no close ties anywhere. At present his feelings were such that he could have easily killed himself and relished the job. But despite his crushed feelings, the manhood in him revolted at such an act. Then he began to reason. He could go off somewhere, and under an assumed name secure some dangerous position—and, well the rest would be easy. He would not admit to himself that he wanted to die, but deep down in his heart he knew that he did.

As a result of these conflicting thoughts and emotions, Ed Stone found himself aboard a west-bound train. He was enroute to Bar Harbor, California. Seamen will tell you of the disasters encountered by ships making 'round this cape. They will tell you of the churning, seething waves that swamp the ship unfortunate enough to be caught in the sea off Bar Harbor during a storm. True it boasted of the largest coast guard station on the Pacific, but unless luck favored the doomed ship on the reef, the men of this station were unable to rescue the crew. Bar Harbor had witnessed many terrible scenes. The bravest of her coast guard crew had sometimes stood only a hundred yards away and seen men drown like rats. Few men had ever navigated that sea safely during a storm. And this was Edward Stone's destination!

Immediately upon his arrival, Stone sought out the captain of the coast guard station.

"An' what is it ye want, boy?" inquired that seasoned old seaman as Ed stepped into the room.

"A job on the crew," answered Ed.

"What! A young fellow like you wantin' this damnable job? Boy, it's killed better men than you."

"I know it," replied Ed, "but I want it."

"I hate to see you ruint an' meybbe killed, boy, but I'll give ye the job if'n ye're so set on it. What's yer name?" asked Captain Henderson.

"Jim Wilson," said Ed.

"Awright," rejoined the captain. "Go out an' tell Sergeant Parket to put ye on duty when ever he needs ye."

Ed Stone, now Jim Wilson, had been at the lighthouse for two weeks, but he was still a mystery to the other members of the crew. He kept to himself all of the time and never entered into anything with spirit except his duty.

"That new Wilson fella's a funny guy," remarked an old seaman once.

"Shore is," replied another. "Poor lubber—looks like he ain't had nothin' but hard luck all his life; looks sorta droopy all the time." "Looks to me like he's allus scared or somethin'," said another. "I don't believe he'd be worth two whoops in hell, in a storm."

"Well, looks like he'll have a chance tonight," replied a grizzled old seaman, pointing in the direction of the howling sea.

Indeed it was a terrible night and a terrible sea. The black waves were leaping high into the air, carrying everything before them. Rain was coming down in torrents, and the loud moan of the wind as it swept the desolate beach was enough to put fear into the hearts of the bravest. The coast guard and crew were gathered in their saloon, listening to the storm raging outside and discussing the newest addition to their number.

Suddenly a sharp crack was heard above the roar of the storm. Instantly every man was on his feet listening and peering out of the window. Another sharp report rang out and this time it was accompanied by a brilliant light.

"A ship in distress!" yelled the captain. "Every man to his post."

At that moment the observer came rushing down from his stand at the telecope. "A little schooner with about six men," he cried. "Not more'n a hundred yards off. But we can't save her. No lifeboat can live in that sea!"

By this time every man was on his way to

the beach, and Wilson along with five other men was wheeling a lifeboat in that direction. Arriving at the water's edge, the men looked toward their captain for orders. There was an expression of pain and sorrow on Henderson's face. "Ain't no use, boys," he groaned. "No power on earth can put a boat through that sea. Ye might get out there, but ye'd never get back."

Wilson, stripped to the waist, his face set and determined, picked up a rope from the bottom of the boat and tied it about himself. He felt no fear in what he was about to do. And why should he? He'd lost everything worth living for and, besides, hadn't he come to Bar Harbor for just such a moment as this? Of course he'd come back if he could, but he almost hoped, well—

He hurried to the captain and placed the free end of the rope in the old seaman's hands. "Here," his voice was tense, "give me five minutes, then pull in. Give me all the rope I need."

Before Henderson could protest against this death-inviting act, Wilson had plunged into the mad waters. Did the old man's ears deceive him, or did he really hear a sardonic laugh come out of the darkness?

"He's crazy!" shouted a guard.

"Keep quiet!" roared Henderson. What he had just seen had almost unnerved this veteran of the sea. But he was still alive to his duty. "Here, Parker, you and two more get on this rope with me. Steve, you time the boy."

They waited tensely in the darkness. They could hear the boom of the waves as they broke against the doomed schooner.

"Time!" shouted Steve.

"Heave 'way, men!" came from Henderson.

When they finally dragged their burden to the beach, they found four forms lashed to the ropes. The man on the end was Wilson. A wild shout went up from the little group on the shore. Accompanying this was a splitting roar from the sea, and the waters closed over the little schooner and any who were left aboard her.

In less than a week everything was going on as usual at the lighthouse. The three storm-sufferers had recovered and left the station. The silent, but now highly respected Wilson had resumed his duties as though nothing had happened, but there was in him still no desire to live; that same dark wall of despair hedged in his future. He had been disappionted in the outcome of the daring rescue. He had not hoped to come out alive—indeed, he had been strongly tempted not to tie himself to the ropes. But again his manhood had revolted against what to him, even if to no one else, would be suicide. And on that perilous trip back those hungry waves would not swallow him. Here he was—well and strong. Oh, well, he'd go on with his dangerous work; he'd save all the lives he could; then his conscience would be that much cleared when his time did come.

With such terrible thoughts to drive him into mad recklessness, Wilson's fame and heroism soon spread throughout the country. During the next two years he took every risk possible, but the gods were against him. He saved countless lives, but could not lose his own, and he cursed himself for it. Why, the whole country thought him to be a brave, courageous, self-sacrificing man, when he was only a yellow coward, trying to take the easiest way out. Yes, that's what he was—a low, cowardly hypocrite.

The world knew him to be Jim Wilson, and that's all they did know about him. Only one man knew his identity—Bob Harrison. But even Bob didn't know why Ed was at Bar Harbor. Ed had written him at once and had told him that he had given up indoor life for a more exciting one. Harrison had promised to keep the secret about the assumed name, and now the two corresponded regularly.

Wilson resolutely put the past out of his life. His thoughts dwelt on that time in the future when he would be plunged into the jaws of death. Out of such morbid thoughts and his lonely life, had come that daring recklessness that had made him famous throughout the country.

(Continued on page twenty)

AUTUMN MOONLIGHT

W. L, BAKER—'27

Beyond the east afar
An autumn moon is shining,
And saddened memories
My lonesome heart is twining.
As thru yon starry vault
My gaze goes vainly seeking.
Methinks I hear a voice
Thru depths and silence speaking.

To know the voice I hear
Mine ears in vain are bending;
A breath—or less—it seems
And naught of echo lending.
It seems to cry or call—
It is a wind soft blowing,
A zephyr sad and lone
And thru a pine-top soughing.

Enchantment seems to creep
From unknown depths of feeling
Into my heart of hearts
Like bell-tones softly pealing.
Methinks from somewhere blows
Perfume from lilacs blooming
Like wines of mystic tinge,
Or love from one assuming.

I gaze awe-struck awhile
And wonder at the yearning
That grows within my soul
Like slow fires dimly burning.
I fain would know the truths
That live when moonlight's dying,
Or sing as sweet a song
As doth a faint wind sighing.

AWAY FROM THE WORLD— IN PRAYER

J. B. BRANT, '29

At twilight, the child's hour of prayer, when the whole world is entering the "gateway" to Slumberland, to rest from the daily toil—to get away from the grind of an onrushing tide of human endeavor and fervered energy, by childhood training our minds turn to the thought of prayer. Simply as a child we pray; we lisp our words of prayer. Is it a petition by habit or training, or is it in divine reverence to our Creator for life and love? But even so, we call it prayer. There is no moment when the Great Spirit, the immortal part of man, is happier than when shut away from the world in prayer.

When the eyes are closed to the clouds and darkness of this our place of habitation, and open to the light of a glorious promise; when we stand with bowed heads and clasped hands, and the soul cries out in humble supplication to God; then it is that a hungry soul gives utterance to its thoughts. A soul, too, that knows no world of sin again, but feels the glory of eternal life, the life of eternal bliss.

The hour of prayer is not a period set apart by scedule; a time-prayer is one made under mental obligations. This is not the ideal supplication. But we must pray! When the soul's great desire comes to us and pleads for an intercession, and we "ask it in Jesus' name," there comes a glorious realization that the soul is satisfied.

Sometimes the birth of a new day, when the eastern horizon bursts forth with the light of the "great dial," the world's time-piece, its sudden beauty makes the soul respond in prayer, and we live for a time away from the world. Happiness reigns supreme then, for Life's great battles are curtained away and peace rules on the former battle grounds.

Could it last? Nay, not now, but in the great after-awhile. We will pray with Him, and prayer will be love and love will be eternal glory. When the soul says pray, "Let us pray."

YOUR FRIEND

L. G. KNOBELOCH, '28

People say, what is a friend? Here is my version of what a real friend is. He is the one with whom you are yourself, asking you to be only what you are. With him you feel at ease, and do not have to be continually on your guard. He understands those qualities within you that others misjudge you by, and you can say what you think as long as it is genuinely you. You can breathe freely in his presence, air your petty envies and hates, your meanesses and absurdities, and as they are unfolded before him they disappear into the impenetrable depths of his loyality. Due to his understanding, you can neglect him, revile him, and torment him, and he will utter no word of reproach. Your unhappiness is his, your laughter is his, your faith and prayer is his; and through it all he sees, knows, and loves you. A friend, I repeat, is one with whom you are yourself.

CHRISTMAS MUSIC

His coat was worn—his hat was torn,
As he stood there by the door.
He begged for bread; he meekly said,
"I am weak and old and poor."
The lady spoke and her sweet voice broke,
And a tear was in her eye.
"Our daughter sleeps and sleeps and weeps.
We fear that she will die.

For day by day she pines away—
The cause we do not know.
Old man by chance—O break the trance,
Then eat, yes feast galore."
Ere he touched the food by the girl he stood
And watched with bended head.
He uttered a sigh. Then caught his eye
Her violin on her bed.

With tender care he raised it there,
And poised the bow aloft.
He made one stroke; the music spoke
In tones so low, so soft.
Then bold, then low like breezes blow,
But e'er 'twas sweet and pure.
The girl lay still until the thrill
Of joy came strong and sure.

She raised her head up from the bed,
And, "Mother dear," said she,
"I've long been sad, but now I'm glad—
Please listen now to me."
"The music spoke, my soul awoke,"
Again there was a pause.
"I thought you see, and it **told me**,
There **is** no Santa Claus!"

E. Y.

STARS

W. L. B.—'27

I beheld a wondrous sight
As the morning shone
O'er the hills afar:
'Twas a fading star
Shining wan up there alone;
Loth, it seemed to take its flight.

In a pool beside a stream
Mirrored startling pure and clear
Was its image seen—
The lilies atween—
Like a bit of Heaven there
Fallen from the skies to dream.

Thinks me, as I sat alone
With sweet breezes blowing by:
When my life is past,
Flown from me at last,
Stars of hope will never die
But shine on in hearts unknown.

Exchanges

THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT

We are glad to see THE STUDENT again after its absence of three years. Judging from the first issue in three years, the magazine abounded in potentialities and only needed a chance to "come back."

The magazine is rather small, but the material it contains is well balanced. The student contributions consist of two stories, three poems, an oration, and the departments usually seen in a college magazine. A very interesting article entitled, "Some Manifestation of the Religious Impulse," was furnished by an alumni member.

The stories are very good. The plot is not very gripping in either of them, but this is counterbalanced by the description and the dialogue contained in them.

The poems are all worthy of mention. They are different from the usual "sing song" verse commonly seen in a magazine of this nature.

The oration, "Peace Thru Reason", is a masterpiece. Here the writer has really said something. The article speaks of deep thought and reasoning. It is well written and is deserving of much credit. The author is to be congratulated on establishing the point he is "driving at." So many writers go on and on in a rambling way without ever saying much about the subject.

So here's to you WAKE FOREST STUDENT; may your issues in the future be even better than the one we have just been discussing.

