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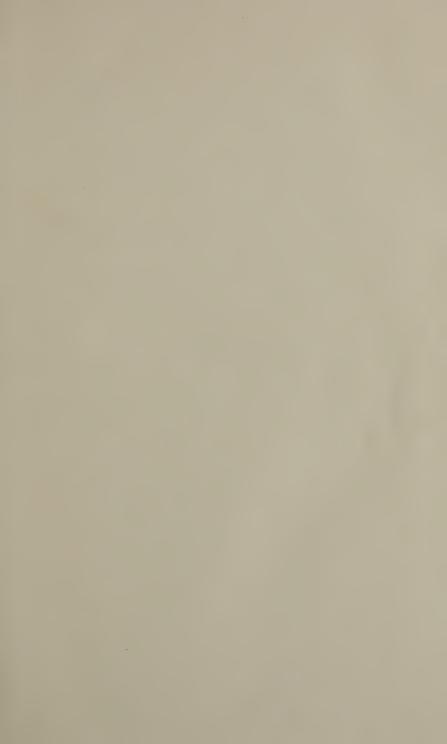
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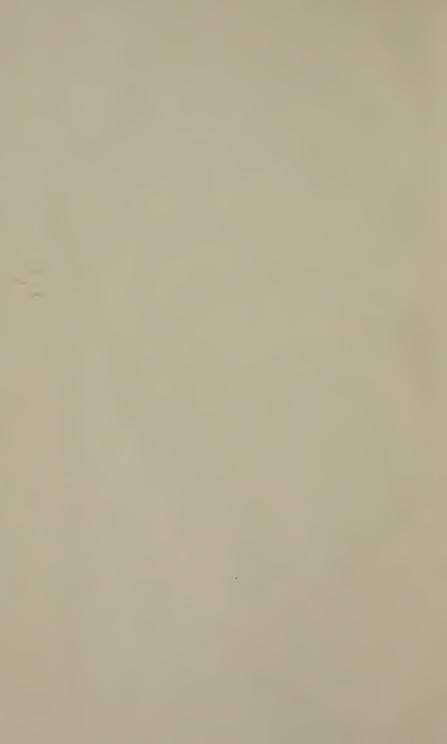
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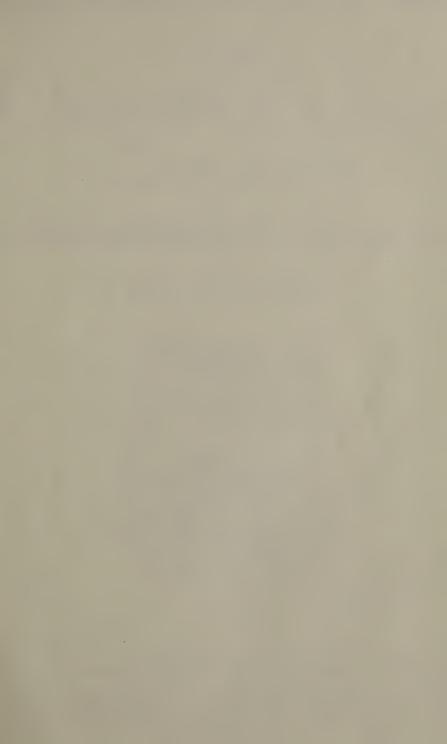
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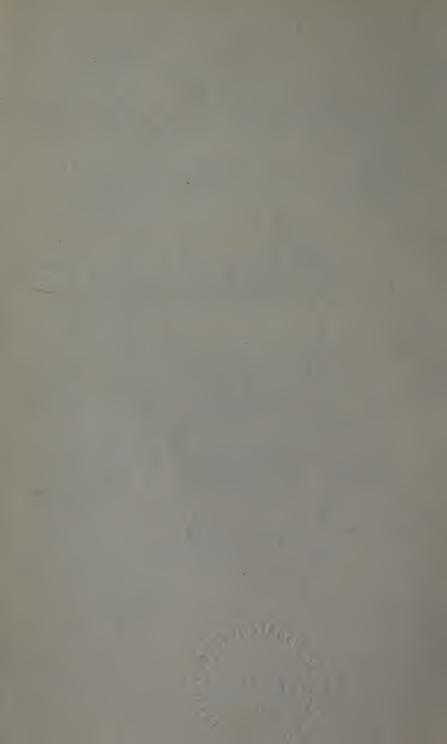
Che Clemson College Chronicle

OCTOBER



Volume Ten

Number One





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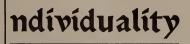
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[Entered at Clemson College, S. C., Post Office as second class mail matter.]

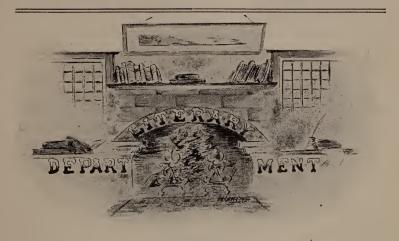


The Clemson College Chronicle

Valeat Quantum Valere Potest

Vol. X. Clemson College, S. C., Oct., 1906.

No. 1



Editors:

B. D. CARTER, '07

W. O. PRATT. '08

Her Eyes

Within the depths of her eyes so bright,
Are myriads of sparkling jewels,
Outshining the lustres of a starry night,
Filling forever my soul with fresh fuel.
A light at once sublime and fair,
Which angels once upon a time put there,
Commingling colors with divinest care,
Engendering a light, brown and sere,
Emitting rays sublime and fair,
Shining with a light so pure and rare,
Reflecting light on my soul's dark lair,
Making a heart simple, sunny, and sincere,
Enduring as long as the impress rests there,
Hoping eternally the love-light to share.

W. W. W., '07.

The Call of the South

In far away Australia, the aloe grows for a hundred years and blooms; but in blossoming into a thousand florets, the parent stem dies. Away to the north, on the tranquil bosom of Lake Eric, lives the swan: she passes her long life in silence; but when the hand of death closes on her, she sings as no other bird can sing,—a song no human tongue can reproduce.

Nearly all of those men who formed the body of the reconstruction and upbuilding of the once prostrated South have passed into the great beyond; but they have left us, as a priceless heritage, not only the inspiration of heroic lives, filled with noble deeds, but the full blown flower of industry and the cheering song of progress. The inborn fire and the desperate valor of the Southern soldiers were not of sudden growth, but were the legacies of centuries, invigorated and enriched by the influence of sunny skies and Southern soil.

In addition to a leaven of the blood and spirit of the religious Huguenot, in him we find the reckless spirit of the jovial cavalier, tempered by the earnestness of the round-head followers of the sturdy Cromwell; to which qualities we may add the scholarly instincts furnished by our Teutonic ancestors. Men possessing the indomitable dash of the cavalier, the iron will of the round-head, the heroism and religious zeal of the Huguenot, and the scholarly adaptability of the German mind, were eminently prepared to lead a conquered and down-trodden section back into the vanguard of industry, prosperity, learning, and culture.

At Appomattox Court House, in the spring of 1865, was enacted one of the most pathetic dramas in the annals of history. There the remnants of that once magnificent Army of Northern Virginia, the bones of whose dead had whitened half a hundred victorious battlefields, laid down their arms. From the Potomac to the Rio Grande, from the stormy Atlantic to the staked plains of Texas, there arose one mighty wail of woe.

It was the swan song of the old South; but in the death throes of the old, there was born a new South, which was to endure a stormy and changeful childhood, but which was destined to outstrip its parent in wealth and prosperity.

The men who had for four years followed the Stars and Bars, crowded around General Lee as he returned to his camp after having surrendered. That noble man—so grand in victory, but now more glorious in defeat—with tears in his eyes, bade his soldiers farewell, and implored them to labor as conscientiously for the upbuilding of the new South as they had fought for the preservation of the old.

Grady paints the sad picture in these glowing words: "Think of the Southern soldier as ragged, half-starved, heavyhearted, enfeebled by want and wounds, having fought to exhaustion, he surrenders his gun, wrings the hands of his comrades in silence, and, for the last time, lifting his tearstained and pallid face to the graves that dot the old Virginia hills, pulls his gray cap over his brow and begins the slow and painful journey. What does he find when, having followed the battle-stained cross against overwhelming odds, dreading death not half so much as surrender, he reaches the home he left so prosperous and beautiful? He finds his house in ruins, his farm devastated, his slaves free, his stock killed, his barn empty, his trade destroyed, his money worthless, his sociol system—feudal in its magnificence—swept away. His people without law or legal status, his comrades slain, and the burdens of others heavy on his shoulders. Crushed by defeat, his very traditions gone; without money, credit, employment, material training," and confronted by one of the gravest of problems, what to do with his freed slaves.

Though the flower of Southern chivalry had fallen on the battlefield, the root of Southern manhood still survived. The men who had plied the bayonet and wielded the sword at Cold Harbor and Gettysburg, now stepped into the furrow or wielded the hoe among the growing crops. But they were not

allowed to rebuild their shatterd fortunes in peace; for, just after President Lincoln declared that he bore good will to all and malice toward none, the assassin's bullet laid him low. With the passage of the fourteenth amendment, the negro was enfranchised and his late master disfranchised. This threw the reins of government into the hands of a people scarcely emerged from barbarism, whose cannibal cousins were even then feasting on one another's flesh in the jungles of Africa. The freedmen were represented in office by the carpet-bagger, a low class of Northern whites whose sole possessions were carried in a carpet-bag, when they came, but who grew wealthy by every scheme that a roguish ingenuity could devise.

Judge Black describes the carpet-bagger as "worse than Attila, that scourge of God. Attila could steal only existing fruits, while, by modern public credit, these caterans stole the labors of unborn generations. Divines, moralists, orators and poets throughout the North bade them God-speed in spoiling the Egyptians;" and credulous women in New England believed as sincerely in the tales of the cruelties to negroes at the South, as their mothers had believed in witchcraft.

For eight centuries the Anglo-Saxons have held the inferior races in subjection wherever they have set foot. A handful conquered and hold in bondage India's millions. In South Africa, another and smaller band bridles the fierce Kaffir tribes. Place a dozen Caucasians on the banks of the Zambesi and they will rule that realm or die.

Were the Southern people, whose proud ancestors had left homes of comfort in the Old World for the sake of freedom, to submit to be ruled by a race not only their inferior, but on whom rests the divine curse, "a servant of servants, a hewer of wood, and a drawer of water ever shalt thou be?" The accumulated pride and culture of eighty generations of Anglo-Saxon supremacy cried out against such base injustice.

Suddenly, over the mountains of East Tennessee, there appeared a cloud on the political horizon, no larger than a man's

hand. It increased in volume, until it had enveloped the whole South; and under its cover, the mantle-clad clansman rode on his mission. I do not mean to defend all of the acts of the Ku Klux Klan; but Southern society, turned upside down, groped for a means of righting itself. "The Invisible Empire of the South" was formed and was ruled by a no less noted man than Nathan Bedford Forrest, whose cavalry exploits during the war rival those of Roland of old. people of the North say that the Ku Klux Klan was a dishonorable organization, but I maintain that the first Ku Klux organization in America was that band that poured King George's tea into Boston harbor. How much more noble to disguise for the love of your country and the honor of your women than for mercenary reasons! Was the Ku Klux Klan necessary? No other plan of resistance could have succeeded so well. Was it successful? No open revolt was ever more so. , Was it justifiable? I beg to call your attention to France, not yet recovered from her revolution of a century ago; to downtrodden Poland, likely never to rise. With these dark pictures of discord before you, look at the Sunny South, and think that only forty years ago this beautiful land lay in the wake of one of the most devastating armies that has ever disgraced modern warfare.

To-day, the whirl of the spindle and the clack of the loom, transforming the fleecy staple into clothing for the earth's millions of population, take the place of the battle's din; and from Virginia to Texas, King Cotton wields his white scepter. Broad acres of tobacco sway before the passing breeze, to be garnered in at autumn, to fill the peace-pipes of the world. The rice of Carolina and the sugar of Louisiana stand without peers. The Alleghanies are furnishing their wealth of ores. The civil engineer has surveyed and constructed railroads through countries that were thought to be inaccessible. In his footsteps comes the electrician, who transforms the beautiful waterfalls into energy that promotes vast industries.

As a proof of the present and an indication of the future, let us turn from the abstract to the concrete, and, by taking a few statistics, give a brief summary of the rapid strides made by the South within the past four decades. The cotton crop was in 1865, 318,000 bales; in 1905, 13,556,841 bales. tobacco crop was in 1866, 265,018,221 pounds; in 1905, 441,933,155 pounds. The value of products manufactured at the South in 1860 was \$193,462,521; the value of products manufactured at the South in 1905 reached the enormous sum of \$1,053,883,468, representing an invested capital of \$885,377,713. The railroad mileage of the South in 1870 was 9,997 miles; the railroad mileage of the South in 1905 was 64,769 miles, being one-fourth of the entire railroad mileage of the continent of North America. According to the Tradesman, the wealth of the South is increasing at the rate of \$3,000,000 per day.

Stand with me for a moment on the watershed of the Appalachian Mountains, and let us look through the veil of years into the future. The vast stores of wealth that have lain embosomed in these mountains since the Paleozoic age, will be riven from their resting place. To many they will give wealth, but to many more they will give work. Farther to the South, we see the whole country covered by a network of electric car lines, furnishing easy communication and rapid transportation. The vegetation is more varied than at present; for in our climate almost everything grows in luxuriance. New plants have been introduced and others originated, yet cotton is still King.

These prophecies may be realized and they may not. All rests with the people, for God in His all-wise providence has given us a land the like of which no sun shines on. It is to you, my comardes, as the rising generation of the South's loyal sons, that she calls to see that her untold resources are developed, and that Dixie Land and Dixie's people shall keep their old place in the vanguard of prosperity, learning, and culture.

"The Jesuit Mate"

I have always been very susceptible to strange and weird influences, and anything hypnotic or uncanny has a peculiar fascination for me.

I had been in very poor health for some time, and had thought more of such things lately than a normal person usually does. I was alone in our old house one summer evening. I started upstairs to open the windows, and stopped for an instant on the middle landing to peep into a small, round mirror that hung there. The place was very dark, and my eyes looked back at me from the glass so peculiarly that I was startled. I looked deep into them again, strangely fascinated, held by some mighty power. Gradually I became unconscious of my surroundings, and I seemed to be slipping down, down, into some deep chasm. Then I began to fly through space at an enormous rate. I heard a whir of wings behind me; and, looking back, saw a man, fully clothed, but dripping with water and smelling strong of sea-salt. was dressed in the most fantastic fashion of the style of a century ago. As he came abreast of me, he turned his grizzled face towards me and I immediately recognized my greatgreat-grandfather, by an old portrait of him that hung above the mantel in our sitting room. He was so close that I reached out and tried to touch him; but there seemed to be no substance to him, and my hand swept right through. laughed a deep, low laugh at me, and said:-

"Alas, my son, my body is at the bottom of the deep sea beneath us." Frightened, I looked down and saw that we were above the ocean, miles from any land. But as he began to talk, I forgot my fear, and listened, awe-stricken, to the tale of my sire. This Grandfather had mysteriously disappeared at sea, while returning with his four-masted schooner "Nellie Dee" from a trading expedition to the East Indies. He had left home many years before as a young man, in company

with a tall, dark-eyed Canadian, Carl Kimmel, who had a wonderful power over him. When Grandfather became a captain, he made Kimmel his mate. Together they had roamed the high seas, Grandfather the captain, yet always influenced and ruled by his dark-eyed mate. I had often wondered about this strange old man, and now he began to tell me about himself.

"Son, it was in the year 1811 that Kimmel and I landed on the little isle of B——, in the Straits of Malacca. We had loaded our ship with spices, and, as our work was about done, we started out to hunt excitement. We ended in a Chinese opium den. Too late, I discovered that I was in the clutches of the Jesuits, the most powerful, subtle, and hellishly wicked secret order that ever existed.

"The scoundrel Kimmel himself was a Jesuit. I was put through the most horrible ceremonies ever devised by human beings, and then I was heavily drugged with opium. When I regained consciousness, my whole breast and both arms were covered with the secret signs and symbols of the fiendish order, tattooed into the skin.

"We sailed next day for America, and I swore to have Kimmel's blood, or die in the attempt, for the dastardly deed he had done me.

"It was nightfall, two days out from America, when Kimmel refused to go below at my command. Flying into a great rage, I raised my hand towards heaven and shouted, 'By all the Gods above and all the fiends below, I swear to spill every drop of blood in your Jesuit body before you see another day.'

"I had him put in irons immediately and then I went to bed. It was long before I went to sleep. I awoke suddenly, and there above me in the dark, his face just above mine, with his sinister black eyes fixed on mine, was Carl Kimmel. I could not breathe; I could not move. His eyes held me, transfixed. Slowly, he raised one finger, and pointed towards

the door. I rose, held by a mighty spell, and slowly backed out, he following, with finger uplifted. Together, to deckrail, we went. With a cruel sweep of his hand, he pointed to the water. Never moving my eyes, I shivered, falling headlong overboard to rise no more."

Thus ended my grandsire's tale, and, as suddenly as he came, did he disappear; and I awoke from my hypnotic trance, to find myself staring into the little mirror on the stair landing, with a terrific, throbbing headache.

L. H., '07.

The Chickamauga Battlefield

The sun of a September morning arose O'er a forest on Georgia's hills; But it set o'er the bleak and barren waste Of Chickamauga Battlefield.

Grasses and trees, once fresh and green, Were swayed by the storm that chilled; And were pierced with bullet, stained with blood From the Chickamauga Battlefield.

The Southern Sons, who faced the foe, Who firmly failed to yield, Lay dead and dying 'mid the woe Of Chickamauga Battlefield.

The evening silence shrouded the scene, As the sad survivors concealed The dead at random 'neath the sod Of Chickamauga Battlefield.

Many and many a rise and set
Of the sun on the solemn scene
Hath drunk all the carnage and blood that was spilt,
And made its memory a dream.

The North, the South, each felt his loss, As brothers are wont to feel; And each his sign of remembrance hath placed, On the Chickamauga Battlefield.

But marble nor stone will never restore, The husbands and fathers that fell; Nor heal wounded hearts that grieved o'er their loss, On Chickamauga Battlefield.

There stands a forest as of yore, Yet mossy monuments reveal The dead who sleep in shapeless forms On Chickamauga Battlefield.

B., '08.

In Memoriam

WHEREAS, it has pleased God in his all-wise providence to remove by death our classmate and comrade, CADET JOSEPH E. REAVES, therefore be it

Resolved, That we, the members of the Junior class, realize that he was one of our most efficient workers, and his death is deeply deplored by all. He was never lacking in the discharge of his duty as a student and as a gentleman, and the example set by him is worthy of imitation. He was an earnest supporter of the cause of truth and justice, and was ever ready on all occasions to exert his influence in the support of that cause.

Be it resolved, That the manner in which he met his death was sudden and very shocking, and his bereaved family have our warmest sympathy in this, their time of sorrow. That we bow in humble submission to the will of the Great Comforter, who knoweth best, and who doeth all things well.

Be it resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be tendered the bereaved family, and that a copy be given to the "Marion Star" and to the "Clemson Chronicle" for publication.

Committee Eugene B. Brown
JAS. D. GRAHAM
JNO. W. LEWIS

An Memoriam

WHEREAS, it has pleased God in his all-wise providence to remove by death our classmate and comrade, CADET BRUCE L. ALLSBROOK, therefore be it

Resolved, That we, the members of the Junior class, realize that in his death, we have lost a man whose sterling character and high sense of honor were a guiding star for us all. In any matter involving principle he was most uncompromising. He ever took an active part in any movement that pertained to the betterment of the class, and we deem it a high honor to have his name on our class roll.

Be it resolved, That his family have our sincerest sympathy in this trial, and we can but point them to Him who holds our destiny in His hands.

Be it resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be tendered the bereaved family, and that a copy be given to the "Horry Herald" and to the "Clemson Chronicle" for publication.

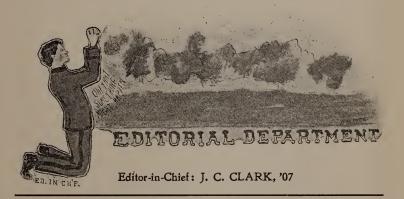
Committee Eugene B. Brown Jas. D. Graham Jno. W. Lewis

The Clemson College Chronicle

FOUNDED BY CLASS OF 1898

Published Monthly by the Calhoun, Columbian and Palmetto Literary Societies of Clemson Agricultural College

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The New Staff

In presenting this issue of the Chronicle, a new staff makes its debut upon the stage of literary effort. We use the word "new staff"

literally, for there are more new men upon the present staff than the Chronicle has had for several years. We beg our readers, therefore, to give our inexperience due consideration before judging our first attempts too harshly. And just here we wish to say that no student has any right to criticise the Chronicle at all, unless he intends to make some effort towards its improvement. The Chronicle belongs to Clemson, and it is the duty of every Clemson student to lend his talent towards its maintenance and betterment. A great many of the boys seem to have the idea that since the Chronicle is controlled and published by representatives from the three literary societies, they have no interest in it—except to read and criticise it. Boys, let this idea be dispelled at once. Remember that the college magazine belongs to the whole college as surely as does the football team, the Y. M. C. A., or any other of the college institutions. Give us your suggestions, your stories, essays, and poems—in a word, your support—and we will guarantee you the best college magazine in the South.

Every student at Clemson is earnestly hoping that the Board of Trustees will grant them a A Trip trip this year. Of course a great many would like to attend the State Fair. Others prefer Charleston or Atlanta; but all are agreed that they would like to go somewhere. Now this is not a mere whim, nor is it a desire on the part of the student body to escape a week's work. We are an isolated body, and no one but a Clemson student can appreciate the dreary monotony of life here, when it is not spiced occasionally by short excursions into the outer world. course such trips cause a temporary break in class work, but the rest they give enables us to take up the work with new enthusiasm, and with more real interest. Besides, a student body, pursuing scientific and mechanical courses as we do, gains valuable knowledge, in visiting manufacturing plants, shops, and laboratories.

Chronicle
Medals
We wish to announce to the students now, at
the beginning of the session, that the Chronicle
staff offers three medals for the best
material handed in during the year—one each for the best
poem, the best essay, and the best story. These medals were

won last year by Messrs. McLaurin, Moore and Cleveland. Judges will be selected from the faculty, and any student not on the Chronicle staff may compete. We hope that the boys will take more interest in this contest than was manifested in the one last year. However, it was not generally understood last year that these medals were offered, and this will account, in some measure, for the small number of competitors.

We quote the following from a leading North-Lynching ern magazine: "It is true as a general proposition that lynching gives a measure of the civic soil from which they spring—whether in the North, or the West, or the South."

This thrust is evidently aimed at the South, from which so many reports of lynchings are now coming. The writer also states that the "best people" discountenance the practice. We must, therefore, assume that the "best class" is considered in the minority—otherwise, they would rise up and put down the other or lawless class. This is obviously false and unjust. The best people of the South do discountenance lynching, except for the crime of rape, and here they are divided. long as Southern womanhood is outraged by white or black brutes, so long will Southern manhood seek swift and uncompromising vengeance. We believe this to be true of the North also. Place six negro brutes in Massachusetts or New York. Let them commit six such outrages as have occurred recently in Georgia, and I will guarantee six lynchings, participated in by the "best people" in the Northern communities. Humanity is very much the same, the world over.

Let uninformed outsiders waste less time and newspaper space in criticising Southern lynchings, and give more time and space to removing the causes of lynching.



Editors:

W. B. AULL, '07 S. H. SHERARD, '08

The vacation days are over, and we are back again—some of us for the last time—to begin the work of a new college year. The duty and pleasure of editing our college magazine has been transferred to a new staff, and, with this issue, we launch the tenth volume of the Chronicle on the sea of literature.

As the staff has seen fit to honor us with the trust of editing the Exchange Department, we are determined to merit that trust by doing, to the best of our ability, what we can. To all of our exchanges we extend hearty greetings, hoping to see them all back again; and we shall be glad to welcome any new ones who will welcome us.

We believe the Exchange Departments of our magazines do not receive the consideration they should. Of course the Literary Departments deserve great credit for the essays and stories, as likewise do the Editorial and Local Departments deserve praise for their work; but it is through the Exchange Departments that the college magazines are brought into closer connection and get the valuable opinions of others. The criticisms and suggestions we thus get should tend to build up our magazines to a higher plane, for it is only through being told of our mistakes that we are able to do better thereafter. So, let us build up our Exchange Departments to a high standard, and put forth our best efforts to keep them there. Too often our criticisms are made in too

much haste, and thus we not only do wrong by our exchanges, but injure ourselves as well.

We hope that our exchanges will understand that any mistakes we may make are not intentional, but arise from our lack of experience. We will do our best, "doing the right as we see the right," showing partiality to none. Our aim will be to keep the high standards set by our predecessors, and we earnestly hope that the praises they merited and received last year will also be ours when this year's work is done. So here's to the success of all our exchanges, and may they have a prosperous, profitable and happy year.

CLIPPINGS

"All are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of Time;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

In the elder days of Art,

Builders wrought with greatest care,
Each minute and unseen part,
For the Gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,

Both the unseen and the seen;

Make the house where God may dwell,

Beautiful, entire, and clean.

Build to-day, then strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base;
And ascending and secure
Shall to-morrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain,

To those turrets, where the eye
Sees the world as one vast plain,
And one boundless reach of sky."

THE LITTLE PATCHED TROUSERS.

How dear to my heart are the pants of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view,
The pants that I wore in the deep tangled wild wood,
And likewise the groves where the crab apple grew;
The wide spreading seat with its little square patches,
The pockets that bulged with my luncheon for noon,
And also with marbles and fish-worms and matches
And gumdrops and kite strings, from March until June—
The little patched trousers, the made over trousers,
The high-water trousers that fit me too soon.

No pantaloons ever performed greater service
In filling the hearts of us youngsters with joy;
They made the descent from Adolphus to Jarvis,
Right down through a family of ten little boys.
Through no fault of mine, known to me or to others,
I'm the tenderest branch on our big family tree;
And having done service for nine older brothers,
They came down to me slightly bagged at the knee—
The little patched trousers, the second-hand trousers,
The old family trousers that bagged at the knee.
—Z. B. Vance, in Raleigh Post.

SAM DAVIS.

When the Lord calls up earth's heroes
To stand before His face,
O, many a name unknown to fame,
Shall ring from that high place!
And out of a grave in the Southland,
At the just God's call and beck,
Shall one man rise with fearless eyes
And a rope about his neck.

For men have swung from gallows
Whose souls were white as snow;
Not how they die nor where, but why,
Is what God's records show.
And on that mighty ledger
Is writ Sam Davis's name—
For honor's sake he would not make
A compromise with shame.

The great world lay before him,

For he was in his youth;

With love of life young hearts are rife,
But better he loved truth.

He fought for his convictions,
And when he stood at bay,

He would not flinch or stir one inch
From honor's narrow way.

They offered life and freedom
If he would speak the word;
In silent pride he gazed aside,
As one who had not heard.
They argued, pleaded, threatened—
It was but wasted breath.
"Let come what must, I keep my trust,"
He said, and laughed at death.

He would not sell his manhood
To purchase priceless hope;
Where kings drag down a name and crown,
He dignified a rope.
Ah, grave! where was your triumph?
Ah, death! where was your sting?
He showed you how a man could bow
To doom and stay a king.

And God, who loves the loyal
Because they are like Him,
I doubt not yet that soul shall set
Among His cherubim.
O, Southland! bring your laurels;

O, Southland! bring your laurels;
And add your wreaths, O, North!

Let glory claim the hero's name, And tell the world his worth.

-Ella Wheeler Wilcox, for the Confederate Veteran.



Editors:
R. O. POAG, '08 J. SPRATT, '08

We are sorry to note at the beginning of this session the absence of some of our former professors—Messrs. J. S. Mc-Lucas, B. M. Parker, Oscar Nelson, C. G. Timberlake and Jas. McClure. The places vacated by these men, however, are being well filled by the following: Mr. A. G. Holmes, a graduate of the North Carolina A. & M.; Mr. M. P. Powers, Mr. Bogard, and Mr. D. E. Earle, a former graduate of Clemson and since professor in the Agricultural and Mechanical College of Texas.

Rev. T. M. McConnell, pastor of the Presbyterian church at Camden, preached the opening sermon to the cadets.

Miss Lucile Strode is spending some time with her sister, Mrs. Carter Newman.

Mr. J. L. Woodroof, of the class of '06, was on the campus recently, en route to the Philippines, where he has secured a very desirable position in the service of the government.

At the first meeting of the board of trustees, the following were present: R. W. Simpson, R. E. Bowen, M. L. Donaldson, Alan Johnstone, Jesse H. Hardin, G. Duncan Bellinger, W. D. Evans, L. A. Sease and Ivy M. Mauldin.

Miss Margaret Doggett, daughter of Prof. Doggett, of the Textile Department, has returned from Oberlin College, and is now making Clemson her home. Sullivan: "That barber sure does give a good massage."

Corp. Fant: "Nearly pulled all the hair out of your head,
did he?"

Mr. W. D. Garrison, '03, has been transferred from the Charleston Experiment Station to the Clemson station. Mr. J. M. Jenkins, '05, has the position left vacant by Mr. Garrison.

Gilmore: Prof. Morrison tells everybody to get the Georgia Tech. (gazateer).

Rat Rhea: "Are those triangles made out of corduroy (celluloid)?"

The Clemson College Sunday school has been reorganized for the present session, with an attendance of nearly three hundred. Everything indicates that this will be the best year in the history of the school. Prof. D. W. Daniel was elected superintendent, and Cadet E. A. Crawford was elected secretary and treasurer.

Miss Margaret Sadler, sister of Mr. D. Hope Sadler, class of '03, has accepted the position of stenographer with Prof. W. M. Riggs.

Old Boy to Rat Jones: "Were you raised on the farm?" Rat Jones: "No! I was raised on combread."

 Cadet A. T. Beaver was elected business manager of the '08 Annual, with John Spratt as first assistant, and L. C. Boone as second assistant.

The following are the society officers for the first quarter:-

The following are the society officers for the first quarter:—		
Palmetto.		
S. R. PerrinPresident		
H. S. StevensVice-President		
T. S. Allen Secretary		
G. D. BellingerTreasurer		
T. D. EasonLiterary Critic		
R. E. NicklesProsecuting Critic		
T. P. KennedyCensor		
O. D. Wood Sergeant-at-Arms		
Calhoun.		
E. V. GarrettPresident		
L. Boggs		
Paul QuattlebaumLiterary Critic		
T. C. HeywardSecretary		
J. D. GrahamTreasurer		
J. SprattCorresponding Secretary		
J. W. Lewis		
S. H. SherardSergeant-at-Arms		
- $Columbian.$		
J. C. ClarkPresident		
F. M. FurtickVice-President		
H. B. RiserSecretary		
B. D. CarterLiterary Critic		
H. W. MooreTreasurer		
F. L. MartinCorresponding Secretary		
P. W. SpencerProsecuting Critic		
R. H. FikeReporting Critic		
J. S. HughesSergeant-at-Arms		

We are glad to note that Cadet John S. Taylor who has been sick all summer with typhoid fever, is able to be out again.

At a recent meeting of the German Club, the following officers were elected:

PresidentS. R. Perrin
Vice-PresidentA. S. Heyward
Secretary and Treasurer

Committees.

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MUSIC.	INVITATION.
G. D. Curtis,	F. M. Stephenson,
E. M. Kaminer,	J. B. Bailey,
J. W. Hicklin.	J. H. Barksdale.
REFRESHMENT.	FLOOR.
F. M. Furtick,	C. W. Rice,
W. H. Wylie,	J. M. Wylie,
J. W. Keel,	S. Coles.

Several cadets remained at Clemson during the past summer, helping in the construction of a new electric power plant. Messrs. F. M. Dwight, T. L. Bissel, F. M. Furtick, E. D. McCutchen and C. W. Mack were employed in installing an automatic telephone system at the college. Messrs. W. W. Kirk, T. S. Allen, E. M. Jones, D. N. Harris and F. M. Cheatham assisted Prof. Gantt in the foundry. Pipe lines to the new power plant were surveyed and located by Messrs. L. R. Hoyt and A. T. Beaver.

Rat Villeponteaux wants to know where he can get some bath tickets.

Mr. William Houston, brother of Prof. Hale Houston, will give vocal lessons at Clemson during the winter.

The Sophomore Class has elected the following officers for the ensuing year:

Wolfe, B. EPresident
Pegues, S. O
Priedmore, J. C Secretary and Treasurer
Sanders, H. KHistorian
Baldwin, C. EChaplain
Young, A. C Poet

Miss Ella Sloan is assisting Miss Trescott in the library.

Rat, at supper table: "This must be Sophomore butter."

Old boy: "Why so?"

Rat: "Because it was fresh last year."

The Senior Dancing Club has been reorganized, and the following officers have been elected:

E. M. Kaminer	President
J. W. Jeel Vice-	President
A. M. KlughSecretary and T	reasurer

Mr. Thomas G. Poats, who has been absent from college for the past year, has resumed his duties as professor of physics, and is welcomed back by all who know him.

Mr. W. R. Smith, class '06, has accepted the position of assistant to Prof. Riggs, vacated by Mr. F. L. Lachicotte, '05, who is now employed by the Southern Power Co., at Charlotte, N. C.

Prof. M—: "Mr. Baker, can you tell me what the exodus of the children of Israel was?"

Junior Baker: "I think that it was one of the largest pyramids of Egypt."

Miss Rosa Calhoun is spending a few weeks in Atlanta, Ga.

Lunn: "Rat, have you matriculated yet?" Rat: "What did you say his name is?"

The Senior Class has elected the following officers:
PresidentF. M. Furtick
Vice-President
Secretary and Treasurer
LawyerD. B. Peurifoy
HistorianJ. C. Clark
PoetW. B. Aull
ChaplainE. A. Crawford

We are glad to welcome to Clemson this year the brides of two of our professors. Mr. F. T. Dargan and Miss Gillette Towne, daughter of Prof. Towne, of Greenville, were marmaried during vacation. Prof. Mark Bradley and Miss Elizabeth Morrah, of Troy, S. C., were also married.

Miss Sarah Furman, daughter of Prof. C. M. Furman, is attending college at Winthrop.

The Freshman Class officers for the year 1906-07 are:

R. H. McFaddenPresident
T. L. Marion
R. P. HendersonSecretary and Treasurer
F. L. LachicotteHistorian
Colors: Old gold and black.

HEADQUARTERS CORPS OF CADETS, CLEMSON AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, Clemson College, S. C., June 11, 1906.

General Orders No. 24.

Par. 1. The following appointments of cadet officers for the session 1906-1907, to rank in the field, staff and line in the order in which their names are read, are hereby announced:

Field-Cadet majors: A. S. Heyward, W. P. Sloan.

Staff—Cadet captain and adjutant, S. R. Perrin; cadet captain and quartermaster, F. M. Furtick; cadet captain, artillery detachment, R. A. Easterling; cadet first lientenant

and assistant quartermaster, J. W. McLendon; cadet first lieutenant, artillery detachment, J. W. Keel; cadet first lieutenant and battalion adjutant, C. W. Wannamaker; cadet first lieutenant and battalion adjutant, J. M. Bryan; cadet first lieutenant and chief musician, W. L. Schachte.

Line—Cadet captains: E. D. McCutchen, Company "G;" F. M. Stephenson, Company "D;" E. B. Plenge, Company "A;" W. H. Stevens, Company "F;" E. A. Crawford, Company "B;" R. R. Tolbert, Company "C;" A. M. Klugh, Company "H;" W. A. Latimer, Company "E."

Cadet first lieutenants: A. V. Hooks, Company "E;" G. R. Jones, Company "G;" H. P. Lykes, Company "A;" B. D. Carter, Company "C;" P. L. Howle, Company "H;" T. D. Eason, Company "F;" M. M. Platt, Company "D;" A. B. Taylor, Company "B."

Cadet second lieutenants: J. B. Bailey, Company "G;" H. W. Moore, Company "D;" G. H. Folk, Company "A;" H. C. Crum, Company "H;" O. M. Reid, Company "F;" P. P. Spencer, Company "C;" R. E. Dalton, Company "E;" W. L. Stone, Company "B."

Par. 2. The following appointments of cadet non-commissioned officers for the session 1906-1907, to rank in the staff and companies in the order in which they are named, are hereby announced:

Staff—Regiment sergeant-major, C. A. McLendon; regimental quartermaster-sergeant, F. P. Caughman; battalion sergeant-major, T. P. Kennedy; battalian sergeant-major, J. C. Littlejohn; color sergeant, D. N. Harris; color sergeant, L. O. Watson; drum major, A. T. Beaver; first sergeant signal corps, S. H. Sherard.

A Company—First sergeant, T. C. Heyward; sergeants, W. M. Rosborough, W. O. Pratt, A. W. Cherry, G. M. Truluck; corporals, W. P. Pagett, C. E. Martin, C. E. Baldwin, J. T. Folk, T. Fulmer.

B Company—First sergeant, F. L. Martin; sergeants, R. O. Poag, W. A. Thomas, W. B. Dowling, H. C. Wilburn; corporals, L. B. Brandon, J. N. McLaurin, C. L. Moore, H. K. Sanders, J. O. Graham.

C Company—First sergeant, L. C. Boone; sergeants, C. L. Cannon, C. L. Stevens, M. G. Williams, A. C. Summers; corporals, W. L. Nance, C. P. Norris, W. G. Hyrne, J. C. Pridmore, B. L. Parnell.

D Company—First sergeant, R. B. DuPree; sergeants, D. L. Tindal, T. S. Allen, J. W. Lewie, J. A. Phillips; corporals, B. E. Wolff, O. S. Munnerlyn, O. E. Lachicotte, F. G. Tarbox, G. C. Furtick, T. B. Reeves.

E Company—First sergeant, J. Spratt; sergeants, J. E. Alverson, W. H. Ackerman, A. C. Lee, F. J. Crider; corporals, J. Wylie, C. W. Fant, J. C. Harrison, W. C. Spratt, O. M. Clark, C. M. Wooten.

F Company—First sergeant, A. C. Kennedy; sergeants, C. W. Busch, N. R. Kimbrell, D. N. Fraser, W. P. Gee; corporals, J. P. Leslie, K. McLaurin, D. L. Bryson, T. L. Brice, M. L. Tyler.

G Company—First sergeant, W. L. Easterlin; sergeants, E. M. Jones, H. L. Sandifer, C. C. Johnson, C. W. Rice, J. B. Simpson, W. D. Simpson; corporals, J. D. Lemmon, B. F. Ballew, S. O. Kelley, W. G. Dominick, F. B. Green.

H Company—First sergeant, W. M. Lunn; sergeants, C. McCaslan, H. L. Rivers, J. M. Napier, J. E. Lunn; corporals, S. C. Pegues, H. W. McIver, A. B. Craig, A. K. Folger, C. H. Goldsmith.

The order of rank of company non-commissioned officers is subject to change.

They will be obeyed and respected accordingly.

By order of Col. Clay,

Cadet Captain, Corps of Cadets.

Adjutant.

Athletic Notes

The prospect for a good football team at Clemson this year is very good. Six of last year's 'varsity have reported for duty—Furtick, right half; Derrick and McLaurin, tackles; Summers and Gaston, guards, and Lykes, end. Latimer and Keel, of the substitutes, are also on hand. Among the most promising of the Scrubs who answered the roll-call are McFadden, Stevens, Warren, Clark, Carter, Britt and Blease.

Despite the recent crusade against football, about sixty recruits appeared on Bowman field for the first practice. From this material it is certain that a team can be selected which will uphold the record that the Tigers have made in the past.

The athletic committee has been very fortunate in securing the services of Mr. C. R. Williams as coach. Mr. Williams is a graduate of the University of Virginia. He played end on the University's team for several years; and has the reputation of having never allowed a play to gain over him. For two years he coached Carolina; and all Clemson men know what he was able to accomplish there. Davidson secured his services, and for the next two seasons put out the best teams that she has ever had.

Mr. F. M. Furtick, an All-Southern half back the last two years, has been elected captain of the team.

Manager E. M. Kaminer has arranged the following schedule:

Oct. 6, Welch Neck, at Clemson.

Oct. 13, Mercer, at Macon.

Oct. 20, University of Georgia, at Clemson.

Oct. 25, A. & M. of N. C., at Columbia.

Nov. 3, Auburn, at Clemson.

Nov. 17, Tennessee, at Knoxville.

Nov. 29, Tech., at Atlanta.

Prizes for Students

The Merchant Marine League of the United States, at Cleveland, Ohio, Offers \$1,000 in Four Prizes, for the Best Essays on "How to Build Up Our Shipping in the Foreign Trade," Competition Being Limited to Students in American High Schools, Colleges and Universities.

Prizes aggregating \$1,000 are offered by the Merchant Marine League of the United States, at Cleveland, Ohio, for - the four best essays on "How to Build Up Our Shipping in the Foreign Trade," only students in high schools, technological schools, colleges and universities in the United States being eligible to compete. There will be four prizes; viz, one of \$400, one of \$300, one of \$200, and one of \$100. Students desiring to compete for these prizes must register their names and the institutions of learning which they are attending, with the League, in order to have their essays considered. The names of the judges will be shortly announced, at which time the prize money will be on deposit in the Central National Bank, of Cleveland, subject to the order of the judges who will award the prizes. Essays must not exceed 2,500 words; they must be typewritten, on one side of the paper only. The author's name must not be signed to his essay-only his nom de plume-which latter, with his full name and address, must accompany the essay in a separate scaled envelope. No limitation is set upon the method or plan that may be advocated; it may be along the line of protection or free trade. The contests will close about November 15, and the prizes will be awarded about December 15, 1906.

Public documents, speeches made in the Senate and House, a bibliograph issued by the Librarian of Congress, the latter cataloguing the publications extant bearing upon this subject, may be obtained through Senators and Representatives in Congress, and the Merchant Marine League will send its documents to all who apply for them.

What the League Is.

(Any Student may compete for this Prize.)

The Merchant Marine League is devoted to the upbuilding of the maritime interests of the United States. During the last forty-four years our shipping in the foreign trade is the one great national interest that has failed to keep pace with our wonderful national development. It has steadily shrunk in volume and in influence, being less in 1905 than it was in 1810, despite the enormous growth of our foreign commerce during that period. This condition of our shipping is dangerous to the nation's safety, in that it deprives our navy of an essential resource of national auxiliary defense in time of trouble, and for this reason, if for no other, it should be remedied forthwith. It leaves our foreign commerce entirely dependent upon foreign shipping for its carriage, a condition menacing to our agricultural and manufacturing interests through the ever-threatening possibility of the sudden and prolonged withdrawal of that shipping through disturbances between foreign nations. It renders unstable our possession and development of foreign markets for our growing surplus products, and thus restricts the natural growth of our foreign commerce. It deprives our people of employment in the building, owning, operating, officering and manning of the ships engaged in our foreign carrying. It causes the annual withdrawal of many millions of dollars from the United States for the payment of freight charges to foreign ships. It is a reproach to our statesmanship, an anomaly in our national development, a vital weakness in our national armor. present these facts in greater detail to the American people, to the newspapers of the country, and to men interested in national affairs, in the hope of arousing the interest of all of those desirous for the welfare of the United States, its greater security and prosperity, that the League is organized, and it is the basis upon which it appeals to patriotic American

citizens to become members. In presenting these facts and conditions it is the League's purpose to leave the suggestion of remedial measures to legislative rather than to League initiative. And, finally, the Merchant Marine League of the United States, which was organized in Cleveland, Ohio, in November, 1904, by a group of citizens having no personal or financial interest whatever in the promotion of our deepsea shipping, and which is free from the control or domination of any shipowning, shipbuilding or any other selfish interest, is a wholly national, non-political, non-partisan organization, on which account any good American citizen is eligible to membership, and all such are heartily invited to join.



Editor: J. W. LEWIS, '08

As we take up our duties, let us determine to carry them through with a spirit and thoroughness which will place the results far ahead of last year. Considering the poorly organized state in which the Association began work a year ago, much was accomplished; but there is room for more. During the session the Association was well organized, and gained not only the respect of the student body, but of all who knew of it. The weekly prayer meeting, started at the beginning of the session, though at first not largely attended, was very successful later on. The missionary department should be mentioned; for, though it was formed late in the year, yet some work was accomplished, and it is well prepared to begin operations the present session. The Bible study department was placed on a better footing. Besides giving the students a better knowledge of the Bible, it has aided many in forming the habit of daily study. On June 9th and 10th a Bible study institute was held. Notwithstanding the unfavorable timebetween the end of the examinations and commencement exercises—many attended the series of meetings, and received special help and inspiration. Mr. Clayton S. Cooper, of New York City, presided, and very helpful addresses were also delivered by Professors Morrison, Keitt and Daniel, and Rev. K. G. Finlay.

It will be the purpose of this department during the year to present various phases of work of the Young Men's Christian Associations throughout the country. In one issue, for instance, the subject of Bible study work will be taken up, and in another, missionary work. In this way we hope to bring about a more thorough knowledge of the work. Articles or items of information contributed to this department will be gladly accepted. This, as well as the other departments of the magazine, cannot well succeed unless it has the active sympathy and co-operation of the students.

The Southern Students' Conference, held near Asheville, North Carolina, on June 15-25, was attended by nine Clemson delegates: E. A. Crawford, J. W. Lewis, R. G. Harris, W. J. Roach, W. A. Thomas, W. R. McCowan, McQ. Quattlebaum, C. M. Wooten and R. H. Legate. Between 250 and 300 Southern students were at the conference, and all combined to make the meeting one of help and interest. Besides the benefit derived from such speakers as Robert E. Speer, Clayton S. Cooper and Edward I. Bosworth, and the privilege of meeting them in personal interviews, should be mentioned the influence thrown around one by associating with so many choice young men of the South. The opportunities for mountain climbing, swimming and athletic sports must also be mentioned, serving as they did to keep up the spirit of the conference. It is needless to say that the Clemson delegates at least, felt well repaid for attending the conference, and that all left with a broader and more comprehensive view of the work of the Young Men's Christian Association, as well as with a determination to do better work during the coming year.

In November a Bible study institute will be held. It is to include—besides Clemson—Furman, Wofford, Newberry, Clinton, Erskine and the University of South Carolina. The institute will open on Friday evening, and extend over Saturday and Sunday, closing Sunday evening. Noted authorities on Bible study work will be here; and we hope to make the meeting a help and a success in every way.

The members of the Association should take advantage of the tennis courts which have lately been completed. There are two at present, but more may be added.

The Association rally, held on the evening of September 16, was a helpful meeting. In all 253 attended—a very gratifying beginning for the year's work. Professor Brodie presided, and the addresses, setting forth the work carried on by the Association and reasons for joining it, were delivered by Professor Daniel and Rev. Finlay. Following the service, a thorough canvass of the barracks was made for members, resulting in an enrollment of about 200.

During the summer months, considerable work has been done for new students, in the way of the old students' corresponding with them, and directing their attention to the Young Men's Christian Association. An unusually large and complete Association Department was published in the June "Chronicle," setting forth the work carried on by the Association during the past year. Two hundred and fifty copies were purchased, and these, along with a copy of the yearly report and a program of the Bible institute held in June, were mailed to the new students a few days before they left their homes.

The general secretary's room is much more conveniently located since its removal from room 108, on "A Co." hall, to room 84, the old exchange room, near the main entrance to the barracks. Mr. Legate has seen to it that the room is neatly furnished, and well equipped for committee meetings and for carrying on the work in general. A fairly complete reference library is also in the room, and open to students at all times.

WHAT EVERY MAN SHOULD READ.

The question was discussed about the dinner table one day as to the best books of the leading English authors, which would give a fairly good interpretation of his work and style—the one book of all his books which one ought to read. Here is the list suggested: For Dickens, David Copperfield; Blackmore, Lorna Doone; Thackeray, Vanity Fair; Meredith, Ordeal of Richard Feverel; Scott, Ivanhoe; Stevenson, Treasure Island; George Eliot, Romola; Kipling, Kim; Reade, The Cloister and the Hearth; Kingsley, Westward Ho. It would be easy for a man to read all of these books in a few months. They make better reading than the newspapers or the magazines or the latest novels.

ASSOCIATION MEN.

Nearly twenty Associations are conducting summer schools for boys during July and August, in work supplementary to that taught in the public schools, especially to prepare backward boys for advancement.

When the council at Morristown, N. J., refused to renew the license in the Italian quarter, the Y. M. C. A. rented the saloon building for an Italian branch, to supply the place of the saloon in the social life of that section.

Henry J. McCoy, of the San Francisco Y. M. C. A., is now in the East, engaged in a canvass to replace the destroyed San Francisco building, for which at least \$500,000 is required. Morris K. Jesup, Cleveland H. Dodge, John H. Converse, Henry B. McFarland, and Cyrus H. McCormick have accepted appointment on this committee, and the chairman, Mr. Jesup, started the list with a personal pledge of \$50,000.

The parent of all the Y. M. C. A's. throughout the world that in London, has sixty branches throughout the metropolis,

at each of which are to be found Bible classes, mission bands, prayer meetings, dining rooms and rooms to be rented to young men for permanent homes. The central branch has 1,000 members. The London Y. M. C. A. last year contributed \$6,000 to foreign missions. Not only this, but it carries on mission work with zeal and success. It magnifies the work of God, and conducts all its work along evangelical lines as strictly as when first organized.

In the mining town of Ashland, O., a place of less than 4,000 people, a men's Bible study banquet was attended by 740 men, with as much enthusiasm as a political rally. In this town \$18,000 was pledged in two weeks for an Association building.

It used to be that railroad companies paid 75 to 80 per cent. of the expenses of the Railroad Associations. Ten years ago the corporations gave 60 per cent., but last year the men furnished 60 per cent., and the railroad companies 40 per cent. Mr. Moore suggests that the partnership sign, which might have read the Railroad Company and Employees, to-day should read Employees and Railroad Company. But at all times, the men have held the controlling interest.

Clemson College Directory

Clemson Agricultural College.

- P. H. Mell, President. P. H. E. Sloan, Sec'y-Treas.

 Clemson College Chronicle.
- J. C. Clark, Editor-in-Chief. T. D. Eason, Bus. Mgr. Calhoun Literary Society.
- E. V. Garret, President. T. C. Heyward, Secretary.

 Columbian Literary Society.
- J. C. Clark, President. H. P. Riser, Secretary.

 Palmetto Literary Society.
- S. R. Perrin, President. T. S. Allen, Secretary.

 The Clemson College Annual of 1907.
- T. Boggs, Editor-in-Chief. F. M. Stephenson, Bus. Mgr. Clemson College Sunday School.
- D. W. Daniel, Superintendent. E. A. Crawford, Secretary. Young Men's Christian Association.
- E. A. Crawford, President. Secretary.

 Clemson College Science Club.
- F. S. Shiver, President. F. H. H. Calhoun, Secretary.

 Athletic Association.
- W. M. Riggs, President. J. W. Gantt, Secretary.

 Football Association.
- F. M. Furtick, Capt. Team '05-06.

E. M. KAMINER, Manager.

Clemson College Club.

W. M. Riggs, President.

German Club.

- S. R. Perrin, President. C. W. Marston, Secretary.

 Baseball Association.
- F. M. Stephenson, Manager. T. L. Bissell, Captain.

 Alumni Association.
- D. H. Henry, President.

 Clemson College, S. C.

 A. B. Bryan, Secretary.

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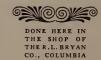


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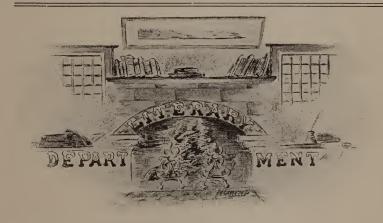


The Clemson College Chronicle

Micat Quantum Valere Potest

Vol. X. CLEMSON COLLEGE, S. C., Nov., 1906.

No. 2



Editors:

B. D. CARTER, '07

W. O. PRATT, '08

Killed by Wolves

On a summer day several years ago, I was fishing on the Edisto. Because of the extreme heat of the July sun, I decided to go to a shady lake about a quarter of a mile farther up the river. A narrow outlet lead to the lake. When I had gone up this small channel and rounded a jutting point of land on my left, I moored my bateau in the shade of the trees.

Great slim cypresses, laden with gray moss, tall poplars, and gums could be seen stretching far back in almost countless numbers; vines trailed their runners into the lake, and covered with their semi-tropical verdure, the small trees and the canes, furnishing, at the same time, a resting place for the coppery-

hued moccasin and the little yellow and black, and brown swamp birds that had grown weary of basking in the sunshine, and now rested in contentment under the leafy canopy. The little cape which lay on my right was dressed in the same green garment as the rest of the bank, but it was probably a little denser. It was of just such a place as this that, several weeks before, an old Indian woman had told us a legend of the days of long ago.

Gradually, as I sat there, my surroundings changed. The sun no longer burned with midsummer ardor, but shone from the south with mild and gentle brilliance. Some of the trees had become bare; others had no longer their vivid green color, but were golden or bright red. The beautiful Indian summer had come; and, as heralds of the winter, several large ducks from their nesting places in the North, were swimming about in the lower part of the lake. A slight movement on the cape startled me; and to my dismay, I saw, crouching in the brush, a young Indian brave.

I soon saw that it was needless to be afraid, because he had probably seen me all of the time, and could have sent a flinttipped dart into my breast when I first came up. As I watched him, he took from his quiver a new arrow and carefully sighted down it to see if it was straight. I watched him with some misgivings, because I did not know but what he intended soon to kill me. He put the arrow in the bow and drew back the string to his ear, and aimed at one of the ducks nearest him. So cunning was he that not one of the other birds was frightened, despite the fact that the shaft flew true to its mark and pierced the body of the bird. He then prepared for another shot. He had become so absorbed in his sport that he did not hear an ominous howl which I heard borne down the river on the light west wind. I knew that some fierce wild beast was on the trail of a victim. I had never heard before a similar cry. Would the savage hear it also? Notwithstand-

ing the greater keenness of his hearing, I had heard the faint cry that he had not heard. Soon I heard two faint voices instead of one, then they ceased altogether, and I rested comparatively easy again. But, horror of horrors! there, just back of the little neck of land, appeared four gaunt, gray forms—five—six! Still the number increased until ten fierce wolves could be seen creeping stealthily upon the Indian. They had formed almost a semi-circle, and I do not know why they did not immediately rush on their victim. Possibly, they suspected a cunning greater than their own. Nevertheless, soon something must happen. The ones which I had first heard were stragglers from the pack, and they came up at a gallop to join their mates. In their eagerness to seize the prey, they gave a shrill yelp and bounded forward. The savage, with terror-dilated eyes, sprang to his feet and leaped toward the mainland, falling in the midst of the angry group of hungry beasts. Twice he leaped clear of the pack, but they soon pressed him to the ground. He turned on his side, took his keen knife in his hand, grasped the large wolf by the throat, and buried the blade into its heart. But he soon gave up. I could hear their angry snarls and the snap of steeltrap jaws as they fought for the prize. His flesh was torn and cut, but not a groan even did he utter. Although he was a savage and treacherous foe, he was a human being, and in me a great pity arose for the poor, torn Indian. I forgot that he was of an alien and degraded race, and remembered only that he had a man's heart and a stoicism unequalled by any ancient martyr, whose name chanced to be blazoned on the pages of history. I became faint and dizzy from the horrible sight, and felt myself sway forward. I fell. I could see that I was going over, but I could not stop; so I gave up, and pitched over the boat. I came up from the cool depths of the lake to see no angry wolves, no bare trees, no forest warrior; but all just as it first appeared. I had been dreaming, and

the old squaw's legend was so forcibly enacted before me in my dream that I shall never forget that midsummer tragedy in the Edisto swamps.

W. H. R., '08.

A Substitute for Examinations

What is the purpose for which examinations are intended? They are designed to enable the teacher to find out how much the student has learned, and to keep the student from forgetting the knowledge that he has acquired. But do they accomplish this purpose? Yes, to a certain extent. But, they can be replaced by other methods that will accomplish the purpose better, and will not cause so much mental anxiety.

Examininations are usually more a test of physical endurance than of mental attainment. The student, when standing a long examination, usually gets too warm, takes a headache -and sometimes the heartache; and, if he sees that it is impossible for him to finish the work in the time that is allowed (if you will allow the use of the slang expression), he gets "rattled," and begins to flounder about like a ship at sea without a rudder. If he manages to make the required grade, he has not been benefited, and feels like throwing his books into the fire. Another reason why examinations do not accomplish the purpose for which they are planned is that they are too much like a game of chance. Almost any student can recall an instance of having been given the only question on a subject that he did not know-or the only one that he did know. Evidently, such as this is not a fair test of one's knowledge. From the fore-mentioned statements, it is evident that examinations do not fully accomplish the object for which they are intended, and are injurious to a person's physical well being; therefore, they should be replaced by something that will bring about the desired results.

Probably no single system now in vogue would accomplish this, but by combining and revising the systems of daily marking, reviewing, and thesis writing, it can be done. If a higher daily average was required and more importance was attached to the daily marks, students would not wait until examination week to do their studying, but would put more time in the preparation for each recitation; consequently, the subject matter would be better digested, and there would not be so great a liability to forget. By preparing well for each recitation and by having frequent reviews, the student could keep the whole subject fresh in his memory; and it would not be necessary to overwork himself at the latter part of the session. preparing a thesis on each subject as the subject is finished—of course this should be done under the directions and restrictions of an instructor—the student would understand the subject as well as he would if he prepared for an examination, and he could do the work calmly in his room. This would result in less work for the teacher, a fair test of the student's knowledge, and last, but least, an elimination of the examination BUNTON. horror.

A Fatal Boat Ride

"Miss Brown, allow me to introduce to you my friend, Mr. Thornton." Jack Thornton had long desired to meet Margaret Brown; for she had been his sister's roommate at college. It being only a few minutes till supper, the meeting did not last very long that evening. However, at supper, Jack made it convenient to get a seat at the same table with Miss Brown.

The Eagle Hotel, at which we three happened to be stopping at the same time, was perched high up among the rugged mountains and near the edge of a large lake. This was the most popular resort of the season. Pleasure-seekers from far and near were there. The smooth lake was excellent for

rowing, especially on moonlight nights, when the mountain scenery was unsurpassed in beauty. The walks and drives were excellent. The crater of an extinct volcano composed the basin of the lake, and the frequent rains kept it always filled. At the edge of the water was a famous old chair perched upon a large flat rock. This chair had been carved out of a rock by a freak of nature, and the visitors had named it The Throne.

"Joe, Miss Brown is certainly a fine little woman," said Jack that night after the introduction. Margaret did not say anything to her friend that night about Jack, but she was thinking strongly of this handsome young man. With Jack, that night, every other word was "Miss Brown." Before going to his room he told me that he was to take her out driving the next afternoon.

Next day at the appointed hour they set out. They talked of the beautiful scenery, of Jack's sister, and many other things, which did not seem to interest either. A walk to the lake was planned for the next evening. While at the lake they came upon the famous old chair, in which she took a seat. Jack seated himself on the rock at her feet. He called her, "My Queen of Hearts," and himself, "My Queen's Page." Jack forgot the beautiful scenery that evening. He did not even see the burnished sheet of gold which spread out before him, for the beautiful girl occupied his mind. Her gaze was far across the lake, but she was listening eagerly to everything that he said. Their eyes met. Before the evening was over Jack had unconsciously said to her, "I love you."

It was a drive, a walk, a dance, or a row every day for two long weeks; but to Jack and Margaret, time seemed to take its flight on wings. The time for our departure had come; but Jack said that the mountain air had improved his health very much, and that he thought that it would be advisable to stay longer at Eagle Hotel. It was not health that worried Jack, but those beautiful brown eyes which continually

haunted him. He was in love. His sister received a long letter from him, and everything in it was about Margaret. A letter from Margaret followed Jack's and everything was "Your brother."

Jack had made an engagement to take Margaret out rowing on Monday night; for he was going away on Tuesday. The lake was in fine condition, and the moon was hurriedly darting through the broken clouds. It was not long until Jack was declaring his love to the girl. "I have always said that I could love you," said the man, "because of sister's description of you." "Every man has his ideal of a woman that he could love; and, Dear, you were always mine." "You can not imagine how I have longed for our meeting, that I might look into your dear face."

"Jack," she said, "you have not longed for this any more than I have." This was the first time she had called him Jack; for she had always called him Mr. Thornton. Finally, in the drift of conversation between the lovers and in Jack's strong arms, she was heard to say, "Yes, Dear."

Six months later Mr. and Mrs. Thornton were passing Eagle Hotel on their bridal tour.

J. C. L., '08.

Bell

When Olivia Welford was eighteen years of age, her father died, leaving her an orphan and heir to a fortune. The following year she finished school and went to live with her uncle in the city of D—. Being exceedingly beautiful and accomplished, besides being the heir to a large fortune, she naturally atracted many suitors, all of whom she rejected until she met Fred Alleen. Fred Alleen's kind, brown eyes, modest speech, and gentle manners completely won the affections of Olivia. Everything that goes to make a man attractive seemed to be wonderfully eminent in Fred. The

day for their marriage was set, and the invitations were sent out.

About two weeks before that most important day, Olivia went down town one afternoon on an errand. As she passed a certain hotel, she happened to look up to a window. There stood Hetty Smote, her old room-mate at college! Olivia waved to her and rushed up the steps to see her. Without a thought of mistake, she ran to a door and threw it open. Horror of horrors! She recoiled at the terrible sight. Before her eyes sat four men in drunken stupor with cards, money, and decanters piled on the table before them—and Fred Alleen the drunkest of the drunk. Raising his dilated eyes, Fred said in a husky voice, "Come, Ollie, and take a hand." Olivia rushed from the hotel and sped homeward, dazed by the terrible revelation.

Three days later, Fred had received a note from Olivia, breaking their engagement, and Olivia was on her way to her accustomed summer resort in the mountains of Western—. She had intended to spend the summer here, and then to spend a year or so abroad, hoping thereby to efface the memory of her great sorrow; but her natural shrinking nature recoiled from the idea of facing the world. Much against the will of her uncle, she had therefore, after carefully selecting a good companion and a comfortable cottage, settled down in this secluded spot. Thus isolated from the strenuous life of the outside world, she naturally turned her thoughts to the betterment of mankind.

Since Olivia had made her rather mysterious appearance in the mountains, she had been regarded with awe by the natives of that section; while the many traditions of her past had been a matter of common comment with both natives and strangers alike. Her spry little form, always clothed in dull black, could be seen almost any day, whether cold or hot, leaving her snug little cottage to make a trip of some miles along trails, steep and rocky, to carry relief to some painracked sufferer whom fate decreed should, otherwise, have suffered and died unattended, except by a helpless few. On these trips, she always carried a small basket in which were all the simple drugs, which were ministered to the needy without one thought of recompense. Whenever any one spoke of her, it was always as the "good Dr. Welford;" and though those simple folk looked upon her as a supernatural, or almost godly being, they loved her as only simple folk can love.

It was in pursuit of this grand mission that Olivia one day entered a humble cottage, the most noticeable thing about which was the extreme poverty that displayed itself in every object about the place, from the three-legged stool in the corner of the solitary room to the half-starved kitten on the door-step. At a glance, she could see that the husband and father, and perhaps the three-year-old child by his side, was stricken, never to rise again; while the frail little wife and mother, as she tended the wants of the helpless ones, looked as though she might soon join her husband in the journey which he was so soon to take. Do all she could, Olivia could not save the man. In three hours he had passed into eternity. His wife took his place on the lowly pallet. A day later, she too, had passed to the Great Beyond.

Olivia watched over the little curly-headed tot as she had never watched before. The best physician in the community was called in. A change came. She would get well. As soon as the child became strong enough, Olivia took it to her home, feeling that it was a sacred charge left to her care.

Ever since the sad event in her life, Olivia had longed as no mortal ever longed before for something to fill up the great chasm in her life. From the moment that little Bell had come into her care, she became wonderfully attached to her. Her attachment became an all-absorbing love. Her life, before so cheerless and hopeless, was now filled with bright hopes and noble ambitions.

One day, not long after Bell had fully recovered, Olivia drove into the near-by town with her. While they were in one of the small shops, a train rolled up to the station just across the narrow street. Olivia told Bell that she might stand in the door and amuse herself by watching the train, while she completed her purchase. As the train was rolling out, every one around was suddenly startled by hearing, amid the clamor and puffing of the moving train, an agonizing shriek. Attracted by the noise, a passenger looked up from his paper. In the middle of the narrow street sat a child toying with a dog. In the door of the shop beyond stood Olivia, terror-riven to the spot, agony written on every line of her face, one arm raised and pointed towards the steep descent of the street down which an uncontrollable automobile was flying towards the innocent child. The passenger suddenly rising from his seat, with the cry, "Olivia," ringing from his lips, leaped through the window and made for the child. The startled tot was carried beyond the danger linebut the rescuer lay pale and motionless on the ground. In an instant Olivia was at his side. With an exclamation, she drew back. "Fred!" she cried. "Oh! Fred, you, of all men!"

A month later one could have heard issuing from a shady nook near a certain mountain cottage, among others, the words, "Yes, Olivia, the lesson was a hard one, but I mastered it. I believe you were right when you said that we can do more good by remaining here. Then, too, Bell and this spot have a peculiar fascination for me."

P., '08.

The Call of Duty By W. O. PRATT.

Man in all of his glory has ever been the victim of the curses brought upon himself by his transgressions of the laws of duty and fidelity. Wherefore was the first great malediction proclaimed among Eden's fragrant bowers? There has

been, throughout all ages past, and shall continue to be till "the silver chord be loosed," strife and blood-shed among men. If we could ascend the mount of disloyalty, we should find there the sources of these and other dissensions, which, though seemingly harmless in their beginnings, gather momentum as they sweep onward, until, like turbulent streams, they reach the plains of peace, and burst out in all their awful reality, leaving wreck and ruin behind.

If we turn to where nature reigns supreme, we can not point out, from the smallest twig that sways before the gentle breeze, to the fiery volcano, whose greatness makes man seem as nothing, a single object that has no duty to perform. When the least of these fades and passes away, it sacrifices its existence for the benefit of another, which in turn fulfills its mission and hastens away as the hosts that have preceded it Nature has ever been the greatest teacher with have done. which man could commune. He may retreat into the deepest recesses of the leafy forest, and there, with the grassy turf for a carpet, the dewey foliage for drapery, the mossy rock for a couch, and the canopy of azure blue for a temple, amid the gentle murmurs of the gurgling brook and the soft whispers of this magnificent grandeur, he may become imbued with that high and noble sense of duty which nature alone can impart. One of the great poets touched this thought with music when he said:

> "Come forth into the light of things: Let Nature be your teacher."

The lowest member of Mother Nature's household always strives to grow upward, and aspires to be the greatest among its kind. How unlike that creature known as Man! The agents and emissaries of this fair queen are never in idleness found. Consider what marvelous changes can come over the bleak and barren hills in the space of one short season. The gloomy and dismal robes of winter are exchanged for the

verdure of spring's airy garb. Or let us look towards the murmuring streams as they hasten onward to be clasped in the bosom of old ocean gray. Yet a few days, and they sail back across the heavens and descend to revive the fair lily as it droops in the merciless rays of the summer sun.

But in turning from the dutiful subjects of this fair queen to Him who sways the sceptre over all, we see wherein Man has erred. Standing here to-day, and looking back through the interminable mists of the ages, we behold indelible traces of patriotism and duty. Here, gleaming through the hazy depths of more than twenty centuries, with the brightness of a new-born planet, is the name of the illustrious Leonidas, the mention of which carries one back to that memorable battleground of Thermopylae, with its glorious record of unbounded loyalty and sacrifice. There is the name of Horatius, bringing to mind his heroic defense of his country, and his battle for life as he breasted the waves of the fierce flowing Tiber. Another record of patriotism is found in the lives of the men of the New World, as they plod, shivering and hungry, through snow and ice, loval to the last, though adversity flaunts its banners in their faces at every step, until, led by the guiding star of Duty, they reach the goal of triumph and liberty. Let us not forget the noblest figure of them all. Yonder, on the banks of the Potomac, through the long and silent watches of the wintry night, with the tread of a warrior and the carriage of a king, there strides a lonely hero, embodying the strength, the pride, and the valor of the Southern cause. Here we see that—

> "The lives of great men all reminds us We can make our lives sublime; And departing leave behind us Foot-prints in the sands of time."

In the ages to come, the slogan of war will again ring through our land in signal of the nation in a mighty conflict —a conflict, though devoid of bloodshed, yet of the most vital importance to the life of our nation, and to the cause of civilization—yea, a conflict involving a subtle and powerful foe which cannon and musket cannot drive from our borders. Far away on the horizon of the future, we dimly see the gathering legions of the hostile host, as one by one the great scandals of the day are silhouetted against the all too gloomy sky of the future.

Let us pause and reflect. The pages of history are laden with the rise and fall of nations. Each one sailed forth upon tempestuous sea, poor, but pure, proudly floating the banner of love and of honor. Then followed wars and the struggles for predominance, resulting in triumph and victory. But, what else came with victory? Wealth and corruption. Honor and fidelity gave way to vice and perfidy. Men who had once lived and fought for their country became intoxicated with new-born glory and insatiable greed. We have only to follow a few steps further in order to see the fate of that once grand old ship of State. As we round the last turn in the history of that nation, we see her wrecked through the vice of disloyalty, with her banner trailing in disgrace.

Such was Rome. In her youth, she had her Regulus and her Brutus. Yet how long were such as these to flourish? Soon they pass away, and in their places we find greedy and ambitious politicians dragging the country down to poverty and degradation.

And now it has become our lot to face such a calamity. But first, let us see if there is really any danger of our nation's succumbing to such an unhappy fate. What was our fore-fathers' ideal of a nation, when they left friends, home, and country, and came thousands of miles to a wild and unexplored territory to lay at Plymouth the corner-stone of this great nation? In the days when independence was declared, the fate of the nation and the affairs of the government were in the hands of men who, if need be, would lay down their lives

for their country. Only those who were capable and efficient were intrusted with the honor of the country.

Now let us take a stride of a century and a quarter towards our own day and time. What a contrast! The greedy capitalists and the ambitious politicians, in their insatiable desire for gold and vainglory, are paving the path of the nation to an ignominious end. The North, the West, and even the South, are participating in these shameful deeds. Men are bartering their honor in a way that brings a blush of shame to every honest cheek. When some come to vote, they ask not, "Who is the best man?" but it is, "Who will pay the most for my vote and my influence?" When a man sinks so low as to go to polls and buy the ballot of the illiterate laborer with a few drinks of mean whiskey, he is fit for prison walls. Yet, such men are helping to administer the laws of the land. In this day of social, political, and industrial revolution, our nation stands between two colossal giants of power. On the one hand, towers the father of the almighty dollar, pouring at the feet of the nation his rich promises of great commercial influences that are turning thousands from their duty to their fellow-men, and transforming them into Midases of old; on the other hand, calmly stands that chivalrous knight Duty, whose only aspiration is for the honor of the nation. Between these two, we must choose. Will the nation from this mighty demon turn, and, with the fondness of that Roman mother, say to Duty, "This is my jewel?"

Unless we, the coming generation, are made to realize our duty to our State and to our country, the very foundation will crumble beneath the old Constitution, the pride of our forefathers. Where once posed the eagle, the vulture will perch. Those Congressional halls, which were once consecrated to honor and integrity, will become the strongholds of thieves and robbers. No more will the stars and stripes, which are now respected and honored in every clime, be looked on as the emblem of

"The land of the free, and the home of the brave."

It is the duty of every man to go forth and do battle against the evil forces that are throwing their black shadows over the advancing era, and drive away the darkness, as the rising sun scatters the shadows of night, and to check this on-coming tide of vice and corruption. America is now known as the "greatest and grandest" nation. As a small recompense for that great debt of liberty which we owe to our forefathers, we should strive to make it not only the greatest and grandest, but also the "best."

On the morrow when we relieve our elders of the burden of responsibility, let us not be craven cowards heedless of a nation's crying calls of duty. As we look forth over our future through the magnifying glass of youth, our scope of usefulness seems of unlimited extent; while the cares of life are minimized to a mere speck in the far distance. What a world of meaning is contained in those lines:

"So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, thou must,
The youth replies, I can."

Standing on the smooth plain of youth, we see behind us the low and marshy swamps of disloyalty; while to the front rises the steep and craggy path of duty, at the summit of which is emblazoned the immortal banner of Fidelity. If we turn back, we are bound for the mires of the vanquished, overhung with the murky fogs of oblivion. But let us turn boldly to the fray, and with the staff of duty in our hand, and the cry of Excelsior on our lips, scale peak after peak of the seemingly insurmountable barriers in the path of duty; until at last, when the golden bells across the River sound us to our Eternal Home, we shall have engraved on the topmost heights of Duty an everlasting record of love, honor, and integrity.

The Story of a Crime

My God! will peace ever come to my sin-cursed soul! Will the persistent pangs of a guilty conscience continue to rack me until I pass into the unknown horrors of the world to come? For years I have prayed for death as a welcome deliverer; but lacking the courage to add self-murder to my full vocabulary of crime, I can only suffer until the end. Although thirty years have passed since my hands were stained with the blood of my fellow-man, the accusing eyes of the murdered man and the piteous pleadings of his young wife still haunt me with increasing persistence. That fateful Christmas night! Oh, if the sponge of Time could only erase its memory from my mind!

I loved once with all of the ardor of youthful passion. It does not seem possible now that my heart of stone could ever have been stirerd by the fires of the divine passion; but an active memory throws a veil of truth about what seems to me now as a horrible dream. I made the mistake of my life in loving an ideal, to whom I attributed all of the virtues in the category of womanly character. I expected much; as a result, I received little.

I never knew what love was until I reached the age of twenty-five. Then, when the smouldering fires in my heart were kindled by a first love, the flames of passion broke forth with unquenchable fervor. Jennie Baxton, the woman to whom I gave my heart, reached the highest pinnacle of my ideal of womanly beauty. I met her at a ball one night, and I immediately fell hopelessly in love with her. I will not weary my readers with the details of my love affair, as this confession is not intended for a romance, but is the story of a crime, a horrible tragedy of real life. It is enough to say that within a few months after I met her, I declared my love to her and she agreed to become my wife.

A few weeks after our betrothal, I was called away to Europe on business for my father. I can never forget that beautiful June night, radiant with the effulgence of a Southern moon, when Jennie bade me a last fond farewell before my departure for distant lands. How little I then dreamed that those ravishing lips, turned upward to receive my passionate kisses, could so soon receive with equal willingness the kisses of another!