THE LANDER COLLEGE "EROTHESIAN"

In this magazine a great deal of space was devoted to the college organizations and to advertisements. However, enough space was left for some very interesting literature.

The stories are fair. "Revolutionary Days" has a very good setting, but the plot turns out to be the "same old story." The one "Uncle Lindsay" is written well and is interesting because it is a true story. The test of a story is whether it is true to life. A true stroy can therefore be said to meet the test.

The poems are better than the stories. They are thoughtful and somewhat sentimental. This is suggested by the titles, "Dusk," "Moon Loneliness," "Dreams," and "Fancies."

The most entertaining article in the magazine is the play, "The Sporting Chance." It is above the average play seen in college fiction. A play is something different and it adds much to a magazine of this kind.

"The Relation of Chemistry to Health and Disease" says a great deal, but it says it in too much space. True, it is a valuable piece of work and it is to be complimented as a masterpiece of its kind, but it would have been better had it been condensed more.

I wish to contest the article, "Dining-At Home and Abroad." It was my pleasure to take dinner at Lander on one memorable day last year. The general atmosphere seemed to me very different from the description offered here by a "Rat". In fact the whole scene appeared to me as being somewhat heavenly. "Nuff sed."

Next month I shall criticize stories. I intend to devote all my attention to stories. In this way I hope to cover more magazines than it would be possible to cover otherwise.

We wish to acknowledge receipt of: The Pine Branch, The Aurora, The Erothesian, The Carolinian, The Wake Forest Student, The Archive, The Wataugan, and The Concept.

ONE VIEWPOINT

THE LIBRARY

There are seniors at Clemson College who have never been in the library except when compelled to do so. Their literary knowledge is limited to their text books, and they are pregnant with the conviction that they know it all.

Many of these human satellites make excellent grades in the classroom. There is no reason why they shouldn't. Their brains are not crowded or weary from meditation, and the few motley facts required by professors find plenty of elbow room. They are endowed with no creative qualities—they merely glimmer with the light from a distant sun.

Such men should not be graduated. They reflect no credit on the school and are the obnoxious pests of human society. They set themselves up as demigods, proudly boast of their college "education", and claim an omnipotent insight into everything and everybody.

A man whose knowledge is limited to the covers of a few text books is not educated. He is a humbug, a moron, and a human jackass.

The library is the greatest de-Babbitizing machine on the campus. It has the power to knock a sophisticated individual off his self-made pedestal and fling him to the outer edge of the cosmos.

Once, not so very long ago, the use of the library was actually discouraged. Students trembled upon entering its saintly doors, and sneaked past the crabbed librarian like thieves in the night. That was indeed a dark age. One was not supposed to read books more lively than Horseshoe Robinson; and The Literary Digest, and Saturday Evening Post were set forth as the criterions of literary periodicals.

Although having undergone the ordeal of a renaissance and reformation, the college atmosphere is still a bit hazy. The more popular authors continue to be Zane Gray, Harold Bell Wright, Gene Stratton Porter, James Oliver Curwood, and others of the same type. The mysteries of John Galsworthy, Anatole France, George Bernard Shaw, Theodore Dreiser, Sherwood Anderson, Henry Mencken, Sinclair Lewis, and other modern authors are yet to be explored by the rank and file of the student body.

Periodicals, such as the Atlantic Monthly, Harpers, Scribners, and Survey Graphic draw meager attention. Some peer into the American Mercury, however, out of sheer curiosity. They acquired the habit back in the days when H. L. Mencken and Rev. Chase were squabbling over the literary qualities of"Hatrack".

Every student should be required to read a certain amount of good literature while in college. It would certainly do them no harm, and might be the means of some cadet's giving birth to a brilliant idea, and good ideas are as scarce as hen's teeth these jazz-infested days.

THE CULTURAL ASPECT

There are some who cry that Clemson has no culture, and that the college is crude and devoid of inspiration. They are wrong, as usual. No college can pour a certain quantity of knowledge into an individual and call it a cultural process. True culture never comes from without, it is always from within; it is never quantity, but always quality.

An institution may promote culture, but it never plants it. The seed is innate, a sort of ascetic sixth sense. Water it and nourish it, and it will grow into a tree; neglect it, and it will shrivel and die; ignore it, and it will lie dormant.

There are some men at Clemson who are destined always to be typical "clodhoppers". They aspire to be nothing else. They are the plain country fellows who manure their ground well but let themselves lie fallow and untilled.

Others will never develop their culture. They have the potential qualities but never discover them. They would like to rise above the mob but cannot find a ladder; they are the misfits. They want to move on, but do not know where to nor why.

A third class is striving to attain a culture. Their number is not legion, but they are strong and resolute. They bury themselves in

the college library and endeavor to find for themselves the true and false qualities of life. They love good literature, and can escape from the material grind of these neurotic times into another day and another world.

A student's destiny lies in his own hands. If he desires to be "practical" and ignore the higher arts, that is his privilege: let him root in his own mudhole.

Should he aspire for those intangible things that lend color and grace to life, he can have them—every single one of them. The road is not easy and must be traversed mentally, not physically. But the higher it winds, the better the view and the more expansive the horison. The sunrise can best be seen from the top of the mountain.

THE PLAGUE OF GREAT MEN

Every now and then some evangelical soul crashes into print, laments the degrading trend of the times, and pleads with the young men and women of college age to mend their pornographic traits and pattern their lives after Lincoln, Washington, Jefferson, Queen Victoria, or Joan of Arc, and thereby become good and useful citizens.

Misleading advice. No painter ever achieved fame by copying the works of old masters. Thousands of school children echo Lincoln's Gettysburg address or stumble through Mark Antony's oration upon the death of Caesar, yet the ages have produced but one Lincoln and one Mark Antony.

It is well to honor great men, but it is a shame to insult them with feeble mockery. All men are not cast in a common mold, and the mold that casts genius is invariably broken.

Standardization is stressed too much, originality too litttle so. Yet only the latter route leads to lasting fame. It is no crime to swill the varied throng with Lincoln's and Washington's laud and praise; it makes an inept individual believe he really amounts to something. But as people rise in intelligence they differ among themselves more and more widely; they aspire to contribute their mite to the world of art, literature, and science.

It is a crime, a heinous violation of all moral laws, to put these individuals, who compose the upper strata of humanity, through the common mill. It is against their nature to be standardized; they abhor Babbetry and conventionality, yet the older generation labors unceasingly to pound them into shape and turn out the "genuine article," which, if they succeed (as they often do), the product is generally a thin, hounded specimen of humanity, who hides his genius under a bushel and strives to appear "normal".

THE SACREDNESS OF CHRISTMAS

Everyone is glad when Christmas comes. Everywhere it is hailed as the one time in the year when every one should be happy. There is something different in the air. The very atmosphere seems filled with a tingling of good cheer. Yes, the yule-tide is the most joyful time of the year.

But while we are so care-free and happy, do we realize what Christmas really means? Do we stop long enough to think of the real significance of the day? Do we celebrate the occasion with the solemnity and consecratedness attributable to the birthday of our Lord, or do we look on it merely as a regular holiday? The latter is true of far too many of us, I'm sure.

But such should not be the case. The observance of Christmas should be more sacred. It is not a time to make glad with fire-works and hilarity. The Fourth of July would be more appropriate for such manifestations. How often have we heard the expression, "Well, I guess I'll pitch my annual drunk Christmas. I've been off almost a year."

In our modern civilization where the Master of our fates is so seldom thought of, ought we not to stop long enough to show our appreciation of our existence at least once a year? It does seem that we could. So may we this year, if we never have before, realize the sacredness of Christmas and celebrate it as such.

H. S. GAULT—'28

THE DRAMATIC CLUB

Added to the already grand array of clubs at Clemson, we are indeed glad to see the institution of an organization that is to be recommended and cherished at this college. The Dramatic Club promises to be successful this year in its endeavors to carry out its object and aim. We are all aware of the outstanding lack of such a development at Clemson. Naturally, a student is prone to neglect the cultivation of the higher things in his college education; it is no difficult matter to look upon the mastery of anything select as a far-away dream of only a few ambitious persons. Especially is this true in an institution like Clemson, where mostly purely technical courses are pursued.

Any divergence from this narrowed scheme of trade perfection in any college as a final goal is to be hailed with joy, if only an insight into the future be permitted. In this capacity the success of the work of the Dramatic Club should mark the beginning of a new phase of progressiveness at Clemson. The student body should heartily cooperate with the leaders and members of this organization. We eagerly anticipate the appearance of their first plays to be presented here.

E. Y.

OUTSIDE INFORMATION

M. H. WOODWARD, '28

It may be of interest to Musical Clemson to know what others think of us and our musical organizations. The Clemson College Concert Orchestra, which is now known as the Clemson Symphony Orchestra, is the first organization of its kind to come from any college in South Carolina. Last year this orchestra gave several concerts in the college chapel but the attendance was very small, the audience consisting chiefly of the people of the campus, with few of the cadets mixed in. The cadets cared not for what is known as "good music", but instead preferred the pernicious Jazz usually rendered by college orchestras.

There are only a few cadets, who, if asked by someone, could tell what the Symphony Orchestra is, or for what it stands. The purpose of this orchestra is "to cultivate a taste for orchestral music and to improve ourselves in ensemble playing;" also to bring others to realize that good music is the popular music after all.

We are grateful to the Lander EROTHESIAN for the following article.

THE CLEMSON ORCHESTRA—Last year the Sophomore Class brought the Clemson Orchestra to Lander and the size of the audience which received them was a disgrace to an educational institution. What the trouble was, we have never been able to ascertain, but we think it was two-fold. First, the Clemson Orchestra was named neither Jazz nor Glee Club; and second, it was not properly advertised. The poster gave no adequate information and if there was other literature it was not in evidence. We really believe that was the great error, for many people said afterwards they would have made a special effort to go, if they had had the least idea the performance was of such a nature. It is hoped that all worthwhile attractions in the future will be thoroughly prepared for by the presenting of definite information. There is no need to labor so over the glee clubs as the mere term will make it necessary to bring in chairs to seat the audience.

Of course, there are always reasons why everybody cannot do a certain thing at a certain time, such reasons as illness, multiplicity of tests, or unexpected press of work. No doubt, the faculty had good reasons too as they were represented in about the same creditable proportion as the student body. Yet it is strange that so many of us were afflicted at the same time. For the people in the audience looked like lonely little islands scattered over an ocean of empty seats.

But that sparse audience was not lonely, for it was absorbed and lifted out of its surroundings by the compelling and masterful execution of a brilliant and artistically selected program. Whatever good fortune took us to that concert, all of us came away bountifully enriched. Perhaps we could not appreciate fully, but it is impossible that so much of beauty was expended for naught, or that the high ideal of that company should fail to serve as an inspiration. In this day when so little is being done for the sake of art, how we should herald a movement like this! Of course, we are not expected to appreciate the labor, the denial, and sacrafice, behind such accomplishment. Schumann says that the performance of a true musician is achieved by his life's blood, and the pains it has cost him we who listen can never know.

We learned indirectly and possibly without foundations that the financial outlook for the orchestra was just a little doubtful. It would not be surprising to find this the case, for usually in this imperfect world, the most deserving individuals and institutions get the least support while those that cater to the passing whim are acclaimed by the multitude.

We commend the Clemson Orchestra, its high ideals, its devotion to the highest art in music. South Carolina should be proud that such a movement originated in one of her colleges. Personally, if we had $100,000 we would give the first half to the Lander endowment fund and the other half to the Clemson Orchestra.

(Continued from page nine)

Albert Watson came in from his office in a rather pleasant humor. Harrison, his most enterprising superintendent, was in town and was to dine at the Watson home that evening. This good humor was quite unusual for Watson. Of late he had been worried about his daughter. Doris, he knew, still loved that young fool of two years ago. She had never completely got over the shock of having her ideals ruthlessly destroyed by that heartless beggar. She had never been the same since that evening two years ago when he had gone out of her life. And now her health was failing. This was worrying poor old Watson almost sick.

Doris met him at the door and kissed him almost absent-mindedly.

"Company coming for dinner tonight, Dot. You'll be here, won't you?" inquired her father.

"Yes," she answered simply. She rarely went out now.

At eight o'clock Mr. Robert Harrison was announced by the butler. Harrison was a well-dressed, successful-looking business man. He was certainly not the same tired, discouraged man who had left New York only two years ago.

During the dinner Doris took little part in the conversation between her father and their guest. She had been thinking about Ed a great deal that day—indeed he was never long out of her thoughts. Tonight she could not talk—she couldn't even listen to the talking of the others.

"By-the-way," remarked Harrison toward the end of the meal, "young Stone left you about the same time I did, didn't he? Fine boy, that Know you were sorry to lose him. He'll certainly—"

"Fine—nothing," cut in Watson. "A low, despicable cad. I'd like to—"

"Father," gasped Doris and rushed from the room.

Harrison was embarrassed. "Did I-er-er?"

"You did," replied Watson firmly. "Listen, I'll tell you. And Watson told how young Stone had shattered his daughter's hopes and ideals when he showed himself content to keep right on in the same rut. "He would give no explanation," said the older man. "And you see," he concluded bitterly, "she has never got over it."

Harrison, pale and trembling, listened till Watson had reached the end of his story. Without a word to his host he called the bulter. "Go," he said, " and tell Miss Watson to return to the drawing-room at once."

Presently Doris appeared, her eyes still filled with tears.

"Sit down, Miss Watson," commanded Harrison. Mr. Watson sat dumbfounded. What did the man mean? Was he crazy?

"I had never expected to say what I am about to tell you," began Harrison. "But I can only thank God that I have found out about this terrible thing before it is too late. Do you know why Stone refused that job?" Here he paused a moment "He did it for me—to save the life of my wife, and it saved her too! He wouldn't, couldn't tell you because he realized what it would mean to me. Was I a weakling for letting him do it? Yes, maybe, but when I realized that it meant life to my wife, I could do nothing else. Oh, if I had only known all!" Here Harrison's voice broke; tears were in his eyes.

Mr. Watson had risen from his chair. Doris was weeping silently.

"Where—where is he? Tell me where he is," she pleaded brokenly.

"He is Jim Wilson, a life-guard in California. I know you have heard of him. The whole country has rung with his brave deeds. The Lord only knows how he has lived this long, but I pray that he may be spared long enough to learn that I have tried to right the wrong I did him."

Entirely overcome, Harrison dropped into a chair and put his head in his hand. When he again looked up, Doris and her father had left the room. He could hear Doris sobbing, but they were sobs of joy.

The next morning found father and daughter well on their way to Bar Harbor. To Doris, almost delirious in her joy, the train seemed barely to creep along.

(Continued on page twenty-four)

"Oh, Daddy, think how mean I've been. I do hope that nothing's happened to him. Oh, how brave he's been!"

"Don't worry, Dot," said her father. "Everything is going to be all right now."

Doris had purposely refrained from notifying Ed that she was coming. Woman-like, she wanted to surprise him. Never once did it enter her head that he wouldn't forgive her. She knew Ed too well for that.

The Watsons arrived in Bar Harbor at eight o'clock at night. The lighthouse was several miles from the little station and, as the weather was threatening, the owner of the only automobile in the little settlement didn't want to drive them out. But when Mr. Watson pushed two ten-dollar bills at him, they got under way at once.

"Looks like she's fixin' fer a pretty hefty blow," remarked the driver. "These storms sure is tough on the men at the lighthouse. But we got a mighty fine bunch out there. Jim Wilson—you've heard of him, I reckon?" Once started on his hero, the old driver told of one act of heroism after another, while Doris thrilled with pride.

By the time they had reached their destination, a storm seemed imminent. Sergeant Parker met them at the door of the saloon and conducted them into the "parlor." They were told that Wilson was away on duty, but should be back at any time. He would be sent to them immediately upon his return.

The storm increased in fury every moment. The thunder of the boiling surf, the howling of the wind, and the falling of the rain combined themselves into a sound terrifying to the man and the girl. With the increasing of the storm, Doris's fears had taken on a definite shape. Any time now a ship might be wrecked and these brave men called to the perilous rescue. Ed would have to go. Suppose she wouldn't even get to see him. She was becoming hysterical.

Suddenly the door was thrown open and Jim Wilson stood before them. Seeing Doris, he staggered. Were his eyes deceiving him? But only for a second was he left in doubt.

"Ed!" sobbed Doris, and rushed to him.

The next few moments were the happiest of Edward Stone's life. Old man Watson, a smile on his face, had strolled over to the window and, chewing on his habitual cigar, was watching the fury of the elements with a very contented air.

Then the wild clanging of the lighthouse bell! To Ed Stone it seemed almost a death knell.

"Doris," he gasped, "a ship's on the reefs. I've got to go. But I'll be back, dear. Don't worry." With a last kiss burning on his lips he was gone.

For the first time in his two years of service Jim Wilson was afraid. The man who had always welcomed danger was trembling like a leaf. Now that he really wanted to live, had everything to live for, he felt that death itself was stalking him. As the little lifeboats worked their way over the rough waters to the doomed vessel, great sobs shook Wilson's body. He knew in his heart that if he were called upon to take a risk, it would be the last. His nerve was gone. He shrank from the rescue soon to come.

And now the small boats had drawn alongside the schooner. There seemed to be only men aboard her; Wilson breathed a prayer of thankfulness for that. All was excitement on the rescue boats. Finally two of the boats succeeded in getting ropes to the doomed ship. These were made fast to the rail, and while one boat stood by for an emergency, the men slid down to the lifeboats over the ropes. During the whole scene Wilson sat quietly in one of the boats. He was too weak to move.

At last all had been taken from the ship and the ropes cut. Captain Henderson had just opened his mouth to give the command, "Heave 'way," when a piteous scream rent the air.

Looking up, the men in the boats saw a small boy clinging to the rail of the abandoned vessel, screaming frantically. In some unaccountable manner the little fellow had been left aboard. How could it have happened? Maybe—but there was no time for speculation. The boat locked fast on the reef could not last much longer. Even now the waves that were bat-

Tiger Cheer

CHRISTMAS MEDITATIONS

"RAT" FARR

I am away up here at Clemson,
Where the Tigers stay,
But, I'll be back in Charleston
On this coming Xmas day.
I like these Blue Ridge mountains
Where the "Tigers" stay,
But I'll return to Julia
On that great December day.

Not long have I to see you—
My home is "Tigertown",
But as soon as I hit Charleston
To Julia's house I'm bound.
On the eve of my departure
I shall leave you with a tear,
For I know I shall not see you
For another long, long year.

I shall return to Clemson
When Xmas has gone by,
But I shall think about you
As I gaze into the sky.
I shall often think, my darling,
Of the Xmas that has passed;
How we would sit and whisper,
And how our smiles would last.

I shall think of every moment
When we knew those joyful smiles,
How I read a true love story
In your gleaming little eyes.
I shall come back to you, darling,
After four long years have passed,
And shall try to form a friendship—
A friendship that will last.

Student (recently expelled)—Hello Dean. I'm back.

Dean—What for?

Student—I read in that letter that I was expelled, but on the envelope it said, "After five days return to Dean Smith."

Cute Young Thing—Speaking of insects, how's your aunt?

"Why is a girl's dress almost a yard?"
"Because it's a little over two feet."

"There's a feather in my sausage."
"Oh, that's all right, it was made from a bird dog."

A California man has discovered an easy way to find a needle in a haystack. His advice is, "sit on the stack."

AFTER THE BALL

"DINK" WOODWARD

The ball is over, the lights are out,
The music has died away.
I lie on my bed—Oh my head—
Why does it feel this way?
Oh! it is so awful dark—
How I long for the light.
My eyes seem to burn, my bed seems to turn
To the left and then to the right.
I close my eyes and to my surprise
I'm back again at the ball.

I see a girl 'mid the dizzy whirl
Of dancers, the music and all.
She is the one with the gay little laugh,
And the yellow rose in her hair.
I'll go over and dance with her.
But look! She isn't there.
I'm only dreaming again, I guess
My mind is a little numb.
I'll be all right in the morning—
Will morning ever come?

Smart—Ever been kissed?
One—That's my business.
Smart—How's business?

(Continued from page twenty-one)

tering the sides seemed to be howling with wild triumph. It was to invite death to board her now. But could they pull off and leave the lad to his terrible fate? Instinctively all eyes turned towards Wilson.

Under these men's pleading gazes Wilson felt himself growing calm. That fear that had so nearly mastered him was slipping from him. "I'll go," he said simply.

The boat was maneuvered to the side of the larger ship and Wilson, standing in the bow, waited until the little boat was lifted on the high crest of a wave—then jumped for the rail. He caught it, pulled himself over the side and grasped the child in his arms. He knew that he had only a few more seconds. The very timbers of the boat were groaning. At any moment she might break asunder.

Holding the child in his arms, he waited until the lifeboat was again lifted on the wave and dropped the boy safely into the arms of one of the men. The succeeding wave crashed into the little boat and drove her away from the schooner. The crew worked madly to get it back in time to save Wilson. He, knowing what was at stake, was yelling frantic orders to the rescuers. Could he risk jumping with a chance of being picked up? No. He realized that as soon as he hit the water he'd be whirled away beyond human aid. The little boat was steadily getting closer. In another minute he could jump for it.

Suddenly a wild scream went up from one of the boats. Edward Stone, turning, saw a towering mass of black water bearing down upon him. Before he could move, the huge wave was upon him. The men, watching dazedly from the life boats, saw it sweep the deck of the schooner, lift Wilson high into the air, and plunge him back into the churning waters.

For hours the three life boats cruised frantically over the place where their brave comrade had been seen to disappear. But it was in vain. The sea had taken its toll.

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Faculty Advisor—PROF. J. D. LANE

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WITHIN THE ARCTIC CIRCLES

E. J. RIDGEWAY, 28

"Red, why are you so intent upon going to the North Pole?" asked Bert Lister one rainy afternoon in April as we sat in the office of our elder friend, Dr. Cyrus Johnson.

"Because it is entirely out the the question to consider South Africa this time of year; besides, we can go to the North Pole for at least half the money that it would take to explore Africa," said I.

Bert Lister and I were good friends and had been ever since he had come to live in Blenton some six years before. He had read extensively on the various explorations of the wilds of Africa, and I, on the other hand, had read everything available about the daring expeditions to the regions about the North Pole.

We had decided the previous summer to save all the money that we possibly could in order to finance the one great adventure of our youthful dreams. Each of us had stinted to the limit of miserness, and at the time of our meeting on this rainy afternoon Bert had hoarded two hundred and thirty-five dollars, and I had managed to put aside two hundred and eighteen more. All of the little details had been agreed upon, even to the date of our departure. But, however, the place to which we were to go, logically the first thing to be decided, was the last.

"Africa is nearly as cold, in the extreme southern parts, as is Alaska, and further, inasmuch as our money is limited, we can work our way to the Cape of Good Hope on a steamer," Bert argued.

"Boys, let's settle the question this way," put in Dr. Johnson, who was in the office at the time of our discussion. "I'll stick this pin up here in the floor, and the one who can stand on his feet, rest the palms of his hands flat on the floor, and bend his back until he is able to pick up the pin with his teeth, has the opportunity of choosing the place to go."

This plan was gladly adopted. Bert made desperate attempts for a good half hour with no success. I in turn struggled for equally as long a time with what promised to be no more success. Finally after my strength and most of my courage were gone, I touched the pin. With renewed efforts I at last conquered the pin and brought it up between my teeth. It was automatically decided that we should go to the North Pole.

Our date of departure had been set for the following Friday. Port Barrow had ben selected as the point at which the necessary provisions were to be obtained. By common assent the stock of provisions was to be reduced to the minimum so as to insure the fastest progress possible. Thursday I met Bert.
"Well Red, you won and I'm going to stick to my promise. We'll leave tomorrow on the noon train for Billings."

"Yes," I replied, "it will reach Billings about four o'clock tomorrow afternoon. Then we can go on over to Vancouver in short order, making that part of the trip by night."

As is American style we had the pleasure of waiting on the train. But for the pressing excitement of the approaching adventure, the wait would have been most boresome.