During the first few months of my stay in Europe, I heard from Jennie regularly. Then, her letters began to come less frequently, and they were shorter and more formal, until finally she discontinued the correspondence altogether. I wrote to her repeatedly, but I failed to receive an answer to my letters. After four months had passed since I had heard from her, I decided to go back to America, fearing that something serious had happened to my loved one. On that fateful morning I was in my room in the London hotel preparing for my departure on the next steamer, when a servant brought me a cablegram. I tore open the envelope with anxious haste, my heart throbbing with mingled feelings of fear and hope. As I read the enclosed lines, I fell upon the bed in an agony of grief and despair. The following are the words that will forever remain impressed upon my memory: "I love another; was married to-day. JENNIE BAXTON."

There in that far away room, my heart torn by the pangs of an unrequited love, I evolved plans of vengeance. There in my heart I committed the crime of Cain, which I was so soon to commit in reality. I determined that both should die.

I arrived at my old home on Christmas night. The Christmas bells were ringing the carols of peace and good will, but in my heart peace and happiness could find no place; for the jealous rancor of a soul thirsting for revenge permeated my whole being. I went to a section of the town where I was little known and secured a room for the night, having decided to go to the home of the doomed couple at midnight and carry out my plans of vengeance.

The town clock was striking the hour of midnight as I stood before a lighted window in a residence in the fashionable section of the town. Sitting before a fire in the room, with the girl whom I once loved fondly stroking his hair, was the man whom I had come thousands of miles to kill. of such happiness drove me wild with jealousy and hatred. jerked a pistol from my pocket and aimed it at his head. Drawn by some unseen force, he turned his face towards the window while my finger was trembling upon the trigger; but he could not save himself. The shot rang out upon the clear wintry air, and he fell to the floor, never to rise again. With a scream Jennie recognized my face at the window, as I had the pistol upraised to shoot her. Falling to her knees in a paroxysm of fear, she begged me to spare her life. I do not know what caused me to leave my plans of vengeance half accomplished, but with her pleading eyes upon me I could not pull the trigger that would send the messenger of death into her heart. With a curse, I dropped the revolver from my hand and fled from the scene of the tragedy.

I safely eluded the minions of the law, but I cannot escape for one minute from myself—from my conscience. Here in the wilds of darkest Africa, free from the bonds of human punishment, I must remain until the end, bound by the iron manacles of remorse.

G. G. W., '08.

The Christmas Mail

The mail route, which followed the tortuous course of the Kenemaugh river, across the snow-covered barrens and through the rugged passes of the upper Klondike to the mining settlement of The Three Nuggets, was, for years, dreaded and shunned by even the most courageous of the carriers. The first trip that was made over it proved the last for one of the best men that the service had ever known; and, from that day, a curse seemed to rest upon this little trail that

wound through the uplands. To get any one to cover the route with any regularity proved so difficult that very often the miners did not receive their mail for weeks at the time.

But all of this was changed when Roy MacGregor applied for the route. His determination won the position for him, but it was his ready wit and happy laugh that dispelled the curse. For month after month, this wiry little Scot made his schedule with only his dog team to help him overcome the hardships of the trail.

It was on his Christmas trip that he proved himself a man among men, even in this country where the weakling was unknown. He had covered the quarter part of his journey without a hitch, and was already anticipating the pleasure that lay stored away in his mail sack, when, without warning, the ancient curse seemed to return in all of its strength. The dogs became unmanageable, the sled was overturned, the wind began to rise and a heavy bank of dark clouds began to pile up on the horizon. With the coming of evening, big flakes of snow began to float lazily down, and all during the night the storm beat upon the trackless plains.

By the next morning, the snow had ceased to fall; but, as far as the eye could see, there stretched a blanket of white across which the wind was blowing a perfect gale. It was bitter cold and cruel weather for traveling; but, to Roy, with the thought of the eager expectancy with which those miners were awaiting their Christmas letters, there came no thought of delay. So he dug his huskies out of their snowy beds, and began his battle with the wind. The work was most discouraging; for the newly-fallen snow dragged at the runners so heavily that it took two hours to cover a single mile. The dogs floundered along helplessly, until they finally missed the trail completely. Then, in spite of their master's efforts to keep them in the general direction, they veered around until they were running with the wind, and did not stop until they were well under the lee of the bank of the river, which ran

parallel to the trail at this point. To remain here without fire was to court certain death, so there was nothing to do but to follow the river until an opportunity for regaining the trail should offer.

The ice proved to be very much better for travel than the snow had been; and, although the swift current had kept open a wide channel out in the middle, there was little danger near the shore. But, before they had gone the first mile, a sudden turn brought the team out into the full force of the wind. Immediately, they were swept off of their feet and whirled rapidly out towards the middle. Roy tried again and again to brace himself against the sled long enough to give his bewildered team a chance to regain their feet, but, finding that all of his efforts were useless, he snatched the pouch from its fastening just as the hungry current buried his pets and their precious load in a smother of foam.

Now came the struggle; one man, hampered by a heavy bag, pitting his puny strength against the fierce on-sweep of a gale. He soon found that if he attempted to stand he would be forced backward until the black waters should drag him down; so he was obliged to fall upon his hands and knees and crawl. In this painful fashion, he slowly made his way toward the shore. The pouch was a serious impediment, for it persisted in falling at such an angle that each fresh gust would catch in its folds and send him sliding back for many precious feet. He became so much exhausted that had it not been for this very burden which was proving so troublesome, he would have been glad to have given up the struggle and resigned himself to the dreamless snow sleep. Finally, his perseverance was rewarded and he reached the sheltering shore with his precious mail safe, but with very little chance of its ever reaching its owners.

In spite of the brave determination of the little Scot to keep his brain clear and push on as fast as possible, the reaction from the struggle on the ice proved too much for him, and his mind was soon filled with strange dreams. During the next two days, he became so exhausted that he often fell; but each time, as he lay in the snow, there came to him a picture of those expectant faces that were waiting and watching for him. Then he would nerve himself for another attempt and stagger on a little nearer to his goal.

After what seemed to him years of struggle, he reached the top of the last hill, and saw below him the little village for which he had set out so many days before. Calling upon the last remnants of his almost exhausted energies, he clutched the precious mail anew, and staggered down the slope, into the arms of those for whose happiness he had risked his life.

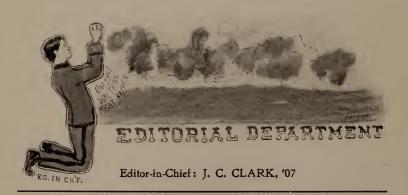
W. McL. R., '08.

The Clemson College Chronicle

FOUNDED BY CLASS OF 1898

Published Monthly by the Calhoun, Columbian and Palmetto Literary Societies of Clemson Agricultural College

J. C. CLARK, '07 (Columbian)										Editor-in-Chie
T. D. EASON, '07 (Palmetto) -			-			-				Business Manage:
C. A. McLENDON, '08 (Columbian							-		A	ssistant Business Manage:
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W. O. PRATT, '08 (Palmetto)										- Literary Departmen
W. B. AULL, '07 (Columbian) -		-	-							- Exchange Departmen
S. H. SHERARD, '08 (Calhoun)	-			-	-					Exchange Departmen
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J. W. LEWIS, '08 (Calhoun) -			-					-		- Y. M. C. A. Departmen
D. N. HARRIS		-		-	-		-		-	Cartoonis



A Reminder

Through the erection of the Hampton monument, South Carolina pays her tribute of respect and love to her greatest warrior. Every

patriotic heart in the State thrills at the very mention of Hampton, and every loyal son deems it an honor to be allowed to aid in perpetuating the name of this grand old hero. We are proud of this great public demonstration; and we are glad for a double reason: Hampton receives a part at least of the honor due him, and we are made to remember that South Caro-

lina has other dead sons of note whose names have not been honored as they should have been. Chief among these is that of Calhoun, our greatest statesman. Is it not a reflection upon our patriotism that the man who was once Vice-President of the United States; who was the champion and idol of the entire South, and whose oratory and logic held spell-bound the most august assembly in the world, should not be honored with a monument, either at his State capitol or upon his estate, where now stands a great State institution? Both of these places should possess such a monument; but we believe the first one should be placed at Clemson College, whose site and lands were inherited by Mr. Clemson from Mr. Calhoun. Here is the place he loved above all others, where he prepared himself for public life, and where the greater part of his life was spent. Here is where a large percentage of the youth of South Carolina come to be educated, and where a memorial shaft to Calhoun would be most highly appreciated. not the Legislature consider this question and neglect this duty no longer? Will not the people of the State wake up and give this tribute to the man who championed the cause of the South when she sorely needed a champion?

Comes The Carolinian, bristling with fight, In Reply with its exchange columns full of sneers, threats, and challenges. The exchange editor would use the "big stick." He is "out for blood." And all this furor is caused by the word "so-called," used by a former editor of the Clemson Chronicle, with reference to the University of South Carolina. We had supposed that The Carolinian's blood-thirsty critic had been sufficiently answered in an editorial in the June issue of The Chronicle. In it, Mr. Stokes explained, at considerable length, his reasons for using the word "so-called," and disclaimed any intention of casting any slur upon Carolina. In this editorial, was set forth in unmistakable terms The Chronicle's, and, indeed,

all Clemson's, friendly interest in her sister institution. friendly attitude is still maintained by the whole student body at Clemson, and we emphatically deny any desire on our part to revive the hard feeling that once existed between the two institutions. The altercation at Columbia was unfortunate. Indeed, and we see no reason why it should not be forgotten now, since there are almost entirely new student bodies at both institutions. In fact, taking the student bodies on the whole, we believe the old condition has been forgotten. fore, we consider the exchange editor's allusions to Carolina and Clemson's last football score as entirely irrelevant, unworthy, and petty, and insignificant in the extreme. We do not consider this and his former article as being representative of the sentiments of Carolina's student body or of The Carolinian's staff; but rather as the outcropping of an inherent desire for trivial controversy on the part of the exchange editor. For this reason, we are surprised that a magazine such as The Carolinian would publish such articles.

Further, Mr. Exchange Editor, we shall be glad to engage you in editorial discussion of any worthy subject you may choose, but hereafter we shall ignore any such childish tirades as appeared in your October issue. If you must quarrel, quarrel with your governess, and let not the noise of your prattle be heard outside of the nursery walls.



Editors W. B. AULL, '07 S. H. SHERARD, '08

As yet we have not received many exchanges, due, perhaps, to the fact that the first issue of most college magazines is generally late. We hope to see all of our old exchanges back on our table, and as many new ones as will welcome us.

The first issue of most college magazines is generally not up to the standard, but the "Trinity Archive" is an exception. There is not enough heavy matter in it, but the stories are really good. "A Mountain Flood" is well written, and is different from most stories in that the lovers did not marry, but were drowned. "A Story Without a Name" is quite unique, and the writer shows much thought in the way he expresses himself. "Hallowe'en" is quite an amusing little love story and we enjoyed reading it. We also note that The Archive has three good poems in it, "The Perfect Day" being the best. The editorials are good, but are all local.

"The North Carolina University Magazine" is by far the best exchange we have received this month. "The Forces That Make American Citizenship" shows much preparation and is well expressed. "The Razor" is a story so far out of the ordinary that it deserves special mention. The writer gets to the subject at once and does not fill up space with a long introduction as is the case with some stories we have read. "Rafe" is a good story, but we would like to know what became of him after he started to the mountains. The magazine, on the whole, is far above the average, and the editors are to be congratulated on getting out such a good issue the first time.

The "Sewanee Purple" is well edited and is a credit to the institution. Not many universities get out so good a weekly publication as does Sewanee; and the editors are to be commended for their work.

"The Davidson College Magazine" easily ranks as one of our best exchanges, and the October number does credit to any college. It is well balanced, containing solid matter, poetry and fiction. "The Leadership of Educated Men" is very good, and contains some good arguments. "Our Bodies" is a "common sense" essay, and points out to us why we should take advantage of our opportunities, by using our bodies as dwelling places for active minds and pure spirits. "The Capture of a Moonshiner" is very vivid, and one can almost see the officers attack the cabin.

We place "The Furman Echo" among our best exchanges, and the October number is no exception. It contains only one short poem, but we see by it that they have one poet at Furman anyhow. "A Matter of Business" is very good. "The Man of the Mountain" is very well written, and shows some thought on the part of the writer. A magazine that contains matter such as "The Echo" contains, deserves a better cover.

"The Wake Forest Student" comes to us this month in a very attractive cover, and we are not disappointed in its contents. On the whole, the stories are very good, and well balanced. We also see that they have a few poets at Wake Forest. "An Invisible Master" shows much original thought on the part of the author. "The Four Greatest Elegies in Our Language," and "The Present Drama," are deep and solid, and "They" do not "Lash into foam the fickle surface, but seek the quiet depth of the stream." The editorial and the local departments are full and interesting.

Among our October exchanges we find with pleasure, "The Orange and Blue." "The Ballad of the Rat" is very good,

and to us is very interesting. The Y. M. C. A. Department is very good.

We recognize the following exchanges: "The College Reflector," "The Orange and White," "The Limestone Star," "The Carolinian," "The Henry and Emory Era," "The Georgia Tech," "The Gamilacad," "Our Monthly."

CLIPPINGS

ROMANCE OF A HAMMOCK.

Shady tree—babbling brook, Girl in hammock—reading book. Golden curls—tiny feet, Girl in hammock looks so sweet.

Man rides past—big moustache, Girl in hammock makes a "mash."

"Mash" is mutual—day is set, Man and maiden—married get.

Married now a year and a day, Keeping house on Avenue A. Red-hot stove—beefsteak frying, Girl got married, cooking trying.

Cheeks all burning—eyes look red, Girl got married—almost dead. Biscuit burnt up—beefsteak charry, Girl got married—awful sorry.

Man comes home—tears mustache,
Mad as blazes—got no cash.
Thinks of hammock—in the lane;
Wishes maiden—back again.
Maiden also—thinks of swing,
And wants to go back, too, poor thing!

Hour of midnight—baby squawking; Man in bare feet—bravely walking; The baby yells—now the other Twin, he strikes up—like his brother. Paregoric—by the bottle Poured into—the baby's throttle.

Naughty tack—points in air, Waiting someone's—foot to tear.

Man in bare feet—see him there!

O, my gracious!—hear him swear!

Raving crazy—gets his gun And blows his head off; Dead and gone.

Pretty widow—with a book
In a hammock—by the brook.
Man rides past—big mustache;
Keep on riding—nary "mash."

Effie—But, papa, how do you know that it was a stork that brought us the new baby?

Papa—Because, my dear, I just saw his bill!—Exchange.

THE BALLAD OF THE RAT.

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,

Over books of math. and Latin, and of other worthless lore, While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,

As of some one gently rapping with a paddle at my door; "Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door—

Only this and nothing more.

Each sound that came uncertain without my ragged window curtain,

Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before.

So that now, to still the beating of my heart I kept repeating, "'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door,"

And I opened wide the door.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,

In that silence only broken by the buzzing of the gnats;

But the silence became unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,

Until a solitary word was spoken, the dreaded cry of "Rats."

This was whispered, and an echo murmured back the cry of Rats."

This once more, again: "Oh Rats."

But open came the shutter, and with many a flirt and flutter— In there walked a crowd of hazers, in groups of four and four;

Not the least obeisance made they, not a minute stopped or stayed they,

But, with mein of lord and lady, grouped around my chamber door,

Each armed with a dread paddle, they stood grouped about the door.

I know there is no guessing, I should waste no time expressing,
As to what took place within my room, within the close shut
door,

When I tell you that the basin, that I used to wash my face in,

Was pressed into good service that night, that night of yore—

You need guess at nothing more.

Oh, the wretched, dreary morrow, 'twas long in coming, to my sorrow,

As I lay upon my lonely couch, weak, homesick, and so sore, Sore of heart and body lay I, and with your permission may I Close, for I doubt not that you've been there of yore, With the bowl, ink and the paddles, and the instruments of

yore. —Exchange.

LIFE'S MIRROR.

"There are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave,
There are souls that are pure and true;
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best shall come back to you.

"Give love, and love to your heart will flow,
A strength in your utmost need;
Have faith and a score of hearts will show
Their faith in your word and deed.

"For life is the mirror of king and slave—
"Tis just what you are and do;
Then give to the world the best you have
And the best will come back to you."



Editors:
R. O. POAG, '08 J. SPRATT, '08

The first entertainment on the Lyceum programme was given by the International Grand Concert Company on the evening of the fourth. It was heard with pleasure by a large number of cadets and residents on the campus.

Miss Annie Laurie Mell, of Athens, is visiting at Mrs. P. H. Mell's.

The first dance of the session was given by the Clemson College German Club on the fifth. The young ladies who attended were: Misses Richardson of Greenville, Neila, Sue, and Ella Sloan of Clemson, Gignilliatt of Seneca, Nelle and Julia Russell of Anderson, Strode of Virginia, Wannamaker and Salley of Converse, Lieze, Alice, and Lila Stribling of Pendleton, Boggs of Pickens, Shanklin of Easley, and Sadler of Clemson.

Miss Bug Norris is spending some time at Prof. Furman's. Miss Norris is taking music lessons under the direction of Mr. W. W. Houston.

- O. D. halts rat walking third relief. Rat—"Who are you, anyway?"
 - O. D.—"I am the officer of the day."

Rat—"Well, what are you doing up here at night then?"

The Intercollegiate Bible Study Institute was held at Clemson on the third, fourth and fifth of November. The prin-

cipal speakers and leaders were: Dr. O. E. Brown, of the Theological Department of Vanderbilt University; Mr. W. D. Weatherford, Student Secretary for the South, and Mr. C. D. Daniel, College Secretary for the Carolinas. About fifty delegates were in attendance from the following institutions: University of S. C., Furman University, Furman Fitting School, Erskine College, Newberry College, Clinton College, Wofford College, and Wofford Fitting School.

Cadet Lambert Nance has gone to his home at Cross Hill to recuperate from a severe attack of pneumonia. He was accompanied by his sister, Miss Mary Nance, who has been with him during his illness.

Miss Nelle Barrow, daughter of Chancellor Barrow, of the University of Georgia, and Miss Alice Maxwell, are visiting at the President's mansion.

Corp. Wylie—"The reason Doc. wasn't playing with the varsity was because he was illegible (ineligible.)"

Rat Arnold—"What military office does a private hold?"

Mrs. C. D. Clay recently gave a very elaborate luncheon to the ladies on the campus.

Miss Miller, of Florida, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Thos. Keitt.

A large number of old boys were at Clemson Saturday to witness the V. P. I.-Clemson football game. Among these were: Messrs. Perrin, Templeton, Black, Williams, Boinneau, Slattery, Webb, Walters, Cunningham, Duckett, Donalds, Brown, Earle, Thomas, and Hamlin.

Miss Mary Smith is visiting her sister, Mrs. Chambliss.

Rev. K. G. Finley has moved into his new house.

Master Berge Rubenstein, the seven-year-old musical wonder, gave a concert in Memorial Hall on the evening of the twentieth. It proved a great success, and was enjoyed very much by all present.

Mrs. Mell held an informal reception on the seventh in honor of her visitors, Misses Barrow, White, Mell, and Maxwell.

Prof. Forest, of the University of Virginia, gave an address, "The Manhood of Missions," in the chapel.

"The Old Homestead Male Quartet" favored the music lovers of Clemson with a very fine entertainment on the twentyseventh. This is the second number on what promises to be the best Lyceum course ever secured here.

The annual meeting of the "Old Stone Church" Association was held on the twelfth. Dr. Henry Alexander White, of Columbia, made the address.

Prof. Daniel—"Mr. Boone, you should not give 'seats' in such a military manner."

Sergt. Boone—"Professor, I just can't help it."

Prof. and Mrs. Daniel entertained very delightfully on the 19th, in honor of Miss White, of New York, and Miss Kitty Furman, of Clemson.

Ask Warren and Allen why they wore their overcoats to Columbia.

The Y. M. C. A. recently gave a reception in their hall on the third floor of the college building. Quite a number of ladies, who were visiting on the hill, were present. The refreshments served were cake, which was furnished by the ladies, and ice cream, which was furnished by Mr. Schiletter.

Junior Glasser—"Professor, how do you connect a single battery in series?"

Miss Mary Dold, of Newberry, is visiting Mrs. T. W. Keitt.

Senior Carter—"Summers, where are you going to school?" Summers—"To Baton Rouge."

Carter-"What city is that in?"

The complete Lyceum schedule, as adopted by the committee, is as follows:

Oct. 4-International Grand Concert Company.

Oct. 27.—The Old Homestead Male Quartet.

Nov. 14—Leland Powers.

Dec. 7-Lyman Abott.

Jan. 5-The Romeo Frick Concert Company.

Feb. 23—Geo. R. Wendling.

Mar.—[To be selected.]

April 6-Victor's Venetian Band.

Junior Baker, in Chemical Laboratory—Measure out with a brunette (burette) 50 cubic centimeters of consecrated (concentrated) hydrochloric acid.

Athletic Notes

The football games which were scheduled to be played with Welsh Neck High School on October 6, and with Mercer on October 13, were both cancelled. This was regretted very much, as these games, though of not so much importance as some of the others, were yet expected to give the team some valuable practice. No game was secured for the 6th, but Manager Kaminer was fortunate in arranging a game with V. P. I. for the 13th.

In this, the first game of the season, the Tigers fully upheld their record in this line of sport by playing the strong V. P. I. team to a standstill. Clemson won the toss and chose to receive

the kick-off. Worthington started hostilities by booting the ball to the 10-yard line, where it was caught by McFadden and returned ten yards before being downed. Furtick went through the line for a gain of four yards, McLaurin made seven more over tackle, and Derrick added three yards to this, when Furtick was called on again and responded by circling the end for fifteen yards. After this, the Virginians' defence strengthened, and Furtick was forced to punt. Lykes downed the runner in his tracks. After making two attempts and failing to make the required distance, V. P. I. kicked fifty-five yards. McFadden received the kick and returned the ball twenty yards. Clemson made good gains—principally by Furtick and Coles—but was forced to kick. For the remainder of the half, Clemson kept the ball in V. P. I.'s territory, but was unable to score before time was called.

SECOND HALF.

Clemson started the half by kicking to V. P. I. The visitors, by a series of plays, managed to make two first downs. The Carolinians braced up, however, and, during the remainder of the game, did not allow their opponents to gain the required distance. From this time until the end of the game, Clemson kept the ball well over in V. P. I.'s territory; and when the whistler blew, announcing the end of the game, the Tigers were in possession of the ball on the visitors' thirty-yard line. Though Clemson did not score, yet it was very evident that she excelled V. P. I. in every department of the game. For V. P. I., Worthington was easily the star, while for Clemson Furtick did the best work. Considering that this was the first game played, the whole Clemson team showed up remarkably well. The line-up was as follows:

		CLEMSON.
	R. E	Cannon
*	R. T	McLaurin
	R. G	Keel

											C	Summers
									٠		. L.	GCarter
				٠	٠						. L.	TGaston
											. L.	ELykes
											Q	McFadden
												HFurtick
												HColes
												B Derrick

On October 20, Clemson defeated the University of Georgia by the small score of 6 to 0. The first half was dull and uninteresting, neither side scoring, though, when time was called, Clemson had the ball on Georgia's six-inch line.

The second half passed away very much as the first had done. When this half was nearly over, some of Clemson's best players, who had remained on the side line, were put in to take the place of the tired-out scrubs. At this point, McFadden, who had played a good game but who had become wornout, was replaced by Warren. Here the tide turned. Warren called his signal and made a dash into the enmy's territory but was crushed to the ground. Not to be daunted, however, he ran his play once more. A half-dozen armed players flew at him, but he was too quick for them all, and was soon in the open field, flying toward the goal, which he reached in safety. Furtick kicked goal. Furtick, McFadden, Warren, and Allen starred for Clemson.

CLEMSON, 0; A. & M., 0.

Such was the result of the long-talked-of game of Fair week. Clemson realized what she was going up against, and most of her supporters were doubtful as to the outcome. With A. & M. it was different. Captain Wilson expected his men to win, as did many outsiders, but they were up against a team well coached in defensive work, and one on which other teams, quite as strong, had failed to score. The ten yards,

as required under the new rules, was hard to make, and, with the third down, generally came the signal for the punt.

Several times, during the game, excitement ran high, as one side or the other seemed about to score. Once A. & M. was very near Clemson's goal, and possibly could have made a touch-down by hard work; but Wilson chose to try goal from the field, and missed. Once, too, the Tigers were on the enemy's fifteen-yard line, with five minutes to play, but, with the fatal third down, came the inevitable kick. Furtick, McLaurin, Keel and Gaston, for Clemson, and Wilson and Edwards, for A. & M., played best.

LINE-UP.

CLEMSON.	Position.	A. &. M.
Coles	R. E	Stevens
McLaurin		Beebee
Keel		Perkins
Summers		Temple
Carter	L. G	Sykes
	L. T	
	L. E	
McFadden, Wa	${f arren} \ldots \ldots {f Q} \ldots \ldots$	Eskridge
	L. H	
	R. H	



Editor: J. W. LEWIS, '08

The missionary address delivered by Dr. W. M. Forest, on the evening of September 30, set forth some of the things for which the missionary department stands, and some very excellent reasons for taking a more active interest in this work. Dr. Forest, who now holds the chair of Bible Literature and History in the University of Virginia, was for a number of years a missionary among the universities and colleges of Calcutta, India.

The number that have joined the Association this year is very encouraging. Already there are 46 more members than were taken in during the whole of last year.

Three classes in mission study have been organized, under the leadership of W. A. Thomas, W. B. Aull, and W. P. Gee. Three books are used: Studies of India, China, and Japan; and it is so arranged that during the session the clases will exchange with one another, and thus secure the use of three books for the price of one. Each course requires about eight weeks' study.

Over 200 members have been enrolled in Bible study, under 37 leaders. The attendance for the first meeting, September 30, was 175, while last year the average for the first three months was 89. This attendance, along with the enthusiasm shown in the work, forms a very bright outlook for the coming year.

The prayer meetings, held every Thursday evening, are very helpful indeed. The average attendance has been 26, considerably better than last year.

The memorial services of Cadet J. E. Reaves, held by the Young Men's Christian Association on the evening of September 23, were conducted in a very impressive manner. Rev. S. A. Nettles, editor of *The Southern Christian Advocate*, first addressed the audience. Prof. Morrison next delivered a very effective address, and services were closed by Mr. Legate.

Mr. C. D. Daniel was at Clemson October 2 and 3, to arrange for the coming Bible Study Institute. Mr. Daniel has recently been appointed College Secretary for North and South Carolina.

Before this number of "The Chronicle" has reached its readers, the Bible Study Institute, to be held on November 2, 3 and 4, will be past. This is an opportunity for study and discussion of the best means of carrying on Bible study work, that Clemson, as well as the other colleges of this section of the State, has never before enjoyed.

WHAT OTHERS THINK OF THE ASSOCIATION.

In order that our readers may have some idea of the light in which others look upon the Association, we have devoted considerable space in this number to extracts from some of the letters which have been received from the Alumni. We may, at other times during the year, publish such criticisms, favorable or otherwise, as come to us from those outside the student body:

"Enclosed, you will find \$_____, for the Y. M. C. A. With best wishes for your work and your associates, I am,

"Sincerely yours, 'Doc.' (L. G. Southard.)"

"Received your notice yesterday, and to your list I cheerfully subscribe \$——. It is a real pleasure to hear such good news from the Y. M. C. A., and in this endeavor to raise additional funds I hope you shall be most successful.

"WALTER S. BEATY."

"I have just received your letter relating to the Y. M. C. A., and its work at Clemson College, and am very much pleased to hear of your healthy growth during the last few years. Enclosed you will find \$----, as my contribution to the Association. With best wishes for the continued success of the Y. M. C. A. in the future, and other voluntary organizations, I remain,

Ed. E. Porter."

"Enclosed please find \$——, which I gladly contribute to the Y. M. C. A. at Clemson. Hoping that you will be successful in raising the necessary amount, I remain,

"H. M. MANIGAULT."

"When I entered Clemson College, in 1902, the Young Men's Christian Association was a weak organization, supported by very few students, and having only a very few of its members enrolled in Bible classes. Now the Association is a very strong one, supported by several hundred students, most of whom are in Bible classes. Besides this, the Association now has a well-furnished hall of its own, and is supporting a general secretary. The Y. M. C. A. is now recognized as doing a splendid work, and has the sympathy and support of both the faculty and students.

"There is nothing of which I am more proud than the fact that it was my privilege to be connected with the Y. M. C. A. during the four years that I spent in college. During my college life there was no time spent more pleasantly and more profitably than the little time spent in Association work.

"It is my most earnest desire that the Association will continue to prosper, and will continue to enlarge its work at Clemson College.

J. C. Summers, '06."

"Your letter reached me recently, and, as requested, I hasten to reply. Am truly glad to rejoice with you in the good work of the Y. M. C. A. at Clemson. This matter has been upon my mind and heart since entering the work of the Master. I send you a negotiable note for \$——. With best wishes, I am, Yours sincerely, R. B. TURNIPSEED."

"In reply to your communication recently received, will say I am glad to note the progress and hearty endorsement you have received in your undertaking. Am also glad to see so many '03's leading their support. Hoping your efforts shall be crowned with victory, I am, as always,

"'Polly' (Hal. R. Pollitzer)."

"Accept my contribution of \$---."

"I have your letter asking me to contribute to the support of the Y. M. C. A. at Clemson, and I herewith enclose you my check for \$——. I am glad your Association is doing such a good work, and I earnestly hope that it will continue to grow and spread its good influence at Clemson. With best wishes, I am,

E. T. Hughes."

"You will please find enclosed in the back of the book \$----, to aid in the Y. M. C. A. work at Clemson. I read with pleasure the report of your President; and I assure you that you all have my best wishes in this great work.

"Sincerely,

FRANK K. RHODES."

"Please find enclosed check for \$——, in response to your request. With best wishes for the success of the Association, I am, Sincerely, T. B. Young."

"You will find enclosed \$---- for the purpose of building up the moral standing of the cadet corps at Clemson College.

"Very truly yours, W. D. Garrison."

"Enclosed find \$—— for your blessed work. Wish you great success in this work.

"Yours sincerely,

J. B. WHITNEY."

"Enclosed you will please find \$——. Am sorry that I cannot make it more.

LEROY A. WERTZ."

"Dear Boys: You called on me at the wrong time. I am just getting ready for a long trip. Will try to make good later. Leave my name blank.

"We were well pleased with all the surroundings at the college. The cadets seem satisfied with everything. They have a large Y. M. C. A.—in fact, they claim the best college Y. M. C. A. in the South. In their Bible study course they have 42 cadets ready to lead classes, and expect to enroll 400 students in the study of the Bible. It is said that the conditions at Clemson were never so favorable as now."—Southern Christian Advocate.

THE RAILROAD DEPARTMENT CAPTURES YALE'S CAPTAIN.

After his graduation, Richard C. Morse, Jr., captain of the Yale crew, is to take direction of the new enterprise the Association is developing in the way of educational work for the railroad men on the Gould lines in the Southwest. Young Morse during his college course has been slipping away nights and holidays to fire a locomtiove on the New Haven and the New York Central Railroads, and has fired the "Empire State." With President Roosevelt, he enjoys the sole distinction of holding honorary membership in the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen. He worked last summer for the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, learning all kinds of things that have to do with railroading, and has passed the examination for locomotive engineer.

Captain Morse is one of the popular young men at Yale, not because of money, for he has worked his way through the scientific department and has taken honors. He has been a leader in football, stroke of the crew, and is now captain. He

was president of "The Commons," Yale's great eating club. He was general secretary of the Association at Sheffield Scientific School and drove its work with force.

Each class at Yale in the Senior year takes a vote on: (1) "Who is the most popular man in Yale?" The "Sheff.," '06 class, was for Morse. (2) "Who has done the most for Yale during his college course?" The vote was again for Morse. (3) "Who is the man most likely to succeed in life?" and Morse took that vote, too.

If popularity, ability, training and the interest in the business he is to promote count for anything, young Morse ought to make a record in this new undertaking for the railroad men in the Southwest. He will co-operate with the twenty-seven Associations at the division points on the Gould lines, in establishing noon and night classes and lectures for the instruction of engineers, mechanics and firemen in the shops, roundhouses and on the road. When he is announced to address a religious service on Sunday or at noon in the shops, such a man as he will have a crowd of men to talk to and something to say to them. Morse comes from a line of Yale and Young Men's Christian Association men. His father was a secretary in the Association for years. His uncle, Richard C. Morse, general secretary of the International Committee of the Association, is a Yale man and forty-five years ago pulled on the crew. He can "pull his own weight" and ought to make a record in this new course.—Association Men.

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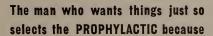
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[Entered at Clemson College, S. C., Post Office as second class mail matter.]









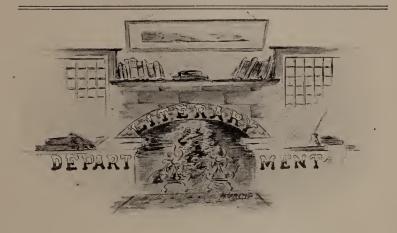
CLUSTING FEVERIES

The Clemson College Chronicle

Valeat Quantum Valere Potest

Vol. X. CLEMSON COLLEGE, S. C., DEC., 1906.

No. 3



Editors:

B. D. CARTER. '07

W.O. PRATT, '08

To Autumn

Beautiful are the days of Spring, When life anew her youth begins: When earth in virgin verdure springs, And, sweetly, siren songsters sing.

The second verse is like the first, Except the Spring in Summer bursts; And earth in all its fullness blooms, Soon to meet its Autumnal doom.

Bounteous are the days of Autumn, When the days of death have come; When the Summer's fervent rays are spent, And in the fiery leaves are blent. When all the forests are aflame With fluttering, flaring hues again, Various as the fleeting clouds of dawn, When in the sunlight they are shorn;

When the golden grain of fields, Their bounteous harvests yield; And the spreading fields of snowy white Shine radiant in the noonday light;

Which is the greatest gain?
The means or the ends,
Sowing the seed of an earthly name
Or reaping the harvests of heavenly fame?

So is a lesson by nature taught, She a mighty work hath wrought, She hath to us all harvests brought, She for self seeketh naught.

The Awakening of the Far East

Just as the sun's rays first appear in the east, and towards the close of the day return again unto the same place, even so the rays of Christian influence and development have had their origin in the far eastern country of Palestine, and are now completing their course by casting their light over the lands bordering on the Western Pacific. The continent of Europe was the first to be subdued; and that done, it was but natural that the overflow should come to our own America. And now, we, who in the past century and a quarter have made such remarkable strides in national development, since we are not selfish, desire to pass on to our neighbors west of us that which has in so many ways proved profitable for us.

Most of us regard the inhabitants of the Orient as an almost totally ignorant class of people, but this fact does not make it true. Each country has its religion, and the most of them have a literature and a well-established government. Nor are we quick to realize the benefits to humanity which have originated with these countries. From Chinese, even, we have the invention of the printing press, the discovery of the composition of gunpowder, the origination of the process of making chinaware, and the beginning of the silk industry. This country has, too, a vast literature; probably no country having a more complete historical record.

All of these discoveries, though, date back to many centuries ago; and we are naturally led to inquire why it is that these countries have remained for so long at a standstill, and yet have remained intact. It is because the most important principle of their existence is their love of the past, evidenced by their ancertor worship, and because an extreme conservatism is fostered by this worship. It was, on account of this reserve, only by the continual hammerings at the ports of these nations, of such men as Commodore Perry, backed by such nations as France, Holland, England, and the United States, that we ever gained a foothold in this part of the globe.

In 1853 Commodore Perry sailed to Japan, with a determination to secure an opening there for foreign nations. He was supported in this by a message from the President of the United States to the Emperor of Japan, by a number of war vessels, and by the sanction of the French and English nations. The result was a treaty between Japan and America, which, besides other accessions, opened the two ports, Shimoda and Hakodate, to foreign commerce and influences.

This privilege gained, the introduction of Christianity and Western civilization immediately followed; and, as they always do, effected a rapid and remarkable change. The Japanese educational system was remodeled; the army and navy were patterned after those of Western nations, and in many cases, instructed by Westerners; and their commercial relations were greatly enlarged. The advantages gained from all of

these improvements were clearly brought out by the war in which the little "Jap" defeated the Russian "Bear."

The progress of the rest of the Orient, however, has not been so phenomenal as that of Japan. India has, through her conquest by Great Britain, been made to know what constitutes an enlightened government and civilization; but this was not established without a military conquest. The advancement of China has also been rather slow, but she is gradually being awakened by the achievements of her hustling little neighbor.

There is much to be hoped for as the final results of the recent Russo-Japanese war. Will Japan be the gateway through which the rays of our more liberal Western civilization and the influence of Christianity will complete their course around the world; or will it prove, by an exclusive policy, a barrier so densely dark that no wave of light can pierce it, and thus cast its huge black shadow on the nations west of it? Time only can reveal this to us; but we all must await, with much interest, its answer.

W. P. G., "'08."

The Test

Unsheltered from the wintry blasts of the stormy Atlantic, yet confronted by a rugged rock-bound coast which bids fair to defy the raging elements of the deep, lies the little village of Weymouth.

The people of this secluded, unpretentious little village, are a simple, God-fearing folk, who give little heed to the whirl and busy life of the world beyond the bounds of their own community; and, except for a few summer visitors, the world at large does not attempt to force them out of their voluntary retirement.

Among the few of these visitors, was one, Mrs. Gordon Hammond, a wealthy society woman of the nearby metropolis, who, accompanied by her son Randolph, was wont to spend at least the greater part of her summer's retirement at this quiet little spot. On his first trip, Randolph, a large, handsome, well-built lad of eighteen, would have found the extended visit intolerable, but for the close friendship which developed between the city lad and the residing physician's son, John Marshall. John, who was younger than Randolph, and who, though equally as handsome, was not nearly so well developed as the city lad, was, by nature, far more retiring in manner and less buoyant in spirits than his gay and attractive rival. In their life at the university, which they both attended the ensuing fall, they became the closest of friends; but it was during the summer previous to the one in which the incident about to be related took place, that they both realized that thereafter there must needs be some restraint between them; for at this period of their lives, they were compelled to acknowledge to their inward nature that their greatest ambition lay in winning the affection of the new rector's daughter, Laura Mansfield. All during the remaining year of their university life, did the two friends cherish, each in his own heart, the sacred image of the same girl; and, during the summer after their graduation, it was hard for one to decide who was her most devoted admirer. Randolph, quick of wit, entertaining, and gay in manner, or John, determined but unassuming, gratifying her most trifling requests.

Laura, all the while, was in a most inconceivable state of perplexity. She well knew that both Randolph and John were deeply devoted to her; and, though she liked them both, she could not decide which she cared for most. It was in this state of terrible uncertainty and indecision that an event happened which showed her only too forcibly the character of the two men.

It was in the latter part of August. All day the wind had been blowing with unusual severity, and, toward night-

fall, a steady and gradual increase became perceptible, until, when the last shades of evening had closed, the wind was blowing at a tremendous rate, and dark leaden masses of clouds were scurrying across the heavens.

An hour passed. The whole population of the little village was gathered on the rock-strewn beach. Randolph stood at Laura's side; but John, who had accompanied them to the spot, had disappeared. There, just beyond a line of breakers, could be seen, by the incessant flashes of lightning, a large three-masted vessel. She had been running from the storm, and, all unconscious of her danger until too late, had been lifted high upon one of those mighty breakers and dropped astride the rocky bar that, half hidden by towering waves, jutted afar out into the swirling eddies. A helpless and shattered hulk was all that was left, and there, clinging to the shrouds of the only remaining mast, were five men-the remnant of the crew. They must be saved; but who will dare risk his life in that maelstrom of the deep. The patriarch of the village,, gray and infirm, stands before them and calls for a volunteer. Several step forward in answer to the aged man's call, but they are all men well advanced in years. Knowing glances are cast at Randolph; but he, apprehending the thoughts in the hearts of the people, shrinks with fear when he looks seaward and realizes the danger he must encounter if he dare to enter that surging sea. He, the rushing halfback, the pride of his university, the victor of many a game, shrinks from a task of duty to his fellow-men.

Suddenly, the crowd parts, and John Marshall stands in their midst. Silently and quickly he fastens around his body, one end of a coil of rope he has in his hands; and, throwing the other end to one of the bystanders, he turns, pauses a moment to take one last fleeting glance at the pale beautiful face by his side, and plunges headlong into that seething sea.

Surely he cannot survive. Again and again the waters surge over him; but unfalteringly, persistently, does he

advance toward the doomed vessel. Twice he sinks from sheer exhaustion, and the little knot of simple folk on the beach, in fear and anxiety, tremble lest each glimpse of his sturdy shoulders, as he rise on the crest of a mighty wave, should be the last.

Onward he presses. But a few yards more, and his goal will be won. But see! he has disappeared. Will he never rise? Ah, the suspense is unendurable. But once more his head is above the waves, and he is pressing onward. But see how at each stroke his arms wearily splash the buffeting sea, and his hands spasmodically clutch the waters! He is sinking again. His head can no longer be seen, and his arms flail helplessly the air in one last effort to escape before the walls of his watery prison are closed forever. But no. He is saved. A mighty shout goes up from the little gathering; for his hands have grasped a trailing spar, and with heroic courage he has pulled his exhausted frame out of the clutches of the merciless deep and now rests astride the piece of timber. Aided by the sturdy few aboard the wrecked vessel, he painfully clambers over the low careening sides of the hulk and stands safe upon the slippery deck. Hurriedly the line is fastened to the bulwarks and drawn taut by the anxious ones ashore; and soon, under the stern commands of their rescuer, the survivors, one by one, pass safely to the shore. As the last of the wrecked ones steps ashore, and John Marshall, staggering to the bulwarks, grasps the line and lowers himself once more into the buffeting waves, a shudder passed along the keel of the shattered hulk; and suddenly, as if borne up by a mighty leviathan of the deep, the crumbling mass was lifted bodily from its nest on the reef and sent hurdling inward with impetuous force to be dashed upon the rocks at the very feet of the terrified people.

But where is he who has not in vain risked his life for his fellow-men? Far out into the tides, where the waves are dashing against the rocks, faintly through the mists a small black object is seen. Two arms appear above the waters, extended high in the air, as if in supplication to heaven, and are seen no more.

And all the while this awful drama is being enacted, the pale beautiful face of a young girl peers fearlessly seaward. Surely he will come back to her. But no! hear the heart-rending cry of those who have loved him as their son from his boyhood days. Ah God—alone, alone, she must live this life. But in her heart there comes a great light. Yes, it is hard, O God, it is hard, but she will live, loving only him whose love she knows will wait until she too enters the great Beyond.

T. C. H., '08.

Christmas Night

On an eastern night, soft and clear,
When all was still on earth,
Some shepherds an angel's voice did hear,
Which told of the Savior's birth.

In the heavens blazed a star unknown

To guide mortals to a place,

Where by submission, they could earn a throne,

And be saved by the infinite grace.

In a Bethlehem manger poor and lowly
These men our Savior found;
His mother, a virgin pure and holy,
Seemed a queen without a crown.

The oldest shepherd of those bands
When our Savior he did see,
Lifted to heaven his thin worn hands,
And cried "Thank God he was sent for me."

From the East afar, there came three kings,
Who the welcome tidings had heard;
They brought, each one, of his most precious things,
To do homage to our Lord.

But our Savior hung on calvary's side
And us poor mortal men to save,
He, the foulest of all deaths died,
That we might live beyond the grave.

And though many a weary year has passed Since that sad, eventful day,
The keeping of that night will last
Till time has passed away.

H. C. Twiggs, '09.

Black Ghost Island

Through the thick underbrush on the bank of the Fox river, on Black Ghost Island, there could be seen in the dim twilight, late in the afternoon, the twinkling of a small fire. Near this fire sat a man with drooping head, who appeared to be about twenty-one years of age. He was sunburnt to a nut brown, and was of unusual size. Just behind him was a rough tent, but serviceable enough for him. Not a sound stirred the air, save the cracking of the fire and the faint roaring of the ocean waves a few miles away. There this silent man gropingly sat, gazing into the fire as if he were trying to read some unraveled mystery from its dying embers. Just a week before, a great wreck had occurred on the shores of this very island. Could he be musing over this? Whatever his thoughts, the next moment he turned his apparently statue-like head slowly to one side, as if a slight feeling of uneasiness might be creeping over him. A second later, the silence was broken by a prolonged scream of terror

that certainly no human lips ever uttered. Like a flash he was up and in his tent. In a moment he emerged with a lantern in one hand and a large pistol in the other, moving toward the fire in a stealthy and suspecting way. After looking from left to right to assure himself that no immediate danger threatened, he stooped down and lit his lantern with a chip. He straightened up, all the while looking from one side to the other or over his shoulder.

Finally, after standing by the fire for some time, he started slowly and cat-like toward a path about twenty feet away that led into the woods. It was now growing dark. Night was drawing her curtains of shadow about the earth, obscuring the tree-tops, and affording a dark background for the flickering light of the lantern to dance and play upon among the trees. He was now about to enter the forest. just as he put one foot in the path, there burst upon the air that same ear-splitting shriek close behind him. Wheeling around, with the pistol firmly grasped in his right hand, his eyes protruding, face drawn and every muscle contracted, a perfect picture of rightful fear, he saw by the fire a form, low and bent, looking very much like a large monkey, clothed in a black robe, with fire darting from mouth, eyes, ears, and nose, and its face smeared with a sheet of smouldering blaze. This strange, unearthly being stood still for one moment, uttering low guttural noises, beholding the man, then making several sweeping movements with its hands, which also seemed to glare, began to pick out the red hot embers from the fire and devour them ravenously. Then it came a few feet toward the man, all the while rubbing its hands and working its mouth, through which, each time, the flame would shoot out farther. Then it began a twittering; then a chattering; then shivered; and with one terrible howl went up in a cloud of smoke, leaving a mist where it had stood. The man remained riveted to the spot, scared nearly to death and too much so to even move. He seemed unable to lift a hand, thus rendering his pistol useless. After awhile, he came to his senses and looked around in the greatest fear, as though expecting to be pounced upon at any minute by some unseen object. He gazed at the fire, perhaps to see if the strange being had completely eaten it up; then at the spot where this thing had last been seen. The next instant he turned and started on his journey, trembling. What, thought he, could this most hideous of things be? Surely it could not be human; for where was there a human being that subsisted on fire, and could shoot flames through the mouth and eyes. No, it surely must be a Satanic imp sent by the devil to scare his wits out.

So, thinking and wondering what this creature, or something supernatural, that seemed to be composed of and clothed by the surrounding elements, into which it could break itself with a yell, could be, he walked slowly onward, always keeping a close lookout, peering deep into the forest as far as his feeble lantern light would permit. Occasionally he stopped and listened, then would step off, slowly at first, but getting faster and faster as he went.

He had now traversed some distance, and seemed to have become a little bolder. But as he trudged along, with his light showing the way and flickering among the many giant trees, there, way back in the forest, appeared a glow, revealing a hideous face; and he saw it—and it was the same as before. Now darting from one tree, then to another, this ghastly appearance approached him, until within about twenty feet; when opening its mouth, it sent forth a long flame, and with it a horrible shriek that startled every living thing in the forest, as its echoes could be heard penetrating to its very depths. Even the cricket gave forth his noises, and every animal seemed to make himself manifest by his roar, growl, or cry, all combining to make a din too powerful for human ears to withstand, and producing thunder which clapped time and again, rending the elements, quaking the very ground, shaking the great trees as though they were saplings,

and finally dying away in a low mumbling sound, only to come again the next instant. Lightning split the dark canopy, revealing the tossing boughs, and strange creatures perched among their branches, keeping time with the hissing, roaring, trembling, forest.

While all this was going on, the imp of Satan, for so he must have been, who had started this great upheaval, was acting as a sort of leader, lowering and raising his hands as the noise would fall or rise. His face bore a fiendish grin; and, as the rumbling of the last clap of thunder was heard echoing among the clouds, this devilish fiend, who seemed also to have the control of the elements in his power, made a few grimaces, swept his arms round and round—all the while staring the man's very soul out—uttered a snappy, piercing scream, and running up the trunk of a tree disappeared through its upper branches.

The thunder ceased its roaring; the lightning, its flashing. Every living thing, a moment before startling the forest with its noise, seemed as though struck dead in the midst of its fury. Not a leaf rustled. Even the cricket hushed his song. Silence reigned supreme.

The weary and frightened beholder sat in a heap on the ground, completely overcome with fear and astonishment. Never was there a better picture of total dumfoundedness. Suddenly his face turned upward as though apepaling for deliverance, but too frightened to speak. Then he seemed to realize that he was in the wrong place, and staggered to his feet, crying, "Devil, fiend, or beast! Why torment me so?" And fell again heavily to the earth. Lo! His situation had changed! Where was he! In the depths of a forest scared nearly to death by a black ghost? No, he was in his bed room on the floor, clutching desperately the leg of his bed. He had fallen out, and awakened himself.

That afternoon, just before taking his usual nap, this young man had read the favorite fireside story of that section

of the country—the weird legend of Black Ghost Island, getting its name from the black ghost that lived on it. On finishing it, he fell asleep, and rehearsed the legend in his dream.

S. I. Bond, '07.

The Mission of the Author

To-day, as we scan the great array of civilized nations, we are forced to accord the first place to the writer, as the prime mover and the instrument of enlightenment. For countless centuries, he has held a grand and gloried position. We who are not so gifted, look up with awe to the master authors of the ages.

The writer is a painter infinitely excelling Raphael, Da Vinci, Durer, Michael Angelo, Corregio. He takes us across the trackless billows of the flood to Mt. Ararat's top. We hear the crash of the first cannon at Crecy; and the measured tramp of Caesar's legions from the crossing of the Rubicon until the last band of the mighty Roman is dispersed. To our ear, is wafted the soft, smooth, sweet murmur of eddyiny sylvan streams; or with equally vivid reality, comes to us the picture of the sunken road of Ohain, and the splendid concourse of Napoleon's matchlessly disciplined troops pouring over its brink, horses and soldiers mingling in a horrible death; and borne to us from the reeking humanity, ground and crushed by myriads of feet, come the prayers and imprecations, songs and blasphemy, the senseless screams of dying troopers with the roar of thousands of firearms. Or, before us, comes a vision of the scenes of the tropics; monkeys, suspended from the big branches of giant trees, of chattering parrots, trying unsteadily to balance themselves on the broad leaves of the palm.

With Sir John Franklin, we traverse the great ocean desert of the North, seeing nothing above us but sky; nothing

beneath us but great green waves and immeasurable fields of ice-floes. With heroic Peary, we clamber over the snow-covered mounds of the Arctic, and leave to the still south, soundless save for the howling of the frost-laden boreal blast which shrieks across the wastes of unending white desolation, the sturdy, but pathetic little denizens of the bleak snow-country, the Eskimos.

The makers of splendid novels have laid before us the lives, or parts of the lives, of the noblest, bravest, and best characters, blazing with glory and glittering with redoubled splendor because of their contrast to some of the blackest, most villainous mortals that the human mind can conceive. We become so enraptured with the portrayal that we allow the actors to obtain on us an unyielding hold. Their loves, their fears, their hopes and ambitions are so real to us that we love, fear, hope with them. The impression of the story is indelibly graven on our hearts, and the light of its teaching, emanating from us, will bless or curse those with whom we are most intimately associated.

The person who can make his descriptions of scenes so vivid, so beautiful, so splendid in their proportions; who can so enthrall the mind of the reader, that with the taut muscles, he clasps, with iron grip, the book, the chair—anything in reach; who can move the obstructions from the fountain head of the tenderest emotions, and cause the burning tear to flow; who can make our thoughs, and their own foster-children, actions, so pure and good that we are better mentally, morally, and spiritually—that man is a monarch among men, and richly deserves a crown, sparkling with the best gems that man can bestow-well merited praise and honor and love. Too often it is, that after the author has long lain in an obscure and almost forgotten grave, we honor him. with impressive ceremony, we rear a cold and grand monument to him whom, in life, we scoffed at and ignored. Give love to the living rather than honor to the dead.

However great is the prose-writer, the poet and song-writer deserves a place in the foremost rank of the great army of authors. Nations are stirred with fiery zeal by the songs of the patriot-poets, and men in battle array are sustained and their waning courage raised. To us comes, as a neverending echo, the song of the British soldiers before the "dark Redan," and we hear the "piping of the clans" at Lucknow. When our own fathers fought, were they not upheld by the songs of the homeland? What kept together so well the heroes in gray and tattered uniform-veterans who, without pay and with insufficient food, trod unnumbered miles and fought the fiercest of fights? Was it not enthusiasm encouraged by such songs as "The Bonnie Blue Flag?" Southern lad can read without emotion, the beautiful words from the pen of the priest-poet, Father Ryan? Not one. If he has dropped so low that he is not possessed with a yearning to "shoulder his musket," and follow his country's flag to the very cannon's mouth, forgetting that

> "He who fights and runs away, Will live to fight another day,"

and dying rather than desert the ensign of the nation—I say, if he does not feel an unconquerable desire to fight when the poet sings of battle, let him make himself a sacrifice on the altar of despicable cowardice and go forth and hang himself, or let him sneak off in the dark and twist off his head trying to see behind him, his master, the evil one.

Our literature is filled with books not intended to uplift and instruct, although they may be models as to precision and style. The author who has the God-given power to wield his pen for the good of humanity and does not use it aright, should be relegated to the blackest depths of some unexplored cavern and left, bound, to die in shame and terror.

The literary works of the great teachers and reformers have lifted man from barbarism to the highest pinnacle of

well directed usefulness. They have, in the early ages, cultivated the human mind to such an extent that men were not willing to remain vassals of ignorance and superstition, but with undaunted courage, the opposition of bigoted and prejudiced men was faced; the barriers to learning raised by them were surmounted, and now we have as an example of what has been accomplished, the English people.

W. H. R., '08.

In the Days When the Indian Roamed

It was worth the while of a boy to live In the days when the forest lay wide to the reds, When the earth had a hundred joys to give And the wind a thousand words,

It was well to be led
Where the wild game fed
As free as the swarming birds.

Not yet had the white man with the ax swept The oaks from the valley, the pines from the hill, Not yet had the game been killed, or kept Under laws and rules at a government's will:

With eyes wild-blazing,
Or drowsily feasting,
They wandered unharmed by the white man's gun.

And the Indian boy! Painted and with feathers flaring, With sturdy red legs which the thick brambles tore, As wild as the beast, he went faring and sharing The tobacco and fruits which the black soil bore.

Treading softly for fear
Of the enemy ever near,
Unawed by the lightning or the black tempest's roar.

But out into the woods crept the settlers together, In the wild woods they began to settle and clear The virgin forest that the red men held dear, The game disappeared, the fields began to bear.

And nothing was left to the Indians, But the dim remembrance of the joys When the wild Indians roamed, Unhindered of white men,

And game plentiful, and free as the clouds of the air.

M., '08.

A Tribute to Woman

Of all the sights of this world, however grand, however glorious, however sublime, that appear before the eye of woman, the most beautiful, the most sublime is the beholding of the benign sight that appeals to her in the form of her first born babe. During the anticipation, with what tender thoughts she surrounds the soul of the reality, commingling her thoughts with its thoughts and shaping its soul in the mould of her soul; with what wary watchfulness she guards it day and night, through sickness and suffering, through growth and health, losing her existence in it, living and breathing in it, giving up all other things for it, and devoting her very life to its welfare and wisdom.

Henceforth, let us not wonder at the grandeur of a truly great man; for if there be greatness, if there be honesty, if there be integrity, its source is found in the front of a mother's fondness and its growth in the clear and crystal stream of a mother's faith. Bordered by luxuriant growth and blooming flowers, onward it bears its course, ever broadening and deepening to the immeasurable sea of love, buoying upon its silvery crest and guiding safely through its gentle waters the burden of the nation's ship of state. Therefore have men through all ages, if they can be worthily called by such a

name, worshipped woman by virtue of her fidelity, reverenced her by virtue of her chastity, and adored her by virtue of her limitless love. By faith she was given the honor of first finding the sepulchre of Jesus Christ; by chastity she was given His birth; and by her boundless love His faith remains fragrant in the hearts of mankind.

But let us stop and reflect a moment. How many of us here to-night are sensible of the praise that is due to the mothers of our great men? The mothers who first brought them into the world, and then trained them for its service.

An equestrian statue of bronze has been erected to our most illustrious citizen, our foremost leader, both in war and in peace. He sits mounted on high, and all gaze up in wonderment and praise at the emblem of their honor. But where is the mother? Who thinks of her who gave him his birth, who gave him his great bodily resistance, who shaped his character, who gave him his ideals of citizenship, and who fitted him during his youthful years for the service of his State? Years that make or mar the man. I repeat: How many of you are conscious of this indebtedness? Who mentions her name? Who speaks of her praise? The wielders of words and the poets pen his praise; even the sculptor is lauded, but not one word is said of the mother.

The painter is not honored less than his portraits, the architect less than his edifices, the law-giver less than his law, the sculptor less than the stature. Then, why is there not an equal amount given to our great mothers,—the mothers who shape the destines of nations, they who are primarily worthy? How long is this thoughtlessness to last? How long are we to neglect this praise justly due our illustrious women?

For every statue erected to a great man, one should be erected to his mother,—and the mother's should be erected first.

Though men, circumstantially and presumably are superiors in strength of will and executive force, in women moral truth is stronger and nature bestows upon her more sensitive natural gifts.

Thus has the poet penned her praise:

"A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveler betwixt life and death;
The reason firm the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill;
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright,
With something of an angel light."

Thus, we find the minds of women endowed with the highest types of human sentiments, etherial in their entirety; while the majority of men, being consumed by the conceit of their own intellects, vanity of vanities, rarely ever mount their thoughts higher than the low plane of selfish gain. The mind of man is more material; that of woman, as it must needs be in its thoughtfulness of others, more ethereal. This ethereal love, the central point of the universe of feminine affection, like the sun, the source of all light and life to its planets, sheds its rays upon the morality of the world, embodying the spiritual realm in a harmonious system of infinite extent.

Many are the bright stars that illumine the clear canopy of the heavenly heights of feminine affection. Stars that shine forth in their own radiance. Many are they and marvelous are their works. Such as Florence Nightingale, Miss Barton, Miss Woolsey, Queen Elizabeth, and various other angelic women, who have won the admiration and adoration of men. But let is suffice that I mention but one of these shining stars, a martyr, who transcends in principle and purity of purpose any masculine martyr of any age.

By virtue of her faith, this honor was given her, Joan of Arc, The Maid of Orleans, and angels ministered unto her for its fulfillment, knowing the faithfulness of their trust. Consequently, when the armies of France were defeated time and again, and the country surrounded on every side by enemies, and the safety of all despaired of it was then that this lone maiden, out of the tenderness of her heart, could no longer bear the sight of her country's blood; and shielding her faithful heart in the vesture of a knight, she swooped down upon the enemies of France, raising the siege of Orleans, delivering France from the clutches of the English, and restoring the king to his throne.

Thus, it was that the English, the invincible men at arms, turned their backs and fled before a girl. And among these were those who afterwards so shamefully and cowardly put her to death. No death was more devout. So touching was the scene that sympathy was contagious, and ten thousand men melted away in tears. This heroic girl, who, after she had won the battles, cared for the wounded with tears, on fearlessly mounting the funeral pyre, gave voice to no other sentiment save compassion, crying: "O Rouen, much do I fear you will suffer for my death."

Where in history can you point to an accomplishment so amazing; a purpose more praiseworthy; a death more devout. W. W. W., '07.

The Substitute

John Halford was possessed of more than his share of this world's goods, having several of his neighbors' portions, which he had acquired by various tricks of the trade, but never once laying himself liable to prosecution. So, at last, he had attained the height of his ambition, and was the richest man in his native town. But there was still one thing which he ardently longed for; but which, so far, he had not been able to obtain by all his endeavors. This was to have pretty little Effie Shannon for his wife. Effie's parents were poor, but

very respectable, indeed. Halford had held out every inducement that he could think of, but without any effect except to get the usual "no" a little more firmly each time. For the truth of the matter was that Effie was engaged to Marion Franks, another young man who had been born and reared in X——. He, however, unlike Halford, had the knack of spending all of his money, and of never giving the future a thought. So, one bright day, he and Effie went to the little church and returned as man and wife.

Soon after this, the dark war clouds began to hover over the Southland, and shortly burst with loud thunders of many cannons, while the smaller arms poured forth their missiles like hail. Neither Halford nor Franks volunteered, the former for no reason that he would tell, while the latter remained because he felt it his duty to stay and provide for his wife and little son. Matters progressed in this manner until both armies were so depleted in numbers that they were compelled to resort to drafting to recruit their thinned ranks. Halford was called out on the first draft, while Franks barely escaped. Halford racked his brain for some way to keep from going, for he had known for a long time that he could not stand the "baptism of fire;" and yet he did not like to be exposed to the ridicule that would surely follow if he did not go and fight for his native soil. At last he made up his mind that he would send a substitute, no matter what it would cost him.

After much persuasion, Franks consented to go in his place. His main reasons for doing this being that he would soon be drafted anyway, and that by going as a hired substitute he would be able to leave his family well provided for, Halford having signed a contract whereby he agreed to pay Mrs. Franks \$25 per month.

Franks went through most of the battles without receiving a scratch; but at Cold Harbor he came near losing his life, being wounded in three places. He was left for dead by his

own comrades; and, in this manner, it was circulated that he was dead, the rumor finally getting to his wife. But, instead, he had been picked up by some Yankee soldiers and taken from the field to one of their hospitals. After a long siege of sickness, he recovered sufficiently to be taken north to prison, where he was kept until some months after the close of the war. When at last he was given his freedam, he set to work to get back home. Being a cripple this necessarily took him a long time; so that it was more than a year after the surrender at Appomatox Court House before he again set foot in X---. He came in just after sunset, and hurried as fast as he could to the well remembered place where he and Effie had built their little cottage. It was dark and deserted, but he, thinking that probably his wife and the boy were visiting at some of the neighboring cottages, sat down to wait for them, sore in body, but buoyed up by the thought that soon he would be with his loved ones again. After an hour's wait, he grew impatient, and decided to go up to Halford's house and find out from him where Effie was. He knocked several times but got no answer, so he stole around to a side window and peeped in. There he saw his wife sitting on John Halford's knee, gazing into the flames as they rolled up the chimney. He stood and watched them for a long while, and then turned sadly away. At the village store he learned that they had married only the day before, and that "he" had been "dead nearly two years."

The next day he was found dead on the little cottage steps. The doctor said it was heart disease, and so it was.

K., '07.

Falling

'Tis the falling, the soft and gentle falling of the year, Of the leaves once so green and dear, now so brown and sere; 'Tis Nature in her melancholy silence to us softly calling, All life is only living, growing, learning and then falling.

'Tis the falling, the sweet and welcome falling of the days,
Of the days once serene and dear, now forgotten and haze;
'Tis the farewell parting of the innocent childhood days
exhorting

To retain the simple lessons taught from mother's knee while childhood joys were falling.

'Tis the falling, the calm and serious falling of the years, Of the years once so free of trials and cares, now so full of woe and tears;

'Tis the fleeting of the youthful years with unspoken words of warning

That the tender years of youth are going, the time of forming character swiftly falling.

'Tis the falling, the sad and lonely falling of the years of work and care,

Of the years once so real and earnest, now so lone in old age's despair;

'Tis the passing from the sunny noon of life to twilight pangs so palling,

When with life's journey ended we prepare for the farewell falling.

'Tis the falling, the sad and mournful falling of the arms of flesh,

Of the arms once so strong and mighty, now stilled in a last hush:

But is it a falling ne'er to rise in the morning at God's last calling,

Or is it the stepping-stone to the Heights from whence there is no falling?

PRATT, '08.

Debate

NEGATIVE.

Resolved, That the women of South Carolina should have the same political privileges as the men.

In the beginning God breathed the breath of life upon unconscious chaos, and therefrom arose the world, a great irridescent slow-circling bubble which floated upward into space. And when the breath quickened all things, and finite creatures came at the call of Infinite to take possession of this globe, there followed, in the fullness of time, the magnificent afterpiece of creation—man, male and female.

At that moment began a dual life, a dual life that has continued even until this day. While there can be no question regarding the fact that both man and woman descended from the same divine cosmic entirety, that no distinction was made in the matter of their relative values; neither is there any question that upon each has been bestowed special functions, that each has its own peculiar orbit and limitations, and that they need not and should not conflict nor interfere. It is true that in the efforts towards investigating and laboring for the relief of widespread woes, all may go hand in hand. All have seen the "weight of cares upon the great world's altar stairs that slope through darkness up to God." have longed for the betterment of mankind; but in the suggested remedy for existing evils that my opponents would offer to you to-night-equal political privileges of woman with man-is found a pivotal question, the great pivotal point of divergence.

Political privileges have from all time been delegated to man. It is his lot and duty not only to go forth and do battle for his country in the time of war, but his to wage the political hand to hand struggles that daily confront the people of our State and country in the time of peace. On the other hand, to woman has been delegated a higher, a nobler, and a grander privilege; the privilege of fulfilling the duties, and obligations of society, of church, and of family. Should she then be content with her lot, in her happy sphere, where she reigns supreme as the goddess of love, peace, and happiness, or, should she reach out after the apple of discord, and be cast forever into the maelstrom of political controversy?

Suppose woman's suffrage to be secured. What would follow in its train? Giving the matter a casual consideration one might think that the great centers of wrong-doing would be purified, that woman's presence in political gatherings, her influence in legislative halls, her ballot against the crying evils of the day, would work such wonders of reform as would thrill the world from center to circumference. But look deeper. Look into the home, the source of all good to the State and country. There would inevitably come discussions, divisions, and dissensions. It is an old saying that a man and his wife should not play at the game of chess. Surely, it is a graver question whether they should play at the dangerous game of politics.

Aside from this and other vital considerations which will suggest themselves, lurks one of equal importance. It is a fact of universal admission to-day that the ballot in its present state of abuse, with its votes bought and sold, with its other deteriorating influences, has had a most demoralizing effect upon men; their standard of morality has been lowered, and their ideals contaminated. What of woman? Is she human, and yet impervious to such temptation? Does she occupy a plane of such exalted rectitude and incorruptibility that her votes, too, might not be bought and sold? If corruption, in

this manner, should poison the fountain head of thousands of our homes, what but polluted streams, flowing out to all time and all ages, would be the consequences! The glory of womanhood has been her purity, her innocence, her superiority to man in the possession of a higher moral sense and standard. Why then should we risk this precious certainty for a doubtful good?

If every Western and Northern State in the Union would adopt woman's suffrage, there is still a paramount reason why the Southern States, the State of South Carolina, should refrain from such action. If every other possible force was brought to bear in favor of this movement, the race question which now confronts the people of our State, and which hangs like a dark and mighty pall over our entire Southland, is sufficient argument to suppress them all. Give the white women of our State equal political privileges with men, and the colored could not be debarred. In our Legislative halls, as well as at the ballot, would be found the kinky-headed negro, ready, with his dark and polluted lips, to dispute the fair daughters of our State. Who among you, Mr. President, my fellow-students, would submit to such conditions?

To cope with the perplexing political problems of to-day, we need the very strongest possible force, and in no creature is that strength found other than in man. What a greater accomplishment then for the women of our State, if, instead of wasting their time and energy at the ballot, and in crying for public office, they will wield their intelligent influence in directing the votes of their sons, their husbands, and their brothers.

While every true Southern woman rejoices in the civilization of our country, in the advancement of our State, there are comparatively few who believe that their vote, and whatever other political powers they may have, will better the institutions herein embodied. They do not wish—they

are too wise—to thus throw themselves into the arena of political corruption that surrounds the suffrage question.

After viewing this subject from its true standpoint, seeing the difference in the divine import of man and woman, the corruptive influences of political equality, and looking beyond the scope of such activity into the unbounded realms of domestic tranquility, surpassing all other comforts that human lips can offer, where the gentle hand of woman shapes and directs the destiny of states and nations, there looms before us the indelibly written words, "Bring not the woman from her kingdom, her royal kingdom, the kingdom of the home."

AFFIRMATIVE.

Looking back through the dark mist of the ages, we see a time when each member of the family, son, daughter, wife, and servant, were each subservient to the head of the household. They had no rights, no responsibilities, and no duty except that of obedience. Step by step, as the world has gradually increased in civilization, each member of the family has gained more and more independence, until, to-day, each one of these family divisions except woman has privileges equal to those of the head of the house; and she has her rights in everything except politics. Then why should she not have this right? Is she not as intellectual as man? Has she not as high a sense of honor as he? Yea! I dare say that in both respects she is man's equal, if not his superior.

Women have some degree of suffrage over an area of 18,000,000 square miles with a population of 350,000,000 people. In England, Scotland, and Wales, they vote for all elective officers, except members of Parliament. In Russia, they vote for all elective officers and on all local matters. In New Zealand, they have suffrage to the fullest extent. Twenty-nine states and territories of the United States have woman suffrage in some degree. And everywhere that it has been

tried, it has proved a marked success, and has not been attended with any of the failures and disasters that were predicted for it by its enemies.

My honorable opponents will tell you that the polls are not fit places for the presence of ladies; that the ballot box is always surrounded by drunken men who curse and swear and do all manner of things that would make it an unfit place for ladies. We heartily agree with them on this subject, and shame on the men of South Carolina that it should be so; but we would ask, is this not one great reason why the women of South Carolina should be allowed a voice in the selection of our public officials? How many of you would be willing to risk your welfare to a crowd of drunken men? There is not one of you that would take the risk. Then why should the women of South Carolina be made to risk their welfare, and the welfare of their children, to a set of debauched men whom you yourself would not trust. Then again, when the fair women of South Carolina are allowed to grace the ballot box with their presence, this corruption and dishonesty will be decreased to a large extent, if not wholly exterminated. Some of the men, if such they may be called, who are so low as to go to the ballot box under the influence of strong drink. would be afraid of getting their hair pulled out when they got back home, if their wives were with them; and the others would be given to understand by those who have the proper respect for their families that they would either have to leave off drinking and cursing or else stay away from the ballot box; for there is nothing that a Southern gentleman is so quick to avenge as an insult to a lady. For this reason and many others too numerous to name we must inevitably conclude that the presence of ladies at the ballot box would do much to improve the existing conditions, and hence insure us more honest elections and better officials.

The child-labor question is another subject that would soon cease to be a question if women were allowed the same political privileges as the men. In some of the States where women have the right to vote, there is no such thing as the child-labor question, while in our State and many others with similar laws regarding woman's suffrage, the legislatures are constantly wrangling over the child-labor bill.

Now having considered some of woman's rights to vote, let us look at some of her qualifications and hence her rights to hold public office.

In the first place, the throne of England has more than once been occupied by a woman, and what more prosperous period can you cite in English history than that during which Queen Victoria held in her hands the reins of that mighty nation. Then, if woman is equal to the task of filling the highest office in the gift of the English people, an office the duties of which may call upon her at any time to plan a campaign against some other great nation, or even call her into the battle-field, how much more able is she to fill the offices of our State. Are not the duties of the chief executive of the great English empire as great as those of the governor or any other official of South Carolina. Yea! I dare say they are a hundred fold greater.

Then again, as I have already mentioned, in former times woman had no employments except in the home; but to-day the state of affairs is quite different. She is admitted to almost all business positions, she is admitted to the practice of medicine, she is employed in the postoffices and almost all the public office of our State,—in fact, she is allowed to do almost everything except to vote and to hold public office. Then why should she not have these privileges? If she can fill business positions and work in the various public offices of our state, there is no logical reason why she cannot hold public office and still be respected by the best people.

Now, in conclusion, let us sum up these various reasons why the women of South Carolina should have full political privileges. First, as the world has gradually increased in civilization, woman has gained greater independence in almost all the various phases of life; and, therefore, should be entitled to the right of suffrage. Second, the fact that woman suffrage has been tried over an area of 18,000,000 square miles and has everywhere proved a success should have great weight in the decision of this question. Third, the unworthiness of a vast multitude of the men who have the right to vote gives woman an additional right to a part in our government. Fourth, the uplifting influence of woman's presence at the ballot box is a thing very much to be desired. Fifth, woman suffrage would benefit child-labor conditions to a large extent. Sixth, the fact that the English empire has seen more than one prosperous period under the reign of a woman, proves beyond a doubt that she is equal to the task of filling any political office in our State. Seventh and last, the various employments in which women are now engaged help to fit them better for the duties of citizenship.

With these facts before you, I am sure that you all will agree that the women of South Carolina are well qualified for the duties of citizenship; and, therefore, that under the existing conditions, they should be entitled to the same political privileges as the men.

H. B. R., '08.

Sixty Years Ago

When Belamy's hero is resuscitated after a sleep of one hundred years, he thinks he is in fairy land, so marvelous does he find the social and industrial changes. There are plenty of men of seventy-five years of age now living who have witnessed equally magic transformations. Sixty years ago they saw lamp-lighters carrying their ladders and torches through the streets to light the whale oil lamps that flickered their dim light from block to block.

At that period the letter was its own envelope. Later came

the envelopes that were sealed with wax or brightly colored wafers. Then came the gummed envelope.

About this time began the evolution of the musket. First, came the cap gun, the loading still being done with the powder horn and paper wadding. The next improvement was the cartridge. Such were the weapons, used on both sides during the civil war. In 1866 the Germans won the battle of Sadowa with the needle gun, a heavy, clumsy contrivance which was the beginning of the more recent breech-loader that will carry a ball two miles and yet can be handled by a child of ten.

Steam propulsion has improved marvelously on both sea and land in the last forty years. In 1856 a steamship, full rigged, took fiifteen days to go from New York to Havre. Now our great ocean greyhounds traverse this distance in a little over five days. Sixty years ago, a train of cars was regarded as speedy when it traveled at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour; while now, our lightning express often rushes by with an incredible speed of over sixty miles an hour.

Again, electricity has added wonderfully to the comforts and conveniences of life. The oil street lamp just mentioned, has passed from the intermediate stage of gas to the dazzling condition of the arc light. The countryman now in vain tries at bed time to blow out his light and his life. The matchless incandescent light illumines our bed rooms, our churches, our theaters, our street cars, and our steam cars. Electricity also sends whirling through our streets and over our roads the horseless carriage, which seems to be propelled, like the ship of the Ancient Mariner, by "unseen spirit hands." No doubt the automobile will eventually become useful; but at present, its ambition seems confined to showing how the fearsome Juggernaut in former times did its work of human immolation to the infernal deities.

One of Bellamy's great inventions, supposed to have taken a hundred and fifty years to evolve itself, is already at our

disposal. We could, so far as physical possibility is concerned, sit in our smoking jacket and slippers at home and be edified by the most up-to-date sermon, or we could switch off to the casino and listen for the thousandth time to the gobble song. The phonograph is the companion invention of the telephone, but has been utilized for amusement only, or for transmitting to posterity the awe-aspiring tones of Croker, Platt, or Mark Hanna.

Philanthropy has made great strides. Convicts are now regarded as redeemable human beings. Solitary confinement is no longer practiced, and brutal punishments are not allowed. The insane, instead of being treated on the principle that they are possessed of devils are cared for in the most humane and scientific manner.

This is rendered possible by the progress made in the most conservative of all branches of knowledge, medicine. It is true that in many cases the doctor has simply found out our constitutional enemy; he has not discovered the method of smoking him out. Thus the deadly microbe of consumption has been made manifest by the microscope, but the little animal goes on unconcernedly tunnelling his way through our lungs until he emerges at the grave. So it is with scarlet fever, typhoid fever, lock jaw, and pneumonia. The remedies are not much different from what they were forty years ago, and the patient who escapes death, illustrates the doctrine of "the survival of the fittest." But the already discovered facts point simply to future triumphs of medicine. In the meantime we have far better houses and city sanitation than in the past. Even the commandment "Thou shalt not expectorate save in thy handkerchief," has gone forth not to be enforced. Gangrene is almost unknown, diphtheria has yielded its terrors, appendicitis is one of the few fashionable fads that now do not often end in death.

Another luxury of the more recent times is the trained nurse, the successor of the old mauma, who administered

medicine between naps. It must really be a pleasure to die in the arms of one of these dainty, becapped and beaproned, lightly tripping little professionals. Of course, this kind of dying comes high.

Up to sixty years ago there were no means of sending messages save by building bonfires on the hills, or by displaying fire signals in the air. The Indians signalled by blanketing the flame, thus causing dense smoke; but this was of use only while the day lasted. In 1844 was completed the first telegraph line in the world, between Washington and Baltimore; and between these two points was sent the first message. Although it has been not many years since the telegraph was invented, it now seems a secondary question in comparison with the present system of wireless telegraphy, by which a message can be flashed across the ocean in the short space of a second.

Next in line of invention came the Bell telephone with which no doubt we are all well acquainted. Twenty-five years ago the electric car was not known and, no doubt, not even thought of. Another great achievement which doubtless would make the bravest patriot of 1846 stand in fear and amazement, is the flying machine, which, however, has not yet reached the stage of complete success.

I may say in conclusion that, if a ghost of sixty years ago could come to life, he would probably not be half so amazed at the change and progress which has taken place, as would one who might come to life sixty years hence. Thus, I, intimate the wonderful change which we may expect, and which will no doubt take place in the sixty years to come.

For example, since we already have torpedo boats navigating safely under the ocean, there is no improbability in supposing that the day is not far distant when passengers may travel to Europe under the level of the sea; thereby escaping the clutches of the demon of storms, and the solar-plexus blow of that greater fiend seasickness. Or, our imme-

diate posterity may fly through the air from one country to another, with landing places and moorings in the several countries, as our vessels now have their docks and wharves.

Science may, in spite of the preachers, turn the "straight and narrow way" into a broad and flowery one; and automobiles, stocked with spirits elect, shall perhaps be seen whizzing along under a Marconi illumination toward the pearly gates, often causing, with their reverent speed, St. Peter to leave the gates to take care of themselves and to hustle keys and all to a place of safety.

G. D. Curtis, '07.

The Clemson College Chronicle

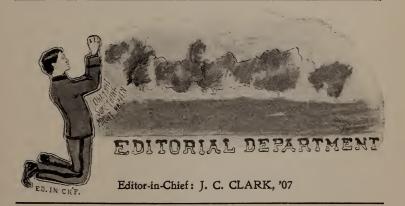
FOUNDED BY CLASS OF 1898

Published Monthly by the Calhoun, Columbian and Palmetto Literary Societies of Clemson Agricultural College

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Contributions solicited from the Faculty, Alumni and Students of the Institute. All literary communications should be addressed to the Editor-in-Chief. All business communications should be addressed to the Business Manager. Subscription price, \$1.00 in advance. Our Advertising Rates are as follows:

One page, per year.........\$20 00 One-fourth page, per year.....\$800 One-half page, per year......\$500 Cone-half page, per year..........500 Cadets are requested to purchase from those who advertise in The Chronicle.



It seems as if the actual construction of the The Canal Panama Canal is now in sight, and that the work will be carried on with the greatest expedition possible. By letting the work out on contract, the government will obtain the surest, quickest, and most satisfactory results. The work will not be hampered any longer by the wrangling of the demagogues; nor is the canal so likely to be converted into a political machine. It will be constructed at the lowest possible cost; and, doubtless, the

actual work will be under more efficient supervision. By this, we do not mean that the government employees are not efficient; but that the government has no force of employees adequate to such an undertaking, while the contracting companies have adequate forces. Again, the government is freed from the distracting problem of obtaining laborers, and the task is in the hands of men experienced in such things. They will probably dig the canal largely with Chinese coolies, natives and West Indians. The coolies belong to the everabundant floating element, and their services can be easily obtained for short periods and, consequently, at very low wages—very much like the negro labor in the turpentine and saw-mill industries in the South.

With the Thanksgiving games all over the country, ended the football season of 1907. The season was watched with great interest by experts, for no one could tell what the outcome would be under the new rules. At Clemson the whole season was replete with surprises and good fortune. Coach Williams and his squad of Tigers went through the entire season without a defeat, and indeed without their goal line being crossed once. The new rules were satisfactory in most respects, but the adherents of football here think that the game has been injured by the ten-yard rule. Coach Williams suggests that if the ten-yard rule is to be retained, four downs should be substituted instead of three.

We have had no serious injuries this year, and that alone would seem to be a very conclusive argument in favor of the new rules as a whole.

We have been much disappointed at the small number of cadets that have joined the Literary Societies this year. We had hoped that the great revival of the society spirit in the societies themselves

would result in many others joining. This, however, has not been so, and we are unable to understand it, for at no college in the State is the need of society training more keenly felt than at Clemson. Our English department is incomplete, and consequently inefficient. Very few hours per week are given to academic instruction and in these only primary subjects are dealt with. Clemson is primarily a scientific school, but both faculty and students realize the need of more literary education here. This need can not be wholly met in the Literary Societies, but a part of it can be met there, and there are other benefits that can be secured nowhere else. Few men are born orators, yet every man is called upon at some time to face an audience. In such a case, most men without training will refuse to speak; or, if they do speak, what they say will carry no influence, and the speaker feels that he has made a fool of himself. These men have ideas, but they have no words to express them; they cannot think upon the stage or rostrum, they are burdened with stage fright-withal, they are pitiful failures as speakers. Now, it will be seen that, as a rule, all leaders of men are those who can at least stand before an audience and tell what they know about a subject.

The Literary Society will help cure many of these defects and also devlop those men who have talent. We feel safe in saying that the man who fails to join one of the Literary Societies at Clemson is missing one-third of his college course.



Editors

W. B. AULL, '07 S. H. SHERARD, '08

And it came to pass that after many weeks "The Newberry Stylus" was found on our table. We are glad to welcome "The Stylus" with us again. On glancing at the cover, one is likely to think that "The Stylus," for October, is up to "its" usual standard; but, on reading it through, he sees his mistake. The contents are unbalanced. "The Age of Unrest" is the only piece worthy of mention. Where are the poets? It has been said that "poets are born and not made;" let us try to make a few poets. "The Editorials" are not as full as they usually are. "The Exchange Department" is full and very interesting, but the magazines criticised were last year's.

In looking over our October exchanges, we find, with pleasure, "The Criterion." It contains several well written stories, an essay, and two pieces of poetry. The editorials are full and interesting.

In due time, the October number of "The Erskinian" was found among our exchanges. This issue does not come up to the standard that "The Erskinian" has heretofore maintained. It contains some "solid" matter and one piece of fiction, but where is the poetry? "My Brethren Am I Seeking" is a scholarly essay, which will do anybody good to read it. "My First and Only Love" is quite unique, because "The Lovers" did not "marry and live happy ever afterwards."

Although "The Gray Jacket" for October, was rather slow in finding its way to our exchange table, we find that "it" was "slow but sure." The contents are very well balanced. "The Gray Jacket" is a "snappy" magazine, and is a good representative of a military school. "The Value of a Sympathetic Study of Nature" is a thoughtful essay.

"The Wesleyan" easily ranks among our best exchanges, and the November issue does credit to any college. It comes to us in a very attractive cover. The contents are evenly balanced—there being "solid matter," poetry, and fiction. The different essays and stories, point out very clearly, the numerous phases of college life. The editors are to be congratulated for the November issue, though it took them two months to get it out. "To Wesleyan's Young Genius," not only applies to "Wesleyan," but to other colleges as well.

"The Limestone Star" for October contains some very readable matter, but we do not think it is up to its usual standard. It contains only one poem, "The Border Light," which, however, is very good indeed. "A Variation from Legal Routine" is a very amusing story written in negro dialect. The editor has as good editorial on "How We Should Take Advantage of An Opportunity," and, we agree with her that the grasping of opportunities is essential to an education. The local department is too short, especially for the first issue. We approve of the exchange editor's idea, that it is time to lay aside the monotonous love story, and write something that is more interesting and instructive.

"The Carolinian" for November has a very attractive cover and, we are not disappointed with the contents. It contains several good stories, "How Sir Baldwin Kept His Vows" and "In the Garden of the Gods" being the best. "His Second Victory" is the same old story of love, disappointment, reconciliation, and, finally, happy marriage. The exchange editor has a very interesting and instructive discussion on criticising college magazines. The Local Department is full and interesting.

The October issue of "Our Monthly" is up to its usual standard. May the great work that is going on at the orphanage prosper and have the support of every true citizen.

"The Palmetto" for November comes to us in a very neat cover, and we are well pleased with the greater part of the magazine. It contains only two solid pieces, and both of these, though short are good. Of the poems, "Two Aged Oaks" and "Mountains at Peace" are the best, but each of these contains only two stanzas. Among the stories, "The Album" and "Who Won," are good; "The Burglar Santa Claus" is a pathetic little story, and is well told. The Exchange Department is full, and contains some good criticisms.

We are glad to see the "Converse Concept" back on our table, because we rank it as one of our best exchanges. The October issue is up to the usual high standard. The debate, "Resolved, that it is time to stop Immigration into the United States," is very interesting, and shows thought and preparation. The poems are really good, "What She Said," being a very catchy little poem. "Paitra Arsa" is a very interesting story translated from German. The editorial, "The Vanity of College Women," is well worth reading.

The October issue of the "Winthrop Journal" is taken up almost entirely by the exercises of the dedication of the new library. The Journal contains a full page picture of the library, which is up-to-date in every particular. We think though, that The Journal should have had several stories in it, any way. The Journal has always been one of our best exchanges, and we hope it will be so in the future.

We are very much pleased with the cover of "The Issa-queena," and are equally as well, if not better pleased with its contents. Among other material, it very appropriately contains one Thanksgiving story and two Thanksgiving

poems. "After Many Years" is very good, and, although a love story, it is told in such a way as to leave a good impression. "She Can't Be Depended On" is very good, and we can all learn a lesson from it. The whole magazine is well got up and the editors are to be commended for their work.

We have received the following November exchanges: "Trinity Archive," "The Mercenian," "The Orange and Blue," "Maryville College Monthly," "Lucy Cobb Magazine," "The Spectrum," "The Limestone Star," "The College Reflector," "Andrew College Journal," "Mississippi College Magazine," "The Oracle," "The Georgia Tech," "Sewanee Purple," "The Gamilacad," "Wake Forest Student," "The Issaqueena," "Newberry Stylus," "Hendrix College Mirror," "The Wesleyan," "Saint Mary's Muse."

CLIPPINGS

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

Pretty night, stars so bright! Diana sheds her softest light.

Brown leaves dancing, brown eyes glancing; Hearts are feeling Cupid's lancing.

A straying curl—winsome girl— Sweetest thing in all the world!

O! tender bliss—a stolen kiss!
Moon and stars all wink at this.

Softest breeze, gentlest squeeze! "Oh, stop, sir! Can't you—please!"

Face to face—close embrace; Diana hides her smiling face.

Heart to heart—ne'er to part, Life is love, and love is art.

Cheerful fire—happy sire!
You've reaped your heart's desire!

College Girl (in dry goods store)—Are you sure this color is fast?

Clerk—Certainly. As fast as the roses on your cheeks.

College Girl—H—m! Show me something else please.—

Exchange.

Indi-F-erent.

Indo-L-ent.

Irreg-U-lar.

Idle-N-ess.

Ir-K-some.

-Exchange.

The gladdest words from a student's pen are these: "Dear Dad, I've passed again."—Exchange.

ENCYCLOPAEDIA POLYTECHNIA.

Booze-Medicine taken to lay the dust while sweeping rooms.

Door—An obstruction of wood, which is securely nailed on the eve of a "celebration."

Eat (from Fressen)—A process of absorption wherein rubber neck and oatmeal figure largely.

Freshman-Antiquated name for a new cadet.

Kadet—One who wears ordinary clothes at college, and saves his uniform to become a heart-smasher during vacation.

Mechanics-Properly termed Icantics.

Non-Coms—Kadets who go sergeant and corporal of the guard.

Order—An ideal condition among Kadets, usually conspicuous by its absence.

Odor-Fish.

Pedagogue—Fifty-three of the species are found at V. P. I.

Poker—An innocent pastime.

Quiz—Amusement which delights professors.

Rats—Rodents, animals which do all manner of menial female labor for old Kadets who are chronically afflicted with "the tired feeling."

Special Course—Primarily for football and baseball stars. Uniform—Article of wearing apparel worn by senior privates while on leave of absence.

A FRESHMAN'S REASONS FOR STUDYING ON SUNDAY.

"If a man is justifiable in helping the ass out of the pit on the Sabbath, how much more justifiable would the ass be in helping himself out."—Exchange.

We saw a thing
Of greenish hue,
And thought it was
A lawn of grass,
But when to it
We closer drew,
We found it was
The freshman class.

--Ex.

Professor (to his son)—"Suppose I should be taken away suddenly, what would become of you, my boy?"

Irreverent Son—"1'd stay here. The question is what would become of you?"

TAPS.

For simple sadness there ne'er was found A sweeter strain than that clear note sound. Oh! muse and musician, give 'tentive ear 'Tis music and melody that you'll hear When taps is blowing.

Why is it, my lad in grey,
We'll feel so sad, O! can you say?
Why is it we hold our breath
In that hush as still as death
When taps is blowing?

Listen, my lad, and you shall hear
Just why it is we drop a tear,
As tho' gathered round a new made mound
We bare our heads to its sacred sound
When taps is blowing.

Full many a thousand hero brave
Was brought from battlefield to grave
And there, with no love ones to weep,
Was left to his eternal sleep
When taps is blowing.

Down through the ages its sad notes have blown Amid death and destruction until it has grown That when we hear those notes to-day We list' to death's soft lullaby When taps is blowing. Are we not drifting ne'er stopping to think
Until we have reached the eternal brink?
Have we convictions and lived to them true?
Then there's no fear when 'tis whispered to you
Your taps is blowing.
—Ex.

They say there're microbes in a kiss,
I really can't believe it;
It surely doesn't feel that way
At least when you receive it.

-Ex.

The Exchange Editor may scratch with a pen
Till the ends of his fingers are sore,
When some one's sure to remark with a jest,
"Rats! how stale! I've heard that before." —Ex.

IN DEFENSE OF THE SEX.

Men wouldn't go to sleep in church, either, if they had to hold their heads up in order to keep their hats on straight.

—(C. L.)

THE PROBLEM.

I am standing at the blackboard;I'll figure till the bell;I cannot solve the problem,And professor knows it well.

I am standing at the blackboard
At the setting of life's sun;
I cannot solve life's problem,
But the Master says, well done."

-Ex.

HIS FORTUNE TOLD.

Teacher—Can any one tell me what a palmist is? Scholar—I know, teacher. It's a woman who uses her hand instead of a slipper.—Judy.

THE KNOWING ONES.

"It is strange how some people cry at weddings."

"Yes, but you've probably noticed that it's never the single people who cry."

"Well?"

"Well, it is only the married ones who realize the tragedy of it."—Houston Post.

AND THE MOST PRACTICAL.

"What," asked the sweet girl graduate, "was the happiest moment of your life?"

"The happiest moment of my life," answered the old bachelor, "was when the jeweler took back the engagement ring and gave me collar-buttons in exchange."—Chicago News.

SAD AND MELANCHOLY DAYS.

She (sentimentally)—"How like life are the waves of the sea!"

He—"You bet. Come to the shore in great style and go away broke."—Detroit News.

BYEBYE, GIRLIE.

Farewell, dear summer girl, a sad farewell, A million sad farewells, fair summer belle! Farewell the dimpled elbows and the arms, Too bad the sleeves must cover up their charms. Likewise farewell the gauzy stockings white, That oft with careless swing you thrust in sight. Farewell the fish net hose and canvas shoe, And ditto fluffy waist so peekaboo. Farewell, alas, the spinal column bare, Now hid by unromantic woolen ware.

A KINDRED THOUGHT.

"I have often stood in a slaughterhouse," observed the flowery man from Chicago, "while the butchers were killing hogs on all sides of me."

"Oh," exclaimed the tender-hearted but tactless New Haven girl, "weren't you dreadfully afraid?"

STRICTLY IN THE SWIM.

Jonah, within the whale, was soliloquizing. "It appears," he said, "that I am down and out, and all in." Which shows how slangy he was.—Sunday Magazine.

FASTING CAME AFTERWARDS.

Mrs. Kicker—"Why do you call your cook 'Lent?'" Mrs. Bocker—"Sh! We've kept her forty days."—*Harper's Bazar*.

FALL STYLES.

"I always pitied Adam and Eve for being driven out of Eden in such insufficient clothing, just as winter was beginning."

"How do you know it was winter?"

"Why, it was just after the fall, wasn't it?"—Cleveland Leader.

OUT OF THE MOUTHS-

Baby's such a funny chap;
To boys he chuckles, "Goo-goo!"
But when he sees the girls go by
He gurgles, "Peek-a-boo!"

MARY AND FLEA.

Mary, on her pretty arm, Found a little flea; Every time she grabbed at it, It would "23."

Fido saw her acting up
And the cause he knew—
Fido smiled and said, "Ah, ha!
Mary's got 'em, too."

-Milwaukee Sentinel.

"Hast thou a lover?" asked he,
"O, maiden of the Rhine?"
She blushed in sweet confusion
And softly answered, "Nein."
He felt rebuffed, and knew not
What best to say, and then
A sudden thought came to him,
He pleaded, "Make it ten."

-Ex.

Good, better, best, Never let it rest Till your good is better And your better best.

-Ex.

Laugh and the world will laugh with you; snore and you will sleep alone.

HOW TO KILL A COLLEGE PAPER OR MAGAZINE.

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

SKIDDOOED.

There was a lonely, gentle youth, Who, sorry to relate, Was cursed with a terrible Gadzooks! An awful fate.

For his body measurements Were made peculiarly, And everything he wore Was just size 23.

His height was 5 feet 23, His shoes likewise skiddoo; His tailor always said to him, "Just 23 for you."

His birthday was the twenty-third, Two-three the telephone, Of cousins there were twenty-three, The twenty-third was Joan. His bills amounted to skiddoo, He worried terribly, He only slept one hour per day And that left twenty-three.

At twenty-three years of age he died,
'Twas not for lack of food,
They sadly said he passed away,
But really I think he just skiddooed. —Ex.

SATIS VERBORUM.

"But I have talked long enough," said the windy orator, looking at his watch.

"Keep on!" shouted a disgusted auditor. "You'll say something after a while!"—Kansas City Post.

CLEARLY RECOGNIZED.

"Now, my friends," said the candidate, making another effort to rouse the enthusiasm of his hearers, "what do we need in order to carry this county by the biggest majority in its history?"

The response was immediate and enthusiastic.

"Another candidate!" yelled the audience as one man.— Chicago Record-Herald.

AN EXPERIMENT.

Use the "hurry up" system on this experiment. It has been found that potassium iodide unites with sulphur (under pressure) with the following reaction: K I plus 1 S—Kiss. Care should be taken to perform the experiment in the dark, as some of the material is explosive, and the reaction violent.—Ex.

FOR AGRICULTURAL STUDENTS ONLY.

Oh, where could life be half so sweet,
So free from care and harm;
So independent and complete,
As on a well kept farm.

The city dwellers fondly dream,
And seek with costly care;
For fresh eggs, fowls, fruits and cream,
The farmers daily fare.

If they would take a carriage ride,
A fortune small they pay,
The farmer in his humble pride,
Can take one any day.

Oh happy farm where quiet reigns, Birthplace of heroes great; Of men, and women too, of brains, Thy power must ne'er abate.

Fall from the quarter deck,
Fall from above;
Fall down and break your neck,
But never fall in love.

--Ex.

IN THE FIRELIGHT.

The fire upon the hearth is low,
And there is stillness everywhere,
While winged spirits, here and there,
The firelight shadows muttering go,
And as the shadows round me creep,
A childish treble breaks the gloom,
And softly from a farther room

Comes, "Now I lay me down to sleep." And somehow, with that little prayer And that sweet treble in my ears, My thoughts go back to distant years And linger with a loved one there; And as I hear my child's amen, My mother's faith comes back to me-Crouched at her side I seem to be, And mother holds my hands again. Oh! for an hour in that dear place! Oh! for the peace of that dear time! Oh! for that childish trust sublime! Oh! for a glimpse of mother's face. Yet, as the shadows round me creep, I do not seem to be alone-Sweet magic of that treble tone, And "Now I lay me down to sleep."

-Eugene Field.



Editors:
R. O. POAG, '08 J. SPRAT'T, '08

Col. J. S. Newman, formerly the head of the Agricultural Department at Clemson, and without doubt the most distinguished agriculturist of the South, has been put on the list of pensioned teachers and will receive an annuity of \$1,200 from the Carnegie fund.

The Fort Hill Presbyterian Church has at last secured an excellent pastor, the Rev. William Mills. Mr. Mills will receive a warm welcome at Clemson.

The Andrew Pickens Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution has been organized and is engaged in locating and marking the graves of Revolutionary soldiers in this and adjoining counties. A large number of graves have already been found.

Fleming, on going where some of the boys were having punch, took some, and, tasting the pineapple in it, remarked; "This is very curious flavored cabbage, I wonder where they got it."

Rat Keasler—"Say, what does a superluminary (supernumerary) have to do on guard mount?"

Mr. and Mrs. Fleming are spending the winter with Mrs. P. H. Mell.

Senior Taylor (in class meeting)—"Mr. President, I nominate Mr. Hicklin for editor."

Hicklin—"Mr. President, I remove that I couldn't write nothing."

Prof. Dargan wins the prize over Professors Calhoun and Harper on the following: "It is said that, if the energy required to lift thirteen ounces through a distance of one foot, were converted into electrical energy without any loss whatever, it would be enough to keep a telephone receiver humming for 240,000 years."

The society officers for the third term are as follows:

PALMETTO.

Thomas D. Eason—President.

R. H. Lemmon, Vice-President.

H. K. Strickland—Secretary.

W. P. Gee-Literary Critic.

W. O. Pratt—Treasurer.

O. D. Wood-Prosecuting Critic.

J. H. Earle, R. O. Poag, E. H. Shuler, M. J. Funchess—Reporting Critics.

E. L. Hutchins—Censor.

A. K. Britt—Sergeant-at-Arms.

COLUMBIAN.

D. B. Peurifoy—President.

A. V. Hooks-Vice-President.

F. J. Crider—Recording Secretary.

H. W. Moore—Literary Critic.

R. H. Fike-Corresponding Secretary.

W. W. Wannamaker-Prosecuting Critic.

J. S. Hughes, A. L. Harris—Reporting Critics.

L. C. Boone-Sergeant-at-Arms.

CALHOUN.

L. Boggs—President.

W. L. Schachte-Vice-President.

J. W. Lewis—Recording Secretary.

J. C. Littlejohn-Corresponding Secretary.

E. B. Plenge-Literary Critic.

W. H. Maynard-Sergeant-at-Arms.

W. H. Rumff—Chaplain.

Mr. Joe H. McLain, '06, is to be married in the near future.

Mr. Thomas Keitt, '06, is to be married in the near future. to take special work under Dr. A. L. Winton in the detection of adulterants in lactean and cattle foods. He will also take a course in microscopy.

Miss Annie Laurie Mell has been visiting friends in Anderson.

Rat Rhea—"Who is allowed to attend the Junior Dancing Club."

Without doubt the best entertainment that has been given on this year's lyceum course, was an impersonation of David Garrick by Leland Powers. All who attended were highly delighted and felt amply repaid.

Rat Brown (at 6:25 a. m.)—"You'd better get up, Martin. The second bell for reverie (reveille) has rung."

Mrs. R. C. Calhoun and daughter, Floride, are visiting relatives in Atlanta.

Junior Crider—"Joe, are you going to the lecture tonight?" Junior Harvey—"I don't know. Is it to be a singing or a musical?"

Prof. Harper, Prof. and Mrs. C. L. Newman, and President and Mrs. P. H. Mell, recently attended a convention of the directors of the experiment station held in Baton Rouge.

Junior Evans (in Mech. Lab.)—"Say, boys, have you seen anything of my irregular triangle."

Corp. Fant (while at rest on drill)—"Boys, I will now sing you a duet."

Boone—"Summers, do you believe in evolution?"
Summers—"Why, yes, you can extract the square root of anything."

Clemson was well represented at the unveiling of the Hampton monument in Columbia by a company of forty-two privates under command of the following officers and non-commissioned officers: Major, Heyward, A. S.; Captain, McCutcheon, E. D.; First Lieutenant, Stephenson, F. M.; Second Lieutenant, Plenge, E. B.; First Sergeant, Martin, F. L.; Sergeants, Busch, C. W.; Tindal, D. L.; Alverson, J. E.; Lykes, N.; Corporals, Garner, L.; Wolfe, B. E.; Pegues, L. O.; Martin, E. C.; Belve, B. F. Clark, O. M.

The Clemson band of fourteen pieces, in charge of Lieut. W. L. Schachte and Drum Major A. T. Beaver, furnished music for the parade.

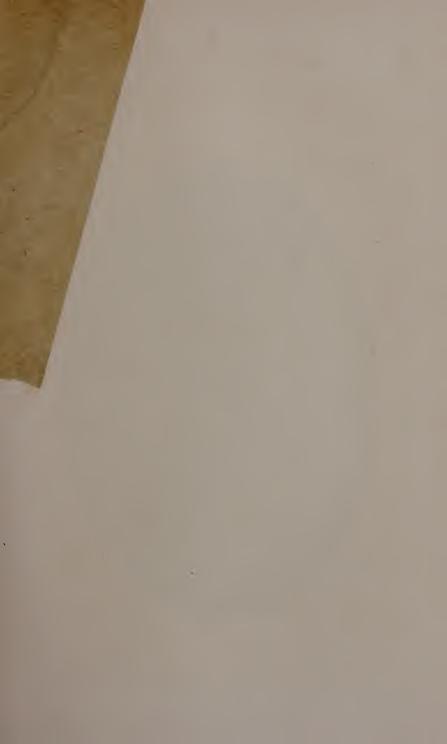
Corp. Martin drilling recruits: "Always step off on the ball of your left feet."

Clark—Looking at water in finger bowl at Charlotte hotel
—"I declare, this is the clearest soup that I ever saw."

Britt (hearing that the Georgia-Tennessee score was 0 to 0—"Which one tied, Georgia or Tennessee?"

President P. H. Mell, Professor C. M. Furman, S. B. Earle, R. N. Brackett and S. P. Earle, Judge J. N. Hook and Dr. P. H. E. Sloan, attended the unveiling of the Hampton monument.

The attention of the corps is called to the about-facing of Sergeants Boone and Martin.





COACH C. R. WILLIAMS.

ATHLETIC NOTES

CLEMSON 0; DAVIDSON 0.

The honors were about evenly divided in the football game between Clemson and Davidson, played in Charlotte on November 3d. Neither side was able to score—the ball see-sawing from one side of the field to the other throughout the twenty-five and twenty minute halves.

Davidson won the toss, and chose to kick to Clemson, who received at the south goal. A line plunge and end run netted seven yards—Furtick then kicking thirty yards out of danger. Davidson, failing to gain the required distance, punted thirty-five yards, and secured the ball on a fumble. A few rapid plays carried the ball to Clemson's fifteen yard line. Here the Tigers were immovable; so Davidson tried a drop kick, which was blocked—the North Carolinians securing the oval in the mix-up. A place kick was then tried, and again the kick was blocked-Clemson, however, securing the ball this time. Throughout the remainder of the half, the ball was carried backward and forward across the field. Both sides resorted to punting frequently, in which department Davidson was somewhat superior. The penalties, which were given quite often, were about equally divided between the two teams. The half ended with the ball in Clemson's possession on Davidson's forty yard line. .

The second half was started by Clemson kicking off to Davidson at the south goal. It was here that Davidson came so near scoring. A play was run off, and one of their men, during the confusion, concealed himself among a bunch of students huddled in one corner of the field. On the next play, the interference shot to the opposite side of the field. The quarter carrying the ball suddenly stopped, turned, and threw the ball away over to the player as he stepped from the crowd. Lykes and Coles tore across the field, outran the man and,

tackling him at the same time, threw him heavily out of bounds. Clemson finally secured the ball on her opponent's fifteen yard line and tried a drop kick, but failed. Here Latimer went in for Clemson, and the game was turned into a kicking match. Clemson would receive a punt, run a play, and then kick. Davidson would do likewise. This was continued for more than five minutes. The game ended when Clemson kicked to Davidson, and Lykes, running down under the punt, threw the man who caught the ball in his tracks—making the prettiest tackle of the entire game.

Davidson has undoubtedly the fastest and most intelligent team that the Tigers have met this season. Both are coached by team-mates of the University of Virginia—a fact which tended to increase the good feeling which prevailed throughout the game. For Clemson, Furtick, McLauren, Lykes, McFadden and Latimer did fine work. McCoy was easily the star of the Davidson aggregation. The work of her two big guards was also a feature.

The officials were: Dr. Nalle, referee; Shaughnessy, umpire; Reynolds, head linesman.

CLEMSON 6; AUBURN 4.

In the game played on the Clemson campus on November 10th, Auburn was defeated by the Tigers—the score being six to four. Auburn won the toss and chose to defend the eastern goal. Clemson received the kick-off. McFadden catching the ball on the twenty-five yard line and returning it to the middle of the field. By a series of plays, Clemson then rushed the ball to her opponents' twenty-five yard line, where it was lost on a fumble. Auburn failing to gain anything through the line, was compelled to kick. Clemson again started the ball up the field, but were soon forced to punt. Auburn, by recovering a kick, and successfully getting off a couple of forward passes, worked the ball to Clemson's twenty-five yard line, from which place Captain Whitner

succeeded in kicking a goal, making the score 4 to 0. For the remainder of the half neither side was able to get within striking distance of the opponent's goal.

In the second half, Auburn received the ball, but was soon forced to kick—Latimer receiving the ball, and carrying it back down the side line for thirty yards. In the next two downs, the ball was rushed to Auburn's seven yard line, from where McLaurin carried it over for a touchdown. McFadden kicked goal, making the score 6 to 4 in favor of the South Carolinians. Shortly after the next kick-off, Auburn, through a fumble, got the ball on Clemson's fifteen yard line and rushed it within three inches of the goal line. Latimer then kicked out twenty yards to Harris, who made a fair catch. Whitner tried for a goal, but missed it. Clemson then carried the ball to Auburn's fiften-yard line, from which Latimer failed at goal by a few inches. Auburn kicked out, when time was called. Final score: Clemson 6, Auburn 4.

Auburn excelled in punting and in using the forward pass, but could gain othing over her opponent's line. Allen, Keel, McLaurin, McFadden, Derrick, Coles, and Lykes starred for Clemson. Harris, McLure, Penton, and White, put up the best game for Auburn.

Umpire, Shaughnessy, Notre Dame; referee, Beverly, Lehigh; head linesman, Matthews, Auburn.

The line-up was as follows:

CLEMSON.	Position.	AUBURN.
Coles, Caughman	R. E	Hughes
McLaurin	R. T	Penton
Britt, Carter	R. G	Holly, Locke
Clarke		Davis
Keel	L. G	Rickett
Gaston	L. T	Gantt
Lykes	L. E	Whitner
	R. H	

Furtick, Latimer	L. H	Ware, Harris
Derrick	F. B	Hill, Harris
McFadden, Coles	Mo	Lure, Wilkerson

GEORGIA SCRUBS 5; CLEMSON SCRUBS 0.

In what was nearer a swimming match than a football game, Clemson Scrubs lost to Georgia Scrubs by the score of 5-0. The game was played in a downpour of rain—the field being nearly ankle deep in mud and water.

In the first half, neither side scored, though the Clemson Scrubs carried the ball within Georgia's five-yard line three times, only to lose it on fumbles. In the second half, Clemson again had the best of it until Georgia blocked two kicks, and fell on the ball behind Clemson's goal line, it having been fumbled on an attempted kick, thus scoring her only touchdown. After this, Clemson again rushed the ball to her opponent's ten-yard line, but time was called before it could be carried over. The game ended with the ball in Clemson's possession on Georgia's seven-yard line.

The Clemson Scrub's line-up was as follows:

Right endCraig, Walker
Right tackleBryan, Frazer
Right guardTruluck
Centre Keasler
Left guardOdom
Left tackleFulmer
Left endSpratt
Quarter Wyman
Right halfTurner
Left half
Full backLachicotte

CLEMSON 16; TENNESSEE 0.

The game which was to have been played with the University of Tennessee in Knoxville on the 17th, had to be changed

on account of a heavy snow-storm in that city. The game was played instead on the Clemson campus the following Monday.

Clemson started the game off in a rush, carrying the ball to her opponents five-yard line, only to lose it. Tennessee then received the ball, and at once kicked out of danger. This was repeated four times in the first half—Clemson rushing the ball to within striking distance of the goal, only to lose it on downs or fumbles, Tennessee then kicking the ball back up the field. The half ended with the score 0-0.

In the second half, Clemson seemed to wake up, and take on new life. The first score was made when Coles took the ball and ran thirty-five yards, behind beautiful interference, for a touchdown. The second was made by Derrick, after the ball had been carried across the field, principally by McLaurin, Gaston, Latimer and Allen. McLaurin made the third and last one after the ball had been carried across the field in a similar manner. Only one goal was kicked, the game ending—Clemson 16; Tennessee 0.

Tennessee's punting was very fine, and helped to keep the score against them as low as it was. McLaurin, Coles, Gaston, Clark, Keel, Latimer and McFadden did the best work for Clemson.

For Tennessee, Peevy and Leech deserve special mention.

The line-up was as follows:

•		
TENNESSEE.	Position.	CLEMSON.
Proctor		Clarke
Doughtery	R. G	Britt, Carter
King	R. T	McLaurin
Leech	R. E	Coles
Bunther	L. G	
Walters	L. T	Gaston
Cochran	L. E	Lykes,
		Cauchman Spratt

Loucks	Q. B.	McFadden, Warren
Baker	R. H.	Latimer, Blease
Keener	L. H.	Allen, Turner
Peevy	F. B.	Derrick

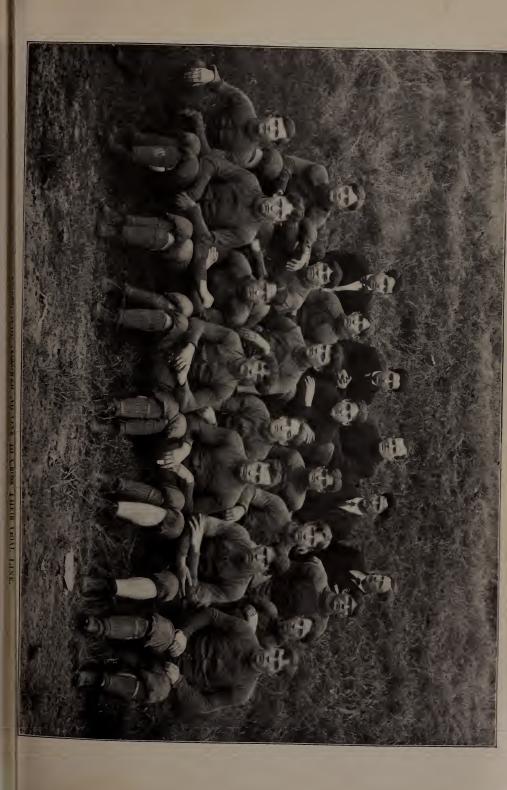
Umpire, Shaughnessy; referee, Beverly; head linesmen, Beanc and Sitton.

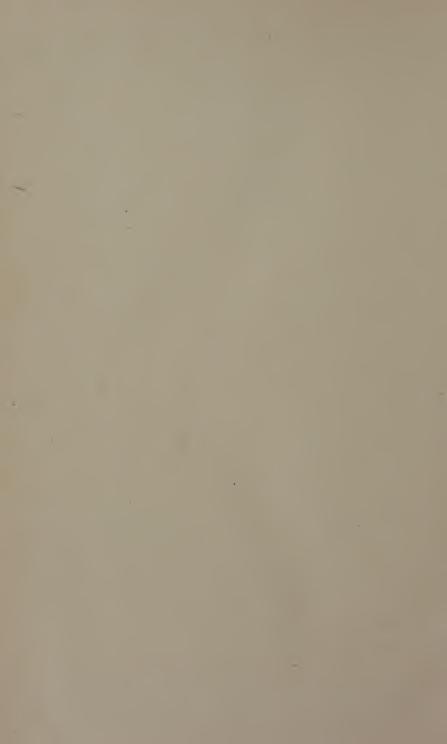
CLEMSON 10: TECH 0.

In by far the fastest and most interesting game of the whole season, Clemson defeated the Georgia School of Technology on Thanksgiving Day by the score of 10 to 0. The Tigers were all in the pink of condition, and went to Atlanta with the full determination of beating the Yellowjackets or dying in the attempt. This, thanks to the excellent work of Coach Williams and the persistent training of his men, was an easy task for Clemson. Of the great throng of over 6,000 enthusiasts who crowded the stands and side lines, a large majority expected to see Tech. win; but before the game had been in progress five minutes, all saw the finish of the Georgians.

First Half.

Furtick started the game by booting the ball 15 yards to Monroe, who came back one-third the distance. Captain Davies failed to gain around right end; but on the next play, he went through the line on a delayed pass for 4 yards. Brown attempted to punt, but the ball was blocked by Keel—Brown falling on it, however. The next trial was successful—the oval going 55 yards to McFadden, who ran it back 30 yards before he was downed. After two attempts to gain through the line, Furtick dropped back for a place kick. The ball was passed high; but Coles succeeded in running it back 10 yards. Tech secured the ball, however, as the required 10 yards had not been gained. Adamson failed to gain on a line plunge, and Clemson was penalized 5 yards for being offside. Davies failed to gain around right end.





Brown punted 35 yards to McFadden. Derrick plunged through centre for three yards, and Coles added five around right end. Furtick kicked 50 yards—Lykes throwing Brown as he caught the ball. Adamson failing to gain on a fake kick, Brown attempted to punt, but Keel again broke through and blocked it. On the next trial, Brown booted the ball 30 yards to Furtick, who ran it back 10 yards. Here Furtick made one of the longest runs of the game by clipping off 35 yards around left end. McFadden then went around right end for the remaining ten yards and a touch-down. Furtick failed to kick goal.

Score: Clemson 5; Tech 0.

Brown kicked off 55 yards to Furtick, who ran the ball back 20 yards. Derrick failed to gain, McLaurin made 6 yards over tackle, and Furtick added 15 by a dash around left end. McFadden gained 2 yards, but Allen, failing to gain, Furtick kicked 45 yards, and a Clemson player fell on Furtick and Coles gained 12 yards on end runs; but Clemson, failing to make the required distance on the next three downs, lost the ball on Tech's 5-yard line. punted 40 yards. On a delayed pass and a fake buck, Furtick gained 18 yards. On the next play, Clemson was penalized 5 yards for being offside. Furtick was again given the ball, and this time made 12 yards around right end. An outside kick was then made, the ball going to Brown on the 10-yard line. After two attempts to gain, Brown kicked 35 yards. As Clemson failed to gain, Furtick punted 40 yards to Adamson, who was thrown for a loss. Tech lost the ball on an onside kick. Clemson securing it on her opponent's 35 yard line. Here punts were exchanged, neither side gaining anything. Furtick gained 12 yards on a double pass. required distance was not gained in next two downs, so the ball went to Tech, who, failing to gain, punted. Allen gained 13 yards and Furtick added 2 more. Allen again went forward 2 yards, after which Furtick tried a short kick, but lost the ball. Tech, trying a forward pass, also lost the ball, Clemson securing it on the 25-yard line. At this point McFadden and Furtick pulled off a pretty double pass, which added 6 yards to the Tigers' gains. Here the whistle sounded for the end of the half.

Score: Clemson 5; Tech 0.

Second Half.

Brown kicked 65 yards to Furtick, who brought the ball back 20 yards before being stopped. McLaurin made 15 yards over tackle. After Allen and Coles failed to gain any ground, Furtick punted 40 yards to Brown, who was thrown in his tracks by Lykes. Here Tech again lost the ball on an attempted forward pass. Allen went around left end for a gain of 18 yards, and Furtick skirted the opposite end for an additional 4 yards, when McLaurin went over tackle for 4 more. Furtick signaled for a kick, but the ball was snapped over his head. He recovered it, however, and got off a 30-yard punt. Lykes went down under the kick, secured the ball on the bound, and went the remaining 15 yards for the Tigers' second touch-down.

Warren failed to kick goal. Score: Clemson 10: Tech 0.

Brown kicked to Coles, who returned the ball 10 yards. As Tech was offside on the kick-off, they kicked again and Allen brought the ball back 15 yards. On the next two trials, Allen gained 10 and 7 yards over centre and around end, respectively. Here Warren, who went in to take McFadden's place, failed to gain on a quarterback run. Furtick kicked 35 yards. Tech again tried the forward pass, but did not succeed, Furtick having caught the ball and run 10 yards before being stopped. Allen took 10 yards, and McLaurin being called on, added 17 more. Allen failed to gain, but Furtick, on a double pass, went around left end for 35 yards. A forward pass was tried, but a Tech man secured the ball. The

Yellow jackets could not gain, so were forced to punt. Warren gained 4 vards, but as the Tigers did not make the required distance on the next two trials, the ball went over. Tech made a successful onside kick of 15 yards, but were penalized an equal distance for holding. Here Carter went in for Britt at guard. Allen captured the oval on an attempted forward pass by Tech, and ran it back 20 yards. Lykes dropped back as if to kick, but instead made a pretty forward pass of 30 yards to Warren. Furtick gained 8 yards over tackle, but the Tigers were penalized 15 yards for holding. On the next play, Lykes repeated his long forward pass—this time to Allen-for a gain of 25 yards. Tech, securing the ball on a penalty, passed the ball directly over the line for a gain of 10 yards. Tech lost the ball on a forward pass, and Clemson, in turn, did the same thing. Here punts were exchanged, neither side gaining anything. Tech made 20 yards on a delayed pass, but lost the ball on a forward pass. Furtick punted 30 yards after Warren and Allen had failed to gain. Tech got off a forward pass, securing the ball on Clemson's 50-yard line. An outside kick netted the Georgians 20 yards, but the ball was lost on a failure at a forward pass. McLaurin and Derrick made 9 yards, after which Furtick punted 30 yards. Tech ran off on end run for a gain of 30 vards, but could gain nothing after this, Clemson securing the oval on downs. Clemson lost the ball, but secured it again, when the ball was snapped over the kicker's head. plunged through the line for five yards, and was followed by McLaurin, who made 15 yards around end. Furtick punted to Brown, who, on first down, returned the kick, Warren receiving the ball and carrying it back 40 yards. Clemson lost the ball on a forward pass. Here time was called and the game was over.

Owing to the fact that every member of the team played well, it is very difficult to say just who did the best work. During the whole game, the Tigers displayed remarkable team

work, as well as beautiful individual playing. The general opinion of the public concerning the result of the game is that Clemson simply outplayed Tech in every department—hence the score.

This victory brought to a close one of the most successful seasons that Clemson has ever had. Not one of the seven teams that were played succeeded in crossing her goal line. This is a very enviable record, and is one of which no other team in the South can boast.

The line-up was as follows

CLEMSON.	Position.	Тесн.
Clark		Monroe
Carter, Bitt	R. G	Snyder
McLaurin	R. T	Luck
Coles	R. E	$\dots \dots Brown$
Keel	L. G	Pittard
Gaston	L. T	McCarty
Lykes, Caughman	L. E	Sweet
McFadden, Warre	en Q	Robert
Furtick	R. H	Hightover
Allen, Blease	L. H	Davies
Derrick	F. B	Adamson
Subs. Latimer	Cannon Pinckney	

Subs: Latimer, Cannon, Pinckney.

Officials: Referee, Henry Phillips, of Sewance; umpire, "Bronco" Armstrong, of Yale.

Length of halves: 30 minutes.

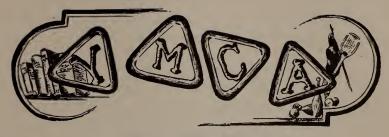
Alumni Notes

Mr. W. Beckett, '06, is with the General Electric Co., address, Mullet Hall, S. C.

Mr. P. H. Adams, '06, is also with the General Electric Co., at Greenwood, S. C.

- Mr. A. G. Ellison, '06, is in the employment of the Southern Cotton Oil Co., Gastonia, N. C.
 - Mr. A. F. Cleveland is at Spartanburg, S. C.
- Mr. L. G. Southard, '06, is in the Bank of Jonesville, at Jonesville, S. C.
- Mr. E. H. Jones, '06, is in the oil mill business, Cartesville, Ga.
- Mr. W. S. Baskin, '06, will be with the General Electric Co., Schenectady, N. Y., after July 16, 1907. Home address, Iva, S. C.
- Mr. M. A. Savage, '06, General Electric Co., Walterboro, S. C.
- Mr. L. C. Dickson, '06, 10 West Seventh street, Charlotte, N. C.
- Mr. L. B. Martin, '06, is with the Armour Fertilizer Co., Atlanta, Ga.
 - Mr. W. C. Moore, '06, is at McBee, S. C., R. F. D. No. 2.
- Mr. F. R. Sweeney, '06, is assistant engineer Southern Power Co. Location not certain. Home address, Woodruff, S. C.
- Mr. T. F. Barton, '06, General Electric Co., Rowesville, S. C.
 - Mr. J. N. Wright, Woodlawn Inn, Pittsfield, Mass.
- Mr. T. R. Ellison is with the Westinghouse Electric Co., Winnsboro, S. C.
- Mr. D. G. Adams, '06, Virginia Passenger & Power Co., Richmond, Va.

- Mr. S. L. Webb, '06, Pennsylvania Railway Co., Hoboken, N. J.
- Mr. L. R. Hoyt, '06, is with Edwards & Walter, Columbia, S. C.
- Mr. W. J. Latimer is with the dairy division of the Agricultural Department, Washington, D. C.
- Mr. E. P. Alford, '06, Fort Pitt Bridge Co., Cannonsburg, Penn.
 - Mr. W. P. White, '06, Woodlawn Inn, Pittsfield, Mass.
- Mr. H. S. Jenkins is with the Southern Power Co., at Great Falls, S. C.
 - Mr. T. E. Stokes, '06, is studying law at Carolina.
- Mr. Thos. E. Keitt, '06, is taking a special course in chemistry at Clemson.
- Mr. H. P. Stuckey is teaching school at his home in Darlington County.



Editor: J. W. LEWIS, '08

This is the Bible study number of the Association Department.

It is with pleasure that we call the attention of our readers to some of the notable advances in the Bible study department of the Young Men's Christian Association in Clemson College. The thorough organization, the 38 classes with 275 members, the co-operation of Christian men on the Faculty, the expert training of the leaders and the growing spirit among the boys to know more of the Bible, are facts worth our investigation.

The four courses offered cover in a general way the entire Bible. Two of these courses deal with the life and times of Jesus; one with the Old Testament characters, and the other with the Acts and Epistles, taking for its basis the records and letters of the Apostolic Age.

The modern college Bible class is not a collection of narrow-minded religious fanatics; it is not a prayer meeting, nor a revival; neither is it a dry discussion of theology, nor a course of lectures. It is a gathering of six or ten men on Sunday evening when other duties are laid aside, for an informal discussion of the moral and religious ideas which vitally effect the life of every man. The Association Bible class is gaining because the boys really learn something.

THE INSTITUTE.

The need of the Associations of this section of the State, for an opportunity to discuss together the best methods of carrying on Bible study, and to learn more of the work, was fully met in the Inter-Collegiate Bible Study Institute, held at Clemson on November 2, 3 and 4. Seventy-one delegates were present, from seven different institutions of the State, as follows: Wofford College, 14; Wofford Fitting School, 6; Furman University, 21; Erskine College, 8; Newberry College, 9; Presbyterian College, 11; University of South Carolina, 2.

Among the talented speakers who aided in making the institute a success were Dr. O. E. Brown, of Vanderbilt University, and Mr. W. D. Weatherford, student secretary for the South. Much help was derived from the addresses of Mr. C. D. Daniel, student secretary for North and South Carolina; Prof. D. W. Daniel, of Clemson; Prof. W. M. Steele, of Furman University, and Rev. K. G. Finlay, of Clemson College.

The delegates arrived Friday evening, and were soon taken to the places assigned them among the people on the hill, or were cared for by their friends in the barracks. At 8:30 the opening address was delivered by Dr. Brown. Saturday forenoon and afternoon was devoted to the discussion of methods and principles of Bible study. In the evening, Mr. Weatherford addressed the audience. His topic was, "The Formation of Character." Following the meeting, a reception was given by the Clemson Association to the visiting delegates. During the reception, the old mess hall fairly rang with the songs and yells of the merry-makers. Upon their presentation by the witty toast-master, Dr. Brown, Dr. Mell, Prof. Steele and others gave toasts which were much enjoyed by all. Col. Clay then, in a few appropriate words, gave his appreciation of the work of the Association. After leaving the mess hall, the students representing the different colleges gathered in groups, on the parade ground in front of the barracks, and for a few minutes gave all the songs and yells of which college boys are capable.

Dr. Brown, who conducted the Sunday school on the following morning, gave a very interesting and instructive analysis of the Beatitudes. Chapel exercises, at 11:30, were conducted by Prof. Steele. At 2:30 P. M. the leaders' training classes met in three sections. After the closing exercises, held in the evening, the regular Bible classes met in the students' rooms, the delegates visiting the different classes.

In conclusion, we wish to extend to the people on the hill, our appreciation of their kindness and warm hospitality accorded the delegates, which made possible the holding of the Institute at Clemson.

Conserving Results of the Institute.

Perhaps one of the greatest results of the institute is the dignity which has been added to the Association, and the attention and better understanding of the Association, which it has attracted from the student body. The effect of this is being manifested in several ways, one of which is the increased number who have joined Bible classes within the past few weeks. Most of the groups have added one or more new men to their roll. A new class has lately been organized on "G" and "H" Co. halls; and at present the great need is for leaders to form more new classes throughout the barracks. The Bible study committee, taking advantage of this opportunity, is holding weekly meetings, and will continue to, so long as there is room for more thoroughly planning and pushing ahead with this work. Several meetings of the Bible leaders were called immediately after the conference; and they will hereafter hold at least monthly meetings. A notable event in the history of the Bible department is the fact that several of the Faculty are preparing papers on different topics, such as the miracles of Christ, or on the Pharisees, for instance, which they will deliver before the different classes. They will meet with the classes in

the students' rooms, and thus, by these short talks, add much to the interest and intellectual facts.

INTERESTING FACTS CONCERNING STUDENT BIBLE STUDY.

- I. 560 students of North America reported 33,157 men studying in 3,089 Bible classes.
- II. 108 institutes having no Bible study the previous year reported Bible classes.
- III. 291 institutions had Bible Reference Libraries, an increase of 117 libraries over the previous year.
- IV. 112 Normal training classes for student Bible leaders were reported in 99 institutions. These classes were taught by 4 college presidents and deans, 59 college professors, 13 clergymen, and 47 general secretaries.
- V. 2588 non-Christian students were enrolled in Bible classes in 228 institutions.
- VI. 170 Bible institutes were held for the training of Bible leaders and committeemen. The following table shows steady growth in this effective training agency:

														-``	•	~	,,	720	OF DIDI
YEAR.																n	18	Т	ITUTES.
1902																			7
1904																			92
1906																			170

NUMBER OF BIRLE

VII. 41,213 Bible study books have been purchased for use by students the past college year.

VIII. 71 college presidents, college professors, and prominent alumni, representing 40 North American institutions, have become associated with this student Bible movement for purposes of counsel and co-operation.

IX. 115 institutions report that 646 college men were led to embrace the Christian life during the past year through the agency of Bible groups.

These eight institutions show the representative growth of Bible study during the past three years:

	1903-04	1904-05	1905-06
University of Illinois	470	604	560
Princeton University	362	394	375
Oberlin College	223	310	325
Emory and Henry College	36	85	113
Iowa State College	253	5 84	528
U. S. Military Academy	203	225	207
Virginia Polytechnic Institute	130	178	103
Clemson A. & M. College	30	75	163

The Bible class roll of the Dundee, Scotland, Association contains the names of 862 men, and over 500 are present each Sunday. The *Dundee Courier* considers the Association "one of the most powerful influences for good in the city."

The Madras, India, Association has thirty-nine Bible classes with over 300 men enrolled. These are Mohammedans, Hindoos, Indians, Europeans, and Eurasians, and from boyhood to middle-aged men. Only twelve of these meetings are held in the Association building; the rest are in boarding houses and schools.

At Iowa State College, 650 men are engaged in Bible study. At the opening decision meeting, five men decided for the Christian life.

At Charles City College, Iowa, eighty-five per cent. of all the men in the institution have joined the Association, and eighty per cent. have been enrolled in Bible study.

At the University of Illinois, the Bible study canvass, under strong leadership, had already enrolled 600 men on October 15. Sixty-four classes are now being conducted. A religious census had then been completed, and the mission study and the foreign work canvasses were under way.

No young man can afford to be ignorant of the Bible. The best literature is crowded with treasures from its pages. Shakespeare and Milton, Tennyson and Browning, Longfellow and Lowell, Webster and Hawthorne, fed their great souls

on its choice food, and grew fat. All men need its nourishment and inspiration to support their efforts after a pure, rich character, a useful, God-like, lofty life. Daniel Webster well said: "The Bible is a book of faith, and a book of doctrine, and a book of morals, and a book of religion, of special revelation from God."—Association Men.

CLEMSON COLLEGE DIRECTORY

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P. H. E. Sloan, Secretary-Treasurer.

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Columbian Literary Society.

President.

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Palmetto Literary Society.

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H. K. STRICKLAND, Secretary.

The Clemson College Annual of 1907.

L. Boggs, Editor-in-Chief.

F. M. Stephenson, Business Manager.

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[Entered at Clemson College, S. C., Post Office as second class mail matter.]



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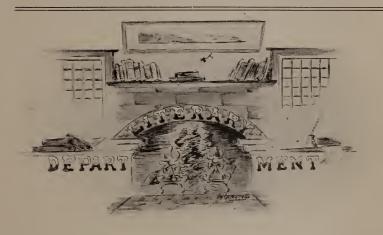


The Clemson College Chronicle

Valeat Quantum Valere Potest

Vol. X. CLEMSON COLLEGE, S. C., JAN., 1907.

No. 4



Editors:

B. D. CARTER. '07

W. O. PRATT, '08

Love Versus Riches

With an expression of despair upon her face, a beautiful young woman sat, with bowed head, at one end of a mahogany dining table in the spacious hall of an old English castle. At the other end of the table sat an old man, whose eyes rested lovingly upon the beautiful woman in front of him. The star upon the old man's breast proclaimed him to be a lord of high degree; and the rich furnishings of the castle and the retinue of trained servants gave evidence of great wealth. The old man was speaking, but the woman seemed not to hear him. Her thoughts were far away among the green fields of her childhood's home in South Carolina. Her mind was filled with a vision of a little cottage among the pines, with herself as the housewife and a

ruddy-faced youth as the master of the humble home. With a look of aversion at her companion, she remembered the time-honored maxim: "Better to be a young man's slave than an old man's darling."

Her reveries were disturbed by the insistence of the old man's tone. "Helen," he said, "listen to me. I love you, dear, better than my life. You are my joy, my pride. Tonight the King and many of the highest nobles and ladies of the kingdom will be here, and to you they will all pay homage."

To Helen, this prospect of conquest held no charms. She remembered with disgust her one-time longing for a title and a place in the highest society. She felt that she could no longer deceive that gray-haired man at the other end of the table, who thought that she loved him. Raising her eyes to his, she exclaimed: "Lord Rathburne, I have deceived you. I have never loved you, and I know that I never can. I married you because of my mother's persuasions, and because of my own yearning for the glamour of a title. Tonight, however, I shall comport myself as the proud wife of a noble lord; for the irrevocable vows of obedience have been plighted."

For a moment, Lord Rathburne looked at Helen with an expression of dumb bewilderment, and then he rose from his chair and started towards her with clenched hands as if he intended to strike her. But, recovering himself, he sank back into his chair and his head dropped dejectedly upon his breast. "I might have known," he groaned, "that one endowed with so much youth and beauty could never love one so old as I. It is unreasonable to suppose that the tender flowers of spring could waste their fragrance among the withered boughs of winter. I have only one request to make of you. For the sake of an old man's pride, will you act your part in the farce to-night?"

"No one shall know, my Lord," she answered, "but that our expressions of devotion are true instead of being a farce, as you have so aptly put it. No act of mine shall bring you to shame before your distinguished guests."

That night, an apparently happy couple received the guests at Rathburne Hall. The jovial laughter of Lord Rathburne seemed to indicate a heart filled with good cheer, while the bright smiles of Lady Rathburne convinced every one present that she was the happiest woman in England. Truly, as Lord Rathburne had predicted, both King and courtiers paid willing tribute at the shrine of Helen's beauty. Whereever she went, she was surrounded by a group of admirers, who listened eagerly to the wit of the superb American beauty. Although apparently happy, Helen was really, with the possible exception of Lord Rathburne, the most miserable person in the assemblage.

When, at last, the waiting carriages had taken the guests away from the scene of what was spoken of as "the grandest social event of the season," Helen ran to her room and threw herself upon the bed, with a sigh of relief. For a long time she lay there, silently weeping, until suddenly she sat bolt upright, with the light of a sudden resolve flashing in her eyes. "I will do it!" she exclaimed. wrong, I know, but it is better to die than to be a living lie." As she sat upon the bed trying to think of some method of carrying out her hastily-formed plan, her glance rested upon a crossed sword and dagger, relics of mediæval times, hanging upon the opposite wall. At the thought suggested by the old weapons, Helen jumped from the bed, and, running to the opposite side of the room, she took the dagger from its place upon the wall, where it had probably remained undisturbed for centuries. She examined the weapon with morbid curiosity, feeling its point and trying to decipher the letters engraved around the coat of arms upon the hilt. "I suppose," she ruminated, "this dagger has drawn the life-

blood of many a human being; and once more, after years of disuse, it shall be brought into requisition." With a muttered prayer, she raised the dagger to bury it in her heart; but before she could strike the fatal blow, her courage failed her and her hand dropped trembling to her side. Compressing her lips with determination, she closed her eyes and raised the dagger once more to strike the blow that would put her beyond the pale of earthly woe; but again the dagger fell bloodless to her side. This time her hand had not been palsied by fear, but a sound from below her window had caused her to pause and listen intently. "Can it be possible," she asked herself, "'the whistle of the Edisto' her in England?" Her thoughts flew back instantly to her childhood days, when she and Harry Paine had played together on the banks of the Edisto river in far-away South Carolina. The sound that Helen had heard below the window was a long drawn whistle, which had long ago been the signal, fancifully called by them, "the whistle of the Edisto," for her to join Harry Paine at the secret playground on the banks of the Edisto. For several seconds, she stood listening, hoping to hear the whistle repeated, and then she was rewarded; for, immediately below her window, she heard a cautious repetition of the sound that had a few moments before saved her life.

With wildly-beating heart, Helen ran to the window and threw it open. "Who is there?" she softly called, looking into the darkness below.

"It is Harry Paine," came the whispered answer. "Helen," called the voice from below, "I have crossed the ocean to see you. I could stay away from you no longer. I know it is folly for me to come here, but I could not stay away. Tell me, are you happy? I can go away contented if I know that you are satisfied with your lot."

"No, Harry," Helen answered, "I am far from being

happy; I am miserable. I have not had one happy moment since I became Lord Rathburne's wife."

"Is he cruel to you?" Harry fiercely asked.

"No," she replied, "but I do not love him, and it is impossible for one to be happy with a man whom one does not love."

For a few moments Harry was silent, and then he hesitatingly asked: "Will you leave Lord Rathburne and go with me to a part of America where we are not known? You once told me that you loved me. If you still love me, dear, prove it by acceding to my wishes."

"Harry," she falteringly answered, "I know that it is wrong to do what you ask; but I cannot stand the life that I am living. In a few minutes I shall join you beneath that large oak, to the right of my window." She hastily scribbled a note of explanation to Lord Rathburne and left it upon the table. She changed her evening dress for a traveling suit, and, packing in a valise the articles that she wished to carry with her, she noiselessly left the room.

Silently, two figures stole, hand in hand, across the moonlit grounds of the old English castle. The beautiful young woman, who had languished beneath the shadow of a hoary head, had found her affinity.

In his library below Lady Rathburne's chamber, a sleep-less lord had heard the whispered colloquy between Lady Rathburne and Harry Paine. He had listened with a breaking heart to the words that forever severed him from the woman whom he had loved better than his life. He made no attempt to interfere with the flight of his wife; for his spirit was completely broken.

The next morning after the flight (called by the newspapers the inexplicable disappearance) of Lady Rathburne, Lord Rathburne was found dead in his bed, with a mediæval dagger sheathed in his heart. Closely clasped in his left hand was a note, containing the signature of Lady Rath-

burne. So, the prophecy of Lady Rathburne was fulfilled—the relic of the Dark Ages was indeed again brought into requisition.

G. G. W., '08.

Letter From a South Carolinian in the Philippines

Fort Sheridan, Ill., Dec. 21st, 1906.

Dear ———:
* * * * * * * * * * *

I presume it will be necessary for me to give you a brief history of my life since I left —, in 1901. In March I enlisted in the army and was sent to Fort McPherson, Ga., where I was assigned to Co. "G," of the Twenty-sixth Infantry. I remained in this regiment until the following May, when I was transferred to Co. "K," of the Twentyseventh Infantry. In July my battalion was ordered to Plattsburg, N. Y., where we remained until the 5th of December. The Twenty-seventh was then ordered to the Philippines by way of New York, from which port we embarked on the 6th, on the transport Crook. Perhaps you may imagine how a land-lubber, like myself, felt when he saw the shores of his native land gradually recede from view. But there are incidents of a sea voyage that your imagination, however active, cannot truthfully portray—such as mal de mere, etc. The first land sighted was the Azores, belonging to Portugal-bleak looking islands with scarcely anything growing upon them. In a few days we sighted the lighthouse at Cadiz. Then through the strait of Gibraltar we reached the famous rock of the same name, where we anchored for two days. Gibraltar is an interesting place, and notwithstanding the fact that it is conceded to be the most strongly fortified place in the world, and though you would expect to see the place bristling with guns, there was only one gun visible—the others being thoroughly masked. The only British soldier that I could see was a sentry on the

central ground, where Spain also has a sentry. From the deck of the transport I had a superb view of the harbor and city, which is built at the base of the rock and arranged in tiers like the seats in a theater. It was night, and the city of Gibraltar was brilliantly illuminated with electricity. In the distance was a small Spanish city—not a light visible. Gazing at the two, I was constrained to compare the civilization of England with that of Spain. Rock-strong, self-reliant, and impregnable was typical of one, while the crumbling walls, dark-enshrouded, truthfully portrayed the condition of the other.

From Gibraltar we sailed through the blue Mediterranean By this time, I was on my sea-legs. The sea was calm and I could thoroughly appreciate the many places, famous in song and story, which we passed. On the 24th of December we anchored in the harbor of Valette, island of Malta. We remained here three days. The British Mediterranean squadron was in the harbor, and Tommy Atkins gave us a royal welcome. I ate Christmas dinner on board the Canopus (flagship of the squadron). We were then allowed shore leave and visited the city, where our English cousins again took charge of us. This place is famous as being the last place where the Knights of St. John made a stand against the Turks. St. Paul was wrecked upon this island. We stopped next at Alexandria, and then at Port Said, where we coaled. There is a statue on the canal of Ferdinand de Lesseps-the French engineer who corrupted Said Pasha and eventually finished the big ditch, now controlled by England. This incident is an example of "poetic justice.' In passing through the canal, there is nothing interesting, except an occasional caravan of camels and dirty Arabs tending flocks of goats and performing their devotions by turning their faces toward Mecca when the labors of the day are finished. Suez City, where we next stopped, is absolutely devoid of interest. Next through the Red

Sea. I saw Mt. Sinai in the distance. Other places of interest were, Moses' well, and the Twelve Apostles, as twelve barren rocks, rising several yards from the water, are called. Our next stop was Seden, an English port, where British soldiers are garrisoned. After that came Columbo, on the island of Ceylon-a beautiful place. While we were in Columbo the British government had a camp established near, where Boer prisoners were confined. This was the first and only time that I had an opportunity of seeing these people who fought so gallantly for their country. Grim, determined looking fellows they were, and as I looked at them I sympathized with them and their cause. Next Singapore, where we coaled again. The people here are mostly Chinese. In the harbor was a magnificent Russian cruiser -the Varriag-built by the Cramps, of Philadelphia, for the Russian government. This vessel was sunk by the Japanese in the harbor of Chemulpo.

After crossing the China Sea we arrived at Manilla, the scene of Dewey's great victory. We landed and marched to Camp Wallace, where we stayed under canvas for ten days. Then we boarded the transport again for some of the southern islands. My company was stationed at Bangoo, a small island not far distant from British North Borneo. Here we were stationed for six months. and our troubles began. We-boarded the transport Lawton and were taken to Malabang, on the island of Mindinao. The natives were hostile and were on the warpath continually. We remained on this island twelve months fighting Moros, building military roads, contending with Asiatic cholera, tropical malaria, and the thousand and one other diseases incident to the tropics. 'Twas with a feeling of relief that we boarded the Kirkpatrick to return to Manila. There we boarded a train and were taken to Bayambam, a town on the Manila and Dugupan Railroad. After spending six months here, we boarded the transport Fagan for

the States, via Nagasaka, Japan, and Honolulu. We arrived in 'Frisco on the 13th day of February, 1904, were encamped at the Presidio for about ten days, when my battalion was ordered to Columbus, Ohio, whence we were removed to Fort Sheridan.

Obsequies of Mr. Calhoun

In order that the present generation may the better appreciate the love and honor that the people of our State bore for our greatest statesman, John C. Calhoun, we publish the following sketch of his funeral, taken from the Charleston *Mercury* of April the 27th, 1850:

"Our city has passed through a scene that will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. Grander displays have often been made, but the feature of this ceremonial was that it absorbed the whole thought and soul and presence of the city. All shared in it, and Charleston was as one house of mourning. The outward aspect of the city on Thursday was very striking. Through the whole line designated as the procession, a distance of more than two miles, the public and private buildings were draped with mourning, and at many points presented a singularly impressive spectacle. On this line of streets also was gathered. early on Thursday, nearly the entire population of Charleston—at many places in immense throngs, but everywhere grave, orderly, and almost noiseless. Other parts of the city were deserted, and one could walk the whole length of a street, meeting scarcely an individual, the houses and gates all closed, and stillness reigning absolute. The intensity and universality of the feeling which drowned all other interests, which removed all traces of the avocations of life, which permitted only itself to have place and expression, was that which gave to the ceremonial so strange a solemnity at the time, and will impress it so indelibly on the memory of those who participated in it.

"There was another feature of this memorable occasion, the importance of which to the grace and dignity, and consequently the impressiveness of the ceremonial, cannot be overestimated. Very much was attempted. The programme of the movements and ceremonies was complicated and made up of many parts, yet there was no confusion—no omission, no mistake to mar the decency and completeness of any part. All was done as had been arranged; and a plan that seemed complicated and difficult in the reading, unfolded itself so harmoniously as to appear perfectly simple in the performance. This is the highest praise of those public functionaries and good citizens who gave their thoughts and labor to the ordering and directing of the ceremonies.

"The arrival of the steamer Nina, bearing the precious remains of our beloved statesman, was a beautiful and touching commencement of the solemnities. The Nina had been especially and most appropriately fitted up for this mission, and brought from Wilmington the remains, with the several committees that accompanied them. On her arrival at the bar, the Metamora and the Pilot went out to meet her. The mail steamer Gov. Dudley, and the Revenue Cutter, also joined her; and the whole, with slow and measured movement, their colors at half mast, and the cutter firing minute guns, passed up nearly the entire length of the city, to the landing place at Smith's wharf. The committee of the Senate, having in charge the remains of Mr. Calhoun, were, Messrs. Mason, of Virginia; Berrien, of Georgia; Davis, of Mississippi; Dickinson, of New York; Clark, of Rhode Island, and Dodge, of Iowa. With them, by invitation, were Messrs. Venable, of North Carolina, and Holmes. of South Carolina.

"At the landing place the Special Guard of Honor took charge of the remains and, bearing them up from the boat, placed them in the funeral car provided for the ceremonial. A detachment of the military consisting of the Marion Artillery, the German Fusileers and the Washington Light Infantry, all under command of Captain Manigault, formed the escort of the funeral train to the Citadel Square. The Evening News furnishes the following description of the hearse, or magnificent funeral car which was drawn by eight horses, clothed in mourning and each held by a guide:

"The hearse at the base was sixteen feet long, ten feet wide, and six feet high, with an elevated platform twelve feet long, seven feet wide and raised two feet above the base; eight pillars springing from this platform and surmounted by a cornice twelve inches deep. The ridge of roof was elevated two feet, finishing off with plumes four feet high, making the whole height from the ground to the top of the plumes twenty-three feet.

"'The base was covered within six inches of the ground with heavy folds of black cloth, with deep fringe at the bottom, and black and white twisted cord on rolls of black crape at the top, with festoons of black and white crape hanging from rosettes of crape. The elevated platform was spangled in a curve on the base with deep festoons of black crape secured by cords with heavy black tassels. The eight pillars were covered with black crape, made loose, and tied up at intervals with rolls of white crape. The above platform inside the pillars was elevated by three steps, the whole covered in black with twisted black and white cord at the intersection of the steps, and on top of these steps were placed the coffin, which was partially covered with a pall of black velvet, with borders of deep black silk fringe, and a palmetto worked in silver in each corner and centre.

"'The ground work of the cornice was black with silver bands, or mouldings around the top, and ornamented at the bottom of the frieze with silver stars placed at intervals. The arms of the State, emblazoned in silver on shields, with black ground and silver borders, ornamented the centre of the two sides; these shields were draped with black crape.

"The corners were surmounted by eight black plumes one over each pillar, supported by silver balls; the bases of the plumes were covered with heavy folds of black crepe. The angles of the roof were covered by silver rods, terminating at the top with a silver ball, on which was secured the central plume, which was composed of black ostrich plumes and heavy pendants of black crape.

"'Between 12 and 1 o'clock the cortege reached the Citadel Square. Here the various parts of the procession had assembled, and were appropriately arranged, occupying, with intervals, the entire square; while an immense throng of spectators filled the surrounding streets, and every point from which a view of the ceremonies could be obtained.

"'Mr. Alderman Banks, the chairman of the Sub-committee of Reception, having introduced the committee of the Senate of the United State to Governor Seabrook, Mr. Mason, on behalf of the committee, addressed his Excellency as follows:

""Governor Seabrook: The Senate of the United States, by its order, has deputized a committee of six Senators to bring back the remains of their late colleague, your illustrious statesman, John Caldwell Calhoun, to his native State.

""He fell in the fullness of his fame, without stain or blot, without fear, and without reproach, a martyr to the great and holy cause to which his life had been devoted, the safety and equality of the Southern States to their Federal alliance.

"" "It is no disparagement to your State or her people to say their loss is irreparable—for Calhoun was a man of the century. But to the entire South the absence of his counsel can scarcely be supplied. With a judgment stern, will decided, and purpose indomitable, there was united a political and moral purity, that threw around him an atmosphere which nothing unholy could breathe and yet live. But, sir, I am not here to eulogise your honored dead. That has already been done in the Senate house with the memory of his recent triumphs there clustering around us, and by those far abler than I. It is our melancholy office only, which I here perform, on behalf of the committee of the Senate, to surrender all that remains of him on earth, to the State of South Carolina; and, having done this, our mission is ended; we shall return to our duties in the Senate; and, those performed, to our separate and distant homes; bearing with us the treasured memory of his exalted worth, and the great example of his devoted and patriotic life.'

"'Governor Seabrook responded as follows:

"" "I receive, Mr. Chairman, with the deepest emotions, the mortal remains of him for whom South Carolina entertained an unbounded affection. Implicitly relying on the faithful exercise of his great moral and intellectual endowments, on no occasion for a period of about forty years, which constituted indeed his whole political life, did her confidence in him suffer the slightest abatement. Although the spirit that animated its tenement of clay now inhabits another and a purer mansion, yet the name of John Caldwell Calhoun will live while time be permitted to endure. That name is printed in indelible characters on the hearts of those whose feelings and opinions he so truly reflected, and will forever be fondly cherished, not only by his own countrymen, but by every human being who is capable of appreciating the influence of gigantic intellect, unceasingly incited by the dictates of wisdom, virtue, and patriotism.