We arrived in Vancouver the next morning and immediately made our way to the wharf. Here we inquired for the office of the Glover Steamship Lines. We found it to be a large stone building about two hundred yards from the wharf. Upon entering the building we asked to see the transport manager. Whereupon we were shown into his spacious office.

"Young men, what can I do for you?" asked the kindly appearing man, with a slight suspicion of a trick smile hovering around the corners of his mouth.

"We have come to ask if there is a boat leaving Vancouver for Port Barrow in the next day or two," said Bert.

"Yes, the EVELYN JACKSON leaves for Barrow early Monday morning," he said.

"What is the fare as second-rate passengers?"

"Thirty-one dollars and a half."

"Isn't there some way we can work our way through to Port Barrow on the ship?"

"Small chance, boys. But may I ask what your reason is for going there?"

"We're going to make an expedition to the Polar regions," Bert told him.

"That is quite a dangerous trip for young men of your age. I will see what I can do for you though. Come Monday morning."

Monday morning found us waiting on the manager to come to his office. When he appeared he told us to our great delight that two men could be used in the boiler room on the voyage.

"Would you men be willing to risk this work for a ride to Barrow?"

"I should say we are willing, and gladly so," Bert replied.

Two weeks later we were in Port Barrow, ready and determined to tackle the cold and heartless Polar lands. From a discouraged native we were able to purchase some Eskimo dogs and the accompanying sled. From this hardened man of the North we gained information concerning the best routes to take, the amount and kind of food to take, and the necessary clothing. When finally everything was in readiness for our departure, we found that we had ninety-four dollars in our treasury. Thus we began our journey.

"It surely is hard to endure," said Bert to me as we started across from Port Barrow to the mainland early one morning in June. "I like adventure as much as anybody, but when two headlong boys like you and I start for the North Pole with nothing to guide us but a compass, there's something wrong upstairs."

"Oh come on, that's all right. I'm cold already but that doesn't matter."

We landed safely on the mainland, cooked some meat and bread, and after hurriedly eating it we began our adventure about three o'clock. We had brought along with us a calendar and each night we marked off another day. This was our method of keeping check on the time. On the twelfth of June we were held snow bound for three days, and again a few days later we had to remain in the same camp for nearly a week because of a terrific storm.

It was on the night of the sixteenth of July that my first experience of freezing came to me. I wrapped myself up in my blankets as best I could, but in spite of all my efforts to keep warm, I thought that I would die of cold. I looked at my companion and he seemed to be sleeping peacefully away. What was wrong with me? Was I more susceptible to the effects of the cold than he? Thoughts ran through my mind at a terrific rate. I looked above and the stars were taunting me with their frigid stillness. The moon was slowly fading away over the horiozn and it seemed to shudder and to express a joy at having the opportunity to leave this cruel world once again. I turned.

Still the cold was gradually piercing the armor of protection which I had so carefully drawn about myself. I began to wonder if I had placed the blankets in the best possible position. But then I could not afford to move; if I did, then the heartless cold would ruin me before I could fight back at it. My very bones were chilled. The cursed cold was now killing my body. Slowly I felt it coming on, but not one thing could I do to prevent it. Thoughts of my cozy home lingered for a moment in my mind until they were rudely driven out by the gripping, numbing cold. I realized that my time was short. I was desperate, then helpless.

My thoughts then turned to the hollow death that must be my lot. No, I would not awake my companion; maybe he would never awaken, and it was best that he would not. I had heard that when one is about to pass through the last throes of death from freezing, sounds of sweet music would come to him. I listened. There it was. Clearly on the crisp air I heard the notes floating towards me. It was not as sweet as I thought it would be, however.

Then came a familiar voice. I awoke. The music which I had heard was coming from the famous "Drum and Bugle Corps" of Clemson College. With wild endeavors it was trying to wake up the community with the old familiar tune, "You can't get 'em up, you can't get 'em up, you can't get 'em up in the morn—ing." I looked down from my cot and on the floor lay my sheets and blankets which I had discarded in my efforts to pick up that pin in Dr. Johnson's office.

HYPNOTISM

P. H REYNOLDS, '29

Have you ever heard sweet music,
The grip of entrancing, weird music—
Music that thrills, or music that thralls?
That beckons ever or that ever calls?
Have you seen one beautiful girl
With eyes lucid and hair a-curl,
Just hypnotizing?

Have you wandered o'er a meadow,
O'er a verdant, blooming meadow—
Loving its hush and praising its sweep,
Admiring the forms that over it creep,
Filled with hopes and cosmic longing
Born of dreams e'er formless thronging,
Just hypnotizing?

If you have and won't admit it,
Then love on, but do not quit it;
So by all that's fair in war,
All that twinkles in your star,
All the Gods of hunt or chase
My friend, love's a hopeless case—
You're hypnotized.

EARLY SPRING

J. E. YOUNGBLOOD, '27

A listless, barren World rolls on in somberness,
With raiments torn and tattered into shreds;
The heartless breath of Artic Winter's ravages
Has faded these to browns and mottled reds.

Forlorn in all its bashful nudeness—sadly on;
The dreams of beauty past is now obscure.
Dame Nature sympathetic, saw and pitied World,
And nobly ventured vesture to procure.

With wardrobe graced with charming, countless robes
Designed with kindly hand in idle hours.
She takes the task. No light affair to transform this
Deprived and desolated ball of ours.

With what success! The sparkling dew and fancy dress
Of green, besprinkled oft with flowered flame,
The humming bees, the lazy air so full of sleep,
Put Solomon's reputed pomp to shame.

We see the fresh'ning verdure clothe unsparingly.
Does it not all our very souls enthrall?
Can we not see the Guiding Power of Nature's hand
Beyond, directing, dominating all?

THE GREATEST OF THESE IS LOVE

O. W. BETHEA, '30

He sat alone, drinking coffee and eating those peculiar little cakes that one finds nowhere else except in Italy. A figure of lonliness. Suddenly he was aroused from his despondency. A girl was standing before him, an extremely hungry girl if his eyes were not deceiving him. She was eyeing his little cakes with a look in her eyes that told of unfathomable torture. Twice the girl opened her lips as if to speak to him but failed. Then Jack rose to his feet and offered her a seat. She sat down with a sigh of relief—and fear.

Jack groped wildly for something to say. This girl seemed so unused to what it was evident she was trying to do. Finally he broke out with:

"Do you speak English?"

"Yes, I speak English. Are you American?"

"Yes, I am American. Won't you have something? Cameriere—bring the lady some coffee y lattay un filet y pane."

"It is beautiful out to-nite, is it not? This is my first trip over and I guess that makes Venice more beautiful to me than it would be to others here."

"Yes, the night is very beautiful. But when I came up you did not seem to be enjoying it nearly as much as it really deserves. Venice is a place where one should forget one's cares and live just for the joy of being alive."

The waiter arrived with the food and there was not much conversation for some time. Although the girl forced herself to eat slowly, Jack could see that she was restraining herself in so doing.

After she had finished she sat back in her chair with a little sigh of contentment.

Then followed some small talk about Italy, New York, and Miami. The girl had evidently been to America, but she gave no clue as to when she had been there. She was neither American, English, nor Italian; in fact, he learned absolutely nothing about her.

After quite a while of this, Jack begged to be excused on the plea that he had some letters to write. He paid the bill and having shaken hands and said good-bye, left her standing there with a hundred lire bill in her hand. Her lips parted and a look of relief and shame intermingled came into her eyes.

Jack slept very litte that night. He could not banish the girl from his mind. Yes, she was pretty; no, not pretty, but beautiful. Her clothes were of fine material and well-made, but they showed signs of wear. Had he been deceitfully used or was the girl really in need of assistance? And so his thoughts ran on through the greatest part of the nite.

The next evening Jack engaged the same table, and although he watched the crowd eagerly until late, she did not appear. After three more nights of watching, he began to believe he had been "hooched," but on the fourth night he saw her walking across the square, and, much to his disgust, he felt a strange surge of emotion well up within himself.

She looked up, saw him, flushed darkly, but returned his greeting, and came over to his table and sat down at his invitation.

Where he had been despondent before, Jack was now strangely happy and care-free. He asked her what she would have and they ate together. Jack was trying to make the meal as long as possible, and at the same time he was doing his best not to mention the previous meeting.

When they parted, Jack invited her to take supper with him again the next nite at the same cafe. She accepted, simply.

That night Jack lay in bed and went over the entire adventure in his mind. Impossible as it seemed to him he was wildly in love with a girl about whom he knew nothing,—except things that were not conventional, to say the least.

The next night he suggested a gondola ride on the Grand Canal, and there, with the help of the music floating softly across the water from the gondolas anchored about in the canal, he took the plunge.

"Are you married?"

"No," came the soft response.

"I—I—will you marry me?" Bluntly, suddenly.

"Marry you? Why what do you know about me? What must you think about the way I approached you?"

"I don't know; I am afraid to think. I only know that I love you. Can't you say you love me just a little?"

"And yet you ask me to marry you? You know I am desperate enough to marry you whether I love you or not."

"I am only too willing to take that chance. Say you will marry me?"

"I don't know what to say. I—I—Oh! I love you!"

And the gondolier leaned on his paddle and smiled into the stars while the age old but forever thrilling drama was being played in his gondola which if it could speak could tell of many other such occasions.

After a while she looked up at him with her eyes shining pools of contentment.

"Now, my man of great faith, I think you are due a little explanation.

"I came over here from America to take a position in a business house as an English interpreter, but after I had been here two years the firm went out of business and I lost my job. I had not saved any money, and as I had lost my papers, I could not get back to the States. It seemed impossible to get a job. I was starving to death when I saw you. I tried to drown myself but I could not, so there was nothing left for me except the street."

"I thank God that he sent you to me," Jack said fervently. "And now, little one, let's forget that horrible dream and only look forward to the many wonderful things that are going to happen to us in the years to come."

They were rudely brought back to earth some time later by the gondolier who was saying:

"Sir, it is late and I am already married. My wife will want to know what has kept me so long ."

ON KEEPING ON

J. A. WHETSELL, '27

If perchance you're down and out,
And things just won't go right;
It's no time to sit and sigh,
It's but the time to fight.

Summon all your stamina
And put it to the fore;
Soon you'll see the far blue sky
Its mellowed radiance pour.

Work towards the furthest height;
Your goal must be success.
Do not halt along the way
Content with something less.

Spirit and aggressiveness
If foremost in one's life,
Cause the the world to laud and say,
"A gallant, in his strife."

TIMROD AND HAYNE

M. A. JONES, '28

Timrod and Hayne were two life-long friends who lived such similar lives that they are treated together by most biographers. These unfortunate victims of disappointments suffered alike from the time their school teacher "attacked them from the rear for trying to write poetry", until their deaths.

"They knew alike what suffering starts
From fettering need and ceaseless pain;
But still with brave and cheerful hearts,
Whose message hope and joy imparts,
They sang their deathless strains."

Poverty followed Timrod and urged him on to his grave. In his last days he was forced to sell his furniture and silverware in order that he might obtain bread for his family.

In spite of such adverse conditions, Timrod was able to surpass Hayne in lyric force and wealth of utterance. In his war lyrics he voiced the feelings of the South better than any other writer has ever done. Although his verse was usually more passionate than Hayne's, his marvelous self-control permitted him to express the genuine Southern feeling. However, his loyalty to the Southern cause was emotionally expressed in "Ethnogenesis" and "A Cry To Arms".

In his volume of verse are found some of the most spontaneous nature and love lyrics ever written in the South. He developed a delicate fancy and a graceful beauty of expression. His figurative and picturesque language, his directness, simplicity, and sincerity in theme and feeling are his special characteristics. To Poe's theory of beauty he added power and truth, thus producing some of the best treasures of thought in our literature. The unusual technique of his verse is due to the fact that he found time to revise, polish, and perfect most of his poems.