"'" In the name of the people of the State he so deeply loved, I tender through you, to the Senate of the United States, their warmest acknowledgments for the honors conferred by that distinguished body on the memory of our illustrious statesman, and by this committee I ask the acceptance of their heartfelt gratitude for the very kind and considerate manner in which, gentlemen, the melancholy, yet honorable task assigned you has been executed.

"'"The first of April, 1859, exhibited a scene in the halls of the Federal Congress remarkable for its moral sublimity. On that day the North and the South, the East and the West, together harmoniously met at the altar consecrated to the noblest affections of our nature, and, moved by a common impulse, portrayed in strains of fervid eloquence, before the assembled wisdom of this land, the character and services of him around whose bier we are assembled. To every member of the Senate and the House of Representatives whose voice was heard on that solemn occasion, South Carolina proffers the right hand of fellowship.

"'"I trust it will not be considered a departure from the strictest rules of propriety to say to an honorable member of Congress before me that the Palmetto State owes him a debt of gratitude which, at her bidding, and in obedience to my feelings, I am imperatively summoned, at this time, to liquidate in part. From the first day of Mr. Calhoun's protracted illness to the moment when death achieved his victory, you, Mr. Venable, were rarely absent from his bedside. With the anxious solicitude of a devoted friend you ministered to his wants and watched the reflux of that noble stream whose fertilizing powers were about to be buried in the great ocean of eternity. For services so disinterestedly spontaneously bestowed by a stranger, I offer the tribute of thanks, warm from overflowing hearts."

Mr. Venable made the following reply: ""The manner in which your Excellency has been pleased to refer to the atten-

tion which I was enabled to bestow on our illustrious friend has deeply affected my heart. It is but a repeated expression of the feelings of the people of Charleston on the same subject, contained in a resolution which has reached me, and for which manifestation of kindness, I now return to you, and to them, my most sincere, most heartfelt thanks. Nothing has so fully convinced me of the extended popularity, I should rather say feeling of veneration, towards the statesman whose death has called us together to-day, as the high estimate which you and your people have placed upon the services of a humble friend. Sir, the impulses of humanity would have demanded nothing less; and that man is more than rewarded, when permitted to soothe the pains or alleviate the sufferings of a philosopher, sage, patriot, and statesmen, so exalted above his cotemporaries, that were we not admonished by his subjection to the invasions of disease and death, we might well doubt whether he did not belong to a superior race. To be even casually associated with his memory, in the gratitude of a State, is more than a reward, for any services which I could render to him. Sir, as his life was a chronicle of instructive events, so his death but furnished a commentary on that life. It is said of Hampden, when in the agonies of death, rendered more painful by the nature of his wound, exclaimed, 'O, God of my fathers, save, save my country'—thus breathing the desire of his soul on earth into the vestibule of the Court of Heaven. So our illustrious friend, but a few hours before his departure, employed the last effort in which he was enabled to utter more than a single sentence, saying: 'If I had my health and strength to devote one hour to my country in the Senate, I could do more than in my whole life.' He is gone! and when, in my passage here, I saw the manifestation of deep feeling, of heartfelt veneration, in Virginia and my own Carolina, I felt as one making a pilgrimage to the tomb of his fathers, whose sad heart was

cheered by spontaneous testimonials to the merits of the one he loved and honored. But when on this morning's dawn I approached your harbor, and saw the city in the peaceful rest of a Sabbath, heard not the stroke of the hammer, or the hum of voices engaged in the business of life; when, from the deck of the steamer in the midst of your harbor, I could descry the habiliments of mourning which consecrated your houses—the stillness, the solemn stillness, spoke a language which went to my heart. But when, added to this, I behold a vast multitude of mourners, I exclaim: A people's tears water the dust of one who loved and served them. No military fame was his; he never set a squadron on the field. The death of the civilian and patriot, who loved his country, and his whole country, gave rise to this great demonstration of sorrow and regard. Permit me again to assure your Excellency, and the people of Charleston, and of South Carolina, that I shall ever cherish, as one of the dearest recollections of my life, the expressions of kindness which have been made to me as a friend, and a companion in the sick chamber of John C. Calhoun. His society and his friendship were more than a compensation for any attentions which any man could bestow. Such were his gifts, that, whether in sickness or in health, no man retired from a conversation with him who was not greatly his debtor. By the courtesies of this day and the association of my name with his, I am both his debtor and yours, the sincere acknowledgment of which I tender to your Excellency, requesting that it may be received by you, both for yourself and the people whose sovereignty you represent."

Governor Seabrook then addressed the Mayor, Hon. T. Leger Hutchinson, as follows:

""Mr. Mayor: I commit to your care these precious remains. After the solemn ceremonies of the day I request that you put over them a guard of honor until the hour

shall arrive to consign them to their temporary resting place."

Mr. Hutchinson replied as follows:

"'"Governor Seabrook: As the organ of the corporation of the city of Charleston, I receive from your hands with profound emotion, the mortal remains of John Caldwell Calhoun, a sacred trust confided in us to be retained until the desire of the people of South Carolina, expressed through their constituted authorities, shall be declared, respecting their final resting place.""

The procession began to move from the Green at 1 o'clock, the military in advance, then the hearse, followed by a long train of carriages, conveying the family of the deceased, the Senate Committee, the Governor and suite, the committee of twenty-five, and the several committees from Wilmington and the interior of the State; next followed the procession on foot—the fire companies, the Freemasons, Odd Fellows, Sons of Temperance, and other societies arranged as in the programme, a long cavalcade of citizens forming the rear. The procession first moved into King street and down Meeting to South Bay, then to East Bay and up East Bay to Broad street, and thence to the City Hall, the end of the movement. Its entire length was nearly a mile and a half. The military formed on the south side of Broad street, the hearse rested before the entrance of the City Hall, and between them passed the several divisions of the procession. This scene of the movement was perhaps the most beautiful and impressive of the whole. The vast crowd, the perfect order and harmony that reigned through it, the public buildings wrapped in mourning, the hearse motionless before the temporary resting place of the dead, the impress of the whole solemn pageant, which was here concluded, each added its own force to complete the effect.

The body was here taken from the hearse, conveyed into the City Hall and deposited in the catafalque constructed for the occasion, where it lay in state in charge of the special committee of two hundred until 9 o'clock yesterday morning. The following description of the hall and catafalque we copy from the *Evening News*:

"'The interior decorations of the City Hall exhibited much taste and artistic arrangement. The ceiling of the spacious room was gracefully draped in mourning, and all of the windows hung with curtains of crape, trimmed with white, the festoons of each window formed by a mourning rosette. In the west end of the room a catafalque was erected, a most chaste and beautiful structure, the design, arrangement and adornment of which reflect the highest credit upon the gentleman who planned and superintended its erection. The base of the catafalque is about nineteen feet long by twelve feet broad, and its height about three feet. On each side of the base were three entablatures ornamented with festoons in white and black. A flight of four steps with ornamented buttresses rises to the top of the base, and on each buttress were placed two candelabra, the sombré light of which added a solemn effect to the scene. The whole of the base and steps were covered with black velvet. The ceiling of the catafalque was grained in a black ground of black radiated with white, in the center of which an opaque light was placed, which threw a solemn and mournful light upon the remains of the illustrious dead, which reposed upon the bier in the center of the interior. The bier was eight feet long, and richly draped in black velvet with silk tassels. It was niched about half a foot apart and in each niche was placed a funeral urn. The grained ceiling was supported by ten beautiful columns, the capital, ante and base of each delicately ornamented in white and black. The cornice and parapet were elegantly wrought, and the latter was surmounted by three silvered

spread eagles, each bearing in its beak a beautiful wreath. The escutcheon in the center of the parapet contained the cyphers of our illustrious statesman's name, and the frieze was richly ornamented in white and black drapery.

"The doors of the hall were opened soon after the coffin was deposited in its place; and from that time until near midnight, and again from early light yesterday until the forming of the funeral procession, a steady stream of citizens passed in, moved up the steps of the catafalque, gazed an instant at the narrow chamber that held the ashes of the illustrious dead, and then passed out. In all this time, the solemn stillness of the room was unbroken; men spoke in whispers, and even the movement of the crowd was a noiseless flow, as of a shadowy pageant."

"At ten o'clock yesterday morning the preparations for the funeral services commenced. The body was delivered into the hands of the guard of honor and borne forth by them from the hall. In the rear of them was formed the procession of the mourners, the Senate Committee, the State and City Authorities, the several committees and the citizens, which moved through Broad and Church streets, to St. Philip's church. The interior of this beautiful temple had been draped in mourning for the occasion, and the aspect of the scene was in harmony with the feeling of the audience who thronged the place. The funeral services were performed by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Gadsden, who was a college class-mate of Mr. Calhoun, and showed token that the memory of old companionship added tenderness to the solemnity of the services for the dead.

"The funeral discourse was delivered by the Rev. Prof. Miles, on the text, Proverbs x., 7: "The Memory of the Just is Blessed." We cannot here speak of the discourse as it deserves. The author presented first the character of the pure and perfect statesman, his qualities, his objects and his life. Then tested by his ideal standard the character and

works of Calhoun, of which he furnished an abstract that was at once profound, clear and comprehensive.

"Every part of the service was performed with affecting solemnity, and never on any occasion have we been more impressed with the beautiful appropriateness of this service for the dead.

"From the church the body was conveyed to the burial ground and deposited in the vault prepared for its reception:

"" "Such honors Ilium to her Hero paid,
And peaceful rests the mighty Hector's shade.""

Out of the Mists

The great ocean liner was ploughing through the waves towards the land where many an ill-fated fortune-seeker of the old world had found, instead of a land where a "fortune could be made in a day," a land full of misery and woe for the homeless wanderer. From the standpoint of an uninterested spectator, the commanding exterior and friendly-looking aspect of this home on the sea seemed to bespeak every comfort that one could wish. Above board, she was a haven of peace and rest; but in the steerage! The details of the misery, of the hunger, of the filth, of the positive outrages that those hundreds of poor, ignorant immigrants who had left home and country in order to better themselves, cannot be imagined! Truly, here the great modern theory, the uplifting of the downtrodden and the weak of the human race, seemed never to have touched a hand.

Far back in a corner of this human sty, for it could hardly be classed with anything better—sat, or rather crouched, a big-boned, muscular youth of some twenty years. By his side, on a lowly couch, constructed of baggage and the like, spread on an iron bunk, lay a girl about

five years younger. A forlorn and pitiable picture she made—pale, helpless, her disheveled hair streaming across her face, at each lurch of the ship, the little body would writhe in agony with the little life that remained. Again the vessel would lurch, and again she would writhe in pain, each breath coming weaker than the last.

Then came the stern-faced man with a curious little black case in his hand. For a few minutes he stood by the side of the bed of pain. And then, with a hard look and a shake of his head, he turned to the waiting youth and muttered a few short words that fell on uncomprehending ears. Then the spirit that causes the hunted animal to turn at the mouth of its lair and lay down its life for its young rose up in that powerful frame. Max of G.—struck—struck as never before. The pent-up feelings of instinctive injustice revolted within him. Cruel hands soon seized and overpowered him. He was carried away and thrown into an iron-grated box, more like an animal cage than a human habitation.

Worn out by his vain struggles and pleas for one more sight of the dying maiden, the despairing Max leaned against the one small aperture and gazed out upon the rushing waves as they lashed themselves to fury against the iron-ribbed vessel. His thoughts carried him back across the surging billows to the crowded wharf—the noise and the bustle, the shrill cries of the market venders, the shouts of the ship-masters, the rush for the gangway, and then the clang of chains as the mighty rider of the waves heaved up its iron halter with pants to be off. He again went through the long and tiresome railway journey with its dust, and smoke, and with feelings as if alone and forsaken. he saw himself as, with high ambitions and bright hopes, he and his trusting sister had, hand in hand, come down the path that led back to an humble cottage among the trees. Lastly, his thoughts bounded back over the hills and dales

to a little churchyard in one corner of which a newly-made mound, covered with the fragrant wild honeysuckle, told the story of the last home of a devoted mother. As the silver drops stole silently down his brawny cheeks, he remembered how he had sworn to be true to her, as with bowed head he listened to the last words of that saintly mother, "Protect little Elsie, live as I have taught you and never bring shame on your father's name." How soon he had to obey the first! But could he ever fulfill the others? Could he forgive the murderers of one that was all life to him? Could he live all his life in the midst of outrages, see the weak oppressed by the strong, and never strike a blow in revenge? At the thought, he became almost frantic with rage and despair. He tore at the iron bars like a madman.

Gradually he became more quiet. His stunted mind began to awaken from its long dormant state. From somewhere back in the dark recesses of his dull memory there suddenly sprung the words, at first vague and meaningless, "To err is human; to forgive, divine." What did it all mean? One voice seemed to say, "Revenge, revenge!" Into his mind came dark plots, daggers and bombs; the desire to slay everyone in authority. But the words kept ringing in his mind. Another voice was saying, "Do not be as they are; be a man. Show them that they are wrong." For hours this conflict between right and wrong raged in the awakening intellect of Max.

Just as it seemed as if right had triumphed, Max was suddenly thrown deeper into the chaos of despair. It seemed as if fate had decreed that he should go to the very limit. As he sat gazing from the window, four men emerged from below and walked towards the rail, carrying a burden wrapped in white. With one long-drawn wail, he cried in his native tongue, "They have killed her; they have killed her." With hands clasping the bars, he stood as one in a

dream. The few morsels of food that were brought to him remained untouched. When at last he became himself again, the conflict which he had so nearly won was renewed with redoubled fierceness. When the ship landed, he was released, but the bitterness within him was as strong as ever.

Max found employment at one of the huge enterprises in a large city. The bosses looked at him with wonder. A better workman had never been in the shops. Though unable to speak a word of English when he had first been employed, he had acquired the new tongue so readily that he had become the wonder of his fellow-workmen. But there was something about the quiet, mechanical way in which he went about work that attracted the notice of all that knew him. Few could solve the clouded, worried expression on his face.

It was with a more than usually mysterious expression of his countenance that he one day entered the shops. He worked with an energetic firmness. At last, with the air of one who had suddenly solved some great, life-long problem, he laid down his work. With a determined toss of his huge head, he walked straight up to the boss, and, drawing a package from his pocket, he handed it to the boss, saying, "Here, take this and keep it. It was for President M—and the others who rode with him." The astonished man stood paralyzed with thoughts of what might have been, and watched Max take his hat and stride out of the shops.

In the president's office a few minutes later, the excited man was telling the president and his intimate friend, one Doctor G—, who had come over on the liner Dover six months before, the curious story of the big foreigner, his strange behavior, and the wicked-looking bomb which now lay on the table before them. The doctor was strangely quiet and attentive as the man narrated the few half-credited facts which he had heard concerning the life of this man Max. Glancing from the window, the boss pointed to a

figure some distance up the street and said, "There he goes now. Must I have him arrested?"

"No," replied the broad-minded captain of industry. "That is the kind of men we need—men who fight for right, and fight to win."

Once he had found a firm footing, this strange man in a strange land began to make rapid strides for higher ground. He soon found employment elsewhere and began to work with a grim determination. A once vague and undefined desire was beginning to assume definite proportions. Each day as he passed the great medical school he would stop and look with longing eyes at the imposing building. Then someone told him of the night school. With renewed hopes he went to inquire. Yes, if he would sacrifice and work, he could attend. With everything to learn, it seemed almost impossible for him; but with eyes fixed on the distant beacon ahead, he braved storms and tempestuous seas.

Some few years later, as a young doctor boarded a great vessel which was to bring back from abroad a great load of suffering humanity, one would hardly have recognized him as the same who had come down the gangway some years before with a hard and bitter look on his brow. Glancing down the deck, he saw leaning against the rail a man slightly beyond middle age. He was pointing with one hand at some object on the receding land, while the other clasped that of a six-year-old lad. As Max looked, his face flushed crimson. In vain he tried to dispel the feeling that rose within him. As he turned away he said, "It is still there; I thought that it was gone."

The next time Max saw the older man, he was softened with pity as he watched Doctor G— pace the deck. Too well he knew that those unusual lines in the doctor's face meant some great sorrow. Soon all on board knew of the serious illness of the six-year-old lad.

The gong sounded the midnight hour. Max tosses on his couch. One by one the small hours told of their arrival. Still the sleepless Max lay gazing into the inky darkness. Four o'clock. With a bound he leaped to the floor and dressed with feverish haste. Straight to the sick room he went. Without a word he walked to the side of the suffering boy. With a silent wave of his hand, he motioned Doctor G— to retire. The anxious father went without a word, for he knew the precious life was in trusty hands.

For two days Max had not left the side of the slowly sinking child. Now the crisis had come. A few minutes would tell its story of woe or joy. The father stood on one side of the cot; Max, on the other. Each held a hand of the child. There was a slight gasp, and then a smile lit up the face of the small boy. He would live.

The two men looked up at the same time. Their eyes met. The father put out a hand and Max clasped it in a mighty grip. For a full minute they stood thus, the little child between them.

"She could have been saved," said the father at last, as a great tremor shook his body. A silent nod of the younger head, and the great battle of a great life was won.

W. O. P., '08.

The Clemson College Chronicle

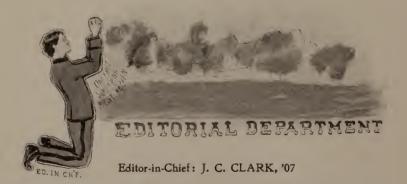
FOUNDED BY CLASS OF 1898

Published Monthly by the Calhoun, Columbian and Palmetto Literary Societies of Clemson Agricultural College

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J. SPRATT, '08 (Calhoun)						-				- Local Department
J. W. LEWIS, '08 (Calhoun) -			-					-		- Y. M. C. A. Department
										Cartoonist

Contributions solicited from the Faculty, Alumni and Students of the Institute, All literary communications should be addressed to the Editor-in-Chief. All business communications should be addressed to the Business Manager. Subscription price, \$1.00 in advance. Our Advertising Rates are as follows:

One page, per year\$20 00 One-fourth page, per year\$8 00 One-half page, per year\$00 One inch, per year\$00 Cadets are requested to purchase from those who advertise in THE CHEONICLE.



At the invitation of the Board of Trustees, the South Carolina Legislature will visit Clemson January 26th. Now, while this is merely an outing for the Legislature, it is hoped that it will mean far more to Clemson. We hope that actual contact with the management of the institution, and actual observation of the work being done here will serve to neutralize some of the hostility which some of the members have long felt toward Clemson. While we make new friends, we hope

to make better friends of the old ones. Clemson is doing a great work, and those that oppose us, do so through ignorance rather than through actual cause for discontent. On Saturday, Clemson's doors will be thrown wide open, and every representative will be made to feel the welcome that radiates from every quarter.

Like a child who is worsted in a word combat, and who cries, "Old fool, old fool," the exchange editor of The Carolinian descends to "Billingsgate," and says, "Only a hopeless dunce could have misconstrued our facetious observations." Facetious, indeed! If the article referring to THE CHRONICLE, in the first issue of The Carolinian, then, indeed, we confess our stupidity. However, the animus of the exchange editor's subsequent writing proves conclusively that the article was intended in no such spirit, and that this is only his puny, contemptible effort to escape discussing any one issue. As to the agricultural thrust, we know that blood cannot be obtained from a turnip, nor from a calabash, and the same agricultural experience has taught us the futility of attempting to argue with a member of the "long-eared kind." It has taught us that the bray of his facetious assininity, while a very coarse harsh-sounding noise, really augurs no ill, and that in attempting to answer him in his own way, we only irritate our own throats.

You say your paddle was made for sterner stuff. No doubt it was. It was intended to be wielded in some place where the graces of good breeding are unknown; where society does not restrict the use of epithets and unsavory comparisons; where the natural course of your instincts is not confined and limited by the printed page; in the gutter.



Editors

W. B. AULL, '07 S. H. SHERARD, '08

We notice that some of our exchanges have not been recognizing us. We do not know whether we have just been overooked, or whether our magazine has not reached you. If you have not received it, we would be glad if you would notify us, that we may correct any error on our part.

The Newberry Stylus for December is very short indeed. There are only two pieces in the Literary Department, both of these being heavy matter and covering only five pages. The Exchange Department is good, but the editorials are sadly lacking. Newberry College should be able to get out a larger magazine, and we hope to see much improvement in the future.

One of the best magazines we have received recently is the Wesleyan for December. "Facultas Tyrannus" is something out of the ordinary in college magazines, being a tragedy of the class of 1907, told in three acts. It is well expressed and very interesting. Cinderella versus Sherlock Holmes is a very interesting story of a masquerade ball given by the Juniors and Freshmen, and the trouble they had with the Seniors and Sophomores. "The Engineer Asleep" is an arasing story, well expressed.

The Pennant is the name of a new publication gotten out by the Virginia Institute. We wish them much success in their endeavor to get out a magazine worthy of their college.

"Do Modern Men Give Evidence of Mental Ability Superior to that of the Ancients?" is the title of a very inter-

esting piece in the Andrew College Journal. The author makes a comparison between the modern and ancient men and comes to the conclusion that while the modern man may not have more brain, yet, having the experiences of the ancient to guide him, he is able to accomplish more. The editorials are splendid, and are well worth reading, especially "The Heart of Things."

The Hampden-Sidney Magazine for December is well gotten up, and contains some very interesting reading matter. "Friendship" is the title of a poem that deserves special mention. The story of "Henry Timrod" is one that interests every Southerner, and especially every South Carolinian.

The December issue of the Wofford College Journal came to us very late, but its contents made up for its tardiness. There are three poems in it, but "The Child-like Faith" is the best. "The Professional" is a well written story. which shows the true college spirit and manhood of "Carl Evins." Let us hope that all college men will follow his example. "Oliver Cromwell" is a scholarly essay, but we are afraid the author is partial to his hero. "Christmas Memories" is an interesting and also a humorous story. We can see from it that the writer certainly has the right conception of Christmas. "Robert Louis Stevenson" is well gotten up, and illustrates the fact that the author certainly knows something about his subject. We do not think that the heroine in "A Woman's Way" is a fair representative of her sex, because not all women can refuse the man they love. She is above the ordinary. The editorials and locals are full and very interesting.

The Furman Echo for December came to us in a very neat and attractive cover. That issue is considerably above the ordinary. It contains three poems, but none of them

applies to Christmas. On the whole, the essays and stories are too short, though "A Winter's Tale" and "Aunt Cindy's Funeral" are rather long and well written. We would like to correct one of the statements made in "Education and the Tax-payer." The author says, "The farmers of the Palmetto State pay the greater part of the expenses of Clemson College, yet only about one-fifth of the students pursue the agricultural course." We beg to state that nearly half of the students are pursuing the agricultural course. A few years ago his statement might have been authentic. We ask him to "look up" on the matter.

In looking over our Christmas exchanges, we are attracted by the neat cover of *The Palmetto*. We rank *The Palmetto* with our best exchanges, and the December number proves to us that we are not wrong. It contains fifty-nine pages of literary matter. In these fifty-nine pages, there are four sonnets, six poems, two essays, and eight stories. We read these stories with much pleasure, because they were not the sickly love stories that we very often have to read. The Exchange and Local Departments are full and interesting.

In looking over our November exchanges, our attention is attracted by the cover of *The Hendrix Mirror;* but, on reading the magazine through, we find that this issue is not up to its usual standard. The contents are unbalanced. Where is the "Solid matter?" The editorials are full and very interesting.

In looking over our December exchanges our attention is attracted by the well gotten up cover of *The Carolinian*. *The Carolinian* easily ranks among our best exchanges. The Christmas issue is unusually good, therefore we congratulate the editors. In the fifty-three pages of literary matter that it contains, there are three poems, one criticism,

two essays and four long and scholarly stories. Also, there are two full page pictures, one of Gen. Wade Hampton's statue, and one of *The Carolinian* staff. The editorials, locals, and exchanges are very interesting. *The Carolinian* does credit to the University of South Carolina.

Besides the above named magazines, we gladly recognize the following exchanges: "The Newberry Stylus," "The Oracle," "Isaqueena," "Orange and Blue." "Red and White," "Georgia Tech," "Hendrix Mirror," "St. Mary's Muse," "Winthrop College Journal," "Converse Concept," "Wesleyan," "William and Mary Literary Magazine," "The Mercerian," "College of Charleston Magazine," "Lucy Cobb Magazine," "Erskinian," "The Criterion," "Wake Forest Student." "Trinity Archive." "The Davidson College Magazine," "Emory and Henry Era," "Our Monthly," "Ouchita Ripples," "Maryville College Monthly," "The Gray Jacket," "The Gamilaead," "The Sewance Purple," "The University of North Carolina Magazine," "William Woods College Record," "The Collegian," "The Journal," "Hampden-Sydney Magazine," "The College Reflector," "The Andrew College Journal," "The Spectrum," "Mississibbi College Magazine."

Clippings

Break, Break, Break,
On thy cold gray stones, O sea,
But Oh! as a breaker you can never take
The record away from me.

For I am a college football team,
For seasons three have "fit,"
And during that reign of brawn supreme
I have broken as follows, to wit:

One collar bone, two shoulder blades, Two arms, one leg, one nose, The hearts of a dozen modern maids, Eight fingers and seven toes.

--Ex.

'Twas in a restaurant they met, One Romeo and Juliet. 'Twas then he first fell in debt, For Romeo'd what Julie eat.

-Ex.

Mary had a little lamb, One day it took the croup; She sold it to a packing house And now it's canned ox-tail soup.

A Lawyer's Daughter.

"To me, I swear, you're a volume rare,"
But she said, with a judicious look:
"Your oath's not good in common law
Until you've kissed the book."

-Ex.

Nothing Doing.

We went into Cupid's garden, We wandered o'er the land; The moon was shining brightly; I held her little—shawl.

Yes, I held her little shawl, How fast the evening flies— We spoke in tones of "love," I gazed into her—lunch-basket. I gazed into the basket, I wished I had a taste; There sat my lovely charmer, My arm around her—umbrella.

Embracing her umbrella, This charming little miss, Her eyes were full of mischief, I slyly stole a—sandwich.

-Ex

We've had a rainy summer, Vegetation's grown apace; And maybe that's the reason Of this verdant Freshman race.

-Ex

HIS LIFE BLOOD.

Wifey—John, dear, I suppose you'll be angry, but I was walking through a china store this morning and broke something.

Hubby (anxiously)—How careless. Was it something costly?

Wifey—It was that \$20 bill you gave me.—Boston Transcript.

IN THE FOG.

Gunner—Do the automobiles in London have the same kind of horns as those over here?

Guyer—Oh, no. In London they have fog horns.—Chicago News.

SEASIC.

Saptain Sealby of the White Star liner Celtic was explaining to a Cincinnatian that his company had considerable difficulty in finding names for their new ships.

"They all have to end in 'ic,' you know," the captain explained.

The Cincinnatian, who was pale and seedy, said, as he looked dismally at the rolling ocean:

"For a suitable name I would suggest 'Seasic.' "—Des Moines Register and Leader.

TIRED OF WALKING.

She-Would you rather walk or ride there?

He—Well, I've been out in the motor car so much lately that I think I'd rather ride for a change.—Puck.

WHAT IS A KISS.

Some years ago the following definitions of a kiss were published, and they are here reproduced, being considered well worth the place given them:

A kiss is an insipid and tasteless morsel, which becomes delicious and delectable in proportion as it is flavored with love. The sweetest fruit is the one of love. The oftener plucked the more abundant it grows. A thing of use to no one, but much prized by two.

The baby's right, the lover's privilege, the parent's benison and the hypocrite's mask.

That which you cannot give without taking, and cannot take without giving.

The food by which the flame of love is fed.

The flag of truce in the petty wars of courtship and marriage.

The acme of agony to a bashful man.

The only known "smack" that will calm a storm.

A telegram to the heart in which the operator uses the sounding system.

Nothing divided between two. Not enough for one, just enough for two, too much for three.

The only really agreeable two-faced action under the sun, or the moon either.

The sweetest labial of the world's language.

A woman's most effective argument, whether to cajole the heart of a father, control the humors of a husband or console the griefs of childhood.

Something rather dangerous, Something rather nice, Something rather wicked, Though it can't be called a vice. Some think it naughty, Others think it wrong, All agree it's jolly, Though it doesn't last long.

A kiss from a pretty girl is like having hot treacle poured down your back by angels.

The thunder-clap of the lips, which inevitably follows the lightning glances of the eyes.

A report at headquarters.

Everybody's acting edition of "Romeo and Juliet."

What the child receives free, what the young man steals, and what the old man buys.

The drop that runneth over when the cup of love is full. That in which two heads are better than one.—Ex.



Editor: J. W. LEWIS, '08

Extensive neighborhood work is being carried on by the Association at the University of Virginia. This consists in the students' helping in many of the Sunday Schools in the country surrounding Charlottesville, and also in work connected with the young people's societies, the jail, the Sunday Schools of the Charlottesville churches, and the University hospital.

Iowa State College has forty-eight grand Bible classes, with an enrollment of over 600 men, while 187 of the men are in mission study classes.

The Association at Washington University Medical Department, St. Louis, had enrolled as members, early in November, 104 of the 214 men in school. This includes the entire Sophomore Class.

The road foreman of engines of the New York Central is teaching a class on locomotive running and management in the Albany Association. Another class is studying telegraphy; another electrical signal systems.

The West Point Branch of the New York City Young Men's Christian Association continues to reach an increasingly large number of men. Its membership is 4,004. Its two gymnasiums are being used by 2,144 men and boys, and there are 1,025 enrolled in the educational classes. Classes in automobile engineering, investments, real estate, and motor boating are attended by large numbers of men. There

are hundreds of men in Bible classes. The men's meetings, conducted in its hall, are exerting a wide influence, and are attracting large numbers of men. What is true of the men's department is also true among the boys, for a gain of fifteen per cent. in the last year in this department has brought the membership up to 451.

Mrs. A. D. Hoff, President of the Long Island Railroad Association, has said: "Thirty-five years ago, the Young Men's Christian Association wakened in both employer and employee a sense of the great danger to life and property lurking in the continual existence of reprehensible conditions under which railroad men lived when away from home between their runs. To-day, tens of thousands of railroad men, on whose moral and physical condition depends the safety of millions of lives daily, find in the Railroad Associations attractive and comfortable homes for leisure hours. Train crews are sent out clean, well slept and alert—men who have enjoyed physical exercise, recreation and Christian fellowship in these places, which have supplanted the saloon and the gambling place."

A True Word

DO YOU NEED IT?

Most young men are weakened by publicity, by too much social fellowship. They never have any time alone. In the morning they dress as rapidly as they can, and then rush out into the work of the day. When the time of release from work or business comes, they hurry with the crowd to seek excitement. In the evening, they come in late and drop into bed. There has been not one hour in the day when they could sit down and be calm, and think of God and duty and let their souls rest and grow strong and grave.

Doubtless, there are many young men who are too much alone, who brood over themselves, and whose need is less meditation and more society. But these are the rarer men. The average young man runs with the crowd, and his life shallows out more and more until the bottom begins to show through, and the power, the beauty, the freshness, the capacity for varied use are all gone. Men ought to stop now and then, and think. If John the Baptist had not been three years in the wilderness, he would probably never have burst on Israel with a prophetic message of such power and persuasion as he uttered when he came. One of Hugh Beaver's favorite quotations was,

"If chosen men had never been alone,
In deep mid-silence open-doored to God,
No greatness ever had been dreamed or done."

—Association Men



Editors:
R. O. POAG, '08 J. SPRATT, '08

Mr. F. M. Stephenson, business manager of the '07 annual, was fortunate in securing the Crescent Comedy Company, which gave three entertainments on Friday and Saturday, January 11 and 12. "Roanoke, The Modern Annanias," and "The Road to Frisco," were presented on Friday evening, Saturday afternoon and Saturday evening respectively, and were greatly enjoyed by those present. The attendance was good and Mr. Stephenson realized a very handsome sum for the annual.

Clemson has a paper at last, "The Tiger," a semi-monthly, published by the Senior class and a representative from each of the other classes. This is the first attempt of the kind at Clemson, and should be encouraged and supported by all This is indeed a suitable place for such a publication as there is no local paper here.

Prof. Keitt—Mr. Nickles, which part do you like best? Bob—I think "Anon" is by far the best.

Bailes—Say, Crider, give me the etymology of the word haberdasher?

Crider—I really don't know the etymology of the word, but I know it means a kind of buggy.

"And still he (Rat Ridgill) sat And 'twas a wonder great, That one small man could Carry all he ate." Barber, after having cut Rat Morrison's hair—"Sham-poo?"

Rat—"When I left home, I promised my mamma that I wouldn't drink anything like that."

The walks and driveways around the college are being much improved, and flowers are being set. These improvements will make the campus quite as beautiful as it was last year.

The candidates for the class football teams are all out and working hard to make theirs the winning team this season. The Athletic Council has decided to award a cup to the team which wins the championship, and this will be a great incentive for the men to do their very best playing.

Columbia College Freshman wants to know if all the Clemson boys wear the same number of collar.

Rat Martin—"I didn't see any one except that fellow you all call fish hawk" (Bischoff).

Miss Ella Sloan is again in the library, assisting Miss Trescott.

Britt (at a football game)—"Hush, boys, they can't see the signals."

At a recent meeting of the board of trustees, Prof. C. C. Newman was given charge of the truck-raising department at the College; and we may feel assured of a bountiful supply of vegetables next spring.

Mr. W. C. Tucker has resigned his position as assistant to the commandant, to accept the position of assistant to Mr. B. C. Hard, the College book-keeper.

Miss Julia Hook returned to Clemson during the holidays.

Miss Margaret Sadler, of Rock Hill, has returned to Clemson.

Senior Dwight applies for permission to wear citizen's clothes until he becomes reduced in flesh sufficiently for his uniform to fit. Col. Clay—not approved.

The family of the late Mr. Geo. E. Taylor has moved to Greenville.

Miss Anna Hardin, daughter of Col. M. B. Hardin, was recently wedded to Maj. E. Blythe, a lawyer of Greenville.

Miss Floride Calhoun has returned from a visit to friends in Atlanta.

Soph. Clark wants an encyclopedian.

At a recent meeting of the Junior class, L. O. Watson was elected secretary and treasurer to succeed Cadet J. E. Lunn, who left college on account of sickness.

Cadets George Warren and T. S. Allen were elected as coaches, and Cadet S. H. Sherard was elected manager of the football team.

Rat Garner—Say, does the Seneca River flow down stream all the way?

Senior Quattlebaum sent in a permit to wear citizen's clothes during the Christmas holidays.

Athletic Notes

As Clemson has just closed such a successful football season, it would be interesting to many to know what the Tigers have done in the past. Below we give a list of the teams and the scores of the games played for each year since Clemson has put out a team.

TEAM OF '96.

L. E., Blain; L. T., White; L. G., Hendricks; C., Swygert; R. G., Shealy; R. T., Hanvey; R. E., Gentry; Q. B., Brock; L. H., Tompkins; R. H., Hamilton; F. B., Chreitzburg.

Scores—Clemson 14, Furman 6; Clemson 6, Carolina 12; Clemson 16, Wofford 0.

TEAM OF '97.

L. E., Shealy; L. T., Hanvey, J. T.; L. G., Hanvey, G. A.; C., Swygert; R. G., Walker; R. T., Hendricks; R. E., Sullivan; Q. B., Brock (Captain); L. H., Gentry; R. H., Maxwell; F. B., Vogel.

Scores—Clemson 0, Georgia 24; Clemson 10, Charlotte Y. M. C. A. 0; Clemson 0; U. of N. C. 28; Clemson 20, Carolina 6.

TEAM OF '98.

L. E., Chreitzburg; L. T., Douthit; L. G., Duckworth; C., Mathis; R. G., Walker; R. T., Lewis; R. E., Shealy (Captain); Q. B., Riggs; L. H., Blease; R. H., Sullivan; F. B., Forsythe.

Scores—Clemson 8, U. of Ga. 20; Clemson 55, Bingham 0; Clemson 24, Charlotte 0; Clemson 23, Tech. 0.

TEAM OF '99.

L. E., Lewis; L. T., Douthit; L. G., Duckworth; C., Pegues; R. G., George; R. T., Walker (Captain); R. E., Hunter; Q. B., Riggs; L. H., Kaigler; R. H., Shealy; F. B., Forsythe.

Scores—Clemson 41, Tech. 5; Clemson 24, A. & M. O. 0; Clemson 34, Carolina 0; Clemson 10, Davidson 0; Clemson 0, U. of Ga. 10; Clemson 0, Auburn 34.

TEAM OF '00.

L. E., Bellows; L. T., Duckworth; L. G., Woodward; C., Kuelzler; R. G., George; R. T., Walker (Captain); R. E.,

Lynah; Q. B., Lewis; L. H., Forsythe; R. H., Hunter; F. B., Douthit.

Scores—Clemson 64, Davidson 0; Clemson 21, Wofford 0; Clemson 51, Carolina 0; Clemson 39, U. of Ga. 5; Clemson 12, V. P. I. 5; Clemson 35, Alabama 0.

TEAM OF '01.

L. E., Forsythe; L. T., DaCosta; L. G., Breeden; C., Green; R. G., Forsythe; R. T., Sneed; R. E., Lynah; Q. B., Lewis; L. H., Pearman; F. B., Douthit (Captain); R. H., Hunter.

Scores—Clemson 6, U. of Tenn. 6; Clemson 122, Guilford 0; Clemson 29, U. of Ga. 5; Clemson 13, V. P. I. 17; Clemson 22, U. of N. C. 10.

TEAM OF '02.

L. E., Sitton; L. T., Garrison; L. G., Kaigler; C., Green; R. G., Forsythe; R. T. Barnwell; R. E., Sadler (Captain); Q. B., Maxwell; L. H., Pollitzer; R. H., Gantt; F. B., Hanvey.

Scores—Clemson 11, A. & M. 5; Clemson 44, Tech. 5; Clemson 28, Furman 0; Clemscon 6, Carolina 12; Clemson 36, U. of Ga. 0; Clemson 16, Auburn 0; Clemson 11, Tenn. Tenn. 0.

TEAM OF '03.

L. E., Sitton; L. T., Cogburn; L. G., Derrick; C., Garrison; R. G., McKeown; R. T., Forsythe; R. E., Sadler (Captain); Q. B., Maxwell; R. H., Furtick; L. H., Wood; F. B., Hanvey.

Scores—Clemson 73, Tech. 0; Clemson 29, U. of Ga. 0; Clemson 24, A. & M. 0; Clemson 6, U. of N. C. 11; Clemson 24, Davidson 0; Clemson 11, Cumberland 11.

TEAM OF '04.

L. E., Williams; L. T., Derrick; L. G., Gooding; C., Keasler; R. G., McLaurin; R. T., Cain; R. E., Webb; Q.

B., McIver (Captain); L. H., Furtick; R. H., Ellison; F. B., Holland.

Scores—Clemson 18, Ala. 0; Clemson 0, Auburn 5; Clemson 10, U. of Ga. 0; Clemson 5, Sewanee 11; Clemson 11, Tech. 11; Clemson 6, Tenn. 0; Clemson 0, A. & M. 18.

TEAM OF '05.

L. E., Lykes; L. T., Derrick (Captain); L. G., Gaston; C., Keasler; R. G., Summers; R. T., McLaurin; R. E., Gantt; Q. B., McIver; L. H., Ellison; R. H., Furtick; F. B., Dickson.

Scores—Clemson 5, Tenn. 5; Clemson 35, U. of Ga. 0; Clemson 26, Ala. 0; Clemson 26, Auburn 0; Clemson 0, Vanderbilt 41; Clemson 5, Tech. 11.

TEAM OF '06.

L. E., Lykes; L. T., Gaston; L. G., Carter; C., Summers and Clark; R. G., Keel; R. T., McLaurin; R. E., Coles; Q., McFadden; L. H., Allen; R. H., Furtick (Captain); F. B., Derrick.

Scores—Clemson 0, V. P. I. 0; Clemson 5, U. of Ga. 0; Clemson 0, A. & M. 0; Clemson 0, Davidson 0; Clemson 6, Auburn 4; Clemson 16, Tenn. 0; Clemson 10, Tech. 0.

Total games won during eleven seasons	40
Total games lost during eleven seasons	14
Total games tied during eleven seasons	7
Total points scored during eleven seasons1	197
Total points scored by opponents during eleven seasons	332

Constitution of the South Carolina Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Association

ARTICLE I.—TITLE.

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

ARTICLE II.—OBJECTS.

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

ARTICLE III.—MEMBERSHIP.

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

ARTICLE IV.—OFFICERS.

Section 1. The officers of this Association shall be a President, a Vice-President, a Recording Secretary, and a Secretary of the Sealed Marks, one from each of the six Colleges now represented in the Association, and alternating annually in the order of the colleges as named.

- SEC. 2. All officers of the Association and of the Executive Committee shall be elected by the Convention, after being nominated by a committee, consisting of one member from each College, appointed by the President, and the nominee receiving the most votes shall be declared elected.
- SEC. 3. The President of the Association, on his retirement from office, and ex-prize men shall have their names enrolled on the honor roll of the Association.
- SEC. 4. The new officers shall take their seats for one calendar year.
- SEC. 5. If any office in the Association shall become vacant, the student body of the College represented by the vacating officer shall have power to elect his successor.

ARTICLE V.—Duties of Officers.

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

- SEC. 2. The Vice-President shall be active Chairman of the Executive Committee, and shall cast the deciding vote in case of tie. In case of absence of the President, the Vice-President shall become the active President of the Association. It shall be the duty of the Vice-President to call a meeting of the Executive Committee at least thirty days previous to the annual contest.
- SEC. 3. It shall be the duty of the Recording Secretary to keep an accurate copy of all amendments to the Constitution and By-Laws which are made by the Association. He shall also keep in suitable record the membership of the Association, both active and alumni, according to Colleges represented, and shall keep and file the proceedings of the Annual Convention, and copies of all orations delivered in the annual contest, with the name and grade of the orator. He shall also notify each College of the Association as to the officers immediately after their election.
- SEC. 4. It shall be the duty of the Corresponding Secretary to sign and issue certificates of personal membership upon the order of the President. He shall also send a type-written copy of each oration to each member of the Committee on Decision, Section H, and shall attend to such correspondence as may devolve upon him, and any other duties the Association may authorize.
- SEC. 5. The Treasurer shall keep all accounts of the Association and pay all bills approved by the Executive Com-

mittee. He shall keep on deposits all moneys belonging to the Association; shall receive all dues and receipt for same.

SEC. 6. The Secretary of Sealed Marks shall receive and keep the grades from Committee, Section B, on night of contest; and shall then and there assist Section B in combining and tabulating the grades of the two Committees.

ARTICLE VI.—EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

SECTION 1. The Executive Committee, consisting of one representative from each College, shall be elected by the Convention, as provided in Article IV., Section 2, and shall assemble in meeting at call of the Vice-President.

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

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

SEC. 4. The Executive Committee shall appoint each year, at its meeting, a committee to select the medals, and this committee must take into consideration as to the design of the first medal, the palmetto tree.

ARTICLE VII.—Committee of Decision.

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

SEC. 2. The Committee on Decisions shall be divided into two equal Sections, A and B. Section A shall be selected by the President at least sixty days before the contest, and each college of the Association shall be notified as soon as practicable of the committee's selection and acceptance. This

Committee, Section A, shall compare all orations submitted to them and shall grade them on the following points: Originality, thought and rhetoric, giving one final grade for each oration. This grade shall be on the scale of one hundred; the best oration, if considered perfect, being graded one hundred, and the remaining orations in proportion to their merit as compared with the first.

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

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

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

SEC. 6. At the close of the contest, the Secretary of Sealed Marks and the Committee, Section B, shall retire and make a final average. At no other place and time, and

under no other circumstances whatsoever, shall any of the sealed grades be opened.

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

ARTICLE VIII.—ORATIONS.

In the contests of this Association, no oration shall contain more than two thousand words, and it shall be the duty of the Corresponding Secretary to construe the article strictly to the letter, and return any oration exceeding the above limit. Any analysis, outline, or explanation attached to the oration shall be considered a part thereof, counted and graded accordingly. All orations shall be composed and written by the contestants themselves, without assistance, and as regards delivery, they shall receive no assistance, except from the faculty and students of the college they represent, on penalty of exclusion from the contest.

ARTICLE IX.—Representatives.

The mode of selection of the contestants from each college shall be decided by each institution forming this Association. Each college shall be entitled to one representative, and he shall be a member of one of the literary societies; shall be an under-graduate at the time of his selection and at the time of contest. Each representative shall have made

and forwarded to the Secretary three typewritten copies of his oration at least thirty days previous to the contest.

ARTICLE X.—FEES.

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

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

ARTICLE XI.—PRIZES.

As testimonials of success in the contests of this Association, there shall be awarded two prizes: As first honor, a gold medal, of the value of twenty dollars; as second honor, a gold medal of the value of ten dollars.

ARTICLE XII.—Conventions.

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

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

ARTICLE XIII.—Exclusion from Membership.

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

ARTICLE XIV.—Contestants.

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

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

SEC. 3. The successful contestant shall represent the Association in the Southern Inter-State Oratorical Association, and his necessary traveling expenses shall be paid by the Association.

ARTICLE XV.—Publications.

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

ARTICLE XVI.—Authority Recognized.

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

ARTICLE XVII.—Amendments.

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

CLEMSON COLLEGE DIRECTORY

Clemson Agricultural College.

P. H. MELL, President.

P. H. E. SLOAN, Secretary-Treasurer.

Clemson College Chronicle.

J. C. CLARK, Editor-in-Chief.

T. D. EASON, Business Manager.

Calhoun Literary Society.

L. Boggs, President.

J. W. Lewis, Secretary.

Columbian Literary Society.

President.

F. J. CRIDER, Secretary.

Palmetto Literary Society.

T. D. EASON, President.

H. K. STRICKLAND, Secretary.

The Clemson College Annual of 1907.

L. Boggs, Editor-in-Chief.

F. M. Stephenson, Business Manager.

Clemson College Sunday School.

D. W. DANIEL, Superintendent.

E. A. CRAWFORD, Secretary.

Young Men's Christian Association.

E. A. CRAWFORD, President.

Secretary.

Clemson College Science Club.

F. S. SHIVER, President.

F. H. H. CALHOUN, Secretary.

Athletic Association.

W. M. Riggs, President.

J. W. GANTT, Secretary.

Football Association.

F. M. Furtick, Captain Team '05-06.

E. M. KAMINER, Manager

Clemson College Club.

W. M. RIGGS, President.

German Club.

S. R. PERRIN, President.

C. W. MARSTON, Secretary.

Baseball Association.

F. M. STEPHENSON, Manager.

T. L. BISSELL, Captain.

Alumni Association.

D. H. Henry, President.

Clemson College, S. C.

A. B. BRYAN, Secretary.

Clemson College, S. C.

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[Entered at Clemson College, S. C., Post Office as second class mail matter.]



The Clemson College Chronicle

Valeat Quantum Valere Potest

Vol. X. CLEMSON COLLEGE, S. C., FEB., 1907.

No. 5



Editors:

B. D. CARTER, '07

W. O. PRATT. '08

Doctor Jennings' Patient

For a year and a half, Mr. Gleason, his wife, and their only daughter, Mary, very fair, but very frail, had been traveling. Into Europe, Asia, and tropical America, the wealthy land-owner and his family had been. Now, they came home to rest and enjoy the wealth which had come to him from his farm. They did not know that near them, a young Dr. Jennings, who had recently received his degree, had come to live in their neighborhood.

Just one week and two days after their homecoming, Mr. Gleason was taken suddenly ill. All night he tossed and murmured incoherently in delirium. His body seemed almost to be consumed with the terrible fever. He speedily grew worse, and before 9 o'clock the next day, before the

family physician had arrived, he was dead. In less than two days, the horrible disease had seized the wife. She suffered but a short time before her spirit went to join that of her husband.

Mary was an orphan and alone, but for two negro servants, old Henry and his wife, Sarah. None but these two tried to comfort her in her bereavement, for it was known that the malady, brought from the tropics, was very contagious. She was like one in a trance. She could not realize her lonely condition, and that she might fall a prey to the fever that had killed her parents.

One morning, not long after her loss, she awoke with an awful pain in her head, and burning, aching limbs. The horrible truth dawned upon her. She had the disease! Old Henry had heard of the new doctor, and went for him immediately. He told of the quick death and the pain and suffering. The doctor hesitated. Henry implored him, for the love of his mistress, to come. Reluctantly, he agreed to go, and with the negro, went to see the sick girl.

As he entered the room of the sufferer, the beauty of the patient struck him. Her masses of jet black hair lay loosely around her, and her eyes, black as midnight, seemed fairly to blaze with luster from the effect of the fever. He resolved to save this beautiful flower if human skill could. All night long he sat by her bedside, giving her every hour doses of white powder. She knew nothing of those around her. In her delirium, she called for her father to see the beautiful bay of an Italian city. She repeated the cries of the street venders in harsh Italian; or, in soft, smooth words, she conversed with a little native girl in her native language. Then she thought she was sitting in a little house, in the southwestern portion of her own country, and saw a small herd of maddened cattle stampede. Before her eyes came the relentless onrush of the fierce beasts, surging like a living lake. The foremost animals tossed into the air a

little Indian girl, who could not get away. In a few seconds the child was a torn, bleeding, unrecognizable mass of quivering flesh. Mary screamed and clutched the air. The muscles of her neck were drawn and rigid. Never before had Dr. Jennings seen such terror in a human being. Towards morning, she became quiet. The blood which had been coursing like liquid fire through her veins, no longer rushed furiously on, but scarcely moved at all. The crimson faded from her face and left the burning cheek cold and pallid.

Sarah sat in a chair by the door, and swayed slowly back and forth with sorrow. Her young mistress was going to die, as had her master and his beloved wife. Old Henry sat on the floor in a corner, his arms crossed on his knees, and his head resting on them. Both of them loved the "chile" devotedly.

Dr. Jennings had immediately seen the change.

"How soon the crisis comes," he said.

"Yassir," said Henry.

A blast as fierce as the sirocco had struck the tender lily, that now drooped and faded. She slept quietly. She awoke, no longer delirious. She seemed to be going fast. Looking at the doctor, she beckoned for him to come to her. He knelt beside her; and she whispered to him, "Pray for me."

Dr. Jennings had been prominent in religious work in the college from which he had graduated. Many times he had led his comrades in prayer, and the gentle, soothing words had fallen on the bowed heads of the boys around him like a soft summer shower, and had brought tears to their eyes as he pleaded with the Master for the sinful men; or the strong, earnest words that he had said to them had fallen like heavy weights on them, and had made them look with fear and loathing on their wicked courses.

Now, as he prayed aloud before the bed of the stricken

girl, the spirit of the old days came upon him. He prayed as he had never prayed before. He asked for the life of the beautiful creature before him.

"Father," he said, "take one who can better afford to go; one not so worthy to live. If Thou seest fit, give back her health and strength, even if some one who loves her has to take her place before the judgment seat."

When he raised his head, he saw that she was asleep. Dr. Jennings left for his home. After a three hours' stay, he was again at his patient's bedside. He saw that she would recover. At the end of a week she could walk. The very day on which she was able to go, unaided, across the room, old Henry told her that the new doctor had contracted the disease. Her cheek blanched, for she had learned to love the man who had saved her life. She sent Henry to help his own servant care for the sufferer. Before night, he came back with a message:

"Dr. Jennings say he want to see you 'fore he die. Say it over and over, and t'row his arms about awful."

Henry got the carriage ready, and to it, with the assistance of Sarah, he took his mistress. All the way she leant on the shoulder of old Sarah, and wept; for she knew that he whom she loved would probably die.

When she got to his home, and went toward him, he held out his hands and smiled feebly. As he had knelt by her bedside when she was sick, so now she knelt beside his. She bowed her head on his shoulder, and clasped his hand in hers. He lay quiet, his eyes resting on the kneeling form of the maiden—the one to whom he had given his heart, and for whom he might soon give up his life.

Mary had not been by his side long before he complained of being cold. She saw that he was sinking rapidly. For the first time since she had come, he spoke to her. It was a mere whisper, and she could not understand what he said On moving closer, she caught the words, "Press your lips to my forehead."

She lightly touched his cold lips with her warm ones. Five minutes later he was dead. Little had he thought that he would take her "place before the judgment seat," but his prayer had been answered literally, and that day he was to offer himself before the All-father for the one whom he had loved and for whom he had prayed. W. H. R., '08.

Debate

Query: Resolved, That the class of immigrants now admitted to the South will prove a desirable and a beneficial addition to our citizenship.

Affirmative.

On that eventful day when the first settlers of America landed upon her shores, they found a land of fabulous resources undeveloped, yet capable of being developed to the fullest extent. There abounded vast forests of timber, awaiting only the brain and brawn of man to convert them into articles of use and commerce; large areas of the most fertile and productive land in the world, capable of supplying the needs of both Europe and America; great ranges of mountains, under whose dark shadows were to be found gold, silver and other precious metals, together with coal, iron and petroleum, sufficient to supply the world for centuries to come; and a long range of coast on which were to be found the best harbors known to man.

Those early setlers overcame hardships; and, by dint of energy and perseverance, laid the foundation for future development and progress. As time rolled on, others of their friends and countrymen, becoming dissatisfied with their condition at home, sought freedom and fortune in this land of plenty, until in time this vast store of wealth was

opened to the world. On down through the lapse of years there has continued to flow into this land of opportunity a steady stream of immigrants, until to-day, what was once a broad expanse of undeveloped territory has blossomed into beauty, and stands forth before the world the greatest and grandest nation on earth. Her people, an assimilation of all the races of mankind, are the proudest and most resourceful of earth's inhabitants; her factories are unsurpassed as to size and quality; her coal fields harbor fuel sufficient to supply the demands of industry for centuries to come: her bosom is a network of railways; her fields are capable of production sufficient to feed and clothe the world. Yet. strange to say, that portion of our country, the South, possessing the greatest natural advantages and resources, is but in the infancy of her rightful development and progress; and to-day, when the star of promise seems hovering over her, a serious barrier has arisen—the South has outgrown her labor supply. Her factories, her mills, her railroads, her shops, and most of all, her fields, are suffering for the want of laborers; and, in the opinion of the ablest and most far-sighted of her sons, the one and only practical solution of the problem lies in the success of the plan she is now pursuing—the importation of selected, able-bodied and intelligent foreigners direct from their native shores-in short, by immigration.

The prime subject looming up for consideration when immigration is mentioned, is, Who and whence are these people that are now coming into our Southland to make their homes among us? Of what class and nationality are they? And what may we expect from them as citizens and neighbors? In order to arrive at a clearer understanding of the questions involved, let us examine into the class, nationality, and race standing of these immigrants. As a fair illustration, we will take the shipload recently landed at Charleston. We learn from the published reports that

the colony embraced Scotch, Irish, German, Dutch, Belgian, Austrian and Scandinavian settlers, including men, women and children. Now, what may we, with confidence, look forward to in the citizenship of these people? If, as is often stated, experiences of the past constitute the surest index to the future, then may we expect great an l farreaching benefits.

If you ask for proof of this contention, we point you to the records of the early settlement and subsequent development of the South. In the Old North State, large numbers of sturdy French and German settlers have found homes, and much of her strength and prowess in the fields of industry to-day results from their loyal and energetic aid. Several colonies from northern and western Europe have settled in Georgia; and, as citizens, have proved themselves thrifty, law-abiding and industrious.

In our own State, thousands of Scotch, Irish, German and Dutch settlers have found homes; and by identifying themselves with every movement looking to the upbuilding and advancement of their adopted home, have performed valuable service in lifting our State to the high plane of moral, educational, and industrial prominence she now occupies. A single instance, selected at random, will serve to demonstrate the point.

In a certain country home in Ireland, a little Irish babe first saw the light. Growing to manhood, he served an apprenticeship at Dublin, and, with numerous others of his countrymen, he came to America. That, Dr. T. M. Bailey, of Greenville, for thirty-two years a State Mission Secretary, and known far and wide for his saintly, consecrated life of service, has, we feel safe in saying, accomplished more for the advancement of the cause of truth and righteousness throughout the South than any other man now living.

The substantial character and worth of the immigrants coming into the South is even more convincingly demon-

strated in the splendid growth and development of the West. Within the memory of men now living, that great expanse of territory beyond the Mississippi was regarded as a barren waste, unfit for the habitation of man. Its Aladdin-like rise into one of the most productive, prosperous and wealthy sections on the globe, forms a story which for entrancing magic is unrivaled in history or romance; and all now agree that this wonderful growth and development is largely due to the industry and energy of those splendid bodies of immigrants which, from time to time, have found homes in that far Western clime.

We find, therefore, that the immigrants who have come to us in former years, far from being disturbers of the peace and a menace to good government, as my honorable opponent would have you believe them, have proved potent factors in the upbuilding and advancement of our institutions.

As proof that the immigrants now coming into the South are in every respect as desirable as those who have come before, we have the testimony of eminent authorities, as well as that of prominent citizens in every walk of life. With reference to the character and worth of those recently landed at Charleston, Hon, E. J. Watson, Commissioner of Immigration in South Carolina, says: "We have worked along the lines of selective immigration, and the character of the shipload of people landed in Charleston demonstrates the soundness of the methods employed. No precaution that human foresight could indicate has been neglected. All of our representatives abroad have been duly commissioned after being carefully selected for their fitness. The cooperation and sanction of each foreign government has been requested, and in many instances, this request has not been neglected, but most gladly granted. In several countries was this not only granted, but advice given: 'Take our best people—leave the bad for us to handle;' and in one country

at least, the government authorities aided in the selection. What is more, the State's accredited agents have abundant opportunity to examine their police and other records at their own homes, and then judge of their fitness."

"When I went to Europe," says Mr. Watson, "I did so with proper papers from the State Department. Strictest instructions were given to all agents as to selection and as to refraining from misrepresentations of any character. Precautions were even taken to better the hours of labor and conditions of our laboring people. I feel sure that the thinking men, the sociologists, those who have the betterment of American interests at heart, cannot fail to see the benefits promised through such precautions to the conditions of the entire country.

"It is folly to try to bring people into the South, people who have been accustomed to a higher scale of wages than they will receive at their new homes. We are simply securing desirable crude material from those sections of Europe where the scale of wages is lower than in the South. We have a number of such, who, in a few years, have saved sufficient to buy their own farms and are now successful citizens. A few more of these immigrants may work wonders, not only for the South, but for the country at large—benefiting rather than injuring the negro, improving our whole country's economic conditions and adding greatly to our production and wealth."

Mr. Watson's views are strongly confirmed in the testimony of Hon. E. F. Sargent, United States Commissioner General of Immigration, than whom there is no higher authority anywhere on matters pertaining to immigration. After witnessing the examination and landing of the immigrants brought over by Mr. Watson, Mr. Sargent, in a published interview, said:

"They are an exceptionally good class of people. We do not receive many shiploads containing a higher grade of set-

tlers. As an average, they were healthy, robust and ablebodied. The women were good-looking, the children especially fine; and I tell you, altogether, it is an especially fine lot of people that have come into your State. You can say that the people brought over by Commissioner Watson are all right. They are as fine lot of men, women and children as I have seen. Good workmen, such as these, are sure to stimulate those here into doing better work."

Further confirmation is found in the following comment of the Charleston *News and Courier*:

"A more carefully selected and promising company of immigrants," says the Courier, "has never been landed at any port in the United States. There was not one anarchist among them, and not one pauper or dependent person. the party were men, women, and children, entire families and single persons, all intent upon becoming citizens of our State and country, and aiding in the development of our marvelous resources. There were among them skilled operatives, all of whom have already found work in the cotton mills of the State, gardners and farmers, workers in iron, machinists, carpenters, laborers, and servants—men and women who have been trained in their callings, and who will find work exactly adapted to their several talents. It was noted by those who saw them, how many refined faces were among those who came ashore, and how many of them were well dressed. They did not all speak the same tongue, but they were all evidently moved by the same spirit of enterprise—the spirit which has built up the great West, the spirit which will build up speedily the South."

We do not wish to be understood as saying that no undesirable immigrants are finding their way into the South, but that they are so greatly in the minority as to be scarcely worthy of consideration. Statistics show that Italians are coming into the United States in greater numbers than any other nationality, but the larger portion of these congregate

in the great industrial centers of the North—only a very small per cent. finding their way into the South.

Granting that Italians and other races of Southern Europe were flooding the South, what argument have you against them? Has not Italy produced the greatest painters of ancient or modern times? Was not this same country the birthplace and home of the proudest and most cultured civilization known to history? Are not the Italian people the sturdiest, most reliable laborers to be found? In the rice fields and truck gardens of Texas and Louisiana, in the coal fields of Alabama and Virginia, where they are relied on to a greater extent than any other people, they have demonstrated their worth over and over again. Any one who will carefully consider these facts, can but reach the conclusion that the South's aversion to the people of Southern Europe is race prejudice, pure and simple. Ask the average American what he knows personally against the Italians, and he will immediately answer, "just the race."

As proof that the Italians are a peaceful and law-abiding people, instead of the lawless murderers my honorable opponent would have you believe them, we call your attention to a comparison of the crime records of the North and South, published in a late census report. As I have already stated, the larger portion of Italian immigrants settle in the North, and yet these statistics show that two-thirds of the crimes committed in the United States are south of Mason and Dixon's line.

Now, that we have shown that there is nothing to fear from the coming of immigrants into the South, let us now consider some of the benefits that must surely follow.

One of the most serious problems that confronts the South to-day is the race question; and, as Governor Heyward has well said, "Immigration is the only practical solution of this problem." The negro is here, and here to stay. Some may talk of deporting him—of sending him back to

Africa; but they are sure to find that when they undertake this they will meet a very determined opposition from the whites of the South. This problem must be solved in such a manner that the negro shall remain in the South; but at the same time become a better laborer and improve his social and moral conditions. The one and only manner in which this can be brought about is by immigration. The negro is naturally indolent, and realizing that he is the only means of cultivating the fields, he demands his own price and works his own hours. We need to bring into our country hundreds of thousands of just such people as are now coming into the South, so that the negro shall have competition. When he realizes that he has a competitor in the immigrant, he will mend his ways socially and morally, and become a "laborer worthy of his hire." Another point of critical importance is that with every thousand immigrants brought into the South, the chances of negro predomination become more remote.

Another serious problem confronting the South is child-labor. Visit any of our cotton mills, and there you will find hundreds of little children, who should be fitting themselves for life's struggles by attending the public schools, wearing their lives away among the dusty looms of the mill. Look at any of these children, and you will find that they have yellow skins, hollow chests, and a general downcast expression. This is a condition that must be met. The Legislatures of our several States have realized this fact, and sooner or later will pass laws prohibiting child-iabor. Unless immigrants are brought over to take the places of these children, the industrial progress of our country will be seriously retarded.

Finally, the coming of these immigrants means the settling up of thousands of small farms, which in turn will go far towards solving our labor problem. When we see a chain of small, well-tilled farms extending from the mountains to the seaboard, all owned and occupied by capable American citizens, then will the salvation of the South be assured.

Therefore, we see that the immigrants who have come into the South, and who are now coming, are in every respect desirable citizens. Those who have come before, have lifted the West from its barren state to the high plane of prosperity which it now occupies; and those who are now coming, are going to work still greater wonders for the South. Let them come from every clime and every nation; and ere many years have rolled by, they will have raised our Southland from its infancy to so high a plane of progress and development that the whole world will raise its eyes in wonder to behold the great miracle that has been wrought by the hand of man.

H. B. RISER, '08.

Negative.

During the past forty years, the public has been advised that there is a race problem in the South; and long after it ceased to cause any apprehension in the minds of the American people, politicians have used it to advance their personal ends. But it seems that now another problem is to have the right of way over all else, both in business and political circles, and that is the question of immigration to the South. To claim that immigration to-day means the same that it did fifty years ago, merely obscures the vital point of this discussion; for the general character of the immigrants entering the United States now is a factor which did not formerly complicate the problem. From its very nature, this question demands the attention of every thinking man in America. But if there is one phase of the subject of more importance than all others, it is the effect of immigration upon our citizenship.

I do not mean to burden you with statistics; but, on account of their vital importance, it is necessary to give you a few figures, which will illustrate the great change that has

taken place recently in the source and character of our alien immigration. Until 1870, which marks the turning point, our-immigrants were mainly the inhabitants of northwestern Europe. Since that date, there has been a decrease of about seventy per cent. in the numbers from that part of Europe, while there has been a corresponding increase from southeastern Europe, until they now constitute three hundred times as many as came from these stagnant reservoirs of pauperism, ignorance and degradation just twenty-five years ago. Thus, we see, that during the first century of our existence, our immigration was made up almost entirely of the races kindred to ours and kindred to the men who established our independence.

It is sometimes argued, in favor of indiscriminate immigration, that these men were immigrants as much so as those entering the United States now, and that we are all descended from immigrants. That is just the point. The Colonists who came in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were men of intelligence, strength, and character. They were the pick of European peoples, and came, leaving behind whatever there were of social dregs. They were driven from Europe because of their religious and political beliefs, and settled in America that they might worship God and govern themselves according to their convictions and the dictates of their consciences. These were the men that have enabled this country to attain the position of eminence it now occupies politically and commercially, socially and morally.

Ladies and gentlemen, this cannot be said of the million of immigrants now entering the United States annually. The reports of the Commissioner Generals show that sixty-five per cent. of these are Italians, Russians, and Hungarians; that of this number the majority are Italians, while only a few of the remainder are in sympathy with American institutions. For an example of their character, let us take

the Italians; for what can be said of them may be applied to the majority of all others now landing on our shores. About sixty per cent. of these people are illiterates; only a few have skilled occupations, the remainder being loafers and paupers. They crowd into the congested centers of towns and cities, spread contagious diseases, lead immoral lives, and commit crime. Italian authorities themselves tell us that one-seventh of their entire population ought to be in jail. Their criminals and murderers are organized in bands, whose purpose is to rob, kidnap, and assassinate. We need no further evidence of their character than the hundreds of crimes recently committed in foreign lands and in the United States by the Black Hand and other kindred societies. The trail of Italian assassination emerges from the dark ages and trickles like a rivulet of blood down the pages of history.

Why should we allow such a people to enter our country? This is the question confronting us now. In the first place, the countries from which these immigrants come are encouraging and assisting their undesirable classes to emigrate. They have special schemes by which they are forcing upon America their convicts, diseased, and paupers. For example, when the King of Denmark took the throne a short while ago, nine hundred thieves and murderers were pardoned. By privately solicited funds, each convict was given a ticket to the United States. Only a short time before, several hundred of that same class were sent to us from England. By similar schemes, all European countries are dumping their riff-raff upon America. Then again, steamship companies, corporations, and employers of labor have special agents who go among those animalistic foreigners, and by false promises, induce them to come. For the sake of adding a few paltry dollars to their private wealth, these companies are forcing upon us a people who have no intention of becoming Americanized, no ideas of building homes, and who would sacrifice nothing in defense of our flag.

But do I hear my opponent say, "All undesirable classes are excluded by law." Such a statement is without foundation; for though existing laws do exclude a few of the insane, afflicted and diseased, this does not touch the real problem. To illustrate, less than one out of every hundred who applied last year were refused admission. The Commissioners and Medical Inspectors state that at least two hundred thousand were admitted at Ellis Island alone last year, who are unable to support themselves, and are detrimental to the best interests of our country. But the most conclusive evidence may be seen in the slums of our cities. There, in great throngs, we see the crippled, club-footed, decrepit, scrofulous, and even leprous—all of whom passed inspection. This serious defect in our laws Congress has at last detected, and amendments are now pending that will prohibit the entrance of many of the undesirable classes in the future. But, gentlemen of the Committee, pending laws do not change the character of the millions who have been coming during the past few years, and are here now being cared for by the United States at the expense of our citizenship.

Those who oppose the restriction of immigration would have you believe that the South is not suffering from this alien influx, because they are not numerous enough. If this be true, then pray tell me, how can they exert the desirable influence upon our citizenship that my opponent has just pictured to you? No one has doubted that the majority are located in Northern cities; but we should remember that the power to assimilate this people is in proportion to native population; that the admission of one hundred to a Southern city is equivalent to the addition of ten thousand to New York City. But it matters not how few or how many aliens are now in the Southern States, statistics prove that seventy-five per cent. of the arrests made during the past few years in our own Southern cities have been aliens. We

need no further evidence of what the South is suffering at the hands of foreigners than the blood-curdling crimes recently committed in New Orleans by organized bands.

Thus we see, that it is absurd to think these people are now, or will in the future, prove a desirable addition to our citizenship; for they are composed of illiterates, paupers, convicts, and anarchists. They have no history behind them which is of a nature to be encouraging; they have none of the inherited instincts and tendencies which made it comparatively easy to deal with the immigration of the olden times; they are beaten men from beaten races, representing the most unfit in the struggle for existence. They have none of the ideas and aptitudes which fit men to take up readily and easily the problem of self-care and self-government.

It has been said that the South is dependent upon immigrant labor for the development of its resources. This statement is unfounded, for statistics prove the reverse. The annual rate of increase in our manufacturing capital is \$150,000,000; in manufactured products \$120,000,000. We are producing cotton enough to supply three-fourths of the mills in the world, producing petroleum at the rate of 5,000,000 barrels per month, building 2,500 miles of railroad annually, contributing forty per cent. of our country's export trade, and adding \$3,000,000 a day to our wealth. These are only a few examples of what has been accomplished in the face of great disadvantages. For only a short time ago, our country was a waste of barren desolation and ruins. But in spite of this fact, and without the horde of immigrants that have been pouring into the North, we have experienced one of the most stupendous agricultural, industrial, and commercial developments recorded in history.

No one denies that there is a demand for labor in the South. Such is only natural in this great commercial age. But what assurances have we that there are no unforeseen

menaces in the present proposals to distribute alien races throughout the South? What assurances have we that this so-called new immigration system will solve this labor question? I refer to the South Carolina Immigration Bureau, that has been about to do something for quite a while. Nothing has been accomplished as yet that indicates such solution; for less than one percent, of those that have been brought here have gone to the farm, and there is where labor is now needed. You might bring one hundred thousand of that same class to South Carolina to-morrow, and the cry for labor would still be heard. But the farmers have been very fortunate in receiving so few of them; for the superintendents of the mills and public works where they have located state that they are absolutely worthless. Such a statement is not surprising when we learn that these immigrants are induced to come here by agents. Some of them may have come from highly civilized races. But let us not forget that every country has its dregs, and these we are getting. Therefore, it is only reasonable to believe that these people belong to the same class as those daily arriving at Ellis Island, the majority of whom are unfitted for anything except to dig coal, keep dirty shops in the slums of cities, loaf and tramp over the country, leading bears and monkeys for the amusement of children. If we need immigrants, it is not this class, but men of sound body and sound heart, who will work honestly for their living, and who may be incorporated into the American social and political body. Such men cannot be hauled across the Atlantic like merchandise and bought like sheep.

The theory that this class of immigrants will not only solve the labor question, but will also solve the race problem, is as senseless as the selection of desirable immigrants is impracticable. Instead of solving, it is complicating the problem by swelling the races who are more undesirable than the negro. This alien influx tends to increase the race pre-

judice, because of the competition that prevails in the labor field, with more tendencies to idleness in the towns and cities among the negroes. At the present rate of increase, the time is not far distant when the South will find itself with another race problem to combat, with added burdens and difficulties.

Immigration is doing our working men an injustice by lowering wages and the standard of living; and these are the men who need protection. "Why," they ask, "should there be free trade in labor, while the American producer and manufacturer are given a tariff wall to shield them against foreign competition? Why, if the products of the people of Europe are excluded, should the pauper labor itself be permitted to compete with us?" These are questions that corporations and their representatives cannot answer. Immigration is responsible for labor strikes. It is costing our government and charitable institutions billions of dollars annually to bring them here, to educate them, and care for their insane, diseased, and paupers. Every other country protects its people in their employment, in their opportunities of life, and standard of living, while America takes to her large heart the poor, the diseased, the criminals and escaped convicts from other nations. We should not fail to recognize the rights of others, the brotherhood of man, but we should remember that self-protection is the first law of nature.

We are now reminded of the evils that Thomas Jefferson foretold when he said: "These immigrants will bring with them the principles of the government they have imbibed in early youth, and these principles, with their language, they will transmit to their children. In proportion to their number they will share with us in the legislation. They will infuse into it their spirit, work and bias its direction and under it a heterogeneous, incoherent, distracted mass. Then, is it not safer to wait with patience for the attainment

of population desired or expected? May not our government be more homogeneous, more peaceable, more reliable?" These words are from the prophet and from the gospel of Democracy. Then why should we hasten the day of degeneration in our Anglo-Saxon race, which is not far distant and sure to come, unless the gates be guarded which admit men to these United States and to citizenship in this great republic. But does my honorable opponent say, "Let us develop recources; let us get rich?" Verily, I say so too. Let us indeed get rich; not only in houses and lands, in flocks and herds, i ncities and towns, and gold and silver: but also in the unmistakable riches of the freedom wherewith our ancestors made us free; in the knowledge of our rights, personal and state; and, above all, rich in the integrity to vindicate them.

By swelling the dangerous classes, immigration is complicating our political problem. The liquor traffic is chiefly controlled and carried on by foreigners; this creates a liquor vote. Immigration furnishes most of the victims of Mormonism, and there is a Mormon vote. It tends strongly to the cities which gives to them their political complexion; and there is no more serious menace to civilization than these rabble-ruled cities. It is only natural that all foreigners should cherish their own languages and customs, and carry their nationality as a distinct factor into politics. Such a mass of men, who are not acquainted with our institutions, who will act in concert, who are controlled by their appetites and prejudices, constitute a very paradise for demagogues. For such votes politicians bid, and they have already been decisive in State elections, and might as easily determine national.

I recognize the high worth of our citizens of foreign birth who come in sympathy with our free institutions, desiring to aid us in promoting a Christian civilization; but no one knows better than these same Christian foreigners that they do not represent the mass of immigrants; for the typical immigrant is a European peasant whose horizon has been narrow, whose religious and moral training has been meager or false, and whose ideas of life are low. Being isolated in a strange land, he became demoralized; his strength, he has left behind; and he is now subjected to tempation. Better wages affords larger means of self-indulgence, liberty lapses into license; and thus he sinks to a lower moral level.