Hayne excelled in dignity and compression. This intense lover of nature had a rich imagination and a true sense of the music of words. There is an atmosphere of high-bred refinement surrounding his poetry. His harmonious arrangement of sounds makes his rhythm smooth and his rhymes perfect. His skillful use of the sonnet was as worthy as that of a genius. The high poetic standards which he set for himself demanded ease and grace in the lines, and beauty of thought and expression in the verse. There is yet another thing in which Hayne surpassed Timrod. He had four of his poems ("Ode to Sleep", "Aspects of the Pines", "Poverty", and "The Hyacinth") to be included among the American selections in the world's best literature.

Selections from "A Portrait of Henry Timrod", by Walter Malone, will fit in here well.

"The bard who starves while rhymsters wear
the crown,
Who finds his throne erected in a tomb.
And foes with friends now come to honor
you,
O poet, free from blemish and from blame,
A wreath is yours as long as men are true,
As long as Courage wins the crown of fame."

Two lines from Samuel Peck's "Paul Hamilton Hayne" will serve as a summary of what has been said of this songster.

"And still supreme in Southern Song,
He pipes and millions joy to hear him."

TO A SEA GULL

W. L. BAKER' 27

When winds blow swift
  And wildly dash the waves,
And seamen drift
  Where naught but Heaven saves;

When others flee,
  And seek the sheltered coves
Of land, nor sea
  Where fickle Fortune roves;

And all is gone
  But Nature's direst form,
And all seems flown
  The wrath of vengeful storm;

'Tis thou that clings
  To crag or jutting frieze,
And ever sings
  The hope song of the seas.

A lesson thou
  To doubtful, cringing man;
No need to bow
  Or flee, but ever stand.

And sing a song
  When life's dark storms assail.
'Tis not for long,
  For faith and hope ne'er fail.

THE FLAPPER

L. B. MOORE, '28

"Congratulations Ron. I knew you would be elected president of the Senior Class," said Heywood Anderson. Ronald McIntosh, the boy addressed, was a person that would immeidately attract the attention of any stranger at the university. The term stranger must be used, for Ronald was already the idol of the entire campus. He carried with him an air of self-possession that belongs only to people of his unique dignity, mental capacity, and poplarity. To the students of the university, the name—Ronald McIntosh meant not only "friend", but carried with it an appealing suggestion of mental superiority. This latter fact was well illustrated by Ronald's scholastic standing and his position as editor-in-chief of the university's magazine, THE COLLEGIAN'S VIEW. Ronald's popularity was not confined to his immediate surroundings for he was well known throughout college literary circles for his startling editorials. That one distinction laid the foundation for this story.

It was the night of the Sophomore Prom, and as usual Ronald was leading the grand march. He had entered whole-heartedly into the fun-making; before the Prom was over, however, a drastic change came over him. He had been observing the actions of the so-called flappers, and their rogueness and boisterousness completely disgusted him with this type of modern girl. So he resolved to write a criticism on the flapper,and to publish it in the next issue of THE COLLEGIAN'S VIEW.

When the December issue of THe COLLEGIAN'S VIEW was published, Ronald's startling artice, THE FLAPPER, became the topic of conversation for the entire student body. Futhermore, criticism of the flapper was not doomed to die after the students had discussed it from every angle, for the prominent newspaper editors recognized the significance of it. Since the criticism was a competent expression of their viewpoint, THE FLAPPER was featured by the Associated Press. Naturally Ronald's article was read throughout the country. This was the way the criticism reached Dartville.

Dartville was a medium-sized town, situated about one hundred miles from the university. In this town there was a younger set noted for its extreme wildness.

Our first view of the younger set must be at one of their numerous social gatherings. They were sitting around in groups of fours and fives. In each group the center of attraction was the person holding the newspaper.

"I think that McIntosh fellow has his nerve," said Mary Wharton. "Listen to this: 'The flapper does not know the meaning of true love; a man, in her estimation, is only a toy'. Have you ever heard the like?"

The babble of voices was interrupted by the sound of footsteps on the large stairway leading down to the reception hall. Immediately the boys made a rush for the foot of the stairs. The entrance of "Stevie" Pride would create a wave of interested excitement anywhere.

She was the most popular young girl of Dartville. Still, she rightfully deserved this distinction for she was exceptionally attractive. A closer glimpse of her disclosed a head of golden hair, sky blue eyes, and a complexion of striking, delicate clearness—the answer to the prayers of women, and the glory of the most scrupulous men.

Above the babble of voices at the foot of the stairway, a half-teasing, half-sarcastic voice was heard to say, "Come on, Stevie, and read the criticism that the wonderful Ronald McIntosh has written on you."

"What is all this you are talking about?" Stevie inquired.

"It's a criticism on the flapper," answered Mary Wharton. "Read it."

Stevie picked up one of the papers and gave the article a hurried glance, followed by

a laugh.

"I'm a flapper," she exclaimed, "and I don't care who knows it. Futhermore, I bet there are plenty of flappers who could make a fool of Mr. Ronald McIntosh."

"So you don't agree with him, eh?" asked Johnny Clyburn.

"No," was the abrupt answer.

"Well," said John, "why don't **you** make a fool of him?"

His speech was interrupted by an approval from the gang. "We dare you to," came a chorus of voices as if only one person were speaking.

Now Stevie was of an impulsive nature and most of her wild escapades had taken place because she boldly refused to take a dare. So the "We dare you" phrase acted upon her as if she were a slave and a command had come from her master.

"But wait a minute," she said. "How can I ever meet Mr. McIntosh?"

"Oh,don't worry about that," saidJohnny. "Do you remember Heywood Anderson who went to the university year before last? Well, he would be only too glad to bid you up to one of the dances."

So everything was arranged, and Stevie accordingly received a bid to the Junior Prom. This time Ronald McIntosh did not lead the grand march, for his self-induced opinion of the flapper had not changed.

As he stood watching the march,he was attracted by the most beautiful girl he had ever seen. Probably the attraction was due largely to the girl's actions. The other girls were talking in loud, boisterous voices, but the girl holding Ron's gaze, was walking demurely along with Heywood Anderson. She reminded Ron of a kitten, since she appeared to be so meek and timid. Yes, Stevie was acting her part splendidly.

As soon as the march was over and Ron saw Heywood standing alone, he approached him and said, "How about introducing me to your girl, old top?"

"Sure." said Heywood.

Upon a closer scrutiny of Stevie, Ron was more astonished than ever. He was so busy staring at the girl, that he had been introduced and Heywood was walking away before Ron realized his position.

Yes, Stevie was a good actor, and before the orchestra played "Home, Sweet Home", she had a bid to the Senior Prom. This bid came from Ronald,—the flapper-disgusted Ronald.

Time passed slowly for Ronald; he was looking forward with suppressed eagerness to the Senior Prom. His thoughts were continually of Stevie.

There was one place on the campus that was Ron's favorite spot. Through an opening in the trees, a complete view of the university could be had. Ron resolved that on the night of the Senior Prom he would bring Stevie to this spot and here he would ask her to become his bride immediately after commencement. Ron's father had warned him that if he married before receiving his diploma, he would be denied every cent of the money which was to be his upon reaching the age of twenty-one.

In Stevie's home town she had been congratulated upon her success so far, and every one of the "set" was anxiously awaiting the result of her undertaking.

Finally came the night of the Senior Prom. Once again, Ronald McIntosh led the grand march and walking beside him was Stevie, still playing her part in a manner that would be a credit to some of the best actors of the stage.

During intermission, Stevie and Ron walked across the campus and up on a little knoll. He led her to a seat.

"Stevie," said Ron, "this is **my** spot. I come here often to gaze out across our campus. I have learned to love this place. I have brought you here, to my own spot, to ask you to marry me the day I graduate."

The words that came from Stevie's mouth struck Ron like a bolt of lightning.

"I am a flapper," she said. "You hate

flappers; 'flappers do not know the real meaning of true love.' No, I will not marry you. I don't love you. I only wanted to show you that even a flapper, who has no heart, as you have said, can make a fool of most any man. Take me back, immediately."

Ronald awoke the next morning with a bitter outlook upon the entire world. His assumptions about the flapper had been proved by a personal experience. Furthermore, his hatred for the type had spread until it now included every member of the opposite sex.

Back home Stevie and her friends had quite a laugh over her triumph. But three or four days later something seemed to have gone wrong with Stevie. In her solitude she would say to herself, "It can't be that I love him." Still she could not chase the thoughts of Ronald from her mind. In an effort to forget her past experience, which was to her, no pleasant one, she rushed on along in the fast life of her associates with an outwardly apparent increasing zeal. But every night after she was alone, the unpleasant experience haunted her so much that she could not sleep. Her life became one of total misery; she knew now that she loved Ronald and that she had not realized it at the proper time.

One night when it seemed as if she could not bear the haunting thoughts any longer, she stepped to the telephone and said, "Long distance, I want to speak to Ronald McIntosh at Merton University, please."

Ronald was brought from his studies by a call from down-stairs. "Long distance is calling you,Ron," the voice said.

Ronald closed the book, walked down the stairs, and picked up the receiver.

"Hello", he said.

"Is this Ronald McIntosh?" a feminine voice inquired.

"Yes", said Ron.

"Ronald," the voice came tremulously, "this is Stevie. I must see you. Can't you come down tomorrow?"

"So I can be hazed by you, no!" said Ronald abruptly. He hung up the receiver, and returned to his room.

Stevie was in a dilemma. She hardly knew what to do. A thousand thoughts rushed through her brain in an instant. Finally she said to herself, "I will see him! I must! Although commencement will not mean quite so much to me as it could have, I will at least see him receive his diploma." And then she retired for another restless night.

Examinations were over and the students were in the large, hushed auditorium for the commencement exercises.

Among the Seniors sat Ronald McIntosh. He was not attentive during the speeches and it appeared as if something were preying on his mind. In reality, Ron's mind was contrasting his commencement as it was with his commencement as it might have been had the girl he loved been true to him.

When he was called up to receive his diploma, his advance to the stage, his act of grasping the diploma, and his return to his seat was merely a mechanical, emotionless process.

When the exercises had been completed and congratulations were being indiscriminately tossed from one to another, a lone figure, with a downcast look, was seen to walk slowly across the campus and up to a little knoll. Soon the solitary steps were followed by a young girl who had recently emerged from the entrance of the hall.

As Ronald stood gazing through the opening in the trees, memories of a happening at that place so filled him with bitterness that he turned as if to walk away. As he turned he came face to face with Stevie.

"Ronald", she said, "you were right. 'A flapper does not know the real meaning of true love,' but I'm not a flapper any more. Won't you forgive me?"

A passer-by knew more of the answer than either Ron or Stevie, for, to him, the two figures appeared as one.

TO

W. L. BAKER' 27

Like coral isles
  Those lips of thine,
And wondrous as
  The rarest wine.

I would I knew
  The mysteries
That fill their curves
  With messages.

Their scarlet hues
  That never pale
Make them for me
  Life's Holy Grail.

They cannot frown—
  Too sweet I know—
Two rubies laid
  In spotless snow.

I stand apart
  And viewing, pine
That those rare gems
  May soon be mine.

LOOKING FOR A BOY

M. H. WOODWARD, '28

"Wait a minute Cap, if you've got time.
Have you seen anything of that boy of mine?
He's almost as tall as my brother-in-law,
And as spry a chap as you ever saw.
Just as handsome as they get to be,
Why, in the face he looks like me!
He was watching some wood that me 'n him
sawed.
The boy's named Rastus, and the mule's named
Maud.

"We come down this mornin'—just looking
around,—
Didn't know then there was a circus in town.
I hitched the mule down on t'other end,
And give the boy a whole quarter to spend.
He wanted some candy or popcorn, he 'lowed—
Very first thing he was lost in the crowd.
I missed him beyond that big bill-board,
The boy's named Rastus, and the mule's named
Maud.

It's gettin' sorter late—'most time to go;
The sun'll be down in an hour or so.
I've got to get home and milk that cow,
And it's time I was feeding them horses now.
I can't figure where that boy could o' went,
I know that by now his quarter is spent.
Tell him I've gone on down the road—
The boy's named Rastus, and the mule's named
Maud.

WHY THE CHRONICLE?