An examination of the records shows that seventy per cent. of our convicts are of foreign birth; that the number dependent on charitable institutions is eighty per cent. greater among foreigners than Americans; that ninety-five per cent. of the beggars found on the streets of our cities are aliens; and that sixty per cent. of our entire alien population are illiterates. These are the people who are filling our asylums and prisons; these are the people who are overcrowding the slums of our cities, and there laying the foundation for anarchy, transmitting contagious diseases, and transforming the Sabbath from a holy day into a holiday. Such is the character of those whose branches are to interlock with ours to form society, with all its laws and customs and forces of public opinion. This means that in every part of the country where God's sun shines warmly, we shall have new problems to solve, and that the struggle against intellectual darkness is to become one that will interest every part of our Southland. Then, must we calmly contemplate the peril of the rights and privileges for which our grandsires fought and died, for which our fathers spent their blood in one great agonizing crisis, and for which we daily toil and suffer, lest they be impaired?

Now, in conclusion, I have shown you that the present class of immigrants are not benefitting the South, and are not a desirable addition to our citizenship, because they are not kindred to our Anglo-Saxon race; that the immigrants

who have enabled these United States to stand foremost among the nations of the earth were men of intelligence, strength, and character, while the present class are beaten men from beaten races, representing the most unfit in the struggle for existence, and have none of the ideas and aptitudes which fit men to take up readily and easily the problem of self-government. I have shown you further that the prevailing cause of illiteracy in our country is immigration, and is gradually becoming more burdensome. have also shown you, that immigrants are filling our charitable institutions; that they are responsible for the majority of murders and assassinations; and that they are causing and spreading contagious diseases throughout the land. Immigration is responsible for the great labor strikes; it is lowering the wages and standard of living among working men; it is solving neither the labor question nor the race problem, but is complicating both. It is costing our country billions of dollars annually to add to our native population a million illiterates, lunatics, paupers, anarchists, thieves and murderers, who are desecrating the Sabbath, corrupting our civic and political integrity, degrading the economic well-being of our working men, and undermining and destroying our very civilization. These are facts that cannot be denied, and if any sober-minded Southerner can view them with perfect equanimity, I do not believe "he ever unto himself hath said, 'My own, my native Southland.'"

Let us remember that the development of our material resources is not the chief end and aim of man or of this nation; that the building, developing and elevating of our social and civil fabric in its purity and grandeur is more than adding to the volume of our wealth. More important it is to develop man and society and free government, and maintain them in their purity, than it is to accumulate money. I maintain that the rapid accumulation and building up of our national wealth is not the paramount object of this nation,

but rather the developing of a virtuous, contented, and happy people, for

"Ill fares that land, to hastening ills a prey, Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

B. D. CARTER, '07.

Fate

High up in the Rockies, about fifteen miles from the little town of G—, there once lived, in a small cave, which he called his home, a man by the name of William Russells. He had lived there about thirty years. Where he came from, no one knew. About once a month, he went to G— to buy the necessaries of life. Apart from this, he never troubled the world with his presence. He was often seen chasing wild animals on the rocky slopes of the mountains.

This much the inhabitants of G— knew, but no more. No one had ever been so inquisitive as to climb to his cave. He was in a manner feared. This made his home the more seclusive. To sum it all up, he was nothing more nor less than a hermit.

* * * * * * * *

In the winter of '99, I was taking a big hunt in the Rocky Mountains. I thought I could get the more sport by being alone, so my only companions were my horse, dog and gun. Game was plentiful.

One morning, while chasing an uncommonly large bear, I fell from my horse upon the rocks, and broke my leg. Having become unconscious, I lay where I had fallen. Upon regaining my senses, I found myself in an elegantly furnished cave. Everything showed signs of wealth, but the thing that puzzled me most was the walls. Their only ornament was a solitary picture—the picture of a woman.

While I lay in this state of perplexity, a man entered. In

stature he was tall; his hair was almost white; and his features showed that he was in the last stages of melancholia. His name was William Russells. I had fallen almost in front of his cave, and he seeing my condition, had taken me into his abode. I remained there several weeks with my new-found friend, awaiting the healing of my fractured leg. Russells was moody, and when at home was always sunk in reverie. It seemed as if something of greater weight than he was able to bear was rankling in his soul. At night he could not sleep, but lay staring and shuddering at the darkness.

One night, he became extremely ill. He called me to his bedside, and by his look I knew he had something to tell me. Raising himself on his pillow, he began:

"I know you have thought strange of the things you have seen since you have been here, but I have submitted to it all as my fate. I was once a young man, as you, having all the wealth I could desire. I graduated from college while yet young, and began to practice law. After several years' practice I became somewhat popular throughout the country, and my ambitions rose with my popularity.

"Alas! One day I met a woman. I have cursed that day till the thoughts of it almost drive me mad, and yet she was the most beautiful woman I ever beheld. She was tall and slender, with golden hair, blue eyes, and the face of an angel. Her voice, her look, thrilled me as I had never been thrilled before. My love for her became a passion. She encouraged me, and I was the happiest mortal alive. At last she consented to be my wife, and my happiness knew no bounds.

"After a time she became cold and indifferent to me; she slighted me in every way possible, but my love for her was so great that I paid no heed to this. She married another man; then I awoke to the reality. At first it stunned me; it made me drunk; I reeled beneath the blow. When I

regained my senses I resolved upon her destruction. I was blood-thirsty. My first victim was her husband; I killed him. She eluded me, but I made her a beggar, and yet my vengeance was not satiated. That woman wrecked my life. I am the remains. I have lived here thirty years in solitude, but I can stand it no longer.

"Yonder on the wall hangs her picture. I have d—d it ten thousand times. Can I ever forgive her! No! Even unto death, never!"

He sank back upon the bed. I stooped to lift him—he was dead.

RAT LITTLEJOHN, '10.

The Cotton Mill as a Drawback to Our Nation's Development

The fact that the United States to-day ranks one of the first among the nations of the world, is due probably more to her high intellectual development than to any other cause. No nation can fill her place, unless its people possess minds and characters strengthened and ennobled by educational advantages. Take the nations which have held prominent places in history, and we find them to be the most cultured of their day. We have a right to be proud of our nation, of its great progress, and of its educational advancements. Can we say, though, that it is taking the proper steps toward the education of its children? Can we say that it is free from illiterate people, from people who do not know the necessity of fitting their children for the broader things of life? Certainly, we cannot, for to-day we find thousands of our brightest youths growing up in ignorance.

Perhaps, one of the greatest hindrances to education, and one of the greatest drawbacks to the growing intelligence of the nation, is the cotton mill. Here, in these massive structures, we not only find men and women who cannot write their own names, but worse than this, we find their little children, who, in the future, are to handle the affairs of our nation. The children in the cotton mills of to-day by no means form a small proportion of its operatives; and it is a sad fact that the cotton mills of the South employ nearly three times as many children, between the ages of ten and fifteen years, as do those of the North. Every morning these children are aroused before sunrise, and are hurried off to a place where they are to spend long hours of toil. working between ten and twelve hours each day. During this time, the child could be broadening his mind, and acquiring a vast amount of knowledge, which, in the time to come, would be invaluable to him. An hour or two at night, before bed-time, is all the time left to be disposed of by the children, who are so unfortunate as to be employed in a cotton mill. Can we, or should we, expect these growing youths, after doing more than a day's work, and hearing the humdrum of machinery all day, to study the only spare minutes which they have? It is necessary that they should have plenty of rest, so as to enable them to perform the following day's duties. Thus, day in and day out, numbers and numbers of children are sacrificing an education for only a meagre salary.

Children who labor in cotton mills and similar enterprises are not only deprived of their education, but are robbed of their health, without which life becomes a burden. It is a noticeable fact that a person who has spent most of his life in a cotton mill rarely attains an old age. A person with perfect health cannot expect to keep it if he keeps himself shut up from sunlight and fresh air. He will soon become pale and weak. This is what we find the cotton mill people to be, and it is so noticeable that mill people can be distinguished at a glance.

From a moral standpoint, we will perhaps find no people of our race who lead a more degrading life, and no place more unsuited for raising children than at a cotton mill.

The men swear, drink, and use every form of tobacco, while some of the women are equally as bad. Children guided by such parents and surrounded by such vices, cannot form characters which will help to raise the moral tone of our nation.

Who is to blame that so many children are deprived of the things which are highest in life? In the majority of cases, the children are not in the cotton mills from necessity; but from the bad management or laziness of their parents. Although the parents, in a large number of cases, are in fault, we cannot wholly lay the blame on them; for, having had little educational advantages, they can form no conception of the duty they owe their children in training them for fields of greater usefulness. It is to be hoped that our law-makers will soon make some changes in our laws, so that we may rest assured that in the future our great nation will not be in the hands of an illiterate and an immoral people.

L. O. W., '08.

The Clemson College Chronicle

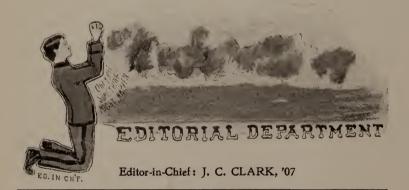
FOUNDED BY CLASS OF 1898

Published Monthly by the Calhoun, Columbian and Palmetto Literary Societies of Clemson Agricultural College

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R. O. POAG, '08 (Palmetto)	 Local Department
	 - Local Department
D. N. HARRIS	 Cartoonist

Contributions solicited from the Faculty, Alumni and Students of the Institute, All literary communications should be addressed to the Editor-in-Chief. All business communications should be addressed to the Business Manager. Subscription price, \$1.00 in advance. Our Advertising Rates are as follows:

One page, per year.......\$20 00 One-fourth page, per year.....\$8 00 One-half page, per year....... 5 00 Cadets are requested to purchase from those who advertise in THE CHRONICLE.



Visit of the Legislature That the visit of the General Assembly to Clemson was a good investment for the State, cannot be denied by any fair-minded and un-

prejudiced man. There are a great many people all over the State who have a very peculiar and erroneous idea as to what kind of an institution Clemson is. They cannot understand why it takes so much more money to run Clemson than it takes to run other colleges in the State. They do not understand, simply because they have never seen the

college, nor its work. We shall state very briefly why it costs more to support this institution than it does to support others. First of all, no comparison can be made between Clemson and any other college in the State. Clemson is unique: her field of action is entirely different from that of any other college in South Carolina, for her work is principally technological. She gives five or six courses, all of which require a great deal of machinery, and many different kinds of apparatus, which constantly require replacing and repair. Much of this apparatus is very delicately constructed and is very expensive. All departments of science are making great strides, and the college must keep abreast of the world if she is to do her duty by those whose education she has in charge. Apparatus which were up to date two or three years ago, are now obsolete; and expensive though they are, must be set aside, and the best must be had. Another reason why Clemson's expenses are so much heavier than those of other colleges, is because she furnishes her own power plant and water works; while other schools are located in cities, where these things can be had without so much expense. The experiment station is another expensive feature of the college. No sane man expects money out of experiments. On the other hand, experiments are always costly. Since this is so, it is the duty of the State to make these experiments, so that every citizen of the State can get the benefit of them. No money can be better spent than by carrying out well devised and well conducted experiments. There are many other expenses that might be mentioned, but is needless to enumerate them here. The legislators saw all of the departments of the college, and many of them said that their eyes were opened, and that they now see that the money they once thought was spent extravagantly, is spent for actual necessities.

We note in the Columbia State, of some weeks Establishment of ago, an article urging the establishment of High Schools high class preparatory schools in each Congressional District. We applaud the idea, for it is a good one; but fail to see the logic in the means proposed. The writer argues that these schools should be built out of Clemson's appropriation, that Clemson existed on less money when it was first established, and should do so now. Not so, if we are to be a progressive school. We have been continually increasing our capacity and equipment, and are preparing to further increase both next year. It will profit the State nothing to cripple one school to establish others. However, the other schools should be established, and the means can be provided in other ways. This would do away with many of the inefficient hovels that are to be seen all over the State to-day. Besides, it would take a great burden from the shoulders of our colleges. The preparatory departments, that almost every college is forced to maintain, could thus be abolished, giving more time and attention to the regular college courses, and increasing the college capacity for men in the regular college courses. This would also decrease the cost of preparing boys for college, for the schools would be nearer home, and the instructors in preparatory schools do not get the salaries that college professors draw. Centralization and better service is the cry of educators everywhere.

The Compulsory Education Bill Again the South Carolina Legislature fails to pass the compulsory education law. We can understand why such a law should have failed several years ago. It was a new idea to us then, and the Legislature being a conservative body, wanted to know more about it. Again, at that time, the need of it was not so great; and only far-seeing men with a keen insight into the future needs of the State could point out its manifold benefits. But conditions have changed now, and we fail to see

why an intelligent body of South Carolinians should be so fearful of taking this progressive step,—a step which has been taken by so many other States and countries, and which has always proved so successful. With our ever-increasing number of cotton mills, we must have such a law to prevent child labor—an evil which no one denies. Equally important is it that we should provide such a law for the hundreds of immigrant children that we are taking in every vear. Most of these immigrants come from countries where the educational systems are very poor, and are entirely different from ours. Many of these, especially those who go to the mills, care nothing for education, and prefer to make their children work, rather than send them to school. Many immigrant children are of anarchistic and socialistic birth, and the school house is the only place where we can drive out these ideas, and inculcate the principles and doctrines of our government. The legislature says: "Bring in immigrants." Then, for the sake of all that is fair and consistent, let them adopt the only means they have of educating and making good citizens of the immigrant children.



Editors

W. B. AULL, '07 S. H. SHERARD, '08

As we begin looking over our January exchanges, the William and Mary Literary Magazine happens to be the first to fall under the blows of our pen. It is a neat and well got up magazine, which contains thirty-four pages of literary matter. In these thirty-four pages, are found four poems and four well written stories, "Friends That Never Fail" being the best.

Next we find, with pleasure, *The Mountaineer*. We always welcome *The Mountaineer* to our exchange table. It comes to us in a very neat cover, and its contents are well balanced, there being poetry, fiction, and solid matter. "Youth's Heritage" is a well written poem, and is read with much pleasure. "Benjamin Franklin" is a scholarly essay, which shows much thought and preparation on the part of the writer. The exchange department is well got up, and is to us very interesting. *The Mountaineer* is always very punctual.

Now we find our old friend, the Winthrop College Journal. We place the Journal among our best exchanges, and we are not disappointed in the December number. The contents are well balanced. There are three poems, one essay and five stories, "A Little Act of Kindness" being the best story.

One of the most attractive and well edited magazines we have received lately is the *Emory Phoenix*. The contents are varied and interesting. "The Rescue" is a typical college story, and although the plot is not new, the story is told

in such a way as to make it very interesting. "A Resolution Kept" is an essay from which we all may get a lesson. Among the poems, "In Memoriam," and "To Her," are the best. The exchange department is well edited. We read with interest "A Revised Edition of Baseball," and believe the games would be much more interesting and exciting if some of the changes mentioned were made.

The Mercerian would be greatly improved by a more attractive cover. The impression we get of the magazine from the cover is changed when we begin to read the contents. The history of "The Salzburgers" is very interesting, and we look forward to the second part with pleasure. "The Romance of Randolph" is a well connected story, and is really amusing. "The Haberdasshere's Tale" is very good, indeed, and shows that the author is well versed in old English. "The Making of a Short Story" contains many suggestions that young writers would do well to follow. The exchange department shows much thought on the part of the editor.

The Spectrum contains some very interesting reading matter, but the stories are rather short. The essay on Alexander Pope is well written, and shows careful thought.

We welcome to our exchange table *The Savannah High School Monthly*, and wish the editors much success in their efforts to get out a good magazine.

We have received the following January exchanges: William and Mary Literary Magazine, The Mountaineer, The Carolinian, Randolph-Macon Literary Magazine, Wofford College Journal, College Reflector, Converse Concept, Emory Phoenix, Tennessee University Magazine, The Spectrum, The Mercerian, The Criterion, The Erskinian, North Carolina University Magazine, Our Monthly, Mississippi College Magazine, The Oracle, Charleston College

Magazine, Orphanage Notes, The St. Mary's Muse, The Hendrix Mirror, William Woods College Record, The Index, The Savannah High School Monthly.

CLIPPINGS.

PETITION.

Venus, goddess of the lovers,

Hands we lift to thee,
Pray that thou wilt aid and strengthen
Love's security;
For thy favor, fair one, plead we,
Gazing on thy face;
But to win our queen we need thee,
Diana of the chase.
—Pendome.

The maiden at seventeen
Bewails her chaperon,
And wonders if she'll ever be
Found entirely alone.

This maiden fine at thirty-nine
Is utterly alone;
And now she'd give her head to live
With one dear chap her own.

Wнy.

Why is a woman afraid of a mouse, Is a mystery to me, I declare. Why is a woman afraid of a mouse, When she wears a rat in her hair.

--Ex.

WHAT IS A KISS?

Something rather dangerous, Something rather nice, Something rather wicked (?), Though it can't be called a vice.

-Ex.

"You said you were hungry, and yet when I gave you a three-pence, a little while since, I saw you go straight to a saloon, instead of a baker's?"

"Yes, guv'nor. Yer see, it's like this: I wuz both 'ungry and thirsty." Now, three-penn'orth of Scotch 'll make me forgit I'm 'ungry, but three-penn'orth of food 'll never make me forgit I'm thirsty!"

—Ex.

STINGY.

He loves to spend a pleasant hour With pretty lady friends;
But all the girls are getting sour,
For that is all he spends.

--Ex.

Professor, to small boy: "How dare you swear before me?"

Pupil: "How did I know you wanted to swear first?"— Ex.

"Gladys," called her father, "what time is it?"

"It's eleven, father."

"It's twelve up here. Eleven and twelve are twenty-three."

And the young man departed.—Ex.

The maiden sorrowfully milked the goat, And pensively turned to mutter: "I wish you'd turn to milk, you brute," But the animal turned to butt-er.

--Ex.

Schmile, und der vorld schmiles mit you,
Laugh und der vorld will roar;
Howl und der vorld vill leafe you,
Und nefer come pack any more.
Not all off you couldn't been handsome,
Not all off you haf goot clothes,
But a schmile is not ogspensive,
Und it covers a vorld of voes.

-Ex.

A GREAT THOUGHT.

"Lives of great men oft remind us We can be as great as they, And, departing, leave behind us All we cannot take away."

-Ex.

"Gather the rosebuds while you may,
Old Time is still aflying,
And this same flower that smiles to-day
To-morrow will be dying."

-Ex.



Editor: J. W. LEWIS, '08

Three meetings, since our last issue, deserve special mention. The illustrated lecture of Dr. A. B. Cook, on January 22, the series of four addresses of Archdeacon Webber, on January 27, 28, and 29th, and the sermon by Rev. Henry H. Sweets, on February 3.

Dr. Cook, of Wofford College, enlivened his lecture on the Italian Cities with sixty choice views. He carried us with him through Naples, Pompeii, and Rome. About the streets and out over the old Roman roads, under those stately arches, through the great Cathedrals, Coliseum, and Forum. The destruction and excavation of Pompeii were vividly pictured. Dr. Cook has made several trips through these European countries and is an eye-witness to all the tells. The coming vacation he intends taking twelve or fifteen college students on a three months' tour through Europe.

The association was fortunate in securing the services of Archdeacon Webber, of Boston, in the series of meetings held January 27, 28, and 29. Mr. Webber is one of the most widely known men of the Episcopal clergy. He came South especially to conduct these meetings, and left here for his next engagement at South Manchester, Massachusetts. Sunday morning Mr. Webber preached in the chapel. The force and clearness of his illustrations not only served to indelibly fix the truths in the minds of his hearers, but at once marked the Archdeacon as a speaker of unusual ability.

This was well attested by the large audiences during the succeeding meetings. Sunday afternoon services were conducted at the Episcopal Chapel. In the evening the Archdeacon addressed the association in Memorial Hall, choosing for his topic "The Perfect Man." Monday evening, "Prayer" was his topic, and Tuesday, "The Blood Covenant." In the latter, he well illustrated the Oriental method of making this famous covenant, and then applied these illustrations to show the true meaning of the Lord's Supper. A notable feature of these meetings was the twenty-five or thirty cadets who joined the choir. It marked an important epoch in the religious life of the college, showing as it did the readiness of the students to identify themselves with this work. The attractive features of the meetings were greatly aided by the duet sung by Mrs. Riggs and Mrs. Brackett, Sunday morning; and by the solo sung by Miss Rosa Calhoun, Tuesday evening.

Mr. Thompson, of Jacksonville, Fla., nephew of the Archdeacon, favored us with three solos.

Rev. Henry H. Sweets, of Louisville, Ky., was very happy in his presentation of the Gospel ministry. The student body was especially pleased.

We want to take this opportunity to thank those who so materially aided us. In this connection may we mention the music, the collection Sunday afternoon, and the presence of so many friends from the hill. Especially are we grateful to Mr. and Mrs. Finlay for entertaining the speaker, and otherwise so efficiently co-operating with the address. We commend him to those colleges who desire a forceful presentation of the opportunities for following Christ through the ministry.

The Religious Meetings Committee desires to call the attention of the student body and the friends on the hill to the services held on each Sunday evening. Special effort

has been made to secure men who have something to say. Subjects and dates have been fixed weeks in advance, so that every speaker can be thoroughly prepared. We, therefore, speak with a reasonable degree of certainty in promising meetings of real value. We call your special attention to the following: Rev. W. L. Lingle, who has recently accepted a call to the First Church, in Atlanta, for February 17, subject, "Christian Stewardship;" Rev. L. G. Wood, of St. Luke's Church, Charleston, March 10, subject, "Individual Responsibility;" Dr. J. A. B. Scherer, of Newberry College, March 31, subject, "Why Jesus Christ is My Master;" Mr. C. L. Gates, of Atlanta, April 7, subject, "The Association Secretaryship as a Life Investment;" Dr. James O. Revis, on "The Call of the Volunteer," date not definite; Rev. W. H. Mill, on "The Work in the Cotton Mills;" Rev. K. G. Finlay, Dr. P. H. Mell, Prof. T. W. Keitt and Mr. Arthur J. Speer have prepared and are ready when called upon.

The annual business meeting of the Association will be held the second Sunday in February. The reports of the officers and chairmen of committees for the past year will be received and the officers for the ensuing year will be elected.

In December, the Association published a souvenir calendar of Clemson College. The sales were much larger than the most sanguine anticipated, and the first shipment of 500 did not supply the demand, so that an additional 100 copies have been ordered. The title page contains a cabinet size picture of our heroic captain, Fritz Furtick. Four college buildings, the Calhoun mansion and the varsity football team are also given.

The Association at Kansas Agricultural College, Manhattan, has over 300 men in Bible study, and will organize more classes.

Tokyo, Japan, has now taken from Calcutta the title of "the greatest student center of the world." There are no fewer than 62,000 students of high school grade and over.

At the University of Nebraska there are already 370 men in Association Bible classes. The policy calls for 500. The class leaders meet for coaching once a week at supper at the city Association building. Over \$7,000 worth of employment has been secured for students this fall.

One of the greatest meetings ever held by the Lincoln, Neb., Association was addressed by Hon. W. J. Bryan, on "The Claims of the Christian Religion Upon Men." Over 1,700 men were present.

Of the 2,100 men in the University of Minnesota, 542 are members of the Association. Three receptions have been held this fall, with an average attendance of 585. Two hundred and twenty-five men are in Bible study, while sixty-five are in educational classes. One hundred and fifty students were aided in securing work, while 1,200 men were aided in securing rooms. The budget of expenses for the year is \$2,100.

In the Winthrop College Young Woman's Christian Association a three-year graded course in mission study is followed. There are 140 students enrolled in the thirteen classes.

Bible Study

Our friends will be glad to learn of the notable increase in Bible study. On Sunday evening, December 16, the classes met as usual. Instead of reviewing the regular lesson they spent some fifteen minutes discussing the department; then went out among their fellows, spending an hour and a half talking of this Bible study and what it meant in their lives. Yes, this was a notable event, because there were fully one hundred and fifty men at work, and now we have over half of our students in Bible Study. The professors are interesting themselves in the work also, several of them have been visitors at the classes lately. The students doing the most effective Bible work are the most positive in their conviction that the fifteen minutes spent each day in this study is a stimulus to, rather than a time-taker from, their school duties.

The Southwestern Student Conference

The Southwestern Student Conference, held at Ruston, La., December 28 to January 6, has much in common with our own Asheville gathering in June. The same corps of workers, which is making the one, is the life of the other. The personnel of the former is, however, quite different from the latter. That fresh buoyant spirit of the former is in decided contrast to the veteran spirit of our section.

We are especially interested in the agricultural and mechanical institutions there represented. The Mississippi A. & M., with her 850 students, is, we believe, the largest agricultural and mechanical college in the South. The Young Men's Christian Association is very popular among the fellows, and they are working for a building. The building fund already in the bank is about \$10,000.00, given largely by the students and alumni. The Association is making arrangements to employ a secretary next year.

The Young Men's Christian Association in the first six years of this twentieth century has made a growth in practically all of its departments which exceeds its entire fifty-six years' history during the nineteenth century. This is the sum of the reports: The membership has increased 146,000;

as much as in twenty preceding years to 415,000; the yearly expenses from \$2,900,000 to \$5,000,000; the value of property and of pledges for buildings from \$23,000,000 to over \$42,000,000. No period in the Association's history can in any way parallel this record of six years. But progress is not at all in property or popularity. While the membership in the physical department has increased from 86,000 to 161,000, the weekly attendance at men's meetings has a yet larger gain—from 52,000 to 128,000, and the Bible students from 26,409 to 81,157. In 1900, there were only twenty-five Associations conducting shop or outside meetings; now 227 have nearly a million men in attendance during each year. There were 5,747 professed conversions in 1900; in 1906, there were 18,356, and contributions to the foreign work have grown from \$39,000 to \$151,000.

In efficiency, the associations have more than doubled. They do more for a man, do it better, and make him a factor for the betterment of others. The larger variety of attractions offered in the average building bring together a great variety of men, so that twenty-five nationalities and one hundred occupations, from the cash boy to the general manager, are represented in an Association. It comprehends their entire life and needs in its plans. It affects a man's whole being and entire well-being, and has gone wherever he was to be found, with the Bible class, with educational classes, with talks and helps to physical betterment, and with good fellowship.

The Association's interest has gone abroad to foreign lands, and at the same time it has also gone out beyond its buildings at home. Six years ago, an Association was thought to be doing well with two Bible classes—the "devotional" for the saint's comfort, and the "evangelistic" for the sinner's correction. To-day the normal Association has from ten to fifty classes in shops, factories, foundries, offices, schools, boarding houses, mines, round houses or cabooses,

wherever half a dozen or a hundred men or boys can be gathered.

The student Associations have made a gain of 148 Associations; increased from 33,000 to 54,000 in membership; from 46 secretaries to 151; from 12,733 men in Bible classes to 33,157; from 1,973 in mission study to 8,000; from 1,229 to 2,072 in the summer ten-day conferences; and the amount of their buildings from \$305,000 to \$907,305. Its contributions of men to the ministry and foreign field have been in increasing numbers, and university presidents recognize the Association as the constraining religious influence in their institutions. In many colleges leading athletes and fraternity men are in Association leadership.—Association Men.



Editors:
R. O. POAG, '08 J. SPRATT, '08

On Saturday, January the 26th, the long talked-of visit of the General Assembly of South Carolina to Clemson College was made. They came, over a hundred strong, accompanied by numerous friends and relatives, for the purpose of inspecting the college plant, and of finding out the character and scope of the work being done by this institution. They were met at Calhoun by President Mell and the faculty, who escorted them to Memorial Hall. Here they were warmly welcomed in an appropriate address by Dr. Mell, who threw the college doors open to them, giving them free access to all of the departments. Lieutenant Governor McLeod, in an eloquent speech, responded in behalf of the General Assembly. The President then, in turn, introduced the faculty and the members of the Senior Class. Then the Seniors, each wearing his county's badge, took charge, under Dr. Mell's direction, of the members of the delegation from their own counties, and directed them through the various class rooms, laboratories, offices and library in the main building. At 1 o'clock dinner was served in the mess hall, under the direction of "Shorty."

After dinner, the inspection was again taken up—the visitors going over the grounds and various places of interest on the campus, and through the various buildings. At 2 o'clock, regular work was begun in the laboratories, wood shops, foundry, forge shop, machine shop, drawing rooms,

the dairy, experimental barns, veterinary hospital, and in all other lines of practical work, thus giving the legislators the opportunity of seeing the actual work being done.

At 4 o'clock, the call for drill was sounded, and the battalions were formed, and marched to the parade ground. Here, under the command of Col. C. D. Clay, the regiment was reviewed by the Assembly, and then marched in review, and was dismissed at barracks. When the parade was over, the band gave an open air concert, after which the visitors took their train for the Capital City.

Dr. Jas. H. Kirkland, Chancellor of the University of Vanderbilt, has accepted the invitation of the faculty to deliver the annual address to the next graduating class. Clemson's welcome to Dr. Kirkland will be warmer in that he is a native South Carolinian.

Mr. Thos. E. Keitt, '06, who has been studying chemistry in New Haven, has been appointed assistant chemist at the Connecticut Experiment Station. Mr. Keitt's specialty is the study of food adulterations.

The Clemson Alumni residing in Washington have recently organized an association, numbering about twenty members. Senator Tillman and Representative Lever were elected honorary members. The association intends to give a banquet some time during this month.

Cadet J. R. Pennel, of Belton, a member of the civil section, Junior, recently won the appointment to a cadetship at West Point in the examination which was held at Abbeville. J. T. McLane, also of the Junior Class, won the place of first alternate.

Misses Eloise and Nan Sloan, of Greenville, Alice Maxwell, of Anderson, and Louise Sloan, of Pendleton were recent visitors at Dr. Sloan's.

Mr. S. F. Prevost and family have moved into the house recently vacated by the family of the late Mr. G. E. Taylor.

Senior Harris (writing essay): "Every fase (phase) of college life."

Corbett (punctuating sentence at the board): "Professor, what would you put after this sentence, 'I saw a five-dollar bill flying around the corner?'"

Prof. B.: "A period, of course."

Corbett: "You would make a dash after it, wouldn't you?"

Mr. H. M. Stackhouse, Secretary Board of Fertilizer Control, has moved his department into the new building recently erected near the Mechanical Hall. This department will occupy half of the first floor, and the entire second floor.

The printing department has been transferred from the textile building to the third story of the fertilizer building. It will occupy the entire floor.

The post office takes up the remaining space in this building—being allotted half of the first floor. The old post office building will probably be moved and fitted up into a barber shop.

The class of '08 has elected the following men for its Annual staff: Editor in Chief, W. O. Pratt; Chief of Literary Department, S. E. Bailes; Chief of Art Department, D. N. Harris; Assistant Literary Editors, J. W. Lewis, T. C. Heyward, R. O. Poag, W. P. Gee, G. Warren, G. G. Weathersbee, E. B. Brown. L. O. Watson, J. C. Little john, W. H. Rumff and H. H. Brunson; Assistant Art Editors, W. W. Kirk, J. E. Alverson and C. W. Marston; Business Manager, A. T. Beaver; Assistant Business Managers, J. Spratt and L. C. Boone; Prophet, R. H. Fike.

Prof. F.: "Mr. Baker, what do you know of Martin Luther?"

Baker: "I don't know, but I've read a little about him."

Prof. F.: "Well, I didn't suppose you had a personal acquaintance with the gentleman."

Mr. S. M. Sloan, '01, was a recent visitor on the campus.

Rev. R. D. Smart, D. D., of Charlottesville, Va., and for many years a leading member of the South Carolina Conference, has accepted an invitation to preach the commencement sermon in June.

Miss Sue Sloan has returned from a visit to Greenville.

Mr. J. A. Weir, class '04, has a very lucrative position with an electrical company in the capital city of New Mexico.

On Saturday evening, January 19, the one hundredth anniversary of Gen. R. E. Lee's birthday, was celebrated at Clemson, under the auspices of the John C. Calhoun Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. To the tune of "Dixie," rendered by the Clemson band, under the leadership of Lieutenant W. L. Schachte, the old veterans marched into Memorial Hall. The marshals, Cadets Heyward and Wannamaker, led the procession, and were followed by six little flower girls, who, in turn, were followed by the veterans, the ladies of the local chapter bringing up the rear.

Prof. Charles M. Furman presided, and read the address of Col. R. A. Thompson. Col. R. W. Simpson read Gen. Lee's farewell address to his soldiers at Appomattox. Crosses of honor were then presented and pinned on the old soldiers to the number of twenty-three. The benediction was pronounced by Rev. William H. Mills, after which the veterans marched to the home of Dr. Mell, where the ladies of the U. D. C. had prepared a bountiful dinner.

The officers of the literary societies for the third quarter are as follows:

Palmetto.			
R. H. LemmonPresident			
G. D. CurtisVice-President			
E. H. ShulerSecretary			
W. O. PrattTreasurer			
R. E. NicklesLiterary Critic			
P. M. Gee			
O. D. WoodProsecuting Critic			
E. L. HutchinsSergeant-at-Arms			
W. P. Gee, H. H. Brunson,			
W. A. Thomas, S. I. BondReporting Critics			
Columbian.			
J. W. McLendon			
R. R. Tolbert			
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Mr. Sam M. Robertson, class of '02, and a native of Pickens County, has recently been elected Third Vice-President of the Virginia-Carolina Chemical Company. This speaks well for Mr. Robertson and for Clemson, and we			

Prof. M. E. Bradley recently delivered an address at Due West, being invited by the United Daughters of the Confederacy of that place.

compliment him on his rapid advancement.

On Saturday evening, February 2, the Columbian Literary Society celebrated its thirteenth anniversary in Memorial Hall, President D. B. Peurifoy presiding. The programme was as follows:

Declaimers.....F. L. Martin and C. W. Wannamaker Orators.......W. B. Aull and J. C. Clark Debaters......H. B. Riser and B. D. Carter

The exercises, as usual for this society, were excellent, and the large audience was highly entertained. The judges, Rev. K. G. Finley, Judge J. N. Hook and Rev. W. H. Mills, remained out for some time, as it was hard to decide who should be declared victors. After an appropriate address, however, Judge Hook delivered medals to the following: C. W. Wannamaker, W. B. Aull, and B. D. Carter.

The Wreck of the Dreamer

It was a brand new, homesick "Rat"
That slept in a Clemson bed,
And many were the pleasant dreams
That flitted through his head.

Closed were his eyes as he sweetly snoozed, His mouth like a mighty cave; And the noise as loud as a whole brass band That to the air he gave.

The "Rat," he lay upon his back,
With both arms outstretched wide;
And dreamt how his world was brighter,
For all "old boys" had died.

Then up and spoke a dread "old boy,"
Had looked in through the door,
"I pray thee turn this dog-gone 'Rat,'
For he's not been turned before."

"Last night the door was locked quite soon, And to-night we need no key." But the "Rat," he turned upon his bed, And a pleasant dream dreamed he.

Then all at once through that quiet room, Through the half-light from the door, Like a sheeted ghost the bed did fall, Toward the hard and wooden floor.

She struck where the white, unpainted planks Looked soft as stony ground.

And the dreaming "Rat," he let a yell

That was heard for a mile around.

Such was the fate of the dreamer, In the midnight on the floor. "Old boys" have seen bad times like this, For they've been "Rats," you know.

-G. '09.

ATHLETIC NOTES

The following is the baseball schedule, as arranged by Manager Stevenson:

March 23, Clinton at Clinton.

March 30, Carolina at Carolina.

April 5, Tech. at Atlanta.

April 6, Tech. at Atlanta.

April 8, Wake Forest at Clemson.

April 12, Clinton at Clemson.

April 13, U. of Ga. at Athens.

April 18, Erskine at Clemson.

April 20, U. of Ga. at Clemson.

April 25, Wofford at Spartanburg.

April 26, Furman at Greenwood.

April 27, Newberry at Newberry.

April 29, Carolina at Columbia.

April 30, Erskine at Due West.

May 4, Trinity at Charlotte.

May 11, Furman at Greenville.

May 18, Newberry at Clemson.

As will be seen, this schedule, though a very hard, is one of the best that Clemson has ever had. We all hope that the Tiger will be as successful in baseball as he was in football.

The prospects for a good track team at Clemson this season are very bright. With only a few exceptions all of last year's team are in school, and are anxious to commence training. The track will be placed in the same place that it was last year—on the lower end of Bowman Field; but will be greatly improved. Dr. Mell has promised to have it put into first class shape by the time that the season opens. Dr. F. H. H. Calhoun, who made the team the successful one that it was last year, has again consented to take charge—thus assuring another successful season.

Manager Taylor has about arranged two meets—one with Georgia, in Athens; and one with Tech., in Atlanta. He is also negotiating with Carolina in regard to a meet on campus, and is trying to get several other meets. In view of the fact that Col. Clay has always showed such a lively interest in athletics, and has always helped it along in all ways possible, the management think it probable that he will allow the track team the use of its very much needed training table.

Last year, Clemson, in winning from the U. of Ga., gained the championship of three States—South Carolina, Georgia, and Alabama. She can do even better this year, if the team receives the support that it deserves. It is hoped that every man in college, no matter whether he

thinks he can do anything or not, will come out when the call for recruits is made in March.

The first two games of football in the series for the Class Championship were played February the 2d. The Seniors, realizing that the purpose of class football is to bring out material for the ensuing year's Varsity, very wisely decided not to organize a team, knowing that more rivalry would thus be created among the lower classmen. As a result, all the other classes turned out in force. The Juniors elected S. H. Sherard manager, and G. Warren and T. S. Allen coaches. The Sophs' manager was S. Coles, and their coach, J. N. McLaurin. R. H. McFadden and Pinkney were chosen as coach and manager, respectively, for the Freshmen, while H. P. Lykes took charge of the Preps.

Juniors, 17; Sophs, 0.

The game was started by Poag, who kicked the ball 40 yards into Sophs' territory. In an attempted punt, the ball was blocked by Pratt—the Juniors securing it. Lee carried it over for a touchdown, and kicked goal two minutes after play had started. Score: 6-0. The Sophs then kicked off—Lee receiving the ball, and advancing it 10 yards. In an attempted drop kick, the Juniors secured the ball on their own 27 yard line. Crider's gain of 9 yards, and Pratt's extra 25, carried the ball well out of danger. After an exchange of punts, Pratt again took off 20 yards behind beautiful interference. From here, Lee went around end for his second touchdown, and kicked goal. Score: 12-0. With a few more minutes of play, the half ended with the ball in the Sophs' possession in Junior territory. Score: 12-0.

SECOND HALF.

Play commenced by Sophs again kicking to Juniors—Robinson returning the oval 10 yards. Not gaining the

required distance, the Juniors kicked—the Sophs, on receiving the ball, doing likewise for the same reason. Lee received their punt, and ran the ball 60 yards for his third touchdown. No goal was kicked. Score: 17-0. For the remainder of the half, the ball see-sawed up and down the field—neither side being able to score, though Murray, at one time, narrowly missed a drop kick from field. The game ended with the score: Juniors, 17—Sophs, 0.

Juniors.	Line-up.	SOPHOMORES.
Robinson, T. G	R. E	Gandy, S. B.
Crider, F. J	R. T	Dominick
Rosen, H. S		
Evans, W. J		
Clarkson, J. L. H		
Richardson, L. G		
Crisp, F. W		
Lee, A. C		
Pratt, W. O		
Ugier, T. L		
Poag, R. O		
		XX7

Officials: F. M. Furtick, referee; J. W. Keel, umpire; J. W. Hicklin and R. A. Reid, time-keepers.

The best playing for the Juniors was done by Lee and Pratt, although the entire team played well. Tyler, Robbs and Murray showed up best for the Sophs.

Fresh, 0; Preps, 0.

The Freshmen started hostilities by booting the ball to the Preps—Wyndham returning it 10 yards. The next three plays carried the ball to the middle of the field, where it was fumbled—Blease securing it for the Freshmen. Ten yards were gained on a short kick; but the ball was lost on a fumble during the next play. The Preps lost the ball on downs; but secured it again by blocking it when the Fresh attempted to punt. For the remainder of this half, neither side was able to gain consistently—both resorting frequently to punting. The half ended with the ball in the Freshmen's possession on the Prep's 35 yard line. Score: 0-0.

SECOND HALF.

The Fresh. received the ball, and, being unable to gain, punted. Trott secured the punt for them, but lost the ball on a fumble. Punts were exchanged, leaving the ball in the middle of the field. The Fresh. secured the oval on a fumble, but again lost it. For the next five minutes, the playing of both sides was about the same—both failing to gain, and then punting. The game, however, was here livened up when Wyndham made the longest run of the whole game—tearing off 55 yards through a broken field, and putting the ball on the opponents' 20 yard line. The Fresh. held here, and, securing the ball, kicked out of danger. The half ended with the ball in the Preps' possession. Final score: 0-0.

Officials: F. M. Furtick, referee; G. Warren, umpire; R. A. Reid and J. W. Ficklin, time-keepers.

For the Preps, Wyndham was easily the star.

Second Prep-Fresh Game.

The first game between the two lower classes having resulted in a tie, it was decided to play another on the 4th. Though limited in the time for playing, this game proved to be one of the most interesting of the whole series. Both had been well coached, and since they had already played a tie game, both were determined to win.

During the first half, the Preps played the better game. They received the ball on the kick-off, and, after running off several plays, kicked. For nearly the entire half, neither side could gain consistently, both resorting to frequent punts. With only ten seconds to play, Wyndham secured

the ball in the middle of the field, and ran 55 yards around right end for a touch-down. No goal was kicked. Score, 5 to 0.

The Freshmen seemed to get into the game better in the second half. They did not score, but, nevertheless, succeeded in getting within their opponents' 5-yard line on two occasions. The half ended with the ball in Freshmen's possession on the Preps' 25-yard line. Final score, 5 to 0.

Juniors Win the Cup.

The deciding game in the class championship series was played between the Juniors and the Preps on Saturday, February 9th. The former, because of more experience and greater speed, came out victorious. The game in detail is given below:

FIRST HALF.

Lee started the game by booting the pigskin 35 yards to the Preps at the east goal. Breazele received the ball, and was downed in his tracks. Wyndham gained 6 yards, and Thompson added one more, when Goodman was forced to kick. Here, Pratt got in the game by blocking the kick, and falling on the ball on the Preps' 25-yard line. Pratt and Crider together made 11 yards, thus making it first down. Lee and Pratt repeated this performance, gaining 8 and 4 yards, respectively. Here, Lee carried the ball across the goal line, but the play was not counted, the Preps claiming that they were not ready. On the next play, Lee fumbled, but Evans recovered for the Juniors. Crider annexed 4 yards, putting the oval on the opponents' 3-yard line. From here, Lee went around end for the first touch-down, and kicked an easy goal, after seven minutes of play. Score, 6 to 0.

Goodman, for Preps, kicked 40 yards to Lee, who returned the leather 10 yards. Pratt and Richardson each made 3 yards over right end, and Tyndal added three more.

Robertson kicked 25 yards, and Lee, going down under the punt, secured the ball, and carried it across the goal line for the second touch-down. An easy goal was kicked, with five minutes to play. Score, 12 to 0.

On the next kick-off, Robertson, for Juniors, caught the ball on own 10-yard line, and returned it 10 yards. He then booted 40 yards out of danger. On the first play, the Preps were penalyzed 15 yards for holding. After failing to gain on first two downs, the Preps punted, the ball going to the Juniors on their own 5-yard line. Robertson kicked out of bounds Wyndham and Blease made first down. Here time was called for end of first half, with ball in Preps' possession on Juniors' 7-yard line. Score, 12 to 0.

SECOND HALF.

The half started by Robertson again receiving the kick-off, this time returning the oval 20 yards. Crider's gain of 5 yards through the line, and Tyndal's 9 over left end, made it first down for the Juniors. Only 4 yards were gained on the next two plays, so Robertson was called on for a punt. He kicked 40 yards to Breazele. Goodman, being thrown for a loss on first tdy, attempted to punt. The being thrown for a loss on first try, attempted to punt. The hence the ball remained in Preps' possession, 5 yards nearer their opponents' goal. On the next attempt, Goodman kicked 15 yards, Bowen, for the Preps, recovering the ball on own 40-yard line. Failing again to gain, the Preps successfully run off a short kick. Wyndham and Dominick gained 7 yards. Here Kirk was substituted for Tindall, and Marston for Crisp. The Preps substituted Ville Pouteaux and DuPre. Goodman kicked, and the Juniors, receiving, did likewise. The Preps were again forced to kick, the ball going to their opponents in the middle of the field. On a fake, Lee got 20 yards, and Poag added four more over the line. Kirk clipped off 20 yards around right end, and Lee went around the opposite end for an additional 6. From here, Poag went across for third touch-down, eleven and a half minutes after half begun. Lee failed to kick goal. Score, 17 to 0.

Lee, for Juniors, receiving the kick-off on 10-yard line, carried the ball back 8 yards. On first two downs, Kirk and Pratt gained 8 yards, and Robertson kicked 40 yards to Preps' 35-yard line. Goodman and Wyndham failed to gain, so the latter kicked, the Juniors receiving the ball on their opponents' 45-yard line. Failing to gain on the first down, they punted. Here time was called for the end of the game, the Preps having the ball on their own 20-yard line. Final score: Juniors, 17; Preps, 0.

The Preps, though they were beaten, nevertheless played a fine game, and would doubtless have scored at one time, had not time been called. Wyndham played the best game for them, Breazele and Goodman showing up well also.

The whole Junior team played remarkably well, their team work showing faithful coaching and training. The best individual work was probably done by Lee and Pratt, while Robertson did all that was asked for in the booting line.

JUNIORS.	Line-up	. Preps.
Robertson	R. E	Goodman
Crider	R. T	Dominick
		DuPre
Evans	C	
		McFadden
		Geiger
		Bowen
		Breazele
		Blease
		Themson
		Wyndham
0		Oven and Harvey

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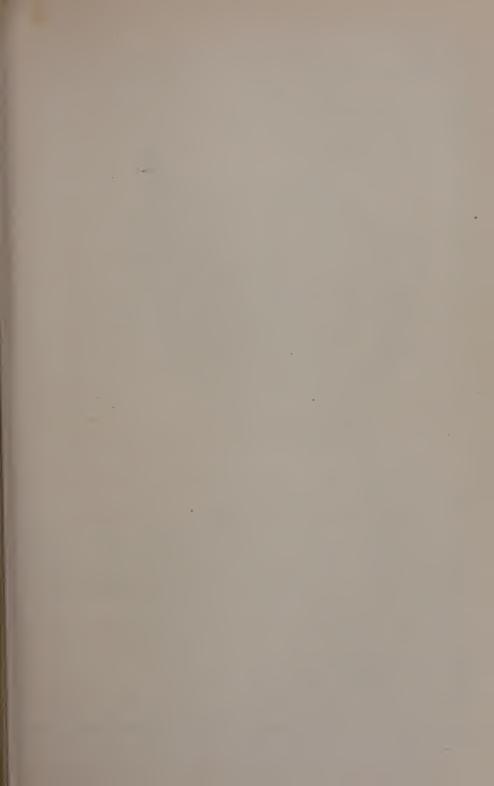
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[Entered at Clemson College, S. C., Post Office as second class mail matter.]







The Clemson College Chronicle

Valeat Quantum Valere Potest

Vol. X. CLEMSON COLLEGE, S. C., MARCH, 1907.

No. 6



Editors:

B. D. CARTER, '07

W. O. PRATT, '08

The Awaking of the "Tiger"

Throughout the land of Clemson,
You may hear a fearsome roar:
'Tis the war cry of our Tiger,
As he scents affray and gore.

For three months, he's been resting From his very strenuous toil, While his adversaries' blood has Slowly dried on Clemson soil.

As the icy winter weather Changes slowly into spring, Our Tiger'll "rap the leather" Till he makes it fairly sing. Then let me tell you, all opponents
Who are in the game this year,
You'd best be "up and doing;"
For our Tiger's left his lair. G. W. K., '09.

The Four Graduates

During the summer of 190—, one riding along a certain road through the eastern part of our State, would have been amazed at the breadth and luxury of a certain farm by which he would pass. In peace and luxury, the rich proprietor of this fine farm lived in an elegant mansion by the roadside, with his wife, son, and beautiful young daughter. This massive, though beautiful, brick structure sat, in its silent majesty, upon the crest of a low hill, with numerous out-houses, barns, and with meadows extending far off to the rear, and numberless acres of fertile, green fields stretching in every other direction as far as the eye could see.

It was at this place that lived, in happy seclusion, the most beautiful, as well as the most accomplished young lady that our glorious old Palmetto State ever had the right to claim as its own.

On the morning of the tenth of June, this beautiful creature, Beatrice Wharncliffe, sat alone in her room until near nine o'clock. Suddenly she arose, and with a happy smile lighting up her face, she exclaimed in a silvery voice, "I should be happy and put away all pessimistic thoughts; for, within less than one week, Charley will be home, and close behind him will come Morris."

Beatrice had, just a few days before, borne off from Vassar College a well-earned diploma, and was now spending her vacation pleasantly at home. She was eagerly looking forward to the graduation from Yale of her life-long friend and admirer, Charley Bostick. Charley had won world-wide fame, not only as a star full-back on the famous

Yale football team, but also as the smartest man in college. Beatrice was, with equal interest, looking forward to the graduation and home-coming of her old playmate and suitor, Morris Wesley, who was just finishing a very successful and honorable career as a West Point cadet. He, though no great foot-ball player, was very popular among his colleagues, mainly because of his amiable disposition and his literary and military talent.

Ten days later, while Beatrice was placidly drumming away on her piano, a waiting maid entered her apartment and gave her two letters. Beatrice eagerly opened and read both letters, and found that, although one of the letters had been written by Morris, and the other by Charley, they both asked to take her to a dance. This dance, which was to be given in a nearby town, promised to be the most delightful social affair of the season. She answered both letters immediately, and both alike; for she had already made an engagement for the evening with another young man.

Very soon after she began the first waltz, she recognized, in a group of gentlemen standing nearby, both Charley and Morris. After the waltz had finished, they both spoke to her and began to talk to her simultaneously. During the remainder of the evening, her time was about equally divided between Charley and Morris. They seemed to enjoy the eevning very much: but, by their frequent glances at each other, it could be seen that each of them was not quite at ease because of the presence of the other.

The following Sunday afternoon, both boys might have been found with Beatrice, strolling around under the spreading boughs of the majestic magnolia trees which adorned the yarn of the Wharncliffe mansion—each waiting for the other to depart. During the following two months. Beatrice received frequent visits, and more frequent letters,

from both Charley and Morris, each of whom was eager to win out over the other.

On a sunny September afternoon, as Beatrice sat in a hammock which hung beneath the spreading magnolias, her waiting-maid came with two letters for her. She eagerly opened one of the letters and read:

At Home, 9, 10, 190—.

My dear Beatrice:

After many unsuccessful attempts to talk with you in privacy, I take this way to tell you something that I can no longer keep untold. It is, "I love you." Believing and hoping that it is, in a slight degree, reciprocated, I offer my heart and hand, my whole self, to you, and beg you to accept my offer and become my wife in a few weeks.

Please answer with all possible haste, and allay my anxiety by accepting the proposal of

Your own,

Charley.

With a feeling of pride, she folded and put away the letter, and opened the second. Though slightly different in words, it was, in every other respect, the exact counterpart of the first.

The truth is, she had been raised up with both boys, had both as suitors, loved them both, neither better than the other; and now, both had proposed at the same time: she could do no other than give them both the same answer. In her answers to their letters, she did not accept, or refuse either; but held out hope to both.

A few weeks after they received their unsatisfactory answers, they both left the community. Charley went to New York City, where he became one of the directors and secretary of a prosperous banking corporation; Morris took command of a regiment at Fort Ellads, in Western Wyoming. Each of them was very successful, and won an envia-

ble place in the estimation of many of the best people of America. Along with their business success, there came to each of them every week a long letter from Beatrice, who continued to remain at home.

In the mail that came on the afternoon of September the ninth, two years after the departure of the rivals, were two thick letters to Beatrice—one of which was from Charley, the other from Morris. As fate would have it, each of them, after many pages of silly words of love, repeated the same proposal as he had made more than two years before. Each proposed to come home, marry her, and after an extended bridal tour, to return to his prosperous business, and live the remainder of his life happily.

Loving both of them alike, she was undecided as to what course to pursue. After some thinking over the matter, she answered both letters; but did not mention that all-important subject in either letter. Upon the receipt of their answers, each, suspecting that something had gone wrong, came home immediately, and found at the depot his rival.

Although they had been great chums when boys, they had, by this time cherished an ugly dislike for each other, which, as their stay at home extended, developed into the bitterest rivalry imaginable.

One night; while leaving the Wharncliffe mansion, they purposely drove their horses against each other, and thereby got an excuse for which to fight. The next morning each of them sent a challenge to the other to fight a duel. By mere coincidence, they both selected the same spot at which to meet on the following morning at sunrise.

On the following morning, as the first bright beams of the rising sun lighted up the eastern sky, Charley, the Yale full-back, and Morris, the West Point captain, with gleaming blades in their hands, with a look of determination upon each of their faces, and with excited seconds close at their heels, stood face to face, ready and eager to engage in a life or death fight for supremacy. The spot selected, an old time duelling ground, was a small, grass-covered, secluded field in the midst of the Pee Dee River swamp. Charley, because of his great strength, was confident of an easy victory, while the same feeling was felt by his agile little opponent; for he was not only a very skillful swordsman, and a very brave man; but also very cool under trying circumstances. They clasped hands, crossed swords, and the battle began. Heavy blows, skillful warding, bravery and savagery, were displayed by both combatants. For ten minutes, the fight progressed, neither side abating in its fury in the least. Backward and forward, to one side, then the other, swaved the desperate duellers, who, as the fight proceeded, grew more and more desperate. Suddenly an uninterested gentleman, who had been strolling through the swamp, came rushing across the field to the scene of battle. This gentleman, a Mr. William Hugon, was a tall, handsome youth who had just a few months before completed his course and received an honored diploma at Clemson. As he rushed up to the rivals, both swords waved in the air above the head of its owner, red with the blood of his foe. The stranger saw the blood, and, in an excited voice, exclaimed, "Gentlemen, for the sake of humanity and honor, quit this brutal duel. Each of you has drawn blood, your revenge should be satisfied."

Both combatants acceded to his request and lowered their swords. Charley, with a bleeding right hand, and Morris, with a punctured shoulder, each left the field of battle without saying a word to his enemy.

Three months later found them both at the Wharncliffe mansion, but not on their usual mission of making love to Beatrice; for they had been invited to attend the marriage of Miss Beatrice Wharncliffe to Mr. William Hugon, the Clemson graduate. Before the ceremony was performed, at the request of Beatrice, they clasped hands and pledged to each other eternal friendship.

F. B. W., '08.

An Experience with a "Cop"

The Christmas vacation was fast drawing to a close—a few more days and Joe and I, who had been constantly together enjoying fun of almost every conceivable character, would be hurrying, with the speed of a locomotive, back to the daily duties of college life. With thoughts somewhat of this nature bearing heavily on our minds, we were seated in our room around a slow-burning fire; and, for the first, were puzzled how to spend the evening. Suddenly Joe, who had been silently sitting near the fireplace watching the steady buzz of the tea kettle, exclaimed, "I have it, Dick! Let's dress up like 'coons' and go down street and have some fun."

"Good," I answered, "but where are we to get the blacking?"

"Oh, that's easy," Joe replied, and with a snatch for his hat, accompanied by a gesture for me to follow, he bounded down the stairs and out into the street. In an instant, I had joined him; and together we made our way to a nearby store, where we purchased a package of cork-chips. turning quickly to our room, with deliberate care, Joe procured the large fire shovel, filled it with cork and placed it on the burning coals. While he thus busied himself, I proceeded to don my costume, which consisted of a pair of overalls two or three sizes too large, a time-worn Prince Albert coat, whose tail was a minus quantity, and, in keeping with all, a crownless derby. Thus arrayed, I seated myself before the fire while Joe, who had now converted the cork into a black smoldering mass, proceeded with little ceremony to transform me into a typical Ethiopian. When he had completed his rather tedious job, he in turn donned his apparel, which was very similar in appearance to mine, save that a large bandanna adorned his neck, and submitted to a like transformation. Possessing one thing at least in common—blackness—we took a hurried peep in the mirror, and again went out into the street.

In our entirely new feature of fun-making, we forgot all about eating supper, and determined to make good our negligence at the expense of our pastor; so, without hesitation, we proceeded to make him a nocturnal visit. As we stood before the front door of his residence telling a pitiful story of our many misfortunes, we soon incorporated ourselves into the good graces of the kindly old man; and he sent us around to the dining hall, where, seated upon the door steps, we played the part of tramps in the truest sense of the word. Our disguise was so complete that we excited no suspicion whatever. Even our best acquaintances, as we shuffled on up street, did not show the slightest sign of recognition.

Confident of our deception, we went to a certain drug store, which was the usual rendezvous of the young men of the town, where we found quite a number of fellows assembled. Our appearance at once attracted considerable attention, and, under the flare of the electric lights, we were soon recognized. In the midst of the jovial time that followed our recognition, some one suggested that we play a joke on the Chief of Police by having him arrest us. Knowing the Chief to be a man who always appreciated a joke, the suggestion met the approval of all. Accordingly, one of our number went to the Chief's residence and informed him that two suspicous characters were lounging around town, and that it would be advisable to take them into custody. At the same time, Joe and I slipped out into an alley and breathlessly awaited proceedings. We had not long to wait, for soon our ears caught the sound of the Chief's firm, quick step, accompanied by that of his deputy, resounding on the pavement. Though our spirits seemed to droop a little, we knew that it was now too late to beat a retreat; so, with straggling steps, we emerged from our

hiding place just as the Chief was passing. "Halt!" he commanded in a tone rendered more emphatic by the appearance of two large pistols, which he and his deputy thrust into our faces. The Chief seemed very much excited and in earnest, and, as we looked down the barrels of his well aimed pistols, all appearance of a joke immediately vanished, and we tried to stammer out an explanation. All in vain, however, for with an order that if we spoke another word daylight would be let through our bodies, we were hurried along in a half dazed condition to the guard house. Our feelings were almost indescribable when the slam of the guard room door told that we were behind prison bars, with no hope of escape till morning, and, worse still, that the joke had taken the wrong turn.

We had given up all hope of getting out before morning, and, seated on an old cot, were longing to be at college just once more, when suddenly we heard footsteps approaching from without. In an instant, the prison door was thrust open and the Chief, with a laugh, exclaimed, "Go home, boys, and wash your faces!" We thought it unnecessary to reply, and with firm resolutions never to get arrested again, we made for home by the shortest route.

F. J. C., '08.

Saved by a Wolf

In the summer of 1905, I was on a visit to some friends in a small town in Missouri. Near the home of my friends lived a genial, kind-hearted gentleman and an old maid sister, with both of whom I soon became acquainted and whom I learned to like.

Although I spent much time in their company, Mr. Lawson had never spoken to me of his work, and had never showed me over the house; so, one day. I asked him to take me up stairs, as I wanted to get a view of the river from

one of the windows and, incidentally, to see the house. He readily consented. As we went up, he told me that the room into which we were going was his work room.

When he opened the door, I saw dozens of glass cases, containing probably over a thousand mounted specimens of animals. Birds and beasts from the cold regions, from the temperate regions, from the tropics, stared at me from every side. I saw that he was a taxidermist of skill and experience. In the center of the room, in a beautiful case, was the single figure of a great, guant, gray wolf. My curiosity was immediately aroused. Why had he placed this animal in so conspicuous a place? And why in so fine a case? I did not question him, but determined, if possible, to find out for myself. I soon saw, on a card between the forelegs of the beast, the words:

"THIS WOLF SAVED MY LIFE, 4TH DAY OF AUGUST, 1904."

Mr. Lawson saw that I wanted him to relate the incident, and rubbing his hands together and smiling, as do most men who like to tell of happenings in their lives, he began the story which I shall now give you.

"As you see," he said, "there hinges on the appearance and killing of that wolf, what for me, might have been a fatal affair.

"In the spring of 1904, I started on a collecting trip southward, in my big, new touring-car. I went southeastward almost to the Mississippi, then turned south for Laredo. There I took fresh supplies, and then continued my journey into Mexico. With over a hundred skins of small animals and several larger ones, I commenced, in July, my return trip.

"I decided not to go back by the same way that I had come, but to take the nearest route for home. This would necessitate my traveling through the arid part of Western Texas. Nothing daunted by the difficulties that would probably beset me in this desert, I started with a good sup-

ply of food and gasolene. Because of the intense midday heat, the dryness of the air, and the dust, I traveled for three days without resting. At midnight of the third day, when I had almost crossed the desert country, I was completely exhausted and could no longer keep awake; therefore, putting a blanket on the ground and wrapping one around me, I was soon sound asleep.

"I awoke at sunrise, rested and refreshed. The first thing that struck me was—not the vast stretch of desert, nor the beauty of the sunrise, but the strong, penetrating odor of unburned gasoline. I looked under my tank, and, to my dismay, I saw that it had been leaking all night. Steadily, quietly, it had flowed from a small hole which had the day before been opened, till not a pint remained! I did not know then whether I was ten miles or whether I was fifty miles from a house or a stream. My supply of food and of water would not last three days. I should have been out of the waste plains before noon that day if nothing had happened. I had two gallons of water, but I could not carry that much with me. I set about making a pack of the choicest specimens that I had collected, some dried meat, several loaves of bread, three quarts of water, and two small steel traps. I hesitated about taking the traps because they took up so much room, but they had been given to me by an Indian who said that once, when his traps had failed to ensnare any game, the tribe medicine man and wizard had cast a favorable spell on his traps; and that, so long as I used them, I would be successful. Although I am not superstitious, I decided that I would take them with me.

"Strapping my bundle on, I started on foot upon my hard journey. All the first day, I trod on burning sand, under a scorching sun, and in withering winds that bore in their hot blasts, sharp stinging sand. That night, I spread my blanket and lay down to an uneasy slumber. Before day

broke, it became so cold that I had a chill. The first day of this journey, I had used half my water, though it was hot and stale. The second day was like the first, except that I was weaker, hungrier, thirstier, and more nearly helpless. By noon of the third day, I could go no farther. My water was out, a burning fever almost consumed my body, and despair seized me.

"I lay down on the hot ground, but I could not bear the burning sand. The temperature of the air was over 110 degrees; that of the sand was higher. With my hands, I hollowed out in the ground, a sink about two feet deep. I got into this, and drew my blanket over me. My food was all gone; my water can drained of its last drop. I became delirious, then unconscious. Who could have held up in such heat—starving, raving from thirst, nearly dying of weariness?

"When I regained consciousness, my pain-racked body had become numb. My tongue, eyes, hands, and feet were swollen. Through my brain flitted all kinds of fanciful visions. The cool, refreshing water of a big river seemed to be flowing at my feet; fountains bubbled up suddenly before me, and as suddenly vanished. The rising moon appeared to me to have frayed edges; then its disk became a very elongated oval. The few sagebrush seemed to walk before me, then to dance, to lie down, and then disappear. I slept an hour or two. In my dreams, the things I had seen while awake were more distorted still, and were mingled with frightful beasts ready to devour me.

"I awoke suddenly. That indefinable something in us which tells us of the presence of another living being must have prompted me; for I could see, about fifty yards off, the dark form of what seemed to be a big dog. I moved a little, and he stopped; but seeing that I was not going to rise, he came towards me. When he got close to me, I saw that the animal was a great wolf! I tried to get up, but could

not. I made an effort to reach my hunting knife, but the only thing I could do was to make a slow, feeble motion with my hand. There was not enough strength left in me to kill the animal if I had got my knife. He advanced boldly, went around to my back, sniffed at the empty food pack and the skins in my collection, put one forefoot on my side, then the other. By great effort, I moved. He sprang back and scampered away to hide among the scant, scattered clumps of sagebrush? No! When he put up his first foot, he had pressed on the steel spring of a trap, and when he put up the other, he stuck it squarely into the spreading steel jaws! Thinking that I had hurt him, he howled and buried his fangs in my right shoulder. The pain he caused me, maddened me, and the strength which I had lost, came back to me. With the power gained from fevered excitement, I rose, carrying with me the big beast, his foot still in the trap and his jaws still clinched on my shoulder. I grasped my big hunting knife and plunged the blade again and again into his breast. Soon his hold relaxed. He fell at my feet and died with his paw still in the trap.

"Slowly sinking down on the warm body, I put my lips to the wound near the beast's heart, and drank the blood as long as a drop flowed. It refreshed and strengthened me so much that I now had hope of getting out of the desert.

"When I arose and released the dead animal's foot, I saw, by the bright moonlight, that if the wolf were mounted, it would be a very fine specimen; so I skinned it, spread arsenic on the flesh side, and placed it with other skins in my pack.

"Then a happy thought struck me: I would cook some of the flesh. I gathered a pile of sage brush and made a fire. Cutting from the shoulders, about a dozen slices of the tough meat, and suspending them on sticks, I soon had a lot of roast meat. This was not very well cooked, because

of the rapidity with which the fuel was consumed, but it kept me alive.

"Having finished my preparations for departing before midnight, with renewed strength, I again started northward. Just as the sun was rising, I came to a cattle path eight or ten miles from the scene of my adventure. Knowing that this lead to some habitation, I kept on in the same direction, and soon saw that a light vehicle had recently been over my route. At nine o'clock, I was overjoyed to see the house for which I had been looking; and, best of all, to see, in front, a man to welcome me. The family received me cordially and cared for me a week, at the end of which time I was able to leave. They gave me conveyance to a town twenty miles away. Thus you see, if the wolf had not come upon me that night, I could not now tell you my story."

Adventures of Billy (Number One)

A MIDNIGHT COMEDY OF ERRORS IN ROOM "23."

"Billy" Kelly, a travel-worn salesman, sauntered up to the office of a large hotel in the metropolis of our State, and asked to be shown up to a room where he could rest next morning without being disturbed by the hurried calls of bell boys and the tramp of many feet. The night clerk glanced over the register, called a sleepy-eyed porter, and directed him to show the gentleman up to room "23," a large family room on the second floor. The negro took Billy's portmanteau and stumbled into the elevator, followed by the tired drummer. Together they soon entered a large, very neatly furnished room. After dismissing the negro, Kelly was soon between the sheets, enjoying the sweet rest that comes only to the man who has labored for days without sleep.

He remained in this state of true rest until he was suddenly awakened by the sharp "click" of the switch-board and the blinding glare of electric lights. As if he were in a trance, he saw a beautiful young woman standing before the mirror taking off her hat. Before Kelly had time to say a word, he heard a silvery voice call:

"Frank, Frank," and after a short pause continued, "my gracious, I wonder if the man has been drinking. Only a few days ago he promised faithfully that he would refrain from touching the vile stuff; but now it looks like he has broken his promise, for here are his shoes on the table and his clothes strewn over the floor. Well, mother knows nothing of this, but poor me, I—I will have to endure this the rest of my days."

Here the woman burst into tears, which stopped the flow of words.

Kelly saw and understood, but what was he to do? He would do the honorable thing by kindly asking the woman to leave the room; but no, the woman would scream or faint or do some such foolish thing. Notwithstanding this, he made a brave attempt and said in a soft but somewhat tremulous voice:

"Madam, er-er-"

"Hush, you villain, you have been drinking again and you are faithless. Would that I had never married you," the woman almost shouted, "Two days of happy life and then this. I might have known this when I married you without the consent of my dear brother who never heard of you. Well, this is enough! Go!" said she, pointing toward the door.

Again, the poor woman burst into tears. Seeing his chance of escape, Kelly wrapped the bed clothes around him and jumped for the door, but he had wrapped the sheets and blankets around him so tight that he fell to the floor on his first leap. The woman screamed and frightened Kelly so

that he redoubled his efforts to get out of the bed-clothes, and in doing so the poor fellow only became more entangled. At last, he freed his right arm, and managed by some means to pull down a bath robe from the wall. He then untangled the rags about him (for the sheets and blankets were now in rags), and again started for the door. He reached it, but as he threw it open, a big fist struck him fairly under the chin and sent him reeling across the room into the arms of the screaming woman. This tableau encountered the gaze of Frank Carlos, the angry husband, as he entered the room. He maintained his self-control well, and demanded an explanation for the intrusion.

It was a long time before Kelly recovered sufficiently to tell, in a stammering voice, the story as he knew it. After he had finished, he told the gentleman to look in the cardcase on the bureau, and he would find his card. Mr. Carlos did so, and when he read the name, he sprang back in amazement. No wonder, for on the card was written the name of his wife's brother, the only one in the family he had never seen.

So intent were Kelly and Mrs. Carlos on the story of the sad mistake, that neither had realized that Kelly remained in the woman's arms. When the startled husband saw his wife's position, he asked her to turn the man loose. She did this, with the result that Kelly fell in a heap to the floor.

Mr. Carlos told his wife and poor Kelly that they were brother and sister. Kelly and the woman turned and looked at each other for the first time that night, and recognized each other by a sweet embrace.

"Sister Louise!" said Kelly.

"Oh, Billy!" sobbed his sister. "Oh, Billy, Billy!" WARREN, '08.

The Agent

Having been told about the great opportunity for energetic young men in agency work, I was almost persuaded to leave college before the end of my Sophomore year, to become an agent, and make a fortune. But the terms were so liberal that I feared the business had been misrepresented; so I decided to consult "Sammie," who, it was said, was an authority on the subject. After an urgent request on my part, "Sammie" related the following as his experience:

"Well, you know, a short time after entering college, I grew tired responding to bugle calls, and decided that rather than spend three more years at this place, I would risk my chances in life without an education. As my boyhood days were spent in an unprofitable manner, I was unacquainted with the ways of business. So this caused some hesitancy in my leaving. While debating the question, however, a representative of a stereoscopic view company called to see me. The result of the interview was that I left college the following evening, thinking that I would be a millionaire in the near future.

"Just one week later, with suit-case in one hand, and a 'picture agent's outfit' in the other, I stepped off the train in a town located among the mountains of western North Carolina. The many strange faces confronting me, and that peculiar noise so characteristic of an assembly of women at a pleasure resort, would have been embarrassing to many young men, but not so with me; for if there was anything of which I could boast at that stage of my life, it was 'brass' and bravery.

* * * * * * * *

"When the clock struck 9, the day following my arrival at H—, I was in readiness to deliver the 'agent's spiel' in forceful style. As I had been instructed to sell to the most

distinguished and influential people first, I visited that part of town where such people were likely to be found. My first call happened to be at the home of a millionaire. I was met by a servant, of course, who informed me that the 'lady of the house' did not care to see me. By that time, I had grown nervous, and did not care to see her, either. When I rang the next door bell, I was met by the smiling countenance of a young lady. Not waiting to be invited in, I introduced my business by placing a stereoscope before the lady's face, and by speaking with such rapidity that she had no opportunity to reply until my 'spiel' was ended. Then she plainly said: 'I have no use for your pictures.' Thinking that such a statement had no meaning, I began to insist, when I heard a stern voice from within command, 'Move on,' and I moved on, without loss of time.

"I continued to ring door bells and show pictures—when allowed that privilege—but I met with poor success and no encouragement. This I endured for two weeks, when I became thoroughly convinced that it was neither a profit nor a pleasure to sell pictures at H—. Just then, the idea came to me that I might find it profitable and pleasant in the country. Accordingly, I gathered my property, and began a tour through the mountainous country, rejoicing over the fact that I had not received a 'flogging' before leaving H—, and that I would soon be among hospitable old farmers.

"For several hours I plodded along the lonely road, seeing scarcely any indications of human habitation. As I proceeded on my journey away from town, the country became more rough and mountainous. Finally, the roads dwindled into mere footpaths, which wound over the hills and through the valleys. Occasionally could be seen small cultivated fields, but there was nothing to show civilization. At length, I grew tired climbing hills and mountains. I was hungry, for I had eaten nothing since very early in the morning, and night was coming on; so I lay down a short

distance from the path that led through a winding valley, to rest and 'figure out' my 'salvation' for the night. lying there, thinking about how hard life was, and about home, I went to sleep. But very suddenly I was aroused by a shrill voice, that said: 'Wat you doin' down thar? I'll sho' you how ter lie round yer er stealing.' As I arose, I discovered a small log cabin near by, that had escaped my notice. And the next thing that came under my observation was an old musket in the hands of a stern-looking old woman. I forgot about my 'brass' and brayery, and everything else, except that 'I had no business to be there.' When I found myself, I was not among mountains, but I was on level land in South Carolina. How I found my way across those hills and valleys I cannot say, perhaps the cause will be explained in some geological period yet to come. Neither do I know what became of the 'picture outfit,' but I do know that I have never needed it since and never shall again."

I am unable to state what other trouble "Sammie" met with, for just then I interrupted him and informed him that I would never be a "picture agent."

The Educated Man's Duty to the State

The colleges and universities will soon send forth another body of educated men to begin life's battles. Our State has from a very early period done generous things for the education of her youth. What are we, who have received so much and for whom so much is being don,e, going to give in return? Shall we use what we have received only to obtain a place of honor or to gain temporal fame for ourselves? Too often the graduate forgets the debt he owes the State, and, though his homeland needs his services, seeks honors and wealth in a distant land. Fifty per cent. of the graduates of our own institutions are holding positions in other States. Has South Carolina reached that state of

development when her educated sons are no longer needed at home? We can never hope to attain to the highest degree of civilization so long as our educated men seek honors elsewhere. The battle against crime, ignorance, and lawlessness will never be won, if those who have been trained to cope with these evils cast their lot in other climes. The student receives his learning not only that he may help himself, but that he may be of service to his fellow-man. If not the best reason for service, surely not a minor one, he owes it to the State to help strengthen that civic order which is the very foundation of civilization.

There are thousands of children in our country to-day growing up in ignorance, because the educated man does not take enough interest in the future welfare of our land to see that we have the proper legislation on the subject of education.

The reins of government will soon pass into the hands of another generation; and, unless they are prepared for the responsibilities which the duty of governing brings with it, a crisis will soon be reached which may change the destiny of our nation. Our country will never be destroyed by outside influences. If it falls, the decay will come from within.

Never, indeed, was there an age when the State demanded of her sons, in whatever relation they are to serve it, a larger learning and a riper culture. We need to be taught, all the way from chief magistrate to policeman, that our rulers are the servants of the people. Our schools should be training schools, not only of learners, but of thinkers; and their graduates should be the leaders, not merely in successful enterprises, but in civic, social, and moral order.

There is a danger that the educated man may become the critic instead of the servant of the State. Not coming into the thick of the conflicts of active life, or to a less extent than the average man, he is likely to become, first, a mere

observer, and then an indifferent censor. The struggles and cries of the arena of political life are so coarse and so conflicting; that, after the first fever of the enthusiasm of citizenship subsides, he contents himself with being a mere looker-on. This is not surprising when we remember that many of our leaders are successful because of their power of getting personal followers, their devotion to their party, and a convenient obliviousness to the finer scruples of conduct.

A country like ours requires a large number of men to carry on the work of government. Gladstone has declared: "As far as I can see, the American Constitution is the most wonderful work ever struck off at one time by the brain and purpose of man." While our system of government is as nearly perfect as any on earth, still it requires careful and prudent administration. Tocqueville, that great teacher of his people, nearly three-quarters of a century ago, wrote: "It would seem as if the rulers of our time sought only to use men to make things great. I wish they would try a little more to make great men; that they would set less value upon the work and more upon the workman; that they would never forget that a nation cannot long remain strong when every man belonging to it is individually weak; and that no form or combination of social polity has yet been devised to make an energetic people out of a community of pusillanimous and enfeebled citizens."

And yet one would think that no system had ever been devised more effectually to undervalue the work and to degrade the workman than that system, which, for the last sixty years, has been striving to establish itself among our people. The policy of "To the Victors Belong the Spoils," or the giving of office for partizan service, is one of the greatest evils with which we have to contend. Under this system, men naturally look for a prize; and a man who serves the State through such motives will not scruple to

sacrifice the State's interests for his own personal gain. Such a situation, disguise it as men may, can never be belittled as a partisan issue. It is a question of morality and of common honesty; for men in public office are only the servants of the State, and public service is a public trust, the abuse of which is a greater crime than unfaithfulness to a private trust. Abuse of public trust leads to graft, the giant evil of modern politics. We need men who will stand for the right because it is the right, who love the truth, and who have the courage of their convictions. We want a race of men, who, by their very existence, shall be a standing protest against the reign of a coarse materialism and selfseeking greed. To have such men, we must remember that in the domain of the intellect, as in the domain of the spiritual and moral nature, "the life is more than meat and the body than raiment." And the hope of our time is not in men who are concerned in what they get, but in what they can see.

In a government like ours, all the people have a part; and the man who neglects his share of the burden, betravs his fellows. Our safety lies in ourselves, and not in our institutions. Too often one thinks that when he votes, he has done his duty; but a man who is content with merely casting his ballot, consents to accept what is often a doubtful alternative. He should first help shape the alternative. ignorance and corruption control the primary meeting or manage the nomination, it is because the educated man sits at home and does not take part; because he thinks that politics is tiresome and dirty. It is not government mastered by the ignorant, but government betrayed by intelligence; it is not the victory of the slums, it is the surrender of the schools; it is not that bad men are brave, but that brave men are infidels and cowards."

We hear a great deal of "party spirit," and love for the "grand old party;" but whenever we place party first and

the interests of the State last, we do not deserve to be called citizens. Sir Robert Peele, Prime Minister of England, when he found that the national welfare demanded the repeal of the corn laws, which he had always supported, did not quail. The corn laws were repealed by his influence, but he lost his office. Yet his position was greater and nobler than it had ever been before. To ignore questions of public welfare is a crime of which the educated man is too often guilty. Beyond and above the dusty arena of personal contest for power, the greater issues loom up in his vision. He finds it so difficult to awaken interest in these that he soon gives up in despair. He who would despair should remember that in moments when the destinies of the republic trembled in the scale, some mighty increment of courage cast into it by the hand and voice of the people, turned the scale on the side of duty and honor.

There are questions confronting us to-day which require all the thought and energy of the educated man. Surely, this is the time when he should prove himself. One of the functions of learning is accurately to observe and discriminate, and another of equally great importance, the interpretation of truth. The present generation has done more for the increase of knowledge than was ever accomplished before, yet there remains an empire to be taken, the boundaries of which are beyond our ken.

And finally, the highest duty of the college bred man consists in participating in all that is for the best interest and upbuilding of the State. At whatever cost, amid hardships and disappointment, he should ever stand ready to write, to talk, to vote, by whatever agency in his power, to make himself a living force on the side of truth and light. What we need is individual service, a sense of solitary responsibility, a courageous stand against ignorance and resistance to evil.

The great men of our nation who stood for truth and justice in their day are calling to us now, and this is their message: "Yours is the heritage; your country's best things; her best gifts, her ripest acquirements, her noblest vantage ground. Use them worthily of your great past, and the promise of a still greater future. The world, and above all. our western world, waits for the voices of men who have learned to love the truth and are not afraid to bear witness to it. And your country, she bids you to remember that all you have and are, you hold as trust for her. The great idea of a government of the people, by the people and for the people, which she bids you never to forget, can find its worthy realization only when it is the government of an upright and enlightened people, by upright and enlightened servants, rooted in the high purpose of loyalty to duty and to God." W. B. Aull, '07.

The Home Coming

It is an old, old story that "a rolling stone gathers no moss," and while it is in many cases all too true, it is not so in this one.

James Rembert was the only son of a prominent and well-to-do farmer, living near the city of Columbia. During the short eighteen years of his life, he had always been as devoted a son and as happy a boy as one would find anywhere, until, by some stroke of fate, there arose a misunderstanding between him and his father. Wrongly accused of something mean and little, the hot-headed young Southerner never stopped to think that things would soon clear up; but, with the impetuosity for which his family was noted, resolved to leave the home in which he had been so tenderly reared, and go out into the world to seek his fortune. James's heart ached him when he thought of leaving his devoted mother; but, nevertheless, his determination to go

away was steadfast, and he set about making ready for a quick departure. He hastily packed a grip with a few clothes and extra articles he wished to carry, and, opening the little savings bank in which he had kept his extra pocket money, put its contents into his pocket, and left the house by a side door

As he made his way along the country road toward the city, he came to the home of Ruth Ashley, the daughter of a near-by neighbor, and the girl for whom above all others he cared. At first, he started to go away without telling her of his intention, but on second thought he decided to stop and see her.

Ruth, for a moment, pleaded earnestly with him not to go away; but, seeing his determination to go, she promised to wait for him until he returned, and he, bidding her goodbye, left.

Little knowing or caring where he went, he walked along the road until he came to a trolley station, and boarding a car, was soon in the city and at the union station. He purchased a ticket for Charleston, and, entering the train for that city, threw himself into a seat and was soon deep in thought.

When the train arrived in Charleston, he had decided to leave on the first outgoing vessel. This he did the next morning. The ship he left on was bound for Australia, and while the thought of leaving his native land for such a far away country daunted him somewhat at first, it was not until the pangs of sea sickness were upon him that he fully regretted his rash act.

When the ship reached her destination, James immediately set about searching for employment. Hearing that a party of Englishmen were preparing to make a trip to the interior, for the purpose of opening up a gold mine, he applied to them for a position, and was hired.

It is a long, long story of how, in the next three years, the plucky lad, by hard work and close application to his business, rose to the position of superintendent. By saving his liberal salary, he bought stock in the mine from time to time, and the owners realizing his worth, were more than glad to take him into partnership with them. After five years, during which time he had often wondered about his folks at home, he resolved to go back and see them. So, making his arrangements, he set aside work for a while and set out for Charleston.

When he reached Columbia, he found that things had changed a great deal since he left; and, learning that his father had made every effort to find him, he determined to go to his home the next morning. This he did, and one may picture for one's self the scene that next morning as he surprised his father and mother.

That evening, James called on Ruth, and finding her as true as she had promised to be and more beautiful than he had ever dreamed her to be, was truly a happy man; and he was happier still when, a few weeks later, the old church bells pealed forth their wedding song, and he thought "All's well that ends well."

The Clemson College Chronicle

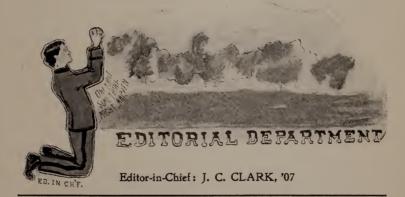
FOUNDED BY CLASS OF 1898

Published Monthly by the Calhoun, Columbian and Palmetto Literary Societies of Clemson Agricultural College

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One page, per year......\$20 00 One-fourth page, per year....\$8 00 One-half page, per year......\$5 00 One inch, per year.........5 00 Cadets are requested to purchase from those who advertise in The Chronicle.



Some False Reports We notice that some of our State newspapers are giving credence to a story in the Seneca Farm and Factory, to the effect that the death

of a Clemson student was due to hazing. If the rumor had been confined to the circulation of the *Farm and Factory*, we would have deemed it unworthy of notice, but in justice to ourselves and to the public, the facts are given below. Cadet Reaves is supposed to have met his death while attempting to climb down a fire escape while he was asleep.

As he may have felt unwell during the night, and being unable to sleep, rose and sat in his window, and while sitting there, fell asleep, lost his balance, and fell out. Now, there are many reasons why hazing could not have been the cause of this unfortunate accident. In the first place, there is now very little hazing here, and that little only upon those lower classmen who are spending their first year at Clemson. Cadet Reaves was a Junior, and in all Clemson's history there has never been a case of hazing in any class above the Freshman. When hazing was in its prime here, the code would not have allowed even the thought of hazing a Junior. And even if there had been such an unprecedented occurrence, there would, undoubtedly, have been a scuffle which would have waked Cadet Reaves room-mates. who were also his class-mates. These men knew nothing of the accident until their room-mate was found unconscious the next morning. Now, in view of these facts, we hope that there will be no heed taken of such reports in the future, although they are copied in some of our leading dailies.

The Exposition It is greatly to be hoped that the student body will be allowed to go to Jamestown this year on their annual encampment. This trip would be of inestimable value to the students from a purely educational standpoint, to say nothing of the pleasure to be derived from it. Now, since we are going on an encampment, why not make it as valuable as possible. It is proposed that the corps be carried to Greenville, and the invitation of the good people of that town is greatly appreciated; but we have Greenville with us always, while this is the last chance, possibly, that a trip like that to Jamestown will be offered. Besides, we could derive no good from a trip to Greenville besides the experience of the military manœuvres and a little outing, both of which can be had

with interest at Jamestown. The actual expenses would be practically the same as they would be to Greenville, owing to the cheapness of the railroad fare and camp lodging. The majority of the students have signed a petition to go, but nine-tenths of these will be unable to go unless the corps goes. Of course there are some difficulties in the way of such a trip, but we believe they can be overcome, if the faculty consents to it.

Press Association We wish to ask from any of the magazines, who are in a position to know, something concerning the College Press Association. There seems to have been no records kept of the meeting last year, or, if there were, we have been unable to obtain them. Now, Clemson is going to entertain the Association this year, and it is absolutely essential that we know something of the program, etc., if we are to arrange one ourselves. If any one has any information, they should report it to President Bradley, of Carolina, as he is also unable to obatin the constitution, etc.



Editors

W. B. AULL, '07 S. H. SHERARD, '08

In looking over our recent exchanges, we are attracted by the dark green cover of *The Bessie Tift Journal*. We are very glad to have *The Journal* with us. On the first page is a poem, "Night," which is indeed poetry. The stories are rather short, but they show a good deal of preparation and thought on the part of the writers. "The Development of the Fine Arts in the South" is a scholarly essay. The editorials and exchanges are very interesting.

Next we find *The Hendrix Mirror*. On the back is a large picture of George Washington. This being the February issue, the picture is very appropriate. Our sense of gratitude is always shown by the way we honor our great heroes. "Chicago as a Place of Study for Southern Students," is a common sense talk on the advantages to be derived by attending the University of Chicago. "On Opening an Old Valentine," makes us think of "That Old Sweetheart of Mine." "Tennyson and Longfellow" shows much preparation.

Now, we come to *The Collegian*. It is, comparatively, a stranger with us; but its contents force us to acknowledge its ability and to rank it with our best exchanges. The cover is neat and simple, which proves that there is "something" on the inside. "The Philosophy of Reform" is a "solid" essay, which will be beneficial to any one who reads it. "The Brave at Home" is an account of the deeds done by our women during the Revolutionary War, and also during the War Between the States. It carries us

back to the time when the mother and the daughter were at home working at the loom, to make clothes for "their boy" at the front. "A Pipe Dream" is very well written. The exchanges and editorials are very good.

We are disappointed in the February issue of *The Wesleyan*, due, perhaps, to the reason that we had expected so much. The stories are rather short, and the plots of most of them are not original. "Daisy" is the best, though it is a love story of the usual type. The poems are really good; "The Editor's Trial" being the best. The Local Department is full and very interesting. On the whole, the magazine is not up to its usual high standard.

We always look forward to something good in the North Carolina University Magazine, and, as usual, we are not disappointed. The magazine is interesting throughout, the contents are varied and well balanced. The poem, "Our Passing Heroes," is splendid. "Cupid's Sentence" is also very good. "Two Public Needs of North Carolina" is well written, and shows that the author has his State's interests at heart. The stories are above the average, and we would like to see more of the same order in some of our other exchanges.

The Criterion is not up to its usual standard of excellence. The stories could be much improved, though "A Child's Legacy" is really good. "Browning and His Poetry" shows considerable reading and thought.

"The Power of the Middle Class," in *The Erskinian*, is an article well worth reading. The subject is well handled, and shows that the writer has given it much thought. "The Regeneration of the Home" is one of the best things we have read lately in any magazine. The home is the foundation and hope of our nation, and degeneration in the home

means degeneration in the nation. The editorials are on a variety of subjects, and are very interesting.

The Literary Department of the Mississippi College Magazine is almost a minus quantity. "Law, and its Relation to Society," in the Editorial Department, is worthy of special mention.

We welcome the *Chimes of Shorter College* to our exchange table. The magazine is well got up, and presents an attractive appearance.

We gladly acknowledge our usual exchanges and several new ones.

CLIPPINGS

Our Passing Heroes

One by one they fall and go,—
The men who wore the gray,
The lovers of the old Southland,
The heroes of their day.

A remnant only lingers on,
A thin and scattered band
Of patriots whose lives have been
A free gift to their land.

Long they've lived to contemplate

The glory of their day;

From age and wisdom earned they wear

A Royal crown of gray.

The Stars and Bars long since is furled; The battle song is dead, Or lives in their heroic hearts Or in their martial tread. The cause for which they bled was lost; Their valor, might o'ercame; But conquered never were the hearts That followed Lee to fame.

So here's to those who've gone before, And here's to those who stay, With courage and with hopes as true As when they wore the gray.

Peaceful be the fields where next Their snow white tents unfold; And may the New South never lack Such hearts as loved the Old.

W. H. Jones, in The North Carolina University Magazine.

The Other Side

Here's to the pleasures we have missed,
Here's to the girls we have never seen,
Here's to lips we've never kissed,
And here's to things that might have been.—Ex.

Toasts

Here's to old Kentucky,

The State where I was born,
Where the corn is full of kernels
And the colonels full of corn.

Here's to the glass we love to sip, It drives many a pensive tear, 'Tis not so sweet as a woman's lip But a blamed sight more sincere.

--Ex.

Here's to love and unity, Dark corners and opportunity.

Ex.

The man sat on the moon-lit deck,

His head was in a whirl,

His eyes and mouth were full of hair,

His arms were full of girl.

-Ex.

Smith.—How do you like my new suit? Isn't it a dream? Henderson.—Yes, and the bill will be a nightmare.—Ex.

Mary sat upon a pin
But showed no perturbation,
For some of her was genuine
And some was imitation.

-Ex.

Willie ate a tablet,
The family doctor gave;
Now he's got a big one
On his little grave.

Little Willie put his gun
Just behind his nurse's ear;
Pulled the trigger, just for fun,
Strange that nursie didn't hear.

-Ex.

Haddon.—I am slaying these biscuits like Sampson did the Philistines—by the thousands.

Riddle.—Yes, with the same weapon.—Ex.

A green little cadet in a green little way

Some chemicals mixed on a bright summer's day;

And the green little flowers now tenderly wave

On the green little cadet's green little grave. —Ex.

Here's health to every nation—but Carrie.

Youth

A red, red rose on a summer's morn,
With never a care in the gay sunlight,
Sipping the sweets of the early dawn—
No thought of the dreary days that blight.

A rush of the red blood swift along—
Making romance of every sight—
A pulse to the heart of joy's sweet song,
The dream of love on a summer's night.

A kiss's velvet thrill in each vein,

The longing expressed by never a tongue;

The touch of joy of the world-old pain:

O God! 'tis good to live when young.

—A. Z., in Randolph-Macon Monthly.

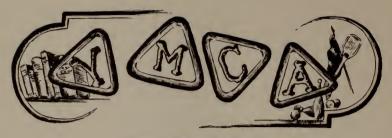
Oh! hitch your wagon to a star As Emerson suggested And thus avoid the trolley car When traffic is congested.

--Ex.

He who inside his watch lid wears
His sweetheart's pretty face,
Is sure to have a time, for there's
A woman in the case.

--Ex.

Said the jam as it gave the roll a spread,
Have you heard the news distressing?
The lobster turned quite red last night
When it saw the salad dressing.
—Ex.



Editor: J. W. LEWIS, '08

Missionary Number

The meeting held on the evening of March 3 is memorable in the history of the Association, owing to the fact that it was the first ever held by the Association for the benefit of Foreign Missions. Rev. W. H. Mills delivered a strong address on "The Needs and Conditions in China." Letters stating the purpose of the meeting had previously been sent to the members, along with a small envelop, in which to enclose their contributions. These were now taken up, the total collection amounting to \$30.30. This money, which is to go to the support of the work in China, will be sent to our representative, Mr. Chas. L. Boynton. Mr. Boynton, who lately sailed from America, is office secretary of the entire China and Korean field. The support of his work depends upon the Charlotte Association, and the State institutions of learning of North and South Carolina.

It is interesting to note what some of the other Southern colleges are doing along mission lines. Some of them are ahead of us; some of them are behind. The University of Georgia contributes to the cause of missions this year \$100. The University of North Carolina gave last year to the same cause \$26.50, but this year they are giving \$250, an increase of several hundred per cent. The University of North Carolina has sent from within her walls, in all, about

ten men to the foreign field, and there are now eight or nine more University men preparing to enter this work; three are now in the University, two are in Northern medical schools, two in theological seminaries, and two graduated last session from their professional courses in medicine and theology. The University of Georgia does not, at present, do Mission Study work, but they expect to in the near future. The University of North Carolina has a splendid system, the study being arranged in five different courses.

Several of our young men who attended the great Student Volunteer Convention at Nashville last spring, became deeply impressed with what was being done along mission lines; and while there they had instilled into them a great longing to do something, which would bring our student body into closer touch with the needs and conditions of the foreign field.

Knowing that the object of the Young Men's Christian Association is to seek to unite those young men, who, regarding Jesus Christ as their God and Saviour, according to the Holy Scriptures, desire to be His disciples in their doctrines and in their lives, and to associate their efforts for the extension of His Kingdom among young men, we at once determined to organize a Missionary Department in our Association; for the most literal interpreter would not limit the application of this purpose to the young men of Christian lands alone. No! The all-embracing purpose of the Association comprehends the two hundred millions of young men of mission lands, as well as the great numbers still unreached in Christian countries.

About the middle of March last year, a missionary committee was appointed to take charge of the work and the organization of the department. This committee went to

work at once, and organized a mission study class of fifteen boys. Much time was spent in making out definite plans for the work in the fall.

The third Sunday night in September, our mission study rally was held. After a very strong address on "Why Study Missions," by Mr. W. M. Forrest, of Virginia, a short meeting was held of all those who were interested in missions. At this meeting, opportunity was given to join a mission class. Three courses are offered for study this year.

The department has been very effectually strengthened this year by the organization of a volunteer band.

W. J. Roach, '08.

Mission Work in Cotton Mill Villages and Communities

Preliminary to any adequate consideration of mission work in the cotton mill towns and communities of South Carolina, there must be the recognition of two facts. The first of these is, the supreme importance of the work.

For the first time in the history of the State, the people now gathered at the cotton mills are accessible. Hitherto, they have lived at such great distances from each other, that the Church could reach but a small proportion. Now, those who were miles apart are within a few hundred yards. These towns, sprung up almost in a night, contain between one-fifth and one-fourth of the total white population of the State; they are all native stock, nine-tenths probably South Carolinians, as their fathers were.

But the next generation will see great numbers of foreigners brought to our State, and scattered from Charleston to Greenville. To-day is the day to do this mission work, before the homogeneity of our people shall have been disturbed, if not destroyed. The second fact that demands universal recognition is, that this work is real mission work, and, therefore, to be carried on by means of the three agencies approved in all the Church for doing such work. These three agencies are: (1) the Evangelistic; (2) the Medical; (3) the Educational. In all mission fields—home as well as foreign—these three have their recognized place. First in importance is the Evangelistic. To the poor the Gospel must be preached. The Church and its minister must be the center around which the philanthropic energies of the community revolve. Second in importance is the Medical work. The deaf must be made to hear, the blind to see, the lame to walk, so far as the most modern surgery and nursing can effect these results. The love to God must be proved by love to fellow-man.

Lastly, there is a wide field for the legitimate work of the Church in educating the people. It can open here and there a kindergarten, for the very little children, and a night school for the older boys and girls. No kinder or more opportune work can be done in some of these towns than to teach this boy or that to read, or to help him to an understanding of common fractions.

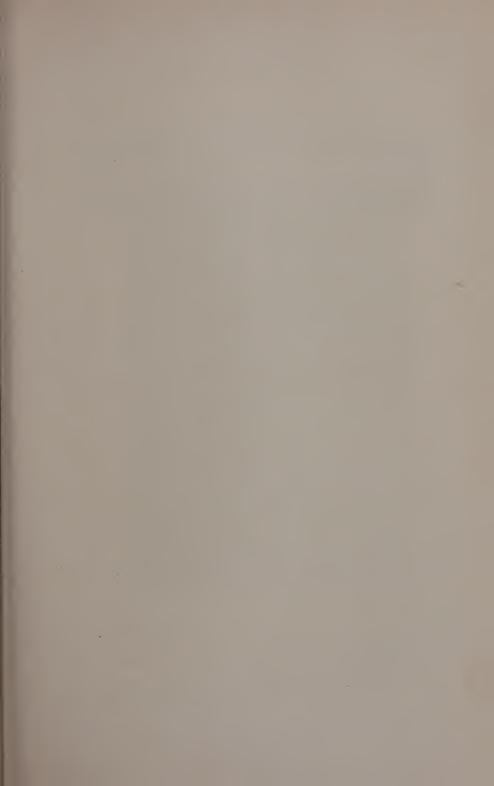
But it will be objected that the Church cannot afford to do the work in this way, that it has not the money at its command. Certainly, it has not yet so attempted to do the work. Only the Evangelistic agency has yet been called into play. And the work has been every where disappointing and discouraging, to the verge of dismay. Can any prophet say what would have been the result of mission work in China or India or any other land, if the physician and teacher, the hospital and school-house, had not followed the preacher! Would not the work that has been done in these fields wither, like the new-mown hay, if these agencies were withdrawn? But as the sentiment of the Church is in favor of them and therefore supports them,

so the sentiment of the Church in favor of these same agencies in our cotton mill towns will provide for their support.

The Boards and Committees of Home Missions of the several Protestant Churches in the State ought to meet together, parcel out this mission work, and definitely commit their respective churches to the conduct of the work according to the plan outlined above. Then, an adequate support in each denomination will be given, and the Church will commend itself to the good sense of all the people, the business man, as well as the operative it specially wishes to help. As the case is at this present time, a minister comes to a factory community on Saturday evening or Sabbath morning, preaches once or twice, and goes away that afternoon or Monday morning. Is it any wonder that nothing worth while has been accomplished? And consequently, the work every where has but half-hearted support.

Again, when the Boards of Home Missions agree upon plans for the work, which are approved by the Church at large, they can go to the mill owners and managers, who have shown already in many quarters a remarkable willingness to help in welfare work of every sort, unfold these plans, and ask their assistance, both financially and morally. Both have the same end in view, let them unite their forces. The men who can best effect the changes of sentiment and plan here suggested, are those who have had a special technical training for the management and control of industry, and who, at the same time, have caught the spirit of fraternity in Church and religious work. Who shall these be, if not those students of Clemson College, who are also members of the Young Men's Christian Association? To their attention, I most earnestly bring the whole matter, assured that if they shall act upon it, as Christian business men ought to do, a brighter day will dawn in our State for both the Church and the people in our cotton mill communities.

WM. A. MILLS.





Junior Football Team



Editors:
R. O. POAG, '08 J. SPRAT'T, '08

On Friday evening, February 22, the Palmetto Literary Society, presided over by President T. D. Eason, celebrated its thirteenth anniversary in Memorial Hall. The program was as follows: Declaimers, H. H. Brunson and S. E. Bailes; orators, G. D. Curtis and G. W. Speer; debaters, W. O. Pratt and L. G. Richardson.

The exercises, as is usual for this society, were very good; and the large audience was delightfully entertained. The committee of judges, composed of President Mell, Prof. P. T. Brodie, and Prof. T. G. Poats, remained out for some time, which fact showed that it was hard to decide who had won the medals. Dr. Mell, after making a few appropriate remarks, delivered the medals to the following: H. H. Brunson, G. W. Speer, and W. O. Pratt.

At a recent meeting of the Board of Trustees, the khaki uniform was adopted as the spring uniform for the entire corps of cadets. The board also authorized an encampment for the corps to be held during the week between final examinations and commencement. The cadets are all anxious that the encampment be held at the Jamestown Exposition; and a petition, signed by more than five hundred of them, has been sent to the President and Commandant, asking that the encampment be held there.

Mr. C. C. McDonnell, of the Chemistry Department, has resigned his position to accept a more lucrative one with the Bureau of Chemistry at Washington. The other men in the department have been promoted, and Mr. Thomas E. Keitt, who graduated from Clemson with the class of '06, has been appointed Assistant Chemist.

Prof. Furman: "Who was Diana?"

Junior Cannon: "I haven't read the Bible in some time, but I think that she was the wife of Barabbas."

J. A. Philipps wants to know if Governor McLean is one of Junior McLean's descendants (ancestors).

Prof. M.: "Mr. Wessinger, who was the first king of 'the House of Hanover?"

Junior Wessinger: "Queen Victoria."

Rat Johnson: "Say, Crouch, what is the meaning of category?"

Crouch: "Bloody cat."

One of the most enjoyable entertainments Clemson has seen in many a day was the campaign meeting held by the Columbia Society on Friday evening, February the first. President J. W. McLendon made an excellent presiding officer, and all the candidates acquitted themselves well. The result of the election was as follows:

For Governor—D. B. Peurifoy, 196; C. W. Wannamaker, 31.

Lieutenant Governor—S. J. Ezell, 187; H. B. Riser, 39. Legislature—F. J. Crider, 104; S. J. Wessinger, 121.

Senate—W. P. Sloan, 40; B. D. Carter, 185.

Superintendent of Education—J. S. Hughes, 150; J. C. Clark, 82.

Coroner-R. H. Fike, 82; G. M. Truluck, 144.

Professor T. W. Keitt and Cadet J. W. Lewis represented the Clemson College Sunday-school at the State convention, which was held at Georgetown from the twelfth to the fifteenth of March.

Quite a large delegation of the students and faculty went over to Greenville on the 16th of March to see "The Clansman" played.

Soph. Odom wants to know if the Legislature has binominal (biennial) sessions.

Junior Baker wants to know if Elizabeth was king of England during Shakespeare's time.

Work on the new barracks is now progressing very rapidly. It bids fair to be a more beautiful building than the two old barracks, which do not resemble a home for college students.

Harris: "When are *Chronicle* staffs from the other colleges going to meet here?"

One of the best lectures heard at Clemson in years was that of the Hon. George R. Wendling, on "Stonewall Jackson." He thoroughly delighted his audience with his thrilling story of this matchless Christian gentleman and greatest military strategist the world has ever beheld.

Miss Louise Sloan, of Pendleton, has been visiting Mrs. S. M. Martin.

Baseball practice is now in full blast. The men have greatly improved under the systematic coaching of Shaughnessy, and Clemson will no doubt put out a winning team.

Rat Salley: "What is the name of the play this afternoon?"

Rat Wall: "The matinee."

Visitor: "Do you have fraternities here?" Junior Lunn: "What is that?"

Prof. Calhoun: "Mr. Harris, what do you know of Paris green?"

"Walhalla" Harris: "I know that it is green."

The track team is getting in some good practice. Much interest is being manifested in track athletics this year. Dr. Calhoun has offered a trophy cup to the class that scores the highest number of points on "field day," May 1. The old plan of giving prizes to the individual winners of events has been abandoned, and, instead, medals will be given.

The pendulum in the physics room was swinging, The shuttle was a flashing in the loom, The college bell at ten was slowly ringing, My section was on the way to Hobo's room; For there surveying we were slowly learning, Though it made us sicker day by day, For the girls, and summer, every man was yearning. And this is what most of them did say: In the shade of the vertical plane Where Hobo, the "scrip," would explain, And the voice I did hear, 'twas not of good cheer; For it told me of flunking again. This "scrip" of my life was the bane, For it nearly drove me insane; And I am thankful for once, Though I may be a dunce, H. C. T., '09. I'm from under the vertical plane.

"Ten and Four"

(Abject Apologies to Poe.)

Once upon a gloomy evening, as I studied, almost dreaming, O'er a puzzling passage of my Chemistry lesson, While I studied,—vainly strived To think of some way to contrive To learn the lesson, suddenly there came a tapping, As of some one inspecting the hall, Slamming doors—slamming them all. It must be Ed. inspecting, I murmured, Only Ed. and nothing more.

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December, And 'twas only two weeks until Exams., As I pondered, vainly tried to think Of some way to survive, Those Exams.,—suddenly there came to me an idea, As a persistent temptation said, "Stop it all and go to bed." This I did, not thinking of Ed. inspecting, I went to bed,—before Tattoo.

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December, I could hear the rain beating against the window pane, And then upon my failing senses, Suddenly with great intentness, Came an old familiar sound, and o'er me fell a funeral pall, As I realized that Ed. was inspecting the hall. With a grin of delight, he closed the door, Only this—"Ten and Four." R. H. F.

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[Entered at Clemson College, S. C., Post Office as second class mail matter.]

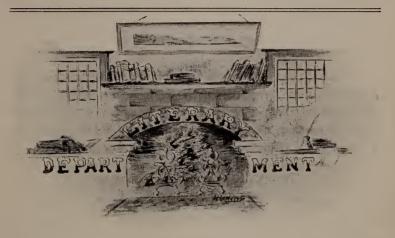


The Clemson College Chronicle

Valeat Quantum Valere Potest

Vol. X. CLEMSON COLLEGE, S. C., APRIL, 1907.

No. 7



Editors:
B. D. CARTER. '07

W. O. PRATT, '08

The Uses of Adversity in Character Building

Analogous to that wonderful Gulf stream, once a myth and still a mystery, the strange current of human existence, four score and ten years long, bears each and all of us with a strong, steady sweep away from the tropic lands of sunny childhood, enameled with verdure and gaudy with bloom, through the temperate clime of manhood and womanhood, fruitful and harvest-hued, on to the lonely frozen, rock-bound shores of dreary old age, snow-crowned and ice-veined. Individual destinies seem to resemble the tangled drift on those broad-bounding gulf billows, driven hither and thither to barren beaches, scattered over bleaching coral crags, stranded upon blue bergs—precious germs from all climes and classes; some to perish by polar perils; a few to take root, flourish, and

triumph, growing into imperishable landmarks; and many to stagnate in the long inglorious rest of a Sargasso Sea.

For all helpless human waifs in the surging ocean of time there is comfort in the knowledge that the fiercest storms toss their drift highest, and that the most beautiful and perfect lilies spring from the black soil of the quagmire. These apparently ruthless waves of adversity often sweep us to an isle of calm and peace, where our better natures are nourished and our characters strengthened by having gone through these storms of adversity is shown to us in numbers of ways by our greatest teacher, nature. The commercial value of the Mississippi, or its power to bear up fleets for war or peace, is due to the storms of a hundred summers and the snows of a thousand winters that have lent depth and power to its mighty volumes of water. The oak becomes stronger in proportion to the number of storms that beat against it. The eagle, that mightiest inhabitant of the air, which soars to the top of the highest peak, and on some overhanging ledge builds her nest, begins life under the most adverse circumstances. The young eagles, pushed out of their rough nest by their mother, battle against the force of gravity with their short stubby wings in vain, and are saved from death only on the wings of the old eagle. But all this is to strengthen the pinions of the young eagles that they may mount to the sun. Our greatest industries are amid the biting ports of colder climes, and our greatest heroes and statesmen were made by adversities. indeed fortunate that Lincoln was compelled to split rails to support himself, and that "Stonewall' Jackson was an orphan at the age of seven. We must admit that adverse circumstances are really fortuitous, and that they constitute the moulds that shape the majority of human lives, and the hasty impress of an accident being too often regarded as the relentless decree of an all-ordaining fate. It might furnish matter, however, for the philosophic mind as to whether, if Atilla and Alaric had chanced to be pampered sons of some merchant

prince—some Rothschild or Peabody of the fifth century—their campaigns had not been purely fiscal and bloodless, limited to the leaves of a ledger, while the names of Goth and Hun had never crystallized into synonyms of havoc and ruin; or had Timour been trained to cabbage-raising and vine-dressing, whether he would not have lived in history as the great Horticulturist of Keath, or the Diocletian of Samaitand, rather than the Tartar tyrant of the East.

How many possible Howards have swung at Tyburn? How many canonized and halved heads have barely escaped the doom of Brimvillers and the tender mercies of Carnifex?

Such men, men who are made to reform late in life by the hard lessons of adversity, afterwards become leaders in the upbuilding of society.

Need I enumerate instances of men, in this and other countries, who, by dint of persevering application and energy, have raised themselves from the humblest ranks of industry to eminent positions of usefulness and influence in society. They are indeed so numerous that they have long ceased to be regarded as exceptional. Looking at some of the more remarkable, it might almost be said that early encounter with difficulty and adverse circumstances was the necessary, the indispensable condition of success. I need not speak further of Lincoln, Andrew Johnson, Henry Clay, "Stonewall" Jackson, Benjamin Franklin, Daniel Webster, and numbers and numbers of others who have raised themselves through difficulties to the highest positions that our country could offer. biographies of these men are in the minds of every schoolboy, and will ever stand an heritage to character, honesty and success.

Thus we see that all great men have been helped in the achievement of their work, through monotony, drudgery and adversity.

Ptolemy was one of the founders of astronomy because he dwelt on a plain of sand where the horizon held not one vine-

clad hill nor alluring vista. Tiring of this yellow sea, his thoughts journeyed along the heavenly highways and threaded the gauzy maze, until the man made discoveries which made his name immortal. Moses became the greatest of lawgivers. because during the forty years when his mind was creative, and at its best, he dwelt amid the solitudes of the sand-hills around Sinai, and was free for intellectual and moral life. "Sweet indeed are the uses of adversity." They reveal to us our powers, and if there be real worth in the character, like the fragrant flowers, it will give forth its finest odor when pressed. "Crosses are the ladders that lead to heaven." "What is even poverty itself," asks Richter, "that a man should murmur under it? It is but as the pain of piercing a maiden's ear, and you hang precious jewels in the wound." It would be said, no doubt, that prosperity and success are obtained in many instances without these severe teachers. an extent this may be true, but in such cases we can often say that it was obtained by unfair means. Men who have not encountered difficulty cannot stand under the alluring enticements of prosperity; many, even though they have had this wholesome discipline of adversity, are afterwards found unable to withstand the more insinuating and dangerous influences of prosperity. It is only a weak man whom the wind deprives of his cloak; a man of average strength is more in danger of losing it when assailed by the beams of a too genial sun. Let each of us select from the band of self-raised men an ideal; for after friendship and love have enriched man, deepened all the secret springs of his being, when adversity hath refined, and suffering mellowed him, then it is that God sends the ideals to stimulate men to new achievements. Thus it is that Jesus Christ, the supreme ideal, stands forth in all His splendid He is no empty abstraction, no bloodless theory, but bone of our bone, brother of our own body and breath, vet marred by no weakness, scarred by no sin-tossing back temptations as the rock of Gibraltar tosses back the billows of

the sea. He chose a pathway through adversity, and made death's night to shine like the day. As Shakespeare first reveals to the young poet his real riches of imagination, as Raphael first unveils to the young artist the possibilities of color, so man knows not his infinite capabilities until he has passed the storms and sees, standing before him, the one ideal in his untroubled splendor. Having Him, man would have, not only a Teacher and Saviour, but a Master and model fulfilling all the needs of the highest manhood and the noblest character.

E. V. Garrett.

A Day With My Pre-Existent Self

The grandest city of the ancient world lay below me. From my lofty position in the hanging gardens, Babylon, the pride of Nebuchadnezzar, the great king, stretched before me in all of its glory. Beyond the walls, great fields of ripened grain rippled like a sea of burnished gold beneath the rays of the rising sun. The great double walls, those monuments to the untiring labor of thousands of workmen, encircled the city and formed impregnable barriers to the onslaughts of enemies from without. The great brazen gates were just being opened for the day, and multitudes of peasants were swarming through them to sell their produce in the markets of the city. Near the walls, the poor made their homes in squalid hovels of baked brick, while towards the center of the city, the rich lived in magnificent palaces of marble. The lofty temples of the gods were scattered throughout the city, while the eightstaged temple of Bel in front of the royal palace towered above all other edifices. Immediately below me was the palace of Nebuchadnezzar, the most magnificent building ever erected by potentate. The walls were made of the whitest marble, adorned by carved legends and battle scenes inlaid with gold. The vast retinue of the king's servants were just beginning to bestir themselves for the day's work, and the great courtyard

was swarming with mail-clad soldiers and haughty nobles. The gardens of the palace extended to the foot of that vast pile of stones, made to represent a mountain, on which I was standing. In the midst of a flat and almost treeless country, the hanging gardens, covered with a dense growth of trees, stood out in bold relief.

I was very happy that morning, and with good reason; for that night I was to wed Princess Nebrintha, the beautiful daughter of Nebuchadnezzar. More than a year before, I had won Nebrintha's love, but Nebuchadnezzar would not consent for her to become my wife until I had returned to Babylon a conqueror of the Egyptians. I had left Babylon in command of a large army of the king's best soldiers, and after a year's hard fighting, I had returned with the Egyptian king to grace my triumphal procession. Nebuchadnezzar then agreed to give me his daughter in marriage and set a date for our wedding. I arose early on our wedding day and climbed to the top of the hanging gardens, where I could view the beautiful city and music over my approaching happiness.

When a procession of priests started from the temple of Bel to the royal palace to bless the king, as was their morning custom, I roused myself from my reveries and started down to the palace to pay my respects to Nebuchadnezzar and greet my betrothed. As I passed through the courtyard of the palace, I was greeted on all sides by obsequious bows, and upon arriving at the door of the throne room, I was courteously ushered into the king's presence. A conqueror and the successful suitor of the king's daughter, I was indeed a great personage. The king was sitting upon an ivory and gold throne on a raised dais at the other end of the room, and was surrounded by the ministers of the realm and the principal officers of his household. I bowed low upon coming into his presence and waited respectfully for him to speak to me.

"Come forward!" the king commanded me. I advanced to

the foot of the throne, and, dropping upon one knee, I kissed his hand.

"How is it with thee this morning, O great conqueror?" he asked. "Art thou ready to shoulder the burden of a wife?"

"Yes, great king," I answered, "I am not only ready but anxious to take the most precious burden ever borne by man."

As soon as I could decorously excuse myself, I left the throne room and went into the gardens, where I was sure that I should find Princess Nebrintha taking her morning stroll. I came upon her sitting upon a stone bench in a little arbor. For several moments, I stood behind a nearby hedge and gazed enraptured at her enchanting beauty. Although my thoughts were sacreligious for a Babylonian, I could not help but compare her to a goddess. Tall, graceful, with a perfect olive complexion, cherry-red lips, long, drooping eyelashes, and a glorious crown of sable hair, she made a picture that would have warmed the heart of a graven image. When I stepped from behind the hedge, she smiled naively up at me and coyly made room for me beside her.

"How does my Princess feel on this beautiful morning?" I asked, as I sat down beside her.

"Oh, as well as anyone who is about to get into trouble could feel," she banteringly answered. I will not repeat the remainder of our conversation, as it consisted of the endearing small talk and plans of lovers, and could be of interest to no one except ourselves.

I spent the day in superintending the preparation of my home for the reception of my bride. The servants at the royal palace were also hard at work preparing the great hall for the feast that Nebuchadnezzar would give the nobility in honor of the wedding. The common people would spend the night in feasting and drinking in the courtyard of the palace. Nebuchadnezzar was the richest monarch in the world, and he could well afford to be generous to both rich and poor.

As the sun was sinking in the west, I left my home and started to the palace. I was mounted on my fiery war charger and was surrounded by an escort of the officers of my army. A trumpeter went ahead and cleared the streets of the curious rabble. As I passed through the streets, I was greeted on all sides by the blare of trumpets and the acclamations of the I was received at the royal palace by the king and the nobility of the land, who ceremoniously conducted me into the throne room, where the Princess, surrounded by the ladies of the court, awaited me. The king placed Nebrintha's hand in mine and then commanded us to go to the altar in the center of the room and receive the blessing of the high priest. In a few moments, by a few mysterious words of the high priest, Nebrintha was made my wife. I then kissed her, and leaving her with her female attendants, I went with the king and his nobles into the great reception hall.

Tables, groaning with rich food and fine wines, occupied the entire length of the spacious hall; and hundreds of torches, fastened to the walls, lighted the scene. The king seated himself at the end of a table near the door leading from the throne room, and commanded me to take a seat on his right.

As soon as I had taken my seat, I felt myself growing dizzy, and the objects around me began to become indistinct until finally the whole scene faded from my vision.

"Awake, awake, and return to your present life," I heard a voice crooning above me. I opened my eyes and found myself lying on a pallet, with an old woman bending over me. At first I could not realize where I was, and then the whole situation came back to me. An old Gypsy fortune-teller had put me into a trance and had given me a day with my pre-existent self, as I had lived in a former life nearly three thousand years ago.

After paying the old woman her fee, I left the tent, in which she had put me into the trance, and went out into the street. Everything seemed strange and unreal around me. I could

hardly realize that I was back in the twentieth century, when only a few minutes before I had seemingly been surrounded by the barbaric splendor of ancient Babylon.

G. G. W., '08.

Troubled Waters

The light summer breeze stirred gently among the tall canes by the rived. Here and there a still more ominous tossing bespoke the presence of a herd of cattle. Perched on a charred stump high up on the hillside was Tommy Filmore at his usual employment of watching the cows, but now absorbed by his favorite amusement of whistle-making. Occasionally glancing towards the canebrake, he would see straying out of bounds a restless charge which promptly turned upon hearing the shrill familiar notes, "Hey, you Bet, come back there."

Once, upon looking up, he was surprised to hear a rustle in the tall weeds behind him. Quickly standing up on the stump, he was preparing to give vent to one of his loud commanding screeches when he caught sight of two men dressed in fishing garb, as they slowly made their way through the thick growth. So intent were they upon getting to more even ground that they did not see Tommy as they passed within a few feet of him. The leader, a man of some forty years, was talking in a low, depressed sort of way. "The last time I was about here," he was saying, "I saw the boy and his uncle. Of course, they did not know me. Since then I have seldom had any desire to leave the city. I seldom speak of this, and then only to you, John; but it kind of eases my mind to talk of it to some one once in a while."

As they passed out of hearing, a troubled uncertainty flitted across Tom's mind; but before it could be formed into a vivid impression, his attention was attracted by seeing one of the cows straying. This time, however, he deliberately got down from his place of vantage and walked around the wanderer,

all the time vainly trying to think of what he had just been thinking. And try as he might, he could never recall that first impression, though for days his mind kept groping around in the dark searching for something, it knew not what.

As Tom began to leave his boyhood days behind, he became desirous of leaving the farm and trying his own fortune in some large center of enterprise, as so many boys of his age do. This was especially so in his case since he had no real home, having lived all his life with an uncle. If he had any closer relations, no one had ever told him about them. In fact, once when he had inquired about his parentage, the only information he got was something about somebody's dying when he was young. Now the time had come when Tom considered himself capable of braving life's storm alone; so he resolved to try the city. Though not what one would call an educated man, yet he had a very strong and active mind, which had been developed along practical lines by being the main helper of his enterprising uncle.

In this country boy is seen the true type of the farmer lad leaving the loved ones to take his part in a battle for which he is ill disciplined. Thus it was with Tom Filmore, as he left his country home; though its sheltering walls to him never knew a father or mother.

His advance was nothing "unusual, or great, or unprecedented in history." That honest, sturdy character, which, like the oak with which it grew, had been developed and pruned by the hand of nature, now stood him in good stead. Persistent and devoted labors gradually brought him into the respect and admiration of his employers until he reached an enviable position. A great part of the finances of a large firm were now intrusted in his hands. Among other duties that fell to him was that of making the daily deposit at the bank every morning. One morning after making the deposit, as usual, he was turning to leave when he heard hurried footsteps be-

hind him and some one say, "Son, just a minute, please." Turning he met the gaze of the president of the bank, whom he had often seen at a distance. The man, Mr. Bilton, jumped as if shot, but stammered, after a moment's hesitation, "I—I—beg your—sir—I mistook you for my son."

That afternoon, Tom, getting off from work earlier than usual, started off for a walk out into the country. He walked for several miles before he decided to turn back. turning, he seated himself comfortably on a log in the warm spring sunshine to rest. For a while his thoughts flitted from one thing to another. As he became more quiet, his mind drifted back to the happy days on the old farm—how as a barefoot boy he had roamed the hills, fished for minnows in the shady brook, or watched the cows and made whistles. Then, somehow, he knew not why, a thing of that dim past seemed to become linked to one of the present. "'Tis curious," he mused, "that the man should have acted so strange about a mere mistake. That voice. Let me see. I've heard it before; but where?" For several minutes he sat in silent Then he said, half aloud, "Yes, that voice is the same. Well do I remember that day as I stood on the stump. There seems to be something connected with that spot that makes it a living picture in my mind."

That evening as Tom sat in the park listening to the music, his thoughts again turned to the incident of the morning. Just then several young fellows walked up to a seat near him and sat down. His attention was first called to them by hearing the one nearest to him remark in an undertone, "Darned if he doesn't look exactly like Bilton." Tom saw that they were speaking of him and one of their number. He was immediately attracted by the appearance of the one just opposite him. He had not looked into the mirrow all of his life in vain. The closer he looked at the man the more he became convinced of their likeness. Those dark brown eyes, wavy brown locks, firm chin and broad shoulders, in fact every

detail corresponded to his own. When Tom left the park that evening he was in no very certain frame of mind. The next day found him at the dear old home.

A day later, Tom returned to the city a wiser man. There all was excitement in the business world. One of the largest banks—the one where Tom made the firm's deposits—had been relieved of a very large sum by an unknown robber. The detectives had been placed on the case; but, so far, they seemed to be as much in the dark as any one else. That afternoon just before leaving his work, Tom and the president of the firm, Mr. Somer, were left alone in the office. Tom naturally turned the conversation upon the most important topic of the day. Being one of the oldest directors of the bank, Mr. Somer was mute on the subject for a while. His reserve gradually melted, and, having a great deal of trust in Tom, he was soon talking in a very guarded and confidential manner.

"I would not believe it for a while; but the circumstances are so very substantiating that the horrible truth is evident. The cold facts of the case are something like this: Yesterday the detectives found a package of papers in the vault, evidently dropped there accidentally. Among these were a small kodak picture of young Carl Bilton, several letters addressed to him, and a few directions on a scrap of paper as to the procedure of the robbery, the latter evidently from an accomplice, but having no name to it. Since then, at the suggestion of some of the bank officials, the detectives have made investigations at the races and other places of sport and have found that Bilton has lost large sums. So far, not the slightest clue has been gained of his accomplice. These facts have been kept from the father as well as from the son, who considers himself safe. As the detectives have resorted to every resource in their power, vainly trying to find the partner in crime, we have decided to take the last step and arrest the young fellow to-morrow. It is hard to think of the poor fellow—and he was such a bright, good-natured boy.

one month and he will have received his degree. It will almost kill his father. Carl was his pride, his all."

As he ceased speaking, he took a small picture from his card case and handed it to Tom with the remark, "That tells all." For some time Tom studied the picture, noting every detail. He became very quiet. He arose and walked to the window, standing with folded arms gazing out across the street. When Tom again turned from the window he was not the same Tom who had sat listening a few minutes before. A far-away look had come into his eyes; resignation and determination were written on his face; his shoulders were stooped as if they bore some heavy burden; his step was deliberate and mechanical. Without a look towards his employer, he walked out of the office.

Not long after Tom entered the office next day, Mr. Somer and a sharp-eyed stranger came in. Instantly Tom knew the man was a detective. The two were passing on to the private office when Tom addressed his employer on some trivial business. As they stood talking, the quick eye of the detective was attracted by the young man's appearance. He looked closer. Yes, every detail was the same, even to the clothes. Here was an exact counterpart of the picture. With an affected turn, Tom encountered the stare of the detective, purposely blushed, and abruptly stopped his conversation, seemingly in confusion. As Mr. Somer turned to go, Tom picked up his hat and strode out of the door with a suspicious glance towards the detective. A few seconds later the detective had excused himself from the interview, and was on his way towards a small bank into which Tom had gone. He passed in unnoticed by Tom, who stood at the window getting change for a hundred dollar note. As he received the change, he pulled out another one; but he seemed to change his mind before he got change for it, telling the clerk that he did not believe that he cared for any more loose bills.

"You are my man. Come with me," sternly commanded the detective, as Tom faced about. Tom pretended to be indignant and demanded what it was all about, but the other only smilingly replied, "Oh, you will have plenty of time to figure that out behind the bars." Upon examination, a note similar to the one found in the bank was found in an inside pocket. Though this note was neither signed nor addressed, its very presence, coupled with the other complicated facts, was sufficient to convince a jury.

Before taking him to the jail the detective escorted him to the bank to question him. There, in the directors' room, Tom came to the severest ordeal of all—that of facing all those who had loved and befriended him, his employer among others. The room was as quiet as a death chamber. When any one spoke, it was in a half-whisper. Depression cast a gloomy pall over all. The first to speak was Tom's late employer, who, sitting as if dazed, mustered up courage to say, in an agonized tone, "Tom, how can it be true—you who I have intrusted and loved as my own son?"

Tom merely replied, in a cold voice, "Sir, you know the facts."

The president of the bank seemed to be the most depressed. He sat with lowered head, eyes fixed on the floor, and blanched cheeks. Occasionally, he heaved an almost imperceptible sigh. He seemed heedless of the stinging questions that were now being showered upon poor Tom since the silence had first been broken. He was brought out of his deep thoughts at last by hearing a knock at the door, accompanied by the words, "Father, allow me to enter. I have very strong reasons for doing so."

"No, my boy," he replied, "it is better that you should remain out. We have one too many here now." But, upon a second request, the father bade him enter. At the time of the interruption the cashier had the floor, and was swamping Tom with questions.

"Gentlemen," said Carl, with his back against the door, "I have just been informed by a detective of my narrow escape of disgrace and arrest. But, for what reason I know not, the man sitting there under guard has taken my place on the throne of ignominy. He is innocent. His chief prosecutor before you is the guilty man. The 'honorable' cashier intended to implicate me; but, through the generosity and magnanimity of this unknown friend of mine, he has been thwarted, though he cares not, since the crime would have fallen on some other besides his. All proof of how he stole my coat to secure the picture and papers, and how he tried to disgrace my name in gambling dens, is now in the hands of the police. Sir, the policeman will be here for you immediately."

As he uttered these last words his father leaped to his feet with an exclamation of joy. "Now," he said, "I can now do my duty by the son of the woman I disgraced. Know you now, my sons, that you are brothers in blood as well as in spirit. Receive equally a father's blessing."

As the two clasped each other in a strong embrace, while the others silently stole out of the room, with tear-dimmed eyes, Tom was saying, "Why did I do it? You have a home and a future, a father and a name, while it mattered not with me, since I had neither. And I was only doing my duty by my father and my brother."

W. O. P., '08.

An Outrage of the "Black Hand"

"Gee whiz! boys," Bobby exclaimed, "I had one up as big as a horse." "Now," queried Willie, "don't you think you could fish better if you would shorten your line and hook smaller ones?" "Yes, John," Bobby replied, "it wouldn't be such an 'awful' strain on my line, but it is nearly four o'clock, and I am going across the bar with that Italian you saw me talking to yesterday." Bobby chained his boat near the pier and set out towards a large, green fishing sloop.

"Hurry, Bobby," hailed the Italian, "fine weather for a good sail." They were soon seated in the small cabin, and Bobby was actually trying to "squeeze the grape" in real Italian fashion, much to the amusement of his dark-skinned spectators. In a few minutes he was sleeping soundly under the influence of the strong wine.

"Easy money," said the first Italian. "Yes," replied the second, "let him sleep until we clear Bull's Nose, and then he can do the writing act that will make our pockets jingle with American coin." "Hugh," said number three, "I'll bet he won't use a wrong word in the whole letter." In half an hour they had passed Bull's Nose, and Bobby was awakened by the Italian who had befriended him the day before. "Bobby," said the Italian, "take this pen and paper, write to your father and tell him that the 'Black Hands' have you and will set you free for one hundred thousand dollars. In case this is not done, your body will feed the fish, mind you, Bob; I'll look over your letter and send it on a pigeon's wing-remember the amount." With one look into the burly pirate's face, Bobby sank down on the hard couch with an hysterical cry. "Shiver my timbers!" exclaimed the Italian, looking down into Bobby's intelligent little face, "we're going to treat you fine; and when you finish writing what I told you, you shall have more wine, and plenty of it, too." "When do you think I'll see papa again?" inquired Bobby between sobs. "Oh! very soon," returned the Italian; "just as soon as we get that money which you're going to write for; so do it quickly, now, and you'll see your papa soon." The letter was written in a clear hand, very familiar to a millionaire merchant, who now grieved for his lost son.

The next day the newspapers of a great city told in large headlines that Robert —— had been kidnapped and was now held for one hundred thousand dollars ransom. The Pinkerton Detective Agency was straining all its resources, the city policemen were walking their beats with eyes and ears strained

as if they were watching for a thief to steal their "billies." "Well, well," said the old chief, as he leaned back in his large arm-chair at the police station, "I give it up, we've not discovered the least clue to the missing boy, and I suppose, after all, his father will have to pay the ransom." "Hey, Billy," inquired a nearby newsboy of another, "think we'll have much trade to-morrow? The chief says that the old man is going to have to cough up the dough and look pleasant."

The fishing sloop lay calmly at anchor, while white caps tossed ominously around its helm and the bright morning sun gave a burnished hue to its green starboard. Bobby breathed a silent prayer as he gazed through the window of the lonely cabin, and thought of the words, "Your body will feed the fish." "Don't look so bad, Bobby," said the Italian, who had abruptly entered and placed a pistol and large knife upon the well-worn sea chest. "Come along, now, and I shall let you take a ride with me." The Italian landed in a thick forest; and, taking Bobby by the hand, said, "Now, boy, I'll have to give you up, for I am being too closely pursued. Walk in this direction for two hours and you shall see your father; remember, now, walk in the direction of the high chimneygood-bye." Bobby leaped forward like a young fawn out of a savage hound's mouth. As he entered the familiar avenue, his face beamed with joy. "Hurrah for the kidnapped boy!" shouted a policeman, as he swung his club in frantic excitement, and grabbed Bobby's arm. "Phwat in the divil are you talking about?" roared the big Irish policeman. "I'll bet ye two jugs o' porter ale he won't tally wid de description." Bobby's father, attended by a policeman, made his way through the crowd, and, throwing his arms around Bobby, exclaimed, "My dear, sweet little boy, you-you-" pathetic dialogue was suddenly brought to an end by Fido, Bobby's favorite dog, which jumped upon his shoulder and seemed to be trying to completely demolish his father's silk hat.

Honor Against Riches

In the dim light of the engineer's office at Fort F—— a handsome young officer could be seen, sitting moodily at his desk, staring through the open window at the glorious sun setting like a red ball of fire behind the western horizon. A more fit subject of melancholia could hardly have been found; and, indeed, he had ample cause for such a sad state of mind.

Six years before, Bob Sherwood had been a nervous "plebe," just entering West Point, with higher aspirations than ever a Napoleon or a Wellington possessed. After the severe grind of his first year at the academy, the awkward "plebe" was moulded into a graceful cadet, and began to learn the high code of honor, so indelibly stamped on the conscience of every West Pointer.

In his third year Bob met a very charming young lady at the Commencement Hop. It was not a case of love at first sight; but, suffice it to say, Bob was very much interested, though he wouldn't admit it, even to himself. As the days and weeks passed, Bob and Margaret began to know each other better, and soon were head over heels in love. Naturally this soon merged into something deeper, and Margaret promised to become a daughter of the army the very hour Bob received his commission.

Bob graduated second in his class, and, as is the custom at West Point, was assigned second lieutenant in the engineers. He was ordered to join a regiment stationed at a lonely western post, and soon he and Margaret were happily ensconced in their little frontier home. Fate smiled on the young officer, and in about two months he was transferred to Fort F——, as assistant engineer. Here things were quite different from the frontier—gay society, receptions and other social functions took the place of humdrum garrison life. Soon Bob began to wear threadbare uniforms, and very seldom attended the numerous receptions to which he was invited. Margaret,

all unsuspecting, continued to play the part of a social butterfly, and no gathering was thought complete without her charming presence. She upbraided Bob for becoming such an old fogey, but he laughingly met her reproaches, though his heart was being consumed by a never-ending despair.

The poor fellow had only his salary to live on, and that would hardly pay for Margaret's spring hats. Foolishly he tried to keep up the pace; and, as a result, was seen face to face with dishonor or bankruptcy. He tried to retrieve his lost fortunes by gambling, but soon found himself more disgraced than ever. Thus his reason for being in the melancholy mood we first saw him.

At this very time the government was perfecting plans for the construction of a machine gun, having a higher efficiency and projectory force than any weapon previously invented. Indeed, this single type of cannon was destined to revolutionize the art of war the world over. The plans for this military wonder were being kept a secret by our government, and were intrusted only to men in whom the military authorities placed the greatest confidence. One of these was Bob Sherwood. He was in charge of the construction, and all the plans concerning the cannon were in his possession.

When only a few more days were lacking before completion, Bob and his chief, Col. Ausby, were discussing the plans, and the old officer was cautioning him to exercise the utmost vigilance about them, as they represented untold value to the United States. Bob had then told the old colonel that while they were in his possession he need have no fears concerning their safety. Col. Ausby replied, that he had no fears while they were intrusted to such an honest and competent young officer.

Another day had not passed when a foreign-looking man entered the reservation and asked for Lieut. Sherwood. The orderly showed him Bob's office, which he entered without even the formality of a knock.

When he entered Bob looked up from his work and curtly demanded his business. This rebuff seemed to stagger the fellow for an instant, but he immediately regained his poise.

"Licutenant," he began, "I have very important business with you, but before I commence I had best inform you as to who I am. My name is Count de Leslyn, captain in the French Army."

"I am indeed glad to know you, captain, and trust that you have found something to interest you in our military system."

"Indeed I have, sir," he replied. "Some features are especially interesting—for instance, the ordnance department. Your army possesses some pieces of ordnance any nation would be proud to claim. Without further parley, I will come at once to the point and state my errand here. I have been informed that you have charge of the plans for constructing a very important piece of artillery. As you know, our army would be delighted to gain possession of these, and will pay well for them."

The words were no sooner uttered than the Count was reeling backward, under a staggering blow from Bob's brawny arm. Sherwood's first impulse was to shoot the scoundrel, but temptation whispered in his ear, "Accept the offer; it means wealth to you." The poor fellow pondered for a moment, then thought of the debts he could never to pay, and the ensuing dishonor on his and Margaret's name.

By this time Count de Leslyn had risen, and was slowly wiping the blood from his nose.

Bob walked up to him and held out his hand, "Forgive me, captain, I did that in the heat of passion," was all he said.

"Certainly, sir, no offence was taken, I assure you. Now, Mr. Sherwood, as we know each other better, let us consider that piece of ordnance. I will state the plain fact, and you can choose for yourself. The French Government will pay you \$25,000 for those plans. Will you accept?"

Wavering a little, Bob replied, "Yes, I'll accept your proposition. When do you want the drawings?" Then hastily pulling himself together, he added, "No, I can't do it. Give me until to-morrow to think over the matter."

Turning abruptly, the Count left the room, saying, over his shoulder, "I will have the cash for you to-morrow at nine."

After his departure Bob sank into a chair, and, burying his face in his hands, sobbed like a child. He went home and meditated until midnight on what course he must pursue. At last, thanks to the high code of honor he had received at the old academy, Bob determined to refuse.

At nine sharp the following morning Captain de Leslyn walked into Bob's office and laid \$25,000 in greenbacks before him, saying, "Lieutenant, I hope you have decided to accept."

Bob, summoning all his reserve courage, shouted: "Leave my office at once before I commit murder."

The Frenchman beat a hastry retreat out of the office, muttering to himself, "D—n these Americans anyway!"

Col. Ausby burst into the room a moment later, all his dignity gone, and, slapping his junior on the back, exclaimed: "Boy, you're a captain now, and the general has recommended you for special mention. Say, arn't you glad, my boy?"

"Yes, colonel, I am the happiest man in creation. I want to thank you for your kind interest in me."

Giving the colonel a hasty good-bye, Bob jerked up his cap and rushed home to tell Margaret the whole story. There, clasped in his arms, she listened with eager ears as he told her now near he came to being a second Arnold.

"You foolish boy," she said, "Why didn't you tell me of this before, so I could have been a wife in the true sense of the word, and not a hindrance as I have proven to be. But since it is past, I thank my God that love for me and my silly pleasure was balanced against honor, and love for my pleasure was found wanting."

J. T. McLane, '08.

Debate

QUERY: Resolved, That the Railroads in the United States should be Owned and Operated by the Federal Government.

AFFIRMATIVE.

Turning from the appalling statistics of last year's record, the American people have awakened to the fact that the present railroad management can no longer be tolerated. "You in America must sooner or later acquire your railroads and place them under public management. It will come as a necessity, for natural causes are at work which will compel you to take this step."

These were the words of Edward Lasher, the great German statesman, who, from the experience of a fair trial of government control of railroads in Germany, knows whereof he speaks. One of the first principles of government control lies in the fact that railroads are of a public nature, and should be operated for the public interest alone. No one can deny that an enterprise which involves the fortunes and lives of a people should be under the direct control of that people. Such is the railroad system. Never before has the problem of federal management of our transportation system made itself so manifest as at the present day. From every portion of the country are heard the cries of an oppressed people protesting against the tightening grip of Harriman, the Vanderbilts, the Goulds, and others. To the cries for more cars, these kings of traffic turn a deaf ear. They plead that the factories cannot supply cars; but statistics show that nineteen thousand cars less were used in 1906 than in 1905. At the time when last year's grain crop should have been placed on the market, only thirty-eight per cent. had been shipped; while the remainder, exposed to the weather, lay heaped in piles by the railroads where the farmers of the wheat districts had placed it, hoping to have it hauled to the market. Now their families

are in want, all because the railroads, on whom they depended, were regardless of their interests.

Attempts at what we might call "half-way" legislation have time and again proven futile in the numerous cases of injustice, not only to individuals, but also to the whole country. Rate bills and demurrage bills have been passed without any appreciable effect on the present management. We have a government that would take measures to relieve the bad state of affairs if it were not for the existing conditions. At present, Congress has to content itself by sending out an annual report, announcing to the public that every day twenty-six men, women and children are murdered by our railroads, while two hundred others are injured.

Under private management of the railroads, the public interest is considered only so far as to keep in check public rebellion. The multi-millionaire railroad magnates care not whether the cotton planters of South Carolina or the coal miners of Ohio deliver, in the contracted time, their products, the inability to do which is known to have kept some of the brightest youths in our land away from the uplifting influence of scholastic walls.

Railroadcompanies have often been known to threaten to run their road around a certain town, which happened to be in need of more transportation avenues, unless that town should make some unreasonable concession. Any sane-minded man can see that such an act is the lowest form of tyrannical oppression for private and selfish aims. In this connection we see the wastefulness in the building of parallel lines. In New York some years ago, when a company decided to build a road parallel to one of the great lines of that State, the shippers of that section looked forward to a reduction of the enormous high rates then existing. A railroad war followed. The result was what it has always been, what it is now, and, from all prospects, what it will continue to be under the present system. The new company was defeated and was compelled

to lease its line to the stronger one for the short period of 499 years. In another case, in which one road was built parallel to another, the sum of two hundred million dollars was wantonly wasted by useless competition, which finally resulted in one road absorbing the other. Consider what this loss means. At one thousand dollars each, two hundred thousand homes could be bought, which means homes for not less than one million of our people who are living like swine in the filthy slums of our large cities. Such acts as this are what make railroads seem so costly. My honorable opponent may attempt to astound you with incredible figures upon railroad capital. But railroad men themselves state that it is almost impossible to estimate railroad capital, since, in some cases, one-half of the stock is "watered stock," or stock that is only stock in name. This stock is created solely for the purpose that a few may have the control of the road entirely in their hands.

My most honorable opponent may claim that government control of railroads would destroy competition. But in the face of such facts you can plainly see that competition cannot be destroyed when competition does not exist. And, besides, we would need no competition to bring about the desired results if the railroads were in the hands of our representative people.

At present it is regarded as perfectly legal for one road to pay another a stipulated sum if the latter abstain from competing for the through traffic of the former.

Often the welfare of the public is set at naught in order that large revenues may swell the treasury of a few individuals. For instance, look at the shameful, the niggardly service that some roads force upon a community that is powerless to resist. And speak of safety nowadays, when one feels that every railway journey one makes may be one's last! The European nations are pointing in disgust to the way in which America, who prides herself on her modern civilization, is murdering her citizens. It is estimated that last year more

people were killed by our railroads than were lost by both sides in the Boer War during three years of fighting. Again, if the graves of those killed were distributed on the railroads throughout the United States, there would be a headstone every twenty-six miles; while there would be a cripple every two and one-half miles.

It is argued that railroads would prove a source of corruption in politics under government control. First, what have we to-day? Well, I should say that some of our politicians have very little more ground to cover before they reach perfection. We have only to look at the recent investigations in order to see some of the blackest crimes that have disgraced our public offices since our nation, in its infancy, first wrapped itself in the folds of the rich mantle of independence.

From these facts it is plain that only under a system of government ownership and management will public interest be secure. With government interference, only those steps which are to protect the rights of the public will be taken. With the control of our railway system in the hands of men representing every State and every district in our great commonwealth, we will have a great network of union and harmony, stretching from the gold-lined hills of Klondike to the orange-covered glades of sweet-scented Florida. Nothing today is more unique in its management, in its justice to all, in its far-reaching benefits; and nothing has done more to weld our people together and bind the sacred ties of fellowship, than our present postal system. Seldom do we hear of corruption or graft in connection with it. There is no reason why railroads, under similar management, should not be as grand and successful. With these two systems combined into one great organ of prosperity, our citizens could send an order by one and feel perfectly sure that promptly at the appointed time the other branch would place his wares at his door. Some may say that the railroad system is too complicated to be understood by the average citizen. I dare say that ninetenths of the men sitting before me this evening would not know where to begin if they were placed in the small post office here at Clemson College.

That government ownership is practicable, has been proved by fair trials in Belgium, Germany, and many other European countries. That there have been complications and troubles in France and Italy is plainly the direct result of a faulty administration and of a weak government that makes a blunder out of everything in which it takes a part.

The extension of the civil service would solve the present problem of labor troubles, and would cause worthless employees to be thrown out of the railroad service. It would cause unions that are detrimental to the welfare of the public to be eliminated. Just a short time ago an engineer was discharged for drunkenness. The union insisted that he should be reinstated.

Finally, under government control, railroads will not be managed with a view to high profits; but for the good of the community. It will afford low rates, based upon cost; and equal facilities to all. There will be no waste of capital, no construction of unnecessary lines. Capital will be placed where it is most needed and will do the most for the good of the country. No longer shall we be at the mercy of combinations of capitalists, who tax us for their own interests; no longer shall the lives of our people be sacrificed for the glimmer and tinkle of gold. Oh, you men in authority, hear the cries of that dying victim, as his appeals rise to you from beneath the crushing irons; while his murderer, in safety far away, is still issuing orders, "Run your trains faster! faster!! yet, still faster!!!"

NEGATIVE.

In our day, regular, convenient, and expeditious means of transportation for persons and commodities, at reasonable and stable rates, are an important element in the general prosperity and happiness of the individual and of the community. The railway has become the fulcrum upon which rest the many and complex levers that control and move the social and commercial intercourse of the people. Therefore, discussion of any new suggestion likely to cause material changes in our present methods, whether for good or evil, arouses instant and widespread attention.

The proposition of government ownership of railroads in the United States has been laid before you by my worthy opponent; but why should we take this business of private men and put it into the hands of the public, when under private ownership it has proved successful in the highest degree? The United States to-day stands pre-eminently as the most prosperous and most highly civilized nation of the world; and the railroad system, under private ownership, has been the leading factor in bringing about this state of prosperity and high civilization. Now, to tear down the country's most potent factor of prosperity and civilization, just to experiment with government ownership, would not be wise. Even should government ownership prove as successful as private ownership has proved, it would take several years to re-establish the stability of railroads that now exist; and, during these years, the economic conditions of our country would be unsettled; for the stability of a country's wealth practically rests upon the stability of the railroads.

The discussion just heard would lead one not familiar with the unprecedented national prosperity to suppose that our industries and commerce must be, as a whole, in such a state of prostration and decadence that government ownership of our railroads should at once be applied.

But what are the facts? The present American railway system is the crowning glory of industrial America. The efficiency of our system, under private ownership, is superb, We can boast of cheap rates, speed, and safe service afforded by our system. Our freight rates are less than one-half those

of Europe. And when we think of the vast amount of money contributed to the country's wealth every year by this source alone, may we not well hesitate and take time to consider whether the innovation proposed by my opponent is, after all, necessary? The evils of discrimination, unstable schedules, and rate wars have been remedied by the Interstate Commerce Act. The country has been, and is still being, greatly developed by the building of new lines to meet the needs of the Since 1830, over 147,000 miles of steam railroad has been constructed and put in operation in the United States, at over a cost of \$9,000,000,000, furnished by private investors and without government aid, except in isolated instances and in a limited way for the furtherance of public interest in opening up governmental areas of unoccupied lands for settlement, or to tie with strong and permanent bonds of unity the almost inaccessible Pacific Coast States to their older and more fully developed sister States of the East. After bringing about all these conditions for the public good, the railroads do not earn more than a fair return on the vast amount of capital invested. Since 1893, the returns paid stockholders have been less than three per cent. upon par value of their holdings. And during this time tonnage has increased over ninety per cent., and our freight rates have dropped down to where they are less than one-half those of Europe. Now, friends, a business as successful as this does not need so great a change as is proposed by my opponent.

Before Congress interferes with such a business, the subject should be thoroughly gone over by competent parties, and a full report made as to the existing conditions. The question is one that calls for the most careful consideration; for power-once lodged in the hands of a few men that have no financial interest at stake may become the instrument of incalculable injury.

For ninety-nine years Congress allowed its power to interfere with interstate commerce, whether carried on by private

enterprise or public service corporations, to lie dormant. Now, why should Congress, after so much private capital has been invested in railroads, assume control of this privately owned business? There is no ground upon which to base such a proposition. We forget the principle that the government must rest upon the consent of the governed. Would it be treating the private owners of railroads with justice to turn this business over to the government? Have we forgotten the function of the government? The government has but one function—to protect persons and property of individuals in the State. This is its whole aim and end. If it goes beyond this, it goes beyond its proper and legitimate sphere. railroads are nothing but property belonging to individuals. Senator McCall says that railroads are private property and owned by private capital, and that any bill urging government ownership crosses the line between regulation and confiscation, and outrages the most potent principle of justice. And, too, he is right, if the Democratic party is based upon a sound principle. Government ownership is directly opposed to the underlying principle of this party. The principle upon which the Democratic party is based, is that the government shall not interfere with private business. Government ownership is not only an interference with private business, but it is a direct intrusion upon personal rights.

Now, aside from the right or wrong of the question, is government ownership advisable from a business standpoint? Would we get cheaper rates and better service under government ownership than we now get under private ownership? From all indications we would not; for government ownership, by destroying competition would weaken the efficiency of our system—(1) by discouraging improved methods of equipment; (2) by raising the price of transportation; (3) by encouraging careless and useless expenditure of public wealth. The extravagance alone practiced by the government in employing men to manage affairs would soon force high rates

and poor accommodations upon the public. Then, besides all this, government ownership would not be good public policy. The railroads would soon become a source of great political corruption. Where could better opportunities for political patronage be found? With such a strong complex financial arrangement, fraud could not be easier; and, as it would be impossible to employ a great number of men to manage affairs without getting some dishonest ones, graft would be freely practiced. Then, too, government ownership would be the beginning of industrial and political chaos. No party in power could have such a strong political machine without in time becoming so intolerant and tyrannical as to breed ultimate revolution. Hence, government ownership would finally corrupt our nation.

Now, while there is nothing that bids fair to the success of such a proposition, there are innumerable things that stand out prominently against it. The following are some of the many reasons why the railroads in the United States should not be owned and operated by the federal government: (1) The supposed railway abuses now existing would not be remedied, but would be made more numerous. (2) It is unjust for people who have not taken the risk involved in the investment of so much capital to share in the earnings of that capital. (3) The risk and danger of such a proposition is too great. (4) Government ownership would be the beginning of an end to many principles that we now hold dear. (5) Government ownership would be the first, and a gigantic, stride towards the inauguration of a system of State socialism, alien altogether to the spirit and tradition which have hitherto guided our people. (6) When one step is taken in this direction—when a precedent of this sort is once established, it is like the world powering folly—there is no end to it. For ownership is an appetite like hunger or thrist; and as we may eat to gluttony and drink to drunkenness, so may we possess to avarice.

But, now, the question naturally arises: How shall we remedy the existing evils? My friends, the present law seems adequate, if thoroughly applied, to enable the Interstate Commerce Commission to bring to light, punish, and prevent every form of crime practiced by the railroads. In case further assistance is needed in quelling the existing evils, advisory bodies should be instituted. Such bodies could give advice and furnish information; but they should not have power to decide questions of management, for the reason that railroads cannot be managed by a parliament. They must be managed by a responsible head. This head should have advisory machinery, and only such.