There constantly looms up in our mind a satisfactory answer to the question as presented in the title of this editorial. Often we ask students who have the many contrasting attitudes towards college activities in general about this. Not one, however indifferent, expresses approval to discontinue the Chronicle, the literary magazine of Clemson. Almost invariably they say casually, "It's a good thing. I fail to see the idea of discontinuing it." Promptly the subject is dropped. And further, every time the subject, or implied interest in it drops, therewith drops the outlook of the magazine a notch or two.

Now, since none agree to casting it aside, there must be enough evidence manifested to insure its being kept alive. However, the next thing to be determined is, just why this feeling.

Is it because of mere tradition, an adverse feeling towards destroying something which has been here for so long a time? Or, on the other hand, is it because the students have a hazy idea of what it really ought to be, and weakly attempt to fan into light literary interest just so long as they stand in the receiving line to criticize what a few try to accomplish.

It is absolutely disheartening to us who stand at the helm of this publication with sails full mast, and then to witness only an occasional weak puff of support from whence support can only come.

Ponder over this question. Is a literary magazine worth while here? If it is, and the exercise offered in the assembling of its material substantially helpful, let it be known. Our opinion and any policy that we may suggest can have very little weight in the matter at hand.

STATUS OF STUDENTS

We noted with interest a recent editorial in the Newberry Stylus in which the editor offers a suggestion which would put holders of honorary positions on a somewhat equal basis with all other students. This suggestion is the adoption of a point system whereby students may hold only a limited number of positions, different positions being assesed so many points. Something should be done about this status in regard to their comparative merits.

Too often do we see brilliant students fall before the pressure brought to bear against them by college activities. Often they are recognized through their first two years as leaders of their classes. Then, when honorary positions are thrust upon them, naturally their brilliance is dimmed. Now these various phases of activities must necessarily be carried on by somebody. Does it seem quite right that no consideration be given them? Of course no student should have marks as an objective in college. No one upholds the bookworm who triumphantly places his excellent grades in his crown of glory in order to sustain the admiration of the faculty members. Yet, when the time comes for the selection of the best men in an institution, obviously the grades made enter into the selection.

Thus it is a fact that students who must neglect to some extent their class work in order to care for the various phases of college activities, and the athletes as well, should be given due consideration by the students, faculty, and higher authorities. If they-are not, then honorary positions fail to assume anything honorary about them.

Tiger Cheer

THAT'S WHAT THEY ALL SAY

H. S. GAULT

To a "Rat"

So you're only a freshman, still green at the game.
You try to act wise but you're new just the same.
Gee, you look clownish without any hair,
But I'll give you my sympathy, 'tis all I can spare.

And to a Sophomore

Oh, hello there smarty, second-year man I b'lieve;
From your sophistication, a Soph I conceive.
Yes, everybody knows that you're quite the stuff,
So be on your way, I've seen quite enough.

And to a Senior

Ah, your dignity, a Senior, the ring on your hand;
And soon you'll leave college an educated man.
And you'll cope with life's probems—your fun will be thru.
Yes, a dreary aspect, I'd hate to be you.

But to a Junior

I know you're a Junior and a jolly good chap;
No longer a Freshman or a Sophomore sap,
And not yet a Senior with troubles a score—
Yes, I prefer Juniors, the best of the four.
P. S.—Who me? Yeah, I'm a Junior.

Burglar: "Don't be scairt lady, all I want is your money."

Old Maid: "Oh, go away. You're just like all the other men."

I have a professor that's rich,
A slit in his brain needs a stitch.
With respect due to him
If my book print's not dim,
He doesn't think I've studied a smitch.

SEMESTER MELODY IN D MAJOR

I find that college life is sure the bunk,—
In fact I've finished packing up my trunk;
The teachers seem to disagree
On just what's best to do with me;
I really b'lieve they're scared I'm gonna flunk.
Still, nobody knows what a simple little change can do—
Listen! I'll explain it all to you:
Chorus:
F I shoud read last June's report to you,
It would sound like this: D D D Deedle D Do
When I said "gittin," it should have been "gettin";
I said "sittin" but she chucked and was "settin;"
If I used "in" the teacher said "into."
And I can't spell now like I used to could,
And I can't see no dif' 'tween "should and would"
But they've changed grading to A, B, C's—
Won't mama beam when she sees my E's.
F I should read last June's report to you,
D D D D D D Deedle D Do.

From a Tactics Writ

Army Officer: What are the formations of a company?

Freshman: Breakfast, dinner, and supper.

Ka—: I was just thinking of a good joke.

Det-: Ah, get your mind off yourself.

I sipped the nectar from her lips
As 'neath the moon we sat,
And wondered if I'd e'er before
Drunk from a mug like that.

"Gosh but you are witty."

"Yeah, so's my old man. I'm not half as witty as he is though."

"Sort of a half-wit, huh?"

IF WHAT IS WEREN'T, WHAT WOULD BE?

G. E. METZ, '27

Several days ago one of my colleagues hastily entered my office. Securing no recognition, he paced the floor from one end of the room to the other. I continued writing at my desk but observed him through one corner of the eye. Bent slightly forward, with his hands behind his back, and his facial expression one of considerable anxiety, he continued his stereotyped movements. Realizing the possible urgency of his mission, I decided to grant him an interview.

"Good morning, young friend. There seems to be some weighty question absorbing your personality."

"Yes indeed, it is a very peculiar question, a question which would appear ridiculous to the layman, but the answer is essential to our smooth sailing on the sea of metaphysics."

"Never mind the lengthy introduction; I promised not to ridicule any of your problems and I am true to my word. What is your question?"

"Briefly, then, why is 'A' the first letter of the alphabet?"

"Quite a sensible question, and to whomever would scoff at such a problem, I present the challenge of finding a sensible solution. But do you wish to know why 'A', as the first letter of the alphabet, exists; or, why it is conventional to consider 'A' as being the first letter of the series known as the alphabet?"

"The answer to both phases of the question would be enlightening, but my present concern is with the second consideration."

"At present I cannot give any justification of 'A's existence, but 'A' is the first letter of the alphabet because it comes before 'B'. However, to test your acclaimed ability in metaphysical speculation, I would have you answer this question : 'Why is 'B' the second letter of the alphabet?' "

"Following your delicate methods of reasoning, I would say that 'B' is the second letter of the alphabet because it comes after 'A'."

At this point our interview ended. My colleague was satisfied with the conclusion, but after considering the discussion from various view-points, I realized that the questions of "What is?" and "Why?" are merely parts of the larger question of, "If what IS weren't, what woud be?" Considering the illustration given above, might we not be equally justified to begin the alphabet with 'N' followed by 'X', and end with 'D'? Furthermore, is there really a justification for the existence of the alphabet in any form? Our modern methods of teaching in the lower grades exemplify the fact that the alphabet is not as necessary as it was once thought to be. But before we consider the "why" phase of the question, let us arrive at some definite conclusion as to what is.

Philosophers have upheld for ages that nothing exists except in terms of the human mind. If this be true, the human mind exists only in terms of the human mind; and, therefore, we are not so sure that the human mind really exists. But does not matter exist? It depends upon our definition of matter. We know that the smallest particle of unitary matter is the atom. We also know that the atom is composed of a positive nucleus and negative electrons which revolve around the nucleus. It is my proposal that these two divisions of unitary matter are no more nor less than two divisions of nothingness. Matter is nothingness divided into two parts. Were the negative electrons to decrease their velocity to the extent that they would come in contact with the positive nucleus, the two would fuse into one and we would have the original nothingness. We are hindered when we attempt to analyze "what is" from the stand-point of its existence in the human mind for we are not sure that the human mind exists, and matter, our alternative, also has a doubtful existence in that it was orginally nothingness. However, let us forget these academic difficuties and attempt

to analyze "what is" even though it may not be.

Although I will not agree that things exist only in terms of the human mind, I will have to begin my discussion with this mechanism to present its fallibility in viewing existence. Our contact with existence is dependent upon our senses, but this does not indicate that we come in contact with all of existence. To the contrary, our contact with existence is very limited.

The sense of hearing, although supposedly a very complete sense, is very limited. The human ear can detect sound in the form of wave motion only between the vibration rates of sixteen oscillations and thirty thousand oscillations per second. Does this mean that wave motion of less than sixteen or more than thirty thousand vibrations per second does not exist? As a matter of fact, the ears of certain birds are sensitive to wave motion beyond the thirty thousand vibration limit. Moreover, waves differ in amplitude as well as vibration rate; and had we the instruments for detecting and interpreting the ultra-minute remnants of time-worn waves which happen to be wandering around the ethereal expanses of our universe, might we not reveal the hidden meaning of some non-sensual material which is flitting here and there throughout our present existence? But the limitation of the sense of hearing is paralleled by the limitation of the sense of sight.

If you could view the world through the eyes of a grasshopper, you would realize the meagerness of his sense of sight. When the world is viewed through the human eyes there is an increment of visual delicacy added to the vision of the grashopper. Could this increment be added to the vision of the human eye, we would have a visuality which would pierce many of our present mysteries. The fact that we do not possess this visuality is no reason for believing that the things we could see if we did possess it are non-existent.

Moreover, man has a limited number of senses. Suppose that man had one more sense, the sense of "nuxyte." We cannot state what it would be, what it would detect, or what sense organs would be necessary, for we cannot conceive of a man's having an additional sense. If we were to attempt to give its characteristics, we would find ourselves reorganizing our experience and establishing a sense that is merey a combination of our present senses; or perhaps, we would give our new sense the characteristics of some modern mechanical apparatus which is also part of our present experience.

But suppose that the method of coming in contact with existence was other than through the senses; for instance, let us say, through some such phenomenon as the "uticul." What we would experience if such were the case might be very enlightening. However, the fact that such a phenomenon does not determine our contact with existence is not sufficient reason for stating that our experiences under such conditions would fail to reveal a different and probably much larger existence. Continuing our metaphysical speculation, let us suppose that the human mind were not.

If the human mind weren't, "what is" would not be, but most probably there would still be an existence. We cannot state that things exist only in terms of the human mind, but we can state that "what is" exists because of the human mental conceptions. We find a distinction between our present conceivable existence and absolute existence, or we may state that there is a difference between "what is" and existence.

Since there may be considerably more included in existence than is in "what is," we may designate the remainder of existence as "what isn't." "What isn't" is not because we cannot think about it. "What isn't" might be an altogether different system in existence parallel with "what is." We can approach a conception of "what isn't" by thinking of another universe commingled with our present universe, but why use the term "universe?" We call it universe because that is a familiar mental conception; but since "what isn't" is

non-thinkable to the human mind, it may be something altogether different. What "what isn't" is we do not know, but that it exists is not altogether deniable. In conclusion let us return to our original question.

If what IS weren't, what would be? We have seen that "what is" and "what isn't" go to make up existence. We have classed in "what is" all that is in terms of the human mind. "What isn't" is that which exists, but because of our limitations, we cannot conceive of it. It is, therefore, the conclusion of the entire discussion that if "what is" weren't, "what isn't" would be.

Exchanges

H. S. GAULT, Editor

As "per scheduled" last month, I shall criticize stories, wholly stories, and nothing else but stories this month. "Impartiality, justice to all," shall be my motto as I go about this sedate task.

Well, here goes. I have the whole lot of them before me. Wait, I'll close my eyes and draw.

Oh my, yes, it's the Christmas issue of the Converse "Concept." Let's see; the table of contents says that it contains five stories. I have read the book through and I see only one story. "Good Business" might be called a fable, "The Old Black Hat," "A Christmas Story," "Romance of a Rodeo Rider," and "The Silver Brocade" remain. The first three are fairly good narrations, but I fail to see a connection with a story in either of them. A story has a plot. Now "Silver Brocade" may well be called a story, although it is not very gripping. All five of the articles called stories are very well written, but that is all I can say in their favor.