Privately owned cars and side-tracks are our most popular evil. They should be regulated by treating them as common carriers, making the owners of such property subject to the requirements and penalties of the Interstate Commerce Commission. Now, friends, there is one thing certain—proper governmental regulation of our railroads will put an end forever to the agitation for government ownership, and our country will continue to prosper as it has done under the present system.

L. G. RICHARDSON, JR.

Adventures of Billy (Number Two)

DETECTIVE BILL.

After a hard day's work, Billy Kelly wandered aimlessly into a fashionable restaurant, hung up his overcoat, seated himself, and ordered dinner. While waiting for his order to be filled, he took up the evening paper and became interested in an account of a murder committed the preceding night. He saw where the midnight assassin had entered the boudoir of a fashionable lady, had stolen some important letters, and had killed the woman's husband when the man attempted to arrest him.

The reporter had pictured the murderer as a bold, meanfaced criminal entering the window with a bowie knife between his teeth, revolver in one hand and searchlight in the other. All this stirred Kelly's sentimental feeling to such an extent that he let the waiting dinner grow cold. Then he came to himself and cursed the waiter for bringing him "cold grub to chew."

After he had finished his meal and had put on his overcoat, Kelly walked back to the hotel where he was staying. As he was sitting at the fire, he unconsciously pulled out of his pocket a manuscript of about ten pages. After reading it and finding that it was the plot of a murder to be committed on one of the most fashionable streets in the city at eleven o'clock that night, the poor Kelly, who connected this with the murder of the night before, examined the paper carefully and found written in one corner an address.

Now Billy considered himself somewhat of a detective, and at once decided what course to pursue. He made elaborate plans to prevent this murder, and at once secured the assistance of two policemen.

To assist him further, he purchased two large calibre pistols.

At exactly ten o'clock that night, Billy and two stout Irish policemen made their way to the address named on the paper. The Billy, acting as commander-in-chief of the party, stationed the policemen where he could receive their aid at a moment's notice, and posted himself where he could obtain a full view of everything.

After what seemed hours of waiting, Kelly saw coming up the broad walk a closely muffled form of a man. He walked up the broad marble steps and, after a moment's hesitation, rang the bell softly. A man soon opened the door, jumped out and grasped the muffled form in his strong embrace. For a moment, and only for a moment, the two swayed to and fro. A shot rang out on the still night, sharp and clear. Billy

had fired to summon the waiting policemen, and had then jumped in and thrown the two men apart. Very soon the policemen had the men pinned to the floor and handcuffed. Before the men could even protest they were on the way to police headquarters.

In front of the sergeant's desk, Billy produced the manuscript; and, tapping himself on the chest with an air of pride, said:

"There in the corner you will find where I got the clue." Then he gave a sly wink at the two guardians of the law and, continuing, said: "An' boys we got 'em, eh?"

"Well, I reckon," came almost simultaneously from the two proud protectors of right.

The men who had been so suddenly arrested had not as yet spoken. Now the eldest, who had been the one to open the door, spoke, while the other and younger man sat in the corner convulsed with laughter.

"Mister Sergeant," said he, "if I may be allowed to explain now, the thing is this way: My son here," pointing to the younger man, "has been away from home for eight months and arrived in the city this afternoon. He is a novelist, and no doubt that so-called manuscript is only a plot to one of his stories. As my son is a very busy man, he was detained to-night on a business engagement; and, as a result, did not arrive home until late, with the result that you see."

"Case dismissed," growled the rough old sergeant, as he turned in his chair and began to nod.

"And now, if you don't mind," said the younger man, addressing his remark to Kelly, "I am willing to trade overcoats again. This will teach both of us a lesson to be more careful with our overcoats when we go into restaurants."

But Kelly could not trade then, for he had swooned, and had been caught in the arms of a big policeman. While he was unconscious, he saw the arms of his beloved mother reach out to him and heard her sweet voice say:

"Oh, Billy, Billy, Billy!"

WARREN, '08.

The Maintenance of the American Pay-Roll

One of the greatest questions that confront the industrial world to-day is the maintenance of the pay-roll of the laboring man. It is upon the laboring classes that the prosperity of our State and country depends. Theirs it is to dig into the bowels of the earth, bring forth the crude ores, and transform them into articles of usefulness and beauty; theirs it is to turn the fallow, scatter the seed, and cause the fields to waive with harvests of golden grain for the use of man; and theirs it is to gather the gossamer web of the caterpillar, the cotton from the field and the fleece from the flock, and weave them into raiment sufficient in quantity and quality to clothe the world. In a word, all the greatness of which we, the people of America, delight to boast to-day has been brought about through the efforts and energy of the neglected laboring man.

All American business is dependent upon the pay-roll of the American laborer, and stands or falls, is high or low, as the American wages are high or low. The classes of people, however, who are directly affected by its influence are the American business man, the American farmer, and the American wage-earner. This can be easily seen when we reflect that it is out of the American pay-roll alone that cash is poured across the counters of the merchants into his money drawer, the volume of cash varying with said pay-roll; and it is with this same cash that the merchant buys the produce of the farmer; and, of course, it is the American pay-roll that sustains the American wage-earner and his family. three classes of people are the corner-stone, the very foundation of our country, we can easily see how the pay-roll may, and does, affect the entire American people. And, if this is the case, if the entire American people owe their greatness, wealth and prosperity to the laboring man, to the pay-roll, it is of the utmost importance that they unite as a whole into one universal according movement to protect their common interest; that they put forward every effort to defend, to maintain, and, if possible, to increase our American pay-roll.

At present, the American pay-roll is, without a doubt, the highest and best in the world; the highest pay-roll abroad is less than one-half, and the lowest less than one-twentieth, as high as that of ours. It is maintained almost entirely by capital at work within the bounds of the United States; and, for this reason, it should be one of the greatest considerations of the American people that this capital operate solely inside the United States. Also, it is very essential that all capital operating outside the United States be hindered or handicapped by sufficient tax that when its goods are sent to our markets they will not conflict with the ones produced by the people of our own country in such a manner as to tend to reduce our pay-roll. If capital now operating outside the United States be not thus hindered or handicapped, all capital operating inside the United States will, finally, be compelled to reduce or extinguish its pay-rolls and seek for its own defense investment outside, where pay-rolls are lower.

Another reason why capital may seek investment outside the United States is on account of climatic conditions. In countries of a milder climate, nearer the tropics, the cost of food, clothing, and shelter is very much cheaper than in our country, and consequently labor can be obtained more cheaply. It is possible, therefore, that capital may gravitate to the regions of country thus naturally favored. To my mind, that is why capital has, during the past decade, gravitated to such a large extent from the Northern States into the Southern. Besides containing nearly all the cotton mills in the country, the South is destined in the near future to become the greatest steel and iron producing and manufacturing area in the world. For the same reason capital has been seeking investment in Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines. While this gravitation of capital has, in a large measure, benefited the South, if it is allowed to go on outside the United States where still lower

cost of production can be obtained, it will be at the expense not only of the Southern pay-roll but of the whole American people.

There are those among us who claim that the only means we have of controlling the trusts is by removing all hindrances and handicaps and by encouraging foreign competition; that the "poor consumer" is being pled to death by the high prices of the trusts; that the trusts are selling goods more cheaply to foreigners than to Americans. But, if we look into the question more closely, we find that these are principally a crew of venal politicians athirst for a campaign cry, salaried men who see no connection between the great industrial American pay-roll and their jobs, or doctrinaires in general who do not know a pay-roll when they see it.

The American pay-roll should not be left in the hands of scheming politicians; for it is too broad a matter and of too vital importance to be left to their chaffering and bargaining. It concerns not merely the prevalence of one naked opinion over another, but the existence of the nation as a live and progressive organization. But, as long as the American market is a thing of barter and sale, as long as it can be paid by any set of politicians as a bonus to foreign enterprise for their being hoisted into office, just so long shall we be in danger of the forcing of capital abroad and the extinguishment of the pay-roll at home. Not only that, we shall be in danger of the pauperizing of American laboring men, the overturning of the whole fabric of American business, and the destruction of prosperity on the American farm.

The battle is between the American and the foreign pay-roll, between American and foreign production. Already millions of American capital is being forced abroad, and millions of dollars worth of goods being shipped into our markets. By better and better organization, by better and better machinery, and by better and better working men, foreign production is gradually and constantly reaching lower cost.

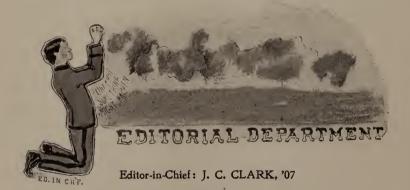
In view of these facts, it is high time that the American people awake to the growing injury of American pay-rolls, that day after day grows greater; it is high time that they awake to the impending danger that threatens a majority of our people. And in doing so, let them join hands, hearts, and minds in securing and maintaining the American pay-roll upon a firm basis—upon a sure foundation. F. J. C., '08.

The Clemson College Chronicle

FOUNDED BY CLASS OF 1898

Published Monthly by the Calhoun, Columbian and Palmetto Literary Societies of Clemson Agricultural College

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College Journalism What is the function of a college magazine? The answer to this question seems obvious, yet it is answered in a multitude of ways, by the

contents of the different journals. Of course, there will necessarily be different opinions on this subject; but it seems to us, that the object of college journalism is to create and foster a closer bond of fraternity between the colleges; to develop and advertise the literary talent of the college; and to record those events and traditions, which are interesting and dear to every

individual college. Besides these things, and perhaps more important also, a college magazine should be the organ through which the issues closely touching and peculiar to college life should be discussed. There are problems at every college; and there are many problems common to all institutions of learning. Why not discuss these in our magazines? No one can understand a college problem better than a college man, who is confronted by it every day. By discussions of this kind, the magazines could help each other as well as help their own faculties and trustees. College life is unique, abounding in deeds interesting but rarely disclosed to the outside world; containing many phases of human nature worthy of study; and full of successes, failures, reverses, joys, and pains. Here is a field that has not been overrun by the outside potentates of fiction or poetry, and the budding writer can find many a theme, fraught with human interest, upon which to build the plot of a story or the outline of a debate. Why should our student writers so often attempt to write upon subjects of which they know very little, and which have already been treated so often by authors whom the students could not hope to equal? Why should they waste their time weaving silly romances of love and adventure, when they have subjects that they are familiar with, and from which, with the aid of their imaginations, they could weave stories far superior to any purely imaginary story. Besides, if people want to read love stories, stories of adventure, or any mere fanciful invention, they can get more of them and better ones in any of the current magazines that are flooding the country than they can in the average college magazine. Now, we do not mean to say that the college magazines should confine themselves wholly to college subjects, but that they should pay more attention to them. We commend the policy of some of the magazines in publishing discussions on national, State, and general issues; many of these are very interesting, and compare most favorably with the newspaper discussions of the same subjects.

A great fault with many of the magazines, is that they devote their columns almost exclusively to athlesics, minor local incidents, jokes, and clippings; and give very little attention to the other departments. Whenever a magazine degenerates into a mere chronicle of these things, its usefulness is gone. Many of the colleges are doing away with that department of their magazine, by publishing a subsidiary paper containing only athletic notes, alumni notes, jokes and locals. This is a good plan; for, then, they can be given space adequate to make them of interest to those whom they concern without annoying others with them.

It is through the Exchange Department that the colleges are most closely associated, and it is this department that is most often slighted. Many of the exchange editors attempt to criticise too many magazines at once, and the result is that none are criticised properly; but are dismissed with so and so is good or not up to the standard; neither of which means anything. Better criticise two exchanges well than ten poorly.

Some of the magazines recommend that schools like Clemson publish articles dealing with and illustrating the work done at such institutions. We do not believe that such subjects would interest the average reader, unless he were also a student in a technical school. To treat a technical subject in a popular vein requires a very thorough knowledge of the subject, and the average student in the average technical school possesses no more than a working knowledge of it. This applies to a certain extent to other colleges also. For instance, we have seen articles on music from some of our girls' colleges that were not only uninteresting, but a positive bore. They did not know music well enough to treat their subject in an interesting manner.

The Carolinian

We agree with you, Carolinian, our quarrel (?) as you are pleased to term it, has progressed far enough. Shake.



Editors W. B. AULL, '07 S. H. SHERARD, '08

It is not often that an exchange comes to our table containing eighty-eight pages in the Literary Department. But this is what the March issue of the Wake Forest Student contains: and not only this, but the quality of the material is better than is usually found in an exchange. In the Literary Department, we also find eight poems-something out of the ordinary in college magazines. "Billy March, Playwright," is a story far above the average, and holds the reader's attention to the "Saluda Jim" is told in pleasing style and fittingly portrays the faithfulness of an engineer to his duty. "A Drunkard's Fight" is a story from which we may all learn a The story of "Naomi Falls" is one of the most interesting stories we have read lately. It tells how the Falls received its name and the tragedy connected with it. "Commencement Day" is another entertaining story, and while the plot is not new, the story is so well told that it deserves mention. Altogether the magazine is one of which not only the editors should feel proud, but also the college as well.

The Mercerian never disappoints us, and the March issue is no exception. "The University of Oxford" is well written, and the pictures make it doubly interesting. We wait with pleasure the next article on "Great Universities." "It Was Me," a Sketch of Child Life," is a very amusing story of an April fool and the difficulty accruing from it. "An Underground World" is a good description of a journey through the Mammoth Cave. It gives an interesting account of how the cave was found, and the wonderful things to be seen in it.

"The End of the Journey" tells of de Soto's search for gold and the Fountain of Youth, and the death of that daring explorer on the banks of the Mississippi River. While there is nothing very new in it, it deserves mention because of the pleasing style in which it is told. The editorials are splendid, and the article on "The Common School System" is well worth reading. The Exchange Department is well conducted and shows that the editor has spared neither thought nor energy.

The College of Charleston Magazine has only fifteen pages in the Literary Department, consisting of one description, one essay, one story, and three poems. The essay on Gilmore Simms is just a narrative of his life. If the author had said more about his works, the article would have been much improved. "How the Pacific Express was Held Up" is very well written, but the plot is not original. The editors should try a little harder to get out a thicker magazine. If Charleston College was a prep school, the magazine might do; but being a college of high rank, it deserves a better magazine.

We are glad to note that *The Index* for March is far superior to some of the previous issues. "A Symposium" is very good indeed. It is the opinions of a few upper classmen on the ideal literary society, the ideal member and the hinderances in the way of accomplishing the ideal. If students would only realize the value of the training to be derived from the literary society, they would not hesitate about joining and striving to get the greatest good possible from it. The article should be read by everyone, because it contains some good suggestions on this all important side of college life. The editorials are varied, and are on timely subjects and show much thought.

In reply to the S. P. W. Journal's criticism of The Chronicle we would say that we consider the Journal's remarks as entirely uncalled-for and out of place. Our quarrel (?) with

The Carolinian was begun in the editorial department; and, of course, all subsequent replies were confined to that department. None of the articles were in the nature of an exchange criticism, and could have had no place in the exchange department. Further, Sir Critic, we would advise that before attempting to write such criticisms in the future, you inform yourself about the real conditions beforehand. Remember that sarcasm is reserved for the really competent; and that mere exchange editors must confine themselves to mere exchange editors' criticisms.

The Literary Department begins with "Springtime," a very appropriate poem. The thought, metre, and rhythm are fine. It is hard to define poetry. It is a kind of writing in which the imagination predominates; and, if this be true, then "Springtime" is indeed poetry. "In the Days of the Viking" is a well written story. It is not like so many of the "sissy" love stories that we have to read. The plot is good, and the description, at the beginning, is very clear. "Prophecy of Class 1904" is very interesting; but it should have been printed sooner. The editorials are full and well written.

Next, we are attracted by the bright red cover of The Howard Collegian. The Literary department is almost lacking. There are only three contributions to it. One of these is an essay on "Character is Power." This is a scholarly article, showing much preparation and hard work by the author. The second article is, "Sincerity the First Condition of Greatness." This is a good argument, and it is very forcibly set forth. The third contribution is, "A Soldier's Impression of Alaska." It deserves its place in this issue for two reasons: first, because it is well written and is very interesting; second, because it helps to fill up the literary department. We advise some light reading mixed with the "solid matter." Editors, get after the students and "make" them contribute to The Collegian. The exchange department is very good, but the criticisms are too

much abbreviated. You have too many clippings—use some of these valuable pages for the literary department.

The Easter number of *The St. Mary's Muse* came to use in a very pretty "coat." There is a green background with a design of lilies on it. The Literary Department is up to the old standard held by *The Muse*. It begins with "Easter Lilies." "The Toil of an Easter Chicken" is well written and is very funny. There are four stories, but they are too short. A good story should be as long as all four of these.

We gladly welcome *The University of Arizona Monthly*" and the A. C. C. Journal to our exchange table.

We gratefully acknowledge the March issues of the following magazines: The Winthrop Journal, The Newberry Stylus, Orange and Blue, The Trinity Archive, Chimes of Shorter, The Erskinian, The St. Mary's Muse, The College Reflector, The Jeffersonian, Isaqueena, Emory Phoenix, Hendrix Mirror, Black and Magenta, The Criterion, Bessie Tift Journal, Our Monthly, North Carolina University Magazine, The Furman Echo, The Mountaineer, Mississippi College Magazine, The Kalends, Guilford Collegian, The Spectrum, The Red and White, Davidson College Magazine, Converse Concept, Oracle, Ouachita Ripples.

CLIPPINGS

He—"I am going to kiss you before I leave." She—"You may go at once."

Why is it that you are always behind in your studies?

Because if I were not behind with them I could not pursue them.

AN ECHO FROM THE LABORATORY.

Little drops of acid, little grains of zinc,

Makes a lot of bubbles and a heap of stink.

He—"You are the breath of life to me."
She—"Well, suppose you hold your breath awhile."

"Why do you call a vicious horse benzine?"
"Because it removes all traces."

PSALM OF LIFE.

(With apologies to Longfellow.)

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Trig. is but an easy thing,
For the Soph. will fail that slumbers
Till exams. their trial bring.

Trig. is tough and Trig. is trying,
Only smart lads reach the goal,
He who on jacks is relying
Couldn't pass to save his soul.

No enjoyment, naught but torment, Is our destined end and way, When the Prof. says in a ferment, "You don't know this Trig. to-day."

"BETTY BRIEFS."

Circumstances alter kisses.

He loves best who loves last.

Make love while the moon shines.

Never put off till to-morrow what you can wear to-night.

A man is known by the love letters he keeps.

A rolling gate gathers remorse.

One swallow does not make the world go 'round.

LOVE'S ALLEGORY.

He-

You are gladness, you are sunshine, You are happiness—I trow; You are all to me, my darling, That is love here below.

She-

You are splendor, you are glory,
You are handsome, you are true;
All there is this side of heaven,
I behold my love, in you.

Her Pa-

I am lightning, I am thunder,
I'm a roaring cataract;
I am earthquakes and volcanoes,
And I'll demonstrate the fact:

-Ex.

FULFILLING THE SCRIPTURES

Smith: "I wonder why Day always goes about talking to himself? Beastly rude to the rest of us, I think."

Brown: "I, on the contrary, am grateful to him for illuminating what I've always considered a rather obscure passage of Scripture—'Day unto day uttereth speech.'"

Teacher—"Have you ever taken algebra?"
Pupil—"I have been exposed to it several times, but I never caught it."

[&]quot;I've turned highwayman," said the sofa.

[&]quot;How's that?" asked the rocking chair.

[&]quot;I held up a couple last night."—Exchange.

TROUBLE.

Grim trouble lasteth but a day,
Cheer up, cheer up, ye blue ones!
Our troubles soon will pass away,
And then we'll have some new ones.—Ex.

Quoth he, "Your lips look red to-night."
Said she, "Well, yes, perhaps;
But, papa, darling, that's all right,
It's only from the chaps."

--Exchange.

First Boy-"Say, Johnnie, where are you in Sunday School?"

Second Boy—"Oh, we are in the middle of the original sin." First Boy—"That ain't much; we are past redemption."— Ex.

"I fear you are forgetting me,"
She said in tones polite,
"Indeed I am for getting you,
That's why I'm here to-night."

Don't you think that you could raise it
When you know that it is due?
'Member that a half-dollar pays it—
Don't you think it's up to you?

Then why don't you hand us that subscription

Ere the sweet, sweet bye and bye;

If you think that you can do this,

Why don't you try, why don't you try?

—Exchange.

QUALITATIVE ANALYSIS.

TEST FOR A GIRL'S AFFECTION FOR YOU.

Collect and concentrate her affections; add a drop of interest by relating some pathetic event. If she dissolves into tears, you may know she is not of the acid group, and that her specific gravity is great. Now boldly drop your arm around her waist; if she flames up and burns with indignation, it is at once seen that she has been too much oxidized; but if there is a precipitation around your neck, you know that she is of a combinable element. Carefully collect the ppt., and preserve it for future use—non Fresenius, Vol. II.—Exchange.

Healy—Would you rather be a brick-layer or a carpet-layer?

Hayden-My choice would be the latter.

Healy-Why?

Hayden—Well, you can cover more ground with one carpet than you can with one brick.

I stole a kiss the other night,
My conscience pricks me some;
I'll have to go around and put
It where I got it from.—Ex.

If a game of baseball
Should be held in Japan,
Would a spectator there
Be a Japanese fan.—Ex.



Editor: J. W. LEWIS, '08

The address delivered by Dr. Mell, on March 24, was appreciated by all, especially so, as the statements came from the President of the college—one in authority, and with experience. "College Life" was the topic. We were shown that there is much more to be gotten from a college course than that found in the curriculum. College life should mean far more than this.

The association owes much to the hearty support given by Dr. Mell, and this support is greatly appreciated. A large amount of the success in the work is due to the encouragement and advantages which he has ever been ready to grant us, and to his influence with others connected with the college.

On March the 31st, Dr. Scherer, of Newberry College, addressed the association. Under four heads Dr. Scherer presented his topic, "Why Jesus Christ is my Master." The first carried us back to our childhood days, when we knelt at our mother's knee. Then came boyhood, manhood, and finally His claims upon us for all time. The address very ably presented the power and majesty of Christ, and drew the students nearer to the Great Master.

The second March issue of *The Tiger* was enlarged to twelve pages, most of the space being devoted to association interests. 25,000 extra copies were purchased, and distributed among the members of the Board of Trustees, the Fac-

ulty, the alumni and friends of the college throughout the State. One or more copies was also sent to every college in the South.

Our New Officers

The interest shown in their work by the new association officers is gratifying indeed, and gives promise of a very prosperous year. Several committee meetings have been held, and the plans and arrangements for the coming year's work are well under way. The new officers are as follows: J. W. Lewis, President; W. A. Thomas, Vice-President; J. C. Pridmore, Secretary; H. C. Wilburn, Treasurer, W. P. Gee, Bible Study; E. L. Hutchins, Religious Meetings; G. M. Truluck, Mission Study; A. G. Kennedy, Membership; J. S. Wessinger, Prayer Meetings; F. L. Martin, Social; R. O. Poag, Athletics.

The committees have not yet been entirely made out, owing to the care and thought necessary in placing men where they are able to accomplish the most for the association. More men may be added to the committees at any time during the year.

The Asheville Programme

The following will be the approximate daily programme at the Southern Student Conference, Asheville Farm School, June 14-23.

FORENOON.

Rising bell	6.15 A. M.
Breakfast	7 to 7.30 A. M.
Sec. 1. Association Conference	8 to 8.50 A. M.
Sec. 2. Missionary Institute	8 to 8.50 A. M.
Sec. 1. Student Volunteers	9 to 9.50 A. M.
Sec. 2. Ministerial Institute	9 to 9.50 A. M.
Sec. 3. Social Problems	9 to 9.50 A. M.

Sec. 4. Personal Evangelism	9 to 9.50 A. M.
Sec. 1. Mission Study Class	10 to 10.50 A. M.
Sec. 2. Group classes in Bible Study	10 to 10.50 A. M.
Platform Address	11 to 12.15 A. M.

AFTERNOON.

Dinner 1 to 1.30 P. M.
Recreation and Athletics 1.30 to 5.30 P. M.
Supper 6.00 to 6.30 P. M.
Life Work Problems, Hillside Meeting 6.45 to 7.45 P. M.
Delegation Meetings 8.00 to 9.00 P. M.
College spirit turned loose 9 to 9.30 P. M.
Quiet hour

Thursday afternoon, Track Meet.

Thursday night, "Blow-out."

Friday afternoon, Trip to Biltmore.

Saturday afternoon, Faculty Baseball Game.

The need that the officers of the association attend the Conference, is especially urgent. Thorough and efficient work cannot be accomplished unless the leaders keep in touch with the outside world, and these who are devoting their lives to problems vitally effecting young men. This is the opportunity which Asheville affords—a coming in contact with these men, of attending the various meetings, as those in the interest of Bible study, missionary work, and others; and of associating for ten days with over 200 of the choice young men of the South. The spiritual benefit alone, and the insipration received, prompting one to do more for the institution and his fellow students, is alone worth the time and expense. means are the officers the only ones who should attend. student should consider attending the conference a great privilege, not to be thrown away by trifling difficulties. The benefits of this conference are many and far-reaching; undoubtedly the turning in many lives can be traced to these meetings. Aside from the aforementioned advantages, we should consider

the social, educational, and athletic opportunities. One's mental horizon is unmistakably broadened after coming in touch with these wide-awake men of the day. The location of the conference, among the Blue Ridge Mountains, in the invigorating atmosphere, is conducive to our accomplishing the most possible in every line. The afternoons are given over to mountain climbing, swimming, and athletics. Track meets, baseball games, and tennis tournaments are held between States as college representatives. The spirit of fellowship, so evident in these meetings, is also of great advantage, bringing as it does the men into closer sympathy with each other and their work.

How Our Men Are Going to Asheville

Before this issue of The Chronicle is read, we shall have made a canvass of the barracks for the purpose of raising a permanent conference fund. Every student will be given an opportunity to contribute something. The object is to aid men in attending the Asheville Conference. The money will be lent to the student, without interest, the student giving his note, payable within one year after graduation. Should the amount not be paid within the stated time, the note draws 6 per cent. interest. The total expenses of attending the conference need not exceed \$20.00. If one-half of that amount can be gotten through the fund, one can manage to secure the rest in some way.

Bible Study

The most important problem now confronting the Bible Study Department is the securing of leaders for the next session. On account of the large increase in student accommodation here another year, the prospects for a considerably larger enrollment in Bible Study next September are unusually

bright. Five hundred and fifty ment in Bible Study is the least number looked for. This, of course, necessitates a much larger number of leaders for next session than we now have; and then, too, some of our present leaders graduate this year, while others will not return. These places have to be filled.

It is planned to put the leaders chosen through a course of some six weeks training preparatory to their work next year. Mr. Legate will probably do a large part of this work. Although the conference held here last June was far-reaching in its good effects, we believe this method will be of still greater benefit.

Each Bible class has been, or will be, before the close of the present session, invited out at least one evening to some home on the hill. There are about nine classes; so this means a great deal. In some instances it has been so arranged that one class entertained another; and thus the evening was still more merrily spent. These occasions certainly have been immensely enjoyed.

Interstate Convention

The fourth annual Convention of North and South Carolina was held at Wilmington, N. C., March 22-24. Gov. R. B. Glenn's address on Friday evening was one of the features of the convention. His subject was "Christian Young Manhood of the Carolinas." The Governor has a right to express himself forcibly; for he is a strong Christian man himself.

The banquet on Saturday night, given by the Ladies' Auxiliary to the delegates and business men of Wilmington, was thoroughly enjoyed by every one. We would like to tell our readers about the various speakers, for some of them deserve special mention; but will pass to the report of the Executive Committee. In discussing the building movements they have the following to say:

"Never in the history of Young Men's Christian Association have building movements been so successful. Over \$100,000 was raised in 1906, and already in 1907 over \$125,000 has been subscribed. The probability of a \$100,000 building for the Charlotte association gives new evidence of the hold our associations are getting upon the people of the Carolinas."

The Spencer Railroad Association building was formally opened during the days the convention was in session, and the erection of a building for the Railroad Association at Hamlet is pretty well assured.

Response of the Alumni

"Enclosed find \$5.00 as a token of my interest in the work of the Y. M. C. A. 'May it prosper,' is the prayer of the sender."

This is a copy of one of the many similar letters now coming to us from the alumni in response to an invitation to have a part in the association work at Clemson. Truly it is very encouraging to us to know that men who have gone out from this institution, one to eleven years ago, are so much interested in the work. May we not hope for great things with such a wide co-operation, and the approval of our heavenly Father?

H. C. Wilburn, Treas.

Our Badge

There have been many inquiries as to the significance of the Association Badge. Replying to a similar question "Association Men" says:

"The outer circle is designed to symbolize the fact that the associations form one body. The open Bible at the center and the motto, John 17-21: 'That they may all be one,' suggests the Christian brotherhood. The XP is the combination of the

first two letters of Christ's name in Greek, which was used by the Christians and is often found on the walls of the catacombs. The triangle with the words on three sides—Spirit, Mind and Body, whose three natures the association aims to systematically develop with reference to the WHOLE man."

William D. Murray

of New York City, is coming to South Carolina for the Bible Study Institute to be held here October 18th, 19th and 20th. Mr. Murray is an experienced Bible worker. Most of the colleges are using his splendid book, the "Life and Works of Jesus Christ." It will be a privilege for those students who are going to lead classes in this study to have the personal coaching of the author.

Dr. Henry Louis Smith, President of Davidson College, and Mr. W. D. Weatherford, of Atlanta, have been asked to be here and co-operate with Mr. Murray.



Editors:
R. O. POAG, '08 J. SPRATT, '08

Without doubt the best entertainment that Clemson has seen for some time was that given by Victor's Venetian Band on the evening of April the sixth. This company came with the highest recommendations, and proved itself well worthy of them. Its twenty-two members are all excellent musicians, while Victor himself, is a graduate of the Imperial Conservatory of Leipzig. Together, they form a company such as is rarely met with.

Will some one kindly inform Senior Horton what a royal straight flush counts in whist?

Rat Farmer has a girl at the Greenville Female College for women.

On Friday evening, March 29, the Calhoun Literary Society held its annual celebration in Memorial Hall. The exercises were interesting and instructive. Medals were awarded to the following: Messrs. T. C. Heyward, S. H. Sherard and J. C. Littlejohn.

Blair: "Truluck, if I get in your company next year, I don't want to have to walk post."

Sergt. Truluck: "Oh, well, you will have to see the first sergeant about that; the captain will not have anything to do with it. Telegram sent by Sergeant Brown to his father:

DEAR FATHER: I have very nearly reached the height of my ambition. I have just been appointed Sergeant in Company F. If I can only get adjutant next year, I shall think that my time has been well spent.

Eugene.

In consideration of the Sergeant this day given me, I do hereby certify that I will at all times uphold all authority, report every breach of order or regulations laid down for the government of cadets, and at all times and under all circumstances do my duty as I see it, and in my actions set a good example for under classmen.

Signed,

H. B. RISER.

This the 5th day of March, 1907.

Witness: T. S. Allen, Sergt. Guard.

Kimbrell: "What is the longest word in the alphabet?"
Hirsch: "Rubber."

"Blinkey" Wolfe was directed to draw a diagram of an ideal manger. After deep thought for a moment he drew a diagram of an entire barn, including silos, etc., and was surprised when everybody laughed.

Rat Wall wants to know if Col. Clay will report him for not rubbing the *rings* (rifles) of his gun barrel.

Geo. Speer: "I am going to write my thesis on 'The Disease of the Lower Hind Leg of the Horse.'"

Rat Bowen: "Get some of those German (graham) crackers.

Col. Hardin: "Mr. Crawford, tell me something about this machine?"

Alex: "It has perforated holes in it."

Michels: "What color are Brown Swiss cattle?"

Pridmore: "Red."

· Athletic Notes

CLEMSON, 15; CLINTON, 1.

As can be easily seen from the score, Clemson's first game of the season proved to be a very one-sided affair. In this contest, her team work showed up to advantage. The features of the game were Farmer's pitching, and the all-round good work of Lee, Lykes and Barksdale. Coach Shaughnessy expresses himself as being well pleased with the Tigers' work, and hopes to put out a winning team.

The Clemson line-up was:

Bissell, T. L., (Capt.), c; Farmer, p; Barksdale, 1st b; Coles, 2d b; Bissell, L., 3d b; Robinson, s. s.; Lykes, r. f.; Bissell, O. L., l. f.; Lee, A. C., c. f.

CLEMSON v. U. OF S. C.

In a fast game of baseball, Clemson defeated her old rival, Carolina, on the campus, March 29th. This was one of the prettiest games played here during the last year or so, and was enjoyed by a large crowd of Tiger supporters. The Carolina team, under the captaincy of W. H. Gibbes, an old Clemson player, showed that they knew the game; but the Clemson men put up the better fight, and consequently won.

The fact of the presence of three old Clemson men in the Carolina line-up, tended to increase the friendly feeling shown throughout the game. These men were Gibbes, one of our former outfielders, at first base; Jones, in the pitchers' box; and Perrin, in the outfield. All three of them played star ball, and were the mainstays of their team.

For Clemson, the infield work was particularly brilliant—especially that of Lee at second. Farmer pitched a steady game, and received good support.

The score stands as follows:

Clemson.	Ab.	R.	H.	E.
McFadden, l. f	3	0	0	0
Bissell, T. L., c	2	0	0	0
Lee, 2b		0	0	0
Lykes, l. f		0	1	0
Robertson, ss		1	0	1
Barksdale, 1b		1	1	2
Bissell, O. H., cf		1	2	0
Bissell, L., 3b		1	1	0
Farmer, p		0	1	1
	35	4	6	4
Carolina.	Ab.	R,	H.	E.
Carolina. Davis, ss		R. 0	H. 1	E. 0
	. 4			
Davis, ss	. 4	0	1	0
Davis, ss Gibbes, 1b Belser, c	. 4	0 0	1 0	0 2
Davis, ss Gibbes, 1b	. 4	0 0 1	1 0 1	0 2 0
Davis, ss Gibbes, 1b Belser, c Perrin, cf	. 4 . 3 . 4 . 3	0 0 1 1	1 0 1 2	0 2 0 1
Davis, ss. Gibbes, 1b. Belser, c. Perrin, cf. Rembert, rf.	3 4 3	0 0 1 1	1 0 1 2 1	0 2 0 1 0
Davis, ss Gibbes, 1b Belser, c Perrin, cf Rembert, rf Jones, p	3 . 4 . 3 . 4 . 4 . 3	0 0 1 1 0 0	1 0 1 2 1	0 2 0 1 0
Davis, ss Gibbes, 1b Belser, c Perrin, cf Rembert, rf. Jones, p Simpson, lf	4 3 4 3 4 3	0 0 1 1 0 0	1 0 1 2 1 1 0	0 2 0 1 0 1
Davis, ss Gibbes, 1b Belser, c Perrin, cf Rembert, rf. Jones, p Simpson, lf Smith, 2b	4 3 4 3 4 3	0 0 1 1 0 0 0	1 0 1 2 1 1 0 0	0 2 0 1 0 1 0
Davis, ss Gibbes, 1b Belser, c Perrin, cf Rembert, rf. Jones, p Simpson, lf Smith, 2b	4 3 4 3 4 3	0 0 1 1 0 0 0	1 0 1 2 1 1 0 0	0 2 0 1 0 1 0

Three base hits, Rembert. Two base hit, Belser. Struck out by Farmer, 5. Struck out by Jones, 3. Umpire, Bailey.

CLEMSON TRACK TEAM LOSES FIRST MEET TO GEORGIA.

If any one is curious enough as to wish to know why Clemson lost to Georgia, they can very easily secure varied and sundry reasons from any member of the team. What had more than anything else to do with our defeat, was the weather man, assisted by one Mr. Lipschutz. Owing to the heavy rain of the night before, the track was extremely heavy, which was a great handicap to the runners—especially to

Clemson's men, who had trained the whole year on a hard cinder track. Despite this handicap, however, the records made by both teams were very creditable.

As this was the first meet for about half of Clemson's team, it was only natural that they should be somewhat rattled at their first public appearance. With the valuable experience gained in this meet, against one of the fastest teams in the South, the Tigers should be able to make it interesting for Tech, Carolina, and North Carolina.

Captain Furtick was easily the star performer of both teams—he being able to capture three firsts, a second and a third. His record in the pole vault did not show what he is capable of doing, as he was not pushed by his opponents. He bettered his record in both the hammer throw and shot put; and, considering the track, in the low hurdles also. Warren also showed his value to the team by taking first place in the broad jump—an event in which he had never practiced—and third in both the 220, and low hurdles. The other members of the team who won places were: Harris, Rosborough, Gardner, Wyman, and Spratt.

Mr. Calhoun, our coach, is due the thanks of the whole corps for the interest he has displayed in the team, and the manner in which he has brought it out. In all of his work he has been ably assisted by Manager Taylor and Assistant Manager Frazer.

The team express themselves as greatly pleased with the courteous treatment shown them by the Georgia students, and all await the coming of the Georgians to Clemson next year, when they will be welcomed in an equally hearty manner.

The following records were made:

100 yard dash—First, Lipschutz, Ga.; second, K. Smith, Ga.; third, G. B. Smith, Ga. Time, 10 1-5.

Shot put—First, Furtick, Clemson; second, Arrendale, Ga.; third, Gardner, Clemson. Distance 36.5.

Hammer throw (16 lbs.)—First, Arrendale, Ga.; second, Furtick, Clemson; third, Lewis, Ga. Distance, 109.05.

High jump—First, Spratt, Clemson; second, K. Smith, Ga.; third, G. B. Smith. Height, 5.2.

220 yard dash—First, Lipschutz, Ga.; second, Hatcher, Ga.; third, Warren, Clemson. Time, 23.

Half mile—First, Raoul, Ga.; second, Harris, Clemson; third, Rogan, Ga. Time, 2.15.

Board jump—First, Warren, Clemson; second, Lipschutz, Ga.; third, Furtick, Clemson. Distance, 20 ft.

Mile—First, Lewis, Ga.; second, Gober, Ga.; third, Wyman, Clemson. Time, 5.12.

440 yards—First, Lipschutz; second, Raoul; third, Hatcher (Georgia). Time, 53 1-5.

High Hurdles—First, Spratt, Clemson; second, Rosborough and Allen. Time, 19 1-5.

Pole vault—First, Furtick, Clemson; second, K. Smith, Ga.; third, Arrendale, Ga. Height, 9.6.

Low hurdles—First, Furtick, Clemson; second, McCaffrey, Ga.; third, Warren, Clemson. Time, 27.3.

Total points for Georgia, 65; for Clemson, 43.

CLEMSON, 2; TECH., 4.

Clemson's first defeat in baseball came at the hands of Tech. on Friday, the 5th. The game was played in a down-pour of rain, which accounts for the errors—especially Clemson's. The box score tells the story of the game:

		_				
Clemson.	AB.	R.	H.	P. O.	A.	E.
Bissell, O., l. f	. 2	1	0	4	0	0
Bissell, T., c	. 3	0	1	5	1	0
Lee, 2b	. 4	0	1	1	4	0
Lykes, rf	. 4	0	0	1	0	0
Robertson, ss		0	1	2	0	1
Barksdale, c. f		0	0	2	0	1
Bissell, L., 3b	. 4	0	0	2	1	1
Coles, 1b		1	0	6	0	2
Farmer, p		0	1	1	2	1
* *	_			—	—	_
	28	2	4	24	8	6

Tech.	AB.	R.	H.	P. O.	A.	E.
Wright, ss	. 4	0	0	4	1	2
Robert, l. f	. 4	0	2	3	0	0
Buchannon, 3b	. 4	1	1	5	2	0
Knight, c	. 3	0	1	2	1	0
La Fitte, 1b	. 3	0	0	11	0	1
Brooks, p	. 3	2	0	0	11	1
Stewart, rf	. 3	1	1	2	0	0
Davenport, cf	. 3	0	0	0	0	0
Hightower, 2b	. 3	0	1	0	0	0
	_	_	_	_	-	
	30	4	6	27	14	4

CLEMSON, 2; TECH., 2.

In one of the fastest games of college baseball played in this section of the country, Clemson and Tech. played to a standstill in an eleven inning contest—the final score being 2-2. Despite the condition of the grounds, Clemson played an errorless game—this counterbalancing more than anything else the splendid work of La Fitte, Tech's star pitcher, who succeeded in striking out fourteen of the men who faced him.

Latimer opened up in the box for Clemson, and pitched a nice game until relieved by Farmer in the fifth inning. For the remaining six innings Farmer allowed only four hits, and all of these being so scattered that Tech. was unable to run a single man across the plate.

The fielding of the entire Clemson team was all that could be asked—every man playing the game for all there was in it. The work of Lee at second, and Barksdale in centre, however, deserve special mention. Both of these played a brilliant game, and robbed Tech. of numerous hits.

Following is the score in detail:

Clemson.	AB.	R.	H.	P. O.	Α.	E.
Bissell, O., lf	. 4	0	0	2	0	0
Bissell, T., c	. 5	0	0	4	1	0
Lee, 2b	. 3	1	0	3	5	0
Lykes, rf	. 4	1	0	0	0	0
Robertson, ss	. 4	0	1	4	6	0
Barksdale, cf	. 4	0	0	6	0	0
Bissell, 3b	. 3	0	0	0	2	0
Coles, 1b	. 4	0	0	14	0	0
Latimer, p	. 2	0	0	0	0	0
Farmer, p	. 2	0	0	0	0	0
				_		_
Total	. 35	2	1	33	14	0
Tech.	AB.	R.	H.	P. O.	A.	E.
Wright, ss	. 5	0	1	1	0	2
Roberts, l. f	. 5	0	0	1	0	0
Buchannon, 3b	. 5	0	0	0	2	0
Knight, c	. 5	1	2	12	3	0
La Fitte, p	. 5	1	2	3	4	1
Brooks, 1b	. 4	0	1	11	0	2
Stewart, r. f	. 3	0	0	3	0	0
Hightower, 2b	. 3	0	1	2	1	0
Davenport, cf	. 3	0	0	0	0	0
	—	—		—		
	38	2	7	33	10	5

Summary: Two base hits, Robertson, La Fitte; stolen bases, Lee, Lykes, Barksdale; sacrifices, Robertson; double plays, Robertson to Lee to Coles; 1st base on balls, Latimer 2, La Fitte 4, Farmer 2. Time, 2.30. Umpire, Weeks.

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[Entered at Clemson College, S. C., Post Office as second class mail matter.]

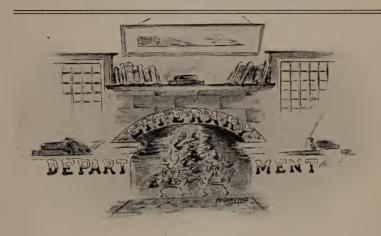


The Clemson College Chronicle

Valeat Quantum Valere Potest

Vol. X. CLEMSON COLLEGE, S. C., MAY, 1907.

No. 8



Editors:

B. D. CARTER, '07

W. O. PRATT, '08

Luna Tricks

The moon was shining dimly,
Thro' a cloud of silvery white.
And a maid was slowly swinging,
With a lad, this pretty night.

And as the swing went higher,
They were getting up above,—
Until he tried to kiss her,
When she gave a sudden shove—

Which landed him securely
In the clover there below,
And also taught a lesson,
That would be well to know.

When swinging with a maiden, Don't ever go too high! Or, when you go to kiss her, Wait for "the cat to die."

-H. T. P., '02.

What the American Farmer Contributes to the Wealth of the Nation

Agriculture has always been, and will continue to be, of supreme importance to all nations. It is the most ancient and important of all the professions. Upon it as a foundation the earliest civilization of the world rested, and it is to-day the bedrock of our national greatness.

If the student of the human family would get an accurate measure of its progress, he must first get a correct measure of the development of agriculture in the different periods to which his research is directed. The progress of the one is measured by the progress of the other. Such an investigation will prove that agriculture has always been, and will ever be, the basic industry of the world, supporting and vitalizing every other.

Everyone must recognize that upon the prosperity of "the man who walks in the furrow," upon the happiness, the comfort, and the well-being of "the man with the hoe," must depend the prosperity, happiness, and well-being of all other classes and industries. Bountiful harvests to the farmer bring a wealth of prosperity to all other occupations. When disaster comes to him, every other industry suffers; when he prospers the nation likewise prospers. Whatever helps him helps the world. From his skill and energy, from his success in getting bountiful responses from nature is drawn the life-blood which, circulating through the arteries of every other industry, vitalizes them into agencies of happi-

ness and wealth. Upon his broad shoulders rests the burden of feeding and clothing the world, while at the same time he is the chief customer for the products of all other industries. Back of every forward movement in the history of the world stands this unpretentious man—earth's most modest, but most powerful prince.

The statesmanship of every age has recognized the prime importance of agriculture and has in some way undertaken to do justice to this most potent agency in the industrial development of the world.

The great Corsican, when in the very fullness of his power, and with that almost inspired wisdom, which marked his every act, wrote in the civil code of the French nation as a fundamental doctrine:

"First, agriculture, the soul and basis of the empire; second, industry, the comfort and happiness of the population; third, trade, the superabundance and proper application of the surplus of agriculture and industry."

To the wisdom of this doctrine the French Republic owes, in a large measure, the industrial achievements which have given her a high place among the nations of the earth.

Our own Department of Agriculture traces its origin to the practical wisdom of the "Father of His Country," and to the active efforts of that wise old philosopher, Benjamin Franklin. In his last message to Congress President Washington, recognizing that a neglected agriculture meant ultimate ruin for his country, urged upon that body the importance of agriculture to the nation in these words:

"In proportion as nations advance in population, the cultivation of the soil becomes more and more the object of public patronage."

Looking far into the future and with a clear vision foreseeing the important relationship that agriculture would bear to the progress and prosperity of the country, he directed the attention of Congress to the necessity for the creation of some kind of governmental agency which should be charged with the duty of stimulating enterprise and experiment along agricultural lines. This was the beginning of our present efficient and valuable Department of Agriculture, a department which affects more people and does better work within the limitations provided by the small appropriations for it than does any other department of this Government.

The suggestions of General Washington did not bring from Congress any affirmative legislative response, but at the same time they were regarded with favor by the wisest and best statesmanship of that period. It is interesting to know that the response of the Senate to these suggestions was written by a South Carolinian, Senator Read. The truth is, from the very earliest days of the Republic, the South has been vitally interested in every effort to better the agricultural classes, and to-day no section of the Union is more concerned in agriculture than is the South. If the advantage of diversified agriculture over our present one-crop system can be successfully demonstrated to our people, the results will be a return in increased taxable property to the nation a hundredfold greater than the present amount of appropriation for the whole country.

Our Government is not an exception in extending aid to its agricultural classes. Every nation with any prominence in the affairs of the world assents to the idea of government aid for agriculture and makes annual appropriations to that end. Germany, France, Austria, Hungary, Spain, and even benighted Russia and young Japan expend large sums for the conserving, promoting, and encouraging the efforts of those of their people engaged in agriculture. The fact is that these nations evince a deeper concern in the welfare of their agricultural classes than we do in the success of ours.

Our Government has been somewhat tardy in extending

aid to agriculture, and even now, when the crowded condition of our cities and the world's increasing demands for foodstuffs and clothing necessitates such a great increase in the productiveness of our farms, we are pursuing, with respect to this industry, a policy which amounts almost to parsimony.

The first affirmative legislative action looking to governmental aid for agriculture was not had until 1839, when the insignificant sum of \$1,000 was appropriated to buy and distribute rare and valuable seed among the farmers. appropriation was grudgingly increased from year to year, until, under President Lincoln's first administration, the Department of Agriculture, with functions no greater than an ordinary bureau, was created, but it did not receive any enthusiastic support and encouragement from Congress. Little was expected from the Department, and little was received. It was not until 1889, one hundred years after the signing of the Constitution, that an act was passed raising the Department of Agriculture from a bureau class to that of an Executive Department of the Government, with added duties and enlarged jurisdiction. This was the first time in our history of a hundred years that the farmer, as a class, was accredited a distinction to which he is entitled. From that day until this the Government has been committed most thoroughly to the policy of aiding agriculture; and the wonderful development, the increased production, the enhanced value of farm property, and the general well-being and prosperity of the farmer bear convincing testimony to the fact that appropriations for this purpose have not been wasted, but have been seed sown in fertile soil.

The farmer is the unpretentious, unassuming citizen, who is not found constantly knocking at the doors of the American Congress for loaves and fishes, not crowding the lobbies of the capitol, pleading and begging for special leg-

islation. He brings more of support to the Government in the way of wealth and good citizenship than does any other class, and in return asks less of it and gets less from it. He depends absolutely upon his own effort to win that success which comes to so many others through the special favor of the Government. Honest labor he regards as the first duty of an American citizen. Sober-minded and earnest, he takes a serious view of life, and the dash and dazzle of things unreal do not appeal strongly to him. Law-abiding himself, he is quick to uphold the majesty of the law, because he sees in the orderly conduct of men and affairs the real safety of the nation. His contribution to the civic and political virtue of the country is perhaps greater than that of any other class, and he is to-day the great conservative force in American politics. And when the day shall come that the cherished institutions of our country are threatened by the rapidly rising tide of radicalism and unrest, when the fierce struggle between the forces of capital and labor shall begin in real earnest, when the day of chaos shall come, this American farmer, so unpretentious of his patriotism, will stand as a rock of ages against the onrushing forces of political, social and economic revolution and destruction. In such a day he will be the bulwark of civil and religious liberty—the Ark of the Covenant of our system of government.

Now let us direct our attention to the farmer's contribution to our national wealth, and not only prove from the most reliable statistics that he contributed more to that wealth than has any other class, but at the same time correct the false impression that as a class he is wanting in business sagacity.

The statistician, Mulhall, places the United States far above the other nations in wealth. It is estimated that the aggregate wealth of this country to-day approximates the enormous total of \$100,000,000,000, and this stupendous sum, too great for the comprehension of the human intellect, is the result of a little more than a century of national endeavor. A marvelous record for the youngest of the nations, and an excellent tribute to the productive genius of the American people. Of this vast wealth no single industry has contributed even half so much as has agriculture.

More than one-fifth, approximately \$23,000,000,000 of the nation's wealth, must be credited to the brain and brawn, the productive capacity, and the business ability of the farmer; more than the railroads and the manufacturing establishments of the country combined, and these two industries rank second and third in importance as wealth contributors; more than the combined banking power of the world, exclusive of the United States. Not only is agriculture the wealthiest industry of the country, but 36 per cent. of its total population is engaged in this occupation. Thus we see that over one-third of the people of this country are directly and vitally concerned, to say nothing of the vast millions indirectly interested, in everything that affects agriculture.

It is common to assent, and generally accepted as a fact by those who do not know, that the farmer, as a class, is deficient in business ability; that he fails to measure up to the standard of the average citizen in productive capacity; and that he lacks the genius for the accumulation of wealth. This supposition is untrue, for in proportion to his opportunities, no class of our population has shown more skill and shrewdness in the management of its own affairs than has the farmer, and no class has collected a larger dividend from the capital invested than he. An examination of the records proves beyond a doubt that there is no more shrewd or capable business man on earth than the American farmer. Look at the following facts:

A half-century ago the number of farms in this country was a little less than a million and a half. To-day there are more than five million and a half contributing their daily bounty to the nation's comfort and wealth. Fifty years ago there were in cultivation only 290,000,000 acres of land, as against the more than \$41,000,000 acres in cultivation today. In 1850 the total value of all farm property in the United States was less than \$4,000,000,000. That capital has been increased by the business capacity of the farmer until to-day it exceeds the grand total of \$23,000,000,000. What business man is there who can show a better record than the farmer can? In the last half-century he has increased his capital six times over and brought to the aggregate of national wealth more than twice as much as have the railroads of the country and three times as much as have the manufacturing interest, notwithstanding the fact that these last named industries have always been peculiarly favored by the protecting and patronizing arm of the Government. The farmer has received of the Government little of its care. He has not sought it, nor has he complained, nor is he complaining now. The farmer does not believe in the idea that the Government is to be called upon to grant special favors. His idea is that the people must support the Government and not the Government the people.

In 1850 the annual value of the products of our farms amounted to \$2,400,000,000. This is an enormous sum, but it does not approach the achievements of the farmer as a wealth-producer in the year 1905, when our farms yielded a wealth valued at \$6,415,000,000, over two-thirds the total capital accumulated by the manufacturers during the entire existence of the country. The earning capacity of the farmer is now three times that of the railroads of the country, and the value of his crop for one year would have been sufficient to have canceled the mortgaged indebtedness of

the United States in 1890. The Secretary of Agriculture in speaking of the increase in farm values said: "Every sunset during the past five years has registered an increase of \$3,400,000 in the value of farms in this country; every month has piled this value upon value until it has reached \$102,000,000." Does this bear out the assertion that he is a business drone? The fact is that his achievements in producing and accumulating wealth are unparalleled by any people of any occupation of any nation.

The farmer to-day is the main support of the manufacturers of the world. It is estimated that 2,154,000 persons in this country alone are dependent for their living directly upon the manufacturing industries, which in turn depend solely upon the products of the farm for the raw material which goes to make their finished product. These establishments, dependent directly upon the farm, employ 38 per cent, of all persons engaged in manufacturing and are capitalized at over \$4,000,000,000. Suppose some great disaster should come to the farms of our country, the effect would be the complete paralysis of these great establishments, while to the millions of their employees would come actual want and suffering. So intimately associated with the well-being of the nation, and for that matter the world, is the prosperity of our farmer, that any disaster to him is immediately and accutely felt by every other industry. If the boll-weevil should invade the cotton fields of the South. and reduce their yield to a considerable extent, despair and panic would seize upon millions of people in this country, England, and Germany, and dire want would enter the homes where happiness and contentment now dwell. Of cotton, Grady eloquently said:

"The trespass of a little green worm on its leaf is more to England than the advance of the Russian army on her Asian outposts."

The farmer, aside from feeding and clothing the people of this great nation—and our home markets consume 86 per cent. of our products—has in the last sixteen years sold \$12,000,000,000 worth of products in foreign markets in competition with the cheap labor of the world and to a people whose standard of living is not so high as our own, and whose necessities are, therefore, not so great. He supplies one-third of the grain, one-fifth of the wheat, and threefourths of the cotton used by the entire world. It is thus seen that this unpretentious American farmer, unaided by favoritisms of the Government, sets the table, provides the meals, and furnishes the clothing for the greater portion of mankind. If a man's worth to the world is measured by the responsibility that rests upon him, and the way in which he meets it, then the American farmer has the right to rank high among the nobility of the nations. McLean, '08.

Should We Reduce the Length of the Working Day?

When we look back through the misty ages of the past, since man's first appearance upon our planet, the era which we call antiquity seems little more than yesterday. And while the distance between the denizen of the ancient and the citizen of the modern world, as far as government, art, and literature are concerned, is in many ways insignificant, yet when we consider the working man of antiquity and compare him with the toiler of to-day, the two seem separated by an immeasurable interval.

The industrial arrangement of the ancient civilization was all based upon serfdom which sprung from war. When the ancients had attained that degree of civilization wherein they practiced agriculture and other occupations, they no longer put to death their captive prisoners but bound them with the thongs of slavery. Empires like those of China,

Egypt, Greece and Rome knew nothing of free labor in the modern meaning of that term. It was slaves who built the great walls of China, slaves who reared the pyramids of Egypt, slaves who erected the classic monuments still visible in the nation-making peninsulas of the Mediterranean, and slaves again who scattered all over England the memorials of the Roman invasion. Nor did the slavery of labor belong solely to the ancient world. It has pervaded the nations of more modern times. It lingered in Germany and England till, with the breaking up of the feudal system and the development of the burgher order, the long crushed armies of the laboring classes, remembering the suffering forms of their fellow comrades strewn along the pathway of oppression, rallied around the standard of truth and justice and at last saw the rising sun of freedom, which has grown larger and brighter through the protective influence of English and American legislation—a protection which, though of wide-reaching import, fails to bring about the greatest accomplishment for good in that it does not reduce the working hours of the laboring man to a sufficient minimum that he may develop to the fullest capacity those powers which go to make a true man and the best citizen.

It is upon the laboring classes that the prosperity of our country depends. To their energetic persevering effort is due all the greatness which is the boast of the American people to-day. All that to a man is great and precious is acquired through labor and without it civilization would inevitably elapse into barbarism. It is the forerunner and indispensable requisite to all happiness and sweet influences of refinement. While this is pointed evidence of the universal sway and honor of labor, it is but justice to say that this great agent of human progress has been directed and propelled by the great God-given faculty of the mind—a faculty given to each one of us that we may develop and use

it to promote the welfare and happiness, not only of ourselves, but of all our fellow creatures. By intellect came the earth, with all its rich and gorgeous furniture, rolling its vast orbit among the numberless hosts of the family of worlds. By intellect divine came the glory-flashing magnificence of heaven, its blazing suns lit beyond suns that roam and shine through the immeasurable spaces of immensity. But by intellect and labor combined came the secondary creations that mark with chiseled lines of thought and skill the career of man—the cultivated fields, the vineclad hills, the mill-strewn vales, the love-lit homes, the village-decked plains, the city-girt continents, the ironbound lands, and the sail-wreathed oceans—combining all the stirring mystery-woven realties of the universe. Simple labor itself, without any intelligent directions, is very meager in its accomplishments. So the cultivated mind, without any knowledge of the practical affairs of life, is of very little value. But, by bringing together brain and muscle, by directing the work of the hands with a trained intellect, we put into action one of the most potent factors in the devlopment and prosperity of a nation. How desirable then that the working hours of the laboring classes be reduced sufficiently that they may have time to develop their intellectual capacities in proportion to the amount of work that they are capable of accomplishing.

Aside from the intellectual development of man, there is another consideration of vital importance—his social and moral welfare. There are joys and pleasures that are intended to gladden the lives, not only of every liberty-loving American, but of every one whose privilege it is to walk this wide green earth, matters not in what walk of life he may be. The domestic fireside, the song of friendship, the social circle are all for the happiness of mankind; but, alas, the laboring man must be debarred the greater part of these

sweet gifts of Providence because of the fact that work—continuous work has him in its unrelenting grasp. Home influences, discipline and culture reach far beyond the individual life. "It is the crystal of society, the nucleus of national character, and from its sources, be it pure or tainted, issue the habits, principles and maxims that govern public and private life." For this reason alone, if no other, we, the people of the United States of America, should throw around our laboring classes a safeguard of a more protective legislation that will enable them to cultivate their moral nature and to enjoy, to a greater extent, the blessed privilege of social happiness.

There may be those among us who claim that if we reduce the working hours of the laboring man that our great industries would be paralyzed, that our great business concerns would be at a standstill. This state of affairs, however, cannot exist, for it is an acknowledged fact to-day that when a man is bound down to continuous labor he cannot work with the true spirit of determination and purpose that has for its end the welfare of himself and the betterment of his fellow creatures. The laboring classes should have recreation, should have time to prepare themselves for daily work.

It is not necessary that I should mention the great blessing that fewer hours of labor would bring to the numbers of little children whose young lives are being sacrificed upon the altars of labor. Think what a universal feeling of joy would permeate the minds and hearts of thousands of these little ones throughout our land and country should the glad tidings of a few more hours of freedom from the blighting influences of cotton mills and coal mines be breathed into their machinery-deafened ears.

Of a truth, we should secure for our laboring classes a full enjoyment of the wealth they create, should secure for them sufficient leisure in which to develop their intellectual, social and moral faculties. In a word, should secure for them a share in the gains and honors of advancing civilization. And, if we do this, we cannot but lay for our country the foundation of a noble and useful career that will bless and alleviate the suffering of laboring humanity. Yea, will cause this great republic of ours to rise higher and higher in the scale of civilization and enlightenment, and be recognized throughout the world as the very embodiment of all that is great, of all that is good and of all that is glorious. Crider, '08.

A Tradition Verified

While I lay in my bed one night last summer, with the fumes of mean corn whiskey playing havoc with my brain, the town clock tolled the hour of midnight. As the echoes of the last stroke died away, the door opened softly and in walked a horrible being, with the form of a man and the face of a fiend. Dante, in his wildest dreams of the horrors of hell, could not have imagined an imp with features so ugly and revolting as were those of my midnight visitor. His eyes burned like live coals in a black face distorted into a malicious grin. He was closely wrapped in a long, black cloak, which covered him from head to foot.

He started slowly towards my bed. I tried to call for help; but my tongue seemed frozen to the roof of my mouth. I could only lie there shivering with fear, with my eyes fixed upon him by a weird fascination.

When he reached the side of my bed, I regained the power of speech. "Who are you?" I cried; "and what do you want with me?"

For several moments he regarded me with a fiendish smile, and then he ansewred: "I can best answer your

question by asking you one. Who have you served with untiring obedience since you reached the age of responsibility?"

I looked at him for a moment with incredulous awe. "You—you are not the devil?" I asked, afraid to believe what my reason told me was the truth.

"Yes, I have the honor of being the Potentate to whom you refer," he answered. "Are you not glad to make your master's acquaintance? I have come to take you to my kingdom, where you can be near your loving master for all eternity. I shall reward you handsomely for your faithful services; for, as the preachers say, 'The laborer is worthy of his hire.'"

"Spare me!" I cried. "But give me one more chance, and I will be more zealous in the cause of Christ than I have ever been in yours."

"No," he answered. "I do not want you to turn to the cause of Christ. I shall take you before you have the opportunity for repentance. I must hurry; for I have other work to perform before the sun rises over the eastern hills."

Despite my cries and struggles, the devil grabbed me in his arms; and, running to the window, he jumped out. I could feel myself carried through space at great speed, and in my fear I fainted.

I regained consciousness some time later and found that I was standing at the mouth of a great cave. My abductor was standing by my side, looking into the cave with evident satisfaction. Turning to me, he said: "Behold your eternal home. When once you pass through the entrance of that cave, you leave all hope behind. There is no escape from that realm of darkness, where there is no abatement of suffering. Come with me!"

He walked into the cave, and I followed him with the obedience of a dog. All power of resistance was gone

from me—he was, indeed, my master. For a long distance we walked along a corridor of rocks, until, turning a corner of the wall, we came to the mouth of a great pit, from which dense clouds of smoke and lurid flames issued. Far down in the pit I could hear a tumult of agonizing cries and horrible curses.

Without saying a word, the devil clutched me in his scaly arms and threw me headlong into the seething flames. I felt myself falling downward, downward into that horrible pit of woe, while far above me I heard the fiendish laughter of the evil one, exulting over his victim. As the wails of the damned grew louder, I screamed in my despair.

After what seemed to me to be an interminable length of time, I landed with a loud splash in a lake of molten brimstone. Oh, the terrible heat of that accursed place! The steaming liquid seemed to flow hungrily through every tissue of my body. I could see on all sides the spirits of the damned, and could hear their moans of despair and their piteous appeals for mercy. "A little warmer here than it was in Moscow," spoke a voice behind me. I turned in the direction of the speaker, and saw before me the shade of the "Little Corporal." "You here?" I asked incredulously. I had always been a great admirer of Napoleon, and was indeed surprised to find him in hell. In my estimation, it was a sacrilege to attribute any wrong to him.

"Where esle would you expect to find me?" he asked. "Did you expect me to be adorned with a pair of wings singing psalms with the angels in heaven? My life on earth never gave me any room to hope for such a reward as that. In two hours after I took that overdose of onions, I was hurling blindly along the same route by which you sped to this place. By the way, what part of the world are you from? I spoke to you in English, because you look like an Englishman, or an American."

"South Carolina," I answered; "and if I were back there you can bet your dust that this place would never see me again."

"Shake!" he exclaimed, cordially. "I am glad to meet a man from that land. Ney, my trusted marshal, fled there after our cause was lost. The devil keeps us separated for fear that we will form a conspiracy to dethrone him." He extended a shadowy hand, and I tried to shake it, but my fingers passed completely through it. However, we expressed our feelings by simulating a handshake.

"Tell me about Marshal Ney," I asked. "There is a tradition that he came to America and lived in the western part of South Carolina until his death."

"I saw Ney shortly after he arrived here," Napoleon answered; "and he told me of his life since last I saw him on earth. I shall not dwell upon his escape from death by bribing the soldiers detailed to shoot him; for doubtless you are well acquainted with that phase of his history." I nodded my head to show that I was famliar with the story of the blank cartridges and the feigned death.

"On the night after the supposed execution," Napoleon continued, "Ney's friends disguised him and smuggled him him to the sea coast. At Calais he secured passage on a ship bound for America. As the authorities never deemed for an instant that Ney was alive, the ship on which he had embarked cleared the harbor without interference. After an uneventful voyage, he arrived safely at Charleston.

"Ney stayed in Charleston for a year, living on the money that he had brought with him from France. When his money began to give out, he decided to look for something to do. He had received a good education in his youth, and was well versed in English; therefore, after careful consideration, he decided to become a school teacher. It makes me sick to think that Ney, my greatest general, had to

become a miserable pedagogue to earn his bread. Failing to get a position in Charleston, he went farther up into the State. He met with refusals at every place where he tried to get a position as a teacher until finally in a little community called Beech Island, in the western part of the State, he became a leader of the young in a small log cabin school. There in that quiet community, far from the land of his birth, Ney passed the remaining years of his life. No one suspected his true identity, every one taking him to be the obscure Frenchman that he seemed. At least, he told me that he had never received an intimation that any one thought him to be more than a simple schoolmaster. Why the people in the community suspected, after Ney's death, that they had had such a distinguished fellow-citizen, I do not know."

For several moments after the completion of his narrative, Napoleon was silent, and then he said: "You—," but that sentence was never completed, for suddenly a horrible fiend rushed upon him, and, sticking a pitch-fork into his shadowy form, he flung him far out toward the middle of the steaming lake.

As soon as the fiend had disposed of Napoleon, he turned his attention to me. I tried to escape him, but it was no use. Before I could move hand or foot in my own defense, he rushed upon me and stuck his pitch-fork into my back. My next sensation was of being carried rapidly through dense clouds of smoke, and then I felt myself slipping from the prongs of the fork and whirling downward through space. I fell in the midst of a den of hissing serpents. In a moment they completely covered me, and I could feel their venomous fangs striking into my body. They wrapped their sinuous coils tightly around me, and my bones began to break with the terrible pressure. I struggled desperately,

but I could not free myself from the tightening coils of the writhing serpents.

"Gosh, he's hard to hold! Throw a bucket of water in his face." I felt a dash of cold water in my face, and came to my senses with my brother and two doctors holding me in bed. I had been through the horrors of delirium tremens.

G. G. W., '08.

The College Literary Society

No matter what profession a man is going to follow in life, the training to be derived from a literary society is of inestimable value. Of course the good one obtains will depend in a large measure on the individual himself, the amount of time he puts in the work, and the interest he has in it. Nothing so refreshes a student after five days of hard class work as the society meeting where he hears various subjects discussed and learns what others think of present day problems. It is in the society that we generally get the first breath of college spirit, for the work is wholly in the hands of the students. They naturally take an interest in the work and this interest broadens out until it embraces the welfare of the whole college. In the class room the students feel and know that they have a certain work to perform, but in the society where it is wholly left to them whether they will take advantage of the opportunities presented or not, they take more interest in the work, knowing that each one is responsible for the welfare of the organization. It is in the society also that the student can put into practice what he learns in the class room, and in this way he can get double the benefit out of his college course that he would otherwise have done. Then, too, the meeting together of students for the discussion of various questions causes friendly rivalry and this is one of the best means possible to stimulate their mental ability. It helps the student to think quick and be able to express his thoughts in pleasing language. He also keeps up with what is going on in the world so as to be able to defend his side of the question when the debate is up for discussion.

Society work helps a man to form opinions of his own, and this is one of the greatest advantages to be derived from this work. A man who has no opinions of his own, and just blindly follows what other men say, is the most contemptible being living. He never amounts to anything, but is just swept along with the multitude, down the river of life. It is a pitiable sight to see such a man who has had opportunities, but failed to take advantage of them, living his life out in a humdrum sort of way, being led by men of no greater ability, but who took advantage of all the opportunities they had at college.

But the greatest advantage to be derived from a literary society is that it cultivates a taste for literature, and, the man who has cultivated this taste will never be lonely, or not know what to do with his spare moments. We may not be able to choose our companions as we go through life, but we can choose the best literature, and the pleasure from such reading and study cannot be estimated. The poor man has the same advantage as the rich, for every one has access to the many public libraries now in our country. The many beautiful thoughts that can be culled from the reading of standard literature is enough in itself to kindle a desire to lift humanity to a higher plane of living. rhythm and thought in the poems of our best authors is indeed music to the soul. Many a battle has been won by some poem or song because of the inspiration that the men on the field of conflict got from it. And when a man grows old and is no longer able to do active work, where can he get more pleasure or profit than from reading? Then it is

that he appreciates that he cultivated a taste for good literature when he was young.

Whether all of the above mentioned advantages can be derived from society work depends on the make-up of the members. An ideal society would be one in which each member would render well his part of the program, would have the interest of the society at heart, would try to benefit others as well as himself, and "by his daily walk would cause the merit of the society to shine forth." We may never reach the ideal, for people are so made that there cannot always be unity of action, but by every one performing his duty we can approach the ideal. Each member should not only have enthusiasm in the work, but also he should never allow his interest to wane. Some who make good members the first part of the year lose interest and drop out toward the last.

It takes hard work to accomplish the best results, and there are many hindrances in the way of the society doing the most good. In every society we find some members who try to get out of all the work they can. When they are put on duty they either stay away or come so poorly prepared that there is no pleasure in listening to them speak. Staying away from society not only hurts the individual himself, but it also injures the society, for no one likes to get up and speak to empty seats, and especially when he has made every effort to prepare something acceptable.

The habit of putting off preparing a speech for society is another hindrance in the way of accomplishing the best results. When the work is prepared hastily it is very crudely put together, and of course loses a great part of its literary merit. Lack of preparation is too often seen, and we can never hope to accomplish the purpose for which the society was formed unless we give more time to the work.

But one of the greatest obstacles in the way is the lack of responsibility on the part of some of the members. They seem to think that after they have elected the officers they have nothing more to do, and that the officers should run the society altogether. This is a grave mistake. Unless each individual member bears his share of the burden, the society will soon become of little value. Some members take so little interest in the society that they hardly vote on an important question, much less give an opinion on it. The ignorance of parliamentary law shows the utter indifference of some of the members.

The only way to remove these obstacles is by work; so let us all do our best, and when we leave college we will not only realize the benefits derived from having been a member of a literary society, but we will know that the society feels proud in having had our names on her roll.

W. B. Aull. '07.

A Fatal Error

Marie C— was the prettiest and the most popular girl in H—, and, very naturally, had many suitors for her hand. For a long time she favored them all alike; but, after she began to tire of unmarried life, it was seen that she liked John Doe and Peter Smith most.

For several months they struggled for supremacy in Marie's heart. At last, one night John proposed to Marie. In reply, Marie said, "John, I love you, but you know I have always held that my husband should be some big, brave man who had done some heroic deed. To this ideal you do not come up; for, although you are large and handsome, you have never done anything brave. Look! Why have you not done something like Peter Smith's stopping that runaway pony on Main street last Wednesday? I cannot marry you."

"Is that final?"

"Yes. I promised to marry Peter last night."

"Well, Marie, not meaning to cast any reflection upon Peter, I say you do not really love me, or you would not have let appearances of bravery influence you in this matter. Some men who do brave acts are really cowards at heart, but are forced into doing the deed for self preservation. Men who are really brave may go through life with never a chance to show their bravery; but if such an occasion should arise, you may be assured they will prove themselves heroes."

After a few parting words, he left with, as he thought, a broken heart.

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It is the next night, and a terrible storm has been raging for the last twenty-four hours. A large crowd of people are on the beach watching the life-saving crew at work trying to rescue the passengers on a ship which has been driven upon the rocks known as the Devil's Snags. The crew tries again and again to launch the life-boat, but each time the boat and men are thrown back upon the beach. The captain then tries to throw a line to the wreck by means of the howitzer. The first time the line is too short; the second time, the gun bursts from overcharging. Then the captain, with tears in his eyes, says, "Boys, we cannot help them. Be ready to pick up those who are lucky enough to be thrown upon the beach after the breaking up of the wreck."

There is a commotion in the crowd. A young man breaks through and, coming up to the captain, offers to try to swim with a line to the ship. The captain tells him it is sure death upon the rocks, but finally gives him permission to try.

In a few seconds, the young man, stripped and with line tied around his waist, stands upon the beach watching the waves. As a big wave recedes, he plunges into the water;

but after a few seconds struggle he is hurled back upon the shore. After a short rest, he tries again. This time he is successful. The spectators anxiously watch the struggling man. Only now and then, by the flashes of lightning, can they see him. One instant he is seen upon the top of a wave: then for an age, it seems, he cannot be seen until a flash of electricity comes just as he is on top of another wave. He has not been seen for some time and the crowd is beginning to fear that he has succumbed, when the man holding the line feels a tug on it signalling that the swimmer has reached the vessel safely. Upon this being told to the crowd, they give vent to their relief by a yell of praise for the swimmer. A heavy rope is attached to the light one, and is quickly pulled in by the sailors on the wrecked vessel. Soon, the breeches buoy has been put in operation, and all except the hero have been safely transferred to shore. he seats himself in the breeches, he is struck upon the head by a falling spar, injuring him seriously. He, unconscious, is pulled ashore and taken to the hospital. Here he stays for a month, being nursed all the time by Helen Joy, a pretty young lady, who was among the passengers on the shipwrecked vessel.

* * * * * * * * *

Marie C— is sitting at her writing desk in her boudoir just five weeks after John's proposal to her. She is writing a letter to John. She states that after seeing his act of bravery in rescuing the people on the shipwreck, and after seeing the lovelight that was in his eyes when she visited him at the hospital, she realized that she loved him and, therefore, she had broken her engagement with Smith, and her heart was his. Would he come and take it? An interruption occurs. A servant girl comes in bringing the morning mail. Marie sees a letter addressed in John's bold

handwriting. With a cry of joy, she snatches it up and, opening it, takes out an invitation to the marriage of John Doe to Helen Joy.