Ah, here's the Coumbia College "Criterion". Neat cover. I rather like the design. The story "The Blocks With Which We Build" is excellent. Of course it is a wee-bit preposterous, or rather improbable, but it is exceptionally good for college-produced fiction. "Dorothy Wins" is a little far-fetched. One would hardly expect a high school senior to act as Miss Dorothy did. The story is very entertaining, however. "Queer Jerry" is too much like the "same old story". Too often we read of the old "plodder" winning the old maid of the town. "The Aftermath" is different from the usual everyday story, but it is beyond reason. To meet all requirements, a story must have a well-interwoven plot which is to some degree true to life. I wonder how many of our college authors ever stop long enough to ask themselves, "Will people accept this as being half-way reasonable, or will they read what I've written as a lot of impossible 'bunk'?"

I drew the "Carolinian," the University magazine, this time. The stories are different in that they digress from the general trend of modern stories. "Thorns, Sub Rosa" is very well told. The action is a bit slow though. "Sacrifice," listed as a sketch, is very good also. I find the "Carolinian" an interesting little book, and my only regret is that it does not contain more stories.

The "Wataugan," published by N. C. State, contains only one story. This lone contribution "The Jinx Of The Gib Kahtsumahl" is a fairly good story but it is entirely too long for this magazine. It throws the book far away off balance, probably crowding out other available material. However, the story is interesting, and it shows that its author has studied his setting.

What has become of all the story writers? Here's the G. W. C. "Isaqueena" with but a single story listed in its contents. And "Peter's Plan" falls far short of a story too. An incident, I would call it. Brief setting, no plot, void of a description—a disappointing narration.

I am disappointed with the stories I have tried to criticize. Of course, though, a magazine must not be condemned on account of this. Next month I shall discuss poetry. Perhaps I shall be better satisfied with our college verse than I am with our short stories. At any rate let us hope so.

The Clemson College Laundry

WISHES to express its appreciation of your patronage during the days gone by, and are still anxious to give the best service during the future days.

"Prompt Service that satisfies is our middle name."

The day is o'er
And cares no more
To check the flight of mind.
Then glowing coals
Help time to roll
And leave prized Past behind.
A maiden sweet,
A lad discreet
To watch those coals at play;
And see them throw—
Their shadows glow,
In mimicked revelry.
In cozy joy
A girl, a boy,
Ascend to blissful heights:
'Tis almost sin
For prudence then
To interpose with might.
Oft in the end
Affections blend
In with the fantasies.
Must we despair?
Must we declare
These worthless memories?

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Edited by J. E. YOUNGBLOOD

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SPRING IN CAROLINA

W. L. BAKER, '27

'Tis apple-blossom time
  In Carolina now
And twining wildwood thyme
  Is garlanding her brow.

A Jonquil's golden eyes
  Are opening to the spring
And smiling at the skies
  Where downy Cloverlets cling.

The morning-glory gleams,
  And Vi'lets sweetly bloom
By gushing silv'ry streams
  In deepest forest gloom.

Her dells are singing now
  Their songs at eve and dawn
For Winter's vanquished gone.
  For o're her hilly brow

'Tis nothing can compare,
  As lovers often sing,
With romance everywhere
  In Carolina's Spring.

TATTOO SLIM SWEARS OFF

O. W. BETHEA, '30

Six weeks, six endless weeks—weeks of horrible, gruelling, tortuous days and dreamless, exhaustive nights. Six weeks of unloading coal barges in an unbelievably painful way. Every pound must be carried by sheer man power and dumped into cars; then the never ending trips back with empty baskets for more. On and on. Days were but measures of misery and muscular exhaustion.

That pitiless life was now all over, only a nightmare of the past. An American ship was in port, and once again Slim was among his friends. How he had endured the ordeal he did not know; his friends scarcely recognized his changed and grizzled features. Back of it all was his thirst for whiskey. Never would he get drunk again. He had had his lesson; never again would he risk getting stranded abroad by allowing his ship to leave him.

But now! How good it was to hear himself called Tattoo Slim again. How good to have money, real American money, in his pockets after that endless stretch of time—time of constant hunger when he was eking out his small wages with what he could get from the girls. If it had not been for them, he mused, he would have died. But Marie had been a true friend. Warped and misshapen tho his ideals were, he poured out to her his greatest admiration and thankfulness. She had obtained his means of livelihood for him; she had provided shelter, mean tho it had been; she had helped him with money when he had been desperate. Good Marie. She was a branded creature, but her heart was genuinely noble.

Despite his solemn resolutions to reform and refrain from his jubilant revelry, Slim quickly, when conditions permitted, slipped back into his regular mode of life. Doing as little work on the ship as possible, and spending most of his time ashore with his gang, he soon forgot his oath never to drink again, and was soon drunk again. Yes, and again.

In fact, he was just as drunk as any other sailor in the so-called cabaret that night. Why not? It was his last night ashore and after tonight there would be weeks of work, slow monotonous work with only the company as afforded by the ship's crew. No girls, no liquor, nothing but bad grub and wet, slippery decks.

The cabaret was a blaze of color. Soft blue tapestry beautifully set off with hidden lights which threw a myriad of shadows upon it. Pretty, vivacious, alluring girls in short, low-necked dresses of numerous hues, shiny black hair, laughing, taunting eyes, and inviting red lips. Some were dark, some alabaster white, elaborated with spangled ear rings and fancy combs studded with dazzling jewels. Who cared if the jewels were not real and the dresses a little worn? It was life—his life ashore. The music, the frantic swaying couples, a care-free crowd, happy tonight and not caring what happened tomorrow. Through all the gay noise could constantly be heard the words, "Next trip kid. Be good while I am gone."

Suddenly there was quiet. Trouble was in the air. Everyone tingled with a subdued excitement. Patty had reached the highly pitched patriotic stage and was broadly informing the world at large how much better —inestimably better—America was than all such God forsaken places in the world. Men began to cast looks of increasing hate towards him; waiters put down their trays and reached for missils; the stage was set.

Four towering men, the "bouncers," moved over toward him. One grasped him to throw the disturbing element out—then chaos. A general uproarous assault ensued. Waiters against sailors; natives against sailors. The

sailors were outnumbered four to one. Many of their opponents were armed with knives. But they encountered that resistless drive of American sailors, and their ardor was becalmed. It must be an endurance clash. Bottles, chairs, glass plates, anything that could be used as a club or as a missile was brought into play. Shouts and curses of men, screams of women, shattering glass, thuds of well-aimed blows, all arose with the chatter of the natives. Blood, men down and being trampled upon, wreaking, sweat-moistened men, wine and food splattered men—men who had been peaceful only a few moments before were now raving maniacs, tearing and slashing wildly to kill.

Slim had been far over to one side of the hall when the trouble began, and was unable to reach his comrades of blue. Separated from his friends, handicapped with a girl, he backed into a corner, pulled a table in front of himself, and used a chair to a frightful advantage. The girl cowered under the table sobbing softly.

Battered, bruised, bleeding from several cuts, and sick from the reaction of too much liquor, he finally went down, but not before he had put several of his opponents out of the fight. A chair swung by strong arms is no mean weapon.

Above the noise and clamor of the tumult the cry "Faciste" rang out and every one like discovered mice scrambled for windows and doors. In the excitement Marie dragged Slim from under the table, down the steps to the basement, and hid him securely under a pile of broken boxes and paper. She then hurried away upstairs to answer questions—to give answers befitting her situation. After the Faciste had gone, she came back to him to render such first aid as she could, and to make him walk if possible.

He could not move. He was sick, hurt, and weak. There he was, helpless as a child in all his manhood and strength. Marie remained with him through the night with the thoughts hovering over her of his ship. It left at ten o'clock. She must get him to the docks! But how? Finally she got him to his feet, watched her chance appear, and slipped him into a cart. When they reached the docks his ship had already weighed anchor and was now turning around in the harbor prior to leaving port. Marie hailed a boatman and persuaded him to rush Slim to the departing ship. Slim's boatman came alongside the ship just as they were putting off the pilot, and the Old Man waited, cursing, long enough to set a tackle and haul the delinquent on board.

When Tatto Slim awoke the next morning he was sick and disgusted. Sick physically, and disgusted with himself. Cold shudders ran over him when he constantly realized how dangerously close he had come to missing his ship again. Fleeting thoughts of that veritable hell rushed through his mind. And whiskey, killing, abominable whiskey, the curse of his youth and the bane of his manhood had caused it all. With set teeth and clenched fists he swore with tightly shut eyes to never touch the damnable liquid again. But that headache! Would his head split in twain? A groan escaped him.

Patty, the patriotic Patty! Would his head split in twain? A groan escaped him.

"Have a drink, Slim? It will fix you up shipmate."

"No. Quit. Can't do it. That is—ah, well, all right, about four fingers, Patty."

And thus Tattoo Slim swore off.

QUEBEC—THE QUAINT CITY

J. F. HAWKINS, '29

In August, the late summer month, Quebec is in the midst of a gay season. Tourists from all parts of the world flock there to see the quaint sights which the city affords. This city is situated on the St. Lawrence River, and immediately, on a high cliff which we remember in history as the place of the heroic attempt that our forefathers made to capture. Beyond the cliffs is the battlefield known as he Plains of Abraham. It was on this field in 1759 that Wolfe and Montcalm, the pride of England and France respectively, met their death in that last great battle, which terminated a bloody struggle for the supremacy of that dominion.

The St. Lawrence narrows for the last time just above this point. At this particular place the famous Citadel is located. Its rough, high, and stony walls still stand out proudly above the cliff upon which it is built; it is here that an English Guard Post is established to guide and instruct the many visitors about the historic fort. The cannons and smaller guns are still on some of the mounds that were built to support them originally. Some are turned towards the river just as they were in the time of war for protection from warships; others are trained on the steep cliff which Wolfe so ingeniously succeeded in scaling to capture the fort and city while Montcalm and his men slept, unaware of approaching danger.

Another interesting sight is the cells that were dug in the cliff in which to store prisoners. These cells have no opening except the doors and very small windows about six inches in width. They are not large enough to give a supply of fresh air, yet inmates were very fortunate indeed in getting even enough air for existence. The visitor would hardly think of air while there, however, after an examination of the walls and floor. Being underground, they were constantly wet and covered with bugs, and numerous crawling insects. Adjoining these cells is the old storehouse where the ammunition was kept. It is still very much like it was when in use years ago.

Leaving the Citadel, we made our way back across the Plains of Abraham to the famous Chateau Frontenac. This is most probably the most outstanding landmark of the city. Its tall castle structure will attract the attention of visitors for miles around. It is the one leading hotel for tourists in Quebec; thousands seek its roof every night after strolls on the promenade. The promenade, known as Dufferin Terrace, is to the front of the hotel and marks the divison of Upper and Lower Quebec. Many people from all parts of the world don their best apparel just to take a stroll and to keep the old Canadian custom. The time when the promenade is usually most crowded is just after dark when the inhabitants and tourists have finished their seven o'clock dinner.

The next thing of interest to be seen as one walks down the street from the Chateau Frontenac are the old houses which front the streets. They are as old, if not older, than those of Charleston, South Carolina. We, as Southerners, are proud of Charleston's old buildings, and the Canadians likewise entertain a pride for their quaint houses and buildings. They are proud to the extent that they leave old vases and glassware in the windows for visitors to see as they pass along the street.

The houses are built without steps, for the doors open directly on the sidewalks. Just inside this door is a small room, and then a flight of stairs which leads to the main part of the house upstairs. The people who live in these houses are unfortunate for they have neither a porch nor a yard for their children. This fact accounts for the condition of the streets being overrun with youngsters of all

ages and sizes. This is more noticeably true in Lower Quebec where the houses are more crowded.

Here we find a street that compares with the streets of St. Augustine, Florida. It is just wide enough for a car to creep through, and then the driver must be extremely careful not to take the front doors along with him. The children who have to make the streets their homes are forced to step inside houses to let us pass. All the houses are built old style and were probably constructed close together because of the limited space left by the St. Lawrence for building purposes.

There is, however, room in Lower Quebec for the vegetable market which is always crowded with products and vendors from native gardens. It is an interesting sight to sit and watch them handle their produce, and how they make sales to customers.

To the out-of-town people, people who have never been to the French city, the tall spirals of the churches always demand much attention. They are almost invariably Catholic churches. We found one, however, hidden among its larger neighbors, which was denominationally different. It was the Established Church of England, and was probably the only one in Quebec. The Catholic Shrines are the most wonderful structures that I have ever seen. It is inviting to think how man has made such carvings as are found in these churches.