M. R. K., '08.

A Narrow Escape

In the little town where I spent my boyhood days there lived a man who attracted the attention of the most casual observer. He was about five feet, eight inches in height, and had broad shoulders and well-proportioned limbs. But, strange to say, though he was between the ages of thirty and forty years, and though his face showed not the sign of a wrinkle, his hair was almost as white as snow. As he walked along, his eyes were cast from side to side in sharp, quick glances; and he had the appearance of a dog that is about to receive a severe flogging from his master. It was said that he was deathly afraid of a large knife, and he was never known to enter or to pass closely by our little hardware store, in which there was a display of cutlery.

Once a mischievious playmate of mine stole a carving knife from his mother's table, and, holding it behind his back, walked up to Mr. Jones, the peculiar looking man I have tried to describe, and brandished it in his face. The man trembled like a leaf, turned deathly pale, and swooned. I need not tell you how my playmate's father paid him for his "smartness." It is sufficient to say that the receiver of that payment seldom mentioned the name of Jones again.

For some reason or other—perhaps it was because I was a very timid lad—Mr. Jones seemed to be very fond of me, and often invited me to his home. It was there that he asked me if I knew why his hair was so white; and, on my saying that I did not, he told me the following story:

"When I was a boy I lived on a farm. Nearby there dwelled a farmer, who had a crazy brother living with him.

This man was generally harmless, but at times he was a dangerous person to deal with; so he was kept in the house most of the time. He had studied medicine for a short while and nothing pleased him more than to have people call him doctor.

"One morning my father sent me to his house to deliver a note. As I walked along the dusty stretch of road that led to the place, I thought of the madman and shuddered; but, being a boy that hated even a sign of fear, I soon cast such thoughts out of my mind and continued along my way. When I reached the house, lo and behold! I was met by the lunatic.

"Good morning, Doctor,' said I, determining to put on a bold front. 'Is Mr. Williams at home?'

"'Why—er, yes. He is out in the lot, but will be back in a few minutes. Have a seat."

"'Fine morning," I remarked as I sat on the steps to wait.

"'Yes; but what makes you cough so?' he asked.

"'Oh, just a bad cold I caught the other day,' I answered.

"He then told me that something was wrong with my lungs and that he would examine them. Before I could get out of his reach, he caught me by the arm and dragged me into the house, slamming the door behind us. I screamed and yelled, but no one came to my assistance.

"Then my time of torture began. He strapped me to a narrow table, opened the front of my jacket and commenced tapping my chest with his knuckles. He put his ear upon my chest and listened to the beating of my heart for, what seemed to me, an hour. He then arose, and, shaking his head sadly, left the room. I twisted and turned and jerked in spasmodic efforts to free myself, but to no avail.

"The man soon returned, and in his hand there was a long, sharp carving knife, with which he said he intended to operate on me. 'Oh, Lord! oh, Lord!' I screamed, as his purpose flashed across my brain. 'Oh! God, will no one come to save me!' Just as he came toward me, I heard a step on the piazza. I gave a frantic yell. The next moment I felt a stinging pain in my chest, saw the knife fly up toward the ceiling, and heard a heavy thud on the floor. Then everything commenced to whirl round and round, and I remembered no more.

"When I regained consciousness, I was lying in my bed at home with an ugly gash across my chest. It was a long time before I was allowed to look into a mirror; but when I did I saw that my hair was gray. Since then the sight of a large knife nearly freezes the blood in my veins."

R. G. RICHARDSON, '07.

The Civil Engineer

Some men like agriculture, Others textile colors wear; But I'm for trials and dangers That meet the civil engineer.

Though mountains frown upon him, And the chasms open wide, He will struggle ever onward Till he reach the other side.

He will span the largest canyons Raging waters he'll control, For the acme of perfection Is the engineering goal.

With the transit and the compass, And the tape, and level, too; Civils tackle any problem— Even nature they'll subdue. Then let's struggle onward, classmates;
In our course we'll persevere,
For we hope that some day each
Will be a civil engineer.

—H. C. Twiggs, '09.

A Toper's Paradise

On Wednesday morning, September the 10th, 1897, while employed as a traveling salesman for the Standard Chewing Gum and Tooth-Pick Company, of Chicago, I landed on a small island far out in the Pacific Ocean, which, from its greatest export, was called Sugar Island. The Friday following my arrival I hired a conveyance and made my way through the tropical woods, and by endless acres of rank sugar cane to a small inland town, in which I arrived just as the last bright beam of the setting sun faded into the pale blue of a twilight sky.

After a pleasant night's rest, I awoke and found that the thermometer registered 106° Farenheit in the shade. Scores of unfortunate inhabitants, unable to get cool water during the day, suffered terribly from the excessive heat. Soon after the twelfth hour, the atmosphere became smoky, and the excessive noonday heat began gradually to fall, and continued this during the entire afternoon until nightfall, when the outdoor weather was unpleasantly cool. The sudden rise and fall of the temperature, and the blood-red tint imparted by the setting sun to the distant billowy clouds of vapor hovering like shadowy curtains close over the endless tangles of sugar cane, were both unerring indications of a terrific thunderstorm; but no one suspected, nor even imagined, the great phenomenon which really did occur on the following morning.

On the morning of the following day, as the bell of the only church in the town began to proclaim the hour of

religious service near, and the devout natives began to fill the streets on their way to church, a fleecy cloud, no larger than a man's hand, loomed up above the northwestern horizon; but was noticed by none of the church-goers, all of whom were busily engaged discussing the unprecedented heat of the previous day.

It being a beautiful day, I decided to take a walk down the main street, and view more closely the architecture of the straw-thatched cottages while their owners were at church. My walk soon brought me to a small, dirt-floored building in which a large audience was patiently awaiting the arrival of their beloved minister.

An aged native, who was standing at the door, spoke to me in English, and very politely invited me to go with him into church and join in the worship.

Soon after we had taken our seats inside the house of God I noticed, through the door, that it was raining, and that a very peculiar looking white man, who afterwards proved to be an American missionary and the minister of that church. was hurrying across the street towards the church. This godly man came stumbling up the aisle with his lank form towering and staggering like the mast of an unbalanced ship, his usually pale, calm face flushed, his blood-shot eyes dancing and glistening like live coals, his skinny hands uplifted, and his usually soft voice raised into such harsh tones with violent oaths, that the ignorant natives were startled into semi-spasms. As soon as his violent outburst of oaths abated, he called to his hearers in a fiendish voice, "Repent! Believe! And die to-day, for it is raining hell and damnation outside." More bewildered than ever, the ladies of the audience moved nervously on the wooden benches, while the raving minister continued his unearthly discourse about "hell, damnation, fire-water," and a thousand other silly thoughts of a crazy man. The longer he

talked the more and more violent he became. He stamped, and cursed, and jumped until, in a violent fit, he kicked over his pulpit and threw the holy book of God through the low straw roof of the church. The attention of the audience was suddenly drawn from the minister to a rather old and extremely hideous native woman, who came running and jumping into the church like a maddened wild man. She hugged, kissed, slapped or did something to every one near her, and, between breaths, screamed out warnings against the damnable rain which was falling in torrents on the outside. She was followed by three or four others, who acted more like escaped lunatics than sane men and women.

Thinking the place most too noisy, and the crowd too excited, I moved to the door, and watched, with a shudder, the sickening proceedings for the next few minutes.

The opening knocked through the top of the church by the preacher soon let in a large puddle of the peculiar rain, which, by evaporating, filled the church with a peculiar enlivening odor, which was immediately recognized by my accustomed nose as that of ethyl alcohol. One of the most pitiable of all scenes resulted. Mothers, fathers, brothers, sisters, old and young, large and small, all joined in the drunken tumult. Fighting, cursing, crying, kissing, laughing, and every other conceivable, ridiculous caper which could have been thought of by as many raving maniacs, were done by this raving assemblage.

With a shudder of mingled disgust and pity, I turned and walked rapidly towards my hotel, wishing at every step that I had never landed on this detestable island where God sent people more "booze" than they could drink.

Because of my unusually strong constitution, and former addiction to intoxicating beverages, I did not succumb as quickly to the pungent vapors as did the fragile natives and

pious parson. My period of perfect consciousness was of but short duration, however, for as I neared the hotel my brain began to whirl, my feet became entangled, and my vision became so blurred that I could see about a dozen objects where, in reality, there was only one. The stifling fumes filed my nostrils and lungs with a drunkening odor. and the alcoholic rain, as it poured upon me, seemed to penetrate my back and set up a whirling in my stomach unequalled by an electric motor. In this frightening dilemma, I reeled through the doorway of the hotel, scrambled up to my room, and fell, like a ton of brick, across my bed. How long I stayed there I do not know, for I remember only that when I awoke it was night, the house below me was in a riotous uproar, and my body was racked with a semidelirious sickness that only a drunkard can imagine. times Sol, on his daily journey across the sky, loomed up above the eastern hills, and sank in the evening into the unfathomable depths of the mighty Pacific on the west, and still my head roared with the din of a delirious battle, and my feeble body trembled with a nauseating sickness unparalleled by anything in the annals of suffering.

On the morning of the fourth day after my misfortune, I tottered feebly down the stairway, and found nearly all of the inmates of the hotel, though partially recovered from their drunkenness, were either as morbid and gloomy as ghosts, or as irritable as rattlesnakes. The air, which only a few days before was filled with the sickening fumes of evaporating alcohol, was now as pure and fresh as that which cools the summits of the highest peaks of the Rocky Mountains. The exquisite and variagated tropical land-scapes, which had, upon my arrival, excited my most profound admiration, were now nothing more than beds of wilted flowers and fields of prostrate sugar cane.

Being of a rather curious nature, and not knowing the source of the shower of alcohol. I decided to make an investigation to clear up, if possible, this mystery. After examining numerous possible sources in the immediate vicinity from which I had not been able to deduce any clue, I strolled off to a nearby sugar cane field and found, by close observation and by the knowledge of a certain small amount of chemistry, that the juicy stalks were in a fermented state. Further and closer investigation led me to the following solution of the mystery: The sugar cane, being in a semi-ripe condition, was fermented by the excessive heat of Saturday; the resulting alcoholic juices, by evaporation, escaped into the air; these fumes were condensed in the cooler upper strata of air and formed into the fleecy cloud, that I had noticed on Sunday morning and fell as that shower of bewildering fire-water. F. B. W., '08.

Immigration and the Labor Problem

Due to the great prosperity that the South is now and has been enjoying for the past few years, there is an unquestionable demand for labor. While this demand is more or less general throughout the Southern States, it is more intense in the farming districts and cotton mill centers. And it is the scarcity of labor in these two industries, aided by those of the North who are anxious to shift their slum population to other parts of the country, from which the cry has arisen: "The South needs immigrants."

In response to this so-called need a people whose race origin is very different from ours are now being induced to settle in our midst. Is it likely that this sought-for horde of foreigners will supply this temporary demand for labor and help the South economically? If we compare the progress of the South, since the close of the war between the

States, with that of the North, which has been receiving immigrants during that same period at the rate of a million a year, we must answer this question negatively, for, without foreign assistance, the increase in our population and labor supply is greater than that of the North. And in every particular our growth and progress have been so rapid that the South now stands in population and valuation of property above where the whole United States stood just fifty years ago.

But the great commercial spirit of this age has caused us to grow impatient and unwilling to wait for the attainment of a population sufficient to develop our material resources to the fullest extent. While it is true that skilled labor is needed in certain industries, except from parts of the South which seek farm laborers who have families and who bring some money, intending to make a permanent settlement, there is no need for immigrant labor. This fact has been brought out in the reports of different investigating committees of immigration during the past two years. Viewed from the standpoint of the profits of their business, there has been, is now and always will be a demand for the cheapest labor on the part of railroad companies, mine owners, corporations and all other large employers of labor. The majority of those who are uttering the cry for labor, whether or not they want one or a thousand laborers, want men whose standard of living is lower than the average American; they want laborers who will serve the purpose that the negro has served so long. In fact, they want laborers who will do that work which we are no longer willing to do ourselves. Those who fulfill this purpose for small wages must be, undoubtedly, a people whose standard of living is degraded and who are not kindred to our race.

It is claimed that, under the present laws and system of selection, we are enabled to secure a desirable class of immigrants, and thus avoid the troubles with which the North is now contending because of the degraded classes she has imported. This seems impracticable, for a people whom we consider desirable for assimilation cannot be induced to emigrate except in limited numbers. And besides, the majority of this desirable class who come to our shores bring money with them, and have a standard of living and ideas of life not inferior to ours. Compartaively few of them have any idea of becoming permanent laborers, much less servants to us. They have certain fixed ideas to become owners of property and employ laborers themselves. This class of people should be considered, therefore, as our competitors, rather than as our servants. And the only way in which we may be benefited is by competition, which tends to increase the value of property. But in spite of all precautions taken, the majority of those we are getting are not the type just mentioned, but are uneducated, have a low standard of living and are unskilled in the different industries in which they are expected to engage when they arrive here. Very few of them know anything about cotton mill work or farming. In fact, only a small per cent. of them locate on the farms, but crowd into the small towns and cities where they are not needed. It is true the distribution of this degraded type of foreigners in sufficient numbers throughout the Southern States may tend to supply the demand for labor, but there are other questions of economic importance to be taken into consideration while we are stocking the South with a degraded and cheap class of laborers.

Even though we were assured that the importation of foreigners would solve the labor question and hasten the development of our resources, it would be an unwise policy to follow because of the injustice to the workingmen. Immigration tends to lower wages and the standard of living.

This has been shown by the fact that during those periods of increased immigration wages decreased; and it has been further verified by numerous appeals to Congress for further restriction of immigration, on the part of those who are interested in the welfare of the laboring classes. The majority of immigrants, who are now engaged in the large industries of our country, are willing to crowd into small huts with unsanitary surroundings, eat poor and unwholesome food and thus live as no self-respecting American would. In this way they are enabled to accept wages with which American laborers cannot compete. The labor unions are chiefly composed of skilled workmen, and these are the ones who suffer most in competition with the newcomers. In times of commercial depression, the skilled workmen are obliged, temporarily, to engage in unskilled work. Since the Amercian producer and manufacturer are protected against foreign competition by tariff laws, it is only right that the workingmen should be protected against foreign pauper labor. For it is not the corporations, but the laboring classes of our country who need protection.

There seems to be a popular idea now that immigration is not only a solution of the labor question, but that it is the only means of combating the race problem. Without doubt the negro has been a very economical and satisfactory laborer, and it should not be expected that any class of immigrants will ever take his place in the South under similar wages and mode of living. But he is no longer willing to accept the conditions as formerly, and it is folly to think that any one else will do so. It is true that there is a great tendency to idleness in the towns and cities among the negroes, and thus labor is difficult to control under present conditions. But there is yet a supply that can be brought into service by proper handling and proper business policies.

On the other hand, labor conditions cannot be improved through the channel of immigration, for the addition to our native population of a people who are really more undesirable than the negro, will increase the race prejudice, because of the competition that prevails in the labor field. And thus the problem will become more complicated, and soon the South will be burdened with a second race problem to combat.

The addition of millions of immigrants to a country, as are entering the United States annually, may add to the strength of its social and political institutions and raise the standard of citizenship. On the other hand, while increasing the wealth of some individuals, it may cause social degredation, political troubles and social deterioration. The South may expect the latter effect from the few that are now coming and the hordes that are likely to come in the near future; for the greater number of them are descendants of the degraded races of Southeastern Europe, or are the dregs of numerous other countries.

There are unbounded opportunities in the South for the right kind of immigrants. And to those who are kindred to us, who will become tillers of the soil, and work honestly for their living, there should be a warm welcome. But to those degraded classes, whom foreign countries, the North, and steamship companies would gladly dump upon us, and whom the employers of labor in the South are so eager for, our gates should forever remain closed. For it is certainly an unfortunate immigration of the twentieth century that relieves one part of a country and burdens another. Unfortunate indeed is it that the property-holders are increasing their fortunes by stocking the South with an inferior and cheap class of laborers, while the workingmen are being robbed of their rights and the citizenship of our country is being lowered by the evil effects of immigration.

B. D. C., '07.

April Fool

And it came to pass, that while the king slumbered and slept, the soldiers waked in the dead of night and began to plan what they might do to make the king unhappy. They sent a watch to find out where the guard and keeper of the king's storehouse might be, and he returned with the welcome news that the guard was asleep. When they found that this was true, they crept silently past the sleeping guard and out into the night—and proceeded to make merry in many ways. One who was much bolder than the others, climbed into the king's cellar and secured for his comrades much fine wine and liquors, which they hastily drank. This done, they stole from house to house, doing what they might, and seeking what they might carry away. Each succeeded in finding a horse and saddle, save one poor unfortunate, who had to be content to ride an ox.

Suddenly, they came upon a great estate, hedged about with large beds of beautiful flowers. They would have fled. thinking they were in the castle grounds, but the leader assured them, saying, "Who is this that doth adorn his grounds as does the king? We will beard the lion in his very den." So saying, they all dismounted and advanced slowly. Now when they had come nigh unto the house. suddenly it was lighted with many large and beautiful lights -until the night shone almost as day. A gruff voice demanded, "Well, sir, who shall disturb me at this hour. Doth not the law of the king say that a man shall protect his own?" The soldiers were not at all frightened, for by this time the wine had taken effect, and they cried out as if in one voice, "Get thee back into thy mansion, and there take thy rest." But he spake a second time, not with his mouth, but with a great gun, which made the very earth quake. The soldiers, seeing their grave danger, prepared to depart: but, remembering that self-defense was also the king's law, they returned, and began all the more to shoot, and make much noise. By this time the keeper's household were awakened, and implored him not to kill the soldiers. He made no reply, but stood bravely upon his threshold until the coming of the dawn. Seeing his watchfulness, the soldiers retraced their steps, and sought mischief in other regions.

They goeth straightway into the great court room of the castle, and taketh away all the costly seats set about for the king and his men, and in their places did put small stools such as are used by the milkmaids, and displayed great signs, that each man might know his place. The throne of the king they also removed; and, instead, put a small handwagon, such as is used to haul stones, with the king's name thereon.

While the more bold ones were doing this, others were hiding secret alarms, set so they would disturb the king's morning worship.

Seeing that all this was well, they climbed into the great tower where hangs the king's clock. The entrance was barred by many heavy doors and great locks, but the soldiers hastily beat them down and climbed high into the steeple. When they had reached the great bell which strikes the watches of the night, they began to toll it with great ceremony. This was the appointed signal for the gunners below to fire their muskets, which had been loaded with much powder and noise.

Now when the chief magistrate heard all this great noise, he was much alarmed, and straightway he calleth his guard to know if all is well in camp. The guard, having been asleep all the while, answered back that all was well indeed around camp. This pleased the magistrate very much, and he returneth once more to his slumbers.

Ere this, the night was far spent; and the soldiers tethered

their horses in a forest near by, and silently stole into camp and to sleep.

When the king awoke next morning, he seeth the mischief wrought by the soldiers, and he setteth his servants about to undo it. They did well their task, but not knowing of the hidden alarm, they found them not. When the king's officer getteth up to offer morning sacrifice, the alarm doth create such a disturbance as to greatly trouble the king.

He calleth his officers and magistrates together in council immediately, to seek out the guilty ones that they might be punished, but one who was more thoughtful than the others sayeth, "My lord, truly this is 'All Fool's Day,' and under the law thou cans't hold no one accountable." He remembereth, and in dismay sends his officers about their duties. Now the one who had watched upon his threshold all night made great complaint; but the king chided him, saying that he would hear no evil report.

And it came to pass after many days that the event was forgotten, and the king became happy again.

Present Conditions in China

In an age of big things—an age when transformations of the most vital importance are daily occurring at our very doors, changes in thought, feeling, action and mode of living—perhaps no greater example is to be found than those taking place throughout the Chinese empire. The old empire, just beginning to arouse from her slumbers of the past thousands of years, is shaken and tossed throughout her length and breadth. Scarcely has she yet realized the power lying dormant within her borders. The awakening is manifesting itself in many ways, the most important of which is the new learning and freedom of thought so recently introduced in the empire. The old style of learning,

embracing Confucianism, the traditions of their forefathers, and various worthless forms, has, by a single edict of its emperor, been abolished.

Western learning has supplanted it, and all applicants for government positions are now forced to stand an examination in modern learning. A universal thirst for knowledge has sprung up in China. Colleges and high schools have been established everywhere, but are unable to accommodate the millions of young China, and many of them are going over to the Japanese schools. Besides the regular literary schools, we find some offering scientific training, and often including military drill. In this connection it may be mentioned that a large standing army, distributed throughout the empire, is being organized. Two provinces alone now have an army of 150,000 men.

The common people are granted more liberty, and are soon to have a representative assembly. Courts are being introduced, with the prospect of more justice being meted out in the future. Railroads, the index of commerce and prosperity in any country, have as yet threaded but a comparatively small portion of the empire. Yet 9,000 miles are already built, and elaborate schemes in road building are under way.

Having considered some of the ways in which China is advancing, we naturally inquire as to the probable result, which leads us to take into account the resources of the country.

China's population is immense. During the past hour 1,409 of her people have ceased to breath. Her 400,000,000 people offer unbounded opportunities, once some definite and effective work is secured for them. Extending from tropical climes of the south, to the frozen plains of Manchuria, almost every variety of soil and climate is to be found, favorable to the development of the nation along many

different lines. Hilly and mountainous country, along with plains, tend to further diversification in her resources, and make possible the growing of many different plants. Were it not for this fact, and the remarkable fertility of the soil, China's immense population, amounting in some provinces to 840 per square mile, could not exist.

Nature has favored this country in many ways, but perhaps most liberally in mineral resources. The precious metals are often found in abundance, and coal and iron are deposited in immense quantities in various parts of the empire. A fact of importance is that these two great necessities of every nation are here in close proximity to each other, avoiding the expense of transporting the raw material. They are easily mined, and coal is secured in some places at 13 cents per ton.

Along the east extends a coast line of 2,000 miles, with spacious harbors, while her inland transportation facilities are aided by numerous rivers. In addition, the latter afford irrigation for the agricultural regions, and water power fo manufacturing industries.

What may we expect from such a nation? Her millions form a cheap and abundant supply of labor, which, under competent management, may place her manufacturing industries in formidable competition with the Western World. Or should her people incline to war and conquest, perhaps no nation would be able to withstand her attacks. The evident duty of the present powers, as far as possible, is to see that China is so educated, in her present great awakening, that she may not carry beyond reason any power which she may gain.

J. W. L., '08.

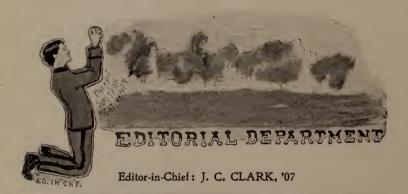
The Clemson College Chronicle

FOUNDED BY CLASS OF 1898

Published Monthly by the Calhoun, Columbian and Palmetto Literary Societies of Clemson Agricultural College

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Contributions solicited from the Faculty, Alumni and Students of the Institute. All literary communications should be addressed to the Editor-in-Chief. All business communications should be addressed to the Business Manager. Subscription price, \$1.00 in advance. Our Advertising Rates are as follows:



The Press Association The meeting of the College Press Association is over, and many are wondering as to just what was accomplished. We are a little

doubtful about this ourselves, and afraid that the real purpose and aim of the founders of the Association was not carried out. This was due mainly to the extremely disordered state in which these founders left the Association. First of all, the constitution had to be completely revised,

it being found inadequate and incoherent in every respect. No one had been assigned a specific duty, and consequently no one was prepared to do more than transact the routine business of the convention. The social feature of the program seemed to be the main feature, and a very enjoyable one to all concerned. However, the convention was not a failure. Although there were no public discussions of the different phases of magazine work, there was an exchange of ideas in the general convention of the representatives that cannot be other than helpful. Especially is this true of the under-classmen, who will be on their magazine staffs next

The most serious drawback was that none of the magazines sent enough representatives—some of them sending none at all. Now we hope that next year the constitution will be construed literally, and every magazine be required to send at least two representatives. Only in this way can the greatest good be derived from the conventions, for the greatest good is derived through the exchange of ideas, both on the rostrum and in private talk.

To the New Staff

With the passing of this issue of the Chron-ICLE, the old staff gives way to a new, and we trust, equally earnest and zealous one. this new staff we would say, keep the CHRONICLE on a progressive plane as it has been for the last five years; give it your most earnest service from first to last, and you will find that the experience and training you get will more than repay your trouble; make of the CHRONICLE a magazine worth a thinking man's trouble to read, not a silly record of jokes and athletic notes; this is the medium through which the literary talent of the college should be exploited, make it worthy of this ideal conception; last but not least, start in time to gathering your material for the next issue.

The Chronicle will enter upon a new policy next year, which will necessitate a little hard work on the part of the literary staff. We have decided to cut out all local items, in fact, the whole local department, and make of the Chronicle a more literary magazine. To do this, the literary department must be fuller, not of mere material, but of creditable poems, stories and essays.



Editors

W. B. AULL, '07 S. H. SHERARD, '08

As this is the last issue of The Chronicle for this year, we take this opportunity to let our friends know what our exchanges think of us. We hope that the criticisms received will act as an incentive to better work, and that by the end of next year The Chronicle will be as near perfection as it is possible for a college staff and student body to make it. So here's to the success of all our exchanges, and may they during the next year do better work than they have ever done before.

The Winthrop College Journal for April is above its usual standard. "The Leader of the White Eagle Tribe" is a very interesting story of a brave Indian chief. "Six Love Letters" is quite an amusing little story and is told in an entertaining manner. "Her Reward" is also a very entertaining story and is well written. There is, however, a lack of solid matter in the literary department. "Reflections" is one of the best poems along its line we have seen lately. The Y. W. C. A. and local departments are very good.

The Red and White is not as good as some of its previous issues. The stories, however, deserve special commendation.

The Orange and Blue devotes too much space to athletics in proportion to the literary part. Otherwise the magazine is above its usual standard.

One of our best exchanges for April is the *College of Charleston Magazine*. "Centralization vs. State's Rights" is a very strong article and deserves special mention. "A Modern Kidnapping" is a very interesting story and is well expressed. Altogether the magazine is one of the best we have received from Charleston College this year.

The Kalends is one of our best exchanges, and the editors are to be contgratulated on the April issue.

We have received the following April exchanges: Winthrop Journal, Red and White, The Kalends, Our Monthly, Black and Magenta, The Journal, The College Reflector, The Trinity Archive, Converse Concept, Guilford Collegian, Charleston College Magazine, Orange and Blue.

From Our Exchanges

THE CLEMSON COLLEGE CHRONICLE (Clemson, S. C.) for the month of December is complete in all of its departments. "The Mission of the Author" and "A Tribute to Woman" are two forcible and well-written articles. "The Substitute" is a pathetic little story. A debate on the question, "Resolved, That the women of South Carolina should have the same political rights as the men," is very interesting, and shows some good work on the part of the debaters. The exchange department is very full of interesting comment, which we commend.—Newberry Stylus.

We are always glad to welcome The Clemson College Chronicle. Its contents are interesting and well written. —W. W. C. R.

- 1 The University of Virginia Magazine, Virginia.
- 2 The Yale Literary Monthly, Connecticut.
- 3 The Randolph-Macon Monthly, Virginia.

- 4 The North Carolina University Magazine, North Carolina.
 - 5 The Wesleyan Literary Monthly, Massachusetts.
 - 6 The Georgia, Georgia.
 - 7 The Mercerian, Georgia.
 - 8 THE CLEMSON COLLEGE CHRONICLE, South Carolina.
 - 9 The Palmetto, South Carolina.
- 10. The Wofford College Journal, South Carolina.— Honor Roll, by University of South Carolina.

Among the November Exchanges we find with pleasure "The Clemson College Chronicle. Both a "Fatal Boat Ride" and "Bell" are very good and are well written, but they end as do so many similar stories, by making the hero and heroine marry. The best article, by far, of this issue is "The Call of Duty." The writer showed that he had expended time in the preparation of this timely article. The writer gives, as the two colossal giants of power, "the father of the almighty dollar, pouring at the feet of the nation his rich promises of great commercial influences" and "Duty, whose only aspiration is for the honor of the nation." Which shall we choose? As was suggested, may America's sons and daughters strive to make her not only the greatest and grandest nation, but also the best.—The Erskinian.

THE CLEMSON CHRONICLE is one of the most interesting magazines that comes to our table. We can always count on some colleges for good journals, and Clemson is one of them. As a rule, all the departments are well edited; but we are sorry to say that there is lack of poetry from the students in the November number. The stories "Bell" and "The Christmas Mail" deserve especial mention.—The Criterion.

THE CLEMSON COLLEGE CHRONICLE: This magazine makes its appearance in a very attractive cover. It is one of

the neatest and best arranged magazines we have received this year. "Killed by Wolves" is a delightful piece of fiction. This is followed by a very sensible article, called "A Substitute for Examinations," which is good argument for the abolition of examinations. "A Fatal Boat Ride" is a love story of the ordinary sort and does not deserve the space given it. "Bell" can be excused, since it brings out a case of reform. "The Call of Duty" is a very good oration. "The Story of a Crime" and "The Christmas Mail" are readable. The departments are excellently arranged.— Wake Forest Student.

We are proud to receive this month The Clemson College Chronicle. It contains seventy-three pages of good reading matter. "The Awakening of the Far East" and "The Test" are two interesting articles. The last named is a good romance. The Chronicle is nicely printed on good paper, and will always be a welcome visitor.—Hendrix Mirror.

"Love Versus Riches" in The Clemson College Chronicle for January is an unusually good story. The plot is well worked out and the interest is sustained to the end. The story is told with a charming simplicity. The Chronicle contains an interesting account of the funeral of John C. Calhoun, taken from The Charleston Mercury of April 27, 1850.—University of North Carolina.

THE CLEMSON COLLEGE CHRONICLE is, as usual, very good, but there is a lack of poetry. The only poems in the January issue are taken from the exchanges, but the other departments are well represented.—Lucy Cobb Magazine.

"The Call of the South," in The Clemson College Chronicle, appeals to all Southern hearts. It is well written and shows the South in its true light at the time of the

war and during the reconstruction period. Southerners never grow tired of stories of the war and their hearts thrill with love and patriotism at the mention of the cause which is so dear to the Southern heart.—*Brenau Journal*.

The December CLEMSON CHRONICLE is above its usual standard in both quantity and quality. It contains several good illustrations, which add greatly to the attractiveness of the magazine.—Winthrop College Journal.

THE CLEMSON COLLEGE CHRONICLE comes to us well organized and well balanced. Stories, poems and essays are all included in the literary department. The debate is well worth reading. Probably the article that interests more than the others, however, is "The Mission of the Author." Through its writers is shown the intellectual status of a country and surely the mission of an author is to upraise, to help the individual and the nation to better, nobler things.— The Spectrum.

The exchanges we received from South Carolina are all of a high standard, and particularly does THE CLEMSON CHRONICLE stand in the category of first-class journals. The December copy is no less entertaining than attractive. The articles have the virtue of being concise and explicit, thus compelling and holding our attention. We are given a paper forcibly recounting the widespread influence exercised by novelist and poet; a tribute to woman that is expressed as eloquently as the theme is inspiring; and a survey of advancements made along various industrial lines during the last sixty years. This last is a broad subject to be sure, yet it is here handled in a terse manner. We would accord the palm of victory to the negative side of the published debate, although the opposite party advances some arguments of weight. THE CHRONICLE'S collection of stories number none that are wholly bad. "The Test" bears

the mark of being the work of an amateur, nevertheless, this tale of brave sacrifice is above the average sentimental love story. After beginning "Black Ghost Island" the reader is positive that the adventure will develop to be a dream, yet this foresight of the termination detracts nothing from the interest of the narrative. In "The Substitute" we recognize an old theme presented in a clever setting. The Chronicle is well balanced by three poems, each of which, after drawing some picture, deduces a practical moral.—The Mountaincer.

The literary department of The Clemson College Chronicle is especially strong in the November issue. "Killed By Wolves" is vividly written and the interest of the reader is closely held throughout. It is quite a relief when, after the thrilling fight between the Indian and wolves the author tells us that it was only a dream. The magazine also contains some clever poems under the title of "Clippings."—The Spectrum.

THE CLEMSON COLLEGE CHRONICLE is well balanced, each department being well attended to. The exchange and athletic departments are especially worthy of note.—*Orange and Blue*.

The Clemson Chronicle for January came too late for us to review it in our last issue, so we will have the pleasure this month. We regret to say that our neighbor does not come up to its usual enviable standard this time. The literary department contains four articles, only two of which are original, and those two are stories. The spirit of poetry is distinctly on the wane in this and other college magazines. The "Letter from the Philippines" is interesting in itself, and then it is a change. It is especially appropriate that the article on Calhoun should reappear in The Chronicle. "Love versus Riches" is as old as love and riches in its plot,

and is very romantic; yet somehow it is not so distasteful as many others of its type. The story lacks grammatical correctness. "Out of the Mists" bade fair to be a real immigration story, but instead proved one of true psychological delicacy. It was with great interest that we followed Max's spiritual conflict and the gradual unfoldment of his soul which led to its final triumph. It is a positive pleasure to read the editorial departments—something which can be said of few of our exchanges. The exchange editors especially have the "get up and get" which characterizes their college.—Issaqueena.

The Clemson College Chronicle contains one piece, which is written on a subject which never has and never will fail to interest the true Southerner, and we heartily commend its author for the clear and concise manner in which the Ku Klux Klan is defended. However, the "Jesuit Mate" is not so good. It seems to us to be written too much after the pattern of the "Nick Carter Weeklies," and we advise the writer to devote his energies to some other line of work. The business manager is to be congratulated on the attractive cover he has on the magazine. It adds greatly to its appearance.—Hampden-Sidney Magazine.

CLIPPINGS

POOR PETE.

There was a young fellow named Pete
Who was so exceedingly neat,
When he rose from his bed
He would stand on his head
To keep from soiling his feet.

--Ex.

NO MONEY IN POETRY.

A North Carolina farmer whose hog was killed by a train wrote the company's claim agent for a settlement. Being somewhat of a "poet" he penned his communication thus:

Dear Sir:

My razorback strolled down your track A week ago to-day;
Your Twenty-nine came down the line And snuffed his light away.
You can't blame me—the hog, you see, Slipped through a cattle gate.
So kindly pen a check for ten, This debt to liquidate.

He was rather surprised a few days later to receive the following:

Old Twenty-nine came down the line
And killed your hog, we know;
But razorbacks on railroad tracks
Quite often meet with woe.
Therefore, my friend, we cannot send
The check for which you pine.
Just plant the dead; place o'er his head,
"Here lies a foolish swine."

-Ex

A poor guileless young cadet, On the team did place a bet; Being outscored, He'll pay his board, Some time soon, not yet!

GIVING AWAY THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

- "What is the secret of success?" asked the Sphinx.
- "Push," said the Button.
- "Never be lead," said the Pencil.
- "Take pains," said the Window.
- "Always keep cool," says the Ice.
- "Be up-to-date," said the Calendar.
- "Never lose your head," said the Barrel.
- "Make light of everything," said the Fire.
- "Do a driving business," said the Hammer.
- "Aspire to greater things,' said the Nutmeg.
- "Be sharp in all your dealings," said the Knife.
- "Find a good thing and stick to it," said the Glue.
- "Do the work you are suited for," said the Chimney.

RATHER PERSONAL.

A college freshman named Hagar was constantly plagued by his fellow-students, perhaps because he was non-combative and excessively diffident.

On Sunday when he escorted the president's daughter to chapel, the grinning and winking and nudging drove the poor fellow almost frantic; but the climax of his misery was reached when the president arose in the pulpit, and in a sonorous voice announced the text, "Genesis, twenty-first chapter and seventeenth verse: "What aileth thee, Hagar?" "Lippincott's Magazine.

A SAILOR'S EPITAPH.

This sailor shook the mortal coil Amid the tempest's roar, For what he took for alcohol Was H₂SO₄

-Ex

PROOF OF ANCIENT ORIGIN OF BASEBALL.

In Genesis we read of the beginning.

Eve stole first, Adam second.

Cain made a base hit.

Abraham made a sacrifice.

Noah put the dove out on a fly.

The prodigal son made a home run.

David struck out Goliath.

We read of foul flies in Pharaoh's time.

We know Rebecca kept company with a pitcher.

Judas was a base man.

Jehu's team is highly praised.

We hear of the Egyptians' short stop in the Red Sea.

Ruth and Naomi did good field work.

A slave fanned Pharaoh.—Ex.

"To shave your face and brush your hair,
And then your Sunday clothes to wear—
That's preparation.
And then upon a car to ride—
A mile or two to walk beside—
That's transportation.
And then before the door a smile,
And think you'll stay a good long while—
That's expectation.
And then to find her not at home—
That's thunderation."

—Ex.

Old Maid (purchasing music)—"Have you 'Kissed Me in the Moonlight?"

Clerk—"My—er—no; I guess it was the other clerk." — Exchange.

CATECHISM OF A MARRIED MAN.

A married man has been bold enough to write a catechism on the marriage question. The questions and answers are unsurpassed in their cynicism. A few are:

What is marriage?

Marriage is an institution for the blind.

When a man thinks seriously of marriage, what happens? He remains single.

When a man marries, has he seen the end of trouble? Yes, but it is usually the wrong end. What is greater than a wife's love? Her temper.

Do married women suffer in silence? Yes; they all suffer when they may not talk. What is a mother-in-law? See General Sherman's definition of war.—Ex.

CHANGES OF TIME.

One hundred years ago to-day,
With wildernesses here,
With powder in his gun, the man
Went out and got his deer,

But now the thing is somewhat changed,
And on another plan,
With powder on her cheeks, the dear
Goes out and gets the man.
—Ex.

The rain it raineth every day

Upon the just and unjust fellows—

But chiefly on the just because

The unjust steal the just's umbrellas. —Ex.

"WHAT'S THE ODDS."

She thought it safe
To bet a kiss
The team she backed
Would never miss—
It could not lose
An easy game.
But I won out:
I bet the same.

-Ex

A Dutchman, addressing his dog, said, "You vas only a dog, but I vish I vas you; ven you go mit your bed in you shust turn round dree times and lay down; ven I go mit my bed in I hav to lock up de blace, and wind up the clock and put the cat out, and ondress myself, and my frau vakes up and scolds, den de baby vakes up and cries and I haf to valk him mid de house round, den maybe, ven I gets myself to bed, it is time to get up again. Ven you get up, you shust stretch yourself, dig your neck a leedle and you vas up. I haf to light de fire, put on de kiddle, scrap some mit my vife already and get myself breakfast. You play around all day and half plenty of fun. I haf to work all day and hav blenty of drubble. Ven you die you vas dead; ven I die I haf to go to hell yet."

Student—What has become of Tom Johnson? Wasn't he studying with the class last year?

Professor—Ah, yes; poor fellow! A fine student, but careless in the use of chemicals—very. See that discoloration on the ceiling?

Yes.

That's Johnson.—Ex.

Said he: "It is sweeter to give than receive,
Of a whipping this doubtless is true,
But of kissing I cannot believe
It holds good till I've tried it. Can you?"

Said she: "I don't know; let's each give and receive, And so come proof the prop.

Now you give, and I'll take, and we'll leave

That one to decide who cries 'stop!' "—Ex.

"Little drops of bug juice
Little games with chips,
Don't bring you any good,
But causes lots of 'ships.'" —Ex.



Editor: J. W. LEWIS, '08

The Year's Work

As this session draws to a close, we naturally inquire, "What has been accomplished during the past session?" In what ways is the Association better and stronger than a year ago? In no way, perhaps, has there been a more steady and marked advance than in religious meetings and Bible study. Besides the regular Sunday evening services, which have been well attended, there have been three special meetings. The most important and far-reaching of these was the Bible Study Institute, held in November, and attended by over seventy delegates from seven different institutions in the State.

Archdeacon Weber, of Boston, who was here in February, conducted some very effective meetings.

We were fortunate in securing, on May 5 and 6, the services of Rev. H. F. Laflamme, who for eighteen years served as a missionary in India. Experienced and consecrated to his work as Mr. Laflamme is, he could but leave a deep and lasting impression at Clemson.

Many of the present active and influential members of the Association can trace the beginning of their interest and support to the time when they first began work in a Bible class. Owing to this fact, and that an Association cannot be at its best unless its members are engaged in daily Bible study, this department may well serve as an index to the efficiency of the Association work. Over 300 are enrolled in Bible study this year, compared with one hundred and eighty-one last year; and much is being done to form personal habits of daily Bible study. In both this department and the missionary department, a small but valuable reference library has been collected, and will be increased as rapidly as possible.

Somewhat over a year ago, missions were practically unheard of at Clemson. We now have a vigorous and well-organized missionary department, and three classes studying conditions in India, China, and Japan. The college, through the influence of this department, contributes to the supoprt of Mr. C. L. Boynton, the representative in Japan of the State institutions of the Carolinas.

Prayer meetings, held Thursday nights, have been exceptionally helpful to those attending. At the beginning of the year, a schedule, giving the dates of the student leaders, and their topics, was printed and distributed.

Besides the increased social advantages made possible by people on the Hill throwing open their homes to Bible classes, four pleasant socials have been given during the year.

Undoubtedly, a new epoch in the life of the Association has been marked by the establishment of a permanent conference fund, thus enabling many to attend the Asheville conference who could not otherwise do so. An Association cannot accomplish the most efficient work unless a large, representative number of students are enabled to come in touch with the leading religious workers of the day, receiving inspiration and new methods of advancing the work in the home institutions. Looking to this end, a delegation of at least twenty-five will be sent to Asheville in June.

Thorough plans are being made for next year's work, and every effort exerted to take advantage of the opportunity which is now so ripe. Considering the favorable

light in which the Young Men's Christian Association is held by the faculty and the student body, and the fact that next year there will be 200 more students than ever before at Clemson, it is our duty to make it the best year which the Association has ever experienced.

A Significant Religious Force in Southern Colleges—The Student Secretary

BY RALPH M. HARPER.

The student secretary is not sent to a college by the alumni to atone for their sins of old, neither is he secured by the faculty to police the campus, nor is he selected by the student body to serve as college pastor. The college pastor, like the college policeman, has failed to make good.

Perhaps the tide against the college pastor began to turn when Phillipps Brooks refused the offer of college pastor at Harvard in 1881. The tendency to-day is to strengthen the local church and to secure clergymen from elsewhere to preach the college or university sermon each month or on special occasions. At our leading institutions to-day there is a student secretary, who "lives in a house by the side of the road." where he can be a friend of college men. He is selected by a joint committee of students, faculty and alumni, and the trustees. Most of our Southern institutions, both State and denominational, having student secretaries, are helping to support the Association in amounts ranging from \$200, at Vanderbilt University, to \$400 or \$500, at the University of Arkansas or the A. & M. of North Carolina. The trustees of the University of Alabama are planning to appropriate \$400 next year to help secure a student secretary at this institution, which has such a splendid future on account of \$800,000 being added to its endowment during the last two months.

It is interesting to note that practically all of the student secretaries of the South are college graduates. In addition to this, two have taken an A. M.; two, half their seminary courses; three, part of their medical courses; one, is a graduate of a theological seminary; and two are Ph. D. men.

What does the student secretary stand for and what is the significance of his work?

What I shall now say about the student secretary applies to any student Association leader who is up and doing. The same qualities of leadership and actual achievement which the student secretary shows were shown while he was taking his academic work. I use the student secretary because he, with his entire time, is likely to deliver more goods, and with his past experience, is likely to deliver goods of a better quality.

I. Social Service in the College Community.

The first significant thing for which the student secretary should, and in most cases does stand, is social service in the college community. The student secretary, living on the college campus, affiliated with no one student faction and refusing any high seat in the faculty synagogue, is enabled to know college men as they are, and to use his influence and leadership in such a way that college life is brought closer together. The fellows thus know each other better—this is the secret of a genuine college spirit, a good faith in all factions of college life, and a great good will of every college man towards his fellows and towards the faculty.

To create this closer bond of riendship, many Associations are furnishing several rooms, which will serve as a central home for college life. Five college Associations in the South to-day own Association buildings, costing from \$5,000 to \$8,000. The student secretary, by thus being in this center of college life, exerts an influence on the entire college.

In the midst of this home, the secretary is a friend of men; and, after all, is not this what college men long for? As a friend of mine, Edmund McDonald, recently expressed it in "Association Men," "The more I see of men the less faith I have in handshaking. What men want is friendship."

II. Religious Education.

The second significant thing for which the student secretary stands is religious education.

In the past, men studied the Bible because it was inspired. Now they study it because it is inspiring. The secret of the tremendous interest which college men are showing to-day in the study of the English Bible lies partly in the group method. The personality of the leader is another secret of this tremendous interest in Bible study. How Christ-like is this group system of religious education! The student secretary is director of religious education.

In giving the significance of the student secretary's work, I have said little about his personal influence. This personal element of Christ-like character is what keeps the Association machinery from becoming a sounding brass or a clanging symbol. The secretary, therefore, is not a mere "go between" between the different factions of college life, nor is he merely a wooden bridge to span the impassable gulf between the students and faculty. He is not merely superintendent of education, nor a man of great executive ability only.

A thinking man, a man filled with life's enthusiasms, a man with a good faith in life and a great good will toward men, the student secretary stands as a splendid challenge for college men to live the largest life with the spirit and in the name of the man Christ Jesus.—From "The Tar Heel," of May 2, 1907.

A Need for More Prayer

More prayer life is needed in the Association. Do we not incline toward mere mechanical work—too much dependence upon ourselves? It is to be feared that at times we have but little faith in the success of our plans. We have not prayed enough over them. While many more than formerly observe the morning watch, and spend much more time in prayer than they did a year ago, yet the writer's experience is that far from the necessary time is devoted to prayer concerning our efforts. Too often in committee meetings the work is carried through with a hurried, mechanical rush, without thought of a word of supplication for Divine guidance. This is a plain, but lamentable fact. We have the teaching of Scripture, and the examples of the greatest men of the age before us, all speaking for the necessity of closer communion with God. If we are to accomplish the best and most far-reaching results, we must often seek Divine guidance and blessing.

Our General Secretary

Friends of the Association will be glad to know that Mr. Legate will be with us during the coming year. Much of our success of the past two years has been due to his farsightedness and untiring devotion to the work. Better offers have been made him in other institutions, and Mr. Legate will sacrifice much in staying with us. To use an oft-repeated expression, "It is up to us"—each member of the student body and the faculty—to aid Mr. Legate in every way possible, and to exert every effort to make the Association's work and influence during the coming year a marked success.



Editors:
R. O. POAG, '08 J. SPRAT'T, '08

On Tuesday evening, April 30, the play, "A Gilded Youth," was presented, for the benfit of the '08 annual. This was the best exhibition of local talent ever seen here, and was greatly enjoyed by the cadets, as well as by a large crowd of visitors. Mrs. R. E. Lee, under whose direction the production was given, played the part of "Sadie," a maiden of sixteen. Mrs. Klein, as an old maid of 49 years; George Warren, as "Sammie Guilder;" A. T. Beaver, as "Col. Culpepper," the guardian of "Sadie," and C. W. Marston, as "Moses Margin," the New York millionaire, were all highly commended.

The brass quartette, consisting of our bandmaster, Mr. N. G. Peterson, assisted by Messrs. C. M. Trott, E. P. Crouch and A. McDavid; and the specialties of Messrs. J. D. Graham, S. H. Sherard and W. K. Tavel, deserve especial praise.

Immediately after the play, in Memorial Hall, the Junior Dancing Club gave their annual Field's Day hop. Those present were:

Miss Willie Cherry, of Seneca, with Cadet T. C. Heyward; Miss Neila Sloan, of Clemson, with Cadet L. C. Boone; Miss Janie Sloan, of Clemson, with Cadet H. H. Brunson; Miss Annie Richie, of Laurens, with Cadet W. W. Kirk; Miss Elizabeth Richie, of Laurens, with Cadet J. D. Graham; Miss Helen Bradford, of Clemson, with

Cadet C. A. McLendon; Miss Lila Stribling, of Pendleton, with Cadet R. O. Poag; Miss Leize Stribling, of Pendleton, with Cadet T. L. Ogier; Miss Alice Stribling, of Pendleton, with Cadet L. G. Richardson; Miss Bessie Rast, of Orangeburg, with Cadet D. L. Tindal; Miss Katherine Furman, of Clemson, with Cadet S. H. Sherard; Miss Tallulah Crowther, of Abbeville, with Cadet F. B. Wise: Miss Dora Smith, of Knoxville, Tenn., with Cadet R. H. Fike: Miss Louise Fleming, of Greenwood, with Cadet D. P. Folk; Miss Eilleen Jones, of Anderson, with Cadet F. W. Crisp: Miss Fay Sellers, of Greenville, with Cadet G. W. Speer: Miss Smith, of Charlotte, N. C., with Cadet F. W. Smith: Miss Ella Reid, of Pickens, with Cadet W. K. Tavel: Miss Susie Lewis, of Clemson, with Cadet W. N. Wells; Miss Gignilliat, of Seneca, with Cadet F. P. Caughman: Miss Fannie Mae Bettis, of Trenton, S. C., with Cadet C. W. Marston; Miss Marguerite Briggs, of Greenville, with Cadet J. C. Littlejohn; Mrs. R. E. Lee, of Clemson, with Cadet C. W. Rice; Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Tucker, Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Harper; Mr. and Mrs. Winslow Sloan; Mr. and Mrs. F. H. H. Calhoun; Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Bryan.

Others present were: Misses Townes, Margaret Connor, Minnie Wannamaker, Hart, Katherine Trescott, O'Donal and Helen Brackett.

Stags: Cadets Kirven, Phillips, Sullivan, Allen, Stevens, Lewis, Harris, Clarkson, Ryan, Rivers, McCaslan, Cannon, Fraser, Lee, Baker, Roper, Pratt, Harvey, Truluck, Crider, Alverson, Kimbrell, Funchess, McLean, Johnson, Scott, May, Page, Weathersbee, Shuler, Mace, Ezell, Brown, Beaver, Hamilton, Garrett and Bryan; Professors Earle, Henry, Gardner, Brackett, Daniel, Lee, Riggs, Lewis, Dargan and Col. Clay.

Chaperones: Mesdames Clay, Furman, Brackett, Dargan, Riggs, Daniel, Chambliss and Lewis.

A general hop was danced until 12:30, when delightful refreshments were served by Mr. A. Schilleter, after which came a favored german of five figures. Paper hats were the favors for the first figure, and presented quite an amusing spectacle as they bobbed about on the heads of the dancers. Perhaps the most beautiful of all the figures was one danced by the light of a tiny Japanese lantern carried by each person, which gave a mellow glow to the hall.

After the german, the hop was continued until 3 o'clock, when the band of merry-makers dispersed for their homes, all declaring that they had had the very best time of their lives.

"Ichabod" Clark (literary critic): "Mr. —— kept repeating what he had already said."

Sam Ezell (speaking on higher education for women): "If we wish to be worthy ancestors of George Washington—."

Professors P. T. Brodie and D. W. Daniel went to Greenville on April 25 to represent Clemson at the meeting of the Association of Colleges.

Ask Walhalla Harris why he joined the Salvation Army at the Senior reception.

The literary society officers for the fourth quarter are as follows:

PALMETTO. S. F. Reid President S. R. Perrin Vice-President E. L. Hutchins Secretary W. O. Pratt Treasurer

L. G. Richardson Literary Critic J. H. Earle Prosecuting Critic T. D. Eason Reporting Critics L. O. Watson Sergeant-at-Arms
Calhoun.
W. L. Schachte President E. A. Crawford Vice-President R. G. Harris Critic S. H. Sherard Recording Secretary H. C. Wilburn Corresponding Secretary J. D. Graham Treasurer
COLUMBIAN.
D D G .
B. D. Carter
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P. W. Spencer
P. W. Spencer Vice-President J. C. Clark Literary Critic F. P. Caughman Secretary H. W. Moore Treasurer
P. W. Spencer Vice-President J. C. Clark Literary Critic F. P. Caughman Secretary H. W. Moore Treasurer
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P. W. Spencer. Vice-President J. C. Clark. Literary Critic F. P. Caughman Secretary H. W. Moore Treasurer L. Gardner. Reporting Critics O. M. Clark. S. J. Ezell. Prosecuting Critic J. S. Wessinger. Chaplain
P. W. Spencer Vice-President J. C. Clark Literary Critic F. P. Caughman Secretary H. W. Moore Treasurer L. Gardner Reporting Critics S. J. Ezell Prosecuting Critic

Gen. Folk: "How many men are there in the Old Homestead Quartette?"

"Sunny Jim" wants the job of lowering the pilgrims to kiss the Blarney Stone.

"Si" Bond is waiting patiently for an answer to the letter that he mailed in a Charlotte peanut parcher.

"Judge" Moore put five cents in an automatic peanut huller at a candy factory and seemed surprised that he did not receive a bag of the nuts.

"Bing" Farmer (seeing the lights appearing and disappearing in an electric sign in Charlotte): "How long is that man going to stand up there and turn off and on those lights?"

On May the tenth and eleventh, there was held at Clemson the second annual convention of the College Press Association of South Carolina. The delegates from the various colleges were as follows:

Converse, Misses Johnstone, Harris and McMorries; Greenville Female College, Misses Geer and McGee; College for Women, Misses Wallace, Bailey and Mattison; Winthrop, Misses Furman and Reynolds; Wofford, Messrs. Speigner and Switzer; Carolina, Messrs. Bradley and Hart; Erskine, Messrs. Brownlee and Matthews; Furman, Messrs. Glenn and Thompson; Newberry, Mr. Cappelmann.

Business meetings were held on Friday and Saturday, at which were taken up the adoption of a new constitution and the discussion of various matters of interest relating to the work of the association.

On Friday night, the Senior class gave an informal dance, followed by one on Saturday evening by the Juniors.

The convention came to a close on Saturday night with enjoyable banquet, at which the followiing toasts were responded to: "Women's Colleges of South Carolina," responded to by Mr. Hart, of Carolina; "Officers of the Association," by T. D. Eason, of Clemson; "Clemson Hospitality," by Mr. Speigner, of Wofford; "To Hush," by Miss Wallace, College for Women; Toastmaster, F. M. Bradley, of Carolina.

(Apologies to Hohenlinden.)

On Clemson, when the sun was low, All trackless lay the yard of "Jo;" And through the lovely evening glow, No students could be seen.

But "Jo Jo" saw another sight, When Seniors came, at dead of night, Like spectres bold, let come what might, Bent on some April deviltry.

In cap and bathrobe light arrayed, Each Senior, with his battle blade, Beside the standpipe stood and prayed That "Jo" might sleep unguardedly.

Then shook the hills, with thunder riven, Then fled the lads, from ambush driven; For, louder than the bolts of Heaven, Flashed "Jo Jo's" dread artillery.

But redder yet that light did glow, For there, within the yard of "Jo," "Stub" did fire fast and low At "Jo Jo" running rapidly.

The combat deepens. On! ye braves! Who rush not gory to the grave, But, rather, seek yourself to save From "Stub's" revengeful fusilade.

Few, few would stand like "Stub" alone, With "Jo Jo's" woodpile for a throne, 'Till comrades stole back, one by one, To finish out their deviltry.

The Track Team of 1907

The meet with the University of North Carolina marked the close of the most successful track season that Clemson ever had. Manager Taylor, by hard work, secured four meets with outside colleges. Of these four, the Tigers won two easily, and lost two by a very narrow margin—the North Carolina score being practically a tie. When it is remembered that Clemson has only had a regularly organized team for three seasons and that her opponents were among the first colleges in the South to establish this branch of sport, this record is indeed one to be proud of.

What Clemson's team has been able to do the past season has been due more to the training given it by Dr. Calhoun than to anything else. As captain of the University of Chicago's crack team for several years, he gained the practical experience which enabled him to get the best results. The business management of the team has been looked after by Mr. A. B. Taylor, assisted by Mr. D. M. Fraser. How well they have done their work can be seen from the successful season just passed through.

In actual track work, Captain Furtick has been the mainstay of the team. Out of the 263 points scored by Clemson in her four meets, he is credited with 72, or more than a fourth of the total. For an all-round track man it would be hard to find his equal in the South.

The number of points scored by each man and the order in which he comes is given below:

- 1. Furtick, 72 points.
- 2. Warren, 46 points.
- 3. Spratt, 31 points.
- 4. Ballew, 16 points.
- 5. Byrd, Cannon, Marston, 13 points.
- 6. Harris, 11 points.
- 7. Fleming, Gardner, 10 points.

- 8. McLaurin, 7 points.
- 9. Rosborough, Wyman, 6 points.
- 10. Pridmore, 3 points.
- 11. Riser, Rhodes, 2 points.
- 12. Truluck, Hanckel, Boykin, Wyndham, 1 point. Total, 263 points.

The following also did good work during the season, and will very probably be valuable men next year: Poag, McLane, Kelly, Sheely, Walker, Fulmer, Martin, Spratt, W. C., McDermid and Wall.

TECH. 37, CLEMSON 71.

The second meet of the year was pulled off in Atlanta April 18, and resulted in a victory for the Tigers. The following records were made:

100-yard Dash—First, Goodier, Tech.; second, Ballew, Clemson; third, Warren, Clemson. Time, 10 2-5.

Shot-put (16)—First, Furtick, Clemson; second, Gardner and McLaurin, Clemson. Distance, 35.

220-yard Dash—First, Warren, Clemson; second, Ballew, Clemson; third, Robert, Tech. Time, —

One-half Mile—First, Davenport, Tech.; second, Byrd, Clemson; third, Harris, Clemson. Time, 2 min., 17 1-5 sec.

Low Hurdles—First, Furtick; second, Warren; third, Gardner (Clemson). Time, 29.

Hammer (16)—First, Furtick, Clemson; second, Monroe, Tech.; third, Johnson, Tech. Distance, 101.11.

High Jump—First, Goodier, Tech.; second, Spratt, Clemson; third, Legg, Tech. Height, 5.

440 Yards—First, Cannon, Clemson; second, Davenport, Tech.; third, Ballew, Clemson. Time, 57 3-5.

Pole Vault—First, Furtick, Clemson; second, Goodier, Tech.; third, Harris, Clemson. Height, 8.6.

High Hurdles—First, Marston; second, Spratt; third, Riser (Clemson). Time, 18 4-5.

Mile—First, McIntyre; second, Willingham; third, Gray (Tech.). Time, 5.21.

Broad Jump—First, Warren, Clemson; second, Furtick, Clemson; third, Goodier, Tech. Distance, 19.3.

U. of S. C. 12, Clemson 96.

Clemson's meet with Carolina, while not close, yet excited a good deal of interest, as this was the first time in five years that the two institutions have met athletically. They took their defeat in a sportsmanlike manner, and promise to put up a stiffer fight next year. Records:

100-yard Dash—First, Warren; second, Ballew; third, Jones, Carolina. Time, 10 3-5.

16-pound Shot—First, Furtick; second, McLaurin; third, Davis, Carolina. Distance, 36.

220-yard Dash—First, Warren; second, Ballew; third, Jones, Carolina. Time, 23 3-5.

16-pound Hammer—First, Fleming; second, Gardner; third, Haynes, Carolina. Distance, 109.

Pole Vault—First, Furtick; second, Holmes, Carolina; third, Hanckel. Height, 8.8.

High Jump—First, Spratt; second, Hanna, Carolina, and Rhodes. Height, 5.

High Hurdles—First, Spratt; second, Marston; third, Riser. Time, 18 4-5.

Half-mile—First, Byrd; second, Pridmore; third, Heyward, Carolina. Time, 2 min., 16 2-5 sec.

400 Yards—First, Cannon; second, Ballew; third, Jones, Carolina. Time, 55 2-5.

Mile—First, Wyman; second, Harris; third, Boykin. Time, 5 min., 20 2-5 sec.

Broad Jump—First, Furtick; second, Warren; third, Jones, Carolina. Distance, 19.25

Low Hurdles—First, Warren; second, Furtick; third, Rosborough. Time, 28 1-5.

FIELD DAY EXERCISES.

On Wednesday, May 1, there was held the fastest and most exciting inter-class track and field meet ever seen at Clemson. A handsome gold cup was offered by Dr. Calhoun to the class that scored the largest number of points. All the classes were very anxious to gain this trophy, and a large number of new men came out to enter the special relay races—the regular track men not being allowed to enter these. Besides the cup, each winner of a first place was given a gold medal, and each second a silver one.

The events which called forth the most enthusiasm were the half, one and two lap class relay races. The Juniors were victorious in the first two, while the Sophomores carried off the honors in the last. The winning Junior team, composed of Poag, Martin, Lee and Caughman, ran two pretty races and deserved to win. The Sophomores two-lap team, Kelly, Keitt, Hyrne and Spratt, also ran a good race and won out.

In the total number of points scored, the Juniors led, thus winning the coveted trophy cup. The standing of the classes was: Juniors, 50 points; Sophs., 34 points; Seniors, 34 points; Fresh., 14 points; Preps., 5 points.

Several college records were broken. Furtick in the shot put, Harris in the mile and Fleming in the hammer throw—all doing a little better than had been done before. Records:

100-yard Dash—First, Warren; second, Ballew; third. Byrd. Time, 10 4-5.

Shot Put—First, Furtick; second, McLaurin; third. Gardner. Distance, 37.5.

One-lap Relay-First, Juniors. Time, 2.50.

220-yard Dash—First, Warren; second, Ballew; third, Cannon. Time, 24.

Half-mile—First, Byrd; second, Pridmore; third, Walker. Time, 2.17.

Pole Vault—First, Hanckel; second, Furtick; third, Sanders. Height, 8.9.

High Jump—First, Spratt; second, Rhodes; third, Furtick. Height, 5.4.

Half-lap Relay-First, Juniors. Time, 1.18.

Mile—First, Harris; second, Wyman; third, Boykin. Time, 5.14 3-5.

Hammer—First, Fleming; second, Gardner; third, Mc-Laurin. Distance, 118.2.

Quarter—First, Cannon; second, Byrd; third, Curtis. Time, $55\ 2\text{-}5$.

High Hurdles—First, Marston; second, Rosborougn; third, Spratt. Time, 18 3-5.

Broad Jump—First, Warren; second, Furtick; third, Fulmer. Distance, 19.10.

Low Hurdles—First, Warren; second, Furtick; third, Gardner. Time, 28 2-5.

Two-lap Relay—First, Juniors. Time, 7.15 2-5.

U. of N. C. 55, Clemson 53.

As close a meet as it is possible to have, unless a tie, was held between U. of N. C. and Clemson on May 4. The score tells the whole story.

100-yard Dash—First, McNeill, N. C.; second, Davis, N. C.; third, Dunlap, N. C. Time, 10 1-5.

Shot Put (16)—First, Pittman, N. C.; second, Furtick; third, McLaurin. Distance, 40.2 1-2.

High Jump—First, Spratt; second, Dunlap, N. C.; third. Williams, N. C. Height, 5.3 3-4.

220-yard Dash—First, Davis, N. C.; second, McNeill, N. C.; third, Warren. Time, 25.

Hammer (16)—First, Fleming; second, Gardner; third. McLaurin. Distance, 112.2.

Half-mile—First, Lyle, N. C.; second, Harris; third, Everett, N. C. Time, 2.22 3-5.

High Hurdles—First, Marston; second, Rosborough; third, Phillips, N. C. Time, 18 3-5.

Quarter—First, Winborne, N. C.; second, Cannon; third, Truluck. Time, 53 4-5.

Mile—First, Lyle, N. C.; second, Harris; third, Everett. Time, 5.22.

Broad Jump—First, Dunlap, N. C.; second, Warren; third, Furtick. Distance, 20.2.

Low Hurdles—First, Phillips, N. C.; second, Furtick; third, Warren. Time, 28 2-5.

Pole Vault—First, Furtick; second, Pittman, N. C.; third, Wyndham. Height, 8.8.

Baseball

CLEMSON 8, CLINTON 0.

Clemson's second game with Clinton, played on campus April 12th, resulted in another victory for the Tigers. The line-up was the same as in the other games, with the exception of the battery—Wannamaker and Wylie, who both played a good game.

CLEMSON 7, U. of G. 5.

On account of the extremely cold weather and high wind, the first game with Georgia, played in Athens April 13th, was not as good as expected—numerous errors by both teams being responsible for this. L. Bissell's batting was the feature of the game. Box score:

Clemson—	AB	R	Н	РО	Α	E
Bissell, O. H., If	. 3	2	1	2	0	0
Bissell, T., c	. 3	0	1	5	2	1
Lee, 2b	. 5	1	0	5	2	2
Lykes, rf	. 5	0	2	2	0	0
Robertson, ss	. 5	0	0	2	3	2
Barksdale, cf	. 3	2	1	1	0	0
Bissell, L., 3b	. 4	1	3	2	2	1
Coles, 1b	. 4	1	1	8	0	2
Farmer, p	. 4	0	0	0	0	0
		-			—	—
	36	7	8	27	9	8
		_				_
Georgia—	AB	R	Н	PO	Α	E
Martin, ss	. 3	0	0	0	0	2
Foley, rf	. 2	1	1	0	0	0
Derrick, 2b	. 5	1	2	3	1	0
McWhorter, cf	. 5	0	0	0	0	0
Brown, J., c	. 5	0	0	10	2	2
Watson, rf. and lf	. 4	0	0	1	0	0
Hodgson, lf. and 3b		1	1	2	0	1
Cobb, 1b		0	1	10	2	2
Graves, 3b. and ss	. 4	2	2	0	2	1
Brown, W., p	. 4	0	1	0	2	0
Redfearn, p	. 0	0	0	0	3	0.
	—		—	—		—

Summary—Three-base hit, Barksdale; two-base hits, Derrick and T. Bissell; struck out, by Redfearn 1, by Brown 8, by Farmer 5; stolen bases, Lykes, Brown, Cobb, Coles.

CLEMSON 1, ERSKINE 3.

Erskine defeated Clemson, on April 18, in a looselyplayed game on the part of the locals. Clemson failed to hit the ball and Erskine did hit it—hence the score.

Score by innings—									R	Η	E
Clemson	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	01	5	4
Erskine	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	13	8	2

CLEMSON 0, U. of GA. 2.

The fastest game of ball seen on the campus was played here on the 20th, between Georgia and Clemson. The field work of the Tigers was of the highest order, and, but for the Georgians' superior stick work, the game might have had a different ending. Farmer pitched a steady game, and was backed up by the entire team, especially the infield.

Score by innings—									R	Η	E
Clemson	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	00	1	4
Georgia	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	1	02	7	1

THE STATE TRIP.

The trip through the State was not as successful as had been hoped that it would be. Captain Bissell's absence, and the bunged up condition of several of the men was, in a measure, partly responsible for this. Out of the five games played, two were won and three were lost. The first game played at Spartanburg with Wofford was wen by Clemson, the score being 10 to 1.

Score by innings—	R	H	E
Clemson 0 1 0 0 4 3 1 1 0—	-10	15	4
Wofford 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—	- 1	4	4
Fortune deserted Clemson in the second game	, F	urm	an
winning by the score of 10 to 2.			
Caora by innings.	R	H	F

Score by innings—								R	H	E
Clemson0	1	0	0	0	0	1	0	0 2	8	7
Furman0	0	2	3	1	4	0	0	010	7	1

The Furman game did Clemson one good turn, if no more; for it was the cause of the discovery of a pitcher in Clemson's line-up. Robertson, the regular short-stop, tried his hand for a couple of innings against the Lutherans, and did so well that he was put in to pitch against Newberry, Saturday. In this game Clemson recovered her form, and won by the score of 5 to 1. Score:

Clemson—	AB	R	Н	E
Lee, 2b	4	1	0	1
Sandifer, rf	3	1	0	0
Bissell, 3b	4	0	2	0
Lykes, rf	4	1	3	0
Robertson, p	4	0	2	0
Barksdale, cf	4	0	0	0
Wylie, c	3	0	0	0
Coles, 1b	3	1	0	0
Henderson, ss	4	1	0	1
	_	_	_	—
	33	5	7	2
Newberry—	AB	R	Н	E
Newberry— Cabaniss, c	AB	R 1	H 0	E 0
	AB 3			
Cabaniss, c	AB 3 4	1	0	0
Cabaniss, c	AB 3 4 4	1 0	0	0
Cabaniss, c	AB 3 4 4 4	1 0 0	0 1 0	0 0 1
Cabaniss, c	AB 3 4 4 4	1 0 0 0	0 1 0 0	0 0 1 0
Cabaniss, c Boozer, ss Crouch, p Ruff, rf Scurry, lf	AB 3 4 4 4 4	1 0 0 0 0	0 1 0 0 0 2	0 0 1 0 0
Cabaniss, c	AB 3 4 4 4 4 2	1 0 0 0 0	0 1 0 0 2 0	0 0 1 0 0 0
Cabaniss, c Boozer, ss Crouch, p Ruff, rf Scurry, 1f Wessinger, cf Wicker 2b	AB 3 4 4 4 4 4 2 2	1 0 0 0 0 0	0 1 0 0 2 0	0 0 1 0 0 0
Cabaniss, c Boozer, ss Crouch, p Ruff, rf Scurry, lf Wessinger, cf Wicker 2b Habenicht, 3b	AB 3 4 4 4 4 4 2 2	1 0 0 0 0 0 0	0 1 0 0 2 0 0 0	0 0 1 0 0 0 1 1

On the 29th, Clemson and Carolina met for the second time, the game going to the latter this time by the score of 6 to 2.

Score by innings—	Н	E
Clemson 0 0 0 0 0 2 0 0 0—2		
Carolina 0 0 0 4 0 0 0 1 1—6		
The last game of the trip was played against Ersl	kine	at
Due West, and this, too, resulted in a defeat—score	5 to	2.
Score by innings—	Н	E
Clemson 0 0 2 0 0 0 0 0 0—2		
Erskine 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 1 3—5		

CLEMSON BREAKS EVEN WITH TRINITY.

In two interesting games, played at Charlotte on the 4th and 5th, Clemson and Trinity broke even. The first game resulted in a victory for the North Carolinians. Farmer pitched the first game, and Robertson the second—both putting up a good exhibition of ball.

FIRST GAME.

Score by innings—			R	Η	E
Clemson 0 0 2 0	0 (2	0-4	6	2
Trinity 0 2 0 0	0 (1	1—5	14	5

SECOND GAME.

Score:						
Clemson—	AB	R	Η	PO	Α	E
Brown, lf	. 4	0	1	3	0	0
Lee, 2b	. 4	1	2	3	1	0
Robertson, p						
Lykes, rf	. 4	1	1	2	0	0
Russell, 3b	. 4	0	0	0	2	0
Kirby, cf	. 3	0	1	1	0	0
Barksdale, ss	. 3	0	0	0	4	0
Wylie, c	. 3	0	2	4	0	1
Coles, 1b	. 3	0	0	13	0	1
	_		_			_
	32	3	8	27	10	2

Trinita	ΛD	D	T.T	PO	Λ	T. ⁴
Trinity—	AB	K	П	PU	A	E,
Puryear, 1b	. 4	0	1	9	0	0
Smith, ss	. 4	0	0	3	2	0
Wrenn, c	. 3	0	0	6	0	0
Suther, 2b	. 4	0	0	1	2	0
Flowers, cf	. 2	0	0	1	1	0
Webb, rf	. 3	0	0	2	0	0
Bivens, 1f	. 3	0	1	1	0	2
Lane, p	. 3	0	0	1	0	1
Asbury, 3b	. 2	0	0	0	2	0
	_	_	_		_	_
	28	0	2	24	7	3

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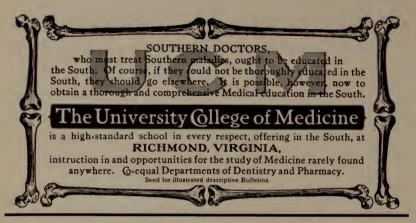
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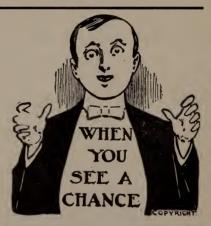
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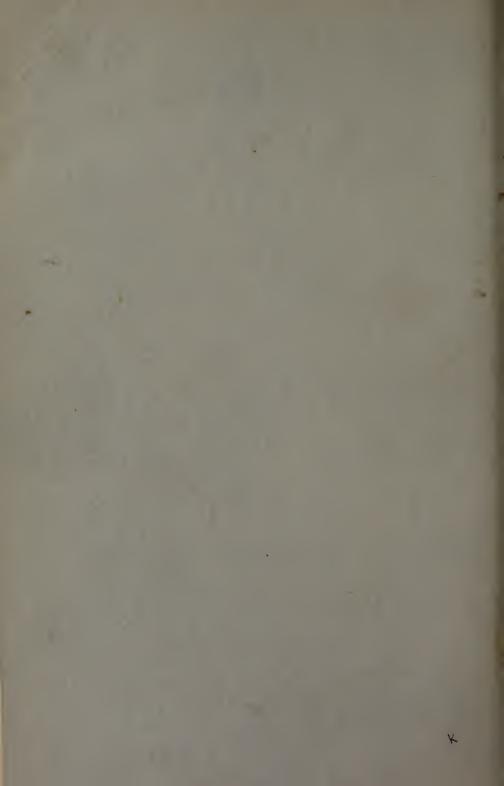
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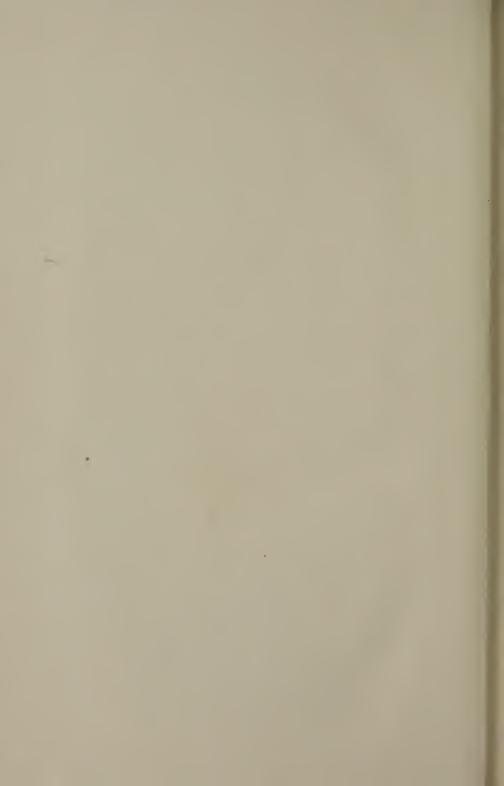
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