The most notable of Shrines is St. Anne De Beaupre; it is near Quebec, and is the place in which many healing miracles are said to be performed each year. The chapel was burned and is now being replaced by a new one. It is one of the many places here that have tales of tradition connected with them. The many walking canes, crutches, and other such things employed by lame people are now in a temporary building which is to be replaced in time. They also claim to have one of the bones of St. Anne's wrist, and this bone is the healing power of the church. St. Anne was want to heal people by merely rubbing her hand over the patient. It was for her that the Shrine was named.

As we drove back from St. Anne De Beaupre, we came to Montmorency Falls and the Kent House. It was in this house that the father of Queen Victoria lived while in Canada. On the left of the Kent House the Montmorency River dashes over a cliff for a leap higher than that of the Niagara Falls. In front of the House the Montmorency flows rapidly to get between the high banks and beyond Quebec. The Falls give up much of its power to a large power plant just below them. Inside the Kent House we examined the many antiques on display there. This house is a small place run for large dinners, parties, and for a few who wish to enjoy its surroundings for the day.

We were fortunate enough to get there in time to register for dinner; naturaly we took advantage of this opportunity offered to such a few every evening. Everything was served in Canadian style, and it is of interest for us to remember that we were offered any **KIND** without the customary American secrets. All of the choicest wines were listed modestly under, Drinks. Thus, it is no wonder that one of our party saw horses walking on the banks of the river that night. As a matter of sober truth it was only the channel lights going on and off.

MIAMI

M. A. WACKYM, '29

Remember those days in Miami;
  Remember those days gone by,
When we played on the beach together,
  And watched the ships sail by.

Remember those beautiful palm trees.
  Remember those beautiful homes.
Remember the cool sea breezes
  That faintly chilled our bones.

Remember the cool sea water,
  So crystal, so pure, so clear,
That splashed us with her breakers
  Upon the shore so near.

Remember the land of beauty.
  Remember the land of sun.
I am one, Miami,
  I am one you've won;

For, I remember those days in Miami,
  Those dear old days gone by
When we played on the beach together
  And watched the ships go by.

JOHN C. CALHOUN, SOUTH CAROLINA EXPONENT OF "STATES RIGHTS"

S. T. SMITH

It is doubtful if many of us, even though we live in the same resolute and democratic state that Calhoun did, know him as he lived and moved among Americans of the last century. Dobbs in his **Statesman of the Old South** writes as follows, "No political party looks back to Calhoun as its founder or rejuvenator; no group of public men proclaim allegiance to his doctrine; no considerable group of individuals outside of South Carolina profess love for his name and ideals." Yet when the great Carolinian had finished his Course on this earth and had gone to take up his abode in the Great Beyond, the South as a whole, mourned as it has done on but two other occasions—December, 1789, and April, 1864."

It was during the time that Calhoun was serving the country as Vice-President that he wrote **The South Carolina Exposition** of 1828. South Carolina strenuously objected to the high tariff. Her remedy for the tariff was to refuse to obey the law. The port of Charleston declined to pay the customs which the Federal law expected. This policy was fast leading South Carolina to the position where the whole nation would be against her. President Jackson was preparing to send troops to Charleston to force obedience to the tariff enactment. **The South Carolina Exposition** was the result of Calhoun's attempt to bring about peace. "The Exposition found a way to nullify National law without violating the constitution. The State had a reserved right to refuse National laws enacted in violation of the constitution and the state and not the Federal courts, was to decide whether or not the law was the constitutional". This was what South Carolina wanted, for, although her citizens were and are yet as brave as any people in the world, they did not desire war.

Calhoun was a nationalist at heart. He did not wish that the Union be dissolved; yet he was a staunch supporter of "States Rights". Quoting from Dobbs again, "The idea that slavery was a good thing which the churches ought to defend came easy to him after reading Professor Thomas R. Dew's views on the subject". He was convinced that Dew was right and that he spoke for the property holding class in the South.

When the abolitionists petitioned for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, Calhoun opposed the receiving of the petition. "President Jackson," says Hunt, "objected to it on grounds that slavery was an institution recognized by the constitution, and therefore the Federal Government could not allow itself to be used for undermining it, but was obliged to protect it against attacks which were not only unconstitutional, but repugnant to the principles of our compact. Calhoun, on the other hand, took exactly the opposite view. He held that the Federal Government had no right to meddle in any way whatsoever with the question; all it could do and at the same time was bound to do was to enjoin upon its officers to conform themselves strictly to the laws of the state in which they happened to be employed".

"Although Calhoun was always a nationalist, he did not look upon the government as a law-making body for the states, but rather as a compact between the states," says Pinckney. It was natural for him not to oppose or question laws which were helpful to his own state, but when those laws were likely to prove harmful, he began to inquire into the power of the National Government to enact them. He held, in his **Disquisition on Government,** "that government simply of the majority always results in despotism over the minority unless each class or community in the state has a check upon the acts of the majority". "Ours", says his discourse on **The Constitution and Government of the United States,** "is a democratic Federal Republic—Federal because it is the government of a single state or nation. Under the Constitution the State

should be as free, independent, and sovereign as all were under the Articles of Confederation. The object sought in establishing the Constitution, was to secure a more perfect and stronger union than existed under the old government; not to completely destroy that union and put in its place something stronger than the states creating it."

Through his long career in the Senate, Calhoun fought with unwaning courage for the principles thus enunciated, and even during later days of his public life, in spite of failing strength, fought on with the courage of deep conviction.

When Calhoun became Secretary of State, he was fifty-eight years old and his strength was breaking rapidly. Says Pinckney, "He had obstinate colds and in February, 1845 was attacked by a conjestive fever which left him feeble. His good health was never to return, and Calhoun was conscious of the fact."

On March 7, when Webster made his famous speech intended to conciliate the slave-holding states, Calhoun was present and replied, though briefly. To Webster's impassioned plea that the union could not be dissolved, he replied that it could—that great moral causes would destroy it, if not checked. These, his last remarks spoken in the Senate, were uttered with evident suffering. His voice was broken and hoarse, and his weakened frame was slowly yielding to disease. Although he was a dying man, his mind was making a final and desperate effort to destroy the invader of his body.

Calhoun gloried in the union. He realized full well the necessity of it for the welfare of future America, but if the South must die, the South for which he had spent his life in a valiant effort to champion and protect, then his wish and his duty, as he saw it, were to save it even though it were necessary to sacrifice the union in the process.

Calhoun has gone from our shores, but his noble work in defence of States Rights, and in other political fields, lingers in our minds and hearts. His admirable example serves as a beckoning torch to light the pathway of those of us who would serve our fair state as statesmen of the noblest mold.

LET'S BE TIGERS

M. A. WACKYM, '29

Let's keep that Tiger spirit
  And keep it every day
Let's be real Tigers
  In a friendly sort of way.

A Tiger is a gentleman
  A man with smiles and grit
And in the game's grim fighting
  A man that will not quit.

So let's be Tigers
  And let's be Tigers strong
For our Alma Mater
  And we'll ne'er go wrong.

FRATERNITIES AT CLEMSON?

It is with reluctance that we attempt a discussion of the possibilities of these organizations here at Clemson. The situation, as we see it, resolves itself into one vital question: Will Greek letter fraternities, if instituted at Clemson, be constructive or destructive to the future of student bodies of the instiution? There can be no obvious, unchallenged answer of yea or nay. Why?

Clemson, as compared to the other institutions of the state, is differently disposed as regards the campus life and social conditions. We have no immediate city to support our varied efforts. Therefore, we are forced to rely largely upon student assocatioin for the satisfying of that inherent call for companionship. Thus force of habit has built up a vast brotherhood here . Would the installing of fraternities uproot the foundation upon which this condition was founded without seriously disturbing our present esprit de corps?

And yet individuals who have more in common are naturally attracted together. Their sentiments and ideals find nutrition in corresponding ideas of their particular intellectualor social group. Would fraternities thus consolidate these bonds and render campus life more agreeable?

On the other hand, Clemson is reputed to stand for democratic principles. Equality is the nucleus around which has been built a Clemson of which we are all proud. As a body we have in the past wrought deeds of no mean reputation. Would fraternities segregate this powerful whole into contending factions resulting in a revolution of the environment as it now exists?

We do not attempt to answer these questions postively; they must be decided by the individuals. We fervently hope that the policy adopted will result in the betterment rather than detriment of the school in years to come.

—J. E. Y.

HOOT MON!

Too little or no respect is held for the members of the "scrub faculty" by the cadets here at Clemson College. Certainly, they do not get the respect that is due them. Think seriously, gentlemen. Is this the way to treat the coming faculty of our institution? Are we going to harbor a spirit of discord and disrespect in our midst by a small minority who take it upon themselves to attend to just a little bit of everybody's business, including a very small bit of their own?

Shall we, when we begin our work in life, expect hoots and jeers as the fruits of our efforts? Let us put ourselves in their places. Soon, we too shall tread the road of life. Jeers, gentlemen, are barriers in the road to success. Shall we make it our business to help or hinder the efforts of our professors? Their efforts are made for our benefit. Surely we shall not "bite the hand that's feeding us."

Lack of respect to any of our superiors proves detrimental to discipline and school spirit. Cooperation is the first essential of success. Clemson is, to a certain extent, in the midst of a reconstruction period. Good school spirit is necessary to bring about the perfection of the plans of those men who are striving for a better Clemson. Let's have that spirit now and always!

If in spring a young Prof'.s fancy,
Turns to thoughts of gaudy clothes,
Let's not hand him on the campus,
Sour looks and upturned nose.

Let's be thoughtful of these 'fessors,
Whether they be old or young.
Let's not gloat at snappy dressers.
Give them cheer and pass along.

—C. D. G.

TO A FLOWER

W. L. BAKER, '27

'Tis thou must know
What Heaven is
As thou doth blow
My fleur-de lis.

When days are drear
And life is dull,
Thou 'scapest care
My beautiful.

Nor sorrow's pangs,
Nor hopeless dreams
With venomed fangs
Can mar thy gleams.

As thou doth nod
So queenly there
I know that God
Must linger near.

Exchanges

This month I am going to have something to say about poetry. But wait—I'm in no mood to read poetry, (if by chance I **should** find a a poem in my collection of exchanges). Just a minute—be right back. Got to get a bow tie and part my hair in the middle. Ah, now I'm all set.

THE CHICORA MAGAZINE

The poem "The First Christmas Gift" is of merit. The theme is very pretty and the rythm is good. Of course this is a very old story, but it will never actually grow old. "The Day is Drawing to a Close" is a bit inclined to be "sing-song". No doubt it is an expression of an emotion, very deep and sentimental, but the author has failed to "put it over" in a manner which will make the reader appreciate this emotion. "Christmas Night" is a very good poem. It has splendid diction. Choice of words is a big factor in the writing of verse. In an ordinary narration "slip shod" phrasing may sometimes be overlooked, but not so in poetry. Some thoughts require certain words or phrasing, and in order to express the thought one **must** find the correct word.

As a general criticism of the magazine, I believe that it could have been made more attractive by "lining up" the matter in a more orderly way. The stories could have been arranged so that they would not have their title and beginning in the middle of the page.

THE WINTHROP JOURNAL

This magazine contains four poems. One, "Love Song", written by an alumna, I shall not criticize, because I do not consider my humble remarks worthy. "Parting" is a poem. Here the writer has put a thought into verse. This is indeed an achievement. The brevity of the poem is only another demonstration of the author's ability to express herself. "The Romany Trail" is worthy of praise. The description of the trail is told in a very beautiful way. In a poem like this, the rhyme may be neglected in the criticism thereof. In expressing one's emotions, one cannot always find meter which will fit the thought. "The Tryst", with its touch of romance, is very well constructed. It meets the requirements of a poem in its rhyme and meter. It portrays a sentimental feeling also.

On the whole, I find the poetry of the Winthrop Journal deserving of much credit because it ranks with the best verse of college literature.

H. S. G.

The Clemson College Laundry

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"Prompt Service that satisfies is our middle name."